R.O. 1043

Good calords ur worth much and cost little —Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1888

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

G DU MAURIER W SMALL, H TURNISS, J MACWHIRTER
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A BARRAUD, C WHYMPER,
AND OTHERS

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1888.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D CHRISTIE MURRAY

Author of 'Joseph's Coat,' "Rainbow Gold" "Aunt Rachel," etc

CHAPTER I

GEORGE DOLMER DELAMERE, Esq being advertised to lecture in the Athenæum Hall Bondage Road Hounds ditch, under the auspices of the Moral Tone Association I paid my threepence, secured thereby a right of entry to the reserved seats and went in to listen I was at this time an idle man (not I think from any fault of mine), and anxious to find some business which should bring in butter for that necessary daily loaf which was already provided for me by a kindly fortune In the hope that I might one day find a literary use for the knowledge I was picking up by bits and scraps, I had devoted myself for some months to the study of life and manners in various corners of London, and was in the habit of making enthusiastic and copious notes George Dolmer Delamere, Esq, was known to me as to almost everybody by name, and the doings of the Moral Tone Association had been trumpeted in the newspapers of late

I sat down and waited in a waste little room and had ample time to look about me There were thirty or forty people already present, and at intervals of a minute or so, a new comer would appear, smoothing his hair furtively, and creaking to a seat on tip toe as though he were afraid of awaking the echoes People coughed apologetically and shuffled their feet and sat apart from one another The place and everybody in it had an air of penance, and so far as one might judge from appearances the Gospel of the Moral Tone was not gay or popular The audience was made up mainly of youngish men, most of whom looked thoughtful and earnest They were ill at ease because they were not used to society, and they were evidently anxious to observe and evidently anxious to be unobserved

When we had sat in a shuffling and uneasy silence for a quarter of an hour a dapper man opened a door at the back of the room and looked in The scattered assembly applauded, and the dapper man disappeared, but a few minutes later returned at the head of a string of ladies and gentlemen who, in accompaniment to a dropping fire of hand clapping, advanced to a low platform and took their seats upon it The leader took his place at a red clad table in the centre, and at his right sat a gentleman whose very aspect was a lesson in tone He was tall and slender and stately, and he condescended from his crown to his heels in every attitude and movement His face was refined and capable, and he smiled in a complex way, which expressed curiosity, and affable pity, and a profound allowance all at once He had a tall, bald forehead, silky white hair, rather unusually long long narrow hands of extraordinary whiteness and delicacy, and a mouth which, in the intervals of his smile, looked a trifle peevish and disappointed He was in evening dress and would have looked remarkable and distinguished anywhere Here he was as remarkable as a stag in a herd of cart horses I supposed this gentleman to be George Dolmer Delamere, Esq, and the dapper man in the chair confirmed my supposition by his introductory speech

Mr Delamere, he told us, was a gentleman

who had always taken the deepest interest in art He was known in the highest artistic circles as everybody knew, and his delicate taste and profound knowledge had secured for him a position unique in the artistic world He was warmly interested also in the condition of the people, and the Moral Tone Association had been so fortunate as to enlist his invaluable sympathy and support The dapper man would no longer detain us from the intellectual treat in store Mr Dolmer Delamere would deliver to us an address on the Line of Beauty

Mr Delamere arose and began to talk without preface in a gentle and persuasive voice which carried conviction of high breeding in every tone of it A great black board on a wheeled stand was placed upon the platform, with a clean napkin hanging over it, and a number of pieces of white chalk scattered on a rest below it Whilst he talked he took down the napkin and polished the black board as only an accomplished critic and a gentleman could polish a black board By way of preliminary, he told us in his soft persuasive voice that the only fashion of manfully facing the future was to convince ourselves that the past was dead The creeds in which the human race had been cradled were dead and done with The religious go-carts in which humanity had toddled for centuries were broken and there was not the faintest little hope of mending them That hope of a hereafter, with which benevolent cheats or misguided enthusiasts had beguiled the poor and suffering, was finally extinguished There was but one life to live and it must be made the best of To make the best of it, it was necessary to redeem it from ugliness Ugliness, whether material or moral, was a crime which created its own punishment—a crime infectious as measles Everybody suffered from it, and almost everybody actively propagated it He proposed to offer a slight—a very slight—reactionary dose that evening He would do his humble best to show us what beauty was and what it was not When everything was beautiful and everybody had caught the prevailing sentiment of things, everybody would be good and everybody would be happy, because beauty and goodness and happiness were interchangeable terms He put all this lightly, gracefully, in well chosen, striking, and clear words, so that nobody could fail to understand him, and then with a rare purity of line and certainty of hand, he began to draw upon the black board He showed us architectural lines which were ugly and architectural lines which were beautiful, and he drew for us curves of all kinds talking without pause the while, and interesting everybody present Then in a while he mounted to the human face, and drew a plain but not unprepossessing countenance in three quarters He pointed out to us how plain it was, and by the side of it drew another face unmistakably the same, and yet pleasanter to look upon Talking on and working with great delicacy and assurance of touch he drew a third face still unmistakably the same but charming, and finally after a fourth step towards perfection, he sketched for us a face which was simply and purely beautiful As he stood aside from each drawing in turn as it was completed the little audience broke into warm applause and when the last face was finished, the stamping of enthusiastic feet raised a dust of faded odour from the floor, and made the place feel as if it had awakened after being neglected for a century Then when the applause had subsided, he told us how the faults in the first face, which made it plain were due to certain inadequacies of character and traced for us mental and moral progress in the lines which led up to beauty

Finally everybody was interested and almost were charmed and persuaded If Mr Dolmer Delamere condescended to us—and he did—it seemed so natural, and the condescension was so delicately and kindly expressed that not a soul could dream of taking umbrage at it How could he but condescend, moving on so high a plane of thought being so refined, and sensitive, and good, and so filled with that piety of cultured nature, of which he spoke so often? His audience was rough and poor, and he was a product of ages of exquisitely refined thinking and living

The dapper man proposed a vote of thanks, which was most eagerly carried and he promised Mr Delamere, that if he should again honour them by his presence an audience more fitting in number and enthusiasm would certainly welcome his appearance Mr Delamere responded, the ladies and gentlemen withdrew, and the audience crowded round the platform to discuss and admire the five faces on the black board, until somebody turned out the lights and we were left to find our way out in the dark

The gas went out so suddenly, and I had been looking so intently at the five beautifully drawn outlines, that for an instant every thing was left distinctly on the retina or on the mind On the mind, I think, for I am

conscious now, and seem to have been conscious then, of the pale ring of faces and the tint of the walls, and the shape of the windows, and the colours of the shadows that lurked in corners, and half a dozen other little details of which the eye could not at any given moment have taken complete cognisance The faces quite lived with me and I went out into the streets in company with them

I do not know if it may not seem a bold thing to say—perhaps it may seem a boastfully foolish thing, though it is no more than simple fact—but I never, in the whole course of a wandering and eventful life, have cast a conscious look upon a face, if it were only in passing along Regent Street or in struggling to a carriage from a railway platform, but I could recall it clearly and identify it, and if I were artist enough could paint it A picture impresses itself less vividly and profoundly, and I have but dim remembrances of many portraits which I have scrutinised with care The five sketches were but newly imprinted on the mind, however, and I carried them away with unblurred eyes I compared the fourth and fifth, and somehow, though it was likely enough that a finer moral and intellectual excellence was expressed in the last, somehow, in my unregenerate way, I liked the fourth the better, and thought it a more human and lovable type

I sauntered on, without taking much notice of the people whom I passed or who breasted the bitter wind which blew behind me, until a something out of consonance with the street recalled me to myself A pair of well appointed carriages had halted at the edge of the horseroad, and Mr Delamere, whose figure was easily recognisable, was shaking hands with a lady who leaned from one of them

"Pray, let me drive you there," said the lady, "it is so little out of our way"

"No," said Mr Delamere "I am obliged to you, but I will walk until I find a hansom"

I sauntered on, thinking I heard the lady say, "Good night, then," and Mr Delamere said to the coachman, "Home' The carriages moved past me, and a minute or two later Mr Delamere went by, weaving a scarf about his throat as he walked He turned in passing and regarded me, and then went on with a slight shiver at the bitter wind, and, going at a swift and resolute pace, turned a corner and went out of sight My way led me after him, and I followed When I reached the corner he had already cleared the short street upon which I entered Not a figure broke the monotony of its lines from end to end and the neighbourhood was more desolate than a desert The noise of the wind was dulled here and I could still hear the quick and nervous beat of the lecturer's heels as he trod the pavement beyond the next turning Suddenly the step paused, and there was a cry I ran forward—I had not more than twenty yards to run before I reached the corner—and there was the apostle of sweetness in the hands of three who were not as yet his disciples He was struggling with them, his light overcoat was torn open, and I saw the gleam of his white shirt front in the light of a street lamp As I came in sight of the swaying quartette I saw a blow struck Mr Dolmer Delamere fell full length on the pavement, and at the sound of my approaching footsteps the three scoundrels made off at a run I shouted, "Stop thief" as I ran, and saw the fellows scatter and take different ways

Mr Delamere was but little hurt His hat was crushed, his right elbow was numbed —I had a fear at first that his arm was broken —and his coat was torn in two or three places His watch dangled from its chain, and the buttons were torn from his waistcoat, but he had lost nothing, and when I had helped him to his feet we ran at his urging to the end of the street shouting "Stop thief," until it became evident that his assailants had escaped No policeman made an appearance and, so far as I saw, no one appeared at door or window to manifest any interest in the affair We settled down almost directly, and I ventured to observe—being young and nervous, and feeling it necessary to say something—that all the world was not quite converted to the principles of the Moral Tone Association

"No," he said, "you arrived by a happy accident for me Those fellows were ready for any extremity of violence' He looked down at me from his superior height and by and by added, 'I have seen you before this evening?

"Yes,' I answered 'I was present at your lecture

"You reside in this neighbourhood?' he asked me, with that courteous condescension which had marked him all the evening

"Some miles away, I said I went on to express some surprise and admiration for his coolness Most men would have become a little flustered and excited

"I have lived long enough to learn one

important lesson,' he responded "Now is a man's only time When a thing is done, I have done with it'

I was much the more flustered of the two —indeed he did not seem disturbed at all He chafed the numbed elbow, and, catching me in the act of looking at him, he said with a smile—

"That is a part of now, and will be for a day or two, I fancy You go about among these people? Yes? You are not a clergy man? I thought not A doctor? No? A student of human nature?"

I blushed and pleaded guilty stammer ingly They were interesting—the people down here I am afraid I caught something of his own tone, and, being very young and an absurd prig and coxcomb in a hundred ways (though, as I believe, a fairly honest and lovable lad at bottom), I was pleased to find that he did not confound me with the rest of his hearers, and wanted him to understand that I was an intellectual young person

"Yes," said he, still chafing the numbed elbow, "they make themselves interesting" Then a moment later, "What sort of a sample had I there to night? Were they excep tional?

"Certainly not representative,' I told him Exceptionally intelligent, curious, and anxious to learn, I fancied For the most part the people of that quarter seemed apathetic, stolid, not anxious to go beyond themselves and their affairs of every day He was so easy, stately and condescending that I was rather in awe of him, and expressed my self somewhat hesitatingly

"You must be good enough to let me know to whom I am indebted, he said, when I had done speaking He drew a card case from his pocket, and we exchanged cards He paused beneath a lamp and read my name and address aloud "John Denham, 10, Warwick Court, Gray's Inn" A four wheeled cab rumbled into the street, he hailed it, and it proved to be empty "You must let me set you down, Mr Denham, if you are going homewards now"

I accepted his invitation, and as we rode he persuaded me to talk The rattling noise of the vehicle made conversation difficult, and I had to shout at him, so that I felt im pudent and noisy When the driver pulled up at the entrance to Warwick Court Mr Delamere shook me by the hand, expressed a desire to see more of me, promised to write in the course of a day or two, and then drove away

In a day or two an invitation to dinner awaited me Mr Delamere expressed a hope that I might not be engaged for the specified day, and asked me, if I should be so, to ap point another date and give him a week's notice I wrote at once to accept the invi tation I looked forward to the evening with a fluttered expectancy, and was rejoiced to think that I was about to set foot in literary and artistic London

CHAPTER II

I THINK my chambers were amongst the tiniest in town . If there are less spacious apartments they are inhabited by people smaller of stature than the average Briton, or not inhabited at all The bedroom was about the size of a Saratoga trunk, and the sitting room was only a trifle larger I was very happy there and very full of dreams and ambition, and I spent my days in pur suits more or less literary I was not quite certain in what direction I was to blossom, but I had a modest certainty that I should flower out in one way or another, and become rich and famous—a delusion which I have found to be common amongst bookish young men of three or four and twenty I had written a three act comedy, which no mana ger would so much as look at, and a five canto poem, which no publisher would venture to introduce to an uninterested world, and in the course of a score or so of chapters I had got the characters of an intended novel into so unearthly a muddle of cross purposes that I had thrown aside the whole thing in disgust, and for the time abandoned it None of these things destroyed or abated the modest confi dence already mentioned

I was sitting in my own room an hour or two after the despatch of my answer to Mr Delamere's invitation to dinner when I heard a noise of hammering overhead, and after responding to it by a vigorous employment of the poker on the brickwork of my fire place, I threw open my outer door and awaited the arrival of the personage whose presence had been signalled. Above me dwelt a young man of seven-and twenty—four years my senior—Walter Pole by name He had no occupation, and seemed in want of none, but he had a prodigious circle of acquaintances He read a great deal, though how he found time to do it was something of a wonder, and he lounged through time with a solemn insouciance which some people found irritating and others charming He was a good deal of an athlete and chose to disguise his activity by a pretence of idleness, propping himself up lazily against walls and

doors with his head rolling idly, as if in quest of a restful corner, and his hands in his pockets. He and I were great chums, but he feigned to be too idle to walk down-stairs to knock at my door like an ordinary Christian, and always demanded an answer to that noisy signal of his before he would take the trouble to descend.

On this occasion there was a pause between the signal and the sound of his steps upon the stair, and so leaving the door open, I resumed my book and went on reading. In those happy days—it was the spring of the year 1865—Charles Dickens was alive and at work, and the whole English-reading world was engaged with Mr. Silas Wegg and Mr. Nicodemus Boffin. I am aware now—on the authority of an American gentleman who ought to know—that since the great master's death fiction has grown to be a finer art than it was in his day, but somehow—whether with advancing years one's faculty for enjoyment grows duller, or whether the gilt has been rubbed off the fictional gingerbread by the defacing hand of Time, as it has been rubbed off gingerbread of so many other kinds—there comes nobody who delights me in his way. I would fain have the finer sorts of art which have grown up in the last score of years, abolished, and the dead master back again; or—and the second wish seems likelier of fulfilment—would fain see some new man rising who would make me laugh and cry as he did, and as he still does whenever I look into his noble and delightful pages.

A new book from Dickens. Let elderly and middle-aged people remember what it meant, and let me enjoy myself for a minute as I recall that afternoon.

I forgot the signal and the open door, and I read on until the last page of the number was finished. Then I became aware that the fire was out, that the door was still open, that the dusk of the spring evening was falling fast, and that I was stiff and cold. I rang the bell to have the fire remade, and then walked up-stairs to the first landing. The door was closed, but my chum answered to my knock, returning to his pocket as I entered the hand he had used to open it, and beckoning me indoors by a backward movement of his head.

"I was coming down," he said, "but I had a call just as I knocked to you. Do you fellows know each other?" We did not, and he introduced us to each other. "Jones. Denham."

Jones presented rather a striking figure. He was taller than common—six feet two I should say—he differed very much from what one's ideal Jones should look like; he was magnificently moustached and bearded; he had jet-black Italian-looking eyes and an olive-coloured skin. His features were remarkably delicate and refined, and his long wavy hair was parted in the middle.

"I beg your pardon," he said in a soft voice which had a faint suspicion of an un-English accent, "but did I see your name upon the door-post as I came up-stairs?"

"I live in the rooms below these," I answered.

"Was it you who saved Delamere's life the other night?" he asked.

"Saved his life?"

"He certainly said so."

"I saved his watch," I said. "I was lucky enough to hear him call out, and when I turned the corner the men who had attacked him ran away. I don't think his life was in any danger."

"Well," said the Italian-looking Jones, smoothing his glossy beard with a hand of beautiful whiteness and delicacy, "he quite thinks he would have been killed if it had not been for the happy accident of your arrival; and he is, I assure you, boiling over with gratitude."

Remembering Mr. Delamere's unusual coolness I was a little astonished at this, but I said nothing.

"The Delameres are great friends of mine," continued Jones. "Delamere is a remarkable man. He has never done half as much as he should have done, of course; but he stands aloof from modern art a good deal, and lives with the ideals of the past."

With this a certain undefined uneasiness took possession of him, and in a little while began to develop oddly. He rose and poked the fire. He fidgeted with the gas, raising and lowering the flame of the burners. He strayed to the book-shelves, and there took down and opened a score of volumes, returning each after an apparently unseeing glance at one of its pages. Pole, with one leg thrown across the other, followed these movements with a glance of some meaning, and once or twice the merest glimpse of a smile flickered across his face.

"What's the matter, Jones?" he asked after a while, when the other's signs of uneasiness had become so marked as to seem to call for some recognition.

Jones seemed to make up his mind, and then seemed to recoil from his determination, and then seemed to make up his mind again.

'Do you sketch at all Jones? Do you paint?' he asked. 'Have you any sketching traps about? Anything will do.'

'No,' said Pole. 'I'm sorry to say I do nothing in that line. What is it that's hunting you, my boy? The divine afflatus?'

'I wonder,' said Jones, wincing as if it hurt him to have this put too pointedly, but of fun poked at him. 'I want to get it down before it goes. Anything will do. A bit of brown paper and a fragment of charcoal. Anything.'

'There's your brown paper,' returned Pole, opening a drawer and setting a sheet of paper on the table. 'And there's your material for charcoal.' He drew a packet of firewood from a locker and cutting the string which surrounded it thrust one of the pieces between the bars of the fire-place and left it there.

Jones pounced upon the paper, smoothed it with both hands upon the table, and then thrust a second stick between the bars.

'Don't let that burn too far,' he said, and drawing out the first returned to the table, and with the burning wood began to work all my once dormant predatory eagerness with it as though he were hungering to realise his idea.

Now at this time it was meat and drink to me to see an artist at work, and I arose to watch the Pygmalion of me, Jones, with an excited interest of a sort which hardly any other spectacle in the world would have awakened in me. That was a glorious thing about an artist, even if he were a duffer, which no other earthly creature had about him. Jones with that clumsily shaped bit of charcoal before the red sparks had fairly died out of it, began to draw with a feverish hurry and rapidity. Pole got ready one bit of charcoal for him whilst he used another, and in something under five minutes, as I should guess, a very beautiful and noble face was expressed upon the brown paper, and the artist threw himself into a chair and lit a cigarette. His eagerness to get the sketch made had become a little exaggerated, and now his indifference and laziness seemed a little overdone. I was young, and, as does not happen with every young man in the world, I knew it. I mistrusted my own experience, and yet I seemed to discover a something overdone in the Jonesian enthusiasm of desire and as rapidly followed exhaustion. Did artists really work in that way? Were they so seized by an idea and so incapable of treating it? Or was Jones exceptionally dull or exceptionally susceptible, or was he a little bit of a humbug? I dared hardly complete the inquiry.

Pole stood over the table with his hands in his pockets and his head on one side, and looked enjoyingly at the drawing. For my own part I was a little staggered by the bold swiftness and dexterity with which this inspiration had been brought to life, but Pole's beaming face expressed a gratification so unusual for him that my doubts died, and I began to think that I was in the presence of a new Michael Angelo.

'I say,' said Pole in his idle way, "you must let me keep this, old fellow.'

'If you care for it,' Jones answered handily. 'It's off my mind now. I've got it down, and I can get it again whenever I want it.'

'You don't mean to say that you could reproduce this inspiration accurately?' Pole asked him, still beaming at the drawing.

'Oh yes,' said the artist with a careless modesty. 'You see,' he added, waking up a little, 'when an idea gets into the mind it offers itself sometimes in a will-o'-the-wispish fantastical kind of way. It comes and goes revealing itself in glimpses which are neither clear enough nor prolonged enough to make that kind of impression on the memory which is necessary to fix it. But if you can catch the tricksy thing and set it in form, no matter how roughly, it is your own property for good and all. The dominant impression is secured—clearly stamped on the mind. I shall never forget that face again.'

He dropped back into languor, lit his extinguished cigarette, and smoked in silence. Two or three minutes later he arose, looked at his watch, took up his hat, and said good-bye.

I think he called to me, "that you dine at the Delameres on Monday?'

'I wrote to-day,' I answered, "accepting.'

'We shall meet there,' he said, and with more good-byes he went away.

Pole having closed the door behind him, came back at a waltz, and having circled the room twice or thrice, cannoned against a sofa and fell into it, laughing. Then he got up and looked at the charcoal drawing and rubbed his hands, and laughed again, with an enjoyment so genuine that I laughed with him.

"Here's a lark,' he said, still chuckling.

"Where is it?' I asked him.

"Here,' he answered, and opening a drawer below the bookshelves he drew out a sheaf of papers, from amongst which he

produced a rough sheet of grey paper such as grocers use, and holding it before me displayed to my astonished vision an absolute replica of the drawing which had just been executed in my presence. He set the two side by side, and we examined them together. They looked almost as if they might have been produced from the same lithographic stone.

"What is this?" I asked. "A coincidence?"

"Yes," said Pole, turning upon me with a delicious grin of mischief, "a coincidence. Do you know Wilson Craig? No? He's a far off cousin of mine—Scotchman. Poor Sebastian had the same idea at Craig's only a week ago. He was tormented by it, was obliged to get it out. If you can once catch the tricksy thing you know its your own property for good and all. But it comes and goes, my boy, revealing itself in glimpses which are neither clear enough nor prolonged enough to make that kind of impression on the memory which is necessary to fix it."

"Sebastian?" I asked. "Who is Sebastian?"

"Sebastian? Sebastian is Jones. Sebastian Dolmer Jones. His name has been a damage to him. If his godfathers and godmothers at his baptism had seen to it that he should be called Bill, or Dick or Tom or Harry it would have been a blessing for him. But Sebastian Dolmer is bound to be a bee out of the way, and to have artistic yearnings and fumes don't you see! Sebastian Dolmer can't even speak his native tongue without a little bit of foreign accent. How should he? Bill Jones could have done it as Dick, Tom or Harry, but Sebastian and Dolmer couldn't manage it between them though they tried ever so. Thank your stars you're plain John, my boy."

I felt vicarious shame. I would greatly have preferred that Jones should not have been bowled out in this ignominious way. Pole's rejoicing at it seemed cruel and unfair.

"Rubbish!" said he when I put this before him. "The only advantage this kind of humbug brings with it is that a man can laugh at it. What do you think pretence exists for, unless to be found out and laughed at? You're going to dine with the Delmeres, are you? Then you're going into the very nursery and citadel of humbug. The manners and the women are real. Plates, knives forks spoons, chairs tables white shirt fronts dress coats all real. But people and the sentiments. Keep Sebastian Dolmer in your mind, John. Incense of Sebastian Dolmer in the enlightened universe of the Delmeres. But whenever you burn it your safeguard is to say 'Jones' to yourself. 'Look here!' He became quite hot upon a sudden, and struck the table leaning across it and looking me straight in the eyes. "I'll tell you what you'll find there. You'll find the sham enthusiast in art, who doesn't know a Rubens from a Vandyke and the sham enthusiast in humanity, who wouldn't put with sixpence to save you from starvation and the sham enthusiast in friendship who'll stick pins and needles in a wax caricature of you when you're gone, and the sham enthusiast in the last new fad of atheism who's deadly afraid of ghosts and says his prayers on the sly, and the sham enthusiast in poetry, who's as wooden under her wooden simper as this wooden table. They tremble with sensitiveness, every man Jack and woman Jill of them, and they're just as tough hided as a lot of camels. They're boiling over with sympathies of all sorts if you listen to 'em and they're dryer than the desert sand. Look at this!" He snatched the drawing vehemently from the table and held it up before me. "Why can't plain Jones come here and say 'I'm just itching all over to show you how practised and dexterous I am. There's a rapid bit of certainty for you! And now I've startled you I'm happy!' Vanity's a natural passion, and like all natural passions it's useful while you've got the bit in its mouth and the reins in your hands. But the beggar ruins Sebastian Dolmer, ing with his stale old inspiration and turns his own cleverness into a shameful lie."

"They can't all be like that," I hesitated. I had fancy made my head ache. I was young, and ingenuous and I wanted to believe in people.

"Go and dine with the Delmeres," he answered still speaking hotly, "and then tell me how far I am wrong."

CHAPTER III

I WENT to dine with the Delmeres, and whilst I dressed and whilst I was on the way I felt as if I were somehow on a mission of trust—as if I were going to spy out the defects of my host and *confrères*, and find out each one of them in a false enthusiasm. I had no right to accept a man's hospitality on those conditions, and the dinner began to take the aspect of an ordeal. It seemed especially terrible to face Jones whom I already knew to be a pretender. He would probably go on pretending and I should have to look and listen and to pretend to be

deceived by his pretensions. As we get older we take a more humorous or a more allowing view of human foibles, unless we happen to have been so bitterly wounded by them in our sensitive days that the whole world grows hateful; but there is nothing so hopeless and mournful to the heart of an ingenuous lad than the beginning of disbelief in his fellow mortals.

I was partly relieved and cheered by an unexpected encounter at the door of Mr. Delamere's house in Cromwell Terrace. A little old gentleman was in the act of discharging a hansom there as I drove up, and as he stood on tiptoe to reach the outstretched hand of the cabman I recognised him. This little old gentleman was the Reverend Dr. Fish, an old friend of my father's and a great favourite of mine. There was a good fat vicarage in my native Warwickshire village, and Dr. Fish had held it for many years. In his old age he had allowed himself to be transplanted to London, chiefly in order to make room for his son, who had taken the living the Doctor had vacated.

"Ha, John, my boy," said the Doctor, as I alighted and stood waiting by him at Mr. Delamere's door. "I expected to meet you here." He was silent when a man servant opened the door and whilst we disembarrassed ourselves of hats and coats, but when we had mounted the stairs and found ourselves alone in the drawing-room he began to speak again. "I heard of your gallant conduct the other night. Delamere mentioned it to me, and—you mustn't be offended John—he talked about doing something for you. He has a weakness for patronage. I told him of course that that would never do, and told him who you were, and so on, and as a matter of fact you are here under my recommendation. Delightful people—delightful people—but curiously exclusive."

I was on the point of saying that I had been surprised to find him there, but remembering that Mr. Delamere's opinions about religion afforded me my only grounds for surprise I kept a judicious silence. The old Doctor with his eyes beaming benevolently behind his gold-rimmed glasses and his soft old face alight with friendship and amiability, touched the theme which was in my mind.

"They are, as I said just now, delightful people, but I am not sure that some of them may not be a little dangerous if placed in contact with a mind not altogether formed. They have curious opinions, even reprehensible opinions sometimes, some of them. There's that book of Seeley's, and there's that other book of Renan's. They are not works which I would recommend a young man to study; but after all you know, John, we must know doubt to fight it, and I find Mr. Delamere a kind of mental tonic."

It was plain that Dr. Fish felt it necessary to justify his presence there. "You don't know Miss Delamere yet?" he went on. "Of course not. Of course not. A very superior young lady, a very charming young lady. Perhaps a little over-educated. I am no friend to these new-fangled notions about female education, but she wears her learning lightly, and she is certainly very charming."

Mr. Delamere appeared and welcomed me very agreeably. The guests began to drop in, amongst them Jones, whom I greeted with a wretched consciousness of embarrassment, being afraid, though I knew how unreasonable the fear was, that he was somehow aware of my knowledge of him, and thinking all the while how hideously ashamed he would have been if he were aware of my discovery. I was introduced to an American lady who was assuredly old enough to be my mother; a lady who wrote poetry, and blushed and simpered behind her fan like the dear young creature she had been thirty years earlier, and made my life a burden to me whilst I tried to talk to her. Then I was introduced to a tall and stately foreigner who left me abruptly to talk to a fat woman in red, who received him with a shrill ecstasy, and then whilst I was rather forlornly turning over the leaves of a book of engravings a lady who commanded my instant attention sailed into the room, and moved from one to another with salutations and welcome and apology for being late. There were more reasons than one for looking at her, for to begin with she was very strikingly beautiful and graceful, and dressed with a taste, which, though I was then even more ignorant in such matters than I am now—and that is saying a great deal—seemed to me altogether exquisite. But the thing that enlisted my attention was this. The fourth drawing of that suite of five which Mr. Delamere had executed upon the black board at the lecture for the Moral Tone Association had been neither more nor less than an accurate reproduction of Miss Delamere's face. I could not help thinking that in a person of Mr. Delamere's reputation there was something wanting in good feeling and delicacy in having drawn his daughter's features for the instruction and amusement of that mechanical crowd, and when I came

to remember the comments on the fifth drawing and his cold blooded artistic improvement on his child's features, I felt for the moment as if I hated him But Mr Delamere himself carrying me up to his daughter and introducing me to her as the hero of his adventure of a week ago, and making much of me to her in spite of some feeble protest of my own, I had no time to pursue my thoughts of him When it appeared that I was set apart to take Miss Delamere down to dinner, and when it appeared further that everybody was impressed with an absurdly untrue idea of my courage and usefulness on the night of the attack, I resigned myself for awhile in a kind of stupor Pole's denunciation of the Delameres and their set of friends and acquaintances was with me for an hour and more, and nothing but my beautiful neighbour's easy charm of manner drew me away from the memory of it

Mary Delamere was two years younger than myself She had a perfect self possession, and a distinguishing quietude of manner which would have become a princess She was very beautiful, and in her quiet kind way did so much to put me at my ease that I became grateful to her and was not long in arriving at the conclusion that whatever brand of insincerity might have been marked upon the rest of the people there present, she herself was as honest as daylight Nothing about her pleased me so much as the soft, sincere serenity of her manner—a something so gentle and engaging that I have no words for it One used to hear for phrases come into fashion and go out again, as clothes do —a good deal of the eyes is the windows of the soul I never knew anybody of whom the saying seemed as true as it did of Mary Delamere Candour lived in those large grey orbs of hers They were not made to hide deceit Before the evening was over I was ready to fight anything or anybody in defence of that belief

Perhaps if it had not been for Pole's diatribe of a day or two earlier I might have been more disposed to believe in the sincerity of other people at the table There was a lady opposite to me who talked of her poor dear Hottentots in tones of greatest affection and as though she owned the nation, but I never learned in what relation she and the poor dear Hottentots stood to each other, or on what ground she made them hers A long haired, clean shaven man sat beside her and held the table spell bound for awhile as he spoke of the decoration of a Turner which was in the possession of a titled acquaintance

"They had had it cleaned, Delamere," he said with a voice and manner of resigned despair "All that lovely impasto architectural stuff turns out to have been built up in white and glazed They have cleaned the glaze away, and now the thing stares at you, with the middle distance hanging over the foreground—a forlorn line of dirty chalk I could have cried with anger I could positively have shed tears of mortification I could indeed"

The long haired, clean shaven man made this protestation with a sort of reserve, as if he would rather that we didn't think too highly of him for it

Jones said it was heart-breaking, absolutely heart breaking, and (as an aside to the man behind his chair) that he would take a little currant-jelly

I caught Miss Delamere's eye at this moment and was guilty of a youthful impertinence, of that sort which is only perpetrated by shy people, who, as a matter of fact, say and do, in their own desperation, the most impudent things which are said and done in the world I asked why the gentleman didn't cry, if he wanted to Her eyes laughed, but she held up a warning finger

"You must not say that sort of things," she answered "It is not good form"

I was horribly disconcerted, and for awhile found nothing else to say The man had irritated me I was persuaded that he had cared less about the Turner than I should have done myself, and that he had only mentioned its destruction in order to show how delicately toned he was, and what a love for art he had But of course I had no least little right to ridicule her father's guests to the lady of the house, and I told myself that nobody but a cad could have dreamed of making that unfortunate observation Yet Pole's opinion of the people was working in me, and I had been embarrassed by the wilful exaggeration of my own accidental service, and Jones's trick of being inspired with the same urgent fancy twice running was present in my mind, and I seemed to breathe an atmosphere of humbug which stifled me

I suppose Miss Delamere saw my embarrassment and took pity upon me

"You live in Gray's Inn, I think, Mr Denham?"

"Not actually within the inn, I answered, determining that I at least would be precise "In Warwick Court, just outside the inn gates"

"Do you happen to know a Mr Pole, who lives there?" she asked me.

"Very well indeed," I answered, not much relieved from my discomfiture by the introduction of his name.

"He was a great friend of ours until a little while ago," she said. "He used to be very enthusiastic at times about art, and books, and politics, and we thought he had a career of some sort before him. Is he—you know him well, you say—is he changeable?"

I thought not. He pretended to be lazy, but what with his friends, and his books, and his athletics, he must always have his hands full.

"Oh yes," she said, "I know that way of his, but I was not thinking of that. There are a great many young men who are ashamed of being thought enthusiastic, and he is one of them. He used to come here very often, and my father had become attached to him, but somehow he has drifted away. I should be obliged if you would tell him that he was asked for. You must understand," she added brightly, "that he and I are friends of fifteen years' standing, and that I have old established rights to an interest in him."

It was clearly impossible to say what I knew of his reasons for staying away, but I promised as lightly as I could to convey her message. Then I began to wonder whether Pole had included this delightful young lady in his condemnation of her father's guests.

"They can't all be like that," I had said to him when he had done with Jones.

"Go and dine with the Delamores," he had answered, "and see how far I am wrong."

And now, bent on discovery, and quite certain that if he attacked Miss Delamere with the rest then I should be able to confute him, I watched my chance. Somebody spoke of the enthralling influences of art. Art seemed the Delamere gospel - the tidings of joy to a ruly world—the only possible redemption of men and women lay in it.

"Don't you think it easy," I asked her, "to over estimate the things that art is going to do for the world? Isn't there at least a little danger of falling into a sort of cant about it?"

She looked at me with a surprised smile.

"Do you know," she said, with that patronising air which young women can always assume so successfully with men who are but little older than themselves, "I was rather inclined to think you shy, Mr Denison! But you are a very bold person indeed if you dare to ventilate that doctrine here."

"But really," I stammered, "it all sounds wild to me. I—I won't speak of it, if I must not, but——"

"Let us talk of it later," she said. "Colonel Seaforth is talking. He is always worth listening to."

The possibility that this speech included a counter proposition to the effect that I was not worth listening to so weighed upon me that I lost the first part of Colonel Seaforth's speech. When I was able to listen I found he was telling a story of a comrade who died before the Redan. Nothing could have been better than the manner of his narrative, nothing very well more affecting than its matter. I was ashamed of my own eyes, and made a pretence of eating to disguise myself.

"What a theme for a poem!" said the American lady, clasping her hands together. "Oh, may I use it, Colonel Seaforth? May I?"

"I should prefer the theme in marble," said the clean shaven man. "I can see the cold, inscrutable calm of the dead face."

"No, no, Cumming," said our host, shaking his head with a grave decision. "You forget the costume."

"You are quite right, Delamere," returned the clean shaven man. "I forgot the costume. Language is the medium for it after all. It is one of the themes in which omission becomes the chief artistic virtue."

So they forgot the hero in the space of ten seconds, and the lady opposite was reminded by the story of something which had happened amongst the poor dear Hottentots, and had no earthly bearing upon it, so far as I could discover.

The dinner came to an end, and when coffee had been served the men followed the ladies upstairs. There was some excellent music, and a great deal of desultory clever talk, and then people began to go. No further chance presented itself for talk with Miss Delamere, and when I came to think of it I seemed to have acquitted myself so ill with her that I did not dare to make an opportunity. I had been insolent about one of her father's guests, and I had accused the whole table of the vice of cant, and altogether the sooner I hid my head in shame the better it seemed likely to be for me. I took advantage of Dr Fish's farewells to shelter my own, and much to my surprise found Miss Delamere's cordiality in no way diminished.

"We are at home on Fridays," she said

kindly, "from nine in the evening Come next Friday, and bring Mr Pole with you Will you?

I promised for myself, and said I would bring Pole if I could She raised her eyebrows in reproof for what I knew to be a kind of *gaucherie*, and I got away covered with confusion

"Pole?" said the old Vicar when we reached the street together "Walter Pole? Are you a friend of his? I used to meet him at the Delameres A bright young fellow of high principle, I always fancied I used to think—oh, well, that's no business of mine"

We walked to the street corner together, and there separated, each taking a hansom Pole was in his own rooms when I got home, and, hearing me enter, came down in his dressing gown and slippers

"Well, he asked me, "what do you think of 'em?"

I didn't know I was weary and dispirited I told him with a little heat, when I began to talk at last, that he had spoiled my evening for me and that I believed them to be a deal nicer and more genuine than he thought them I believe I charged him, in my own mind, with the three failures of which I had been guilty

"I suppose, I said at last that you don't include Miss Delamere among the sham enthusiasts I don't think I ever met a more delightful girl

Miss Delamere's mother put on shoes, John," he answered "I wasn't talking of Miss Delamere

I told him of the invitation I had for him, and in his own idle way he began to beat the hearthstone with the poker

"Yes, he said drawlingly, poising the poker in his hand, "I think I'll go Then he dropped the poker with a crash in the fender, and said with startling emphasis I'll be hanged if I do And with that he got up and marched away, leaving me staring after him

CHAPTER IV

Pole sauntered into my rooms on Friday evening just as I was making ready to start for Mr Delamere's house I had not seen him since his curious exit, but I had sent him a note asking him to provide me with some excuse or message in case he should be inquired after

"So you're going are you?" he demanded

"Yes, I am going What am I to say to Miss Delamere?

"I suppose," he said, propping himself against the bedroom door and lounging there, "that the straightest thing to say will be that I wouldn't go

I put it to him that that was an unmanly message for a friend to deliver He shrugged his shoulders and rolled about against the door for a time with a manner which seemed to disclaim responsibility

"If you like to invent any social lie you may my boy, but I'm not going to save your conscience by inventing it for you Say you tried to persuade me and failed Is that too hard for you?

"Do you want to make enemies of them?" I asked

"Enemies or friends—it is all one to me he answered "I don't suppose they'll care greatly whether I go or not, and I'm sure I shan't care much how they take it

"There are thousands of people in the world for whom one doesn't greatly care I urged, "but one doesn't go out of the way to wound them You might send a civil message

If old Delamere asks for me, said Pole, "you can tell him that I think and speak of him with a constant warmth of regard and veneration If Miss Delamere should do me the honour to call me to mind to-morrow you may tell her that I'm sorry not to be able to meet her

I understood that I could make nothing more of him than this I set out my own way to Cromwell Terrace in due time found the rooms already fairly filled Mrs Delamere shook hands with me and afterwards I got into a corner and sat dull and neglected, knowing nobody and noticed by nobody The rooms were filled with a dull buzz of talk, and I saw so many introductions going on that it seemed as if nobody knew anybody except the host and his daughter After the space of an hour Miss Delamere found me out and sat down beside me

"You didn't bring Mr Pole?" she asked "I suppose that you have seen him?

"Oh, yes I have seen him And I was awkwardness itself upon me and Miss Delamere, who was toying with her fan, got up and became immediately aware of my embarrassment

"He refused to come?" she said "Did he give a reason for it?

I began to stammer something but stopped me almost at once She said I [illegible] liberty of tempting [illegible]

Will you tell me candidly what I

Then seeing that I grew more embarrassed than before—for I knew that I was making a foolish effort to smile in an allowing sort of way for Pole, and an apologetic way for myself, and failing horribly—she added, "Never mind, Mr. Denham. I ought not to have asked you. I shall be right in thinking it was not pleasant or friendly. Now let us talk of something else. Do you care about celebrities? That is Mr. Cushing—the gentleman with the eye-glass and the black ribbon—the author of 'The Spider.' Have you read it? No? People are talking about it a great deal. That is——" and so on through half-a-dozen.

They were all people with whose names I was more or less familiar, and it was interesting to see them for the first time. I had forgotten Pole for the moment and the discomfiture his purposed absence had brought upon me, when Miss Delamere brought him back to memory.

"Have you known Mr. Pole long?" she asked. I told her I had known him pretty intimately for a year. "You like him?" Yes. I liked him much. I felt as if this avowal were a sort of tacit expression of approval of his want of politeness in her case, and made it awkwardly. I thought at the time, and I knew later on, that she understood me, but she pursued her questioning. "He is not natively impolite, I fancy?" I thought not. Brusque, perhaps, but too kindly to be insolent or ill-bred. "Shall I introduce you to Mr. Cushing? I must go now, for I see more people coming and I have to receive them. Oh! Here is Mr. Jones. You know him already. Sebastian, I leave you and Mr. Denham to each other."

Jones sat beside me in the place she vacated and began to talk, but I could see that his heart was not in it, and that he was somehow distracted. He appeared to be more interested in his own coat than men commonly are, and sat plucking at his sleeves with delicate thumb and forefinger until I made a discovery which I suppose I ought to have made much earlier. Jones was not attired in absolute black as other men were, but had had his clothes cut out of very dark claret colour. When he was sure that my observation was attracted by this fact he mentioned it.

"You are looking at my coat? It's something of an innovation, and I dare say that one may be laughed at for it. But really one finds the monotony of English dress oppressive, and evening dress has quite grown beyond one's power of endurance. One has been looking for some sort of moral Curtius to throw himself into the gulf for years past, and since one can't find him one must sacrifice oneself."

He invested the theme with a certain air of lightness. Since that time I have seen men jest under fire in the same spirit. I could see that he felt the seriousness of the position.

"Somebody has to lead the way, and of course it doesn't do to be too bold at first. One may find somebody to follow one's lead, or even to go beyond it. The thing once started may make strides. One doesn't know. But really it *seems* impossible that men should be content to go on for ever in the present monotony of hideousness."

I began to take an interest in Jones. The artistic humbug with which he had chosen to mark the beginning of my knowledge of him had made him noticeable, and this new development, which seemed to be so admirably in consonance with the first, helped to make him worthy of study. For the first time in my life I began consciously to try to see inside a man, to appreciate his standpoint, to endeavour to see how he saw things, and what kind of opinion of himself supported him. It struck me that since I was perilously near to hating and despising him, and since he was perilously near to self-worship, it might be worth while to study him, if only with an eye to reconciling the difference and striking a reasonable balance. You have a right to be grateful to the man who sets you upon any new field of mental effort, and I have to thank Jones for many happy hours.

I began to observe him closely. He was very far from being uncomely, and so far as I could discover there was nothing in the way of warning in his face. He had very fine, soft, dark, Italian eyes, faithful and sincere to look at, with just such a patient longing in them as you may see in an intelligent and affectionate dog's. His moustache hid his mouth, but his forehead seemed to express honesty and candour. Nothing but a slight pinching of the nostrils betrayed any poverty of nature or littleness of sentiment. Something of coxcombry and affectation could be traced in his manner, but not enough to offend, unless you were somewhat too readily disposed to be offended.

"Delamere quite desponds," he said, clinging to his theme. "But, then, Delamere is elderly; he is getting on in life, and one doesn't expect to find the enthusiasm of hope in a man of his years. I dare say, now, you

"Introducing Viscountess and Mr. Thenham to each other"

take this for a sort of ridiculous trifling; but really it isn't so if one looks rightly at it. When beautiful dress was a part of every gentleman's duty the arts flourished as they have never flourished since. Every assemblage of ladies and gentlemen afforded the eye a feast of delicate and rich colouring. The popular taste was educated to colour, and to us who look upon tone and form as the elementary civilising influence, the question of dress assumes an importance which, of course, it cannot wear to those who do not share our convictions. To dress with grace and refinement is one of the ways to thinking and living with grace and refinement."

Whilst Jones was talking thus Mr. Delamere appeared in our neighbourhood, and taking a chair which happened to be vacant near at hand drew it up to the sofa upon which we sat, and placed himself before us.

"Nobody would think," he said, striking in here, "of disputing that proposition, but really we are at such a period of decadence that——" He paused with an air of dejection, but brightened a moment later. "I don't know," he went on. "'When things are at their worst they sometimes mend.' Perhaps we may really hope for a rebound from all this. The popular taste can never be finally depraved."

"Everything seems to move in grooves," said Jones seriously. "We have our cycle of ugliness with us now. We shall move out of it by-and-by."

"I'm not sure," said Mr. Delamere, putting up a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, the better to scrutinise Jones's raiment, "that the point of departure is well chosen. You see, Sebastian, that if you push your point to its legitimate conclusion, you may arrive—you must arrive—at golds, and reds, and blues. Now the question comes, Will the material and the form lend themselves to a richly coloured treatment? To my mind, that question carries its own answer."

"I have thought it out, sir," Jones answered with a respectful firmness of demeanour. "If we desire to move the crowd we must have their good-will. To be moved too suddenly is shocking. The material is too important, too solidly fixed as it were, to be tampered with at first without danger. A slight deviation in colour—a mere hint of movement in the right direction—can give no shock, whilst it may invite attention."

"Of course," returned Mr. Delamere, "one has not spent sixty years in the world without learning patience, but even now the narrow-mindedness, the extreme limitation of vision which characterizes some of the best-meaning people one encounters, is a little trying. I was speaking of this very theme the other night at the Trelawneys', and a gentleman, whose name I have forgotten—he turned out to be a medical man of some eminence—chose to be mightily satirical. I remember now, a Doctor Brand, a disorderly giant of a man; a man, I should say, judging from what I saw of him, of excellent capacities. He thought the soap-boiler a more practical person to encourage in the cause of civilisation than the costumier. He put it rather well, but 'My dear sir,' I said, 'chacun à son métier. Let us all work together. Let us welcome anything that helps. Soap and the scrubbing-brush by all means, but then I do not deal in soap and scrubbing-brushes.' I heard him afterwards—he is a loud man, not too well-bred, and one can hear him over a whole room—and he was talking of fiddling and Rome burning, and that sort of thing. He found some listeners, too."

"There is no popular art-feeling," said Jones. "There is no conception of the necessity of an awaking."

I thought of many things, but then I knew how young I was, and I kept silence. Mr. Delamere took up his parable anew.

"I am a little tired," he said. "One doesn't sacrifice one's conclusions any the more for being tired, but I confess to a little fatigue. There are none blinder than those who won't see, and people will *not* see that to be ugly is to be immoral. They have to see that two and two make four. That is a matter of the counting-house, and must be remembered in the purchase of the daily loaf. But they are quite sunk in stupor about everything that does not relate to their hateful daily comforts. One moves them for a moment—even in Houndsditch"—he looked at me—"one finds people who will listen; but they go to sleep again."

"One would hardly think, sir," said Jones with a mournful appeal, "that you would shrink from lending the weight of your own example to a movement of this sort." He shook his claret-coloured sleeve, and looked almost hopelessly at Delamere.

"I do not disapprove of it," said he solemnly. "It is well meant, Sebastian, and it may bear fruit beyond your expectations. But I am too old, a little too much daunted by futile experiment, too saddened by repeated failure. Youth has the vitality for experiment. By the way I must show

you my last bit of Worcester, Sebastian Are you interested in china, Mr Denham?

I was on the edge of some idiotic rejoinder about the Opium traffic, but I understood in time and saved myself Mr Delamere piloted us down stairs and showed us a cabinet, with most of the contents of which Jones was evidently familiar My host, delicately handling some of its treasures, grew extremely eloquent and interesting

"He probably knows more about old Worcester than any man alive," said Jones when we were left to ourselves again, by the chance intrusion of other guests "His learning is prodigious

I went away dazed that night I felt somehow as if I had been beaten about the head My wits were scattered and I did not get at them easily This solemn air of going crusading about the colour of a coat and a pair of trousers, this prodigy of learning in old crockery ware, fairly stupefied me I walked alone, and my soul rebelled at it all This huge London, said I hotly to myself, lies sweltering about them, noble and loathly, all comedy and tragedy, and they turn their backs upon it, and blind themselves from the sight of it, and find their souls bread in bric à brac and the wine of life in the distillation of the fashion plates And I thought myself particularly clever, and felt that I was great and magnanimous and altogether what I ought to be by comparison with these triflers, and got into a very satisfactory state of mind by reason of them But if I thought poorly of the great art critic himself or of Jones his pupil, I had formed, without knowing any very sound reasons for it, a different opinion with regard to Mr Delamere's daughter I do not pride myself upon any special discernment on this account, for a boy's judgment about a young woman is liable to be influenced by facts of which he takes no count Mary Delamere was, to begin with, a very beautiful girl, and, to continue, she was to my mind, even in her personal aspect, better than beautiful I thought I read nothing but candour and goodness in her looks, and if for once I was right, it is not a thing to be greatly proud of I have thought the same things since, and have been wrong, and it would be a worse world than it is, if all the eyes that look sincere and honest were the loopholes through which mean natures peered to spy their own advantage, and all the unwrinkled foreheads, and blooming cheeks and laughing lips were no better than pretty disguises Here and there in the world, in the middle of all the chicane and frivolity, and that pitiless icy selfishness which is the deadliest because the commonest of human crimes, you find a nature so honest, so true, so gentle and tender that your only way with it is to love it and worship it and wonder at its goodness And you are a lucky man if its very goodness does not sometimes make your heart ache

THACKERAY.

By ANDREW LANG

"I THOUGHT how some people's towering intellects and splendid cultivated geniuses rise upon simple, beautiful foundations hidden out of sight" Thus, in his lately published Letters to Mrs Brookfield, Mr Thackeray wrote after visiting the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, with its "charming, harmonious, powerful combination of arches and shafts, beautiful whichever way you see them developed, like a fine music" The simile applies to his own character and genius, to his own, and perhaps to that of most great authors, whose works are our pleasure and comfort in this troublesome world There are critics who profess a desire to hear nothing, or as little as may be, of the lives of great artists, whether their instrument of art was the pen, or the brush, or the chisel, or the strings and reeds of music With those critics perhaps most of us agree, when we read books that gossip about Shelley, or Coleridge, or Byron "Give us their poetry," we say, "and leave their characters alone we do not want tattle about Claire and chatter about Harriet, we want to be happy with 'The Skylark' or 'The Cloud'" Possibly this instinct is correct, where such a poet as Shelley is concerned, whose life, as his poetry, was as "the life of winds and tides," whose genius, unlike the skylark's, was more true to the point of heaven than the point of home But reflection shows us that on the whole, as Mr Thackeray says, a man's genius must be builded on the foundations of his character Where that genius deals with the mingled stuff of human life—sorrow, desire, love, hatred, kindness, meanness—then the foundation of character is

especially important. People are sometimes glad that we know so little of Shakspeare the man; yet who could doubt that a true revelation of his character would be not less worthy, noble, and charming than the general effect of his poems? In him, it is certain, we should always find an example of nobility, of generosity, of charity, and kindness and self-forgetfulness. Indeed, we find these qualities, as a rule, in the biographies of the great sympathetic poets and men of genius of the pen—I do not say in the lives of rebels of genius, "meteoric poets" like Byron. The same basis, the same foundations of rectitude, of honour, of goodness, of melancholy, and of mirth underlie the art of Molière, of Scott, of Fielding, and as the new correspondence shows, of Thackeray.

It seems probable that a complete biography of Thackeray will never be written. It was his wish to live in his works alone—that wish his descendants respect; and we must probably regard the Letters to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield as the last private and authentic record of the man which will be given, at least to this generation. In these Letters all sympathetic readers will find the man they have long known from his writings—the man with a heart so tender that the world often drove him back into a bitterness of opposition, into an assumed hardness and defensive cynicism. There are readers so unluckily constituted that they can see nothing in Thackeray but this bitterness, this cruel sense of meanness and power of analysing shabby emotions, sneaking vanities, contemptible ambitions. All of us must often feel with regret that he allowed himself to be made too unhappy by the spectacle of failings so common in the world he knew best, that he dwelt on them too long and lashed them too complacently. One hopes never to read "Lovel the Widower" again, and one gladly skips some of the speeches of the Old Campaigner in "The Newcomes." They are terrible, but not more terrible than life. Yet it is hard to understand how Mr. Ruskin, for example, can let such scenes and characters hide from his view the kindness, gentleness, and pity of Thackeray's nature. The new Letters must open all eyes that are not wilfully closed, and should at last overcome every prejudice.

In the Letters we see a man literally hungering and thirsting after affection, after love—a man cut off by a cruel stroke of fate from his natural solace, from the centre of a home.

"God took from me a lady dear,"

he says, in the most touching medley of doggerel and poetry, made "instead of writing my *Punch* this morning." Losing "a lady dear," he takes refuge as he may, he finds comfort as he can, in all the affections within his reach, in the society of an old college friend and of his wife, in the love of all children, beginning with his own, in a generous liking for all good work, and for all good fellows.

Did any man of letters except Scott ever write of his rivals as Thackeray wrote of Dickens? Artists are a jealous race. "Potter hates potter, and poet hates poet," as Hesiod said so long ago. This jealousy is not mere envy, it is really a strong sense of how things ought to be done, in any art, touched with a natural preference for a man's own way of doing them. Now what could be more unlike than the "ways" of Dickens and Thackeray? Each of them averts his eyes from the world best known to the other; Dickens chiefly draws the world of vagrants, clerks, attorneys, with caricatures of the less comfortable classes, while Thackeray is most at home with soldiers, civil servants, country gentlemen, literary folk, and an occasional peer, like my lord of Rosherville, or the Marquis of Steyne. The subjects chosen by these great authors are not more diverse than their styles. Thackeray writes like a scholar, not in the narrow sense, but rather as a student and a master of all the refinements and resources of language. Dickens copies the chaff of the street, or he roams into melodramatics, "drops into poetry"—blank verse at least—and touches all with peculiarities, we might say mannerisms, of his own. I have often thought (the idea is copyright) that some amusing imaginary letters might be written, from characters of Dickens about characters of Thackeray, from characters of Thackeray about characters of Dickens. They might be supposed to meet each other in society, and describe each other. Can you not fancy Captain Costigan on Dick Swiveller, Blanche Amory on Agnes, Pen on David Copperfield, and that "tiger" Steerforth? What would the family solicitor of "The Newcomes" have to say of Mr. Tulkinghorn? How would George Warrington appreciate Mr. Pickwick? Yes, the two great novelists were as opposed as two men could be, in manner, in style, in knowledge of books and of the world. And yet how admirably Thackeray writes about Dickens, in his letters as in his books! How he delights in him! How manly is that emulation which enables an author to see all the points

in his rival, and not to carp at them, but to praise, and be stimulated to keener effort!

Consider this passage "Have you read Dickens? O! it is charming! Brave Dickens! It has some of his very prettiest touches —those inimitable Dickens' touches which make such a great man of him, and the reading of the book has done another author a great deal of good"

Thackeray is just as generous and perhaps more critical in writing of Kingsley "A fine, honest, go a head fellow, who charges a subject heartily, impetuously, with the greatest courage and simplicity, but with narrow eyes (his are extraordinarily brave, blue, and honest) and with little knowledge of the world, I think But he is superior to us worldlings in many ways, and I wish I had some of his honest pluck"

I have often wished that great authors, when their days of creation were over, when "their minds grow grey and bald," would condescend to tell us the history of their books Sir Walter Scott did something of this kind in the prefaces to the last editions of the Waverley Novels published during his life What can be more interesting than his account, in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel," of how he worked, how he planned, and found all his plots and plans overridden by the demon at the end of his pen! But Sir Walter was failing when he began those literary confessions, good as they are he came to them too late Yet these are not confessions which an author can make early The pagan Aztecs only confessed once in a lifetime, in old age, when they had fewer temptations to fall to their old loves then they made a clean breast of it once for all So it might be with an author While he is in his creative vigour, we want to hear about his fancied persons, about Pendennis, Beatrix, Becky, not about himself, and how he invented them But when he has passed his best, then it is he who becomes of interest, it is about himself that we wish him to speak, as far as he modestly may Who would not give "Lovel the Widower" and "Philip' for some autobiographical and literary prefaces to the older novels? They need not have been more egotistic than the "Round about Papers" They would have had far more charm Some things cannot be confessed We do not ask who was the original Sir Pitt Crawley, or the original Blanche Amory But we might learn in what mood, in what circumstances the author wrote this passage or that.

The Letters contain a few notes of this kind, a few literary confessions We hear that Emmy Sedley was partly suggested by Mrs Brookfield, partly by Thackeray's mother, much by his own wife There scarce seems room for so many elements in Emmy's personality For some reason ladies love her not, nor do men adore her I have been her faithful knight ever since I was ten years old, and read "Vanity Fair" somewhat stealthily Why does one like her except because she is such a thorough woman? She is not clever, she is not very beautiful, she is unhappy, and she can be jealous One pities her, and that is akin to a more tender sentiment, one pities her while she sits in the corner, and Becky's green eyes flatter her oaf of a husband, one pities her in the poverty of her father's house, in the great battle over Daffy's Elixir, in the separation from the younger George You begin to wish some great joy to come to her, it does not come unalloyed, you know that Dobbin had bad quarters of an hour with this lady, and had to disguise a little of his tenderness for his own daughter Yes, Emmy is more complex than she seems, and perhaps it needed three ladies to contribute the various elements of her person and her character One of them, the jealous one, lent a touch to Helen Pendennis,* to Laura, to Lady Castlewood Probably this may be the reason why some persons dislike Thackeray so His very best women are not angels' Are the very best women angels? It is a pious opinion—that borders on heresy

When the Letters began to be written, in 1847, Thackeray had his worst years, in a worldly sense, behind him They were past the times when he wrote in *Galignani* for ten francs a day Has any literary ghoul disinterred his old ten franc articles in *Galignani*? The time of "Barry Lyndon," too, was over He says nothing of that masterpiece, and only a word about "The Great Hoggarty Diamond" "I have been re reading it Upon my word and honour, if it doesn't make you cry, I shall have a mean opinion of you It was written at a time of great affliction, when my heart was very soft and humble Amen Ich habe auch viel geliebt" Of "Pendennis," as it goes on, he writes that it is "awfully stupid," which has not been the verdict of the ages He picks up materials as he passes He dines with some officers, and perhaps he stations them at Chatteris He meets Miss G—— and her converse suggests a love passage between Pen and Blanche Why did he dislike fair women so? It runs all through his

* For Helen Pendennis, see the "Letters," p 97.

novels Becky is fair Blanche is fair Outside the old yellow covers of 'Pendennis,' you see the blonde mermaid, "amusing, and clever, and depraved," dragging the lover to the sea, and the nut brown maid holding him back Angelina, of the "Rose and the Ring," is the Becky of childhood, she is fair, and the good Rosalba is *brune* In writing "Pendennis" he had a singular experience He looked over his own "back numbers," and found "a passage which I had as utterly forgotten as if I had never read or written it"

In Lockhart's "Life of Scott," James Ballantyne says that "when the 'Bride of Lammermoor' was first put into his hands in a complete shape, he did not recollect one single incident, character, or conversation it contained' That is to say, he remembered nothing of his own invention, though his memory of the traditional parts was as clear as ever Ballantyne remarks, "The history of the human mind contains no thing more wonderful" The experience of Thackeray is a parallel to that of Scott "Pendennis," it must be noted, was interrupted by a severe illness, and "The Bride of Lammermoor" was dictated by Sir Walter when in great physical pain On one occasion Thackeray "hit upon a very stupid part of 'Pendennis,' I am sorry to say, and yet how well written it is! What a shame the author don't write a complete good story Will he die before doing so? Or come back from America and do it?

Did he ever write "a complete good story?" Did any one ever do such a thing, as write a three volume novel, or a novel of equal length, which was "a complete, good story?" Probably not, or if any mortal ever succeeded in the task, it was the great Alexander Dumas "The Three Musketeers," I take leave to think, and "Twenty Years After," are complete good stories, good from beginning to end, stories from beginning to end without a break, without a needless episode Perhaps one may say as much for "Old Mortality," and for "Quentin Durward" But Scott and Dumas were born story tellers, narrative was the essence of their genius at its best, the current of romance rolls fleetly on, bearing with it persons and events, mirroring scenes, but never ceasing to be the main thing—the central interest Perhaps narrative like this is the chief success of the novelist He is triumphant when he carries us on, as Wolf, the famous critic, was carried on by the tide of the "Iliad,' "in that pure and rapid current of action" Nobody would claim this especial merit for Thackeray He is one of the greatest of novelists he displays human nature and human conduct so that we forget ourselves in his persons, but he does not make us forget ourselves in their fortunes Whether Clive does or does not marry Ethel, or Esmond, Beatrix, does not very greatly excite our curiosity We can not ring the bells for Clive's second wedding as the villagers celebrated the bridal of Pamela It is the development of character it is the author's comments, it is his own personality and his unmatched and inimitable style, that win our admiration and affection We can take up "Vanity Fair,' or "Pendennis," or "The Newcomes," just where the book opens by chance, and read

them with delight, as we may read Montaigne. When one says one can take up a book anywhere, it generally means that we can also lay it down anywhere. But it is not so with Thackeray. Whenever we meet him he holds us with his charm, his humour, his eloquence, his tenderness. If he has not, in the highest degree, the narrative power, he does possess, in a degree perhaps beyond any other writer of English, that kind of poetic quality which is not incompatible with prose writers. A great deal has been said about prose poetry. As a rule it is very poor stuff. As prose it has a tendency to run into blank verse. As poetry it is highly rhetorical and self conscious. It would be invidious and might be irritating to select examples from modern masters of prose poetry. They have never been poets. But the prose of a poet like Milton may be, and is, poetical in the true sense, and so, upon occasions, was the prose of Thackeray. Some examples linger always in the memory, and dwell with them like music in the hearing. One I have quoted before: the passage in "The Newcomes" where Clive, at the lecture on the Poetry of the Domestic Affections given by Sir Barnes Newcome sees Ethel, whom he has lost.

And the past, and its dear histories, and its youth and its hopes and passions, and tones and looks, for ever echoing in the heart and present in the memory—those no doubt poor Clive saw and heard as he looked across the great gulf of time and parting and grief, and beheld the woman he had loved for many years. 'The great gulf of time and parting and grief, some of us are on the further side of it, and our old selves and our old happiness and our old affections beyond grow dear, grow dear, now and then, at the sight of a face met by chance in the world, at the chance sound of a voice. Such are human fortunes, and human sorrows, not the worst, not the greatest, for these old loves do not die. They live in exile, and are the better part of our souls. Not the greatest, not the worst of sorrows, for shame is worse, and hopeless hunger, and a life all barren toil without distractions, without joy, must be far worse. But of those myriad tragedies of the life of the poor Thackeray does not write. How far he was aware of them, how deeply he felt them, we are not informed. His highest tragedy is that of the hunger of the heart, as most noble prose sounds in that meeting of Harry Esmond with Lady Castlewood, in the immortal speech that has the burden, 'bringing your sheaves with you!' All that scene appears to me no less unique, no less unsurpassable, no less perfect than the "Ode to the Nightingale" of Keats, or the *Lycidas* of Milton. It were superfluous to linger over the humour of Thackeray. Only Shakespeare and Dickens have graced the language with so many happy memories of queer, pleasant people, with so many quaint phrases, each of which has a kind of freemasonry, and when uttered, or recalled, makes all friends of Thackeray into family friends of each other. The sayings of Mr Harry Foker, of Captain Costigan, of Gumbo, are all like old Jewish family phrases, they live imperishable and ever new, like the words of Sir John, the fat knight, or of Sancho Panza, or of Dick Swiveller, or that other Sancho, Sam Weller. They have that Shakespearian gift of being ever appropriate, and undyingly fresh.

There are among the pages of Thackeray this and that inimitable style, which always tempts and always baffles the admiring and despairing copyist. Where did he find the trick of it, of the words which are invariably the best words, and invariably fall exactly in the best places? "The best words in the best places," as part of Coleridge's definition of poetry, it is also the essence of Thackeray's prose. In these Letters to Mrs Brookfield the style is precisely the style of the novels and essays. The style, with Thackeray, was the man. He could not write otherwise. But probably, to the last this perfection was not mechanical, was not attained without labour and care. In Dr John Brown's works, in his essay on Thackeray, there is an example of a proof sheet on which the master has made corrections, and those corrections bring the passage up to his accustomed level, to the originality of his rhythm. Here is the piece —

Another Finis on another aisle of life which *Pompeii Lidas* has devoured. And I may have to write the word once or twice perhaps and then an end of Ends. ~~[illegible]~~ and it in to-day musing. Oh, the troubles the cares the sweet, the complications, the reputations the old conversations over and over again and here and there all the delightful passages the dear, the brief the forever remembered.'

And I:— A few chapters more, and then the last and behold Finis itself coming to an end and the Infinite beginning.'

"How like music this," writes Dr John Brown, "like one trying the same air in different ways, as it were, searching out and sounding all its depths." The words were almost the last that Thackeray wrote, perhaps the very last. They reply, as it were, to other words that he had written long before to Mrs Brookfield.

"I don't pity anybody who leaves the world, not even a fair young girl in her prime, I pity

those remaining On her journey if it pleases God to send her, depend on it there's no cause for grief, that's but an earthly condition Out of our atmosphere life, and brought nearer the Divine light and warmth, there must be a serene climate Can't you fancy sailing into the calm?

Ah, nowhere else shall we find the Golden Bride, "passionless bride, divine Tranquillity"

As human nature persistently demands a moral, and, to say truth, Thackeray was constantly meeting the demand, what is the lesson of his life and his writings? So people may ask, and yet how futile is the answer! Life has a different meaning, a different riddle, a different reply for each of us There is not one sphinx but many sphinxes, as many as there are women and men We must all answer for ourselves Pascal has one answer, "Believe!" Molière has another, "Observe! Thackeray's answer is, Be good and enjoy!" but a melancholy enjoyment was his Dr John Brown says,

'His persistent state especially for the latter half of his life was profoundly *moral* there is no other word for it It arose in part from temperament, from a quick sense of the littleness and wretchedness of mankind This feeling acting on a harsh and savage nature ended in the *saeva indignatio* of Swift acting on the kindly and sensitive nature of Mr Thackeray, it led only to compassionate sadness

A great part of his life, and most of his happiness, lay in love 'Ich habe auch viel gelebt, he says, and it is a hazardous kind of happiness that attends great affection Your capital is always at the mercy of failures of death, of jealousy, of estrangement But he had so much love to give that he could not escape those perilous investments

Other troubles he had that may have been diversions from those He did not always keep that manly common sense in regard to criticism, which he shows in a letter to Mrs Brookfield "Did you read the *Spectator's* sarcastic notice of Vanity Fair?" I don't think it is just, but think Kintoul (Rintoul?) is a very honest man and rather inclined to deal severely with his private friends lest he should fall into the other extreme, to be sure he keeps out of it, I mean the other extreme, very well'

That is the way to take unfavourable criticisms—not to go declaring that a man is your enemy because he does not like your book, your ballads, your idyls, your sermons, what you please Why cannot people keep literature and liking apart? Am I bound to think Jones a bad citizen, a bad man, a bad householder because his poetry leaves me cold? Need he regard me as a malevolent green eyed monster because I don't want to read him? Thackeray was not always true in his later years to these excellent principles He was troubled about trifles of criticisms and gossip, *bagatelles* not worth noticing, still less worth remembering and recording Do not let us record them, then

We cannot expect for Thackeray, we cannot even desire for him, a popularity like that of Dickens If ever any man wrote for the people, it was Dickens Where can we find such a benefactor, and who has lightened so many lives with such merriment as he? But Thackeray wrote, like the mass of authors, for the literary class, for all who have the sense of style, the delight in the best language He will endure while English literature endures, while English civilisation lasts We cannot expect all the world to share our affection for this humorist whose mirth springs from his melancholy His religion, his education, his life in this unsatisfying world are not the life, the education the religion of the great majority of humankind He cannot reach so many ears and hearts as Shakspeare or Dickens and some of those whom he reaches will always and inevitably misjudge him *Mais c'est non homme*, one may say, is Boileau's soul of Molière Of modern writers, putting Scott aside, he is to me the most friendly and sympathetic Great genius as he was he was also a penman, a journalist, and journalists and penmen will always look to him as their big brother, the man in their own line of whom they are proudest As devout Catholics did not always worship the greatest saints, but the friendliest saints, their own, so we scribes burn our cheap incense to St William Makepeace He could do all that any of us could do, and he did it infinitely better A piece of verse for *Punch*, a paragraph, a caricature, were not beneath the dignity of the author of Esmond" He had that kindness and helpfulness which I, for one, have never met a journalist who lacked He was a good Englishman the boy within him never died, he loved children, and boys, and a little slang, and a boxing match If he had failings who knew them better than he? How often he is at once the boy at the swishing block and Dr Birch who does not spare the rod! Let us believe with that beloved physician, our old friend Dr John Brown, that "Mr Thackeray was much greater, much nobler than his works, great and noble as they are" Let us part with him, remembering his own words

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart."

ON CHILDREN

By the Right Rev A W Thorold, D D, Lord Bishop of Rochester.

" Et bien je donne tout et je pardonne tout aux petits "
Victor Hugo

ANY one who presumes to write about children may expect to have his credentials challenged It is a topic of which all of us have some experience, yet one about which, in the judgment of most women, no man that ever yet was born can claim to have anything to say No doubt all persons think they love children, and many of them are vastly mistaken in thinking so Do you want a test? Choose one of these Could you spend a morning in cutting out a boat for a boy, or tell for the tenth, even the twentieth time a familiar but ravishing story to eager little ears, or consent to be a Newfoundland dog for very short legs to ride (it need not be done in Pall Mall), or carry about a restless infant through the long midnight hours, without an overweening sense of self righteousness? Love always and everywhere implies a great faculty of taking trouble To say, however, that to love them we must own them, is only in a partial sense true, is opposed not merely to justice, but to facts Maiden aunts, as most of us know, are the human angels of childhood Besides, nature recognises no tribunal of opinion, and she often exhibits a provoking capriciousness in entrusting children to those who, if they dared, would instantly pack them off to the nearest Found ling Hospital, while denying them to those whose entire life they would sweeten with a delicious joy It is not, however, inconsistent to affirm further, that quite to find out all their lovableness, in any degree to fathom the deep abysses of a child's wonderful and mysterious nature, we must actually own them—and have them all for ourselves Nature will not disclose her secrets, nor stir her powers, except to those who can claim them as a right It only our eyes are open then, we presently see what children may become to us, as well as what we ought to be to them For, in a suitable and reverent use of a great word with many meanings, children are the salvation of the race They purify, they elevate, they stir, they instruct, they console, they reconcile, they gladden us They are the ozone of human life, inspiring us with hope, rousing us to wholesome sacrifice If, in the faults which they inherit, they show us the worst of ourselves, and so move us to a salutary repentance, they also stimulate our finer qualities, they cheat us of weary care, they preach to us, not so much by their lips as by their innocence, their questions set us thinking, and to better purpose than the syllogisms of philosophers, their helplessness makes us tender, their loveliness surprises us into a pure joy To me at least, if I may say so much, a child, wherever I see it, and no matter whose it may be, is a thing of unspeakable delight Again and again the mere sight of a child, whether at play, or rambling on the road, or gathering flowers, or fast asleep, gives me a feeling of joy A child is a sunbeam on a winter sea, a flower in a prison garden, the music of bells over the noise of a great city, a fragrant odour in a sick room If any one thinks this exaggerated, I am sorry for him It is literally true for me, and for tens of thousands who have far more right to it These fingers tingle with a kind of happiness, while I am writing about them here My chilly friend need not have my joy if he does not believe in it, or care for it, I will not force it on him, but he shall not take mine from me

How do you define childhood? Perhaps by limiting it to the nine years between three and twelve You remember what Mr John Morley has written about infancy? "The pathos of infancy, the bright blank eye, the eager unpurposed straining of the hand, the many turns and changes in murmurings that can yet tell us nothing"

This interesting, mysterious infancy, by men at least, if they are properly conscious of their limitations, is usually handled, when at all, like a delicate morsel of china, approached with more wonder than enthusiasm, while the regard which it inspires is, in a topical sense of the word, distant Mr Wilberforce used to say, that no house was perfect without a child of three years old, and a kitten We accept the age, some of us also regret that the kitten should be so much easier to procure At three, speech becomes articulate, the character is developing, likes and dislikes show themselves with a pungent frankness Every child of three, if clean, has a real charm about it, and the discipline of the nascent will is still in its rudimentary stage After twelve the situation changes With girls in their teens it is often so hard to know exactly how best to treat them except by

leaving them alone. With growing boys of course the sedate world is usually in a condition of physical jeopardy; and but for the merciful arrangement which disposes of them to tutors and governors for the greater part of their lively existence, it is hard to conceive how for the bulk of elderly folk life could be made tolerable at all.

No doubt a full-blown rose has its merits, and it may justly claim for itself that to be fully blown is what it was made for. But it is pardonable to prefer the rosebud. An austere father once explained to a little girl of three, that when she ceased to wear socks he must cease to love her. She half laughed at it, and half dreaded it. One day she ran up to him, and showing him her little brown legs said: "Father, do you love me still?" Alas, those little brown legs have long since been demurely clothed in stockings, and the little fingers which belong to them nimbly strike sweet sounds, which Dr. Johnson would have devoutly wished could have been "impossible." The threat, however, is still unfulfilled.

Moreover, a child sometimes itself feels parting from its childhood.

> "Long years ago I cried, when Inez said,
> 'You are no more a little girl.' I grieved
> To part for ever from that little girl,
> And all her happy world so near the ground.
> It must be sad to outlive ought we love,
> So I shall grieve a little for these days—
> . . . . . O they were sweet,
> And none will come just like them."
>
> *The Spanish Gypsy.*

Here I ask leave to make three short digressions. Why am I right in saying that with girls after twelve most men feel a secret alarm?

Certainly the writer does. With the best possible intention of doing the right thing, it is so easy to do the wrong, and then our *gaucherie* fills us with remorse, irritates them into a caustic despair. Always treat young people in this transition time as if they were quite grown up. Never explain to them in a patronising way, and before their nearest relations, how much they have improved. It is sometimes a little impertinent to suggest that they are grown. Much better not ask them if they like their lessons. What is that to you? Avoid making them feel or look ridiculous by even good-tempered raillery, which it would be bad taste in them to return, and equally so for you to offer. Let your talk be fresh and pleasant and natural, about the books they read, or their diversions, or any subject on which you can make yourself agreeable to them, especially dogs and ponies. Whatever you do, never repeat before people of their own standing the simple and innocent things they said or did as small children. It is no fault of theirs that at that particular age they are always sensitive and sometimes morbid. Think of your own girls, they will help you to understand others. A gentleman's first instinct is to put every one at his ease, and especially to avoid giving unnecessary pain. Children presuppose parents. If parents were always spared to rear their children, or if, when spared, they always knew how to rear them, this would be a changed world. Perhaps there are three zones of the parental temper. There is the torrid zone, in which the writer professes to dwell, and out of which he fears he has already penned some sentences which sober folk of less ardent sentiments will regard as sheer rhodomontade. There is the frigid zone of those who secretly feel that their children are but troublesome incumbrances. There is also the temperate zone of thousands of excellent parents, who deserve every respect and some commiseration, to whom children come in the dispensation of a wise Providence, and who recognise them as a trust, endure them as a discipline, and do their duty by them with conscientious regard. Candidly let us admit that not to every one is given the peculiar perhaps rare endowment of intense sympathy with the young. Also that not all children are easy to love; also that many undoubtedly are all the better for not being patted all day long with kid-glove kindness; also that there is a good deal of nonsense and affectation in all youthful natures, for which frost and hard knuckles are the best regimen. Indeed most of us discover that there are three places where they can conveniently be dispensed with—a sick-room, a Pullman railway carriage, and (towards the close of their holidays) their mother's boudoir. In the interest of children (the old folk can shift for themselves) late marriages are sometimes deprecated. The obvious disadvantage admitted, is the censure quite just? When people have had some experience of life, with its usual concomitants, self-knowledge and observation of human nature, they are apt to be mellower, gentler, kinder for their years, less bent on the gratification of their own wishes, more considerate in recognising the claims of others. If their children are brought up in a somewhat graver atmosphere, and with less noisy and ecstatic surroundings, a sedate happiness has charms of its own. Occasionally, it is observed, that very young parents (as is also the way with the inferior animals) leave their children a good deal to themselves. A famous statesman, keenly dis-

appointed that his child resisted, even to tears, his paternal caresses, on the rare occasion of a visit to the nursery, was hardly consoled, though perhaps much instructed, by the last explanation of the wounded domestic, "Sir, he always cries at strangers" There must be many instances of these infant tears It is certain, that just as no wedded love under the sun can be more tender, fuller of tranquil dignity, facile sacrifice, refined courtesy, than is sometimes that of married folk, who contracted wedlock in their life's September, so their children, so far from being altogether losers, in some respects may be gainers, though, to be sure, they cannot hope to keep their parents so long Sometimes, however, parents die, not only when they are elderly, and then every one thinks of the children's loss There are cases, not many, where the loss is none at all and where vice, hopeless fatuousness of nature, or an invincible faculty of misguiding, turn a nominal parent into an actual foe What pains the parents of C J Fox seem to have taken to ruin him! and if they did not quite succeed, they did not entirely fail There is no advantage in inquiring which of the two parents can best be spared Providence does not please to consult us, even could we make our choice, no rule could guide us for it Elizabeth Barrett Browning, in the greatest of her poems, has, however, unhesitatingly given her verdict She writes as if she knew, writes (of course) from a woman's standpoint —

> Women know
> The way to rear up children (to be just)
> They know a simple matter to declinch
> Of
> Stringing pretty words that make no sense
> And kissing full sense into empty words
> Which things are scrolls to cut life upon
> Although such trifles, children learn by such
> Love's holy earnest in a pretty play
> And yet not over early solemnised
> Such good do mothers Fathers love as well
> Mine did, I know—but still with heavier brains
> And wills more consciously responsible
> And not so wisely since less foolishly,
> So mothers have God's license to be missed"

Missed indeed! Yes, how often, as life goes on, and God must mean them to be missed, or He would not take them away Missed in crises of health, and when the nature opens to the sun, and when the world has to be met and learned, and when neither the fondest father, nor the kindest governess, nor dearest friend, can make up for the mother that is gone Yes, missed indeed

That loss is irreparable Let us face it, and never try to persuade ourselves of anything else Be this as it may, if the father only is left he must do his best, and with good courage There is a grand old English word, "mothering," a quality which God can teach a man as well as a woman, when there is a needs be for it Before now many a loving daughter, brought up from infancy by a father, has learned to say to him in Andromache's words to Hector —

> "Father to me thou art and mother dear,
> And brother too"

Yes, for the comfort of those who may be in need of it, I fearlessly say that there is no love in this world so deep, so sweet, so tender, so ineffable, in all its deep trust and passionate gratitude, as the love of half-orphaned children to one parent, who has made it the task of a widowed life to be both parents in one No doubt in such cases other aids are open, step-parents, for instance, are often as devoted and tender and faithful as they can be These aids are sometimes kindly pressed, sometimes appropriately and discreetly accepted, sometimes also put aside as impossible Then a parent must face the duty — alone It is nobody's fault, and no one should be blamed for it, but in the nature of things the abundant and quite sincere sympathy which, in the first days of the unspeakable sorrow, is poured down like balm from heaven, cannot last longer (if so long) than the first gloss on the mourning clothes of the children, nor can any relative, neighbour, friend (an own mother or sister excepted) adequately fulfil the place or share the burden, which henceforward belongs to one alone

A child is a man in *posse*, or, as Dr Joseph Parker has freshly expressed it, "Childhood in itself is little, but it is a quantity which is always growing" Of his body I must not write now, but there is a sentence of Rousseau which deserves remembering "The history of a life is the history of a body, no less than that of a soul" When a child is constantly, seriously, and intelligently taught that its body is as real a trust as its soul, that it is possible to sin against the body as against the soul, and that the laws of the body (the laws of health as well as of morals) are as much God's laws as any other, so that to disobey them is virtually to disobey God, and that even in a child's life served and energised through its living organs, are closely wrapped up what have been finely called "the great folded possibilities of excellence, happiness, and well being," life and the world, and its personal share in them, will come to wear a new dignity and beauty A child may still be a child, and free of all priggishness and aping after manhood, and yet, with Samuel, living constantly in the fear of the living God, it may say, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth" *(To be continued)*

THROUGH HUDSON'S STRAIT AND BAY.

A Naval Officer's Holiday Trip

By CAPTAIN ALBERT HASTINGS MARKHAM R N

Author of "The Great Frozen Sea," etc

PART I

I HAVE selected the above title for the articles which I propose to present with all diffidence, to the readers of Good Words, because what I am about to narrate is essentially an account of a trip which I had designed should be, if possible, carried out whenever a temporary respite from my professional labours would enable me to enjoy a thorough and complete holiday and rest

I wanted to get away out of the reach of posts and telegraph, to bury myself for a time from the civilized world, and to be free from the receipt of all official letters and documents

I had always had a great desire to visit the shores of Hudson's Bay, that great expanse of water that has not inaptly been termed the Mediterranean Sea of the Western hemisphere But the difficulty of getting there seemed almost insuperable

A passage to Hudson's Bay by either a whaler, or by the Company's annual ship, was out of the question, for many reasons which it will be unnecessary here for me to enumerate, my only chance therefore of visiting this almost 'blue incognita' (for such it has practically been except to a few, ever since its discovery by the brave but unfortunate Henry Hudson), was to undertake a land journey, and with the aid of a canoe and some Indians both of which I had some vague idea I should be able to procure at Winnipeg, descend one of the numerous rivers whose waters roll down to the shores of Hudson's Bay, returning if possible by a different route I anticipated getting some fairly good shooting during my journey, whilst I should be afforded an opportunity of travelling through an interesting, because a little known region, and I would also (the most important consideration of all) be safe from the receipt of large envelopes of a blush hue, marked On Her Majesty's Service!

With this intention I made arrangements for leaving England in the fine Cunard steamer *Etruria*, on Saturday, the 5th of June, when chance threw in my way—as I shall presently explain—an opportunity of carrying out my project in a more thorough and interesting manner, completely capsizing the plans and arrangements that I had previously made

A project had been started to connect Winnipeg, which may be regarded as the emporium or metropolis of the North West with Hudson's Bay, by the construction of a railway It was thought, and with very good reason, that the possession of a sea port, within seven hundred miles of Winnipeg, would materially develop the commercial and industrial resources of the whole of Upper Canada, benefiting in a very great degree the grain producers and stock raisers who had settled in those fertile and rich agricultural districts of the Dominion of Canada, which extend even to the base of the Rocky Mountains

Much opposition was, however, raised to the adoption of the proposed scheme, those antagonistic to it being principally influential men residing in Eastern Canada, and those who although living in Winnipeg and the North West were pecuniarily interested in the moral and material progress of the Eastern provinces They were fully imbued with the idea that the scheme, if attempted would prove a financial failure, advancing as their main argument that Hudson's Bay and Strait would not be navigable for a sufficiently long period during the year to enable ships to convey the produce of the country to European markets, and that the railway, if constructed, would therefore be inoperative for at least eight months in every year

On the other hand, those in favour of the scheme were confident that the Strait was open to navigation for *at least* four months during each year, and in all probability for a much longer time, and they maintained that even that period would suffice not only to make the construction of the railway a financial success, but that its existence would also tend to promote the commercial development of the country

In order to throw some light on the subject, which was admitted to be a very important one, the Dominion Government of Canada in 1884 authorized the expenditure of a large sum of money for the purpose of defraying the expenses of a steamer to be dispatched to Hudson's Bay that

Captain Markham in travelling outfit.

year, for the express purpose of establishing meteorological stations in various positions on both sides of the Strait, with the view of receiving reports on the state and condition of the ice, and obtaining full particulars regarding its movements, together with other important matters connected with the meteorology of those regions, for a period of twelve consecutive months. The Dominion Government also intimated their intention to present, as a free gift, to any company that should undertake the construction of a railway, no less than 8,400,000 acres of land, reserved from the crown lands on the line of route to be selected. So keen was the interest evinced in the proposed undertaking, that the provincial Parliament of Manitoba also voted a grant of £900,000, at 4 per cent. per annum for twenty-five years, to assist in carrying it out.

The reason for the lively interest that was displayed in the North-West, and the eagerness that was manifested to promote the scheme, is not difficult of solution.

The distance by rail from Winnipeg to New York is 1,779 miles; and from Winnipeg to Montreal 1,425 miles. By establishing direct railway communication between Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay, the distance by rail to a seaport is reduced to something under 700 miles; and it has been estimated (but I am unable to vouch for the accuracy of the estimation, although I believe it to be *bonâ fide*), that a saving of no less than 5s. per quarter will be effected on each quarter of grain exported to Europe by the proposed route, whilst from £3 to £4 will be saved on each head of cattle so transported.

The establishment of such a route would not have the effect of lengthening, to any appreciable extent, the sea-voyage, whilst it would reduce, by more than one-half, the railway journey between England and the North-West. This is also a matter of great importance, not only to the farmers of Manitoba and adjacent districts, but also to intending emigrants, who would, by the proposed route, reach their destination earlier and with greater ease and comfort, than if they took their passage *viâ* Montreal or New York, whilst they would not be exposed to the risk of being induced to break their journey and settle in the eastern parts of Canada, or perhaps even in the United States, a matter of no slight significance.

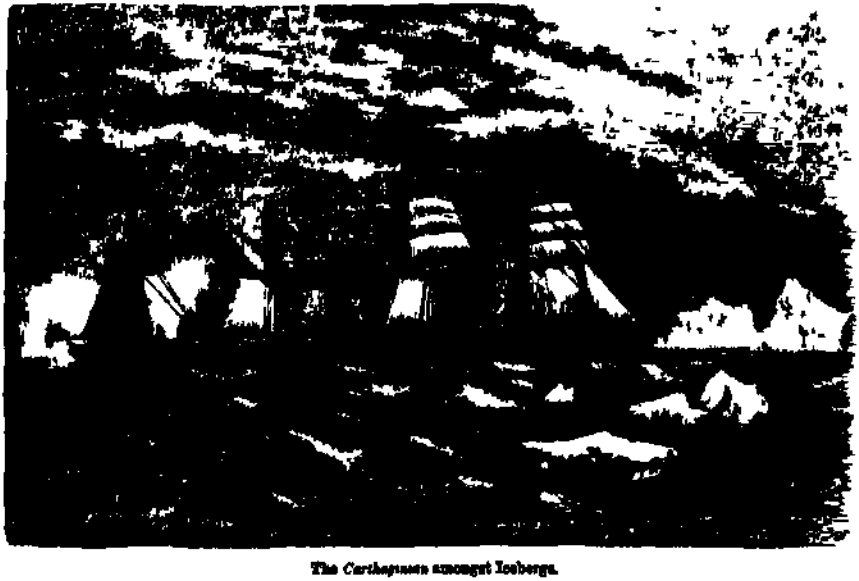
It is easy to understand the lukewarmness, not to say opposition, that was displayed to the adoption of the scheme by the eastern cities, and those connected with the new Canadian Pacific Railway. If the proposed line was constructed, it would deprive them of a very large amount of traffic, both of passengers and of cargo, that must now necessarily pass through their country and over their lines of conveyance. The goods required for consumption in the North-West would, if the scheme was carried out, be received direct from England, instead of being supplied by the eastern cities, and of course at very much reduced rates; and they would be deprived of the opportunity of retaining in their own country a certain number of intending emigrants, who would, if left to themselves, with no inducements held out to them to remain, have preferred to settle in the west.

These reasons have, doubtless, influenced the minds of eastern capitalists, and in a

certain measure, although their integrity of purpose and patriotism is not to be doubted, prejudiced them against the scheme; but these men should not forget that in a young and growing country like Canada, patriotism, to be true, should be regarded in its broadest and widest comprehensive sense; the welfare and development of the whole Dominion should be considered, and not be limited solely to provinces and districts, in which those influential men who wield such a power for good or for evil in the State, are pecuniarily interested.

Looking at it from a perfectly impartial point of view, and having very carefully considered the matter on all its bearings, it appears to me to be an incontrovertible fact, that the establishment of a seaport, some 800 miles nearer to Winnipeg than Montreal (the nearest port at which goods can now be shipped and transhipped), must be of the greatest possible value and importance to the extensive wheat-bearing and cattle-producing country which claims Winnipeg as its mercantile centre.

There seems to be a general concensus of opinion among those who are the most interested in the success, or failure, of the project, namely, the people of Manitoba and the North-West, that a railroad to Hudson's Bay is absolutely necessary, in order to give them an easier, a more expeditious, and a less



The *Carthaginian* amongst Icebergs.

expensive means of conveyance for their produce than they at present enjoy.

Among those who are opposed to the scheme, and who have systematically thrown cold water upon it, are the majority of the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company. I do not mean to say that all those who are associated with that once powerful and wealthy corporation are averse to the construction of a railway, but the majority of those belonging to that Company, whom it was my pleasure, and privilege, to meet during my recent journey through their districts in the Hudson's Bay territory, took no pains to conceal their aversion to the accomplishment of the undertaking.

They have been so long isolated from the outside world, and are so conservative in their ideas, and are withal so loyal to their employers, that they naturally view with disfavour a scheme, the achievement of which would have the effect of opening up the country and driving the fur-bearing animals, the great source of their profits, to more remote regions.

After all, the only real and sound reason that can be advanced by the opponents of the scheme, is the supposed impracticability of navigating the strait leading into Hudson's Bay for a sufficient time during the year, to make the construction of the railroad a remunerative speculation for the share-

holders This is the sole contention, but it is a very important one

Those inimical to the scheme aver that Hudson's Strait is open only for a very short and uncertain period during each year and that even during that time, the navigation is considered extremely hazardous, not to say largely so on account of the heavy masses of ice with which it is reputed to be choked Against these assertions and statements we have it on undoubted authority that during the last two hundred and seventy years the Strait has been successfully navigated by vessels belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company by men of war, by vessels engaged in exploration, and by whalers and other ships, altogether by about seven hundred vessels that out of this large number the losses have been infinitesimal, whilst the number that have failed to achieve the passage of the Strait, either on the outward or homeward passages, have been very small indeed

It must be borne in mind that the vessels to which I am now alluding were all sailing ships and that the majority of them were small, frail, and ill found These vessels invariably made the passage through the Strait during the months of July or August, and sometimes even as early as the month of June No difficulty so far as I am aware has ever been experienced during the return voyage for ice is rarely met in the Strait so late as October the month the ships usually select to sail for their homeward journey

During the latter part of October the young, or what is called pancake, ice begins to form but although the Strait is clear of ice not infrequently as late as November it is not advisable, or prudent, for a sailing ship to delay the return voyage later than the latter end of October

Steam has, however, in the present day entirely revolutionized ice navigation This was brought very prominently to my notice during a voyage I made to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia in 1873, in a steam whaler from Dundee when in the short period of six months we succeeded in passing positions that had been reached by previous explorers, only after long and weary months of toil and hard work It was also my privilege to be a witness of the great advantages possessed by a ship with steam power engaged in ice navigation when I served as Commander of the *Alert* under Sir George Nares in 1875 when, in three short months after our departure from England, we succeeded in reaching the latitude of 82° 27 N, the highest northern latitude that has ever been reached, either before or since, by a ship

It is, therefore only natural for us to infer that what has been so often successfully accomplished, year after year for more than two centuries, by small and indifferently equipped sailing ships, can be better, and with a greater degree of certainty, achieved by powerful steamers specially constructed for ice navigation It is also reasonable to assume that with steamers specially adapted for this particular work, the passage through the Strait can be accomplished at an earlier date on the outward voyage from Liverpool, and, inferentially, at a later date on the passage home, than could have been performed by the old sailing vessels

This then was the whole long one of contention and the matter that was required to be settled was briefly this Is the Strait open to navigation for a sufficiently long period during the year as to render it expedient to create a seaport on the shores of Hudson's Bay in direct communication by rail with Winnipeg or any other large town in the North West?

I have already stated that the Canadian Government had dispatched a steamer in 1884 for the express purpose of establishing meteorological stations in various positions in and neighbourhood of Hudson's Strait No less than six of these stations were established, and placed in charge of young Canadian gentlemen who, attracted by the novelty of the duties that would be required of them, as well as by the interest attached to the situation, had volunteered for and received the appointments

In 1885 the *Alert* was sent up by the Canadian Government with the object of visiting these stations, and also for the purpose of relieving the observers, as it was considered very rightly, that a period of twelve months was quite long enough for the men to live in such a rigorous climate and in such complete isolation from the outward world for the stations were too far apart for the residents of one to communicate with those at another

The *Alert*, it will be remembered, was the same vessel that was commanded by Sir George Nares in the Arctic Expedition of 1875 6, and having recently returned from a successful trip to Smith Sound, for the purpose of rescuing Major Greeley and the survivors of the late American Arctic Expedition, had been lent to the Canadian Government by the Admiralty, with a view of being employed on this special service

As I was on the point of leaving England

I, most opportunely, through the kindness of a friend, made the acquaintance of a Canadian gentleman, a member of the Dominion Parliament, who had come over to this country in the interest of the proposed Hudson's Bay Railway Company On being informed of my desire to visit Hudson's Bay, he very kindly offered me a passage from Halifax to York Factory in the *Alert*, as he had received permission from the Canadian Government to send one or two representatives of his company in the ship In return for this permission to take a passage in the *Alert*, all that he stipulated for was that I should, at the termination of my voyage, submit a report to him on the condition of the ice in Hudson's Strait, and my views generally with regard to the feasibility, or otherwise, of navigating the Strait On arrival at York Factory I should, of course, be at liberty to carry out my proposed trip to Winnipeg in a canoe, or in any other way that I could arrange

This offer suited me exactly, and I had no hesitation in accepting it The very idea of again ploughing the icy seas of the north in my old ship, although only as a passenger was too fascinating and too delightful to be resisted—not only should I be indulging in a most enjoyable holiday, but I felt also that a certain amount of responsibility would be vested in me, and that on my report the question of a Hudson's Bay railroad would be, in a certain degree for the present decided In other words, if I could practically demonstrate the feasibility of the proposed route, by travelling in person from the Atlantic through Hudson's Strait and Bay and thence to Winnipeg my report if a favourable one, would materially strengthen the hands of the supporters of the contemplated scheme, whereas if I failed to accomplish the journey satisfactorily, the experience gained might perhaps, I thought, tend to the prevention of a great waste of public and private money, and possibly lead to the avoidance of much bitter disappointment

It is perhaps needless for me to observe that I was not at any time a paid servant of the company, nor was I in any way interested, either pecuniarily or otherwise, in the success of the project, except in being desirous, as an Englishman, and one who had the welfare and integrity of the empire at heart, of seeing the settlement, and consequent development, of a vast extent of country now lying practically idle belonging to one of our most important colonies

The time at my disposal for making all the necessary arrangements for my trip was two short days, and those two short days unfortunately for me, happened to be a Saturday and a Sunday, so that I had to leave England without being able to provide myself with many things which I considered at the time would be absolutely indispensable *On Monday June 7, I left London* for Liverpool, and on the following day sailed in the Allan steamer *Carthaginian* for Halifax at which port, I was given to understand, I should find the *Alert*

Our passage across was an uneventful one, as are, I imagine, the majority of passages in our large ocean steamers Our passengers were few and sociable, and the weather was comparatively fine and pleasant The accommodation for passengers, however, was somewhat limited, so it was as well, perhaps that there were so few on board The *Carthaginian* was not one of the regular passenger vessels, but had been ordered, somewhat hurriedly, to take the place of a steamer that had been detained for some days in the ice off Newfoundland, and had in consequence failed to arrive in time to take her regular turn The last service on which she had been employed was that of carrying cattle and although the animals were not actually on board at the time, a very unmistakable proof of their recent presence was everywhere perceptible The pungent odours that assailed our olfactory organs in every part of the ship were far from pleasant, but the kindness and attention of our skilful captain made up for much that would otherwise have been considered decidedly disagreeable, and if I had to cross the Atlantic again, and could select my vessel, I should certainly choose the *Carthaginian*, odours notwithstanding, provided she was commanded by her present captain

The scarcity of animal life on the broad Atlantic has often struck me, and on this particular voyage my previous experience was fully confirmed Sea birds, both gulls and petrels were conspicuous by their absence, a more perfect sea of solitude could hardly be imagined, the good ship *Carthaginian* appeared to be the only animate, or inanimate, creature on the vast heaving ocean, and the throbbing of our engines, as they made their never ceasing revolutions, was the only sound that could be heard on the still, dark nights

On the 15th a few icebergs were passed, causing a certain amount of excitement among those of our passengers who then, for the first time, gazed on these large glacial

productions, up whose sides the waves were dashing in their incessant exertions to reduce them from their solidified form to their original element. I welcomed them as old friends that had probably been generated in parts of the world that I had visited, and which had in all probability drifted down on the bosom of those waters over which I had already sailed. The very sight of them brought to my mind old and pleasant recollections. Passed as these large floating masses of ice were in apparently mid ocean, in an otherwise perfect sea of solitude, I could not but help being reminded of the words of the author of the "Paradise of Birds," who says: —

"Here all is ruled by silence far and wide,
Save light waves lapping on the iceberg's side."

St. John's, Newfoundland, was reached on the morning of the 16th. With the exception of the new cathedral, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott, but which, alas! is still incomplete and saddled with a debt of £30,000, there is little of interest to be seen at St. John's. It reminded me somewhat of the most northern town in the world, Hammerfest, for, like it, it had a "very ancient and a fish-like smell!"

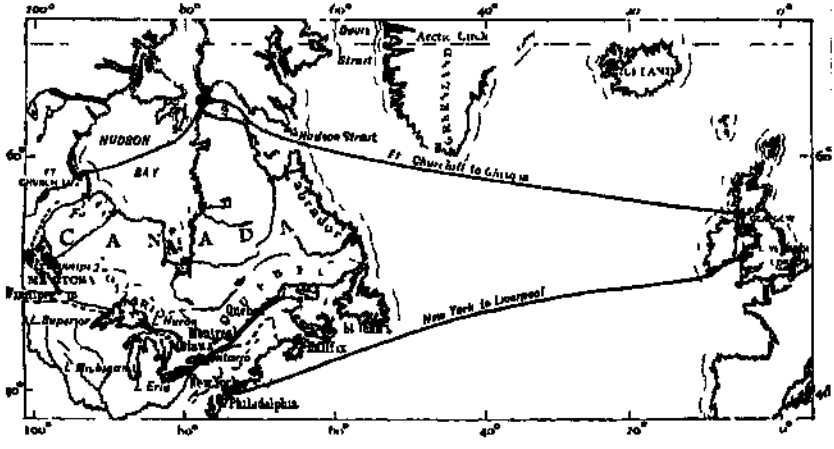


Chart showing the relative position of places referred to.

We left again on the same evening, but were much pestered for many hours with dense fogs, when speed had to be reduced, and occasionally the engines stopped altogether; during this time we were subjected to a hideous din that emanated from the mouth of one of the most discordant steam-whistles it was ever my ill-luck to listen to. It was not until the morning of the 19th that we reached Halifax, when we bade farewell to the *Carthaginian*, sorry to bid adieu to those whose acquaintance we had made on board, but glad to have reached the end of our voyage, and not displeased to part with the smells and noises that were associated with what had been our floating home for the past eleven days!

My first inquiries on landing were for the *Alert*, and on ascertaining her whereabouts, my steps were at once directed towards her. I found her lying alongside a wharf, with her sails bent and apparently ready for sea. I will not say that she looked as trim as when I last served in her, but she looked quite as capable of receiving hard knocks from that enemy which she had been specially fitted to grapple with and overcome, the ice, and was now only waiting to ship her crew, and receive some new blades for her propeller, before starting on her second voyage to Hudson's Bay. My appearance on board was the first intimation to her commander and officers that I was to accompany them on their forthcoming cruise, but from one and all I had a most friendly and cordial reception. A cabin was allotted to me in the ward-room; and I was informed that the ship would probably put to sea in four or five days, by which time everything would be in readiness for a start.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE SENSES.

By JEAN INGELOW

FIRST PAPER.

THAT man has seven senses, we all heard many times before we left the nursery, if never after, but though such a thing is not asserted in the world it is alluded to, which of us has not heard it said, "He was frightened, or "He was astonished out of his seven senses!"

What the two over senses, or supplementary senses may be is very seldom defined, one of them can only have the name if we give it an allegorical meaning I incline to think that our far off ancestors, like observant people as they were, made this one by dividing the sense of hearing in two, very many persons have excellent hearing without possession of this *over* sense The sixth sense must be an ear for music

The seventh sense (which is wholly allegorical) there can be no doubt is that inner and extra sight which doubles the glory of vision, and explains the world to the soul We all call it "the mind's eye

The gracious lessons we have had of late years from those who have told us what we can see "if we will only keep our eyes open," have multiplied the pleasures of life, and enhanced the beauty of our dwelling place but with many of us it is only enhanced, *to our thinking*, as we sit at home and read

From Ruskin, Sir John Lubbock, Herschel Richard Jefferies, and a host of others we annex possessions which they collected from the universe, and our eyes, when we do look, are much more nearly open than they used to be But nearly all these our masters, while they exhort and encourage us to keep our eyes open, imply that if we only do so, we shall see all that they can see

We never shall! To do that our eyes must be as good as theirs, and besides be not merely receptive, merely open The world of our vision is certainly enriched by what others have seen as well as by their speculations and theories but it may be that we have discovered nothing with our own eyes Perhaps we cannot, but if we do not carefully consider the matter we shall never be sure

Uncivilised man lives chiefly by his senses, and cultivates them to a perfection almost inconceivable Civilised man lives mainly by his intellect and starves the senses most lamentably, even our favourite, our best sense, sight, is not at all what it has been, and among the civilised, those dwelling habitually in a great city have lived down the inferior senses, taste and smell, till for any necessary or important part played they might be wholly wanting

The very language might show us our fault as regards the senses, they are now frequently confused with the reason How commonly it is said, "What do you mean by this? You must be out of your senses!" Whereas the person reproved is always offending through some intellectual or moral mistake—some matter that has nothing to do with the senses He is never mistaking red for blue, or a sharp note for a flat one

But confusion of language always means some previous confusion of thought, or at the very least some neglect of or contempt for the thing in question

All the great families of living things have a dominant sense We lead our life by sight, and make artificial lights to render darkness tolerable But the creature whom next to ourselves we prefer, the dog, lives in a very different universe His dominant sense, like that of many other quadrupeds, is the very one we most neglect, the sense of smell

The dog will track his master, never lifting up his head to search the distance, often with hair fallen over his eyes he follows on, not troubling himself to shake it aside

The sense of smell appears to attract his affection and is perhaps his notion of beauty, instead of the attraction of sight it is the attraction of scent But the scent of mankind so attractive to a dog is repulsive and terrible to creatures of the deer kind and to most wild beasts of the chase, who also spend most of their intelligence on this sense Many of them can sniff up this alarming odour hundreds of yards away, while even the tiger and the leopard can stalk them and approach vastly nearer, though to us their odour is penetrating and intolerable What we call taming wild quadrupeds may be, for aught we know, more than anything else, accustoming them, first, not to dread the smell of mankind, and next to become indifferent to it It may surely be said of these wild creatures that they have cultivated the sense of smell They almost entirely depend on it to guard them from their enemies By means of it they smell out water from afar, and they reject poisonous and unwholesome food far more than by sight

We can do nothing with it In a great

city the fruit and flower shops give the poor a passing pleasure as they go by The rich enjoy them in their houses Sewers have a most unpleasant smell, so has gas Thus far we receive still certain warnings from the sense of smell But the most dangerous kinds of liquid air and fatal gas are quite in odorous, they say We must have lost the power to perceive them, also to perceive the unwholesome or poisonous nature of certain kinds of food People will open a tin of salmon or lobster so bad and unwholesome as even to prove poisonous and yet the smell of it, which must be peculiar, does not disgust them and warn them not to eat it

The naturalist not finding the smell of a certain fungus hateful, insists on cooking it and even swallows it to ascertain whether it is good for food whereas having no trusty sense of smell himself, he ought to trust traditions come down from times when people had and let the horrid toadstools alone Sometimes he eats with impunity, and some one else eats at a different time of year or when the plant is in a different state and dies But perhaps something might be done even at this stage of our civilisation to recover by education what we once had by sense Experts might be employed to smell carefully milk supposed to contain fever germs, or tinned food found poisonous, and endeavour to find out whether there is any odour which is distinctive and capable of being described

Poisonous fruits might be collected and attempts made, not so much to ascertain whether their scent is repulsive for at present we do not find it so, but rather to find out whether they have any scent in common, that seems, however slightly, to belong to them all, or at least to certain families of them and if not, whether the flowers which precede them have The same might be done with all kinds of fungi If a class of children could be taught with any certainty that special scents belonged to poisonous plants and flowers, the scent itself would soon become odious to them

"Taste and smell in the human species" says a well known writer, "are to be regarded as rather conducive to our gratification than to our utility They are *deserving of notice* as affording some remarkable instances of the power of association, partly as derived from very early impressions, and partly as acquired by subsequent habits"

Perhaps this is as succinct an account of *how one ought not* to think of these two senses as can be expressed in words, but taste, which partly through the art of cooking and partly through a desire to tempt the appetite, has become the most situated of the senses ought to have a treatise all to itself, and can only be touched upon at present

That both taste and smell have been thrown into the background, and that the ancients were far from regarding them as we do some of the most venerable expressions of man's desire after his Maker may show us the scents and flavours of life are compared in many instances with the law, the love and the fear of the Lord

The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether, more to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold, *sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb*

'Thy name is as ointment poured forth' These words and a great many more are so familiar that they do not strike us as remarkable while we use them in the very words of the Bible (and we never think of any other) we do not perceive that no such thoughts now are our thoughts But those who first used them spoke of things that they liked honey and perfumed ointment were prized

We could not endure to hear the most simple minded and devout person say now that the name of the Lord was as the scent of one of our most fragrant manufactured perfumes, or His law sweet as our most delicious fruit But if we refer the same feelings to another sense sight, they are just as much the language of our souls now as once of theirs

'Behold, as the eyes of servants look unto the hand of their masters, and as the eyes of a maiden unto the hand of her mistress so *our eyes wait upon the Lord our God*, until that He have mercy upon us'

At a yet earlier date, when Israel gave the blessing to the younger son, though his sight and hearing were so dim, he perceived the powerful scent of the 'goodly raiment' And it was not only the existing cause of his bestowing the blessing before he ate, but it influenced the character of it

See the smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed *therefore* God give thee of the dew of heaven and the fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine'

Ages after, even in the time of our Lord, they loved powerful scents When the alabaster box was broken the house was filled with the odour of the ointment, the New Testament bears remarkable witness to their love of them

Sight can carry us far out in space, and this sense can carry us far back in time "The myrrh, aloes, and cassia," the ointments and cerements of the dead, are not quite inodorous even to day; when exposed to the air after long entombment they still exhale their peculiar fragrance It does not appear, then, that we have lost the keenness of scent so much as the instinct of what it means

We are not conscious of the smoky smell of London while we live in it. Yet if we travel to Italy, Malta, or even India, and proceed to unpack shawls, dresses, &c, that we have worn there, they will scent a large room with *London*.

But we are not all whelmed in a smoky atmosphere of the scent of which we have become unconscious, and we ought not to want so much telling "what to eat, drink, and avoid," while we have a sense which, if we would only cultivate it, could manifestly inform us of all this, so that unwholesome things would never go into our mouths at all

Birds, like ourselves, appear to depend most on sight They have keen hearing also, and are wary and easily startled, but there is not much reason to suspect that they perceive the nearness of an enemy by scent It is food that the carrion bird scents from afar, not danger, but when we consider the great height in the air at which they habitually float, and the telescopic nature of their eyes, it is probable that they are drawn down mainly by sight, unless it can be shown that in a dark night they come down upon dead or dying prey The dog, who assuredly is led by scent, will trace his master's footsteps through the dead of the night, and will be found lying on the door step of a house where he is the next morning

Fish seem to have the sense of touch as their dominant faculty. They hear and see dimly when in the ocean; but by the least movement of fin or tail they can communicate vibrations to the water by means of which a whole family, a whole hatching of fifty or sixty little fry, will guide themselves and keep swimming with perfect unanimity in the same direction and at precisely the same distance from one another, so that they form a certain figure which does not vary. Most commonly this figure is a globe or an oval. It is the youngest fry who follow this habit. If one, observing or suspecting danger, wags a fin and darts off in another direction, all the others are instantly after him, so simultaneously aware of the new vibration and repeating the movement, that they do not even for a moment alter the shape of their figure This kind of thing can easily be observed in a small clear river. After a short time, perhaps a few days, other instincts begin to influence the young fry beside this natal craving to keep together, then stragglers fall back from the figure, and by degrees they are literally "out of touch" with the others, and for good and all disperse

One of the most delightful fortnights in the year is in the middle of August. Then if you are at the sea side, as very many people are, there is a fine opportunity for watching the young fry or "sile." It must, of course, be a rocky coast, with facilities for lying on some flat reef and looking down into the water. There the sile frequently come in their companies, investigate the deep blue bights, appear to regard the great swaying banners of dulse with curiosity and interest, then swim out again above the heads of the sea anemones and hermit crabs, and proceed to the open sea, there to fulfil their destiny.

What that destiny is one might be sorry to think of, if one did not bear in mind that if all the fry hatched came to maturity they would soon form a solid globe as large as ours The gulls wait for them, and the kittywakes, the guillimots, and all the web footed sea birds; they sit on the water and eat till they really cannot swallow any more, and chatter to one another with ceaseless volubility. The tone of their talk is not at all unlike the sing song voices of certain Suffolk folk heard conversing together when the words are just out of earshot. "Silly Suffolk" some people call the accent and the dialect, the epithet just suits those birds, and one wonders how they can find so much to talk about, for they never cease.

The hermit crabs walking about on the white sand below, or sitting twiddling their feelers on the branches of dulse, are not fish, but probably their dominant sense also is that of touch, for if you take a stick and gently stir the surface of the calm water they are off like meteors, yet when the turning tide begins to wash gently in, they take no notice—perhaps those eyes of theirs set upon long stalks can see a thing or two, though they look so dull and horny. This crab himself is well worth the watching. Some of his actions are almost as nearly human as those of a monkey. When he eats he sits up, and taking his food between his two front claws, bites a bit out, precisely as an

ugly, weird little child might hold a piece of bread and butter with both hands and bite a bit out of the middle. The child will sometimes hold the bread and butter a little farther off and look at it. So does the crab.

The sense of touch is apparently that one which has improved under the charge of civilised man. Only to mention one way in which he makes more use of it than a savage can, his finger tips have extraordinary delicacy and perception (so even more have *hers!*) in distinguishing among fabrics, what they are and what they are worth. The draper can judge of the quality and value of silk by feeling it. He knows whether there is any admixture of cotton in it; with another pass of his hand he knows whether anything has been added to give weight to it. So does his lady customer. Of ten or twelve reels of sewing cotton, she can tell which is finest, more by the touch than the sight. All kinds and varieties of materials, we see people take in their hands and test and feel, and appraise at different values.

But though we are born with great delicacy of touch, each generation educates it. Almost all women have done so, but an ordinary man, who does not get his living as a silk mercer or a draper, is in general quite ignorant in regard to fabrics, and is even capable, poor fellow! of mistaking linen for cotton. But the gold assayer—always a man—is said to judge of the purity of gold ore by his touch, and to perceive something comparable to oiliness in the finest.

But to return to our favourite and best sense, sight. Another delightful fortnight in the year is the second half of July. At that time if we please we may enjoy our eyesight more than usual. And here to revert to what our masters have said as to what we can see if we only keep our eyes open, I think it remarkable that they never seem to make any allowance for short sight.

Short sight is very much on the increase. The human eyes were not meant to pore by the hour together on a white page and to race across it hundreds and thousands of times at a sitting. More and more, it is said, adapt themselves to this work every year and lose aptitude for distant things.

That is, perhaps, why one often hears it said, "Fly-catchers! Oh, no, there are none in this part of the country; if there had been I must have seen them!"

Now in that particular fortnight of the year fly-catchers have the world of gardens and "grounds" almost to themselves. For the finches and many of the seed-loving birds are away among the ripening corn and in fields of peas. The fly-catchers remain in meadows where the hay has been laid, and among gardens and green fields where there are trees and ponds.

It may be truly said that the person questioned never *would* and never *could* see these birds and many other things till they had been duly pointed out, after which the world would abound with them.

If such a conversation goes on it is often somewhat in this style:—

"What is that little bird then, sitting on the rail over there? from time to time she darts off, makes a loop, almost turns over in the air, and comes back to the same perch. There is another."

"Oh, I suppose they are sparrows."

"Don't you think they are rather small for sparrows?"

"Well, perhaps they are young ones."

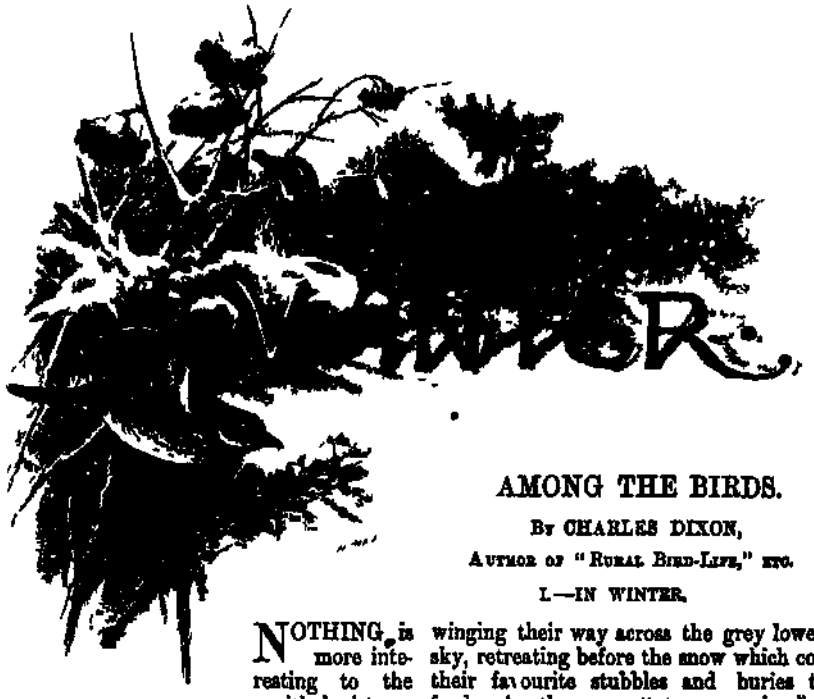
"And don't you think they are rather paler in colour than sparrows, and of a slightly more fawn-colour tint?"

"Now you mention it, yes, I believe I can see a difference; but I fancy I am rather short-sighted."

After admitting that very many people are short-sighted, and that none of the senses vary so much in range as that of sight, I think it may be allowed that a person who can see a thing when it has been pointed out, and detect a difference in size and tint between one little bird and another when both are many yards off, is not short-sighted.

The truly short-sighted in general do the best they can with their eyes; when features are out of range they discriminate faces by colouring; when figures are blurred by distance they often distinguish by peculiarities of gait and movement.

It is quite another thing which is the matter with many eyes that only fancy they are short-sighted. We cannot see without our eyes; I have no objection to admit that! But we are greater than our eyes, and teach them what to see. That is, some of us do, and eyes so reigned over see a great deal more than others can. In the first place they know what to look for; in the second place they know where and when to look; and in the third place, when something new and wonderful reports itself and stares them in the face, they never mistake it for what has been seen before, but refer it to the most precious of all their senses—the seventh, which, acting in partnership with eyesight, forthwith sets to work to find out what it is and what it means.



AMONG THE BIRDS.

By CHARLES DIXON,

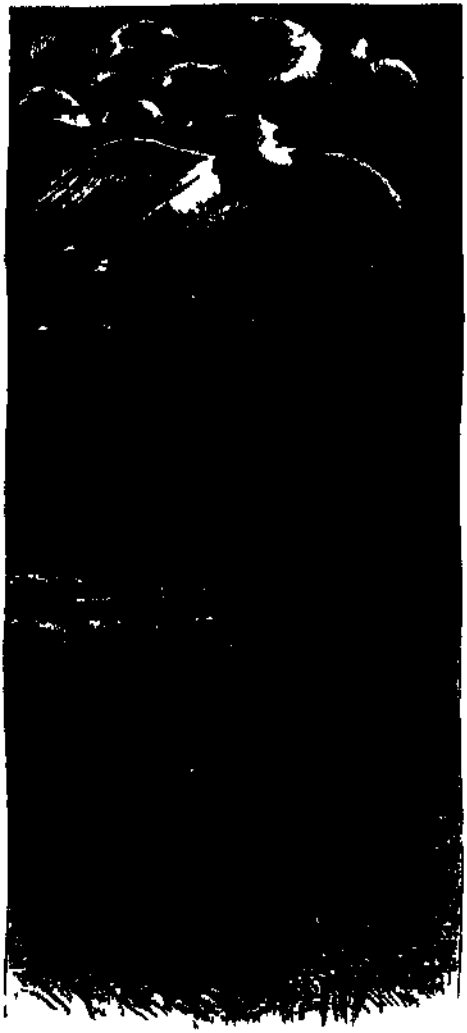
Author of "Rural Bird-Life," etc.

I.—IN WINTER.

NOTHING is more interesting to the ornithologist, or even to a casual observer, than to watch the ever-varying phases of bird-life through the year. In winter he may watch the ways of birds as they lead a gipsy kind of life, ever wandering in search of food; in spring the arrival of the vast army of migratory birds is a salient feature, love and courtship, song and war, being the order of the day; in summer domestic arrangements are most birds' all-absorbing care; whilst in autumn their loss of voice, moulting, gathering together, and migrations afford abundant scope for him who loves to study wild bird-life in field or wood, or by the lonely shore. My object in the present paper is to take the reader out amongst bird-life in the snow, to watch the birds on naked branches and under grey skies, and to follow them along the frozen streams, and into the warm shrubberies, where the evergreens afford them shelter from the storm.

A long-continued frost disorganizes bird-life; and like a great army in full retreat, the various kinds of birds fly before it, each struggling for food and life, and compelled to alter their habits with the unusual change in the weather. Before the storm arrives various birds unerringly foretell its approach. Vast flocks of skylarks may often be seen winging their way across the grey lowering sky, retreating before the snow which covers their favourite stubbles and buries their food. Another sure "storm-warning" is a flock of lapwings or peewits hastening from the marshes, now frost-bound and covered with snow, to more open pastures. In irregular order, as our artist has cleverly shown, these handsome birds steadily pursue their way across country, the mark of every wandering gunner, whose long-waited-for opportunity is the season of the poor bird's adversity. At such a time many a storm-driven bird is seen in localities least adapted to its habits. Oceanic birds are driven inland; moorland birds seek the valleys, and marsh birds the troubled streams; shy birds become tame; wary birds show an amount of trustfulness quite at variance with their usual habits. In severe winters we have several times noticed gulls as high up the Thames as Westminster Bridge; and cormorants and petrels are sometimes driven from their ocean haunts to inland sheets of water. At such a time the air is often full of bewildered birds careering aimlessly about, or flying steadily along in twos and threes, or in immense flocks composed of many species, banded together by one common impulse.

Many birds, however, show little concern after a heavy snowfall. The finches are seldom troubled by severe weather so long as the different kinds of seeds on which they



Forerunners of the storm.

feed are not hidden by the snow, which is seldom or never the case in this country. They feed on the stubbles, along the hedgerow sides, and on commons where thistles, docks, wild mustard, and other weeds rear their tall stems far above the snow wreath. At this season of the year many hard-billed birds, such as greenfinches, chaffinches, and buntings, congregate near farm-houses and stack-yards, picking up the scattered corn, or pulling out the ears of grain from the ricks. The woods are made lively with little companies of titmice, that industriously search every twig, and bud, and cranny for insects and larvæ, or pay a fleeting visit to the elder-trees and ivy to regale themselves on the luscious berries. The birch and fir-trees are also visited for their seeds. Tits are often accompanied in their wanderings by a solitary nuthatch or a creeper, which runs about the bark in all kinds of grotesque attitudes in search of food. The woodpeckers, again, are never affected by frost and snow. Their food is always to be found amongst the timber, and their merry notes resound in the woods as they hammer away at the trees. They hunt in a more systematic manner, beginning at the foot of the tree and working gradually upwards, then dropping down to the bottom of the next tree to begin again. The jays and magpies lend life and animation to the wintery landscape as they scream and chatter amongst the leafless trees, or keep up a noisy concert at nightfall from the pine woods where they roost.

The banks of the stream are also full of bird-life, even when winter holds the country in its tight embrace. Where the water boils and foams round the mossy boulders we are sure to meet with the dipper—a bird that haunts the seldom-frozen running stream. But much less fortunate is the kingfisher, whose beautiful dress of blue and chestnut and green is familiar to every wanderer by the brook-side. No birds are affected so much by a long-continued frost as those that seek their food in slow running waters or amongst marshy ground. The kingfishers fare badly at such a time, and numbers of them are starved to death; whilst they have even been found frozen to the twig on which they chanced to roost. Our charming picture of the frozen-out kingfisher admirably depicts the bird during a long spell of frost. Sitting above the frozen pool, whose banks are draped with icicles and set in a framework of frost and snow, the poor bird, alas! too often views the tiny fish and water insects on which it feeds quite beyond its reach, owing to the film of ice that frequently covers the water in a single night. In the alder-trees on the banks of the stream little parties of siskins are busy picking at the catkins, and as likely as not

the wagtail hurries away in drooping flight, uttering his sharp call-notes.

If the snow is everywhere, bird-life is almost as ubiquitous. In the small swamp, which for some unaccountable reason has escaped the finger of the frost, we may flush the fat little jack snipe from his warm corner amongst the dead grass tufts. Unerringly he returns to his favourite winter quarters year by year, so that each season we may find him on precisely the same square foot of ground. His relation, the woodcock, is of a more wandering disposition, and it is only by the greatest good fortune we are favoured with a glimpse of him as he darts in erratic course amongst the trees. The big grey herons stand and fish in places where the water is open; and the moor-hens and coots congregate in the salt-water broads and estuaries, leaving their inland meres and fishponds as soon as the frost becomes severe. Bird-life on the shore is little changed by winter's advent. True, we miss the graceful terns, sporting fairy-like above the summer sea; but their place is taken by countless other birds that make our coasts their winter quarters when their home in the arctic regions is uninhabitable. Vast flocks of

"Over the snow-clad fields."

ducks and geese haunt the water, and countless hordes of sandpipers, curlews, and plovers trip along the muddy and sandy shores, following the ebbing tide, and sleeping or preening their plumage at high water, waiting till their feeding-grounds are again uncovered.

One little bird we often see along the coast at this season is the snow bunting. It is a thorough wanderer, and never stays long in one place. Here to-day, miles away to-morrow. It belongs to the class of gipsy migrants, or birds that have no regular winter home, but wander about at that season, keeping on the borders of the frost—going north as soon as the weather opens a little, hurrying south again when its food supply has failed. No bird goes farther north in summer, its nest having been found almost as far north as man has penetrated. In some parts of England its early appearance is regarded as the forerunner of a severe winter. Another gipsy migrant is the shore lark, a circum-polar bird which lives on the wild arctic tundras beyond the limit of forest growth. It has no winter home, and is just as accidental and erratic in its appearance in other

parts of temperate Europe as it is with us, coming south in severe weather, going north again as soon as its feeding grounds are open

The wild moorlands, in summer so breezy and enticing, now look particularly dreary especially if covered with snow, but the red grouse haunts them still, and finds his food in places where the snow has drifted In severe weather he will often burrow deep down into the snow and sleep securely at night below the surface safe in his warm bed The ptarmigan, in flocks at this season, and in snow white livery, comes lower down the hillsides from his usual haunts on the highest mountain tops Still he loves the snow, for his conspicuous white plumage is in harmony with it, and renders him safe from the marauding eagles and falcons that scour the mountains in search of prey

Returning to more rural scenes we find a stroll along the hedgerows and through the shrubberies by no means devoid of interest To a casual observer the hedges seem deserted, but ever and anon the low complaining note of the hedge sparrow will draw the attention to that sombre little bird as he glides, shadow like through the branches Then the noisy blackbird loves to haunt the bank fences, which are also a favourite retreat of the garrulous and ever active little wren Here and there a gay chaffinch or bunting sits on the topmost sprays, resting for a moment as they pass over the snow-clad fields But they must be ever watchful and on the alert, or the bold sparrow hawk perchance will bear them off in an instant Along the hedgerow sides or in the neglected weedy corners of the fields, where the thistle is allowed to flourish by the slovenly farmer, we often meet with a party of goldfinches beautiful little birds, who display their bright colours to perfection as they cling with fluttering wings to the prickly thistle heads, or flit along from stem to stem, scattering the downy seeds, which float away on the breeze Nearer home we shall not fail to see the ever welcome robin, so neat and sprightly in spite of snow and frost and watch him dispute with the sparrows for the scattered crumbs

Another interesting bird of winter is the brambling, all the way from Swedish forests, a refugee from the arctic winter Perhaps most nearly related to the chaffinch, he lives in flocks during the winter like that bird He seldom wanders far from a chosen district when once he has taken up his quarters, and if not molested is a very tame and confiding little creature He loves to feed on beech mast, and in winter the woods are made gay and lively by this active visitor Rooks and starlings are also birds of a wintery landscape, generally to be found in flocks near to dung heaps or where fields are being manured and ploughed In hard weather these birds often suffer severely from hunger, but they usually retire to more favoured districts if the frost continues long Another little bird often seen near dung heaps at this season is the meadow pipit This species lives in summer on the moors and uplands, coming into the sheltered districts for the winter

Winter, however, is not all frost and snow There are days, even in mid winter, full of springlike balminess, which are apt to make birds forget the snow and frost, with all their attendant terrors, and to tempt them into unwonted activity The skylark and the thrush feel the influence of the warm sunshine, and give vent to their joy in bursts of song, the wild ducks hasten back to inland waters, the skylarks return to the stubbles, and the various small birds, that kept close to our houses when the snow was lying deep, now rapidly desert us and return to their wonted haunts in the woods and fields

Bird life in winter cannot well be dealt with without some allusion to the accidental wanderers that severe seasons send to our shores Handsomest of them all, and to the ornithologist perhaps the most interesting, is the waxwing This uncertain and irregular winter guest visits us more or less sparingly every season from the Swedish forests, but in some winters it arrives in immense flocks The last great waxwing season was in the winter of 1866—67 They arrived early in November, great flocks being observed in Norfolk The waxwing breeds in enormous colonies, but is very erratic in its choice of a locality, a fresh one being selected every year, probably where food chances to be abundant Although a rarity with us, it is by no means so in Russia, where, being generally very fat in winter, hundreds are sold in the frozen markets of St Petersburg at three halfpence each! Another bird equally erratic in its appearance is the crossbill, which sometimes visits us in large flocks A few birds are resident in this country, but the unusual "rushes" that make their way here belong to the class of gipsy migrants, which only wander southwards when an exceptionally inclement winter forces them to do so

The songs of birds in winter must not be overlooked Music and love with most birds go together, grey skies and wintery landscapes are not associated with either Most birds

THE FROZEN OUT KINGFISHER.

'Sitting above the frozen pool, whose banks are draped with icicles and set in a framework of frost and snow, the poor bird, alas! too often views the tiny fish and water insects on which it feeds quite beyond its reach.'

lose their song in the autumn moult, and never warble again until the following spring; but to this rule there are certain exceptions. In winter the robin is the most prominent songster, his sweet and plaintive strains being heard in every wood and coppice. He sings throughout the short winter days, even into the twilight, when the dull red sun settles solemnly down behind the hills. The restless little wren ranks next as a winter songster, his loud voice ringing cheerfully out from amongst the icicle-draped roots and branches, through which he loves to hop and sport with tail held impudently erect. Another winter chorister is the handsome missel-thrush, or "storm-cock," the largest of the British thrushes. His notes are usually given forth from the topmost branches of the highest trees, and resemble those of the song thrush and blackbird, but possess a wild cadence peculiarly their own. Far up amongst the bending branches his rich wild lay is heard, the blinding snow-storm seeming but to increase the beauty of his song, and

Sea-gulls at Westminster.

to lend it an additional sweetness. The starling too warbles at intervals throughout the winter, as does also the song thrush. But the latter bird is a somewhat capricious musician, and appears to wait for an unusual burst of warm sunshine to woo him into song. In well-sheltered districts the hedge sparrow also contributes his simple little song to the winter concert. The skylark, again, sings occasionally in mid-winter, a mild day invariably sending a few birds warbling heavenwards. The blackbird is heard to sing in winter, but only now and then, in exceptionally mild weather. Many other sounds, also, help to swell this winter concert of the woods and fields. I allude to the noisy twittering and merry call-notes of birds that have lost their song with the turn of the leaf. What, for instance, so cheery in the short winter days as the lively chorus kept up by a flock of redwings or bramblings, like peals of little bells on the tree-tops; the harsh chatter of the ever-active titmice; or even the loud caw of the rook, as he flies leisurely home at eventide. Such simple cries are passed unnoticed in the plethora of springtide music, but are welcome now, when every sound serves to relieve the monotony

of the silent woods, and to tell in prophetic strains of better songs to come

In treating of bird life in winter we must not conclude without a passing notice of the army of birds that left us in autumn—birds so familiar to us all that they become a necessary part of an English landscape What summer picture of rural England is complete without the gliding swallows, the stranger cuckoo, the band of delicate warblers, the fly catchers, the purring goat sucker, or the sombre swifts? How closely are the hay meadows identified with the tree pipit, or the uplands with the wheatear and the whinchat? What spring or summer time complete without its nightingale? Where are those songsters now? Basking in the perpetual sunshine of distant Algerian oases, amongst the pomegranates, figs, and date palms of Northern Africa, or hundreds of miles away in the fastnesses of the lonely Sahara Were we to follow them we should find them as songless as their northern relations, waiting for the impulses of love to dawn in their little breasts, which will send them hurrying back again to English woods and fields, for they cannot associate love with Africa Many of them are now in the warm breast of the Mediterranean, in Greece and Italy and Palestine, many are in Egypt, amongst the pyramids and rice fields of the Nile The swallows are all gone south of the equator, many of the warblers are on the Gold Coast —a scattered family, but all to unite again as soon as spring returns Many of these migrants are now in flocks, although they live solitary enough when with us The principal reason for their departure is that they live on insects which are only found in our northern latitudes in summer The cuckoo and the swallow are just as able to withstand the cold of a northern winter as the wren and the bunting, and would doubtless remain with us the entire year, if caterpillars and gnats could be obtained at that season In just the same way, many birds that live in the arctic regions in summer visit our country in winter because they can here obtain the food they need

It might be thought that bird life in winter displayed too little variety to tempt the observer out of doors, but no greater mistake could be made There is a novelty about the habits of birds at this season which will not fail to impress the beholder with its charm, and to fill his walks abroad, during the months of frost and snow, with feelings of deepest interest

SOME EGYPTIAN TYPES.

By the EDITOR

CHANGES have taken place so rapidly in Egypt that if I, whose recollections go back to thirty years ago, were to describe streets and buildings, I might probably be regarded as an "Old Mortality" I am told that Cairo has been made "beautiful for ever," after the fashion of the Second Empire, that I would not know Shepherd's Hotel—the ancient and naked caravanserai, where the streams from India and England used to meet and mingle, that the bazaars are no longer the untouched reserves of the purest Orientalism, that Parisian Boulevards have taken the place of the deliciously unpaved streets, with their ragged but picturesque houses, that Alexandria has been burnt and rebuilt, in short, that Europe has invaded every town, piled its factory chimneys beside the palm woods, has covered the Nile with pleasure steamers, where the dahabeeh used to float like a bird, with its white wings spread in the clear air, and offering the priceless gift of a restful monotony to the traveller seeking repose

But people do not change their habits as quickly as they accept railways and telegraphs, especially when they are of the rank of life which lies beyond the pale of "Society" It will take a Darwinian cycle to alter the true Bedawee Evolution will have effected something more wonderful than a new variety of pigeon, when out of the wild child of the desert it has produced the hero of the Stock Exchange or the franchised dandy Arab and Fellah care very little for the fashions so greedily aped by the Pashas They are as stubbornly conservative as are the gipsies who, although favoured for centuries with a European environment, are as separate from Europe to day as they were in the Middle Ages The wall which divides Oriental and Western is not easily surmounted It is marvellous how little is the real insight which a traveller can obtain into the life of Egyptian or Syrian. Donkey boy and dragoman understand us far better than we understand them. The tourist can only gaze with curiosity at habits which are utterly alien to

Turk in dishabille.

his own associations. He may admire the splendidly carved lattice work which screens the oriel windows that hang above the narrow streets, but he can gain no knowledge of the world of interest which fills the homes that are secluded behind these, and in vain strives to imagine the thoughts which occupy the inmates, whose black eyes peer at him as he rides past on his donkey. What can he tell of all that is going on in these mud-built villages of the Delta, with their white minarets and flocks of pigeons and naked children, and the baked cakes for fuel drying on every wall? The dragoman may interpret what is said as he accompanies you into the Nubian hamlet with its huts roofed with palm branches and clay, but he cannot interpret a kind of life which has absolutely nothing in common with your own, except the natural affections. The types you meet daily become so familiar after a few months' residence that you flatter yourself you know the Egyptians; but you do not. You know that this is a Copt and that a Fellah, very much as you can say this is a parrot and that a parroquet, while parrot and parroquet keep their secrets to themselves.

It requires something more than the ordinary traveller possesses so to enter within the atmosphere breathed by an alien people, and which has been produced by a long history wholly unlike his own, before he can adequately understand their habits of thought and feeling. A man like Mr. Lane can do it, and yet even his admirable book reads very much as a study carried on from the outside.

There are few countries in which so great a variety of races is gathered within the ken of every visitor as there is in Egypt. I suppose London embraces a greater number of typical specimens of humanity, but these are so widely scattered, and are so lost in the crowd, that you do not recognise their existence. But Alexandria and Cairo might serve as museums of illustration for the ethnologist. In the Copt we have the descendant of that ancient world which piled the Pyramids and carved the Sphynx, and made its dominion felt from Meroe to the Euphrates. He alone retains a language which is linked to that spoken in old Memphis and Thebes. We can see in the sons of Abraham a race which unites the present with the days of Rameses. The Arab with his long musket, coming from the desert to buy tobacco or powder, represents a people and a history which stand as far apart from our civilisation as does a lonely tarn among the Highland hills from the roar of Cheapside. Circassian, Armenian, Turk, Abyssinian, Russian, Persian, Syrian, the Negro from Central Africa, the gaunt Soudanese Bedawee, Italian, German, French and English, most of them wearing a costume which proclaims their nationality, stream past in the bazaars or gardens.

A Donkey Boy.

When one first lands in Egypt the scene is the freshest imaginable. Within an hour you are launched from the P. and O. steamer, that has carried *home* with it to the last moment, and are plunged in a new world. You find yourself in a narrow street of quaintest houses, and in a throng that presses past, each

Bedouin

figure in it a picture and a novelty. On either side are the pigeon-holes of shops where turbanned merchants sit tailor-fashion, gazing out, calmly as oxen in their stalls, upon the hurrying tide of life which fills you with wonder. You would like to arrest each person for scrutiny as in a wax-work exhibition. You long for a kind harlequin that with a touch they might be transformed into motionless *tableaux vivants*. Here is a string of camels with their heads aloft above the crowd, moving with soft step and long stride as they carry bags of spice that have come from the distant Soudan. Here is a rich official with his *reis* running in front and his pipe-bearer behind. Here comes a lady of rank, perched high on her padded saddle, riding stride legs, and except for the large eyes that glance from the kohl tinted eye-lids above the white veil, and the little henna-stained hand that holds the reins, she might be mistaken for a bale of silk. Peasant women hurry along with veils hung by a kind of thimble to their head gear, their lithe forms thinly draped in the long bathing-gown sort of dress of blue cotton, and carrying astride on their shoulders their little naked children, with weak eyes, and grave faces. There comes a Bedawee on his hardy horse, that frets under the camel bit, the saddle richly caparisoned, and the stirrups broad and coarse as iron shovels. And here, with many a stroke on the tough quarters of the long eared donkey he drives before him, comes the donkey-boy shouting his "Ruach" "Shemeennuck," "Regluk"—as he steers some large Englishman, who sits perched over the quarters of the "Homar." Crowds there are of brown-legged, brown-bosomed labourers, wearing the kind of grey felt cap which we see on clowns in the circus at home; and water-carriers flounder past, bearing the bursting skins that palpitate and surge with their liquid contents; and sellers of bread, carrying flat cakes on a tray on their heads; and sellers of swords, bristling with steel, like moving stands of armour; and then the —blind, halt, and deformed—such as Raffaelle introduced into some of his pictures, but to be seen in the flesh only in an Oriental city. Ophthalmia is so common in Egypt, that weak eyes are the rule not the exception, and total blindness very common. In no cases, however, are bad eyes so distressing to witness as in the little children. Mere infants carry swarms of flies settled in the corner of their eyes, and no attempt is made to remove them; so that at first when you see them with such grave and patient little faces, it is difficult to restrain the impulse to rush to the rescue of the sufferers and have one good "wipe out" of the irritating pests that infest them.

A Circassian.

And so the stream of motley life goes past; but the sense of strangeness soon vanishes, and you learn to realise that you are not at a fancy-dress rehearsal, but witnessing the ordinary life of human beings.

Our artist has reproduced some common types of Egyptian life. The "Donkey-Boy" is perfectly characteristic, with his delicious grin, his pearly teeth, his glorious recklessness, and utter indifference to all diversities of rank and nationality. He is the *gamin* of Cairo, and I always liked him. He may be a terror to those who in the innocence of their heart fancy they can select their donkey as leisurely as they would call a cab in Regent Street. It is delightful in such cases to watch the concussion, when the rush is made on the new-comer, as if a rat had dropped suddenly among a pack of terriers. The worry is intense, while twenty or thirty voices are shouting at once the praises of as many long-eared quadrupeds, and all the time the victim is pushed and dragged about till, in despair, he throws himself on the nearest animal he can find. I always found these boys intelligent guides and most amusing fellows, and, except for the risk of a chance roll in the gutter now and then, the outside of a Cairo donkey is one of the most

delightful means of transit. You have the sweet sense of exercise without giving a thought to the management of your steed, as the "Woled" manages your route for you in a very simple fashion. By giving a lick behind on the right flank, for example, he drives that end of the animal so far to the left that the head is brought round into due bearing for the turning to the right where he wishes to take you, and away you go! Thus seated at ease, you are borne along with a kind of motion to which it would be harsh to apply the word "trot." It is a run, like the smooth sweep of the diatonic scale by an accomplished pianist. Grumblers might call it "a shuffle" or "an amble." It is rather a sustained tremolo of nicely adjusted and rapid grace-notes from four little pattering hoofs. And thus you are swept through the Ezbekeeyeh and into the bazaars, and can gaze as you go at the marvellous colouring and lights and shadows, and the interminable effects of the unrivalled street architecture of the older Cairo. Not Damascus, not Constantinople can be compared to it. And so I invoke a blessing on the bright donkey-boy and on his long-eared friend with the red-leather saddle, for both contributed to some of the most enjoyable hours I ever experienced

A Coptic Priest.

The Copts, as before remarked, are the only representatives of the ancient Egyptians. Their character, as described by those who know them best, is not a pleasing one, for while they are clever men of business they are said to be avaricious, deceitful, and suspicious. We trust that this account is exaggerated, and that the members of a Church so ancient and unchanged, and the inheritors of traditions which tell of great suffering endured for the faith, are not so untrustworthy as they are called. It would not, however, be surprising if they were cunning; for that is a quality generally produced by persecution; nor need we be astonished if a ritual so essentially perfunctory, and in which the official language employed is a dead tongue, unintelligible even to most of the priests, should exercise but a feeble spiritual influence. The Coptic Church is a branch of the ancient Jacobite sect, which was excommunicated for erroneous doctrines regarding the nature of Christ, in the sixth century. It is a terrible proof of the virulence of a dispute which is now twelve hundred years old, that the Copt of the present day is more ready to fraternise with the Mohammedan than with the member of any Christian Church that does not share his traditions.

The distinguishing dress of the Copt is a black or grey turban, that of the patriarch being of a different shape from the head-dress of the priests. We are told that the patriarch has to submit to a peculiarly severe *régime*, which, if it is really enforced, as Mr Lane believes it is, would deter most sane men from accepting the office. For if it is indeed *de rigueur* that the patriarch should be roused from sleep by an attendant every fifteen minutes, I leave it to the reader to decide whether penal servitude would not be hailed as a relief from an existence so irritating and exhausting. One would like to see how the great ecclesiastic accepts the frequent shakings up of his servitor; whether he really awakens, and how long it takes for him to go to sleep again! Who would be Archbishop of Canterbury under such conditions! We wonder who introduced the custom. As a Scottish millionaire of great practical sense is reported, on his first full view of the Pyramids, to have asked, "What'na fule biggit (built) they?" so we would like to know by what idiot, and for what purpose, the patriarchs of the Copts

Egyptian Lady of high rank

were doomed to be made uncomfortable for life.

Although there are many Bedouin to be seen in Cairo and Alexandria, yet those usually met with are not the genuine wild children of the desert, but Arabs who are in constant touch with the people of the towns, and are amenable to common law. There is always a certain amount of absorption going on between the nomads and the agriculturists, in consequence of the former intermarrying with the more settled inhabitants, and embracing their habits. There is a large admixture of Arab blood in the modern Egyptian. The Bedouin hang on the skirts of the civilisation of the Nile valley and the Delta,, and you have not to go far from Alexandria or Cairo to find the tents and camels of the wandering Ishmaelites. But none of the Bedouin you thus meet are to be compared to the tribes to the east of Jordan or of the Dead Sea. The Towara of the Desert of Sinai, under whose protection I lived for weeks, were noisy, exacting, dirty, and quarrelsome. Their sheykhs were so full of mutual jealousy, that their feuds sometimes broke into open fighting. It was interesting, for example, to have an exhibition given gratis of a hand-to-hand struggle, in which naked swords flashed fire with a vehemence that would have delighted a transpontine audience, although the results were fortunately no more than a slight scratch inflicted on the cheek of one of the combatants. But the Towara were a poor dowdy-looking set of camel-drivers compared to the magnificent fellows we met at Akaba, who had come with their Sheykh Hassan Abu Rashid, from Schobek and Kerak by the Dead Sea to get rice, and with whom we journeyed for a week, visiting Petra, where we were for nine hours in peril of our lives, and so on to Hebron. They were as different from the dingy Towara as a Life-Guardsman is from a volunteer recruit. They were the ideal of banditti, their hair hanging down their backs in plaits, wearing gay "kefiyes" on their heads, striped burnouses, and armed to the teeth. They were tall and erect as soldiers, supple and springy in motion as wild cats, and with eyes that flashed rapid and clear as those of a hawk.

What we saw of the Bedouin women and their tent-life among the Towara was interesting. In the glow of evening, when the marble front of the great Serbal, smit with the red sunset, burned like an altar, and when the vision of palms and feathery tamarisks, beside the waters of El Hessue, presented a picture as of an earthly paradise after the parched waste we had toiled through, it was charming to see the black tents, and the women bringing in or milking the goats, and to watch the naked children at play, rolling about like animated lumps of

Bedaweeyeh.

caoutchouc, and making the rocks ring with their sweet voices. As a rule the Arab women are anything but fascinating. Like all Oriental women they age soon, and being hardly used and hardly wrought they are far from being pretty. On days of rejoicing, or when some "*fantaseeya*" is going on, they sometimes appear gaudily apparelled, as on the occasion when our artist took the portrait of a Bedaweeyeh at a camp to the east of Alexandria. Then they string broad Venetian zequins across their foreheads, or make them hang down on either side the face, and bedeck themselves with nose-rings, bracelets, and necklaces. Of a very different type is "The Egyptian lady of high rank," whose features betray a European or Circassian origin. No lady of high rank is permitted to show her face unveiled, but the veil employed is frequently of so delicate and transparent a texture that it is not difficult to make a portrait in spite of the veil, which in this instance our artist actually did! It is a popular mistake to believe that polygamy is common in the East. On the contrary, very few of the middle-class Mohammedans, and still fewer among the lower classes, ever take more than one wife. Nevertheless, the one wife is guarded with the greatest care, never being permitted to show herself out of the harem without being closely veiled. The seclusion thus enforced on the wives, demoralising though it be, is not regarded by themselves as an evil restraint but as a compliment because showing the value in which they are held by their husbands. The position in which women are kept in the East is the greatest hindrance to every social or religious reformation. No missions deserve greater support than those which seek the elevation and education of the denizens of the harem and zenana.

An Ophthalmic.

There is a marked racial difference between the pure Turk and the native Egyptian. The "Fellah" is a timid, crushed creature, accustomed to the bastinado, and is the victim of every grasping scoundrel of a pasha who may farm the taxes. The Turk, on the contrary, is a brave, manly fellow, conscious that he inherits traditions of conquest and power. Whatever the higher ranks may be in Turkey, the testimony of those who know them is highly favourable to the Turkish peasants and those immediately above in the social scale. Most travellers, at least thirty years ago, would take the word of a Turk sooner than that of Syrian, Armenian, Greek, or Jew. This may be the result of bygone history, the Turks having been for centuries dominant, while other creeds were down-trodden and persecuted. The Turk carries himself with the *aplomb* which betokens conscious superiority over the Fellaheen. And he is in a measure entitled to do so, for whatever Egypt may have accomplished under Mohammed Ali, she cannot boast of such heroic deeds as have raised the Turkish soldier to the front rank as "a fighting unit." The race which produced the warriors of Kars, Silistria, and Plevna is assuredly heroic. Every officer who has fought with them is ready to acknowledge that when properly led there is no soldier in Europe superior to the Turkish "Redif." If the Turkish power sinks, it will not do so because the poorer Turk is unreliable, nor because the faith of Islam is effete, however incongruous its presence may be in Europe. We need not flatter ourselves that Mohammedanism is dead. It is not merely a power, but an aggressive power. Central Africa from the Soudan to the Zambesi, and Asia, from the Caucasus to the Himalayas, give evidence of its vitality. The decay of Turkey lies in its

DAUGHTER OF THE SOUTH.

governing classes and in a corruption which as a cancer eats into the very heart of the national life. It is a doomed empire, and except for the dread that some worse thing might ensue, endangering the peace of Europe and the progress of civilisation, who would not rejoice if the fair regions which stretch westwards from the Bosphorus were freed from a dominion which leaves blight and desolation wherever it extends?

THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

In Memoriam.

NOT with the fame from silver trumpets blown,
Nor voice of pastoral reeds that noise abroad
Some shepherd minstrel's triumph on the sward
Of Arcady, thy merit shall be known;
Acclaim is theirs who soaring seek a throne
High on the golden peaks, but thou didst choose
To nest in human hearts, nor ever lose
That dwelling-place; and there to thee was shown
The mystery of Life, the hopes, the fears,
And those desires that madden or make strong.
Pure were thy lips to cry against the wrong,
And crown with nobler aims our labouring years.
Sweet influence was thy dower, and fragrance lies
Round thy departing feet, like Autumn when it flies.

G.

II.

"Therefore adieu a little while,—adieu!
To God we give thee, and to God we bend;
No tears! There wept it not; but expect us, friend,
In thy far land where the heavens and earth are new."

SUCH was thy song, when summer walked the land
Where Arran hills broke high thro' amber weather;
"Expect us, friend,"—and lo! to-day ye stand
On God's clear hills together!

Oh, true voice hushed; oh, soul, whose steadfast light
Shone soft where darkness was, drew hope from sorrow;
That which to us was starless, voiceless night,
To thee was God's good-morrow.

Thy li
Thy words spread cheer throughout earth's utmost travail;
Though heaven's sweet gain is our exceeding loss,
We may not weep nor cavil.

To God we give thee, though we still shall keep
Thy woman's story of a man true-hearted;
Life's task is done, but yet across death's deep
Thy deeds have not departed.

J. H.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E M MARSH, Author of "Mabah," "Edelweiss," etc

CHAPTER I.—THE LADY IN BLACK.

"MR WHARTON is took with an apple plexy, sir—leastways that's wot Dr White tellt me as I run agin him a cummin' out of the house! I heerd tell as they was brewin' of cider yesterday, which may account for the maggot in the cheese, as the sayin' is Lordsakes, sez I, wot's to be done? 'Oh,' sez he, 'go to Mr Markham's, I'll be up at the Rectory directly' No disrespect to you, sir, but I didn't see as he had answered my question, for though you was a preachin' only t'other Sunday as the age of miracles warn't past we're born miracles, you said, yet, thinks I, how a born organist is to grow in such a jiffy beats me—least ways, such a one as Castleton would put up with, so I 'peats the question to you, sir—Wots to be done?'

Fairly blown with the rapidity of his utterance and the unwonted celerity of his movements, the speaker came to an abrupt halt, leaving the Rector nearly as breathless as himself Never since his assumption of the important position of verger, when he had unwittingly begun to study deportment, had the worthy man moved without the consciousness of his robe of office weighing on his shoulders and flapping about his legs, imparting a slow and dignified motion to his carriage, now, heated with exertion, he mopped his forehead, dishevelling the scattered hairs, which he allowed to grow long and so arranged as to resemble trellis work over a terra cotta frontage, and gazed at his Rector with the air of an epitomised Pandora's box Every evil to which flesh is heir tugged at the corners of his mouth and bagged his cheeks, while from the depths of his lack lustre eyes a gleam of hope shot upward, but when he saw the dismayed look on Mr Markham's face, that even died out, and shaking his head with mournful emphasis he murmured, with the aggravating persistency of Poe's raven—"Wot's to be done *now?*" and with this expiring croak, subsided into despair

"You are quite sure Mr Wharton is as bad as you make out, Collett?" asked the Rector encouragingly, but Collett was not to be dragged out of the slough of despond

"A bad case, sir—a worry bad case, and"—with certain mysterious emphasis—"the beasteses have spoke My wife 'll tell you how I remarked last night, 'They owls in the belfry are outn' uncommon, Lisar,' and then I had to go out and heave a stone at Barlow's dog wot was a-howlin' at the mune just orful I knowed summat was goin' wrong"

The furrow in Mr Markham's brow smoothed itself out, the verger's cadaverous appearance tickled his sense of the ludicrous, it was with difficulty he repressed a smile as he replied—

"Old wives fables, Collett, which will not help much towards the answering of your question" Putting his hands behind his back he rested them on his strong oak staff while he pondered "There's Manser, of Betterton, some of whose men are coming, he would no doubt oblige us We should, of course, have to omit some part of the programme'

If Collett's lips had never developed a sneer, they forthwith made a not unsuccessful attempt in that line, and putting up his shoulders, he folded his hands across the pit of his stomach, threw up his eyes in the attitude of a mediæval saint, that is always more suggestive of dyspepsia than of piety, and remarked, as if apologising for the Rector's paucity of ideas—

"I don't say but it's Hobson's choice, but *he* ain't no great shakes, as far as I've heerd"

"We must make up by heartiness for any lack of harmony, and since I don't suppose you can improve upon my suggestion, the best thing for me to do is to consult my wife"

Collett's face brightened "You can't do better nor that Why didn't we think of it sooner? The little missus will find something better than Manser, I'll lay, even if she hev to play herself'. There's nothing she puts her mind to she can't do, she's a miracle, if hever there was one'

Collett lost his physical likeness to a mediæval [illegible], and became a modern Don Quixote, ready to tilt at windmills for his Dulcinea, while retaining some spiritual resemblance by his faith, which could remove mountains, losing sight, as he had done, of the fact that Mrs Markham had never touched an organ in her life The Rector, to whom his wife, if not a miracle, was a veritable gift from God, had, however, scarcely taken a step in search of her when, emerging from the shadow of a large monument near

which he had been standing, a lady in deep mourning advanced with the evident intention of accosting him. Visitors were not rarely to be met with in Castleton church yard intent on archæological or architectural research, their fads receiving courteous attention, though not servile acceptance from the Rector, but it must be confessed at this *mal à-propos* interruption, as he deemed it, he gave a mental exclamation of impatience, repenting himself humbly thereof, as the tenor of the stranger's words and the appealing softness and melody of her voice made him aware that for once Providence was not going to be represented by Mrs Markham. Her manner was a little shy, yet sweetly self possessed, her face, concealed by a thick crêpe veil, made it difficult to judge of her age and appearance, but of this the Rector took small heed, so lost was he in astonishment as she said—

"I must apologize for being unintentionally an eavesdropper. Did I hear rightly that you are in need of an organist for some special occasion? May I—I should be very glad to be of use, I have studied the instrument for some years."

Mr Markham involuntarily looked up to see if she were a metamorphosed lark or some celestial visitant, but finding the theory untenable, he docketed her in his list of special Providences and recovered his presence of mind.

"My dear madam, how can I thank you for suggesting such an escape from my dilemma?—but on such short notice—we shall require your services to morrow."

She, thinking that he doubted her capacity, interrupted him, faintly smiling. "May I play to you, to assure you I have not overestimated my powers? Forgive my apparent conceit but I really think I should give satisfaction, then with an indication of nervousness, as if fearing to take too much upon herself, she continued. "If I might suggest it, could you collect some of the members of your choir that we might rehearse together, so as to come to a better understanding?"

"Collett!"

The verger, whose curiosity had impelled him to remain an open mouthed observer of this evident fulfilment of the Rector's miracle doctrine, started guiltily, for Mr Markham, under the impression that he was much further off, spoke in an unusually loud and peremptory tone.

"Beg pardon, sir, I'm here sir," as if aroused from his absorption in divesting a tombstone of superfluous moss.

"Oh, to be sure—well, run as fast as you can." Such a command given an hour previously would have seemed to Collett a personal insult, had not his desire to keep pace with this new and surprising event sent him off with an unusual amount of mercury in his leaden shoes. The Rector's orders had almost to be shouted after the retreating figure. "Go to Mr Wharton's for the keys of the organ, tell his wife I will be with her shortly, on your way back, stop at the schoolmaster's for the music scores and ask him to send as many of his boys as he can and if the men can be found and spared, tell them I should like their attendance in the church as soon as possible. Then with a gleam of amusement in his deep set eyes Mr Markham turned again to his companion, who seemed unable to tear herself away from the contemplation of a marble statue on a massive granite pedestal. The Rector's face saddened. "That is the memorial to the late Lady Maxwell, raised by her son, the present baronet. You notice it looks up an avenue in the Castlemount grounds and can be seen from one of the turrets."

"It is a very lovely face. I could not help thinking it embodied the soul 'Faint, yet pursuing' the body is nearly spent, but the soul is ever reaching upward."

"And it is satisfied now." Very reverently the Rector spoke, raising his hat slightly, then, after a momentary pause, "Her life was a sad one, for she was unequally yoked, and the circumstances that attended her death so embittered her son that he took a dislike to the place and rarely visits it—only once in fact since his father was killed by an accident some six years ago. We lost a dear friend in Lady Maxwell, but her place is partially filled by her cousin, Miss Dallas, an elderly lady, a delightful good woman, who occupies the turret chambers overlooking this spot. But now I must explain why the illness of our organist should throw us so much out of joint, especially for a week day service. Shall we stroll round the church yard till Collett returns?"

The Rector's kindly manner and strong reliable face had set the stranger quite at her ease, and she listened with evident pleasure as he touched upon various points that he thought might interest her.

"I must premise that we of Castleton are very proud of our old church, and flatter ourselves that as to music we are a good deal above the average, we have a very fine organ, the gift of Sir Bernard Maxwell, who when quite a little lad, led our choir boys;

which, as you may imagine, gave a great impetus to their desire to excel, and ever since the choral part of our service has gone on steadily improving, thanks to our pains taking and able organist, Mr Wharton, whose illness we specially deplore, for to-morrow we hold our harvest thanksgiving, and the villagers will be very disappointed if their sons and brothers are not allowed to show off the advance they have made during the past year."

Pausing in front of the porch, he continued "Are you fond of architecture? When one has been more than twenty-five years, as I have, in constant communion so to speak with the work of the dead and gone labourers in God's temple, my voice testifying to Him week after week seems hardly to sound more clearly than these silent witnesses"—the Rector pointed to the massive stones and buttresses—"the fact that it is not man but his spirit that will live. The architect who designed, the workmen who executed, are dead, their very names forgotten, but their work, that in which they laboured as for the love of God, lives yet. There is nothing scamped. See how fresh the carved tracery, how well the gargoyles have withstood the defacing hand of time! I often fancy these old sculptors led the van of our army of caricaturists, there is such quaint humour, with no intentional irreverence, in their work. The devil was no impersonal being in those days, so they gibbetted some greedy abbot or grasping lord of the manor by making him the model of some demon or execrated Judas. That face with its hanging tongue and protruding eyes, legend hath it belonged to one of the priors of the ancient abbey of Castleton, and remains as a warning to all modern Paul Prys and tale bearers, but I must not detain you too long with my hobby."

"You interest me very much," she said as they passed into the old porch with its worn stone benches, where many generations of Castletonians had sat, the younger men in their best corduroy, the older in finely embroidered gaberdines, the women in close-drawn bonnets, and, if well to do, in Paisley shawls, all with their large prayer-books folded in a clean pocket handkerchief, waiting for "the quality" to take their seats before trooping in to see the choristers' procession. However troublesome the boys might be during the week, on Sunday, in their white surplices, they looked "just like them angels one sees in pictures," an enthusiastic mother had declared, so, as may be supposed, that was much too great a treat to be lost.

As they paced up the aisle the Rector pointed out to his companion the delicate flutings on the pillars, the rich frieze which had been discovered under coatings of white wash when the interior of the church had been modernized, the fine Norman arch dividing off the chancel, and then took her to inspect the splendidly carved reredos, behind which was the Lady Chapel, the burying place of the Maxwells. Beautifully painted windows of the date when Flemish art was at its best, threw many tinted lights upon the ancient monuments of knights in armour and stately bedizened dames. Adjacent to this chapel, in a small, low arched chamber, was the font, which always attracted attention by its evident antiquity. It was somewhat rudely carved in the form of the eucharistic cup, into which water, clear as crystal, perpetually flowed, led through a pipe from a neighbouring spring, thus suggesting both sacraments, and, as if to carry out the idea, it was adorned for the festival with vine tendrils and clusters of purple and white grapes, with a border of wheat ears round the base.

"Do you think these thanksgiving services mean anything?" asked the stranger somewhat doubtfully, as they again emerged into the main building, profusely yet tastefully decorated with the products of the field and garden.

"Certainly not," replied the Rector, "if music and decoration are all the outcome, but soon after I came I instituted a practical expression of gratitude and acknowledgment of the divine source of all gifts among my people, and I must say they have responded heartily and ungrudgingly. They all bring an offering of that in which they have most prospered, much or little according to their means, the widow's mite is accepted as well as the wealthy farmer's sheaves or the landlord's cheque, they give in kind, and whatever it may be it is laid aside for the wants of the deserving and necessitous poor during the winter. I find this practice has made them realise the brotherhood of man more closely."

"Oh, that is good!" said his companion with more of warmth in her manner than she had yet displayed, but Collett arriving at that moment with the keys and the bellows blower, whom he produced with an amusing air of patronage, as if to show the Rector that he would be but a poor creature, after all, if not backed up by his verger,

she made her way to the organ loft Mr Markham's infallibility had received a severe shock in Collett's mind since his suggestion of Manser Manser might do for Betterton —anything was good enough for Betterton, but for Castleton! Why, had not Providence interposed to avert such a catastrophe! There was, however, no need for his alarming waves of the hand and loud "Hush!" to make the assembling members of the choir silence the complainings of their work a day boots, they stood as if spell bound What new soul had got into the organ! Mr Wharton had been a thorough musician and excellent performer, but this was genius, that spoke in the tones of the instrument Never before had there been given such outlet to the divine breathings lying speechless in the pipes—those arteries that feed the great heart of that noblest of musical expressions, the organ, than which none so fitted to give vocal speech to man's worship of divinity The Rector felt his pulses beat more quickly, an unwonted mist clouded his eyes, then he stole out on tiptoe, unconsciously better fitted to visit the house of suffering and sorrow, from having received this message, this coal, so to speak, taken from the altar fire of a God bestowed gift

When he returned he found the church deserted by all save the dark, silent figure in the organ loft He heard her close the keyboard, and then her light footsteps descending the stairs He advanced rapidly to meet her, his heart full of grateful, appreciative thanks, but for a moment they could find no fitting speech, for the stranger had thrown aside her veil, and revealed to his astonished gaze the face of a young girl, with soft brown curls shading the broad low brow, and wonderful grey eyes, half pathetic, half pleading, were lifted to his Seeing the Rector's start of surprise she said with a simple dignity that sat well upon her—

"Perhaps I ought to have introduced myself before, but you so kindly took me on trust My name is Phyllis Trevyllan I am an orphan, and my aunt who brought me up is lately dead"

A tremor shook the speaker's lips and her eyelids drooped The Rector took her hand in his firm large clasp "My dear, do not say another word Come and see my wife"

Once more Phyllis raised her eyes, then went with him confidingly as a child might

The Rectory was but a stone's throw away Opening a little wicket gate, leading out of the churchyard, they passed through a closely shaven alley of yew trees always cool and shady in the hottest weather, this led to a pretty lawn sloping to the river, then turning to the right and ascending some stone steps they reached a terrace, gay with autumn flowers Here stood the rectory, a low, rambling house, hidden in roses and Virginian creeper Through the French window, Mr Markham led his companion into the drawing room, which had a delightful air of comfort, and without looking untidy had a pleasant aspect of feminine occupancy Books and work lay scattered on small tables in tempting proximity to luxurious basket chairs, while flowers bloomed like the fairy genii of the place Bowls of Dunmore pottery were filled with Gloire de Dijon roses set in crimson ing vine leaves from the Rectory garden, and the white wax like Lapageria from the Castlemount conservatories drooped over vases in Valerie ware, of a lovely sea blue shade and of classic shape The girl felt she had come to what was essentially a home, sweet and restful While Mr Markham went in search of his wife, she stood looking out upon the sparkling river, and undulating park of Castlemount, which lay on the other side, with a vague yearning that this spot might prove to be her haven of refuge, and in mellow contralto undertones she hummed a pathetic air of Schubert's, adding with a regretful sigh,

"Then onward ever onward, my faithful pilgrim staff"

A sudden diversion was given to the sad current of her thoughts by the resonant tones of the Rector's voice, calling "Joy,' followed by a rush of feet, and the exclamation, "Papa! Papa! What has happened to Mr Wharton? We have just met Collett, who was mysteriously important, he told us a lady in black—great emphasis on the black, wasn't there, Jack?—had suddenly appeared in the churchyard and offered to play the organ to-morrow, and that you were going to allow her I am certain from the ominous shake of his head, Collett expects her to go off in blue flame and sulphurous smoke in the middle of the service! Do tell us all about it"

"Dot, Dot! when you have exhausted your powers, you expect me to pick up and rearrange the tangled thread of your ideas I shall exercise your patience a little longer Where is your mother?"

"At Widow Harker's—but, father—tell me quick You can't exercise a faculty that is wanting, you know I never had any patience"

"Come then," said the Rector, and with a

roguish-eyed girl of sixteen hanging on his arm, he re-entered the drawing-room Before Dot had recovered from her surprise, she found herself introduced—

"Miss Treyllan, my daughter Dorothy, whose somewhat irreverent remarks, I fear, you must have overheard"

The "Lady in black" came forward, a smile seemed to flash an electric spark across the pale lovely face as she held out her hand, saying,

"I do not think you will find anything supernatural about me"

"Not so sure about that," muttered Jack Markham, who at the susceptible age of two and twenty felt himself completely bowled over at the first glance from the wonderful grey eyes, as he told his sister afterwards, and was deeply insulted when she told him that was nothing new, as every college term found him worshipping some new divinity, but this was after Mrs Markham's arrival, when the two had decamped to compare first impressions

Through the French window, there had entered a little lady, bright-eyed and round of figure, but very light and active withal She exactly resembled a little brown bird, so quick and keen was she, and yet so gracious She had a way of looking at people, with her head slightly on one side, taking them in with a kindly glance from her hazel eyes, which seemed to promise that she would pick out the good in them first, and by the time that was accomplished would forget to search for any counter-balancing evil

She met Phyllis with a gentle warmth, not too effusive, for she intuitively divined that the girl before her had lived like a flower that has blossomed in the shade, and to bring her too suddenly into the glow of a larger life, and into ruder contact with the outer world, might only bruise and wither, instead of expand, the enfolding leaves

Mr Markham went off at a perfectly understood signal from his wife, and Joy settled down to a cosy chat with their unexpected guest, the result of which she retailed to her husband

"Algy, she is lovely," said the little woman, "only too much like moonlight on snow"

"Wifey, you are getting poetical, beware of witchcraft"

"Oh, I freely confess, she has bewitched me, but how to help her, is the prose of the matter It seems she has no relatives that she knows, but has a small independence which she would like to increase by being organist to some church or companion to a lady" Mrs Markham puckered her brows a minute, then clapped her hands, "I have it I will talk to Miss Dallas"

CHAPTER II.—THE RECTOR'S CHOICE.

The Rev Algernon Markham was a high bred yet muscular type of Christian, fortunately not rare in the Church of England, distinct from, yet preserving the best qualities of the clergy of a past generation, the hunting parson and the younger scion of a noble house, chosen to occupy the pocket parish, so to speak, that the Castle might visit the Rectory without loss of dignity It has been cast in the teeth of the clergy that, in some cases, their good birth and life at college—where it may be, they sow a good many wild oats—unfit them for being the successors of the apostles, who were untaught and of the lower ranks Can it be argued that St Paul is the type of the perfect Christian gentleman in spite of his better birth and training at the feet of Gamaliel and not rather because of these advantages? As exceptions prove the rule, so "Pur sang ne peut mentir" holds good in most cases It is to the *gentleman*, born as well as made, but—and herein lies the difference between a gentleman of Lord Chesterfield's school and of St Paul's—having the world's *cachet* graven with the divine insignia, that the rough will listen, when one risen from his own class will not know how to touch the right chord, or will blunder where the other's tact and larger-mindedness will extricate him Cultivated in athletics as well as in Greek, he will not be at a loss even should he be obliged to have recourse to the *argumentum ad hominem*, on the principle of the old clergyman Dean Ramsay tells about, who made his sleepy-headed parishioner *feel* the Word of God when he would not hear it Fortunately Mr Markham's style, in or out of the pulpit, had not a soporific tendency, and when the spinsterhood of Castleton heard that their new Rector was a bachelor, well connected, with private means added to his stipend of £500 a year, they promptly set themselves in battle array Alas for their hopes! His first appearance was sufficient to create some drama, if not disappointment Here was plainly not a man to be won by the newest design in slippers or by great apparent devotion to Sunday school and district visiting He was tall and angular—not sparely, but massively angular—with slightly overhanging brows, beneath which gleamed eyes in whose depths, spite of an

outlying gravity, lurked a keen sense of the ridiculous and latent fun Still appearances might be deceiving, so it was remarkable the sudden interest manifested in parish matters by ladies who, in the old Rector's time, had contrived to shut their eyes to what they now declared to be "Quite too sad, Mr Markham, we really had no idea there were so many heathens in Castleton We fear Mr Castor must have let us all go to sleep If we can help you in *any way, do* command us" And to the fair penitents' surprise, Mr Markham took them at their word and set them to work carrying them off their feet, they plaintively complained, both actually and figuratively, by the impetus of his own energy and quiet force of character He was too tiresomely matter of fact, not appearing to understand that devotion to parish work was merely a means to an end, that end being the providing of a wife for the Rector who did not seem to take the hint, and only replied to those who frankly expressed their opinion that a clergyman, like a doctor should be a married man that in theory he quite agreed with them, but that as in art, so in the nature of a minister's wife, it should be a case of *naevus, non fit* Is it an exaggeration to say that, as a rule, clergymen succeed in getting wives who only bring them a number of children, shiftless hands and querulous brains wherewith to fight life's battles, causing only too often the scoffing accusation to be brought, "Thine own vineyard hast thou not kept"? Would that clergymen's wives only realised how they nullify their husband's preaching and efforts towards the improvement or moral elevation of their parishioners by their feckless ways, or by the other extreme, riding the grey mare, making him pitied instead of respected, and his sermons interlined by his congregation in red ink, so to speak (He can preach, but what high souled man would have chosen such a help meet!) It should be written in characters of fire—a celibate clergy—no, if we respect the sanctity of home and the Fatherhood of God but a man who preaches the Gospel owes it to that God to see that his choice falls not on one, however well dowered, who by her frivolities and selfishness will make His word of none effect The priest in the pulpit may preach *to* his people, it is in the *home* Christ's life is lived *for* them and through that in them and it is the wife's sacred duty to be like the women of old *first* at the sepulchre bringing her sweet spices—those graces peculiarly a woman's privilege to offer As it was to them the angels appeared, so it is for her to display the beauty of holiness, the tender, sympathetic yet practical side of the Christian character

Algernon Markham felt this to the core of his upright sterling nature, and even had he not worn a talisman that safeguarded his heart, he would not have found in Castleton one who answered to his ideal of a clergyman's wife Indeed, much to the surprise, if not the disgust of the younger and more fascinating members of his congregation, the only preference he showed was for Miss Grimshaw surnamed the Dragoon, from her erect, military bearing, as if she had learnt the goose step with her father's recruits Colonel of a line regiment, he had married a wife with a good income, which had, on the death of them parents been inherited by their two daughters, Johanna and Lydia They were no longer young, Johanna, who scorned subterfuge even on such a delicate point as a lady's age, frankly confessed to forty years, but Lydia always led it to be inferred that she was much younger, and we will not contradict her, for certainly Johanna gave colour to it by her manner towards her sister, which was that of an elder to a delicate fretful child When they took the cottage called Aspen Lodge, Miss Grimshaw wished to change the name as savouring of shilly shallying, but Lydia pleaded for its retention on the ground that there *was* an aspen on the lawn, so that the name had more relevancy than is common to the popular arboricultural titles given to such residences, and that if altered it might confuse the local postman This last prosaic reason commended itself to her more practical sister, so she gave in to what she considered Lydia's sentimental ideas and Aspen Lodge it remained

It was difficult to associate the name with the tall, thin, rather muscular figure issuing from the gate regularly every morning (Castleton might have set its clocks by her comings and goings) and marching into the poorest cottages with the air of a drum major, making the women fly about to give some semblance of cleanliness and tidiness to their miserable rooms, and half frightening their little ones with the tones of her sonorous voice The poor, as a rule, don't like to be interfered with, and are naturally conservative, especially with regard to dirt, so at first they resented Miss Grimshaw's martial ways but when they found she was not above working with them as well as talking to them, that the contents of the basket she invariably carried meant something good for

them and their children, and that when illness visited them her touch could be very gentle and her strident tones wonderfully soft, they grew to respect and even to welcome her Gradually she learnt that what she considered her weakness was the main spring of her strength, the green pine growing out of the ruggedness of her character, that life was not all marching and drilling, but that it was well sometimes to pile muskets, even though it were by the road side, sheltered haply by umbrageous trees, and, while never losing sight of the path of duty to relax the limbs and indulge in repose, till at the word of command the refreshed soldier takes his place in the ranks, ready for further service Not only in the outside world, but within the walls of her home was she being taught this lesson, for in many ways Lydia was a great trial to her busy, active minded sister Johanna often felt like a bull in a china shop when stumbling inadvertently upon her sister's tender points, she having as many sensibilities as a sea anemone has tentacles, but who, invertebrate though she was—nay, rather by reason of her flabbiness—had a way of clinging to Johanna's more rock like formation, and, like the mesembryanthemum, doubtless priding itself on its tenacity, forgetful of how much it owed to the snug little shelter it had secured in a crevice of that same rocky heart It was touching to see the strong woman's tenderness towards her sister's foibles, her admiration for Lydia's little accomplishments and prettinesses which she would have despised in herself, but then, as she said, "I am a plain woman, and such things don't sit well on me" She accepted her position as old maid without a thought that it could be otherwise, but with Lydia, she felt it was different She might marry well, had she not had many admirers?—some of them probably existed in Johanna's imagination, which, though somewhat dense regarding herself, was very vivid where Lydia was concerned

Fortunately for Algernon Markham's gravity, it never entered his head why, when he called at Aspen Lodge, Miss Grimshaw effaced herself and allowed her sister's platitudes to run on in an uninterrupted flow, coming to the rescue only when the conversation threatened to become so diluted that some additional stimulant of relevant matter was absolutely required Johanna scarcely confessed to herself how interwoven with her thoughts of the future was the hope that the Rector would marry Lydia, she being their right hand in parish matters, until one day, when returning from Friday evening service, the Rector nearly took her breath away by saying—

"I am going for a month's holiday, Miss Grimshaw, and when I return I hope to introduce you to my wife"

"Your wife!" gasped Johanna

"Yes, does it surprise you? I have told you first because I look upon you as my most sincere friend, and I should like you to be good to her She is young—my Joy"

The tender, reverent way in which he uttered the name was a revelation to the kind hearted woman of what Algernon Markham's wife would be to him, and, as he added, holding her hand in his firm warm grasp, "You will be her friend as you have been mine, will you not? No one knows better than you what is needed among the people," she replied, heartily, "Trust me to be to her what I can" With which assurance he was perfectly satisfied

When the eventful month had passed Castleton was on tip-toe For what divinity in human shape had the Rector despised the eligible spinsterhood of the neighbourhood? Mr and Mrs Markham arrived late on Saturday, and on the following day there was not a vacant seat in Castleton Church, everybody went early for fear of missing the entrance of the bride, and many suffered from crick in the neck in consequence of their frequent efforts to turn towards the main entrance Suddenly the small door nearest the Rectory opened softly—every head jerked round as if pulled by a string, and there was a perceptible tremor in the congregated feathers and flowers If their wearers could have imparted to them their sense of astonishment, they must have stood upright Framed in the low arch there paused for a second a tiny girlish figure, whose brilliant brown eyes seemed to take in at a glance the hush of expectancy her appearance had created, and to be greatly amused thereat, then with demurely lowered eyelids she tripped to her seat, and was nearly lost to sight in the spacious Rectory pew

Said Miss Lydia Grimshaw to Miss Durnford of "The Laurels," "You could have knocked me down with the feathers in my own bonnet! To think, so as Mr Markham admired dear Johanna, that he should have selected such a chit as that!"

Said Collett, then newly installed as verger, "I was jest insulted—why I nearly scuffled my lady into her place, for fear as I should be too late to introjuce the parson's wife, and

she a comin unbeknown like! Why I was on the pint of goin into the vestry to ask if the missus warn't cummin, when I sees her settin' in her pew, for all the world as if she'd growed there—a bit of a girl as won't bring no dignity to the position

But in this Collett, like the rest, soon found themselves mistaken The principal members of the congregation called upon "little Mrs Markham to 'patronise" or to "encourage the word, in different mouths, having the same meaning, the "poor little thing must have a great deal to learn they thought, but to their surprise and discomfiture they were routed on the very threshold Her bright eyes seemed to look them through, while her clear, mellow voice bade them frankly welcome, with a pretty ease of manner, girlish and unaffected, yet—every inch *Mrs Markham* It was the shield of her husband's name which gave her the quiet strength that impressed itself upon her visitors Little and young she might be, but Algernon Markham's wife neither could nor would be patronised What was fascinating in her, her youth and good looks, her bright winsome ways, her ready tact and sympathy, were all her own but the self possession and dignity which compelled a certain deference to be paid to her suggestions and ideas regarding parish matters, came to her when at the altar she vowed, God helping her, to be a true helpmate to her husband It must be said she never intruded her views, but rather allowed them, like leaven, to permeate the whole mass Castleton dignified by the name of 'public opinion,' until unconsciously she led that opinion much more really than the upper ten of the place ever dreamed She was fortunate too in gaining the staunch affection of Lady Maxwell, and the unfailing support and admiration of Johanna Grimshaw The good woman, loyal to her promise, with a very humble sense of her own deficiencies, set about showing Joy Markham the ropes, but very soon found herself in the position of pupil, not teacher in the art of ingratiating herself with the poor without loss of self respect, or toning down of individuality Johanna exclaimed plaintively one day, when Mrs Markham had got round some incorrigible she had found utterly beyond her—

"I can't think how you do it, my dear I am always tramping upon some one's favourite corn or harrowing their most pronounced bunion, why do people have so many bumps!"

"Perhaps they are our own and not other people's that are obtrusive,' rejoined Mrs Markham laughingly "I had mine all rounded off me in childhood I was the youngest of a flock of boys, and they used to play ball with me when I was in infant, and when I was short-frocked take me pick a back by turns in all their scrambling expeditions My mother was expostulated with by well meaning friends, but she always replied, the mutual gain counterbalanced any loss in the way of fine ladyisms'

"But you are such a thorough little lady,' interjected her friend warmly

Joy smiled "If I be, I learnt it by close intimacy with nature, she is not a bad instructor, who can be loud or conceited or self conscious in her presence! There is such a hush, a dignity and grace about her, that if allowed free access to her school one cannot fail to learn one's own ignorance, and that is the Alpha and Omega of all knowledge, at least this side of the undrawn curtain of eternity" The brown eyes grew thoughtful as she continued, "I often think of the line, 'knowledge comes but wisdom lingers, and I feel it is because knowledge is of the earth, wisdom is from above The fear of the Lord, that is wisdom, and so we come round to people's angularities, Johanna, earthly knowledge will not help us to smooth them out, but love will, and love is—God We are both wanted, dear friend, the big sentry who cries, 'Who goes there?' to guard and warn, and the tiny bird who sits and sings on the window sill to gladden and cheer Now I dare say you could do a thing like the sentinel at Pompeii, while I——

While you,' the "dragoon broke in, "are the dearest little woman ever made!"

On the other side of the yew hedge, from where the friends were walking, was heard a man's voice humming a German ballad as the Rector turned in at the wicket, and advanced to meet them As he shook hands with Johanna, he said,

Do you know Longfellow's translation of Annchen von Tharaw, Miss Grimshaw? No! Then I will inflict a stanza upon you' And, leaning lightly upon his wife's shoulder, he repeated,

> Annie of Tharaw my true love of all
> She is my life, and my good and my gold.
>
> Annie of Tharaw my riches my good,
> Thou O my soul my flesh and my blood'

A mist came over Johanna Grimshaw's eyes as she looked at the two, then, stooping, she kissed the child woman, as if unable to express all her thoughts by mere words, and

to the day that Phyllis Trevylian looked upon her face, Joy Markham returned much of—not childishness, but child *likeness*, which prevented her ever growing old. There was a sort of perennial freshness about her which made all young people seek her out with their confidences, whether it were the small boy whose kite had lost its tail or the girl just budding into womanhood, dreaming of some "not impossible he." Thus it was to Mrs Markham, now a bright middle-aged woman, that Phyllis though but the acquaintance of a day, could open her heart more readily and freely than she had been able to do to one whom she had known from infancy. She spoke of her early life, of the good but reserved woman who had brought her up, who, living the life of a recluse, had caused the child to be left much to her own resources.

"I know nothing of my parents," the girl said, "save that my father was a struggling medical man practising in Paris, dying early, followed soon by my mother, who confided me to my aunt's care. Aunt Julia never liked to talk much of my mother," she continued wistfully, "perhaps as she married so young, rather against her sister's advice, and had such a short life my aunt felt the subject to be painful. Sometimes she would lay her hand upon my head and tell me how beautiful and fascinating my mother had been."

"I can quite believe that," interrupted the listener, but Phyllis, unheeding the comment, continued

"I used to be sorry that she always added, 'You are not the least like her, child, you are a Trevylian.' And once she murmured 'Thank God!' I don't think she meant me to hear it, perhaps she feared if I were beautiful I might have more temptations to grow vain and frivolous, do you think so? Aunt Julia was very serious, very, very good, you know," as if she thought she had seemed to make a complaint. Joy leaned forward and took the girl's hand.

"Dear child, do you know how lovely you are?"

"I—oh, no!" A rose flush suffused her cheek, which gave just the tone required to perfect the loveliness of which she was all unconscious.

"Never mind," said Mrs Markham complacently. She dreaded lest her impulsive speech should make her visitor self-conscious, and consequently reserved. 'Go on with your story, tell me how you mastered the organ."

"I do not think I mastered the organ, but the organ mastered me. When I was quite a little thing I used to sit curled up in the organ loft while the organist practised, and one day when he was called below by the vicar, I bribed the bellows boy with a penny to go on, so that I too might try to make the instrument speak. That penny gained me more than I knew of, for Mr Cleaver overheard me, and said that I had natural talent, and taught me all he knew. It was like opening a new world to me—a world of spirits with whom I could converse, far more real to me than the few people who visited my aunt, for they were only flesh and blood, but music was soul. I had not the key to unlock human hearts, I was thought stupid by some, I know, but the organ was a wonderful tuition, like a divine revelation to me.' The girl's eyes glowed with suppressed enthusiasm. 'You see my life was so placid, no great joys, no great sorrows, so that music was to me the throbbing of the world's great heart, the rushing of the waves upon the rocks, while I was stranded upon a tideless shore. It was the embodiment of sympathy for which I craved. When my aunt died, I found her as I thought, sleeping in her chair—but she had wakened—in heaven."

Joy gave the hand she held a gentle pressure, and Phyllis responded with a faint smile of gratitude closing her eyes for a moment, as if to keep back the rising tears, then continued

"I felt stunned for a time, shut in as it were to a great loneliness, and when I came to myself I knew that I had £100 a year, and was free to map out my future as I willed. A longing seized me to see something beyond the sleepy confines of Ashbury. You must not think me superstitious, but I said to myself, 'Whatever place my eye first rests on when I open the Time Table I will go to.' I opened the book and read Castleton. I packed up a small portmanteau, asked God to take care of me, and—you know the rest.

'I look upon it as really providential, and you will send for that same small portmanteau and stay with us. Where did you leave it?'

'At the tidy looking inn where I secured a room. I could not think of putting you to any trouble on my account.'

Mrs Markham laid her hand on the girl's lips, saying laughingly,

"You'll do as you are bid. Nobody ever disobeys me, as you will learn some day if you care about us sufficiently to remain."

"I should like to give you a kiss, may I?" was all the answer she received

"May you!" The little woman drew Phyllis's face down to hers, and so the bond of friendship was ratified between them

It was carried *nem con* that never had the Thanksgiving Service been such a success The congregation seemed as if it never would disperse, for Phyllis, thoroughly lost in the enjoyment of playing upon a finer instrument than any she had been privileged to touch, and forgetful of all else save of being borne "on the wings of song," played with an inspiration greater than she had ever experienced, and was only brought down from the clouds by the sight of the bellows boy with red face peeping at her through the curtains In a stage whisper he remarked,

"Please, ma'am, they'll stay all day if you goes on"

Fortunately she was not lacking in self possession, for the descent from the sublime to the ridiculous was so abrupt that she had some difficulty in choking down a laugh as she replied,

"Go back, there's a good boy, I will finish off directly"

Smiling at her approvingly he retired, and Phyllis succeeded in bringing the voluntary to a gradual close, thereby freeing her little slave, who had been longing to escape into the open air, and the boyish sports that were held in Skene Weir fields Phyllis waited till the last retreating footsteps told her that the church was empty, then she made her way down hoping to steal into the Rectory unobserved, but when she emerged into the churchyard, she still found groups of people waiting to see or be introduced to the organist She could not avoid receiving the thanks and congratulations of the Rector's friends, so accepted them with a shy simplicity and grace of manner that immediately won on the heart of Miss Dallas, who had been put in possession of those facts in her history known to Mrs Markham One old lady's address quite touched her by its evident sincerity, she shook her warmly by the hand, saying in tones naturally harsh but softened by an indescribably tender feeling,

"My dear, I never knew what music was before I thank you heartily for having made me for the first time 'touch with my fingers' tips the ivory gates and golden' That was a favourite song of my poor Lydia's, you remember, Joy?" turning towards Mrs Markham as she concluded the sentence

Mrs Markham remembered perfectly the trial it used to be, but not for worlds would she have allowed the smile that suffused her inner consciousness to appear on her features *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and Lydia Grimshaw had long been beyond either praise or blame Her death had left a void in Johanna's life she found it difficult to fill Lydia had been a sort of gentle irritant, which, when removed had left a numbness as of a deadened nerve, until she was startled, nay, galvanised into a new existence by Dr White's astonishing proposal to make her his wife At first she declared she was not fitted for matrimony, such an idea had never entered her head, she was cut out for an old maid, but he combated her idea with his own, which was, that she had the making of a capital wife for a doctor And though it took some little time to get her accustomed to this sudden *bouleversement* of all her preconceived notions, she succumbed at last and proved the truth of his statement to the full Active and energetic as ever, but toned down by mellowing age, she was, in her husband's opinion, a very fine woman And certainly Johanna White, dressed suitably to her matronly position, feeling herself appreciated, and warmed by the companionship of a genial tempered man, was a very different person from what the "dragoon" had been

At last the Rectory party managed to escape for lunch, and Phyllis was quite taken out of her usual quiet reserve by Dot's sallies and Jack's skilfully managed attentions She woke to a sudden sense of freedom, to a girlish power of enjoyment, of which she had thought herself incapable, it was pretty to hear her soft, mirthful laugh, to see her long fringed eyelids lift with a shy, surprised glance of pleasure when Jack exerted himself to be agreeable She had evidently known little of male society, and was so delightfully fresh and ingenuous that to gain an answering look from her deep grey eyes distracted the young collegian so much that he gave little sign of the healthy appetite he was known to possess Dot, who knew her brother's weakness for feminine beauty, had some teasing remark on the tip of her tongue, but her innate good breeding prevented its utterance, only an occasional dimple playing at hide and seek round her saucy mouth revealed her amusement But Jack was much more in earnest than she thought, and in his room that night might have been heard apostrophising a bangle that a young lady at Cambridge had given him, under the impression he was her devoted cavalier He struggled vainly to get off the obnoxious sign of slavery (the horrible

SALAR[illegible] 10242/1240

thing was soldered on), when suddenly it snapped, the weight of silver was not very great, and with a sigh of relief he flung it into the back of a drawer

"I should not like that girl to think me a fool," he muttered "There's a look in her eyes that came from another sphere than our benighted world By Jove! how glad I am she is going to stay, she will give Dot the tone she wants

This sign of brotherly interest was added as a sort of ruler, to prove he was not actuated by purely selfish interest

The eyes that haunted him were at that moment gazing upwards at the moon sailing in a cloudless sea of amethyst, the girl leaning out of the window was drinking in the stillness of the mellow autumn night No sound save the occasional swish of the river as it plays round a little nook where the tall green shafts of the Iris stand sentinel, or sweeps in eddies by some gravelly reach, only a bird resettling itself on a branch, or giving a twittering sigh of satisfaction amid the scent of flowers and shrubs and freshly turned earth The moon looks down, down into the depth of eyes suffused with happy tears, and Phyllis Trevylian stretching her arms out as if in embrace, murmured softly, "Dear, beautiful land, good night

CHAPTER III.—SAINT CECILIA.

"WHAT is the sunset saying to you, Phyllis?"

The gentle voice scarcely broke the stillness in the turret chamber more than the fall of a leaf or the flutter of a bird's wing disturbs the quiet of a hot summer noon

"Dear friend, you know the flowers that close at night I feel as if like them I could fold my leaves to keep in all the warmth and glory next my heart, lest the evening dews should chill and make them pallid"

Very like a folded flower she looked, the girl who sat with clasped hands and restful attitude, reclining in the window seat, petals of shy grace and sweet reserve veiling the glowing heart within She remained with rapt eyes till the rich crimson of the sunset turned to saffron saffron into pale yellow, till the opal of the sky deepened into amethyst, and the "pale regent of the sky usurped the sun god's sceptre Then with a sigh of deepest content she rose and passed to her companion's side, as if some touch, some expression of human sympathy were necessary to complete the revelation nature's silent voices had made to her The old lady laid her hand fondly on the fair head bent down to hers in mute caress, and suffered herself to be drawn with gently encircling arm to the window Phyllis threw open the casement, then straightened her lithe figure, standing erect as if to drink in fuller inspiration, deeper draughts of the vintage cup that autumn was filling to the brim with the rich wine pressed from the mellow fruits summer had been maturing The woods lay deep in gloom, but across the park the moonlight streamed unbroken, save where the oaks and beeches threw grant shadows athwart the mossy turf, but even through their thick leafy recesses gleaming shafts of light penetrated and streaked the knotted boles with silver bars

"Mamsell, do you hear the fairies playing on musical glasses?"

The tinkle of a rippling stream, the splash of a fountain fell soothingly on the ear, and skirting the park, the river flowed steel grey in the moonlight as if with bated breath past God's garden ground, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet" slept The two stood silent till Miss Dallas said

"See, Phyllis my darling's statue gleams like a snow flake, or like a swan that has folded its pinions on the bank, weary of ever floating on the cold, sluggish stream, so she too, weary of life, sang her swan song and crossed the dark river of death

'Tell me of her, Mamsell,' the girl said, and led her companion back to her easy chair, drawing up a stool cosyingly to her feet, and, setting herself, rested her head caressingly against the old lady's knee

'I am so glad you told Hawkins not to bring the lamps in, this weird light, yet so pure, seems just fitted to reveal the features you so love to dwell upon You have often promised to show me the spectre of Castle mount, the shadow that broods over Sir Bernard's life, that keeps him away from his duties to you and to his tenants What time more suitable than this?"

Miss Dallas looked down upon the shapely throat bent backwards, so that the pleading eyes might seek in her own some signs of relenting, and smiled sadly

"Child, this place is to you all loveliness but even to me the bitter memories of a cruel past darken its sunshine, how much more then to one who loved his mother as Bernard Maxwell loved his! Would you hear the sorrowful story? May not your views of life be clouded, your belief in human nature shaken?"

"I think not, was not Lady Maxwell a very noble woman?"

"Noble, ay, a saint"

The old lady's face grow soft, a tender smile curved her lips Suddenly the smile faded, the gentle eyes grew humid Phyllis kissed the wrinkled yet still soft hands that lay in her lap, which touch of sympathy unlocked the stores of memory, and the old lady began as if talking to herself more than to her auditor

"How can I express the torture of slow years that killed her as surely as though poison had been distilled into her daily cup— I, who remember her a tall, fair girl, looking out on the world trustfully and fearlessly, pure as the lily she too closely resembled when sorrow had paled the cheek, once so fresh from the breath of the mountain breezes! Alas, Marion, our dear Marion! How well I remember that evening long ago! She stood in the oriel window, darkened in summer by the giant chestnuts, that were the glory of Strathgowan, but now in their autumn robes of scarlet and gold forming a regal background to the fair girl, who turned with shy eyes raised to greet her uncle's guest A fine contrast they made— Sir Maurice Maxwell, tall and dark and straight as a sapling, with a somewhat sarcastic, saturnine expression, our Marion, of a pale auburn type, with deep blue eyes and delicate, high bred features, so frankly open, so girlishly fearless, after the first momentary reserve was broken through Who can explain the mystery of love's attraction? What is it draws together two diverse natures? Sir Maurice was utterly unlike the man we, my father and I, could have fancied our Marion would have chosen, but I, who could read her mobile, truthful face like an open book, noted the subtle change in her, her varying moods, alternately gay and thoughtful, the swift blushes that, like cloudlets in the west, crimsoned and paled beneath the gaze of him who soon became her sun god I cannot say I ever liked Sir Maurice, but if I expressed a doubt about his trustworthiness, the look of pained surprise on my darling's face made me hasten to find some excuse for my prejudice It certainly was nothing more Sir Maurice was an accomplished, gentlemanly man, and, lest jealousy should be at the root of my doubts, I tried to see him with her eyes, and at last partially succeeded Had I known the bitter sequel I would rather have seen her lying dead at my feet than the wife of Sir Maurice Maxwell" The speaker paused a moment, with her hand over her eyes, then continued with some bitterness "Ah, how plausible he was, how quick to see if any cynical action or expression of opinion grated upon her sense of rectitude! He would beg her forgiveness with such a charming air of humility, tell her he only needed her sweet presence with him always to make him all she could wish him to be, and she believed him, believed she was sent to be God's message to him, and so she was, had he not wilfully mislead it by the light of the devil's candle that burnt within him Oh, my dear, the old indignation is roused again when I think of the past, but when I look down there to the churchyard, and see the white gleam of her marble statue—my pure, pale Marion, kneeling, ever kneeling, in supplication for the man she loved, 'not wisely, but too, well,' the anger dies away She was purified by suffering, her gold purged of its alloy in the furnace'

Tears were in the old lady's voice and choked it, so in the pause that ensued Phyllis said gently—

"It is dawn with her now, dear friend'

"Sweet child, yes, to me the night of sorrow seems long, but to her, now that she looks down the endless vistas of eternity, only the little dozing space between the time of awakening and uprising, when we fancy we have slept so long, and re awake to find it but a few moments But I must not wander too far from my subject, recall me if I stray too far afield The route to old age has led through so many by paths, has wound so circuitously over hill and dale, that the garrulity of the aged may be pardoned when they dwell on the past They have so much ground to cover, happy they who, on the summits of the hills have found, as I have done so often, a Jacob's stone, marked, 'Rest and be thankful' But to my tale Sir Maurice wood and won our Marion From a worldly point of view the match was an excellent one, and we heard nothing against Sir Maurice's personal character, and we let our flower go into a world of which she was wholly ignorant—she who had been sheltered from every rough breath, from every appearance of evil, she who had been cradled in love Her mother was my father's pet sister, and when she died our Marion was a sacred legacy to be treasured and guarded Thank God, he did not live to feel that he had belied his trust, unwittingly though it might be He hoped and believed that in her husband's devotion she would find the complement of that love which had surrounded her short eighteen summers At first we were well satisfied, her letters were full of

gulish happiness Ah, how eagerly the postman was looked for, his steps seeming unusually laggard on those mornings that her letters were expected! She was a capital correspondent she knew that every little trifle interested us and how proud we were to read between the lines that she was a social success Though simple and ingenuous, our dear girl had a fine mind, which we had striven carefully to educate and we heard through friends who met her in society that Lady Maxwell was sought, not only for her youth and beauty but for her intelligence So the first year passed cloudlessly as it seemed, and I felt my forebodings had been wrong and foolish Then she sent for me her cousin and foster sister I was much older than she you know A son was born amid great rejoicings and none seemed prouder or more devoted than Sir Maurice When I left my darling standing on the terrace waving her handkerchief to me, the glad light of happiness the new born joy of motherhood shining in her eyes, my own nearly ran over with tears of thankfulness Before another two years had elapsed my father died and I was set free to comply with her sometimes veiled, sometimes openly expressed desire 'Margaret come to me, I need you And a cloud was creeping up on my dear girl's horizon it might be no bigger than a man's hand, but it was no less a cloud Child, I am havering on as we Scotch say, am I wearying you?

"Oh, no, tell me all—that is of course, all you care to tell Phyllis nestled closer to her companion's side

"I leave all the brightness behind now, my dear for the clouds spread, the rifts of light between became absorbed in the darkness I soon discovered that Sir Maurice had tired of his wife's pure thoughts and ways, the society she would have preferred he voted slow, and yawningly vowed bored him to death He gradually drifted into a fast set of men and women, of high social standing but with nothing else to recommend them, intellectually or morally These he insisted upon inviting to Castlemount in the shooting and hunting season, and his wife tried to make herself agreeable to her husband's friends how well I can see her at the head of her table an exotic among rank weeds She had taken the oath of obedience, therefore she accepted her position with dignity and outward show of acquiescence, with but an occasional protest, and this protest was for some time effectual Beyond a certain point with his wife Sir Maurice knew he could not go, and his respect for her, which lingered long after his love was dead, kept him within bounds And on one point she was very firm, that of Bernard's training Her husband occasionally, in his mocking way, taunted her with making the boy a milksop, as if the son of such a mother could be a milksop! She who as a girl had trod the heather and climbed the corries with a foot as true and fleet as a deer, who faced all weathers in her kilted skirt and Tam o Shanter either fishing—she could throw a beautiful fly—or carrying medicine and soup to the lonely shielings fearless and blythe! No Bernard was essentially a manly boy excellent in all field sports, and still more essentially a *gentleman* in his chivalrous devotion to his mother That he was brought in his early youth to know more of worldlings ways to get behind the scenes, so to speak, was scarcely to be avoided but he was safe guarded from any evil effect by the strong rampart of his mother's chair, which was his favourite vantage point Leaning over the back of it, he scanned the company with a child's shrewd intuition, which sees and understands far more than we give credit for The women were greatly attracted to him he was a handsome lad with a very lovely voice, it would have made the fortune of any chorister, so that he was much petted and ran the risk of being sadly spoiled

"Ah! Mamsell you could not throw stones at any for that failing I am sure said Phyllis archly

The old lady looked apologetic but denied the imputation with apparent indignation

"My dear, how can you think such a thing! I was very strict with him always warning him to beware of fine speeches, and to believe all that his mother said in preference to any other woman which injunction he certainly obeyed to the letter He never cared to be petted but by her I remember on one occasion —a twinkle of amusement came into the narrator's eye—"a lady guest who owed her complexion mainly to art asked him to kiss her, and on his refusing firmly, but quite politely, you know, she twitted him with his fondness for caressing Lady Maxwell, whereupon he replied, 'Because God painted mother's pretty roses,' stroking her cheek tenderly This speech convulsed the rest of the party, and made the unfortunate cause of it blush crimson, even through her rouge She immediately shook the dust of Castlemount off her feet, which no one very much regretted"

"*Enfant terrible!*" exclaimed Phyllis laugh-

ingly "You are throwing side lights on Sir Bernard's character, which may be of use to me should I ever see him"

"You must not judge the boy by that unlucky remark, child, but really these trivial episodes cannot interest you I must hasten on to the principal factor in the events that followed When Bernard was a young Etonian about sixteen years old, a new guest appeared at Castlemount, a Countess de Marcie who had appeared that season in London, and taken society by storm She had good credentials, and there was no doubt about her being what she professed to be—the widow of a man well known in Parisian circles, but what she had been previously was shrouded in mystery There was a high flown, penny a lining description of her in one of the society papers As near as I can recall it it ran that she was *mignonne*, delicate as a Greuze, yet with all the sparkle of Beranger's *chansons*, that she sang to perfection piquantly *bohémienne*, without being bad form, &c Exaggerated perhaps, but too true I recognised her powers as all must who fell under her influence She could be grave or gay, wittily sarcastic, or tenderly sympathetic, according to the mood of her companion of the hour Who cared to note that the light flashed upon the surface only like a lake that reflects every object but allows no ray to penetrate its depth? Sir Maurice soon became her slave not feeling ashamed to wear openly the chains she wove around him Oh, the witchery of her loveliness, the fascination of her manner! Even my Marion found it difficult to withstand her attractions As for Bernard, he hated Madame de Marcie while he despised himself for being fascinated by her I have seen him as it were dragged inch by inch to her side when he had made up his mind to keep aloof for when she found her personality was not enough, she would go to the piano, and then—her victory was sure, but each success cost her dear, it only intensified his disgust with himself, his hatred for her who tried so persistently to win him, boy though he was At last, when dawning manhood deepened the sense of injury done to his mother, the long repressed passion blazed out, and he plainly told his father what he thought of his conduct Stung by his son's accusation, Sir Maurice completely lost his self control Oh, my dear, how can I tell you what followed! Marion and I were in an adjoining apartment, and heard the altercation, the sound of voices raised in anger 'Margaret, I must stop them Bernard must not forget the duty he owes to his father' And before I could interfere she had passed swiftly into the next room Mechanically I, too, rose, I felt as if some crisis had arrived which would require immediate action There was a sharp cry, an exclamation of horror from Bernard How I reached the door I know not I am only conscious now of seeing my darling lying back in her son's arms livid as a corpse I might have thought her dead had it not been for the gasping sobs that seemed to strangle her, while she held Bernard's hand tightly pressed against her breast 'Mother mother! look up, speak to me!' he entreated and she looked up with a divine smile of love saying brokenly 'It is nothing nothing Then seeing me, 'Oh, Margaret! don't be frightened, it is only a passing faintness 'Faintness!' Bernard exclaimed 'Cousin Margaret, bear me witness, that coward' he pointed at his father who was standing on the hearthrug biting his lips with a look of nervous irresolution on his face, unlike his usual hard cynicism 'that coward—*struck her!*' There was a concentrated passion and hate in the tone and words that was frightful The name Father had such a beautiful significance for me that at that moment I felt if Sir Maurice had no other sin to answer for than of killing his son's faith in all that *that* sacred title comprehended he had brought sufficient guilt on his soul His dark face flushed hotly at the accusation but his reply was callous in the extreme 'If any one were responsible for the blow it was you, for whom it was intended By what right do you dictate to me my course of action? I should have thought your mother's *saintly* instructions would at least have taught you the first element of morality to honour your father' The sneer would have provoked an angry retort, had not my Marion laid her fingers on Bernard's lips Hush my son, Sir Maurice is right he is your father not you, but God is his judge Then, with a look so tender and forgiving she went up to her husband and taking the hand that had inflicted the wound, said, 'Poor hand! let me heal it and kissed it The unaffected simplicity of the action is indescribable

"Had it no effect upon Sir Maurice? asked Phyllis eagerly

"For the time, yes, he must have been a brute who could have been unmoved, but soon it seemed to him of little moment that he had virtually signed her death warrant Had the end come suddenly or seemed more actually the result of his cruelty, it might have shocked him into a change of conduct

but she faded so gradually that he became accustomed to have a delicate wife, whom he rarely saw, who had to give up one by one the duties she had felt bound to fulfil so long as her strength lasted The house was full as usual for the autumn cover shooting, I, much against the grain, taking Marion's place, I could not refuse her request that at least there should be some semblance of authority in the establishment At last, when the first winter snows fell, and the guests, save Madame de Marcie and Mr and Mrs Menteith, had left, I noticed a sudden change for the worse in my dear one Strangely enough Madame de Marcie had tried to ingratiate herself with Lady Maxwell in the early days of her illness, had done her best to while away the tedium of the invalid's hours, but when Bernard returned after a short absence, she rarely came she sent her maid to make inquiries, but that was all It may be that Bernard kept her away, I know not I had yet to see the full extent of his hatred towards her Our Marion's end was sudden at least it seemed so to us who had watched her as one watches lingeringly a summer sunset, the grey settles down almost before one is aware that the daylight has really fled, and darkness creeps over the earth

The quiet voice paused a moment and Phyllis would not disturb the old lady's musings, until the ticking of the clock roused her from her reverie

"Ah, that is how I heard the flight of time as my dear one lay sleeping as I thought —sleeping, ay, but to awaken no more on this side of the grave I was dozing, for it was evening and the crackling fire in the stall chamber made me drowsy, when Bernard entered Shall I ever forget his startled, agonised cry of 'Mother, mother, bid me good night! I sprang up—she was dead—lying so peacefully, her hands clasped in a childlike attitude of prayer I was so stunned that I scarcely noticed that Bernard had rushed out of the room, when he returned literally dragging Madame de Marcie after him He did not let her go near the dead her first impulse had been to dart forward —he held her back with an iron grasp, as he pointed to the white figure on the couch 'Woman, I have brought you to look at your work She might have been alive now in happiness and honour but for *you*—*you* slew her by the power you exercised so basely over him, who loved her once, before he fell into your toils By her murdered body—for murdered she was, whatever the world may say—hear Bernard Maxwell's curse—may this hour haunt you to your dying day, may you find no place of repentance, though you seek it with tears, and may God so deal with you as you have dealt with her'

"At his pitiless words she shrank and cowered, but no sound escaped her lips, save a half stifled 'No, no!' and a gesture as of repelling the accusation, but when he let go his hold, she fled like some hunted creature, and I never saw her again Bernard swore to be avenged, and when soon after his father being accidentally killed, he succeeded to the title and estates, thus becoming his own master, he kept his oath—the good Lord pardon him!—I may not excuse his conduct, great though the provocation had been He followed Madame de Marcie everywhere, none knew exactly how but the world—*her* world for which she lived—began to look coldly upon her, people inquired who she had been, whispers and shrugs met her where she had once reigned a queen She might go from one capital to another it was always the same, he drove her out of society She disappeared suddenly What has become of her is unknown she is probably dead

A long pause followed the completion of the story then Phyllis rose softly

"It is a sad history, Miss Dallas I must go and hear what message the organ has for me, or I shall be haunted by revengeful ghosts It seems to me so saintly a woman as Lady Maxwell deserved a purer vengeance at her son's hands

Lightly her footsteps echoed down the winding stair, the creaking of a heavy door was heard, then momentary silence Suddenly through the oak rafters rose a strain of mournful pathos, a cry of human suffering and pleading, as her fingers wandered over the keys in improvisation, then abruptly the air changed to Schumann's powerful song, "Ich grolle nicht' What fiendish exultation the music gives to the words "I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart' melting into re awakening tenderness, "I saw, my love, how wondrous sad thou art it seemed to throb through the dark spacious hall, and as if it were but a step from the depth of human suffering to the height of the divine compassion, there breathed from the organ the "Agnus Dei, from Verdi's Requiem Like seraphic voices clear and sweet it floated on the air Past the melody, in its exquisite simplicity, requiring no ornament to enhance its loveliness, then picked out, so to speak in flashes of light, throwing it into fuller relief, anon flowing like a rippling streamlet, an under current of harmony

to the ever dominant thought—"Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi," then closing in resonant chords that gradually resolved themselves into the eternal rest

Phyllis played on all unconscious of the unseen listener seated in the deep embrasured window, who was waiting with almost feverish impatience to see the player. He could only catch a glimpse of a slender, white robed figure, but at length she turned slowly, and the moonlight streaming through painted glass fell upon the face that he *felt* more than saw, it was so essentially spiritual. The complexion of a pale olive, the eyes large and lustrous, their colour in the weird light difficult to determine, they seemed to be dark, tear drops glistening in the long lashes as if a passing shower had troubled their quiet depths, the mouth a little sorrowful yet in its delicate curves hinted dimpled smiles and shy laughter. All this the gazer saw, but what he felt was that the face was in itself a melody with infinite possibilities of subtle variation in perfect harmony.

* * * *

Half an hour later and Margaret Dallas had looked upon her boy once more. After the first words of glad surprise and tender greeting she said, "Bernard, how did you come without being seen?"

'I walked from the station, and meeting Hawkins told him to keep my advent a secret, I preferred announcing myself. I have been sitting in the hall for some time, wishing to realise I was at home again.'

"In the hall? then you must have seen and heard Phyllis!"

"Phyllis? I only know I have had a vision of St. Cecilia.

MIMICRY IN TROPICAL AFRICA.

By PROFESSOR HENRY DRUMMOND
Author of "Natural Law in the Spiritual World," etc.

MIMICRY is imposture in nature. Carlyle in his blackest visions of "shams and humbugs" among human kind never saw anything so finished in hypocrisy as the naturalist now finds in every tropical forest. There are to be seen creatures, not singly but in tens of thousands, whose very appearance down to the minutest spot and wrinkle, is an affront to truth, whose every attitude is a *pose* for a purpose, and whose whole life is a sustained lie. Before these masterpieces of deception, the most ingenious of human impositions are vulgar and transparent. Fraud is not only the great rule of life in a tropical forest, but the one condition of it.

Although the extraordinary phenomena of mimicry are now pretty generally known to science, few workers have yet had the opportunity of studying them in nature. But no study in natural history depends more upon observation in the field, for while in the case of a few mimetic forms—the *Heliconidæ*, for example—the imitated form is also an insect, and the two specimens may be laid side by side in the cabinet at home, the great majority of mimetic insects are imitations of objects in the environment which cannot be brought into comparison with them in the drawers of a museum. Besides this, it is not only the form but the behaviour of the mimetic insect, its whole habit and habitat, that have to be considered, so that mere museum contributions to mimicry are almost useless without the amplest supplement from the field naturalist. I make no further apology, therefore, for transcribing here a few notes bearing upon this subject from journals written during a recent survey of a region in the heart of Africa—the Nyassa Tanganyika plateau—which has not yet been described or visited by any naturalist.

The preliminaries of the subject can be mastered in a moment even by the uninitiated, and I may therefore begin with a short preface on animal colouring in general. Mimicry depends on resemblances between an animal and some other object in its environment of which it is a practical gain to the creature to be a more or less accurate copy. The resemblance may be to any object, animate or inanimate. It may be restricted to colour, or it may extend to form and even to habit, but of these the first is by far the most important.

Apart from sexual selection, colour in animals mainly serves two functions. It is either "protective" or "warning." The object of the first is to render the animal inconspicuous, the object of the second is the opposite—to make it conspicuous. Why it should be an object with some animals to be palpably exposed will be apparent from the following familiar instance of "warning" colouration. There are two great families of butterflies, the *Danaidæ* and *Acræidæ*, which are inedible owing to the presence in their

bodies of acrid and unwholesome juices Now to swallow one of these creatures—and birds, monkeys lizards, and spiders are very fond of butterflies—would be gratuitous It would be disappointing to the eater who would have to disgorge his prey immediately and it would be an unnecessary sacrifice of the subject of the experiment These butterflies, therefore, must have their disagreeableness in some way advertised, and so they dress up with exceptional eccentricity, distinguishing themselves by loud patterns and brilliant colourings so that the bird, the monkey, and the lizard can take in the situation at a glance These animated danger signals float serenely about the forests with the utmost coolness in the broadest daylight leisureliness defiance, and self complacency marking their every movement, while their duskier brethren have to hurry through the glades in terror of their lives For the same reason well armed or stinging insects are always conspicuously ornamented with warning colours The expense of eating a wasp for instance is too great to lead to a second investment in the same insect and wasps therefore have been rendered as showy as possible so that they may be at once seen and as carefully avoided The same law applies to bees, dragon flies and other gaudy forms, and it may be taken as a rule that all gaily coloured insects belong to one or other of these two classes that is, that they are either bad eating or bad stingers Now the remarkable fact is that all these brilliant and unwholesome creatures are closely imitated in outward apparel by other creatures not themselves protected by acrid juices, but which thus share the same immunity That these are cases of mimicry is certain from many considerations, not the least striking of which is that frequently one of the sexes is protectively coloured and not the other

The brilliant colouring of poisonous snakes is sometimes set down by naturalists to "warning, but the details of colouring among reptiles have never been thoroughly worked out The difficulty suggests itself that if the vivid yellows and oranges of some snakes are meant to warn off dangerous animals, the same conspicuousness would warn off the animals on which the venomous forms prey Thus while *being* hunted a showy skin might be of advantage to the snake, in hunting it would be an equal disadvantage But when one watches on the spot the manner in which snakes really do their hunting, it becomes probable that the colouring, vivid and peculiar as it is, in most cases is designed simply to aid concealment One of the most beautiful and ornate of all the tropical reptiles is the puff adder This animal, the bite of which is certain death, is from three to five feet long, and disproportionately thick, being in some parts almost as thick as the lower part of the thigh The whole body is ornamented with strange devices in green yellow, and black, and lying in a museum its glittering coils certainly form a most striking object But in nature the puff adder has a very different background It is essentially a forest animal, its true habitat being among the fallen leaves in the deep shades of the trees by the banks of streams Now in such a position, at the distance of a foot or two, its appearance so exactly resembles the forest bed is to be almost indistinguishable from it I was once just throwing myself down under a tree to rest when, stooping to clear the spot, I noticed a peculiar pattern among the leaves I started back in horror to find a puff adder of the largest size its thick back only visible and its fangs within a few inches of my face as I stooped It was lying concealed among fallen leaves so like itself that, but for the exceptional caution which in African travel becomes a habit, I should certainly have sat down upon it and to sit down upon a puff adder is to sit down for the last time I think this colouration in the puff adder is more than that of warning and that this semi somnolent attitude is not always the mere attitude of repose This reptile lay lengthwise concealed, all but a few inches, among the withered leaves Now the peculiarity of the puff adder is that it strikes *backward* Lying on the ground, therefore, it commands as it were its whole rear, and the moment any part is touched, the head doubles backward with inconceivable swiftness, and the poison fangs close upon their victim The puff adder in this way forms a sort of horrid trap set in the woods which may be altogether unperceived till it shuts with a sudden spring upon its prey

But that the main function of colouring is protection may be decided from the simplest observation of animal life in any part of the world Even among the larger animals, which one might suppose independent of subterfuge and whose appearance anywhere but in their native haunts suggests a very opposite theory, the harmony of colour with environment is always more or less striking When we look, for instance, at the coat of a zebra with its thunder and lightning pattern of black and white stripes, we should think

such a conspicuous object designed to court rather than to elude attention But the effect in nature is just the opposite The black and white somehow take away the sense of a solid body altogether, the two colours seem to blend into the most inconspicuous grey, and at close quarters the effect is as of bars of light seen through the branches of shrubs I have found myself in the forest gazing at what I supposed to be a solitary zebra, its presence betrayed by some motion due to my approach, and suddenly realised that I was surrounded by an entire herd which were all invisible until they moved The motionlessness of wild game in the field when danger is near is well known, and every hunter is aware of the difficulty of seeing even the largest animals though they are just standing in front of him The tiger, whose stripes are obviously meant to imitate the reeds of the jungle in which it lurks, is nowhere found in Africa, but its beautiful cousin, the leopard, abounds in these forests, and its spotted pelt probably conveys the same sense of indistinctness as in the case of the zebra The hippopotamus seems to find the deep water of the rivers—where it spends the greater portion of its time—a sufficient protection, but the crocodile is marvellously concealed by its knotted mud coloured hide, and it is often quite impossible to tell at a distance whether the objects lying along the river banks are alligators or fallen logs

But by far the most wonderful examples of protective adjustments are found where the further disguise of form is added to that of colour, and to this only is the term mimicry strictly applicable The pitch of intricate perfection to which mimicry has attained in an undisturbed and unglaciated country like Central Africa is so marvellous and incredible, that one almost hesitates to utter what his eyes have seen Before going to Africa I was of course familiar with the accounts of mimetic insects to be found in the works of Bates, Belt, Wallace, and other naturalists, but no description prepares one in the least for the surprise which awaits him when first he encounters these species in nature My introduction to them occurred on the borders of Lake Shirwa—one of the smaller and less known of the great African lakes—and I shall record the incident exactly as I find it in my notes I had stopped one day among some tall, dry grass to mark a reading of the aneroid, when one of my men suddenly shouted "Chirombo!" "Chirombo" means an inedible beast of any kind, and I turned round to see where the animal was The native pointed straight at myself I could see nothing, but he approached, and pointing close to a wisp of hay which had fallen upon my coat, repeated "Chirombo! Believing that it must be some insect among the hay, I took it in my fingers, looked over it and told him pointedly there was no 'Chirombo' there He smiled, and pointing again to the hay, exclaimed "Moto! —"It's alive! The hay itself was the Chirombo I do not exaggerate when I say that that wisp of hay was no more like an insect than my aneroid barometer I had mentally resolved never to be taken in by any of these mimetic frauds, I was incredulous enough to suspect that the descriptions of Wallace and the others were somewhat highly coloured but I confess to have been completely stultified and beaten by the very first mimetic form I met It was one of that very remarkable family the *Phasmidæ*, but surely nowhere else in nature could there be such another creature Take two inches of dried yellow grass stalk, such as one might pinch to run through the stem of a pipe, then take six other pieces nearly as long and a quarter as thick bend each in the middle at any angle you like stick them in three opposite pairs, and again at any angle you like, upon the first grass stalk, and you have my Chirombo When you catch him his limbs are twisted about at every angle as if the whole were made of one long stalk of the most delicate grass, hinged in a dozen places, and then gently crushed up into a dishevelled heap Having once assumed a position, by a wonderful instinct, he never moves, or varies one of his many angles by half a degree The way this insect keeps up the delusion is indeed almost as wonderful as the mimicry itself you may turn him about and over and over but he is mere dried grass, and nothing will induce him to acknowledge the animal kingdom by the faintest suspicion of spontaneous movement All the members of this family have this power of shamming death, but how such emaciated and juiceless skeletons should ever presume to be alive is the real mystery These Phasmidæ look more like ghosts than living creatures, and so slim are they that, in trying to kill them for the collecting box, the strongest squeeze between finger and thumb makes no more impression upon them than it would upon fine steel wire, and one has to half guillotine them against some hard substance before any little life they have is sacrificed to science.

I examined after this many thousands of Phasmidæ, Mantidæ, and other mimetic forms, and there is certainly in nature no more curious or interesting study. These grass-stalk insects live exclusively among the long grass which occurs in patches all over the forests, and often reaches a height of eight or ten feet. During three-fourths of the year it is dried by the sun into a straw-yellow colour, and all the insects are painted to match. Although yellow is the ground-tone of these grasses, they are variegated, and especially towards the latter half of the year, in two ways. They are either tinged here and there with red and brown, like the autumn colours at home, or they are streaked and spotted with black mould or other markings, painted by the finger of decay. All these appearances are closely imitated by insects. To complete the deception, some have the antennæ developed to represent blades of grass, which are often from one to two inches in length, and stick out from the end of the body, one on either side, like blades of grass at the end of a stalk. The favourite attitude of these insects is to clasp a grass-stalk as if they were climbing a pole; then the body is compressed against the stem and held in position by the two fore-limbs, which are extended in front so as to form one long line with the body, and so mixed up with the stalk as to be practically part of it. The four other legs stand out anyhow in rigid spikes, like forks from the grass, while the antennæ are erected at the top, like blades coming off from a node, which the button-like head so well resembles. When one of these insects springs to a new stalk of grass it will at once all but vanish before your eyes. It remains there perfectly rigid, a component part of the grass itself, its long legs crooked and branched exactly like dried hay, the same in colour, the same in fineness, and quite defying detection. These blades, alike with limbs and body, are variously coloured according to season and habitat. When the grasses are tinged with autumn tints they are the same; and the colours run through many shades, from the pure bright red, such as tips the fins of a perch, to the deeper claret colours or the tawny gold of port. But an even more singular fact remains to be noted. After the rainy season, when the new grasses spring up with their vivid colour, these withered-grass insects seem all to disappear. Their colour now would be no protection to them, and their places are taken by others coloured as green as the new grass. Whether these are new insects or only the same in spring toilets I do not know, but I should think they are a different population altogether, the cycle of the former generation being, probably, complete with the end of summer.

Besides the insects which imitate grass, another large class imitate twigs, sticks, and the smaller branches of shrubs. The commonest of these is a walking twig, three or four inches long, covered with bark apparently, and spotted all over with mould like the genuine branch. The imitation of bark here is one of the most perfect delusions in nature; the delicate striation and the mould spots are reproduced exactly, while the segmentation of the body represents node-intervals with wonderful accuracy. On finding one of these insects I have often cut a small branch from an adjoining tree and laid the two side by side for comparison; and when both are partly concealed by the hands so as to show only the part of the insect's body which is free from limbs, it is impossible to tell the one from the other. The very joints of the legs in these forms are knobbed to represent nodes, and the characteristic attitudes of the insect are all such as to sustain the deception.

A still more elaborate set of forms are those which represent leaves. These belong mostly to the Mantis and Locust tribes, and they are found in all forms, sizes, and colours, mimicking foliage at every stage of growth, maturity, and decay. Some have the leaf stamped on their broadened wing-cases in vivid green, with veins and midrib complete, and with curious expansions over the thorax and along all the limbs to imitate smaller leaves. I have again and again matched these forms in the forest, not only with the living leaf, but with crumpled, discoloured, and shrivelled specimens, and indeed the imitations of the crumpled autumn-leaf are even more numerous and impressive than those of the living form. Lichens, mosses, and fungi are also constantly taken as models by insects, and there is probably nothing in the vegetal kingdom, no knot, wart, nut, mould, scale, bract, thorn, or bark which has not its living counterpart in some animal form. Most of the moths, beetles, weevils, and especially the larval forms, are more or less protected mimetically; and in fact almost the entire population of the tropics is guilty of personation in ways known or unknown. The lichen-mimicking insects even go the length of imitating holes by means of mirror-like pools of black irregularly disposed on the back or interrupting the other-

wise dangerous symmetry of the fringed sides. The philosophy of these coal-black markings greatly puzzled me for a time. The first I saw was on a specimen of the singular and rare *Harpax ocellaria*, which had been thrown on the camp fire clinging to a lichen-covered log, and so well carried out was the illusion that even the natives were deceived till the culprit betrayed its quality by erecting its wings.

But it would be tedious to recount further the devisive ways of these arch-deceivers, and I shall only refer to another mimetic form, which for cool Pharisaism takes the palm from every creeping or flying thing. I first saw this *mentur à triple étage* on the Tanganyika plateau. I had lain for a whole week without stirring from one spot—a boulder in the dried-up bed of a stream, for this is the only way to find out what really goes on in nature. A canopy of leaves arched overhead, the home of many birds, and the granite boulders of the dry stream-bed and all along the banks were marked with their white droppings. One day I was startled to see one of these droppings move. It was a mere white splash upon the stone, and when I approached I saw I must be mistaken; the thing was impossible; and now it was perfectly motionless. But I certainly saw it move, so I bent down and touched it. It was an animal. Of course it was as dead as a stone the moment I touched it, but one soon knows these impostures, and I gave it a minute or two to become alive—hastily sketching it meantime in case it should vanish through the stone, for in that land of wonders one really never knows what will happen next. Here was a bird-dropping suddenly become alive and moving over a rock; and now it was a bird-dropping again; and yet, like Galileo, I protest that it moved. It would not come to, and I almost feared I might be mistaken after all, so I turned it over on its other side. Now should any sceptic persist that this was a bird-dropping, I leave him to account for a bird-dropping with six legs, a head, and a segmented body. Righting the creature, which showed no sign of life through all this ordeal, I withdrew a few paces and watched developments. It lay motionless on the stone, no legs, no head, no feelers, nothing to be seen but a flat patch of white just such a patch as you could make on the stone in a second with a piece of chalk. Presently it stirred, and the spot slowly sidled across the boulder until I caught the impostor and imprisoned him for my cabinet. I saw in all about a dozen of these insects after this. They are about half the size of a four-penny piece, slightly more oval than round, and as white as a snowflake. This whiteness is due to a number of little tufts of delicate down growing out from minute protuberances all over the back. It is a fringe of similar tufts round the side that give the irregular margin so suggestive of a splash; and the under surface of the body has no protection at all. The limbs are mere threads, and the motion of the insect is slow and monotonous, with frequent pauses to impress surrounding nature with its moribund condition. Now unless this insect with this colour and habit were protectively coloured it simply would not have a chance to exist. It lies fearlessly exposed on the bare stones during the brightest hours of the tropical day, a time when almost every other animal is skulking out of sight. Lying upon all the stones round about are the genuine droppings of birds; and when one sees the two together it is difficult to say whether one is most struck with the originality of the idea, or the extraordinary audacity with which the *rôle* is carried out.*

It will be apparent from these brief notes that mimicry is not merely an occasional or

* It is a considerable responsibility to be the sole writer to this comedy—though I saw it repeated a dozen times subse-

exceptional phenomenon, but an integral part of the economy of nature. It is not a chance relation between a few objects, but a system so widely authorised that probably the whole animal kingdom is more or less involved in it; a system, moreover, which, in the hands of natural selection, must ever increase in intricacy and beauty. It may also be taken for granted that a scheme so wide-spread and so successful is based upon some sound utilitarian principle. That principle, I should say, was probably its *economy*. Nature does everything as simply as possible, and with the least expenditure of material. Now consider the enormous saving of muscle and nerve, of instinct and energy, secured by making an animal's lease of life to depend on passivity rather than activity. Instead of having to run away the creature has simply to keep still; instead of having to fight it has but to hide. No armour is needed, no powerful muscle, no expanse of wing. A few daubs of colour, a little modelling of thorax and abdomen, a deft turn of antennæ and limb, and the thing is done.

At the first revelation of all these smart hypocrisies one is inclined to brand the whole system as cowardly and false. And however much the creatures impress you by their cleverness, you never quite get over the feeling that there is something underhand about it; something questionable and morally unsound. The evolutionist, also, is apt to charge mimetic species in general with neglecting the harmonious development of their physical framework, and, by a cheap and ignoble subterfuge, evading the appointed struggle for life. But is it so? Are the æsthetic elements in nature so far below the mechanical? Are colour and form, quietness and rest, so much less important than the specialisation of single function or excellence in the arts of war? Is it nothing that, while in some animals the disguises tend to become more and more perfect, the faculties for penetrating them, in other animals, must continually increase in subtlety and power? And after all, if the least must be said, is it not better to be a live dog than a dead lion?

quantity—but fortunately for my veracity, I have since learned from Mr. Kirby of the British Museum, that there is an English beetle, the *Clavus Bletisæ*, the larval form of which "operates" in a precisely similar way.

PATRICK LAING.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

THE deid sleep soun' in the auld kirkyaird,
At the fit o' the hills sae steep;
They dream sweet dreams anaith the swaird,
An' lang an' still is their sleep.

The whaup comes doon wi' an eerie cry,
An' the peeseweep flaps a' day,
But they canna waukon the deid that lie
At rest in their shroods o' clay.

The grass grows lang an' waves at the heid
An' fit o' each sunk thruch-stane,
"Oh, waes me," it sighs, "for the faithfu' deid
That canna come back again."

Then the win's tak it up an' they cry to me,
As I lie on the grassy swaird,
"We hae ane that kent hoo to live an' dee,
An' he sleeps in the auld kirkyaird." *

For when hate like a clud hung ower the lan',
For the faith that his faithers knew,
He took to the hills, wi' the sword in his han',
To fecht for the gude an' true.

[* Patrick Laing was a noted Covenanter, and remarkable for his resolute daring and bravery. After suffering many trials, fully narrated in Simpson's "Traditions of the Covenanters," he survived the persecution and passed away at a good old age. He lies in Kirkconnel old churchyard, with no stone to mark his last resting-place.]

An' when the storm o' his life grew still
They laid him doon to his rest,
In the auld kirkyaird at the fit o' the hill,
Wi' the green swaird on his breast.

An' what though nae stane can be seen at his heid,
There is Ane wha dwalls abune,
That kens o' his grave where the grasses wave,
Wi' its kindly heart within.

An' when at the last the trumpet blast
Shall bid the heavens be bared,
Then God will keep min' o' that ae leal heart
That sleeps in the auld kirkyaird.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JANUARY.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Psalm cxi ; St. John xxi. 15, to end.

A WORD FOR THE NEW YEAR.

THERE are moments in the history of nations and of individuals when some new era opens, and life appears under such changed conditions as to shroud the future with anxiety or alarm. So was it with the Israelites when Moses was about to leave them. Except Caleb and Joshua, they had all been born in the wilderness, and had never known any ruler but him. And now when he was to be taken away and they were craving for some guiding word, he bade farewell to each tribe, and left some separate message which might act as an incentive to duty. His saying to the tribe of Asher was peculiarly helpful—"as thy day thy strength." It was a fit watchword for brave men going to face danger and difficulty. The promise did not imply any exemption from peril, for no true soldier would desire such immunity; but God assured them strength for their duties, and that the strength would be given to them as the duties or difficulties arose. With "the day" would be given "the strength." Their part was to go on, not waiting for any such experience of new vigour or wisdom before they set out as would inspire their confidence in their own power; but as they were, simply conscious of God being with them, they were to prepare for the march. The fulfilment of the promise depended on the soldier being found in the attitude of faithful obedience in the way of duty alone, and with the duty would he get strength.

The evening of the first day of a new year suggests anxieties not unlike those which presented themselves to the Israelites at Jordan. As we turn the fresh page that bears the new date, it is well to pause and reflect, to recall the past, and wisely to anticipate the future. If, as we grow older, experience deepens our confidence in God, it also speaks of possibilities which invest uncertainty with a becoming seriousness. Naturally it is the possibility of trial and failure or sorrow which first occurs to the mind. Would it not, however, be better if we dwelt more on the possibility of good? Our nobler task is to measure the infinite blessing which the coming year ought to bring us, and which it will bring us, if we are willing to follow where Christ leads us.

For no Christian can have any doubt respecting the good-will of God and that He will withhold no good from them that trust Him. We may, in our unbelief, fail to see the value of the kind of blessing which God offers. The man who dreads the poverty, or the sickness, or the separations which the coming year may threaten, may also disregard every other kind of mercy, except that which meets such special circumstances. The eye is so fixed on the immediate anxiety that it heeds not the higher good which God would bestow. But this is unbelief; for if the attainment of the mind that is in Christ Jesus is an infinitely more valuable possession than what any conceivable circumstances can afford, we ought to recognise the splendid possibilities that are involved in the future; if we believe in God, let us believe in this.

The condition on which the fulfilment of the promise depends lies in the attitude in which we stand towards the will of God. The

turning of the face from east to west is in itself a small matter, but it is enough to determine the direction of a very long journey. If our hearts are set on objects which our self will elevates into the chief place, then we may get what we insist on, even as Dives got his purple and fine linen; but we will lose the kind of blessing into which God calls us. If, on the other hand, our hearts are primarily fixed on doing the will of God at whatever cost—which, indeed, is but another term for being right at any cost—then we have the double promise, "God will withhold no good" from us, and "according to our day will be our strength." Our plain duty is to turn our faces steadily towards the acceptance of the Divine will, and to go on with a firm tread, like the Israelites on their march. If in such an attitude we begin the year, the promise is for us, "as thy day thy strength."

We may be certain if God spares us that we shall have difficulties, and like brave soldiers we ought calmly to count the cost. We may have enemies from within, from the power of old habits and from the sloth, pride, sensuality, and earthliness, which so often would hold the spirit like a fortress against the demands of Christ. We may have others from without, from temptations which the world brings in a thousand forms: but the end will be victory if we are steadfast.

The best counsel for us all in view of the future is the old and familiar advice, to live by the day. We are not responsible for what may happen next month, but we are responsible for the manner in which we meet the present. We need not be terrified for dangers that are not now in front. When they come God will give us strength to meet them. Let us rather consider faithfully the duty at hand in our ordinary task. There is, perhaps, some life we can make happier and brighter, some temper we may have to conquer, some sweet grace of kindness and generosity to attain. Begin with these. Do the day's march that is before you, and as you go on in the spirit of a true soldier you will be surprised how many things occur which, if they tax your principles, will also bring forth what is best in you.

Begin the year and maintain, by His grace, during it this attitude of faithfulness to the will of God, confident that with the day will be given the strength, and you may also enjoy now and evermore the glorious assurance that whatever happens, "neither life nor death, nor things present nor things to come, shall separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus His Son, our Lord."

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Proverbs iv. 10, to end; St. Luke vi. 41, to end.

THE IMPORTANCE OF KEEPING THE HEART.

There is not a profounder or more important injunction among the many wise proverbs in which Solomon condensed his experience of life than that in which he brings us back to the heart as the source of all character and influence. "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life." It is a counsel that goes to the root of all morality and of all religion. He does not tell us to take heed merely to what we say or do, but to that hidden spot where throbs the pulse of all our motives. What a possession is this heart of man! What manner of evil thoughts have not proceeded out of it! What wails of misery, what tragedies and cruelties! And what has there not also issued from it of moral and spiritual grandeur! What a solitary region is the heart! Each of us, mingle as we may in the throng of life, must carry with us this little world of personal responsibility. We may exchange much of thought or feeling with those we encounter, but we are divided from all other souls as completely as ships on the wide ocean, that keep a longer or a shorter company, but each bearing all the while its own burden, and ere long bound to pass away on its own journey.

> "Each in its hidden sphere of joy or woe,
> Our hermit spirits dwell and roam apart."

We move among others, but there is a mutual exclusiveness, which the closest confidence cannot wholly remove. No one but ourselves can measure the force of the passions, or darkness of the sorrows or the brightness of joys which belong to our hearts alone.

> "Not even the tenderest heart or next our own
> Knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh."

Nay, we ourselves cannot penetrate to the secret possibilities that lurk in our hearts or fathom the capacities for what is great or mean now slumbering, but which only require a sudden temptation or an unexpected duty to startle into irresistible energy.

Those who are best acquainted with themselves will recognise most readily the importance of Solomon's advice, "Keep thy heart." There is no earnest man who has not felt that the horror of all horrors is the evil he finds there, and who has not understood the

force of David's cry, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." That is what we need. The hypocrite may be content if he preserves an appearance of good sufficient to secure the respect of others; the ignorant or hardened may fear future punishment while they really love the pleasures of sin, and except for the dread of consequences would make these their undisguised joy; but the man of God dreads himself and shudders from the hell of evil which lies, as in ambush, within his own breast.

Solomon tells us what makes the heart so important, "Out of it are the issues of life." In other words, as the nature of the stream is determined by the nature of the fountain, so the character of our lives is according to what we love. The perversity of will, which makes us so often follow what our intelligence or conscience forbids, is not caused so much by want of conviction, as that the rushing torrent of passion, or the deep tide of prevailing sentiment cannot be turned because experience points another way. Judas mingled with the disciples, was blessed equally with the same influence, he believed what the others believed, and yet because he loved money more than Christ he became the traitor; for avarice led to pilfering, pilfering to the fear of detection, and finally to hatred and betrayal. But we need not go beyond our own experience to recognise how from the heart proceed the issues of character. We all know that we do not love as we ought to love, that we care so much for the paltry and unworthy, and so little for what ought to be supreme. We all know that if we only could give the heart to God then the contrasts would cease which grieve us daily, for we should not then merely know about the good, we should be good.

Out of the heart proceed in like manner the issues of joy and sorrow. There are occasions when through the affections we gain the truest impression of the infinite. No series of numerals can convey such a sense of the illimitable as do some sorrows. What a shoreless, hopeless sea lies in the despair of the wild "never, never" of terrible loss! Nor is there any language whereby we can express the fulness of perfect love. When Saint Paul speaks of what he felt in knowing the love of God he can find no words to describe its "length, and breadth, and depth, and height." The heart understands best the infinite.

Do we ask why our lives are so seldom touched with the fire of such exalted feeling as we discover in the Psalms, wherein, now from the depths of "a divine despair," and again from the mountain top of unutterable gladness, the old saints spoke their very hearts to God? The answer is found in the shallowness of our affections. Intenser love would produce intenser sympathies. From the callous heart can issue but the mechanical action of Christian duty, instead of that glorious liberty of spirit when the whole being goes forth, faith and knowledge linking themselves to finest feeling in the glad triumph of love, "To me to live is Christ, and to die is gain."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Psalm i.; St. Mark vii. 14 to 23.

HOW THE HEART MAY BE KEPT.

It seems at first impossible to control love. It is the heart which seems completely beyond our power. We can put a check on our words and carefully guard our conduct; we can instruct our minds and ply our wills with motives; but we discover a waywardness in the heart and a perverse refusal of the highest ideal, which may well fill us with dismay. We can alter the conduct, but how can we alter what we are?

Without touching here on the all-important doctrine of divine grace, it may be said, in reference to these difficulties, that the due keeping of the outward conduct has, in point of fact, a great deal to do with the inner life. Our bodily health may not always be within our control; nevertheless, in ordinary circumstances, our health depends on the kind of food we supply to the appetite. We can take what is nourishing, or weakening, or what may poison us outright. So, too, the state of our hearts is closely connected with the objects with which we feed our sympathies. A bad book, an impure companion, a wicked suggestion will work their own bitter effects, poisoning the moral health. Indulge in polluted ideas, give reign to lawless fancy, and the consequences will be that, feeding the heart on such garbage, the tastes and sympathies become debased. Alas! how many have in later years to reap the whirlwind, because of such evil seeds received long ago. But there are also kinds of food which, if not poisonous, are wanting in nutriment for the higher well-being of the soul. If there is nothing supplied to the sympathies beyond the interests of the daily newspaper, the share-list, the gossip of fashion, or the drudgery of common toil, we cannot expect the fibre to be formed of lofty aims, holy desires, and

spiritual affections. One method, therefore, of keeping the heart is to be found in watching over the avenues of approach to it, and in taking heed respecting the kind of moral food we supply it with. It is in this light we may understand the force of Christ's word, "I am the bread of life."

And here I may be permitted to give a caution as to reading. There are two kinds of literature in reference to which we ought to be on our guard. There is one which ought to be absolutely avoided, namely, the corrupt and corrupting fiction, which, to the shame of society, is becoming fashionable, whose interest turns on portraying the most vicious passions, and whose perfect art, marvellous analysis of motives, and warmth of descriptive power, are held to be sufficient warrant for their acceptance. It is a heathen standard of excellence to regard artistic treatment as an excuse for the vileness of the subject. "One cannot touch pitch without being defiled." The other class of books I refer to are those whose object is to undermine Christian faith. Of these I would say, Do not enter on such studies except you intend to go through with them. I have no fear of any man who is prepared to work such questions thoroughly out. Truth loves the light and challenges inquiry. It is therefore not in the interest of an ignorant religionism that I would humbly give the advice not to be a "dabbler" in the literature of scepticism. One infidel book read by an ill-informed man, who has neither the time nor learning requisite for the inquiries suggested, may do fatal damage. If it stimulates intelligent study, and compels him to weigh his conclusions in the light of evidence, the benefit is certain; but no one who listens to the reckless assertions made by many whose opinions rest on little more than some smart article in a review, can fail to measure the danger of the rashness I am condemning.

Another counsel for keeping the heart is suggested by the effect of reaction from what is permitted to proceed out of it. If, when we enter society, we enjoy the interest we create by unkindly cynicism, or by a gossip that exaggerates or ridicules, or when we are witty at the expense of purity or reverence, then what is thus permitted to go out of the heart will come back upon it, forming habits of uncharity, falsehood, or irreverence.

But the true method for keeping the heart is to cast out the love of what is wrong by bringing in the love of God, and by seeking daily the power of His Holy Spirit, to quicken the life of divine love within us. We must "keep ourselves in the love of God." And there are plain means for that end, such as daily prayer and the reverent study of God's holy word, through which He will teach us His good and perfect will. When we permit our hearts to be absorbed by the cares of this life and the thoughts of other things, we cannot expect the good seed to be anything else than choked. We must make quiet hours, wherein to receive divine influence. It is the greater power of the higher motive which can alone overcome the lower.

All this undoubtedly requires anxious perseverance, and so it is said, "Keep thy heart with all diligence," or rather, "keep it above all keeping," as that which is most worth keeping. It is "the grace of the Lord Jesus," that through Him we may do so successfully. He came to earth that it might be possible for us to live the life of love. We must therefore endeavour to "apprehend that for which we have been apprehended of Christ Jesus." If our aim is to attain to the life that is in Christ Jesus, He will educate us into that, leading us perhaps through hard duties and trying experiences, but in the end bringing us into the true spiritual heaven of His own perfect sonship.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Psalm lxxiii.; St Luke xiv 25, to end.

DIFFICULTIES OF THE CHRISTIAN IN THE WORLD.

Christ warned his disciples that in the world they would have tribulation, and although these words had special force as addressed to the Apostles before whom lay severest persecution, yet they are applicable to His followers now as well as then. To profess Christ in our day certainly does not entail the stern realities of torture and death. That faith must have been a thing of power, which nerved poor slaves and tender maidens to look up to the blue silent sky, and to the white clouds floating across the arena, and calmly to say, "We believe; you may tear this quivering flesh with the fangs of wild beasts, but to us to live is Christ." Yet those trials were surely not the only kind of trial to which Christ alluded. His warning holds true still, and it does so universally. It sounds exaggeration, nevertheless, to speak of tribulation when we behold the modern Christian surrounded by the luxuries of life and the sweet delights of a cheerful home. How can we associate, it may be asked, this pros-

perous piety with the brave watchword addressed to those who, in early times, "endured hardness as good soldiers of Christ"?

Or it may be asked, why should there be "tribulation" attached to the service of God? Would it not have been more natural had Christ told the wicked, "In the world you will have tribulation," and have promised gladness and ease to all who obeyed His will? But our Lord's words and a due consideration of the facts of life point to an opposite conclusion, for if it would be untrue to assert that to follow Christ brings misery, it is true that it brings trial. Nor are the ungodly necessarily unhappy in this life. Men of the world, with handsome establishments, troops of friends, happy families, sweet manners and robust health; with a round of sports to amuse them or with their costly library, and their refined tastes abundantly gratified, do enjoy life. And in lower spheres of society how many are there merry and contented, whose laughter rings through sunshine and shadow, but who are "without God in the world." So far from contradicting this the Bible expressly asserts it. The prosperity of the ungodly was one of the puzzles of the Old Testament saints.

Why then should the service of Christ bring "tribulation"? Take two men in modern times of the same social standing, blessed with the same outward prosperity and following similar pursuits; let the one be a Christian and the other an unbeliever; why should the former, because of his Christianity, experience a "tribulation" from which the other is exempt?

(1.) Because the self discipline which is implied in self-surrender to the will of God and in consecration to duty, must bring a struggle from which the self-indulgent man is free. It brings its own reward, no doubt, in a joy greater than what the world can bestow, but that joy is reached through a certain "tribulation." Every one, indeed, who puts a high ideal before him, must endure difficulties that do not fall on the indolent, who are controlled by the circumstances of the moment. The attainment of the honours and exalted position of the scholar, is at the cost of long study. The fame of the soldier is reached only by the dangers of the campaign. The possession of exalted sympathies must, in like manner, bring a proportionate susceptibility to moral pain. Put the man of honour among scoundrels, or place the loving and pure amid scenes of cruelty and vice, and in virtue of what they are they will experience a "tribulation" of which the low-toned and degraded are unconscious. So it is that those who attain in any measure to the sensitiveness of conscience and to the holy sympathies which Christ inspires, must find a consequent trial in life. Sins that to others appear trivial are to them bitter as poison; defects that are unnoticed by the worldly are to them keenest sorrow. Only seek faithfully the highest ideal and you will discover how true it is that in the world you have "tribulation."

(2.) The very fact that a Christian man shares the kind of life that dwelt in Christ implies "tribulation" of another kind, for he cannot remain indifferent to the sins and sorrows of others. In proportion as he has fellowship with the Master, burdens will fall upon his soul, like that burden which He bore who said, "The reproaches of them that reproach thee have fallen upon me," and whose love for man was such that it was told of Him, "Himself beareth our sicknesses and carries our infirmities."

(3.) There is a discipline of suffering whereby God educates us in sonship. "What son is he whom the father chasteneth not?" If we heartily pray, "Our Father which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," God will in His own time and way answer our prayer, teaching us what it is to obey. It is easy to say we trust God, and are willing to obey Him when our lives move in the line of our own wishes; but it is another matter when the question comes, "Lovest thou me more than these?" and when it becomes a Gethsemane of agony to answer, "Father, thy will be done!"

For such reasons as these we may perceive the truth of Christ's word, "in the world ye will have tribulation." He who lies idly at the foot of the hill Difficulty may hear, as in a dream, the call to bravery and perseverance; but he who actually climbs will find the path steep and the load heavy. He will discover how hard is the toil of rising higher and higher above the entanglements of "the world, the flesh, and the devil," although at every step upward he has the reward of entering more fully into the clearer light and purer air of God's presence.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxiii.; Hebrews xii. 1–13.

VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST.

Whatever shape the trials may assume that are incident to Christian life, our Lord

gives us two sayings to encourage us under them—"In me you will have peace;" "Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

I do not intend to speak here of the promise of peace; the word "Be of good cheer" and its ground, "I have overcome the world," are sufficient for the present. Even were there nothing more revealed than the plain path of duty, and no other stimulus afforded than the nobility of being true to the highest ideal of life and character, we might be content to accept whatever painful struggle obedience entails. But the great Captain of our salvation exhorts to cheerfulness even in tribulation. It is in no feeble puling spirit of childish complaining that He would have us fight the good fight, and lay hold on life eternal; but as soldiers whose faces even in the thick of battle, catch somewhat of the glad flush of certain victory. It was the joyful apprehension of the end that underlay his sufferings, which made St. Paul so heroic, "I glory in my tribulations," "Yea, none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus."

We have much to learn in the way of this magnanimous confidence. It is not said, "In the world you will have tribulation, therefore mope and weep and indulge in maudlin sentimentalities over every sacrifice or trouble you are called to endure;" but the word which is given to brace the arm and brighten the eye is, "Be of good cheer, be resolute and strong, and full of hope." And the reason which the Lord gives for thus rising above fear is, "I have overcome the world." Thank God for so precious a battle-cry! Thank God that we may reach this confident and even glad audacity in duty, not as being able of ourselves, but because He lives Who has conquered, and through Whom we are already more than conquerors.

We can but glance at some of the elements of encouragement which are implied in this word, "I have overcome the world."

We are taught (1) that Christ has himself been tried. However arduous may be the particular form of suffering or however difficult the special duty laid on us, the hardest command He gives is with the touching appeal, "Follow me." He was on all points "tried as we are." "Though He were a Son, yet He learned obedience by the things he suffered." And if we are to learn obedience to the will of the Father, it can be only done by the same discipline as that endured by Christ Himself.

Therefore, if there are any of us for whom life is overshadowed with some great sorrow, or for whom the duty which waits for fulfilment appears too painful, let them catch the encouragement, "Be of good cheer; I know it all, for I have passed through it, and I am with you." "Think it not strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try you as though some strange thing happened unto you, but rejoice inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings, that when His glory shall be revealed, ye may be glad also with exceeding joy." Or if there are any on whom it is not sorrow that presses, but the sharp cross of self-discipline, and who know how sore is the conflict which they have to wage with passion, how powerful is the tyranny of habit, or how perilous their peculiar position in life may be, to them also comes the brave command, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the same world of temptation." "Look unto Jesus, who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross and despised the shame." "Ye have not yet resisted unto blood-striving against sin." If we can do no more than answer with the prayer, "By thine Agony and bloody Sweat; by thy Cross and Passion, Good Lord, deliver us!" it will be enough to shame our cowardice, as we measure our poor endurance by His "obedience unto death."

(2.) But Christ has not only been tried, He has overcome the world. We are not fighting a losing battle, nor are we left to fight it alone, for Christ lives with "all power in heaven and on earth," and He is with us and for us. Therefore "sin shall not have dominion over us." It may attack us and wound us, but it shall not overcome us, if we are true to Him. We may therefore be of good cheer, even when the fight is sorest.

If we are but true to Christ, following where He leads in the path of faithful obedience and of loving duty, His words of encouragement will become the expression of our actual experience. We shall assuredly know the cross and the tribulation, but we shall also discover the cheerfulness, and the calm, and the mighty grace, whereby we are made "more than conquerors through Him who loved us."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Maran," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER IV.—WHOLESOME DIET.

CASTLEMOUNT had one of the best sites in the whole county: standing upon a plateau which broke the slope of low wooded hills, it commanded a splendid view, stretching for miles out to the sea. The park, celebrated for its sylvan beauty, softened the aspect of the mansion, which was of dark grey stone, and of polyglot design. There was no natural sequence about it, for the original architect had evidently intended to make a heavy, imposing structure, with massive doors and deeply embrasured windows, but when he developed a tendency for machicolated towers, death had promptly suppressed him, and a weaker or lighter-minded individual carried on the work. He displayed a fancy for turrets, and turrets cropped up where certainly no turrets ought to have been; but this seemed to have been a temporary mania, and the building had been allowed to straggle on in a haphazard sort of way which, in spite of a certain indecision as to relative proportions, assumed a picturesque air, enhanced by the newest part being swathed in ivy to prevent a glaring contrast to the older stone. No one standing at the somewhat severe-looking entrance would imagine that at the back were light, airy rooms, hiding themselves modestly as beseemed their Brummagem newness, behind the aristocratic antiquity of their more stately rivals.

Noblesse oblige, so notice first the large centre hall. Gloomy in the day-time, from the thickness of the walls and the deep embrasure of the windows filled with beautiful stained glass and draped with heavy curtains, at night there was a warmth and depth of colouring quite magical. Tall mailed figures supported lamps, that when lit revealed more clearly the rich tapestry on the walls, and the numerous banners and trophies of the chase. Old armour was suspended from the oak rafters, one suit being pointed out with special interest, that of the founder of the Castlemount branch of the Maxwells. He had been the second son of an ancient Scotch family, but having married a lady south of the Border, had taken the side of the English in the wars between the two countries, was knighted on the field of Bannockburn, and received the manor of Castleton. The baronetcy was not conferred till the beginning of the eighteenth century. Of course he was regarded as a traitor by the rest, and the connection ignored for generations; till after the Union, a Maxwell more daring than his fathers revisited the home of his ancestors, winning as his bride the flower of Maxwellton, thus healing the feud between the two families. Miss Dallas, who retained some of her Scotch prejudices, and was a downright Jacobite, declared, however, the less said the better of the first Maxwell of Castlemount. The organ faced the great door, and in the left wall was a large open fireplace, where logs of wood were always kept burning on the hearthstone. Handsome oak doors opened into the principal apartments, all too large and lofty to give much sense of cosiness or homeliness. The drawing-room and dining-room were decorated in the Italian style, the ceilings heavily painted with allegorical subjects, in which the artist had displayed more originality of design than knowledge of anatomy. The mantel-pieces were particularly fine, splendidly carved, and supported by caryatides. The library was not a valuable one from a bibliomaniac's point of view, but the books that climbed from floor to ceiling possessed the merit of being mostly readable and beautifully bound. When one opened a volume it did not incontinently shut itself up, as if closing the door of knowledge to the seeker, but rather lay invitingly outspread, with fair type on vellum-paper, unlike the modern three volume novel, with its thin texture and "rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin." The books, too, were all free to the reader; no jealous lock and key guarded the haunts of learning, a locked library seeming suited to the days of a chained Bible. The furniture, sombre but luxurious, the roomy easy-chairs, with bookstands attached, might even tempt a sybarite to woo the Muses.

One singular feature of the building was that there were no apparent means of ascending to the upper stories. Narrow stone stairs closed in by heavy doors led up from either side of the organ, and another concealed exit opened on to a corridor which connected the old and new parts of the building. The favourite rooms were Lady Maxwell's suite of breakfast, boudoir, and music-room; they had been entirely redecorated when Sir Maurice brought home

his bride—the Louis-Quinze furniture covered with pale blue and silver brocade; the walls panelled to match, so as to form a fitting background to her ladyship's delicate beauty; the ceilings beautifully stencilled with appropriate subjects. The French windows opened on to a terrace, where fountains threw up sparkling jets of water that fell into marble basins, where gold and silver fish disported themselves among the broad leaves of aquatic plants. Beyond was a little glen, then the ground sloped upwards through natural shrubberies, intersected by paths and crossed by rustic bridges, where a narrow ravine, down which danced a brawling streamlet, broke the face of the incline. On a rocky projection a summer-house was built, pillared and decorated to resemble a Grecian edifice. From a gradual ascent the hills rose almost precipitously, sheltering the house from the north-east winds.

Miss Dallas, during Sir Bernard's absence, had preferred the turret-chambers as having a more extended view, and the glimpse of the village and Rectory bringing with it a sense of companionship; but now that the master had returned, the boudoir suite was again opened.

"Cousin Margaret, it is good to be home after all."

The speaker leant against the open window, as if glad to inhale the full breath of that word.

"Did you doubt it, Bernard?" said Miss Dallas, with a slight touch of reproach in her tone.

"No; yet a dread of returning possessed me; but the dear old place looked so lovely last night that I wondered how I could have left it so long; I can hardly realise that it is five years since I saw it last. What do you say, cousin? shall we two settle down in a jog-trot sort of way, I looking after the property and making a model squire; and you, thinking me still a boy, scolding me whenever the fancy takes you?"

He glanced round half laughingly as he spoke.

Miss Dallas gazed with loving pride on her "boy's" pleasant outlines. The deep-toned autumn sun twined threads of gold in the bright brown of his hair, which grew thick and wavy off the broad bronzed forehead, and his dark blue eyes slumbered beneath the shade of unusually long lashes, which had been the envy and despair of many a woman. Those who profess to see most character in the nose would have been disappointed, for that prominent feature was of no distinct type. Neither Grecian, nor Roman, nor aquiline, one could only say it blent in with the rest of the face, sufficiently marked without being obtrusive. The flexible mouth, partly concealed by a silky moustache, mingling with a close-cut beard, showed no lack of decision; yet none, looking at him as he catches his cousin's tender gaze, would imagine that the lips could set in the hard line or sarcastic curve he inherited from his father. Seating himself in a lounging chair by her side, and throwing his arms above his head—a favourite attitude with him—he continued playfully,

"You have not told me what you think of my suggestion. After my wandering life I feel inclined to go in for lotos-eating and mangel-wurzel planting."

"My dear Bernard, what a combination of ideas!" laughed Miss Dallas.

"I only mean to imply the practical and sentimental, or passive and active sides of life, Margaret."

"You know I am never so happy as when you are with me, dear boy. I shall be delighted to assist you with my knowledge of turnips, but you ought to seek one more suitable than I to eat the lotos with. Have you never"—the old lady paused, for a sudden shadow darkened the brightness of Sir Bernard's face.

"Have I never, you were going to say, met any one who would honour me by becoming Lady Maxwell?"

He rose abruptly and paced the room; tall and broad-shouldered, he walked with the light, springy step of a man accustomed to exercise and mountaineering.

"Matrimony has not shown itself such a blessing in my experience that I should rush blindly to my fate—no, Margaret, I have not met—my wife. I think, like Achilles, I am only vulnerable in the heel, and love has not yet tripped me up; but why talk of such a disagreeable subject?"

Miss Dallas elevated her eyebrows. He paused on seeing her deprecatory movement, and a mischievous gleam came into his eyes.

"Disagreeable, certainly. I am not possessed of such amiable qualities that I might not turn out a Blue Beard, and"—here the light died out of his face—"there are Messalinas as well as Neros."

"Oh, my dear, let the dead past bury its dead!"

Sir Bernard stooped and kissed her hand.

"So be it, my cousin. By the way, I have had a vision of St. Cecilia, but have not been

introduced to Miss Trevylian. Has she the power of making herself invisible at will?"

"Phyllis was 'o'er the hills and far away' while you were still in bed. She wished to get something for Mr. Markham and the school decorations, I believe; you know it is harvest thanksgiving to-day."

"Yes; that is why I came so unexpectedly. The idea took possession of me that I should like to be present once more, so here I am at your service, whenever you are ready to start. In the meantime I will order the phaeton and have a look through the stables. I suppose Selim and little Bayard are all right?"

"Oh, you must give up all claim to the latter; he is the devoted slave of my companion. She is off to Langton Glade on him now."

"Alone!"

"Yes, with the exception of the St. Bernard Jack Markham gave her; she is perfectly safe with him."

"With Jack, do you mean, or the dog?"

Miss Dallas held up her hand indignantly.

"Jack and my Phyllis! My dear Bernard, it is as bad as your combination of mangel-wurzel and lotos flowers."

This was scarcely a fair simile, for Jack was a very fine fellow, decidedly ornamental and not without his share of cleverness; but Jack in connection with Phyllis had never suggested itself to her, and "Mamsell" felt annoyed, she could hardly tell why.

Sir Bernard disappeared down the terrace steps with a laughing, "I cry you mercy, good cousin," and a smile smoothed away the old lady's incipient frown; her boy was home again, she could not but be glad.

And Phyllis? Just as the sun was sending forth his crimson and gold clad heralds, she might have been seen going down the avenue, mounted on Bayard, Lion running by her side, a basket strapped to her saddle and another slung round the dog's neck. It was early in October, and the morning air was cool with a faint suspicion of frost. The trio swung merrily along across the grassy park, under over-arching boughs of stately oaks and beeches, a glorious tent, embroidered in gold, and russet, and sienna. It was very still, save for the birds, who were just bestirring themselves, tuning their throats for their morning hymn of praise; here and there a squirrel, startled by the early intruders, whisked his brush up a tree, dropping in fright the acorn he had been gathering for his winter store, or a hare scudded past; a few dead leaves embrowned the moss-grown turf and rustled as they passed, but in the small larch wood the spines were falling softly, like Danaë's golden shower, and Bayard's hoof made no sound on the springy soil. Out in the open they go, by hawthorn hedges, thick with ripening haws, almost strangled in the clasp of clematis, convolvuli, and bramble. They grow too near the wayside, the fruit has been plucked and the dust has discoloured the leaves. The sun is higher in the heavens, but the air is still fresh as Bayard canters up the hill; he scents the furzy downs where stray splashes of gold still flock the gorse, like the torn remnants of what has been a dazzling robe. The cob shakes his plump, hog-maned neck and flings up his heels; Lion feels at liberty to bark, there is so much space—they seem to have the world to themselves. They are in sunlight, but the mist still lingers in the valley, while here and there faint wreaths of smoke pierce through and mingle with it, till the blue grey blends with the cerulean of the sea and sky. Full-sailed ships looked like gulls rocking on the waves, and Phyllis, shading her eyes with her hand, feels in a dream, till Bayard paws the ground and Lion's voice betokens impatience, then she lets them have their way. A few moments of intense exhilaration, as the blood courses quicker through the veins, skimming along like a bird, soft turf below, a cloudless sky above—no sound but the thud of her horse's hoofs, no thought but the mere delight of living. But this is only a treat. Recover your wind, good Bayard, for your mistress is not going to take you home, as is her wont, by the high road near the cliffs, but gently down short cuts to Langton Glade. There is only a bridle-path to the lovely little glen, where a stream is hurrying in leaps and bounds down to the sea, and Phyllis recalls some lines she once read that suit her surroundings admirably.

"What a splash
And dash it makes over the rocks
And stones in miniature cascades;
Then as an ambush finds a nook
So sweet and lovely, framed in moss
And shining fiverwort, that there
Hushed are its tripping feet.
* * * *
Again in fear it has delayed
Too long in dalliance sweet, hurries
And tumbles with such noisy mirth
And headlong speed, dashing the spray
With saucy glee into the eyes
Of grasses, nodding on the brink."

Dismounting and tethering Bayard to the stump of an old oak, she soon found what she sought; splendid sprays of bramble shaded in purple and crimson and brown, forming a perfect tangled arch over the

dancing water, with fruit, large and blue-black, clustering temptingly. Phyllis pricks her hands and stains her fingers; but her thick cloth skirt, looped up to free her feet, resists all thorny attacks. The baskets are soon filled with the beautifully shaded blackberry trails, with the carmine-tipped leaves of the wild geranium and sprays of ivy that had crept lovingly over the moss-carpeted banks. A tiny robin, with his head on one side, sings on a branch quite near in wondering surprise at the new bird lilting in a rich, soft voice an old Scotch ballad.

But the sun has climbed the hill after Phyllis, and is playing hide-and-seek through the leaves of a wild cherry hard by, reminding her of the flight of time, so softly home, little steed, for the baskets must not be too much shaken. Over the downs once more, then by rough farm roads, where the chaffinches swarm in and out of the russet beech hedges, disturbing Lion's equanimity, keeping by the windings of the river till the village is reached, on to the Rectory, whence Dot flies out, peeps in at the floral treasures, then with a hug to one and all of the trio, darts off to the schoolroom, where Jack is putting finishing touches to the decorations.

Sir Bernard and Miss Dallas were strolling on the terrace, waiting for the phaeton, when they heard a horse's gallop and a dog's joyous bark; the rider passed like a flash, waving her hand, but returned in a few moments, having given Bayard over to a groom.

Slowly she ascended the steps, one hand resting on Lion's magnificent head, the other holding up her riding dress. The sight of Sir Bernard seemed to have brought back the old shy reserve, which had been dispelled at the first glance from Joy Markham's honest eyes. The old lady greeted her fondly.

"Dear child, I feared you would be late; I hope you have not over-fatigued yourself. Phyllis, this is my boy returned. Sir Bernard Maxwell, Miss Trevylian."

Sir Bernard extended his hand, she gave hers, but seemed to shrink from his touch as if it pained her. How different she looked from the girl he had seen at the organ, no longer pale and tearful, but with the glint and sparkle in her eyes of the sea in sunshine; the flush on her cheek seemed to have caught the first rosy tint of the rising sun. The previous evening she had been all moonlight; now Aurora had delicately carmined her cheeks and lips; yet when she turned to him the sorrowful look came back, giving to her face an expression that made him feel that strong and self-reliant though he believed himself to be, she, an orphan, and dependent, gazed down upon him from some height he had not reached. Did she see the "serpent gnawing at his heart"? He could almost fancy he heard Schumann's song again, but inextricably blent with the "Agnus Dei."

A touch on his arm woke him as if from a dream. Phyllis was gone.

"Bernard, where are your thoughts?"

"How does she know our history?" he asked abruptly.

"Why should you think she does?" Miss Dallas asked in some surprise.

"She looked *sorry* for me. It may seem absurd, for *pity* is not a sentiment I have generally awakened." A half-mocking smile played about his mouth.

"My dear, do not be vexed. I was telling her the whole story at the very time you must have arrived yesterday. Phyllis is very sensitive, and it grieved her, I think."

"The knowledge does not fully account for the expression in her face; I do not imagine for a moment that *you* would prejudice her against me; but the prejudice is there, whatever its cause."

The old lady's fingers trembled as she laid them on his arm. "Perhaps I have the clue, Bernard. All she said after hearing the tale was, so saintly a woman as Lady Maxwell deserved a purer vengeance at her son's hands, and then she fled for comfort to the organ."

"Ah, that explains what she played; but" —his voice hardened—"she knows nothing of love; she cannot understand revenge." Silently he handed Miss Dallas into the carriage, and the ponies soon rattled them down to the Rectory.

Great was the surprise and delight on seeing Sir Bernard. Mr. Markham shook him warmly by the hand, saying,

"This will indeed be a thanksgiving service!"

"We shall begin to call it our red-letter day; last year it brought us Phyllis, and this, my husband's dear old pupil." The little woman's eyes glistened with tears. "You are going to remain of course, we all want you sadly."

"That is my present intention, your welcome makes me feel quite ashamed of myself, like the prodigal son, who has been in a far country." A wonderfully sweet look came into his face, bringing into relief his resemblance to his mother.

Dot, who thought his suggestion very un-

' Sir Bernard Maxwell, Miss Trevylan '

suited to the joyful nature of the occasion, said slyly,

"You do not look as if you had fed on husks."

"Let me remind you, Miss Dorothy, there are moral as well as vegetable husks. I am going in for a course of wholesome diet."

"Mangel-wurzel," murmured Miss Dallas.

Dot opened her eyes, the conversation threatened to become enigmatical, so as the sound of the bells warned them that they must prepare for service, she exclaimed, "Oh, papa, I am afraid no one will listen to your sermon, every one will be looking at Sir Bernard, and wondering what has brought him back so unexpectedly. Oh, I was nearly forgetting," and turning towards the Baronet she said coaxingly, "You will come to us to-night, won't you?"

"What is to take place?"

"A small dance for Jack, before he goes back to Cambridge; it is only a sort of impromptu affair, but you will not mind, will you? Phyllis is coming."

"Mind! I shall be delighted, and if Miss Markham," with a half-laughing accent upon the dignified address, "will give me the first waltz, I shall be honoured."

Dot coloured with pride and pleasure. "You do me proud," she replied, dropping him a little charity bob, then went off gleefully, confiding to Jack that Sir Bernard was not a bit altered, not stuck up or stiff as she feared he might have become. Her brother readily concurred; he had looked upon Sir Bernard with suspicion as a probable poacher on his preserves, but now at least Phyllis was in no danger of falling to any one else's share for the opening waltz.

Miss Dallas, seated by her boy's side, realised to the full the beauty of the words, "He laveth the thirsty land," which was the anthem for the day; it seemed as if a well-spring of joy had sprung up in the parched furrows of her heart; the grey shadows which of late had darkened her life, Phyllis had greatly helped to brighten, and now the master had returned, and the old lady sang her "Nunc Dimittis" humbly and joyfully, feeling herself upborne "on mighty pens," with which air Phyllis closed the service. Mr. Wharton's illness had proved fatal, so the girl was installed regular organist, taking no remuneration for her services, but insisting upon the whole salary being continued to the widow, who was left in straitened circumstances. Not content with this she helped Willie Wharton to cultivate his musical talents, finding her reward in the growing interest he took in the organ, fitting him, she said, to take her place should any necessity for it occur.

CHAPTER V.—A GARDEN OF GIRLS.

"MADELE, rück, rück, rück, an meine grüne Seite," hummed Jack Markham as he strolled into the drawing-room, all cleared out for dancing. Dot, who was already in possession, pirouetting by herself to feel the floor, paused abruptly as her brother entered.

"Jack, do leave off singing that absurd thing! Who wants to repose on your green side? one would think you were a mossy bank or something equally soft; ignorant people might think you were apostrophising the crows."

"We all know your knowledge of German is of the most abstruse character," replied Jack calmly; then, with an attempt at dignity, "When will you learn to show due respect to your elders? Turn round and let me look at you."

Dot gave another pirouette, then condescended to stand in front of her brother.

"Humph! not bad." Brothers always have a praiseworthy dread of making their sisters vain.

"Not bad!" exclaimed Dot, "when Phyllis took so much pains to get me the beautiful sprays of bramble."

"Goodness! you are thorny enough without that."

Dot only gave him a withering glance, and went on placidly, "And geranium leaves, because she knew my trimmings were shabby, and I had not time to get new ones. Confess now, arn't they lovely on this straw-coloured tulle?"

Jack eyed them critically, but to his sister's disgust she saw his thoughts were not with the wearer.

"Lucky child!" he remarked at last, "she does not present me with a bouquet for my coat."

Dot laughed mischievously. "You don't mean to say you are jealous! Why, I do believe that rück, rück, rück is nothing after all but 'L'invitation à la valse' to Phyllis, but Jack," folding her hands round his arm, and looking up in his face with pretty seriousness, "Jack, has Phyllis made you forget?"

"Miss Mackintosh, Miss Letitia Mackintosh."

Dot fled precipitately to the adjoining room, heedless of Jack's imploring, "Don't go away, Minx!" She was amply revenged

on him by thus leaving him to entertain the two young ladies just announced. They were gushing, giggling girls, whose talk was one series of interrogations interspersed with notes of exclamation. By the younger this manner had been acquired advisedly. She had an idea that men did not like clever women, and that a leaning, trustful air of ignorance was attractive, inasmuch as it raised the male animal's self-esteem, and at the same time his appreciation of one who appeared to have discovered his latent cleverness, which others had often failed to do. Besides, Miss Letitia thought, one could not get information unless one asked questions, so seizing upon poor Jack, who found to his dismay that his mother's advent had only cleared the course more effectually for his tormentor, by monopolising the elder sister's attention, she began at once.

"Sir Bernard Maxwell has really returned at last; we could hardly believe our eyes when we saw him in church this morning."

"I did not know you were acquainted with him," was Jack's not over polite reply.

"No, we came to Castleton after he had left on his travels, but, of course, we guessed who it was directly, seeing him with Miss Dallas in the Castlemount pew. What a handsome man he is! don't you think so?"

"Men can never judge well of their own sex," replied her companion stiffly, and seeing that he was on the eve of escaping, other guests having arrived, she tapped him playfully with her fan.

"Dear Mr. John," Jack winced, "how can you be so cruel when I am dying to hear the reason of his mysterious comings and goings? He looks *so* romantic. Do you think it is a love affair?"

Jack's wrath was rising steadily. "Considering my parents, who have known him from childhood, have never inquired, I can hardly expect to have any knowledge on the subject."

Miss Letitia, who meant business, was in no way abashed by Jack's bluntness, and continued blandly,

"Is Sir Bernard going to make a lengthened stay?"

"I believe so."

"Oh, how delightful! Castlemount is just the place for entertainments; it will be refreshing to see it look a little gay. We came here thinking there were several county families within moderate distance, and were disgusted to find one a non-resident, another an old man with a delicate daughter, and another with nothing but the old folks left. Of course, Sir Bernard will be showing some hospitality after his long absence."

"Possibly," said Jack with indifference.

"It is a pity for Miss Dallas's companion. I dare say the old lady will miss her at first."

Miss Letitia had at last taken off the foils; this was a home-thrust, and Jack was not diplomatist enough to hide that he felt it.

"May I inquire what you mean?"

"Why naturally now that the Baronet is home, Miss Dallas will think it wiser to have a less youthful attendant."

Jack had never been so near mutilating the Decalogue as at that moment, but felt a certain solace in getting the last word.

"You pay Miss Trevylian a great compliment by hinting that Sir Bernard must necessarily fall a victim to her charms; but even with that contingency Miss Dallas is far too much attached to Miss Trevylian to part with her. I will get you a partner for the first dance."

Jack, flinging himself off in high dudgeon, was brought up suddenly by a hand laid on his shoulder and a hearty voice saying,

"You bad boy! where have you been this long vacation? Have you forgotten the way to Falkland?"

With mingled feelings of pleasure and shamefacedness, he turned to greet the newcomers, a white-haired, stately-looking old gentleman, a fair, fragile girl leaning on his arm. Dot's half-reproachful words came back to him as the old gentleman continued,

"My Nan thought you had deserted your old playfellow."

"Oh no, father, you must not say that;" and Jack looked gratefully at her for helping to relieve his embarrassment, then incoherently expressed regret for his apparent neglect.

Wonderfully fair was Nancy Greatorex; those who loved her, and they were not a few, said she resembled a harebell. The slender figure, and the droop of the small head "running over with curls," the pure glance of the trustful blue eyes, made one think of the pale, sweet flower on its delicate stem, that was yet strong enough to brave the autumn breezes blowing across its heathy bed.

The Squire had married in middle age and his young wife had been the joy and delight of his eyes. Some years passed, then a daughter was born to him, but Mrs. Greatorex fell into a rapid decline and Nancy was motherless before she could lisp her parents' name. The blow made the Squire an old man while still in his prime, but as Nancy

grew up she became to him the one sweet strain of music in the discord of the strings that snapped when his wife died. Everything harsh seemed moulded out of her existence, and every jarring inequality readjusted itself in her sweet presence. There was an essence of peace about her which diffused itself, all the more potent for its very unconsciousness, like the aroma of a flower.

Jack had been brother, playfellow, and protector from their babyhood. Mr. Greatorex liked the frank, fearless boy, and Jack had the run of the house and stables, and later on of the covers. The old gentleman had even gone so far as to think that when he had rejoined his darling, it would be pleasant to know their little Nan, who would be mistress of Falkland, would have a fine, steady fellow like the Rector's son to keep her from money-hunting snobs. This idea he prided himself on having kept well-concealed, but Nancy saw through it and feared lest Jack should understand her father's nods, and winks, and sly endeavours to throw them together; but the very fact of being able to see her whenever he liked, with no restriction placed upon their intercourse, made him look upon her in the light of a sister. Dot he could tease and get into mischief with, but to Nan he went with his maturer confidences, expecting and always receiving sympathy and help. During the past year, however, he had been, unconsciously to himself, an absentee from Falkland, except when going over as escort to Dot and Phyllis in riding or driving. He could not but feel the Squire's reproof to be merited, so stammered out his excuses.

"The long vacation seems all too short for what a fellow has to do, Mr. Greatorex; so forgive me this once."

"Go along, you rascal—and there—make your peace with Nan. I have no doubt she will prove inexorable, as I am."

Laughingly the two went; Jack ensconced his companion in a comfortable corner where they could chat undisturbed.

"Jack, what made you look so ferocious when father stopped you? I did not think your countenance could express such tragedy."

"You saved me from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, Nan. I had just escaped from the claws of that horrid cat, Letitia Mackintosh!"

"Oh, Jack! don't call people names. Perhaps you had your hand uncovered; you know their motto, 'Touch not the cat, but the glove.'"

"Oh, hang it all, Nancy, a glove's no use, one requires to be armed *cap-à-pie*, one does not know where she will have you next; but let us forget her, tell me about yourself. Have you been quite strong lately? You did not come to the treat this afternoon."

"No; father feared I should be too tired, and I wanted to be here to-night."

"You used not to get so soon tired; there is nothing the matter, is there? I feel quite a brute to have left you so long without looking after you."

Jack's voice could be very caressing, and his dark eyes tender. Nan looked up at the handsome head bent over the back of her chair, and a slight quiver passed over her features, but it passed instantly, only leaving an added bloom to the peach-like softness of her cheek; she answered without any apparent emotion—

"No, I am quite well now, Jack; the long dry weather tired me; I had a feverish attack before you came home, but I was almost sorry to get well, for Phyllis came constantly, and when I was not strong enough to talk she would play to me or sing some of the quaint old ballads she knows by heart, and I could lie still and listen, and watch the far away look in her eyes, as if she had lifted the fringes of the curtain that hides the unseen and had caught a glimpse of the silver lining, or as if she had got behind things somehow—ah, here she comes."

Nancy felt as well as saw, for her companion's sudden heart throb communicated itself to the back of her chair, but she did not note the contraction of his eyebrows as Sir Bernard entered; that they must of necessity have come together did not seem to strike him, but the momentary jealousy passed as he saw Phyllis advancing straight to their corner, Dot hovering round her like an attendant sprite, while Sir Bernard paused to renew his intimacy with Squire Greatorex. After mutual kindly inquiries the old man attracted the younger's attention to the group at the other end of the room.

"Now, sir, you have to come back to old England to see anything so pretty as that." He waved his hand in the direction of the trio.

Phyllis, of that height which cannot be called too tall or too short, supple as a reed, with an undulating grace of motion, noticeable even in her manner of standing, was dressed in a perfectly plain black satin, cut low with short sleeves, revealing beautiful neck and arms, the former clasped by a row of old oriental pearls, which had belonged to her grandmother; a breast-knot of gold and

crimson chrysanthemums was the only touch of colour about her, save the faint flush which stained the olive of her cheek, delicate, yet the bloom of perfect health. She was stooping in a half-caressing attitude towards Nan, who, in pure white, stood with upturned face, that needed no words to show how welcome was her friend. Dot gave a richer colouring; she had her mother's dark hair and eyes, but with more of actual beauty, a little brown bird, but of richer plumage than Mrs. Markham had ever been.

Sir Bernard's glance followed the wave of the Squire's hand. "Quite a Miltonian group, sir. The lady in *Comus*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*."

The old man smiled approvingly. "Very good; but I do not exactly see *Il Penseroso*."

Sir Bernard's reply was given with a certain gravity and repressed feeling—

> "All in a robe of darkest grain
> Flowing with majestic train,
> Come and keep thy wonted state
> With even step and musing gait,
> And looks commercing with the skies,
> Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes."

Continuing abruptly, as if not seeking a reply—

"Will you introduce me to your daughter, Squire? she was only a child when last we met."

As they crossed the room the little party broke up, Jack claiming Phyllis as his partner for the first waltz.

Nancy's name was duly transferred to Sir Bernard's card, then he turned smilingly to Dot.

"Little bird, I know you are longing to flutter your wings—the music has begun."

When at length it ceased and they had danced the whole waltz through, Dot said:

"Isn't she lovely?"

"Who?—Miss Greatorex?"

"Oh, no; Nan is very pretty, but Phyllis."

Sir Bernard's eyes had belied his words, for they were involuntarily following Jack and his partner, but his speech did not betray him; indeed it was with some sense of disappointment that Dot confided to Jack that Sir Bernard seemed much more struck with Nancy than with Phyllis, always turning the conversation upon the former if possible. This information elated Jack greatly, though had he been a little older, he would have surmised that such information might be true as to fact, but false as to sequence.

Letitia Mackintosh fell into the same trap while discussing the events of the evening with her sister in their bedroom.

"Did you notice Sir Bernard's attention to Nancy Greatorex, Jane? He seemed quite concerned at her delicate appearance, and danced with her several times, while only once with that designing minx—a nice spoke in *her* wheel."

Jane, who was foolish but not malicious, feebly protested against her sister's sharp sayings, but speedily collapsed.

"Why, you silly girl, don't you see, she will just stay on to try and catch the Baronet; it is simply disgusting—the idea of her going to the Rectory alone with him!"

"She could not very well have stayed away, when she is so intimate with the Markhams," said Jane meekly.

"Oh yes, she could; she might have made the excuse that Miss Dallas would be left alone at home. After all, she is only a paid companion, a sort of upper servant. She gets far too much encouragement. Who knows who she is? She may be an adventuress, those clever people often are. For my part, I can't see what every one finds to admire in her!" And Letitia gave an extra tug to the curl-papers she was wont to adorn her head with on retiring for the night.

Will any one explain why undress is so conducive to confidential communications? Girls who are quite reserved in coif and bodice can discuss their dearest interests when in dressing-gown and slippers, and of necessity with hair unloosed. This last seems a *sine qua non* to perfect freedom of speech, the use of the brush on the unoffending threads seeming to express how easily life's tangles could be smoothed out were it not for the obstructiveness of elders who profess to know better. Again, the brush can be held suspended, like a large note of interrogation or exclamation, during the pauses of intense listening to some thrilling episode or embryo love story. It is unquestionably a pretty sight, a group of girls round a blazing fire, in various phases of elegant *deshabille*, reclining in easy-chairs, toasting their toes or seated on the hearthrug embracing their knees, finding much sympathy in the deep glow of the coals or incentives to merriment in the crackling of the sparks as they suddenly ascend in a golden geyser. Fortunately there are not many Letitia Mackintoshes to give a spice of malice to the discussion. There may not be much cleverness, but at least there will be gaiety and *bonhomie*, and one might as well foster tight-lacing of the human frame as discountenance this expansion of youthful hearts. The jokes may not be worthy of *Punch*, what *he* said and what *she* said neither

wise nor witty, yet the consequences, as in the well-known game, might be more complicated were it not for the open, frank manner in which pleasant little flirtations are talked over; the teasing which in a mixed company does more harm than good, nay, is ill-bred, in a girlish *côterie* clears the air and makes a girl see, though it seem but in jest, how her conduct is looked upon by others. There is generally one graver than the rest, who, though often addressed as "You dear old serious thing," gets the term accompanied by a hug of affection from some impulsive member of the party, and whose word of warning or advice, unheeded perhaps at the moment, is not always wasted.

Unfortunately, Letitia had no one to be the spiritual Good Samaritan. When she was *en déshabille* her tongue seemed to lose its cloak of simulated sweetness, and all the acrid juices collected during the day came to the tip, ready to overflow and gangrene the character of any unlucky being who happened to be under the ban of her dislike.

The subject of her disparaging remarks was invoking, not all successfully, "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." The usually placid surface of her existence had been stirred by the events of the day: her introduction to Sir Bernard in the morning, her dance with him in the evening, when she had surprised him by pleading fatigue as an excuse for coming to an abrupt pause in the waltz. Why could she not dissociate him from the story of the past? He had been very good to her, notwithstanding her ungraciousness, talking pleasantly, and seeming to ignore the fact that she would rather not have danced with him at all. Phyllis could not understand the attraction of repulsion he had for her; she could not bear to associate him with anything cruel: with that curse hanging over a life—for she could not fancy the poor woman dead—it hurt her as if a soul were in jeopardy, driven to despair. At last she fell into a troubled slumber, in which she and Madame de Marcie were one; and she was far from Castlemount, with the brand of Cain upon her. She awoke with a painful start and sense of bewildered unreality, till the moonlight revealed the furniture of her pretty little chamber adjoining Miss Dallas's, and she knew with intense relief that it had only been a dream. The girl rose and drew aside the curtain. How lovely everything looked! Would the day come when she should see it no more, or be as a stranger? She put the thought from her with a shudder, and listened for a moment at "Mamsell's" door, and heard her peaceful breathing. "Mamsell," who loved her like her own child! She kissed the panel. Oh, no, they would never part—unless Sir Bernard married, and then—why, Miss Dallas would need her more than ever; and they two would go together, and be so happy! Comforting herself with this thought, she went back to bed, and knew no more till the old lady stood at her side, telling her to lie still and rest.

CHAPTER VI.—A FRIENDLY COMPACT.

"MAMSELL, have I overslept myself?" exclaimed Phyllis in dismay.

"Dear child, never mind."

"Oh, but I will be down directly." And in a wonderfully short space of time she appeared at the breakfast-table, looking like a Nephitos rose, a little paler than her wont, from her previous day's exertions.

"Now, child, I am all ears to hear how you enjoyed yourself, and how everybody looked. How did she do, Bernard?"

"I can assure you, cousin, Miss Trevylian made a most successful début, judging from the fact that I could only get one waltz, her card was so soon filled up."

Phyllis, trying to hide herself behind the plump tea-cosy, gave a laughing negative shake of the head.

"Jack Markham, at least, may be proud of his pupil."

"What has Jack to do with Phyllis's dancing?" inquired Miss Dallas with unusual asperity.

"Miss Trevylian told me he had been her instructor."

"When does that young man go back to college?" she then irrelevantly remarked; whereupon Phyllis looked so utterly astonished that Sir Bernard had to bite his lips to keep himself from laughing outright. Miss Dallas, on the point of saying "The sooner the better," caught sight of his comical expression, and replaced her original thought with the words,

"What are you laughing at, Bernard?"

"Margaret, I was never more serious in my life. What a fine fellow old Greatorex keeps! he and his daughter are quite a picture; only looking at her one is oppressed with the feeling that she resembles the night-blooming cactus, only awaking to fade."

Phyllis glanced up. "Do you notice that? It haunts me—dear Nan!" Tears choked her voice.

"Child, you surprise me. I thought she

was quite better again. She and her father live such a secluded life, and Falkland lies low; perhaps she is pining for fresher air and companionship. If you have no objection, Bernard, we will ask them up for a few days."

"My dear cousin, any of your friends are welcome. Ask them by all means."

"Shall we say Monday then?"

"Certainly. Now, what are your plans for to-day?"

"Phyllis and I are going in the phaeton to see some of my old women; we shall inquire in passing how the Rectory folk are after their unusual dissipation, and end up at Falkland, returning to a two-o'clock lunch—and you?"

"I must get Rogers to give an account of his stewardship, but in the afternoon I want to see if Selim has forgotten his master. If you can spare Miss Trevylian, I shall be glad to have the pleasure of her company."

Phyllis looked doubtfully at Miss Dallas, allowing the old lady to answer for her.

"Of course, dear; it will put a little colour into her cheeks. It is a glorious day for Landon Point; there will be a fine sunset."

Seeing that Phyllis did not respond very warmly to his invitation, Sir Bernard turned to her as he left the room.

"There are changes and improvements which you will, no doubt, be able to point out to me, Miss Trevylian, so I hope you will not begrudge me the time."

When he was gone, Phyllis hovered round Miss Dallas in an uncertain way; then, as if not wishing to be seen, leant over the back of her chair, saying,

"You are sure you can do without me, Mamsell?"

The old lady drew her forward.

"A good canter will freshen you up, child. No, I shall not want you." And perforce Phyllis had to be content.

The day remained provokingly fine. There was evidently no escape from the *tête-à-tête* ride. When she appeared Bayard was at the foot of the terrace steps in charge of a groom, Lion in attendance, while Sir Bernard stood stroking and patting his old favourite, Miss Dallas looking on with beaming face. Phyllis apologised for keeping them waiting, and before Sir Bernard could proffer his assistance she had sprung lightly on the saddle. He drew back and allowed the groom to arrange her skirt, mounting his horse in silence. Selim, having had more oats than work of late, was impatient to be off, and gave his master sufficient occupation wherewith to work off his momentary annoyance. The route lay to the back of the house, where well-kept gravelly roads led up the Landon range. The view at first was circumscribed by the wood and encircling hills, but as the riders mounted higher, clearings had been made, through which the house and far across the downs could be seen. Instinctively they drew bridle, and Sir Bernard let the reins fall upon his horse's neck, who, having recognised the strong but gentle hand, had become as quiet as a lamb. It was a garden of Eden that stretched before them, and the master's eyes rested on it with a melancholy pleasure. What fiat but that of his own will had driven him forth to exile? He sighed wearily, and raised his hat as if it oppressed him; he had forgotten his companion, till her soft voice said, like an echo of his own words,

"Is it not good to be home?"

He met her gaze full of that sympathetic yet sorrowful interest, which her look always betokened.

"Miss Trevylian," he replied bitterly, "it would be better if I had not to confess—what a fool I have been."

"Is not the fact somewhat modified by the free confession?"

"Then you do not doubt that it *is* a fact?"

She coloured slightly, while a smile played round the corners of her mouth. "I scarcely know you sufficiently to contradict you."

He laughed.

"Then I shall know what to expect when you do."

They turned their horses' heads and went leisurely up the steep incline. As they reached the summit a scene of enchantment lay before them. The land, wooded and cultivated, sloped towards sandy dunes, which gleamed yellow in the far distance. An arm of the sea ran up, and on the farther side, losing themselves in a delicate haze, were hills and dales melting into nothingness. The sun was setting and the heavens were of deepest blue, flecked with rosy clouds and saffron streaks—sea and sky blending their tints of sapphire and amethyst into an indescribably tender grey. Sir Bernard dismounted and stood with one arm thrown over Selim's neck.

"Nature is a wonderful foster-mother, Miss Trevylian. We may wander far and heedlessly; but when we return, she meets us with as much warmth and gladness as if we had never played truant."

"To me," said Phyllis, "she is the essence of dignified patience. We tire so soon of duty, but

'La nature est le même,
Et le même soleil se lève sur tes jours.'

unwearying and unchanging."

"It often veils itself behind clouds and mists though."

"Yes; but they are of the earth. The sun still shines, only we cannot penetrate the darkness."

"Miss Trevylian," he said abruptly; "it seems to me I am the earth and you the sun. What miasma exhales from me that you should enshroud yourself in a cloudy veil whenever I approach?—you even shrink from my touch. 'There is no blood upon my hand.'"

He held out his strong, muscular fingers.

It was not a grey but a rosy veil that overspread her face from brow to throat, leaving her suddenly pale. Then, as if speaking more to herself than to him, she said—

"Is not spirit more than flesh and blood? If you slay the soul, have you not destroyed more than the life?"

Bernard Maxwell drew himself up in haughty amazement. What was this girl that she should judge him! Yet speak in self-defence he must, though to himself his conduct required no exculpation.

"Would you have let me suffer a viper to escape? Had she not poisoned the happiness of one home? was she to be allowed to wind herself round another weak mind and poison all its well-springs of good?"

"Sir Bernard, is it always the woman's fault—are men never the tempters? Do not think I would uphold her for a moment; but we are none of us entirely bad."

"For Heaven's sake, do not class yourself with such as she!"

"Who knows but the saintly patience of her against whom she sinned might have implanted some germ of good, which your vengeance destroyed before it had time to take root?"

Sir Bernard listened with ever-increasin amaze; she who had appeared so shy an silent in his presence now spoke with a quiet dignity and grave earnestness, her eyes full of a wistful pleading. He looked up at her, and his voice was very gentle as he answered—

"Miss Trevylian, you never knew a mother's love, nor the feeling of disgrace at the mention of a father's name, the withering of a life dear to you under the spells of an enchantress." His blue eyes grew dark like a mountain tarn overshadowed by a thundercloud, he ground his heel into the earth. "It may be sin, but I cannot say *mea culpa;* were all to happen over again, I could do no less."

A slight shiver passed over Phyllis.

"The sun has set; is it not time we were retracing our steps?" Her voice sounded wearily.

He laid a detaining hand on Bayard's neck, and there was something very earnest and winning in his manner.

"Miss Trevylian, I cannot tell you how it would grieve me if I thought the shadow of a sin and sorrow not yours should darken your views of life; you have an infinite belief in human goodness, don't let me destroy it; you have climbed to higher heights than I, and therefore to you the sun shines, because you are above the mists. Do not let me see a shadow on your face that tells me I have come between you and his rays, or"—he smiled sadly—"you will drive me away again, and make me fancy my presence indeed brings a curse with it."

"Oh no, no!" exclaimed Phyllis; "you must not leave Castlemount. What would Miss Dallas say? Forgive me if I have wounded you!"

"Nay, there is no question of forgiveness—only prove that you think less harshly of me by helping me to set a seal upon the skeleton cupboard in the old house and making it what it once was—the home of all that was pure and lovely and of good report."

He held out his hand; Phyllis gave him hers shyly but unreservedly.

"Thank you," he said simply; and remounting Selim, they turned homeward in the gathering twilight.

"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM."

By Professor C. PIAZZI SMYTH, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland.

HOW many letters have come to me through all the spring, summer, and autumn, and from how many and how various, but all of them anxious inquirers, demanding information as to a reappearance in the present year of the Star of Bethlehem! First, as to their having heard that astronomers, expecting the sacred orb to appear this season, after an interval of many centuries, were already watching for it; and then the letters reported that it had actually appeared in the early morning sky, in the east, shining with a most portentous splendour; wherefore, what was its nature, its message, and the coming events which it must typify?

When these private communications, moreover, were capped at last by a letter from the editor of Good Words, under date December 14, 1887, asking for an article on the said star, as being a topic "now interesting to many persons, and of the real meaning of which so many are ignorant," I recognised the request, not only as a characteristically good move on the part of the said worthy editor, desiring to supply a public need, the extent and reality of which he had gauged for himself, but as also a hopeful opportunity for terminating at one stroke so much of my recent abnormal correspondence.

Already, however, the question has passed through several phases, and the answer to one set of questioners, no matter how convincing to them, may not necessarily satisfy another set, who have had perchance a different natural phenomenon in view. Let us first, therefore, take the most positive and the latest account of them all, viz., that which has already endured from the last week in November to the second in December, and asserts that a veritable star has appeared in the south-eastern part of the sky at early dawn or before daybreak, is transcending all other stars many times in brightness, is of gigantic size, of marvellous beauty, as well as utterly unknown to the men of this generation, and therefore charged, no doubt, with some important instructions, if not warning, to mankind.

That is what the world—the Northern world at least—is saying; but when the object in question is pointed out to a practical astronomer, he, after measuring instrumentally the exact place of the so-called star in the heavens, and comparing it with the almanacks, says, "Oh! that is no star at all; it is merely the planet Venus at one of its occasionally more favourable combination of circumstances for showing brightly; and then, always brighter under the same conditions than any true star, it has power to be bright indeed." For, as even the little school-books teach, Venus being the nearest planet to our earth and much closer to the sun in actual distance of miles therefrom, it shines with far greater intensity of light, space for space, than our own moon can ever do. Such intrinsic brightness to uneducated, ill-focussed eyes gives to their human weakness the appearance of rays shooting out on all sides from a point to an extent sometimes of a quarter, or even half a degree, of angular subtense; but a telescope in good focus, on a firm stand, and with a moderate magnifying power, will reduce all that extraneous light to a little but more bright-than-silver disc, or portion of a disc, like the half, or the first quarter, or third quarter of our own moon, as the case may be at the time, and for the same well-known reasons as those which cause the lunar phases also.

But why, it may be asked, is such a particularly splendid appearance of Venus so seldom seen that when it does occur, as now, it is looked on by the public generally as quite a new wonder in the skies?

Usually Venus, as a planet circulating round the sun in an orbit far within that of the earth, is seen from there so nearly in the same direction as the sun, that though it may be detected in a telescope as a comparatively large but exquisite crescent of light, when between the earth and the sun, and as a nearly complete though comparatively small, circle when on the other side of the sun, as it occasionally must be—yet the naked eye can see nothing of it in either of these positions, and chiefly on account of the brilliance of the background of the sun-illuminated sky, or veil of our atmosphere, on which it is projected. So the planet in general rises and sets with the sun and in the midst of the solar daylight splendour, invisibly to most persons.

But when, in its continued circling round the sun, for ever going on in its proper orbit, Venus gets to the extreme or most outlying side of that orbit for the time, as seen from the earth, she is said then to reach her greatest elongation, east or west of the sun. And that elongation, which varies with the position of the earth at the time, may be on

occasion so great as 47 degrees, or about twice the breadth of twilight range extension. So then Venus may be seen for some days, or weeks, in a positively dark part of the night sky, either long after the sun has set, or as long before it rises; and is then, under the same conditions of black sky, found to be far more brilliant than any of the stars proper. There are, moreover, several other circumstances which may combine more powerfully at one of these elongations than another, both to make the planet appear, or be thought to be, brighter and remain visible longer; the chief among them being the difference of "declination parallel" between the planet and the sun. That is, the sun must be, for any place, nearly in its winter position there, or making short days and long nights; and the planet more nearly in the sun's summer position, describing grand diurnal arcs in the visible sky, and shining out of a higher, clearer, and more transparent part of the atmosphere than it is condemned to restrict itself to, when in low declination parallel, or the sun's winter position.

Now both of these favourable circumstances, viz., sun low and Venus high, are occurring for us at the present elongation; and that by no sudden alteration or unexpected move, but in the course of the regular, clock-like circulations of the planets round the sun, with their respective velocities and in orbits of their several amounts of inclination to the Ecliptic plane, as well as various shares of eccentricity, and different directions of the same; as ascertained both long ago, and since then duly calculated for their effects from day to day, and the results announced beforehand in the better scientific almanacks of the chief civilised nations of the world. Witness, however, as one of the very best examples, that grand British Government book of regular, methodical, mathematical calculation and astronomical prediction, "The Nautical Almanack for 1887:" and testify that it did announce in clearest figures when published three or four years ago, that on December 1, 1887, Venus would be at its greatest elongation west of 46° 47′, or suitable for a morning star; and that at the same time its parallel of declination would be 15 degrees above, or more summer fashion than, that of the sun, so near its winter depression of the northern year.

That last circumstance, however, which gives us in Europe such an extra impressive view of Venus as the bright harbinger of day, the brilliant morning star, makes it so much the worse for our countrymen in Australia and New Zealand, where that difference of declination with respect to the horizon is just reversed, when and where the Southern Pole of the sky is the elevated one. So, while Northern folk hereabouts are going into ecstasies or astonishments or frights at an apparent star looking so "large," or "menacing," or "bright," the good people in the Southern hemisphere, if they notice it or can see it at all, low down in the thick mists or illuminated haze of solar day dawn, think it very poor, and do not trouble themselves any more about it than we do when an elongation of Venus in the sky, either east or west (and they occur every few months) takes place under unfavourable declination circumstances for visibility in a dark night-sky here.

The present appearance (technically called "apparition") of Venus has, however, in the northern, and by this time probably in the southern hemisphere also, had a further and wholly unnecessary importance given to it, mentally and spiritually rather than optically, by the printed word having gone out that it was "the star of Bethlehem!" How and why that can by no means be, shall be shown presently, after an earlier phase of the news in the beginning of the year has been disposed of. It was said then, by some nameless writer, that astronomers were at that time looking out by night for the reappearance of the star of Bethlehem, in the shape of an imperfectly-known stellar orb, which shines out in the northern night-sky only once in three hundred and thirteen years.

But no astronomer that I know of is looking out on astronomical grounds for the veritable "star of Bethlehem," though many members of the fraternity are telescopically examining the heavens every night, and night after night all the year through, as well as year after year, for so-called "variable stars." These, amongst the myriads of ordinary stars, real suns, are a peculiar class, whose brightness waxes and wanes in exceedingly curious and mystic manner, through various degrees of brightness, and in many different periods of time. Some of them occupy only a few days between their brightest and palest look; and their difference of light at the two extremes may be so small that only a practised telescopic observer can detect it. But others may occupy several months, or even years, in going through the whole cycle of their changes; while from their brightest at their maximum, they may

even become invisible at their minimum, of light-effulgence. Some of them, again, have periods of several centuries, and are only visible for a few weeks or months at their date of maximum, being not seen at all during the long remainder of their cycle. These are often called "temporary stars," and when an example or two was first seen after the revival of learning in Europe, were even termed "new stars." But they are now understood to be only extreme cases of "variable stars," with regular periods, however long; and capable of being calculated with precision, if modern astronomy has lasted long enough in the world to have observed them well through three successive apparitions.

Now one of the "temporary stars" seen some three hundred and thirteen years ago by Tycho Brahe in a northern constellation, was very feebly imagined to tally with another temporary star historically supposed to have appeared some three hundred years, more or less, before that time. Wherefore certain hasty writers, knowing little of their Bibles and less of astronomy, jumped to the hazardous conclusion that six cycles of that star would just make up one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven years, or would coincide with, and therefore be, an appearance of the sacred star of Bethlehem. And when said temporary star, reported to have its place and direction in space high up in the northern sky, did not appear at all this year, those remarkable and easily-satisfied philosophers turned round to the opposite direction, and seeing the innocent planet Venus shining away there in extra brightness at its present elongation, shouted, "That's the Star of Bethlehem!"

But suppose the missing (because previously imperfectly observed) temporary star of three hundred and thirteen years interval, more or less, *had* appeared this year, would that have made it "the Star of Bethlehem?" Nothing of the kind! Said temporary star may have appeared five or six times since the year 0 of the Christian æra, just as other temporary stars may have appeared and disappeared fifty or sixty, or for that matter, five or six thousand times since then; and have had no more religious meaning, and no more claim to be the Star of Bethlehem, or anything more than a result of facts of ordinary celestial mechanics, and their necessary recurrences, than any of them.

Again, the Star of Bethlehem, if you read the New Testament, was unique. It never appeared before, and has not appeared since. It has never been identified with any astronomical scientific phenomenon. It was, if anything can be, essentially miraculous—a miracle of God; and having been employed once by the supreme God to signify the grandeur of the new creation, then opened for the salvation of man, the real Star of Bethlehem, was after that, so far as we are informed in Holy Writ, put away amongst the eternal mysteries; from which we are *not* taught that it will ever again be brought forth, not even at the Second Advent, or at any of the supernatural appearances which are to mark the last days and the closing of the present age.

The very name therefore of, and much more any assertion of identification of anything material as, the true Star of Bethlehem, is not to be lightly used or rashly made. When a certain pretty little girl on a flowery hill at the Cape of Good Hope, some fifty years ago, named a particular stellate blossom of exquisitely beautiful proportions and perfect symmetry, though known amongst botanists long before, "the Star of Bethlehem," the idea was so simple, so *naïve*, so child-like for a child, so perfectly certain to be understood as not meaning anything more than an infantine affection for the story of the New Testament, and a young heart's memento of the real star of that name,—that no fault could be found, and divers older persons followed the lead thus innocently given.

But when a mature author, in the great metropolis of power and wealth, in the present day, sets himself seriously to persuade the public that a certain material and most positive star or planet of astronomy in the sky, is no other than the real Star of Bethlehem of the New Testament come back again, without any commands from God so to do, and that it has often similarly come back,—why then, such application of the sacred name is not only stupid in science, but blasphemous in religion; and GOOD WORDS is the proper place in which the naked truth should be told.

P.S.—But even while I am looking over this proof, I am assailed with the assertion that a new star *has* appeared, and that a lady saw it last night, very bright, and all alone in that part of the sky.

On inquiring the time, 10 P.M., the direction, N.N.W., and the height, probably five or six degrees, and looking to that quarter to-night, there was the well-known star Vega, or α Lyræ, and nothing else. A fine bright star it is, being even a bright example of a first magnitude star; but then, nearly

at the lowest part of its diurnal circle or about to cross the meridian below the pole and as seen through the thick smoky air of a large city That circumstance therefore accounted abundantly for no other star being seen at the time in its immediate neighbourhood But any one accustomed to ordinary star gazing at night should have recognised the conspicuous constellation of the Great Bear, after having passed by several hours the lowest part of its northern passage climbing up on the eastern side of the meridian and the pole and from its leading stars should have judged what the bright, lonely orb below and to the left, could not but be, namely as ancient and steady a star as exists in the whole heavens and, in our semi Boreal regions, to be seen in one part of its nocturnal path or another on every night of the year clouds permitting

THE CHARM OF WINTER

By THE EDITOR

WINTER charms? Yes, for there are winter days and winter days some horrible, and many lovely For my own part I would that summer were perpetual, and I envy those who can follow sunshine, like the swallows, and pass from our British February, with its vile mixture of melting and freezing, its slushy storms and its biting reminiscences of ice, to the Riviera, where bees hum and peas are in blossom, and the fisherman's felucca sways at anchor on a sea that is more aerial than liquid in its purity

Who can believe that a few days can work such a change! So have I known it from the drip, drip, when the foggy east wind distils its brackish burden on the trees to sitting among roses and looking out on the blue Mediterranean Winter is not winter there, nor far up the Nile, where on Christmas Eve you can dine on deck by candle light, annoyed only by the swarm of flies flirting with suicide round the lights that burn steadily in the still air Such seasons are exceedingly enjoyable, but I am loyal enough to our own northern land to assert that there are winter days here which have a charm that no southern scene can outrival But we have to select the kind of day and the place where it can be alone found to perfection

The ideal winter day is one in the country, not the town, when the snow is lying thick and pure not soft and murky making the feet clump and walking impossible, but when it is hardened by the keen frost into a crisp, crackling surface, when the sky is cloudless, and of a transparent blue caused by intense dryness, when there is absolute atmospheric stillness, not an air moving to shake down the crystals that encrust every twig with silver Health, vigour, freshness, belong to such a day The invalid may prefer the white umbrella and the promenade at Nice or San Remo, but the strong man is made glad by the brilliant keenness of a perfect winter day in our own northern islands

I believe there are people who delight in a great storm in December and January; who love to listen to the roar of the tempest tearing through the bare forest; who feel more comfortable, when every chimney bellows to the blast, when the rain is

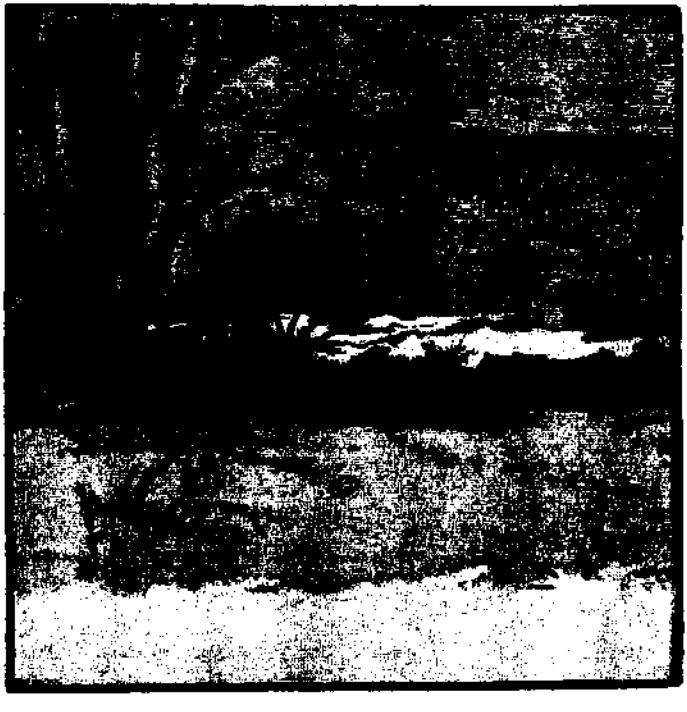
hurled against the window-panes in cataracts of icy pellets, and the squall shrieks its wildest. But it is a selfish pleasure to bar the shutters and gather to the fire, and to say, "How cosy is this!" forgetting what the hurricane may be doing elsewhere. We cannot look out at night on the flying clouds without imagining what they may have witnessed as they rushed across angry seas, and beheld ships struggling as for life, and brave men battling with despair. Such storms are grand, but they are dreadful; and we have not a good word to say for them beyond an expression of thankfulness that they serve to cleanse the atmosphere, driving the foul air from many a city slum, and filling it with ozone fresh from the ocean.

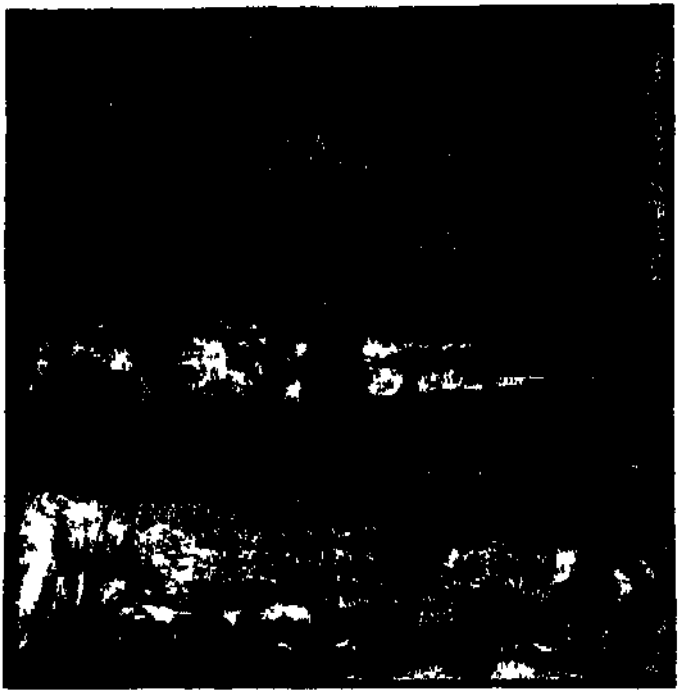
Nor can we consider the soft drizzly day as ideal, when the south wind blows moist and clammy, and the clouds cling to earth in a canopy of shapeless smoke. And there is even less of the ideal about the grey, raw day, when the east wind shrills its bitter blast as from an iceberg. Who can withstand the creepy shiver which then penetrates through every chink, pierces to the marrow, and sometimes reaches even to the most placid temper? The huntsman calls it "fine open weather," because it enables him to give full rein across the stubble. But the "View-Halloa!" can make any day charming to such as he, for do not the coverts ring to the clear bugle and to the baying of the hounds? Who minds the weather when from the crashing brushwood there is heard the "Hark forward! Hark away!" that tells how the chase has begun, and that it is time to look out for the merry rush going by, of manly riders and rejoicing steeds? Every one, however, is not a huntsman, and we may, therefore, dismiss the "open" winter day as not reaching our ideal.

And if we have to except a great many kinds of day, so must we also except a good many places where it is impossible to taste the delight we claim for winter. A winter day, for example, in a great city has not much to compensate for the bitterness of the cold. There may be a certain excitement when the snowstorm first breaks as a surprise, and the white flakes whirl thick and dazzling, and street and square look strangely beautiful in their novel drapery. Every one enters for a time into the fun of it. It brings many amusing episodes, and good-nature is held bound to bear anything in the

shape of snow-balling. The cabman can only "grin and bear it" as he dashes through the fusillade hurled at his head by the crowd of rosy boys, who for the nonce have laid aside their message-baskets and girded themselves for the fray. The children in the darkest lanes and courts have the delights of a new experience, and scarcely know how to utilise to greatest advantage the unusual gift of something clean. It is picturesque, also, to have for an hour or two something of the romance of the old coaching days revived under our windows, as we watch the reeking teams struggling through the drifts, or the hansoms driven tandem-fashion, and lifting the white lumps with their wheels. Every one has some tale to relate of misadventure through conveyances having come to grief. But the pleasure of the new excitement is short-lived. The snow quickly degenerates into a vile mud-broth. Inconvenience to the rich may be tolerable, but stoppage of employment means misery to the poor. And when there is added to the chilliness of the sea of slush the blackness of a choking fog, with the knowledge that a few miles off all is brilliant sunshine, no one can call such a wintry day in town enjoyable. It is detestable, and becomes absolutely painful, when through the murky air some shivering child, sent out, in all probability, by its worthless parents to ask means for a debauch, pleads for bread. As a rule it is better not to give money, because the doing so is likely only to increase a cruel evil. The best course is to feed the child, and to make personal inquiries as to its true circumstances. The idle loafer who, with his "gin and fog" voice, tries to personify the honest working man out of employment, deserves a different treatment; but not so those pinched and thinly-clad creatures, whose faces, stamped with misery, arrest you as you hurry by. Neither the brightness of your own fireside nor the gatherings of those we love at holiday times can banish the sense of the abounding wretchedness which winter and the poverty of the city poor create. We are haunted, as we ought to be, by the thought of the cold and hungry, the aged and weak, on whom the gloomy day is lying chill and deadly.

If we would see winter at its best we must go into the country on a day when the brilliant clearness of the purest air fills the soul with exhilaration and an abounding sense of health. The cloudless blue of the sky, the light and sunshine, I will not say more transparent, but more translucent than that of summer; the mountains with all their rougher aspect smoothed into softness by the white mantling of the snow; the exquisite tracery of the leafless trees—all are intensely lovely. To walk the road-ways is to follow a track where the iron wheels have polished the frost into ribbons of shining satin shot with silver gleams. Every familiar object is transfigured into some new beauty. The hollies sparkle with a million lights and the russet of the faded beech-leaves, still cling-





ing to the branches, glows and burns. The snow is everywhere unstained; the lumps cast by the spade look like bits of fallen cloud, so soft are they and pure. The frost spreads a strange silence. Nature appears waiting and listening, as if harbouring a sweet secret—perhaps it is the still unuttered promise of spring. Distant sounds seem near. The crack of the sportsman's gun in the far-off plantations—the boom of the curling stones, the ringing of skates as they cut along the iron ice, and the voices of the children sliding on the pond a mile off—even the tinkle of the frozen snow falling from the trees—all are distinctly heard. I sit in the verandah to which cling the creepers and roses, whose tendrils are stiff as wire; but the sun is so bright I can imagine it summer. And who can picture the colouring of the early evening, when "red o'er the forest peers the setting sun;" and when the west becomes a sea of glowing fire, fading into gold; and when the east is another sea of most delicate, palest green, deepening into sapphire; and when the snow-fields and the white hills are flushed with splendour, and the window-panes in the distant houses are aflame with the reflected fiery red of the heavens? Not less beautiful is moonlight in winter, so wide and sweet is its dreamy charm over the earth held rigid by the keen frost; at no time can one more fully realise the picture—

"The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare"

It is then that the trees, silvered with ice, and every twig filigreed with snow, look their best. They then appear at their unearthliest in their fairy transformation. The village and the old church stand then in most effective relief, and the lights in the cottage windows shine cosiest.

Surely such winter scenes suggest a beauty as divine as that of any season; and we can understand why Psalmist and prophet, under a sense of glory and of joy, spoke of God "giving snow like wool," and that it is "by His breath the frosts are created."

Every healthy man is conscious of the bracing influence of such a winter day. No one can resist the stimulus it brings to energy. In those countries where, as in Scotland, "the roaring game" is played, the excitement produced by an intense, clear frost is tremendous. "Master and servant, tenant and laird," are thrilled with a common joy. The poorest man who can curl becomes sharpened out of his ordinary dulness into a keen glad life, in which all cares are forgotten. When the lithe besom of broom is shouldered and "the stanes" are placed in some neighbour's cart, and he goes off to the ice and joins the throng round the "tee," he becomes raised so far above his common life as to astonish himself by the unwonted brilliancy of his own "wut." Repartee flashes to most repartee. All ranks are drawn together under the spell of the enforced holiday. Social distinctions are overborne by the greater distinctions of skill.

Churchman and Dissenter, Tory and Radical, Poacher and Gamekeeper lay aside their differences and meet like brothers. It is splendid to see the eagerness of the motley group as the deciding shot has to be played, and the "skip" studies how it can be done best, consulting with old cronies as to how this stone can be cleared off and that other moved, "wi' a chap that might jist break an egg," and so an avenue be made for the "tee" shot, without losing a good second. And when at last the player bends eye and hand and back to the line, and the stone whirls off on the rink, what a shout greets it as it spins on its career! a dozen strong arms are sweeping in front of it, and with a roar of triumph its victory is declared as with a nicely calculated series of cannons it whirls to its seat. If the winter day is brief, it is for the common people perhaps the brightest in their year.

And we also know that, although the earth is hard as stone and the streams are bound in iron, and all vegetable life is arrested and nature seems to stagnate, the winter fulfils its own useful purpose, for it ministers influences of the greatest value in the time of spring, and reaching through summer to the golden harvest. The frost is a true fellow-worker with the agriculturist. He rejoices to see it penetrating the up-turned soil, for although the plough rests in the furrow and man's labour has ceased, there is a better work being done in the fields than human hands could accomplish. Everything has its season, and the sharper the frost the better is it for the land when spring comes.

Winter also produces benefits in other directions. Its moral influence is healthy. It makes home precious. Families gather by the fire and the long evenings are consecrated to domestic intercourse. The gatherings of friends at Christmas and New Year are the natural outcome of the social feelings which the season excites. Being then driven in-doors we wish to see the home filled with happy faces. The boys come back from school, and relations of every rank and degree expect a welcome. In the houses of the rich, guests arrive to make old-fashioned visits, because "homelier" in their character than at other times. The poorest peasant expects his "laddie" or his "lass" who may be away at business to return then, and to brighten the hearth with their stories of life. And winter brings better results, for our own warm fireside begets thoughts of sympathy for the poor and hungry. Even the homeless tramp does not appeal in vain when he trudges through the snow. As hospitality flourishes most in countries where there are few comforts for travellers, so the desire to help our suffering brothers and sisters is stimulated by the severity of the cold, and by the contrast between our own comfort and their wretchedness. The hardness of the winter rouses unusual thoughtfulness for others. When we imagine what others are enduring we are compelled, as it were, to be kindly, and dare not ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?" And so the cold of winter intensifies the warmth of human charity, and the veriest churl obeys the instinctive desire to share something with the poor.

The teaching of winter has wider applications. It is natural that men, in all ages, should see their own lives reflected in the changes of the seasons. Springtide, with the sowing of the seeds that are afterwards to be reaped, becomes thus an image of youth, when other seeds are being sown that will inevit-

ably yield their own harvest of good or evil. Summer with its flood of gorgeous life reflects the richness of the time when manhood

and womanhood attain full strength, when the pulses beat their strongest measure, and when the day is longest for labour, and when the strength to do it is greatest. Life has also its autumnal glory, when the experiences of the good have ripened, touched it may be with sadness, as the leaves are touched with tints that herald decay. But in winter men have always beheld a reflection of old age. We speak of "the winter of life." The freezing of the old fountains of joy, the days of labour that have become so brief, the shutting out of the external world and the driving of the interests within, the stagnation of the blood, the frosts that fall on every energy, the chilling of former enthusiasms, and the indifference to new enterprises present a close parallel to what we now behold in nature.

It may, therefore, be well if from the natural season we should gain some lessons that may be helpful to the aged. Sermons are often preached to the young, but the clergy seldom say anything for the very old, who quite as much need special help.

We may learn from winter that old age ought to bring its own appropriate beauty. There is great encouragement in the exhortation of the Psalmist when he calls upon old men to praise the Lord, for if they have their peculiar trials, they have also their peculiar graces and gifts. There are doubtless certain tendencies to be guarded against to which old age is liable. One of the greatest of them is the temptation to yield to depression and to let the interests flag. In proportion as the impressions produced by the present are weak and vanishing, so do the memories of the far past become vivid. The mind accordingly tends to dwell in "the long-ago," and there ensues a painful sense of isolation, because there are few left to sympathise. Sadness and silence thus become frequently the heritage of the old. There appears so little to live for now, "the game is played out," the old places are empty, and the new people care little for the past that is fresh as yesterday to themselves. It is terribly depressing.

There are two methods by which this tendency may be counteracted. As in wintertime, when the cold and the bleakness of the outer world drives people indoors, and the fires are heaped high, and the lights are trimmed to their brightest, to create a warmth which may compensate for the cold elsewhere, so ought the aged to stir the inner fires in order to resist the chilling of the interests and the numbness and frost of feeling. Instead of living in their far-past, let them try to live their own lives over again in the lives of the young around them. A loving interest in the young has the most benign influence on the aged. Most of us have seen at least one old age kept green and beautiful to the end. I have known it kept to the verge of a century by the warmth with which the interests of children and children's children have been cherished.

Another help may be found from looking forward rather than backward. If winter is the herald and helper on of spring, no less may old age be a beautiful preparation for the fuller life that is at hand. The very checks which it places on other interests ought to aid in nourishing the hope of that resurrection into joy, of which the annual resurrection of nature from the death of winter is a suggestive picture. And thus old age may be made charming, enriched in blessing for itself and all around. For there are few objects more beautiful, and few influences more precious, than that of a loving, cheerful, hopeful, sympathetic old age. "When the outward man is perishing," what

can be finer than to see how the inward can be "renewed day by day" with warmer interests and brighter hopes. Those of us who have ever possessed the inestimable gift of having such a dear one spared to us, making the old home remain emphatically our home far into middle life, can tell how good and great the honourable head appears that is adorned to the last with the halo of ceaseless affection and the aureole of an immortal hope. It is the strength of the fire within which can alone resist the chills that come from without. There is therefore a discipline for the old as well as for the young, and a similar necessity for courage and watchfulness

And there are other winters in life besides that of old age There are times of unseasonable chill, when disappointment withers what promised fairest for our future, and when even the young feel for awhile as if life were played out, for that the objects that seemed worth fighting for are gone. A frost has fallen on their enthusiasm, and they are tempted either to be bitter or to allow energy to droop and languish. All this is wrong, for no true man should yield to the blow of circumstance, however much it may for the moment have stunned him. He must learn the salutary lesson of adversity, strike out a new path, break up new ground, and recognise the fact that if his life is not to reach its fruition in the direction he expected, he must bravely seek to ennoble it by other and perhaps better aims. How often one notices these temporary blights in life! The crossing of a deeply cherished affection or the shattering of a long-pondered plan is enough with some persons to paralyze energy and to fill the heart with the bleakness of winter. Yet wider experience shows that such seasons are often times of preparation for the sowing of better seeds. There are few persons who have passed middle life who cannot recall such episodes, half with smiles, half with tears, and can thank God that His way was not really so dark as it once appeared, but perhaps a better path than what they would have chosen.

Nor do I think it out of place to apply similar teaching to the very real trials which many a family is passing through because of the commercial and agricultural depression that has for many a long month weighed like winter upon our prosperity The outlook, whatever it may be now, has for years been cheerless enough. The fruit that has been gathered has been small. The farmer has laboured almost in vain, and the merchant has had to watch with anxiety the vanishing margin of profits This has entailed a pecuniary distress which has entered many a home where such anxieties were previously little known. The employer has suffered quite as much as the employed, and the landlords have experienced hardships as well as their tenants. But if it has been a financial winter, let us take good heart by learning from nature to be patient and hopeful. Winter does not last for ever. It often prevails unduly long, but it is always a preparation for spring. It may have been well for us to have suffered for a time. Prosperity that moves "by leaps and bounds," and the passions which great profits, quickly realised, awaken, are often demoralizing. It is good to be thrown back upon ourselves, that we may learn how "man does not live by bread alone." It is good to be taught through our own difficulties to sympathise with the difficulties of others, and it is also good to be trained by the very dangers of duty to do the right at any cost. If it is God that makes summer, it is He also who "makes winter," and both have their specially beneficent purpose to serve.

A MASAI ADVENTURE.

By JOSEPH THOMSON, Author of "Through Masai-land," etc.

TRUTH is sometimes so much stranger than fiction that it is not always wise to tell it. I have been so much impressed by the wisdom of this that I have hitherto refrained from putting on record an adventure which befell me while wandering in Inner Africa. Indeed I had sufficient excuse for being silent on recalling to mind the many travellers who have had occasion to repent their ingenuous candour.

Of late, however, I have come to the conclusion that my fears were groundless, especially on remarking that recently more than one "traveller's tale" has been received by an applauding public without scepticism. Thus encouraged, I venture to recount at least one chapter of my unwritten experience of African adventure.

It happened in this wise:—During the course of my exploration of Masai-land, with the object of finding a direct route to Victoria Nyanza and the Upper Nile Provinces, I had reached, after many trials and hardships, Lake Naivasha, in the very heart of the country, but only half-way towards my goal. Here I conceived the daring project of leaving the direct road and making a flying visit to Mount Kenia, the second snow-clad mountain of Africa. No sooner thought of than set about. With a small party of thirty picked men, I left the main body of my caravan to continue its way north, while I set my face to the east.

Scaling the steep face of the escarpment which forms the eastern wall of the curious volcanic trough through which we had hitherto marched, we reached the plateau land of Lykipia at a height of over six thousand feet, to find, what appeared to us then, a ravishingly beautiful landscape before us. After the stern thorn-scrub and sandy plain of the region below, we gazed with delight on the charming interchange of ridge and hollow, grassy glades and luxuriant forest, to which the dark mass of the Aberdare range, rising to a height of 13,000 feet, added majesty and picturesqueness. To us also the air at this high altitude was one of exhilarating freshness, while last, but by no means least, the great herds of game which could everywhere be seen promised a good supply of food.

Nothing could be better than all this, nothing more enjoyable. Speedily we found, however, that our trip had another and less pleasing side—adding romance and danger to it truly, but in a way we could very well have afforded to dispense with. This less pleasing side appeared in the persons of Masai warriors. These "noble savages" proved to be exceedingly numerous, and they were known to be about the most dangerous of all the clan Masai. But at this time they were doubly dangerous. Their cattle, which formed their sole means of subsistence, were daily dying in thousands, struck down by a deadly disease. The whole country was one huge stinking Golgotha, and the people were

in despair, many indeed dying of starvation. No more dangerous time could have been found to enter the country. Like most savages they could not understand a natural origin of disease. It could only be produced, they believed, by Ngai (God), or men assisted by black magic. On my appearance amongst them I was at once seen to be a phenomenal being, and therefore, by their simple logic, possessed of phenomenal powers. I was dubbed forthwith the *lybon n'ebor*, or white medicine man. This was all very gratifying at first, but my pride in my new name was speedily turned to dismay on discovering that the Masai were divided into two camps in their opinion of me. There was that of the El-Morûa, or married men, who held that I was a benign lybon, and would by my supernatural gifts speedily *cure* their cattle. The second division comprised the El-Moran, or warriors, all young men, to whom the cutting of throats and the smashing of human skulls were the dearest enjoyment on earth. These held that I was a malignant lybon, and in reality the *cause* of the terrible epidemic, and therefore the sooner I was done to death the better would it be for themselves and their cattle.

Here indeed was a terribly ticklish and dangerous position to get into. How was I to play the rôle of the magician in such a way as to encourage the El-Morûa in their faith, and undermine the suspicions of the El-Moran and impress them with a belief in my supernatural yet benign powers?

Happily, by a very lucky chance—or should I say by a special Providence?—I was the happy owner of a couple of false teeth (the originals having been knocked out when I was a boy) and by the skilful manipulation of these, in a manner elsewhere described, I was enabled to strike terror into the hearts of my enemies, and strengthen the beliefs of my friends.*

This trick, with the aid of others, proved to be successful for a time, but meanwhile the cattle continued to die in ever-increasing numbers. Their owners began to murmur, and demand some more tangible evidence of my healing powers. My blandishments lost their influence, and my reasons were deemed unsatisfactory. They became increasingly insistent, more and more threatening in their attitude. From morning till night we were worried out of our lives. The natives still preserved a certain amount of fear and respect for me, but they drove my men nearly mad by their playful ways of feigning to stab them or by significant taps on the head with their blood-stained clubs, as if to try the hardness of Wa-swahili skulls.

Daily we got deeper and deeper into harassing troubles, and as yet we had only got a distant glimpse of the glittering peak of Mount Kenia. But we had now another and almost more potent reason for going on. We did not dare go back. Like a person caught in a quick-sand, our safest course seemed to be to flounder forward.

These facts are matters now of African history, and the curious may find them all described elsewhere at length. So far my object has been to put the reader in a position to understand what follows.

Harassed and worn out by a daily fear of massacre and a thousand worries, men becoming weak and sick from eating repulsive diseased meat—our only food, as we did not dare use our guns to shoot game—we had reached camp one night, some four marches from the base of Kenia, the immediate goal of our wanderings.

To our supreme relief and delight we could see no evidence of the neighbourhood of Masai, and we promised ourselves one night at least free from molestation. It was this sense of security, and perhaps partly a feeling of reckless indifference which had taken possession of us, that made us more careless than usual in constructing the thorn fence or *boma* round our camp, without which we never dared go to sleep.

My small tent was pitched at one side close to the fence, while the men were huddled together for warmth and safety round fires some distance off.

I had had almost no sleep for several nights owing to the incessant attempts of Masai thieves to penetrate the camp. This they knew they could do with impunity as we never dared use our rifles. Under such circumstances it afforded immense fun to the reckless young Masai blades to worry us by their midnight thieving, and even murdering exploits.

On this night, however, everything promised well. A thoroughly good night's sleep would make up for much lost time. The scanty remnants of a diseased bullock, which we had been so fortunate as to secure on the previous day, stayed the worst pangs of hunger; then, at nightfall, the sentinels were set, and, with the usual injunctions about unflagging watchfulness, I turned into my tent.

No sleep, however, came to me. The tension on my nerves had been too much,

* It may perhaps be as well to state that all this happened and was described in "Through Masai-land" previous to the appearance of a recent well-known work of fiction.

and I tossed about on my hard camp bed unable even to doze. Sleep would have come in time, doubtless, but to add to my troubles I got a violent toothache. With such a combination against kind nature's sweet restorer, I could do nothing but groan and toss about, trying to find forgetfulness of my mental and bodily worries in essaying to fix my mind now on the majestic Kenia, whose impressive grandeur I had been the first white man to see; anon on Victoria Nyanza, which still lay far away from me through the unknown. More often, however, I thought of home.

Meanwhile the night crept slowly on, but with no improvement in my condition. The sound of the night breeze through the trees, and the rush of swift flowing waters, which at other times would have fallen sweetly and dreamily on my ears, now only roused sad and doleful thoughts—sent me into the "blues," in fact. The only sound which I listened to with a certain amount of pleasure was the chatter of voices telling me that my faithful followers were near, gathered round the camp fires warming themselves, and making their position as cheerful as circumstances would permit.

Finding at length that I could not sleep, and having no lamp or candle to read by, I jumped up and joined my men round the camp fire. The camp fire! How attractive and romantic you think that sounds! Well, to me it is redolent of many delightful memories; it recalls many a happy night when, full of young life and undamped enthusiasm, I have sat or slept beside it. For me, however, that night its sole attraction was the companionship of my negro servants, and the brightness and warmth of the blazing logs. There were no buffalo ribs to chew, and to discuss the merits of a diseased bullock is not a savoury subject. There were stories of adventure, it is true, but the latter had a disagreeable flavour of having happened only too recently, while dangers of the most dreadful kind were freely prophesied for us in the immediate future, ay, on the morrow probably. Talk of that kind was not calculated to remove my fit of the blues. Then it was very cold. The wind swept from the snow-capped Kenia across the plateau in piercing blasts, and it was not at all pleasant to find one's self burning on one side while freezing on the other.

Finding no improvement from the change, I was soon back in my tent, as sleepless and as restless as ever. Becoming desperate, I determined to try an opiate. Jumping up I groped in the darkness in one of my boxes till I found a small medicine case. Selecting a phial of chlorodyne by means of the smell, I went to the door of my tent, and, by the light of the distant camp fire, recklessly poured into the hollow of my hand what must have been a very large dose, and without more ado sucked it up.

"Now I will get some sleep surely," I thought to myself as I returned to my camp bed and rolled myself in my blanket. Nor was I mistaken. The chlorodyne speedily began to take effect. An agreeable warmth crept through me. The toothache disappeared, and with a delightful feeling of satisfaction I became aware that I was rapidly falling asleep.

I do not know how long I slept, but some time during the night I became possessed with an uneasy consciousness—or rather I dreamt that I had that feeling—of cool breezes blowing against my face, of moving or floating along in the dark with no volition of my own, apparently with the laws of gravity suspended for my particular benefit. It was a strange mixture of terror and pleasure which I experienced.

How long this impression of movement lasted I cannot tell. At any rate after a certain time it ceased, and there was nothing but sweet oblivion.

Some time towards the morning I half awoke with a delicious sense of having had a sound refreshing sleep, so refreshing indeed that I wanted some more of it.

"Confound it! there are the Masai again," I inwardly ejaculated, with a semi-conscious feeling of fear and profound annoyance, as I became aware of native voices. "Well, I don't care; let them steal and murder, I am tired of this miserable life," I declared to myself with sublime resignation to whatever fate might have in store for me, and I more firmly closed my eyes, as if by that means I would also shut out all thought of danger to myself and men.

Still in spite of my desire and the evident drowsiness which possessed me I could not again fall quite sound asleep. As in a dream I was aware of noises not usually heard in camp. There was the movement, the tinkling of bells, and the lowing of cattle, mingled with the strident voices of women, while a very pronounced cattle-kraal odour saluted my sense of smell.

"How queer!" I thought. "I must have been dreaming I was in a Masai village, and can't get the idea out of my head."

Still the same sounds came wafted to my ear.

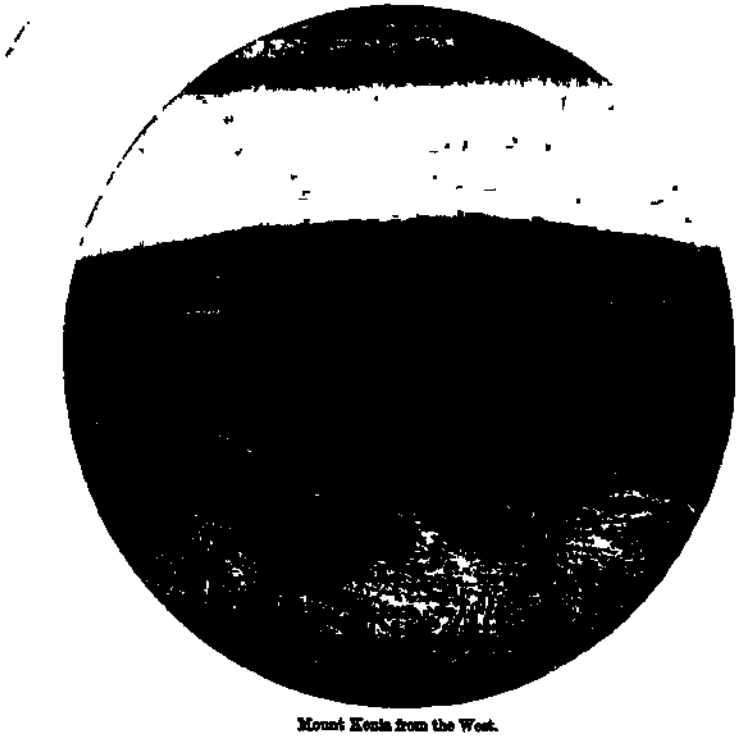
"Dear me," I again soliloquised, "am I asleep or awake?"

With growing uneasiness, I sat up and rubbed my eyes, which were stupid and dazed from the effect of the opiate. It was still dark and I could distinguish nothing properly.

Feeling vaguely that something was wrong, or that I was still dreaming, I made a move to put my leg over the camp bedstead to get up. My foot only struck the ground, giving me a terrible start. I grasped at what ought to have been my cork mattress. There was no mattress there! Nor was there any bedstead!

More and more surprised and astounded, I could only sit and attempt to gather my scattered senses, and to clear my eyes by hard rubbing.

"I must have got out of bed in my sleep," I said to myself with a nervous laugh. "Songoro!" (my servant) I called out. "Bring a light."



Mount Kenia from the West.

There was no reply.

"Songoro, you lazy rascal!" I shouted once more in a higher key.

Still there was no response.

"By Jove! I'll wake you up!" I cried with the rising warmth permissible in an African traveller with a liver. At the same moment I jumped up only to go bang violently against something hard, though happily yielding, and to rebound like a ball back on the floor amidst a suffocating cloud of fine dust, collapsed and dumb-foundered.

"Good gracious!" I said to myself when I had recovered my senses and made sure that I had not cut my head. "This must be a Masai hut, or I am either mad or dreaming." To make sure I was not the last, I made frantic efforts to awake myself. Again I shouted hastily to my servant. There was a moment of silence, then sharp and clear through the fresh morning air rose a Masai chant sung by a band of women. As I sat breathless and terror-stricken I could distinguish these words, "*A-man Ngai-as; Aman lybon n'ebor*" (We pray to God, we pray to the white medicine man). I knew the meaning of that prayer only too well,

for daily with painful insistence, it had been dinned in my ear from morning till night in varying tones of hope and despair.

As I sat and listened with bated breath, the dreadful thought shaped itself in my mind that I was not mad, neither was I dreaming, but that in my proper person—body as well as soul—I was in a Masai kraal. With an overwhelming thrill of dismay the conclusion shaped itself in my mind that while I was stupid with the opiate, the camp had been surprised, probably my men butchered, and I myself carried off captive.

For a moment I was too much overcome by the horror of this discovery to do anything but sit still and try to realise the full nature of my dangerous position. Meanwhile daylight was breaking with tropical rapidity, and through the interstices of the hut's walls sufficient light was penetrating to enable me to see my surroundings. If my readers can imagine what a huge clothes-basket, eight feet long by five broad and between three and four feet deep, would look like when turned upside down and freely plastered over with cattle dung, they will understand what the inside of a Masai hut is like.

When I had become a little more master of my nerves and my courage, I crept cautiously to what seemed to me to be the entrance to the hut. The singing was still going on with unabated vigour. Cautiously pushing aside the skin which did duty as a door, I peeped out, to see in the mystic grey dawn a semicircle of women gathered in front, while behind a ferocious concourse of warriors stood looking on, resting against their huge spears, and exhibiting the watchful, excited look of dogs waiting for the rushing out of a rabbit from its burrow—and I—I on this occasion was the helpless rabbit for whom they waited!

"Good heavens!" I groaned, as I realised how thoroughly I was trapped; "I'm in for it now."

There was no mistaking the terrible issue before me. "Cure their cattle or be killed." No amount of plausible talk would get over them this time, and standing as I was, stripped of everything but my sleeping suit, I could not hope to amuse them by any display of what were marvellous things to these untutored savages.

Meanwhile the Masai became impatient for my appearance. The singing stopped. A discussion could be heard among the warriors. Next moment the door-covering was pushed aside and one of their number appeared at the opening.

"*Lybon Sobai?*" (How do you do?) he commenced.

"*Ebai*" (I am well), I replied somewhat sulkily.

Then he held out to me a tuft of grass to assure me of the friendly feelings of my captors—that being their symbol of amity and peace. I made no responsive movement.

"*Hai! Hai!*" he ejaculated, half in fear, half in the tone of a man not accustomed to have his advances unheeded.

"I cannot be your friend till I know why I have been brought here and what has become of my men," I loftily answered, becoming master of myself, and seeing that a fearless demeanour was my best ally.

"Your men are safe from our spears," he replied. "They sleep in camp and will wait your return."

This was indeed good news and reanimated me with new hopes of life.

"Yes; but why have you dared to touch the lybon of the white man while his spirit was away conversing with Ngai?"

"We brought you that you might stay among our cattle and heal them; afterwards you will return to your men."

"Heal your cattle!" I cried with simulated anger. "Never! You have outraged the servant of Ngai; your cattle must all perish and your warriors become like women and cowards, fit only to till the soil.'

This fearful prediction visibly affected the messenger, and he looked as if he expected to be blasted by the fierce scintillations of my eye.

"Bring forth the lybon," was howled out at this moment by the impatient crowd, while in expectation of my forthcoming the women once more set up a shrill song to disarm my wrath.

I know too well the character of the people with whom I had to deal, and the dangerously excitable condition they were in, to venture to oppose their wishes, and, therefore, assuming as bold a front as possible, I crawled out of the hut. On my appearance the crowd shrank back, while to soothe my ruffled spirit the women redoubled the clamour of their sharp, cracked voices, at the same time accompanying their singing by vigorous hand clapping and an uncouth dancing step.

On getting outside and regaining my feet, my first thought was to ascertain where I was. A sharp look around apprised me that the kraal was a very large warriors' one,

forming a circle of continuously connected basket-huts similar to the one I had left. Upwards of a hundred warriors faced me with an array of ferocious faces which would have been the envy and the despair of all other African tribes. Several hundred cattle, in various stages of the dire disease, occupied the rest of the open space, which had much the appearance of a reeking dunghill. Of more absorbing interest to me at this moment, however, were the physical features of the surrounding country. Beautiful and majestic rose to the west the glittering white peak of Kenia out of the dull grey mist which enveloped its base. It was impossible to form a very clear idea of the position of my camp by a reference to this gigantic landmark; for anything I could guess it might be in any quarter of the horizon.

"Why have I been brought here?" I once more demanded, this time addressing the lygonani or leader of the warriors.

"Oh, lybon, see! Our cattle perish; save them that we may live!" he answered with unusual humility, showing to what dire straits they had fallen.

"All very well!" I answered angrily. "But how can you expect me to be your friend when you treat me in this way? I can do nothing for your cattle till you restore me to my men. Take me to them and I will make you medicine."

A cry of disappointment from the women, and some of the men, greeted this announcement. The lygonani's face, however, only lowered.

"You have often spoken thus," he answered, "yet our cattle die; many say that you are the cause. Show us now that you mean us no evil. Make good the words you have often used since entering our country. Take the anger and the mistrust from the hearts of my young men, and fill them with joy in saving our cattle."

"You want a sign, do you, of my powers as a magician? Well, just——"

Here I stopped abruptly, overpowered by a dreadful discovery. I was about to add "look here," and show, with an ulterior object in view, that I had as good a set of teeth as any carnivorous Masai could desire. To my dismay, however, that was not so. In the excitement consequent on my dangerous situation I had completely forgotten that the Masai had not brought me all away with them when they carried me off—they had unwittingly left behind my two best front teeth. As I stood thunderstruck on thus finding that I was not all there, the crowd with expectant delight cried out—"Yes, show us a sign!" believing that they were about to see me cut off my head and put it on again, or hand round one of my limbs for inspection—those being two of the many forms into which rumour had turned my poor teeth-manipulating trick. My evident confusion and dismay only redoubled the excitement, as they imagined that these were premonitory symptoms of the rising of the devil in me.

For a moment I did not know what to do, till, struck with an idea, I shouted out—"Look here! Did you ever see anything like that?" at the same time tearing open my sleeping-jacket.

The unveiling of the terrible Prophet of Khorassan had never a more striking effect than had the exhibition of my naked breast upon the Masai. The women, expecting something terrible to happen, screamed in real or affected terror and shut their eyes, and some of the men shrank back, not daring for the moment to look.

Gradually, though fearfully, they ventured to gaze upon me. Their mouths began to widen till the face yawned from ear to ear, giving vent to suppressed "*Hai! Hais!*" from the men and "*Hi! Hi!*" from more timorous women, as instead of seeing my head under my arm, they only remarked the phenomenal white skin of my breast.

This exhibition, however, was in itself wonderful enough to make them momentarily forget that they had expected to see something more sensational, and the crowd pressed forward to have a closer view. The *ditto*, or unmarried young women, always the most brazen and forward on such occasions, were the most eager to make a thorough examination. At another time I would have enjoyed noting their surprised and wondering faces as they advanced towards me with the timid air of half-tamed deer, with great wide open eyes and uncertain footstep, ready to fly on the least indication of danger.

At length a spoiled belle of the kraal, and, consequently, bolder than the rest, carried away by a sudden impulse, put forth her hand and, with the tip of her clay and oil-bedaubed finger, touched my breast. As quickly she drew it back and fled, more frightened and more delighted than ever, to hide herself among her companions. This feat on the part of the girl was greeted with cries of astonishment by the onlookers. The spell was broken. On my breast stood out sharply a dark brown spot, optical evidence of the ditto's touch.

For a time the centre of interest was transferred from me to the damsel, who was surrounded by an admiring crowd. With absorbing interest the finger which had touched me was examined to see what had been the result of the contact. To their astonishment no change was discovered. This ascertained, they crowded round me once more, with additional confidence and lessened respect. If I had shrivelled up the bold maiden they would have worshipped me. As it was, they did not now hesitate to push their filthy persons against me, to pinch my arm, to stroke my breast, to feel the texture of my hair, to see if indeed I was a human being like themselves. Very soon I was as brown and greasy as any Masai fop.

"He's only an albino," cried some one at length, as the result of his cogitations.

"Of course!" chimed in half-a-dozen voices.

On hearing that cry I felt that my case was hopeless. How could I expect to sustain the rôle of a magician and yet be taken for a white negro?

"Then he is no lybon," called out another warrior.

"If he is a lybon," exclaimed a second, "he is our enemy. He has killed our cattle. He has bewitched them."

"Then let us kill him before they all die," was the natural conclusion and outcry.

"Yes! yes!" "No! no!" shouted the rest; some anxious for prompt execution, others still preserving some belief in me and anxious to give me another chance to save their cattle.

The lygonani, to whom they looked for orders, was in great perplexity. He evidently foresaw that if he gave the order for my death, and all the cattle subsequently died, he would be held to blame, and probably would meet with my fate. The young warriors, always anxious to draw blood, were gradually working themselves into a dangerous state of excitement. With fierce gestures they whirled their clubs round my head, or feigned with vicious stabs to end my days with their spears. It required all my power of will to keep from shrinking from their threatening movements. I knew only too well that an irresistible impulse might transform one of these pretended death-blows into something terribly real. Happily my courage did not quite desert me.

"Keep back!" I shouted with such dignity and fearlessness as I could command, and extending my arms dramatically, "My blood will poison and ruin your country."

This threat stopped them somewhat, but not for long. They recommenced to laugh derisively. My case was rapidly becoming desperate in the extreme. The tide was setting more and more steadily against me, and I could see absolutely no way of escape, no way to impress and overawe the savages.

Despairingly I watched the face of the lygonani. He appeared to be uncertain what to do, though evidently becoming more and more impressed by the insistent clamour for my death. It was clear that I had but a few minutes more to live. Ere, however, the fatal order was given, the girl who had first touched me here sprang forward.

"Let the white man alone," she cried boldly. "To-day he will make his medicines and pray to Ngai, and to-morrow, if the cattle are not cured, then let him die."

This appeal appeared to surprise the crowd as much as it did me, and would probably have been ineffectual—though, as the reigning beauty of the district, she had great influence—but that the lygonani backed her up.

The latter had other motives for supporting the girl than considerations of prudence or even his own safety. He had, in fact, determined to take to domestic life, and had fixed upon Sekira—the maiden's name—as his partner. Most savages would have been jealous of this new-born interest in the white man, but, happily for me, that feeling is unknown among the Masai.

Through the combined influence of the lygonani, Sekira, and some others of the older men, the more bloodthirsty of the young warriors were persuaded to restrain themselves for the day—the promise being given to them that on the morrow, if I did not prove myself a lybon, they might work their will on me.

I was now able to breathe more freely, as if I had awakened from a dreadful nightmare. I demanded to be shown round the kraal, on pretence of seeing the dying cattle and weaving a healing charm round the place. As may be understood, my real object was to discover, if possible, some place where an escape might be made during the night. I concluded that if I was to be killed that had better take place in the excitement of a chase, and not in cold blood.

The sight which the kraal presented was quite indescribable, from the great number of dead and dying cattle; no attempt being made to bury the carcases, or even to drag them from the neighbourhood. The atmosphere was almost unbreathable, from the

A Masai Kraal.

odour of the putrifying bodies. The very vultures and marabout storks seemed to be sickened at the nature of the carrion, for they hopped or strode about looking askance at the feast, or tearing at the bodies in a very gingerly manner.

My inspection completed, I was once more taken inside without having made any discovery of an encouraging nature.

I cannot, even now, recall the further events of this dreadful day without a shudder. Exposed without a hat to the fierce blaze of a tropical sun, I was in momentary peril of sunstroke, while my back and breast, equally unprotected, were speedily blistered and swollen in a most painful manner, till I felt skinned and pickled. These, however, were only minor troubles compared with the tortures I was subjected to at the hands of my captors.

At first they were fairly civil, and contented themselves with deafening prayers—chants dinned without intermission in my ears. But I made no sign. Their prayers were soon seen to be ineffectual with me; mine evidently with Ngai. I never knew before how important my clothes, and other things which were not me, were in impressing the natives, and now, stripped and half naked, I realised what an uninspiring, what a miserable object I was. Without my clothes, and my two best front teeth, I felt beside these stalwart warriors only half a man, civilised into something physically insignificant and contemptible. So evidently thought the savages, for as the day advanced and no news of any improvement in their cattle came in—quite the reverse—they began to renew their brutal manner. I did not get a moment's peace from their persecution, and again lived in continual expectation of being brained or stabbed.

I did my best to explain that it was impossible for me to make medicines when away from camp, but my remonstrances were unheeded.

"You can show us that you are a lybon without medicines," they declared. "We have heard that you can take out your eye and put it in again. Do that and we will believe you."

To this I could make no reply, though I mentally registered a vow that I would never pose as the lybon again if ever I was spared to escape.

"Let us take it out for him," at length suggested one man, referring to my eye.

"His head would be better," said a second. "There would be some fun in that."

"No, no!" cried some of the older men. "Let him alone to-day."

Others, however, received with rapture the proposal to cut my head off, and would have liked to have seen it put into instant execution.

Happily for me the lygonani and some of the chief men of the kraal were all for caution and moderation, and though the idea was rapidly becoming general that I was after all only a white negro or albino, and a complete fraud as a magician, it was agreed to keep me alive till the morrow, when they proposed to apply some crucial tests to me, such as cutting off my nose and gouging out my eyes. If I then failed to restore them, they would proceed to the final test of cutting off my head, and giving the hyenas a more wholesome meal than they had lately received.

Such was the state of matters when night fell, putting an end to some of my tortures To prevent my escape during the night my legs and arms were tied, and then hungry, bruised, and blistered, I was thrown, half naked as I was, into the hut I had been brought to on the previous night.

My reflections were not of the most cheerful character, it may easily be imagined—my back one huge blister, as if scalded by boiling

water, while I had no better bed than the hard ground, on which I could not even stretch myself out owing to the barbarous way in which I was tied up. I now knew that it was morally certain I would be killed in the morning, and I tried hard to think what that would mean to me. It was useless, however. I could not feel or realise the situation—from lack of imagination, I suppose. It was too vague and indefinite to inspire me with the traditional terrors which surround the great change. I was more occupied with the pain, the cold, and the maddening inability to move head, hand, or foot. At times, however, I could not help picturing the disgust of the learned geographers at home on hearing of the failure of my expedition, and their disapprobation of my fool-hardy rashness in starting for Kenia with so few men. I wondered also how my friends would receive the news, and how much they would miss me.

While turning over these various ideas in my mind I was surprised, some time after midnight, to hear a rustle at the door of the hut. I could not look round, but I felt a gust of night air, and saw the glint of a fire shoot athwart the gloom. Supposing that it was only a Masai sentinel assuring himself that I was safe inside, I made no attempt to see who was there.

Next moment, however, a shudder went through my body as I felt a cold, clammy hand touch my naked, aching back. I could not move and with difficulty I suppressed a startled ejaculation.

"Lybon, 'tis I—Sekira. Do not speak. I come to save you," said a low feminine voice from the darkness, and which I recognised to be the girl who had first touched me in the morning.

I lay speechless, half overcome with the thought of a new lease of life, partly sceptical, partly unable on the instant in my stupefied condition to realise in its fulness the meaning of her words. But though I was then momentarily paralyzed, the girl was all promptitude and action. Speedily and yet carefully she severed my bonds, and in a short time my heart was throbbing with excitement and a renewed sense of liberty as, with a sigh of satisfaction, I stretched out my cramped limbs.

"Quick—drink this milk," added the girl. "We must lose no time."

Feverishly I grasped the calabash in the darkness and gulped down the refreshing draught. Ah! then, how much I felt the glory and the desirableness of life, though so lately I had been unable to realise what the extinction of it implied.

The girl, with admirable foresight, had prepared everything that was necessary to insure my escape. I was soon transformed into the semblance of a Masai by my donning a monkey-skin kaross or robe, which covered my body, while my legs were made unrecognisable by the rolling up of my pyjamahs above the knees and the addition of a coating of clay to modify their colour.

I was now ready for flight, but before leaving the hut I sufficiently gathered my wandering senses together to express my gratitude, while asking if there was any way of rewarding her, and if she herself was not running a very great risk. To my profound amazement and perplexity she declared she was going with me and meant to become my wife.

Thunderstruck at the idea I could make no reply. To tell her that she could not be my wife was to insure my death, while it stuck in my throat to say that I would make her my wife, when I knew that that was impossible, and would only mean her marriage to one of my men.

I was thus thrown into a horrible perplexity. Happily Sekira did not suppose it possible that I would refuse her heart and hand, so she neither popped the question, nor placed before me the ultimatum of marriage or death on the morrow. It was therefore with a sense of relief that I found I was not called upon immediately to make up my mind.

Before venturing out of the hut Sekira looked carefully round to see that the coast was clear. Nobody was to be seen, and happily the night was moonless, though bright and clear.

Our first object was to crawl on hands and knees away from the hut in a direction opposite to the gate. This was a very unpleasant business, and entailed some very painful pricks from thorns. At one or two huts we heard the voices of warriors, but fortunately no one was outside.

When well away from the vicinity of my prison Sekira ceased crawling and stood up. I did likewise. The dangerous part of our enterprise now commenced. My *rôle* was to appear to be one of the guard, that of Sekira's to attract away the latter from the gate. Advancing by herself, the girl commenced a very free flirtation, while I wandered round slowly and with frequent stops, as if to see that all was right. The girl soon beguiled the men from the neighbour-

hood of the gate, while I directed my steps thither. With feverish energy, but as quietly as possible, I moved the logs aside till I made a hole sufficiently large to pass through. With a wild throb of delight I felt myself outside and free. For a single moment I had a strong desire to take to my heels, heedless of my rescuer, only thinking of my own safety. It seemed, indeed, the only solution of the problem what to do with her. Happily for my peace of mind I repressed the dishonourable thought, and waited feverishly for the girl at a conspicuous tree previously agreed on.

I had not waited many minutes when a terrific cry burst upon the quiet night air, and told me that my escape was discovered. That cry gave birth to a hundred others in every possible key. Again I felt prompted to fly. An inner temptation urged that Sekira could not join me now, while every moment wasted would only add tenfold to my danger. Still I had sufficient command over myself not to give way to such feelings, though the uncertainty of the whole thing made my position maddening.

The warriors now began to spread themselves out to sweep the country in the direction of my camp. They were rapidly nearing the tree underneath which I stood. It seemed certain death to wait longer. Surely I could now honourably fly! Despairingly I looked round; I dared not call. No Masai maiden was to be seen, but already the vaguely-defined forms of warriors were looming out portentously in the darkness. I turned to fly, but just then the voice of Sekira reached my ear, and the next moment she was beside me.

"This way! this way!" she whisperingly called, as she struck off in a particular direction with a lightness of foot not often found among Masai women, who are usually sadly handicapped with heavy iron leg ornaments. In Sekira's case, however, I had my work cut out for me to follow her, even with the light costume I had on. For some time our way lay through open bush, where we got ourselves badly scratched and torn, but in our excitement we were hardly aware of our wounds; it was enough that the bushes hid us from the eyes of our pursuers.

In an hour, however, we emerged upon an open grassy plain, which extended, Sekira told me, right to my camp. Thinking ourselves safe, we now proceeded leisurely in order to regain breath. My thoughts, thus relieved from an immediate sense of danger, reverted once more to Sekira. I could not help wondering in my mind how it came that this savage girl should have run these terrible risks to join herself to a person so alien in every respect, so incomprehensible, and to the most of her country-women so awful and phenomenal. It seemed ridiculous to think that love was at the bottom of it. The one thing certain, however, was that she was there, and that she had rescued me on the understanding in her own mind that she was to be my wife. "What on earth would I do with her?" I asked myself in perplexity. "It really is deucedly awkward and puzzling!"

My cogitations were here alarmingly disturbed by a sudden outburst of excited cries from my immediate neighbourhood. Looking round in dismay, I saw a party of warriors bearing down upon me in full cry. I had not travelled a couple of thousand miles and hunted, besides, almost daily, in vain. My muscles were like iron, though I felt somewhat done up by my previous day's exposure, and was still stiff and sore from the night's binding up.

Sekira required no aid. She sped along like an antelope. Still the pursuers were perilously near; a trip over a bush or a stone would be quite sufficient to place me at their mercy.

For a time neither of us gained or lost, though with apprehension I began to feel my wind failing me. Soon I gasped painfully with the unwonted pace, and a horrible fear began to come over me that, after all, I was going to fall into the hands of the Masai.

In looking round to see if they were gaining I slightly tripped and nearly fell. With difficulty I retained my footing, but I knew that I had lost ground, and that the warriors were only a few yards behind me.

The case was becoming desperate, when a wild thrill of hope ran through my nerves as I distinguished, some two hundred yards ahead of me, the encouraging blaze of my camp fires. Next moment, however, I was in deeper despair than before; I could not possibly hold out sufficiently long. The steps of my bloodthirsty pursuers sounded in my ears; I could even hear their breathing. They were undoubtedly within striking distance, the camp was at least fifty yards distant, and I was at my last gasp. But who can resign himself to what seems the inevitable when life is at stake? While there is life there is always hope. A great determination not to die suddenly flared up in me. By an almost superhuman effort I got com-

mand of my breathing for a single moment. Without stopping my pace I gathered all my vocal strength together, and concentrating it in one grand effort, I raised a great cry of "Songoro! Songoro!"

Even as the last syllable rang through the sharp morning air and over that silent scene, my foot came in contact with a hidden rock. With a convulsive gasp and wild clutching hands I went reeling forward, to come down head first with a stunning blow upon a boulder. An acute sensation of pain thrilled through me, and I knew nothing more till—till I awoke to find myself lying at the foot of my tent-pole, and Songoro bending over me.

"Bwan' Mkubwa! What is it? Are you hurt?" he asked, seeing that my head had come in contact with something hard.

Then I realised that I had been dreaming, and that, being daybreak, it was time to prepare for the day's march.

SUNRISE.

THE world is speaking to me this fair morn,
Its voice is sweet and strong and manifold,
It has a freshness as of one new born,
It has a wisdom as of one grown old.

And I would catch its faintest undertone,
The dreamy murmur of this white-lipped sea,
The browsing cattle with their shadows thrown
To westward from the hillocks on the lea,

That softened outline of the morning hills
Against the shining of the eastern sky,
The sunlit vapour which the hollows fills,
The shadows which athwart the vapour lie.

Ah, what can mean this manifold clear voice,
Which speaks and waits my eager questioning?
It seems at first to only say "Rejoice,"
Then comes a doubt it says some deeper thing.

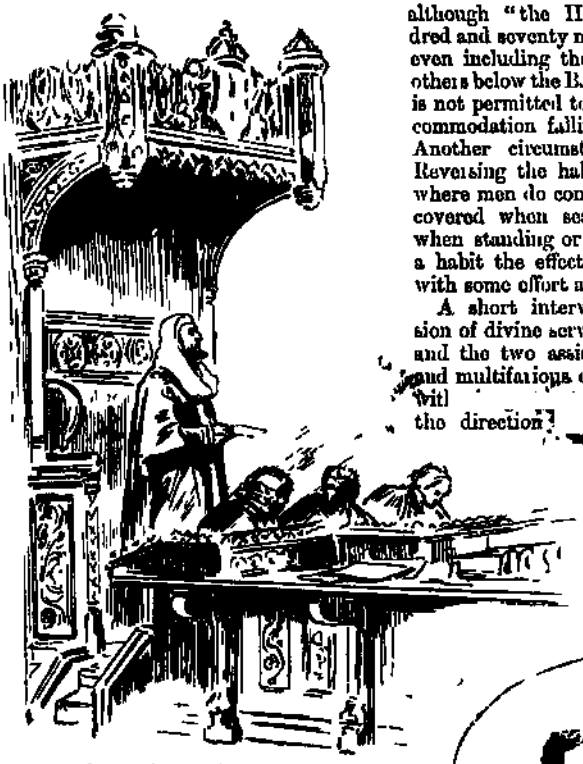
E. F. HORTON.

A NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

By WILLIAM WOODALL, M.P.

"HATS off, strangers!" It is a quarter to four upon a certain Friday afternoon. A little crowd is assembled in the rectangular vestibule known to all men as "the Lobby," from which is the principal entrance to the House of Commons. The injunction of Inspector Horsley is instantly obeyed, alike by those present who are members of Parliament, as by those who are not. An avenue is formed, through which proceeds, from the corridor leading in from the right, the Speaker, with his train-bearer, preceded by the Sergeant-at-arms bearing the mace, and followed by the Chaplain and an irregular suite of members who have joined the procession on its way. The spectators bow respectfully, as the Speaker passes forward through the open portals and up the floor of the House itself. As he reaches the table the doors are closed, the door-keepers proclaiming the fact that "Speaker is at prayers." The Speaker, however, has not taken his official place, but stands at the table, where presently the Chief Clerk of the House will be seated. By the Speaker's left stands the Chaplain, who reads, with perfect enunciation, the prayers appointed for the purpose. Members in attendance face the table up to a particular passage in the service, and at that point, with unanimous precision, turn their backs to the Chaplain and their faces to the hats, the placing of which on the selected seats, followed by their presence at prayers, has secured to owners for the rest of the sitting unquestionable title to the coveted places. It is noticeable that the upper front benches nearest the table are vacant, members of the Government and ex-ministers having no need to secure the seats they occupy by long prescription.

Prayers over, the Chaplain returns, walking backwards towards the door. On reaching the Bar he makes his final bow and straightway disappears. Meantime the Speaker has ascended to "the chair," which he fills with a stately dignity that owes something to the natural advantages of a tall and commanding presence, but in which are recognisable also those qualities "to threaten and command," which he has from time to time to employ in the maintenance of order and decorum. At this stage strangers, who have previously obtained the Speaker's orders, have been admitted to the galleries, though they are still, by unrepealed standing orders of the House, technically excluded and may at any moment be ordered to withdraw. The two front rows above the clock are reserved for



The Speaker ascends "to the Chair"

although "the House" consists of six hundred and seventy members, the seats provided—even including those in the side galleries and others below the Bar, from which latter a member is not permitted to address the House—give accommodation falling far short of that number. Another circumstance amuses the onlooker. Reversing the habit customary in other places where men do congregate, members are usually covered when seated, but remove their hats when standing or moving from place to place, a habit the effect of which has to be resisted with some effort at church or at the theatre.

A short interval has followed the conclusion of divine service. The Clerk of the House and the two assistant clerks, whose important and multifarious duties have to be [illegible] with [illegible] accuracy and vigilance under the direction [illegible] Speaker, are seated at the head of the table, appreciatively on one occasion described by Lord Beaconsfield as a substantial piece of furniture. Resting thereon at the opposite end is the mace, the successor of that historic "bauble" which was melted down to meet the financial needs of the

"The Chaplain disappears."

peers on the left, and diplomatic representatives and other distinguished persons to their right. Behind these are the "Speaker's," and farther back still the "strangers'" galleries, looking over which are certain snug little nooks for ladies, to which admission is given by the Sergeant-at-arms. At the opposite end of the House is the Cage, with its trellised screen, from behind which the ladies look down upon the arena over the heads of the reporters, who are accommodated mid-way for the purpose of recording proceedings, the printing of which has been persistently forbidden under heavy penalties, and which it is still a breach of privilege to publish. These, by the way, are among the many anomalous survivals that give such added interest to the place and its usages.

Among the impressions that crowd upon the visitor, who is admitted for the first time to the House of Commons, is one of surprise at the smallness of the chamber itself. Nor will this be diminished on learning that,

army of the Commonwealth. At the farther end of the Chamber facing the Speaker is the Bar, telescoped out of the way save on rare occasions, a black line on the floor indicating sufficiently its position and serving its purpose. At the right of the Bar is the seat of the Sergeant-at-arms, who is the executive officer charged with the maintenance of order within the House and its precincts, with making arrests and keeping persons in custody, under the authority of the Speaker's warrant, and with exercising those powers and privileges that have always been claimed and exercised by the High Court of Parliament, but many of which are happily becoming obsolete under the changed conditions of to-day.

The front benches right and left of the table are still unoccupied; but a member standing by the Ministerial bench makes, in an unobtrusive undertone, a series of motions, the purpose of which is only made apparent on their repetition by the clerk and by "the question" being put by the Speaker, followed by the unvarying formula, "Those that are of that opinion say 'aye,' the contrary 'no.'" No whisper of one or the other being ordinarily heard in response, the Speaker says, "I think the 'ayes' have it;" and, that ruling not being challenged, he declares the ayes have it. In this way private bill legislation is advanced from stage to stage. Sometimes a member rising in his place calls attention to the fact that he is entrusted with a petition, the purpose of which he briefly summarises, and is then told to "bring it up," which he does by depositing it in the bag placed at the table, where, ordinarily, petitions are put without other formality.

Meantime members have been making their way to the table and silently attaching their names opposite certain numbers upon a paper ruled for the purpose. Presently the clock points to half-past four and the Speaker calls for notice of motions, when the members who have signed the paper a few moments before wait their fate, as determined by the ballot, for precedence. The assistant clerk has before him a glass bowl, from which he draws a folded piece of paper, the number on which being read out, the Speaker calls upon the member whose name stands opposite, and he, rising in his place, gives notice, it may be, that on a day named he will ask leave to introduce a bill for the purpose he recites, or that on that day four weeks he will call attention to a particular subject, and move a resolution thereupon. After the first and more fortunate members have thus responded to the call, those subsequently called formally lift their hats in token of the uselessness of making proposals, for which there is no opportunity left available.

The chamber by this time is crowded in every part. The genial leader of the House has taken his seat at the right of the Speaker, his colleagues making way for him as he moves up from behind the Speaker's chair. The ex-ministers fill the bench opposite, with their venerable leader facing the box, which marks in his case, as in that of the Ministerial chief, their respective places. The time has come for Questions!

The catechising of Ministers is always a lively, generally an interesting, and often a very important episode. The questions cover an amazingly wide range—now raising points of extreme delicacy in regard to the relations, it may be, of rival Continental Powers, or of our action in concert with them, followed by an inquiry as to the conduct of a workhouse official in Connemara, or the cause of a late postal delivery in some remote Highland village. The questioner being called by name, begs to ask (for example) the Right Honourable the First Lord of the Treasury the question, number so and so, standing in his name on the notice paper. Replies are commonly prepared beforehand, and read from a manuscript which afterwards finds its way to the Press Gallery. Sometimes a second question is asked, arising out of the answer to the previous question, and the Speaker has to be ever on the alert to restrain the proceedings from wandering into debate.

But the printed questions, with some extemporised ones added, having been put and answered, a member rises from below the gangway on the Opposition side to avail himself of a privilege which, though seriously curtailed by recent standing orders, remains a formidable weapon in the armoury of an aggrieved minority. The honourable member moves the adjournment of the House for the purpose of calling attention to a matter of urgent public importance, namely the unsatisfactory nature of the answer given to a particular question. Under the new rule, forty members must rise in their places by way of signifying acquiescence in the importance and urgency of the subject. Twice that number readily indicate their sympathy, the aggrieved member proceeds, the incriminated Minister replies, a few words are offered from the front Opposition bench, and

the motion, having answered its purpose, is by leave of the House withdrawn.

"The Clerk will now proceed to read the orders of the day." "Supply; Committee." There is a considerable exodus of members. The Speaker follows up the announcement with, "The question is that I do now leave the chair."

But, before the Speaker is allowed to vacate his position, the House will assert one of its most time-honoured and undoubted principles. The right of voting money to her Majesty for the public services of the country is the exclusive privilege of the Commons. By virtue of this power of the purse, the Commons have come to be the supreme authority in the State. The exercise of the right is, however, fenced about by some important restrictions. The Crown, through its responsible ministers, is responsible for the expenditure of all sums voted, and the Commons can only entertain proposals for such votes on the motion of the Government and for the specified purposes. Abstract motions are continually made, the effect of which, if adopted, would obviously be to increase the national expenditure, but so recently as 1866 the House resolved that it would not act upon any motion throwing a charge upon the public revenue, whether payable out of the consolidated fund, or out of moneys to be provided by Parliament, except where such was recommended from the Crown. On the other hand, the House will not entertain any proposal from the Crown involving the granting of money save in a Committee of the whole House. Moreover, the Commons jealously guard the ancient constitutional principle that the redress of grievances is to be considered before the granting of supply. Hence, with certain restrictions upon the exercise of the right on certain days and when particular votes are to be demanded, it is open to any member who has secured precedence, and notice of whose amendment appears on the paper, to interpose on the motion that the Speaker leave the chair with an amendment to the effect that the condition of the agricultural interest imperatively demands the attention of the House, that there is urgent necessity for a revision of the fiscal arrangements of the country, or with motions relating to compulsory vaccination, State emigration, the conduct of the police, the condition of the Navy, the defence of our coaling stations, or any other subject which has engaged the special attention of particular members. Debate having arisen upon the first motion, the question is put from the chair, to the effect that the original question was that the Speaker do now leave the chair, since which an amendment has been moved to leave out all the words after "that," in order to add the words implying expressions of sympathy with agricultural depression. But the question the Speaker has then to put to the House is, that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question. It will thus happen that if the mover presses his amendment to a division, his supporters will have to vote "no" and his opponents "aye," whereby some perplexity will be caused to the critical constituents, who afterwards con the division lists. But to-night the mover prefers to express himself satisfied with having called attention to the subject, and with having elicited what he regards as satisfactory assurances from the Government, and withdraws his motion. If he is so allowed to withdraw it, the advocate of Fair Trade succeeds to the position vacated by the agricultural champion. If, on the other hand, the latter divided the House, or if his motion had been negatived on being put from the chair, it would still have been open to members to speak on any of the succeeding resolutions, or abstractedly on the general question. But it is no longer possible to divide upon any other than the direct issue that the Speaker do now leave the chair.

The succeeding debate is interrupted by an episode of a very different complexion.

The outer door of the House is closed. Three distinct raps are heard, the door is opened, and "Black Rod" is announced. The messenger from the Lords, dressed in his sober court suit, walks slowly up the centre of the floor, bowing thrice on his way to the Speaker, who stands to receive the message that he brings. The attendance of that honourable House is desired in the House of Peers. The message delivered, Black Rod retraces his steps backwards until he has passed the Bar, as did the Chaplain earlier in the evening, and such members as are so disposed accompany the Speaker in procession to the Bar of the Upper House. Before them in that gilded chamber, seated in a row upon the woolsack, are certain trusty and well-beloved peers in robes and cocked hats, which latter are lifted with a ludicrous mechanical effect, as the owner's name is mentioned by the Clerk at the table, whose duty it is to read the commission that has been authorised by the Queen herself and signed with her own hand. The tedious process of reading this lengthy docu-

An answer from the Treasury Bench.

ment having been completed, the Clerk of the Crown reads out the names of bills that have passed the ordeal of the two Houses; the Clerk of the Parliaments, standing at the opposite end of the table, makes a curious rotatory bow, as he declares the Royal Assent in the old French phrase, which has come down from Norman times, *La reyne le veult*. Not since 1707 has the Crown withheld its assent by declaring, in lieu thereof, that "*La reyne s'avisera.*" This ceremony over, the Speaker returns to the House of Commons, and the House having been informed by him that he has been to the House of Peers and heard the Royal Assent given to certain bills, the short titles of which he recites, the interrupted debate is resumed, and is only interrupted for a short interval when it is understood that Mr. Speaker has gone to tea.

On his return, Mr. Speaker calls upon the member who was in possession of the House when he retired. The attendance is naturally small, and a friendly member moves that the House be counted. Before giving effect to the appeal, the electric bells are set ringing as if for a division, but only one time instead of thrice, as in the latter case. A sufficient number of members flock in from the library and dining-rooms, the Speaker counting them, as he points to each one with his cocked hat, reaches forty, which number suffices for the quorum, the debate is once again resumed, and members who have rushed in to "make a House" retire as they came, leaving the attendance as attenuated as before.

But discussions of the nature of those described, interesting as they do only a limited number of members, and rarely leading to any effective conclusion, are sometimes abruptly terminated by a successful count. Though less frequent under its present democratic constitution than in other parliaments, Tuesdays and Fridays are the favourite evenings for effecting that operation; and a more than sufficient number of members to make the House will watch the operation of counting from behind the Speaker's chair, or through the open portal, until some number short of the requisite forty is pronounced, followed by the announcement of the adjournment, when all—especially the hard-worked officers of the House—scamper off like liberated school-boys to enjoy an unlooked-for holiday.

But when, as this evening, the Government wants money, or has some measure which it is important should be advanced a stage, it is the business of the ministerial whips to keep a House, and they are not likely to be caught napping. The minimum number of faithful party friends can always be induced to remain in attendance under the friendly pressure to which they are subject

Moving the adjournment of the House.

In due course the process of exhaustion is complete, the motion that the Speaker leave the chair is not further challenged, and the House goes into committee

The change is a transformation in several notable particulars The chair having been vacated, the Sergeant at arms proceeds up the floor, and takes the mace from off the table and places it on brackets underneath The Chairman of Ways and Means, who is dressed in ordinary evening attire, occupies the chair vacated for him by the Clerk of the House and is addressed as Mr Courtney There is the same deference to the chair in the main very similar rules of procedure as when the Speaker presides, but members are at liberty to speak more than once upon any question and there is less formal oratory, and should be more business like discussion than in the ordinary

The House goes into Committee

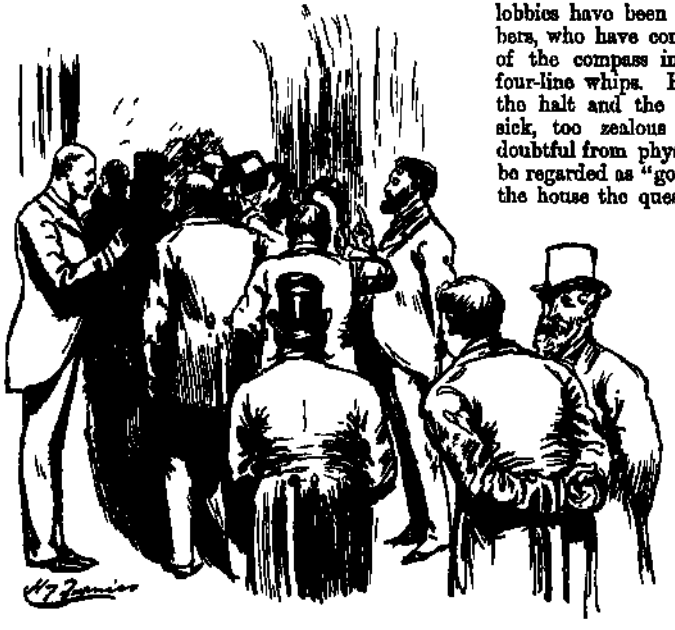
sittings of the House When a particular vote is asked for the whole policy of the department entrusted with its expenditure can be reviewed unless it can be shown that the points specifically raised can be more appropriately discussed upon another vote The chair has to maintain the utmost vigilance, but it is observable that oftentimes progress is assured by avoiding too critical notice of comparatively harmless irrelevancy It is easy however to see that the task of discriminating is one of extreme difficulty, and that during a protracted sitting it must make serious demands upon the temper, the judgment, and the physical endurance of the Chairman of Committees When the policy of a particular vote is raised, it is commonly moved that the amount be reduced, but since, as has been explained, it is unconstitutional to propose an increase, a reduction is even intentionally proposed by way of protesting against its insufficiency The committee in such cases is asked to vote the reduced sum At other times the Opposition members will emphasize their dissatisfaction by moving that the Chairman report progress

To night this latter motion comes from the Government, and is at once assented to The mace is replaced on the table as the Speaker again resumes the chair Mr Courtney makes his report, a day is named for the resumption of the Committee of Supply,

and the Bills next in turn upon the orders of the day are called. The Government has assented to reporting progress in supply, at this comparatively early hour, under a sense of the importance of advancing a measure for further strengthening the laws for the prevention and punishment of crime in Ireland. If the discussion of that Bill had not been resumed before half-past twelve, it would have been effectively blocked under the operation of the rule that precludes the commencement of opposed business after that hour. An understanding between opposing authorities has been arrived at, and such agreements are, with rare exceptions, held to be binding on all concerned. It is clear that a division of the first importance is impending. What up to an hour ago was but a beggarly array of empty benches now presents a very different appearance, as members come trooping in, dinner-dress predominating, and after-dinner humour not being altogether absent. The debate on the second reading has been resumed by a member speaking from a corner seat below the gangway on the Ministerial side of the House. The gangway affords what is practically the only means of access to the seats right and left of it. A jocund member proceeding to the place he secured at prayers is startled by loud cries of "Order, order," proceeding from all parts of the House. After a moment's bewilderment, he realises that he is offending against the rule which forbids any one to intervene between the chair and a member who is addressing it. Such an incident is always welcomed as contributing to sportive propensities, and is invariably followed by a burst of good-humoured raillery. The Ministerial speaker is followed by an Irish member, whose passionate invective, albeit wanting in conventional grace, at times evidently moves the general sympathy, while anon it evokes angry expressions of dissent from the opposite side, followed by approving cheers from above and below the gangway on his own. A phrase of more than ordinary severity, impugning the conduct of the Government and their supporters, evokes loud cries of "Order," and some consequent disorder. The Speaker, rising in his place, calls upon the offending member to withdraw the expression complained of. A little later on, the Speaker is again under the necessity of cautioning the member not to proceed with the line of argument he is pursuing; although, at the same time, he administers a rebuke to those who on the other side appear to be causing irritation by their interruptions. No one, however, has the undesirable dis-

"Members pass before the clerks who tick off their names."

tinction of being named, and consequently no offender is in danger of being suspended. The benches are now crowded to their utmost capacity. A group of members are standing below the Bar, while others make their way to the galleries, thence to listen to the speeches of the leaders, which are by common consent to conclude the debate. Midnight is long passed, and at times an almost feverish excitement prevails. The case of the Government is stated with all the force and incisiveness the practised orator knows how to employ. The responsibilities devolving upon the Queen's Government for the maintenance of law and order, and for the protection and encouragement of those who are charged with that duty, are enforced with impassioned action, the box resounding as blow after blow falls upon it, while the statesman suits the action to the word, the word to the action, adroitly answering every interruption; every thrust at the inconsistencies of his rivals evoking wild cheers from the serried ranks behind,



"They are counted, as they pass out, by the tellers

and mocking counter-cheers from the other side.

The applause is loud and prolonged as the Minister resumes his seat, and has not ceased when from the opposite benches answering cheers, again and again renewed, mark the rising of the ex-Minister who leads the Opposition. There is no sign of decrepitude, though the speaker is approaching his tale of fourscore years. The silvery tones are huskier than of yore, but there is a mellowness and a pathos in the voice that impresses his auditors as does that of no other speaker who has yet been heard. Too ready to mark interruptions, the orator is never diverted from his argument. Point by point he follows up the case of his antagonists, does not affect to defend all the past actions of his party, but vindicating the policy to which they have committed themselves, he appeals to the justice of his countrymen and the approval of posterity. An independent member of no particular importance has the temerity to intrude himself between the impatient House and the division, for which all are now ready, but it is only for a few minutes, during which his voice is rarely heard above the murmur of disapprobation. Meanwhile the division lobbies have been filling with members, who have come from all points of the compass in response to the four-line whips. Here are literally the halt and the blind, infirm and sick, too zealous to pair, or too doubtful from physical feebleness to be regarded as "good" pairs. Within the house the question has been put from the chair Upon the original motion, that the Bill be now read a second time, has been submitted the amendment that the word "now" be omitted, and that there be added the words, "this day six months." The question put by the Speaker is that the word "now" stand part of the question. Members to right of him thunder out "Aye;" members to left of him volley forth "No." "I

think the Ayes have it," says the Speaker. "The Noes have it," respond the Opposition. "Strangers must withdraw." Visitors in the galleries share in the prevailing excitement, but are happily not disturbed. The order is now limited in its application to a few seats under the gallery commonly reserved for officials having business with members of the House. The division-bells are tinkling in every corner of the precincts, however remote. Workers in the library, idlers in the smoking-room, members taking the air on the terrace, or less ethereal refreshment in the dining-rooms, hear the long-deferred summons with glad relief; and Tories and Liberals suspend their friendly controversy, to make their way in a steady stream to where the Sergeant-at-arms waits for the signal at which the door is shut against the tardy comer, be he whom he may. The sands have run their little course. The door is closed. The Speaker calls order, and once again repeats the question, and declares the Ayes have it. Louder and louder than before the Noes will have it. "Ayes to the right, Noes to the left; tellers for the Ayes, Mr. Akers Douglas and Colonel Walrond; tellers for the Noes, Mr. Arnold Morley and Mr. Marjoribanks." It is to be a straight party trial of strength, and the interest is consequently heightened. The House and every cranny communicating with it is cleared. No member within the sacred enclosure can evade the division. At length the doors at the exit of each division lobby are opened. Members have had, in the first instance, to pass before the clerks who are appointed to tick off their names upon the printed list before them. A little farther on they are counted, as they pass out, by the tellers, one for each party checking the other in the task. As members crowd back into the chamber the excitement is intensified. The actual result of the division is not for a moment in doubt, the Government majority is well assured, but will it exceed or fall below a given figure, and if so, by how much? The tellers from the opposition lobby have completed their task and wait the coming of their colleagues. Presently the task is completed, the figures have been given to the clerk, who hands the paper to the teller for the majority. The House is thus assured on which side is the victory, and, charged as it is with party electricity, a shout of triumph goes up from the victors. The four Whips, having formed in line, make obeisance as they advance towards the table. The chief teller reads out the figures, again another shout of triumph. The figures then handed to the Speaker are once more read from the chair, with the addenda, "the Ayes have it," whereat there is another and another burst of cheering, which some of the spectators at least, on their manners in the gallery, can hardly refrain from swelling.

'The four Whips make obeisance as they advance.'

The House has merely determined in fact the form in which the question is to be put. It is open to the minority to further oppose themselves on the main question. That course, however, is rarely followed, and the subsequent proceedings, strictly orderly in their observance, are conducted in little better than dumb show, as members pour out through the open door, exchanging congratulations and consolations according to their respective sympathies.

The remaining orders are quickly run through, and in a few minutes the sonorous voice of the principal doorkeeper echoes

through the lobbies as he calls out, as his predecessors have done for centuries past, "Who goes home?"

Day is breaking as members emerge upon Palace Yard. London is rarely credited with an atmosphere so clear as that through which the broken skylines of Westminster, the sharp outlines of the Abbey, or the trees of St. James's Park, are seen by those who have assisted at a late Parliamentary sitting. Sons and daughters of toil, whose avocations call them thus early from their beds, look on with wonder as the light on the clock tower is extinguished, and as they meet the stream of legislators who have been employing the night as others do the day. Pondering on all that has passed, the mind recalls the historic tale, half legendary in its early origin, in which are traced the developments of a self-governing system that has been the model on which the representative bodies of every other land have been framed. The retrospect is too full and too suggestive for the closing page of a simple sketch like this. Those who desire to learn more than could be possibly told in a chapter of GOOD WORDS will find it in Sir Erskine May's great work—the standard text-book all the world over—or in the bright and lucid hand-books of Mr. Palgrave and Mr. Henry Lucy. Manners are modified by changing times, and there is no sufficient reason to think they have changed for the worse. Men of one age will differ in some characteristics from those of other periods, but under the fierce light of public criticism to which such are now exposed, there is happily no evidence of degeneracy. And no candid observer will have any misgiving, with regard to the potency of those parliamentary institutions for all the changing needs of the future, who looks on as we have thus done at what has passed during a typical night's experience of the House of Commons.

ON CHILDREN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. A. W. THOROLD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

SECOND PAPER.

LET us proceed to glance at some characteristics of children not always observed or understood. The sense of humour in children, though by no means universal, should always be welcomed, guided, and used. A gift, and a talent for the affairs of mature life, in children it is supremely delightful, when neither spiteful nor too audacious. Yet it is too often confounded with a tart impertinence, while it is nothing but the innocent twinkling of a merry heart. Childhood has troubles of its own, as real and great to it as ours are, which imperfect experience of life does not tend to diminish, and which this sense of humour not inconsiderably helps it to bear. It must be watched, however, or it may easily degenerate into a licence which will in the future not only inflict real misery, but may cloud the prospects of a career. A great dignitary is in the habit of asking the audiences which he moves and guides by his sinewy dialectics, "Is that right?" One day he had the tables turned upon him from an unexpected quarter, and he is the last man in the world either to resent or to despise the innocent pleasantry of his own child. It is said to be the habit of this eminent person, in his rare moments of leisure, to lie on his back on the grass and look up at the sky. One day his little son interrupted him in this otiose condition, and asked him what he was doing. "Nothing," was the prompt reply. "Father, is that right?" Another much humbler person, finding himself alone with a daughter of nine years, and anxious to improve a rare opportunity, thought he would invite her to say the Church Catechism. "What is your name?" "My name?" answered the surprised but unsuspecting child; "you know very well what my name is. . . ." "Who gave you that name?" Instantly a look of meek audacity played over the little brown face, and with demure respect, she asked, "Would not you like to know?" Parental reader, what would you have done, if that child had been yours? Would you have rebuked her, or sent her to bed, or sharply requested her to remember the situation, and proceed? It is a sort of test question. I can only tell you what that parent did in a moment of unspeakable delight—he kissed the froward one, adding, as a sort of salve to his conscience (what a coroner's jury is said to have added to a verdict of not guilty) that she must not do it again.

Imaginativeness is another quality in children which need not be too much dreaded, should not be sternly repressed, clearly demands wise and consistent regulation, should, moreover, be carefully protected from sensational and grotesque story-books. It has its pathetic side, which, happily, is open to

speedy consolation. It initiates sudden and adventurous enterprises, which usually end in conspicuous grief. A child I have heard of, with a singularly affectionate disposition, always has a good cry on her father's birthday, because, as she correctly reasons, "he can't have many more birthdays, and what shall we do without him when he is gone?"

The said father, be it observed, is not allowed to see the little cheek wet with these pretty tears. They are dried up before he appears. Her sensible elder sister soon makes it right. "Father is quite young; don't think of such things." Pique or a sense of injustice, with imaginative and high-spirited children, will move them to enterprises which begin with magnificence and end in humiliation. Two children (also known to the writer—all these incidents are from real life) who had been somewhat demoralised by the misrule of a mindless and soulless governess, fretted at the discipline of her strong successor, and one morning made up their minds to run away from home. Their plan was crude, for they expected to earn their living as nursery maids, and some day to surprise their disconsolate father by suddenly appearing in the house where he had gone to visit; one being seven years old, the other nine. Their provision was scanty, for it consisted of one gingerbread apiece. Their strength was small, for before they had gone a mile they felt tired, and their cakes had been improvidently consumed. Here imagination, which before had acted as their enemy, now became their friend. The elder one suddenly bethought herself, "What will father do, when he comes home and finds his little girls gone?" The younger one at the thought of him melted into tears. As both began to feel hungry as well as rather ridiculous, they immediately acted on the suggestion and resolved to turn back. They had already been missed, but their brother (after the way of brothers) had cynically expressed his conviction that they would be back for dinner, and he was right. The incident has not been repeated.

Self respect, by no means to be confounded with self-conceit, is an important quality of childhood which must be appreciated and allowed for by all who are prudent enough to wish to have the child's nature on their side. It was a beautiful testimony to Bishop Dupanloup, on his reception into the French Academy, "L'enfance a été le premier amour de votre vie, et en sera le dernier." It was, by-the-bye, almost his greatest satisfaction, when enthroned in the cathedral of Orleans, that it was crowded with children. What does he say about the dignity of childhood, and the consolation due to it? Horace said it in his own way long before. "Je respecterai la liberté humaine dans le moindre enfant." The art of appreciating the extent to which this recognition should go, and of proportioning it to other considerations, which also deserve attention, is not possessed by every one. Sometimes it is so exclusively applied for the child's benefit, that the parents' right is ignored. The child's rights may be so contumeliously and entirely forgotten that its will is crushed, its intelligence insulted, its conscience petrified, its affections soured. A child's self-respect shows itself in many ways. Some are piquant, some resentful, some combative. This last summer a little boy of five years old was taken by his father on the Jubilee day to see the Queen go in procession to the Abbey. On arriving at the place, the little fellow was chagrined to find it already filled with persons on the same errand as himself. "Why, father," he complained, "the Queen won't see me." For a stranger under any circumstances to interfere with a child's liberty under its own roof sometimes leads to awkward results—for the stranger. An accomplished *littérateur* was once staying in an English country house, and came down into the breakfast room before the family appeared. Two small people of the house were there before him, and the guest observed, not without discomposure, and possibly an apprehension of eventual loss, that the little boy was much occupied with helping himself and his sister to some early strawberries. Rashly, as the event proved, he remonstrated with the child on the impropriety of his conduct, injudiciously explaining that his parents would be displeased, if they saw it. The child listened unmoved. The only reply he vouchsafed was, "That what you say is stuff," and his commentary on it was his going on as before. In a minute or two, the kind father entered, and embracing the child, at once proceeded to feed him and his sister with the finest strawberries in the dish. The child triumphed and the guest collapsed.

It is also a dangerous thing, even when right is on your side, especially in the case of American or Canadian children, to challenge a personal controversy. The chances are, that to the secret delight of all concerned, except one, the child wins. On an ocean steamer some four years ago, an English clergyman was in close conversation with a lady, when a small boy of six years old lounged up and coolly joined in. It is only fair to

say, that the child while on board had been utterly demoralised by the lack of all control over him. His mother was sick in her room, and his father seemed quite to forget that he had children on board. The incautious divine thinking it well to administer a reproof to the child, who had become an awful nuisance to everybody, looked as grave as he could, and observed "My young friend, when I was your age, little boys did not join in the conversation of their elders until they were invited." The reply was instant, and would have been even more crushing but for the fact that the supposed aged one was well under sixty, and did not look his years. But it was straight, and gave much joy. "I guess that was seventy or eighty years ago, you bet." Probably that good man never runs on a child's spear now.

One attractive trait in children must be noticed—their affectionateness. My last incident was of a clergyman coming to grief in subduing a child by deserved sternness. Let me now give a trifling incident which once touched and instructed me, and which in spite of its slightness may be of interest. On the other side of the ocean a body of emigrants had just disembarked from a Liverpool steamer, and were sitting on their baggage waiting for the train to carry them into the distant wilderness. A clergyman was walking about among them with cheery and friendly words. It was a last opportunity of kindness before they parted for ever, and he wished to use it. A little child of three years old was sitting on a box all by itself, watching the bustle with wide-open eyes, and consoling itself with "candy." The clergyman's heart twinkled when he saw it. Perhaps he had little ones of his own at home, and quickly he drew to the child. He talked to the little thing, and then looking for permission from the father close at hand, he kissed the little brow; the other part of the face being in an unpleasant condition from the sugary food. The little heart was touched but not satisfied. It lifted up its lips into the stranger's face as if to say, kiss me here. The reluctance passed, the stranger's eyes were quickly closed, the kiss of peace was given, the little face beamed with content. With this affectionateness, which shows itself in countless ways of tact, and silence, and presence of mind, as the years grow, and the perception of things widens, there is almost always combined a good deal of sensitiveness which, if it is occasionally the better for a somewhat bracing treatment, needs attention and some sympathy. Their caresses, of which some indeed are not over prodigal (except in such cases as a Scotch girl once brusquely indicated of her little brother, "he is always affectionate when he wants something to eat") should not be repulsed as troublesome, or derided as worthless. The young are soon chilled, and chills harden. Their proposals to assist you in the affairs of life, while sometimes embarrassing, often clumsy, and perhaps more often suggested for want of something else to do, need not be hustled away as a housemaid's broom sweeps out cobwebs. Their little presents, often, just from want of thought, not quite as useful as they might be, should be made much of and put away with care. Children no doubt (like other people) derive much satisfaction from receiving presents; they have quite as much in giving them. It is a good habit to encourage, for selfishness is every one's foe, and the foe that may be scotched but never killed. There cannot be too much tenderness, which need not mean softness. All living things grow best at first in a warm temperature. To love need not mean to indulge; nay, some of the roughest-mannered and most firmly ruling parents I have ever known have been those who were simply wild with alarm if the children were ill, and would readily, even cheerfully, have died for them.

The last trait I will notice is simplicity, often frank in its way of expressing itself, and sometimes on the verge of what may easily degenerate into a smart rudeness. No one has written with more freshness or sympathy on the matter than Mr. Stopford Brooke in his sermon on "Child Life." Freedom of talk, and even of criticism, should not be too roughly checked. With all their fond devotedness children often absolutely decline to read their father's writings even when illustrated; sometimes are heard to express their opinion that their sermons are long—a pertness which should instantly be sat upon, and perhaps followed with a distinct request for an analysis of the discourse to be written out at once. On the whole, it is better to train than to prune, though sometimes pruning is quite indispensable. Of course, if simplicity is affected it is odious. In all its natural, piquant, and transparent beauty, it is surely among the childlike qualities which are worthy of imitation by those who have ceased to be children, and about which One, Who loved children, once said, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (*To be continued.*)

THROUGH HUDSON'S STRAIT AND BAY.

A Naval Officer's Holiday Trip.

By COMMODORE A. H. MARKHAM, R.N.

Author of "The Great Frozen Sea," etc.

IN the afternoon of the 24th June, I found myself once more on board the old *Alert*, and, as in days of yore, bound to "unpathed waters, undreamed shores."

A dreamy, misty future lay before me, whilst a somewhat exciting, but refreshing uncertainty pervaded my mind, regarding the result of my enterprise.

The familiar sound of the engines as we steamed out of Halifax harbour, reminded me of many an anxious, as also many a happy, day spent in the old ship, but there, alas! all similitude ceased, and I was reminded of my position by seeing the blue ensign of the Dominion of Canada flying from the peak, where fluttered, in by-gone days, our own grand white ensign; thus forcibly bringing to my mind the fact that I was only a passenger, and that the *Alert* had fallen from the high place she once occupied on the list of the Royal Navy, and must now be regarded simply in the light of an ordinary vessel belonging to the mercantile marine of Canada, and acting under the orders of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries for the Government of that colony.

The first three or four days at sea were not comfortable ones. A strong head wind was blowing, accompanied by an unpleasant confused sea in which the *Alert*, always noted for her particularly lively qualities, tumbled about considerably, added to which we were enveloped in a dense fog, and experienced much rain. The 29th, however, was fine and clear, and we were able to make good progress, steaming through the Strait of Belleisle, and leaving the coast of Newfoundland, the land, as one of my messmates, a native of the country, irreverently informed me, of dogs, fogs, and cod-fish, far behind us.

Whilst steaming through the Strait we passed several fishing boats pursuing their ordinary avocations, off a small fishing and trading station on the coast of Labrador, called Blanc Sablon. As this would be the last opportunity that we should have of communicating with our friends, letters were hurriedly written, and a small mail bag was sent to one of these boats, with a request that it might be put on board the first homeward bound steamer that passed.

On the same evening we passed a remarkable-looking flat-topped hill called the Devil's Dining-table, and on the following day rounded the most eastern point of Labrador, and shaped a course to the northward.

Icebergs innumerable lay stranded along the shore, some of them of very large dimensions, and birds, peculiar to the northern regions, flew around. Amongst them I noticed my old friends the looms and fulmar petrels, as well as skuas and puffins, the latter in countless numbers, and so fat as to be hardly able to fly.

Already we had experienced a marked change in the temperature, the thermometer during the six days that had elapsed since we left Halifax having fallen nearly 30°, viz. from 66° to 37°. At midnight there was a brilliant display of aurora to the northward; it was so bright that, although the sun had set nearly three hours before, small print was distinctly legible on the upper deck by its light. The colours were of a bright orange and violet, and the coruscations were exceedingly brilliant. Luminous streamers shot up, at intervals, vertically from the horizon to the zenith, lasting several seconds and then gradually fading away. Altogether it was one of the finest auroræ I had ever seen.

The 2nd of July gave the uninitiated on board the *Alert* their first experience of a real Arctic day, with its most unpleasant and disagreeable accompaniments, namely wind, cold, snow and ice, for the morning was ushered in by a stiff northerly gale, snow was falling, the weather was gloomy and misty, and the ship was surrounded by loose drifting ice, whilst the temperature was down to freezing point. Coleridge surely had in his imagination such a scene as that on which we gazed on the morning of the 2nd of July, when he wrote—

> "And now there came both mist and snow,
> And it grew wondrous cold;
> And ice mast-high came floating by
> As green as emerald."

One of the icebergs that we passed was estimated to be at least 200 feet in height, and half a mile in length; a magnificent, noble

fellow, whose summit towered over the tops of all adjacent bergs. It must, indeed, have been of enormous dimensions when it was originally separated from its parent glacier, to float, as a fragmentary piece of ice, down to the warmer waters of the south.

It was a grand sight to witness the blue waves dashing up in their headlong career against the crystal sides of the bergs, apparently intent on overwhelming them with their irresistible force, expending their energies in their first furious but impotent assault, and then falling back, broken and subdued, to mingle again with their own element, ready to renew the attack with redoubled energy and strength

Our ship, rigging, masts, and yards were all covered with snow and frost-rime, reminding me very much of little toy vessels that are sometimes seen decorating the tops of Christmas cakes Altogether, our surroundings presented a very cheerless and wintry appearance, which was enhanced by the bitter cold wind that was blowing.

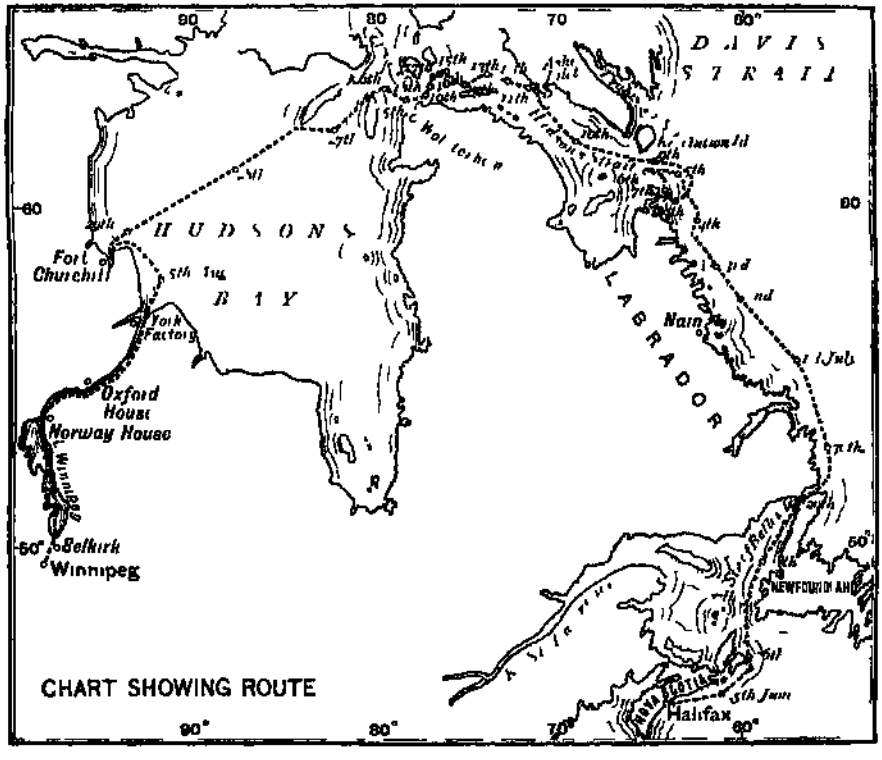


CHART SHOWING ROUTE

On the following day, however, everything appeared to have undergone a complete change, and enabled us to enjoy, what I may call, a real Arctic day in its most agreeable and acceptable aspect. A bright sun shone down upon us out of a perfectly clear and cloudless sky; there was a crispy, healthy feeling about the air as we inhaled it when we went on deck; the ship lazily rocked, almost imperceptibly, on the surface of a smooth and nearly quiescent sea of a deep blue colour, whilst around us floated innumerable pieces of ice, of quaint and fantastic forms, resembling, more than anything else, colossal swans disporting themselves on the bosom of some inland lake.

A truly fine day in the northern regions—and a fine day is by no means exceptional—is really very enjoyable; and following, as it invariably does, after dirty weather, is all the more thoroughly appreciated.

About twenty miles off, with its outline conspicuously defined against the clear blue sky beyond, was the coast of Labrador, a bleak and inhospitable-looking country, the utter sterility of which appeared its most no-

ticeable feature; the summits of the hills and the valleys were still retaining their wintry garb of snow. The view that we obtained of it reminded me very much of the southern coast of Greenland, the barrenness and "loathsomeness" of which induced sturdy old John Davis to name it the Land of Desolation. As we passed along the land, the distant hills—especially those far inland—were much distorted by mirage, and assumed all sorts of curious shapes, many having the appearance of being drawn up into the sky, with no visible connection between their summits and their bases.

Although surrounded by loose sailing ice, we experienced no difficulty in threading our way through it; and, with the exercise of a little care, we were able to avoid coming into contact with the heavier submerged pieces that were occasionally met.

A great deal of the ice that we passed was of a very dirty colour; some pieces were almost black, as if covered with earth. This discoloured ice is called by the whalers "foxy ice," the discolouration being probably caused by dust, &c., blown over it from the shore. If this is a true explanation, its presence so far to seaward would tend to show an early disruption of the pack, for the discoloured ice that we met, we must infer, was the ice that was adhering to the land during the winter, and, consequently, the last to break adrift in the spring.

There is, however, another theory regarding the discolouration of this ice, and that is that it may be due to the presence of diatomaceæ, or some other infusoriæ in the water prior to congealment. It is well known that medusæ form the principal food of the whale, and its presence is always known by the inky darkness of the water. Whalers invariably search for what they call the "black water," knowing well that whales are sure to be found in its neighbourhood; so that this water, being frozen, may also account for the discolouration of the ice we saw. I am, however, in favour of the first-named theory, namely, that the discolouration is due to dirt and dust blown from the shore on to the pack.

On the morning of the 4th of July, being abreast of Nachvak Inlet, on the coast of Labrador, near which is established a post of the Hudson's Bay Company, an attempt was made to enter, but the ice was found to be so tightly packed close into the shore, that it was deemed undesirable to persevere in our endeavours to get in, as we could only have done so at the expense of much coal—a very precious article when the supply is limited—so the attempt was abandoned, and we proceeded on our way northwards.

During the day we saw a large number of walruses in herds, varying from three to six in each, lying dreamily basking in the sun, on small pieces of ice, but being Sunday, no attempt was made to molest them. A few seals were also seen close alongside in the water, staring at us inquisitively with their large, beautiful eyes, and with a decidedly human expression on their wistful faces; but they, likewise, and for the same reason, were not molested.

Another brilliant display of aurora was seen during the evening. On this occasion it took the form of an irregular arch along the eastern sky. Near to the horizon the colour was of a deep orange, blending gradually into a rich gold. The greatest intensity of brilliancy was along the top of the arch. No streamers were visible, but vivid luminous patches would suddenly appear in the heavens near the zenith, and then fade gradually away. These luminous patches occasionally seen with auroræ are, I think, the same so frequently alluded to by the old navigators as the "pettie dancers."

For the next four days our progress was sadly interfered with, and our movements much hampered, by ice and fog. Either one of these enemies to navigation is bad enough by itself, but when combined they form serious obstacles to progression. We were certainly most unfortunate in our weather when we reached the neighbourhood of the entrance to Hudson's Strait, for had it not been for the heavy snowstorms and dense fog that prevailed, we should have thought but little of the ice by which we were surrounded; prudence and discretion, however, were prominent characteristics connected with the navigation of the *Alert*, and they prompted a delay until clear weather should reveal the dangers to be encountered. Spenser's lines in the "Faerie Queen" were very applicable to ourselves:—

> "Thereat they greatly were dismayed, ne wist
> How to direct theyr way in darkness wide,
> But feared to wander in that wastefull mist,
> For tombling into mischiefe unespyde,
> Worse is the danger hidden then descride."

As it was, we very nearly "tombled into mischiefe," for suddenly, during a brief interval, the loom of land was seen indistinctly for a moment close to, and in an unexpected quarter, and we had no little difficulty in boring our way through the ice in an opposite direction to the land, until we had placed a considerable distance between ourselves and

the rocks! We had been drifted in by the uncertain currents and eddyings which are well known to exist, and which have given to the entrance of the Strait an unenviable reputation by the mariners of old, who frequently observed curious tumultuous commotions in the waters in that locality.

Although the ice by which we were surrounded was of a soft and brashy nature, and of such a consistency that a powerful steamer could easily have forced her way through, we were several times helplessly beset by it, and on one occasion, in the middle of the night, the ice was squeezing so tightly and with such pressure, that it piled up around the ship as high as the bulwarks. To sleep was out of the question, for although there was no real danger, the noise produced by the soft ice being pulverised against the ship's side so resembled the cracking and groaning of our own timbers, that it was difficult to believe that the ship herself was not being smashed up!

On deck the scene was wild and dismal. The wind was howling through the rigging, snow was falling heavily, and the ship was entirely surrounded by ice; whilst the noise of the ice, as it was broken by the irresistible pressure of the pack, mingled with the howling of the gale that was raging, was so great that it was absolutely impossible to hear people speaking close alongside:—

> "The ice was here, the ice was there,
> The ice was all around;
> It cracked and growled and roared and howled
> Like noises in a swound."

It must not be imagined that, during the four days we were detained off the entrance to the Strait, our detention was caused by ice, for such was not the case. Frequently during the day the pack would loosen, and leave us in a large expanse of water, with broad lanes radiating in all directions through the ice, but we were unable to avail ourselves of these opportunities to proceed, in consequence of the fogs and thick weather that prevailed.

I must not omit to mention that it was during this detention that our first Polar bear was seen and killed.

Great was the excitement caused by the report that a bear, a real live Polar bear, was actually in sight. Although it was four o'clock in the morning, the deck was soon crowded with would-be slayers, who, rifle in hand and scantily attired (in spite of the temperature being at, or below, freezing-point), were eagerly inquiring, in the wildest state of excitement, the whereabouts of their intended victim. Poor Bruin was all this time lying unconcernedly on a piece of ice, probably asleep and dreaming of some nice fat seal on which he would break his fast on awakening. Suddenly he awoke, and appearing to realize the danger to which he was exposed, took one long, anxious look at the uncanny monster which was steaming towards him at full speed, then plunging into the sea, he endeavoured to make good his escape by swimming.

This was the signal for attack, when a tremendous fusilade was opened on the wretched animal from the ship. The shots were wild, as must always be the case when rapid, indiscriminate shooting is resorted to, for everybody, hoping that his shot might be the lucky one, and that he might have the reputation of being the "Bear-slayer," fired, without wasting much time to take aim.

During all this time those on board the ship were placed in as much jeopardy from the unskilfulness of the marksmen, and their inexperience in the use of fire-arms, as was the object of their particular attentions, and it was more by good luck than good management that no accident occurred. At length, after the bombardment had lasted many minutes, during which time the ship was chasing the bear at full speed, crashing into the ice that lay in its path, regardless of everything but the capture of the animal, a shot struck poor Bruin in the shoulder, causing him to plunge and kick violently, and to snap his jaws viciously above water. A boat was then lowered, when the poor beast received his *quietus*, though not before half-a-dozen more shots were fired at it.

Two mornings after, as our men jumped on to the floe from the bowsprit in order to secure the ship to the ice, they unceremoniously disturbed the slumbers of another bear, who was peacefully sleeping behind the very hummocks to which the men were ordered to make the lines fast. It is difficult to say which were the most alarmed on finding themselves in such close proximity to each other, the men, or Bruin whose repose was so suddenly and disagreeably disturbed. The former retreated to the ship, and hurriedly scrambled up the side, whilst the bear scampered off as fast as its legs could carry it, until stopped by the bullets from the rifles of our marksmen.

We were now in the enjoyment of perpetual day, or perhaps I shall be more correct in saying perpetual daylight; the sun remaining above the horizon until past 10 P.M., and rising again shortly before two in the morning; during the interval of its absence there was always a good twilight. Arctic navi-

gation would be very hazardous, indeed be almost impossible, without the continuous daylight that is experienced during the navigable season in those regions.

After being enveloped in fog for a period of four days, fortune, and the sun, at last smiled on us, the weather cleared, and on the 9th of July we passed Cape Chidley, and entered the Strait without let or hindrance from ice. As the fog cleared away a most encouraging sight was revealed, namely, a broad expanse of blue water, extending as far as we could see in every direction, with only a few straggling pieces of ice, dotted here and there on its surface. In this clear water we steamed along gaily, and such good progress did we make that by noon the following day, we had penetrated into the Strait a distance of one hundred and thirty miles.

As we proceeded to the westward our compasses became visibly affected, and worked so sluggishly as to be hardly reliable; this loss of sensitiveness was due to the influence exerted on them by our proximity to the North Magnetic Pole, towards the neighbourhood of which we were rapidly approaching.

On the evening of the 10th, our progress was somewhat checked off the middle Savage Islands by an accumulation of ice, but so loosely packed that we experienced but little difficulty in effecting a passage through. Although these islands are so named on our modern charts, they were really named by Henry Hudson, who discovered them in 1610, the "Iales of God's Mercie." Their original name, which should undoubtedly be retained, will I hope be restored to them in all future issues of the chart of these regions.

It having been decided to call at North Bluff, on the northern side of the Strait, (where one of the meteorological stations had been established), for the purpose of taking on board the gentleman who had been placed in charge of the station, a course was shaped with that object, and early on the morning of the 11th we dropped anchor in a snug little bay named Ashe Inlet, in sight of the station house which had been erected two years previously.

The station hands were not long before they made their appearance on board, in fact, were alongside long before the anchor was let go, delighted at seeing the ship again, after their long isolated sojourn

On the Coast of Labrador.

away from the civilised world. They were in perfect health, and had spent a pleasant and, comparatively, happy winter. So well had they been supplied by the Eskimos with reindeer meat, that they turned up their noses at some fresh beef that we proposed to send on shore for their consumption, remarking that we had better keep it for ourselves!

All that they required was a little preserved milk and butter, and, of course, tobacco The lowest temperature recorded by them during the winter was 40 below zero The ice we were told, did not form in the Strait before December and it was considered that the channel was perfectly free for navigation during the entire month of November Two

Meteorological Station Ashe Inlet

families of Eskimos had settled down close to the station house and had there wintered They were of the greatest service to the station, supplying them with fresh meat besides skin clothing, &c

At the time of our visit these children of the soil had removed from their winter habitations to their summer tents, which latter were made of seal skins sewn together and spread out on wooden poles Their dress was identical with that described by Sir Edward Parry sixty years ago, which shows that among these simple people fashions do not alter so rapidly as they do with the more highly civilized inhabitants of the globe They appeared perfectly happy and contented, had fat, round, flabby and good natured faces, but were all excessively dirty, whilst the odour peculiar to these people was quite as perceptible, and as pungent as I have found it to be with those Eskimos whom I have met in much higher northern latitudes One of the women had the lower part of her face tattooed in straight horizontal lines They were in possession of three kayaks and a few dogs, but the latter seemed to me to be inferior in size and strength to those of Greenland

Game appeared to be plentiful in the neighbourhood of the station Numerous herds of reindeer were met with during the winter, and hares were reported as abundant on an adjacent island, whilst bears, seals and walrus were frequently seen

Tied up outside the house was a wolf's whelp, which had been captured about a fort night prior to our arrival, its mother having been shot by one of the natives I was informed that it was getting quite tame, but from its wild and frantic attempts to escape and its vicious endeavours to bite when it was approached I could not help thinking it was a very long way from domestication

We only remained at Ashe Inlet a couple of hours, which was all the time required by the gentleman in charge of the station to pack up his belongings and come off to the ship His presence on board was a very pleasant and agreeable acquisition to our small party in the *Alert*

On leaving Ashe Inlet it was our intention to have gone across the Strait, for the purpose

* A kayak is a canoe covered with skin and so light that a man can easily carry it on his head The Eskimos are very expert and skilful in the handling of these boats

of visiting another station that had been established on the south side of the channel, but after proceeding for about seven miles in that direction, we were mortified to find the streams of ice packed so tightly together, that we could only have penetrated them at the expense of much valuable time and fuel; the attempt was therefore abandoned, and a course was shaped to the westward.

But, alas! no better prospect of advancement appeared in this direction, for here also we were met by a barrier of ice extending, apparently, right across the Strait. The sight was not an inspiriting one, but, like all difficulties, it was more formidable in appearance than in reality, and although the ice, our implacable enemy, was apparently consolidated into one large field, it was never so tightly packed as to prevent progress, however slow, being made through it.

At periodical intervals during the day, when the ice would be affected by the tide, the pack would loosen considerably, thereby enabling us to make fairly good progress, but at other times, on account of the want of sufficient power on board the *Alert* to force her through the pack, we would remain for hours stationary, helplessly beset by the ice. A more powerful steamer, specially constructed for ice navigation, would, however, have experienced no difficulty in making continuous progress through the ice that we encountered, and although her rate of progression might not have been particularly rapid, she would have succeeded in accomplishing the passage of the Strait in far less time, and with greater ease, than a vessel with such little steam-power as that possessed by the *Alert*. As it was, we were no less than nine days pushing and boring our way through the Strait, during which time our average daily rate of progress was only thirty miles!

The pack that so impeded our advance was by no means of a formidable nature; it was what might be called a broken-up pack, consisting of a number of small pieces of soft ice, varying in size from about three to fifteen yards across their greatest breadth, and composed of what is termed brashy, or rotten, ice. This appears to me to be a special peculiarity of the character of the pack in Hudson's Strait, and it is one that I have not seen before in other parts of the northern regions.

This peculiar composition is a very important feature, and it is one that should not be disregarded when the navigation of the Strait is under consideration, for it has the effect of depriving the pack of its powers to seriously injure any ship that may be beset in it, the small soft pieces acting as cushions between the ship and larger pieces of ice, and thus preventing the vessel from being violently squeezed. Occasionally heavier pieces of ice, partaking of the nature of floes, were seen, but they were few and far between, and with a little care and caution were easily avoided. This ice that we had to contend with was, in all probability, that formed in Fox Channel, and which had gradually drifted down into Hudson Strait on the general disruption of the pack in the summer.

Surrounded as we were by ice, the effects of the mirage were occasionally very curious and very striking. Sometimes a huge wall of ice would be created, drawn up many feet above our horizon, resembling a solid stone structure, barring our way across the Strait. On one occasion an island, some twenty-five miles off, was entirely hidden from our view by the ice being refracted up into the semblance of a wall between ourselves and the island. The mirage would then suddenly be dissipated, when the island would immediately appear as if by magic. Perhaps this sudden appearance and disappearance would take place a dozen times in as many minutes.

No icebergs were seen after leaving Ashe Inlet, from which it is reasonable to infer that all those met with to the eastward in Hudson's Strait, were the productions of glaciers to the northward, and that there are few, if any, discharging glaciers in the Strait itself.

During the time that we were slowly and tediously working our way through the ice, the mainland to the southward, as far as Cape Wolstenholme, with Nottingham and Salisbury Islands to the westward, were in full view, but so distant as to render it impossible for us to distinguish bays, capes, or even any inequalities in the coastline. It all looked black and sombre, affording a striking contrast to the white, icy wilderness by which we were more immediately surrounded.

It was very aggravating sometimes to be stopped perhaps by only a small neck of ice, which we had not the power to break, and yet to see lanes of water existing on the opposite side. Of course efforts were constantly being made to get through, and it was particularly fascinating to watch the ship from aloft, threading her way through the small, rubbly pieces of ice, sometimes coming into violent contact with an unusually heavy piece that was partially submerged, which would have the effect of bringing the ship to a dead stop,

or, if it struck her broad on the bow, would perhaps make her "cannon" on to an equally heavy piece on the opposite bow, causing the spars, and the ship herself, to tremble with the violence of the shock.

Our progress was, however, more generally impeded by the smaller pieces of loose ice, which, filling up the water spaces, and packing round the ship with great tenacity, offered much opposition to our passage through. The larger floes that we passed, although some were apparently heavy and of deep immersion, were in the last stage of decay, and were quite rotten and honeycombed. These invariably crumbled to pieces on being struck by the ship.

At length, on the evening of the 19th of July, after battling with the ice for more than eight days, we succeeded in approaching to within five miles of the Digges Islands, on the most western of which was established one of the meteorological stations that we were desirous of visiting. Our approach had evidently been observed, for, with our telescopes, we were able to distinguish some of the men on one of the highest hills anxiously awaiting our arrival. It was not, however, until the next morning that we succeeded in getting clear of the pack, and shortly afterwards dropped our anchor in front of the station house in a sheltered little bay called Laperriere Harbour, in the western Digges Island; here we proposed to remain for a few days, in order to give the machinery a thorough overhaul, for we had been constantly under steam since our departure from Halifax, and even engines require rest and repose!

SOME COLLEGE AND CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.

I.

THOSE who have moved anywise about the world and been busied with such of its daily insistent demands as prohibit intellectual excursions, may sometimes fancy that the learned leisure of a university, sown thick with the "lore" of the past and "problems" of the future, is sure to breed audacious speculation, and that the language of its professors is likely to shock, or at least surprise, the simple-minded practical man by taking flight beyond the horizon of orthodox conjecture. But I am inclined to believe that a visit to his old hospitable college would agreeably dissipate the apprehension. There may be stores of immaterial revolutionary dynamite laid up in some of those pleasant rooms with their unique atmosphere of rookery and chime, ancient binding and modern tract, but they do not explode, at least, not with immediately apparent and disastrous ferocity.

Perhaps it may be owing to my personal lack of observation, or I may have been reckoned as one before whom the pearls of academical daring would be cast in vain, but it has struck me that the ordinary conversation at a university is not perilously "audacious." I am now thinking of the talk at table or by the fireside among resident fellows who make such peculiarly cultivated company as is not found elsewhere. That of undergraduates is less easily tested by any one older than themselves. But it is, as a rule, not likely to be profound, except in the discussion of athletic procedure. We may indeed sometimes make a mistake in supposing that the university "man" is older than the public school "boy." He has lived a little longer and is bigger. He shaves, or otherwise. But he mostly brings his own set with him, and judges the world by the same old rules. And they are unique. So far from being his father, the boy is hardly of the same generation as the man. Indeed, the surprising change of the dirty chrysalis into the butterfly is less than that which comes to the human creature before manhood. The boy world is inscrutable, and it exists wherever boys are found, and to whatever class in society they may be supposed to belong. In fact, however, they belong to no class, and are swayed by motives that no man can understand, or even continue to remember after he has grown up. For instance, I would ask, "Whence come the mystic waves of common impulse (irresistible as those which compel the migration of birds) whereby all peg tops are instantaneously swept away, and marbles arrive in their place?" I believe this sequence or connection of pastimes is wrong, but I have no boy at hand to correct me, and neither Solomon in all his wisdom nor the latest edition of the best Cyclopædia would give the information needed. A mysterious succession of street games, nevertheless, comes

to pass throughout these realms (and in the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed) year by year, as surely as the seasons themselves. The spirit out of which it has grown broods over the boy world, and (being there compressed) shows a peculiar concentration of severity in seminaries where minutely observed unwritten laws are added to that code which separates the general life of boys from that of men. Perhaps there is no English product of its kind more peculiar than the social exclusiveness of our schools. In some respects those which are called "public" are the most private of all. They have such severe and secret codes of conduct that if Humpty "major" falls, all the Queen's horses and all the Queen's men could not put Humpty "major" where he was again. Now much the same thing holds at the universities. Perhaps, indeed, it is more marked in those sections of academical society which are recruited from the great public schools, since in a little while those who fill them will pass out into a larger world, and thereby have the edges of their artificial or protected isolation inevitably blunted. Thus (like a choir boy's voice, which is richest and roundest just before it breaks) scholastic exclusiveness may culminate as it begins to feel the approach and the incoming of wider interests and demands. The day is darkest before the dawn. All the same, the tyranny of youth is delightful, and no one exercising it would any more shed off that sense of repulsive unsociability which belongs to him by undivine right as an Oxford or Cambridge man than he could explain its operation. But it sometimes takes him by surprise when he has been swimming in widely distant waters and then turns into the charming old university backwater for awhile, and finds himself sitting in the "combination room," that scene of cultivated conversation, that intellectual exchange with which he may have contrasted the commonplace talk of the world. He is immediately conscious of a curious inability to understand much of what men are talking about. He is surrounded by local allusions, flashes of abstruse classical adaptation, eddies of deep mathematical humour, and academic hints, the key to which he has lost, and which defy his attempt to join honestly in the quick smile which they create.

With one or two Dons a stubborn social conservatism has been known even to take the shape of a refusal to travel by train. The "public orator," whose tenure of office just overlapped my early days, would never stand upon a "railway" platform. No doubt this obstinate sentiment of contempt, which undervalues the produce of another scene, is not confined to Dons. The deliberate ignoring of the world by a few "senior fellows," who drink the stillest college air that they can get all their days, may be more than matched by the ignorance of some worldlings about the universities themselves (I heard the other day of a man who thought that the familiar Lenten boat-race lay between two "horses," called "Oxford" and "Cambridge"), but it is profound all the same. Indeed, years ago, a few lived apparently in a world of their own within that of the university itself. In looking back at my college days nothing stands out clearer than the serene indifference of some officials, as well as of those resident fellows who held no office, to the progress, condition, comfort, or (I was going to add) even the existence of undergraduates. In (I think it was) my second year, virulent small-pox broke out in my college. Several very bad cases occurred in my court, the worst being in my staircase and on my (the ground) floor. But no advice was given to me, and, as far as I can remember, no public sanitary precautions were taken about the matter. Chapel, lectures, and "hall" went on as usual, while half a score of young men who ought to have been in the full spring of manhood were being held over the edge of a hideous death. One, whose door was a few yards from mine, had a specially terrible fight for the bare life. Sometimes I heard from my "bedmaker" that Mr. Blank was "very bad," and when, many weeks afterwards, he tottered out to take the air, his appearance justified her remark. While the epidemic was at its height I happened to look into a friend's room on the next staircase, and found him in full blossom. "N——," said I, "you have got the small-pox." "Well," he replied (he had laid his hand on mine), "if I have [he had it smartly] you will no doubt have it too." I believe he was right, for I was presently so ill as to lie unwillingly in bed, feeling what I have since learnt to be presumable accompaniments (barring conspicuous eruption) of that horrible disease. But in my case no doctor nor sanitary official inquired or intervened. Colenso (then a resident fellow) called and expressed his regret at my having such acute pains in my head and limbs, but as he said nothing about the prevalent malady, I suppose it did not occur to him that I was probably suffering from it. Were such an outbreak to come now, sheets steeped in disinfecting fluid

would be hung before every patient's door, all undergraduates who remained "up" would be plied with printed instructions and sanitary visits, and the college would be smelt half a mile off by reason of the carbolic acid used in the protection of its inmates. Then not a soul said a word (to me at least, though I was in the thick of the pestilence), and the scientific interest displayed in the matter by the chiefs seems to myself (on looking back) to have been much on a par with that which would be shown by the "South Wind" or "Great Eagle" when the plague broke out among the neighbouring tribe of "Chocktaws."

Let me give another instance of "fellowship" unconcern for undergraduates—not so deadly, but not insignificant. A senior Don "kept" in the rooms above mine. He was very musical, and had a resonant grand piano on which his learned leisure led him generally to begin playing at about ten every morning. By that hour I was supposed to be at my books. Every note of this performing "fellow's" instrument sounded in my room. Reading was impossible. The man drove me half mad. Of course I ought to have civilly remonstrated (the authorities extinguished a youth who began to learn the cornet, with his window open, at about the same hour), but some information reached me that in my case remonstance would be waste of energy. My man was not an undergraduate, and in his musical utterances did not, like the cornet player, address the whole college. He was, I suppose, reported to be unapproachable. So I tried another line of action, and one evening bought a flageolet. Next morning I laid it down by my inkstand and began to read "conic sections." He began a "fug — I put down my pen and piped "Marb gh s'en va-t-en guerre." I should observe that to this marked and penetrating melody the youth of the place used to sing "We won't go home till morning." Presently my Don staggered and stopped. I stopped. In about ten minutes he began again. So did I. This intermittent instrumental duet went on every forenoon for nearly a week and was (on my side) watched with much interest by many friends. At last indications of defeat were perceptible. On the fourth or fifth day, when my man found that he could not touch his piano without starting my pipe, I heard him slam down his instrument, stamp about the floor, and presently bang the door, having gone out. I was much encouraged, and used not only to play bits of tunes in moments of leisure, but left a standing note on my table by the flageolet requesting any friend who might come in to do his best. At last our enraged musician appealed to the authorities against me. I could only reply that while I admired his efficiency and regretted my own want of skill, I hoped to do better in time and with more practice. The business ended in my victory; he promised not to play in the morning; I did the same. And he was not such a bad fellow after all, for when he was beaten we shook hands, and he asked me to "wine." I believe that there are approaches to a better understanding between the elders and young men at college than existed in my time. I am sure it was needed. The multiplication of married tutors, moreover, imports a factor into university life which widely affects its social relationships. Seniors and juniors (to say nothing of the private tuition supplied by her even to heads of houses) are brought together by Mrs. Lecturer in a way inconceivable to former generations, when the teacher and the scholar stood scrupulously apart and never spoke together except offi-

From a photo by] [Messrs. Elliott and Fry

Bishop Colenso.

cially in the lecture-room. There was curiously centrifugal atmosphere around some Dons which politely caricatured the presence of that estimate which is said to follow familiarity. I had a private introduction to our master, the possibly social results of which were prematurely stifled by his perversely walking back with me into "quad" one day when I had got out of my skiff at the "Backs" and, all stripped for rowing, accompanied him, much as Friday did Robinson Crusoe when they went to the cave after their first embarrassing interview. I fancy he thought there was something radically disreputable in the scantiness of my raiment within college bounds. I had reckoned on bolting into my rooms (which were handy) from the river, and, instead, landed myself suddenly into his magnificent embrace. He wore a black silk cassock and gown on that occasion, and shone like an enormously magnified beetle.

The only "fellow" I can recall as taking a wider interest in the well-being of undergraduates than his office invited was Colenso. I came to know him fairly well in later life, and a sweeter-tempered, more personally conscientious, lovable, and irritating man I never knew. He ruffled many besides theologians, as when, for a little while, he tried to put down smoking by proctorising (in his right as a Master of Arts) other men than those of his own college; but nothing put Colenso out. The most radically generous spirits were sometimes disturbed by him. Even Maurice (though I do not know why I should say "even," for their theological instincts and methods were widely different) once rebuked me suddenly and sharply for something I said in favour of the Bishop of Natal. So severe indeed was he that I got out of his study (where I had been sitting) as quickly as I could. He might have struck me if he had been pleased to do so, for I would have borne anything at the hands of "The Prophet," as his friends called him. Next day, however, as I was walking down Regent Street, I felt an arm under mine and heard a sweetly tremulous and penetrating voice saying, "My dear —— you must forgive my anger." It was the Prophet, vexed in his soul at having upbraided me. But nothing seemed to vex Colenso—barring, of course, any injustice which he believed was being shown towards such as were in need and necessity—witness his defence of Langibalile. But, personally, he was gentle towards all men.

I happened to be breakfasting with him on the morning when a protest against his book on the Pentatouch by the bench of bishops appeared in (I think it was) the *Times*. He ate his egg and sipped his coffee in a perfectly sincere calm, showing me meanwhile (with no more irritation than if they had been dried butterflies in a cabinet) specimens of the insulting private letters—authentic and anonymous—which were constantly being brought to him by the post. After breakfast I left, but had gone only a few steps down the street when he called to me, saying, "Just wait a minute, please, and post a note." I did so, and could not help observing that it was addressed to the Archbishop of Canterbury—being, indeed, an initial reply to, or recognition of, the Episcopal broadside which had only that morning been discharged before the world and the Church at himself. With all this readiness, which recognised a new situation instantly, Colenso lacked humour, and had a way of saying things which were all the more provoking as they were said with a smile. I once met a distinguished German professor in his rooms, and, being a meek impressionable undergraduate, listened respectfully to the talk of these two Dons. The conversation turned to the foreign habit of duelling, upon which Colenso made some uncomplimentary remark, adding, "Pray tell me; what would a man be called out for?" "Sir," said the German, lifting his grey bristles, "some years ago I would have fought you for saying that."

In those days Colenso was reckoned to be a High Churchman, but whatever parties claimed or disclaimed him in later years, and though he sometimes unquestionably confused opinions with conclusions, I never met one of whom it could be more truly said that he was a man in whom there was no guile. They were not his theological "views," but his self-sacrificing love and pertinacious courage which won for him the heart of the Zulu. I do not recollect that any passing unpopularity brought the galleries of the Senate House down upon him. The climax of their utterance came when Whewell (Billy Whistle) was greeted with a carefully forecast hurricane of himself. There was not, they said, a whistle to be had in Cambridge. Men were reduced to keys. When Whewell entered the Senate House upon an august occasion there came a dead silence, till a solemn voice said, "Let us whistle!" And they whistled.

(To be continued.)

PRIDE AND HUMILITY.
BY WALTER BOTHAMS.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER V.

HAD no need to discover that Mr. Delamere and Sebastian Jones were not wholly given over to the demon of hollowness. Mr. Delamere's books held a good deal of sound thinking and admirable writing, and Jones's pictures were visible to prove his faculty of imagination, and to show that he could draw and paint what he had imagined. But what with Pole's emphatic condemnation of them—which carried great weight with me at the time—and my own small discoveries and observations, I should have fallen away from them altogether if it had not been for the fact of Mary Delamere's influence. I do not think that I was ever in love with her, though I might have gone that length but for another's unconscious intervention; but from the first I admired her and revered her, and credited her with all imaginable good qualities. It was so great a pleasure to meet her that it more than atoned to me for the impotent exasperation I felt in the presence of Jones, and the bewildering contempt with which Jones's friend and patron inspired me.

It was, then, entirely upon Miss Delamere's account that I kept up my acquaintance with her father, and consented to give his halls the benefit of my presence, and his society my carefully-disguised contempt. But I should never have known in its details the story I am about to tell if it had not been for one or two accidental circumstances, such as are always happening in life to jostle us out of the road upon which we fancy that our feet are set, and into new roads upon which we had never the remotest intention of travelling.

Mr. Delamere's out-of-season entertainments and receptions came to an end. The entertainments and receptions of the season, which were of a much more exalted and magnificent description, were suddenly, according to annual fashion, arrested, and in mid-May the house in Cromwell Terrace was closed and the family went abroad, accompanied, as I learned, by Jones. Mr. Delamere found a certain spell of Continental life per year quite necessary for him, and he preferred to take it when the winter health-seekers were all gone home, or going, and before the arrival of the annual summer and autumn crowd of tourists. He liked to have the foreign galleries to himself as far as possible, and always, wherever he might be, he had a sort of haughty and tolerant patience for the crowd. He spent his life in directing the vulgar gaze towards objects of art, and he resented, in his polished and gentlemanly way, the presence of the people he so constantly and eloquently invited.

Pole and I, having nothing better to do, went up river and lived aboard a hired house-boat. The business arrangements which had been necessary before we took possession of our summer-house were entirely carried out by Pole. I knew nothing about the boat until we entered upon it beyond the fact that it belonged to "old Goldsmith," that we paid forty pounds for its use during the summer season, and that during the regatta week at Henley its proprietor would expect to have leave to quarter himself upon us. I had that vague and general idea of old Goldsmith which people gather of men they have heard of and never seen, and it naturally happened that when he presented himself in the flesh he proved to be the exact opposite of what I had imagined.

I remember the day perfectly. I have reasons for that exactitude of memory, as will in due course appear. It was broiling hot, and in the first week of June. The river was low, and the clayey bank beside which the house-boat was moored was already fissured with the heat, and its baking cracks gaped like so many Tantalus mouths above the water, which flowed so near and so unreachable. I was half asleep in the dingey, and Pole was lounging on the deck, making the shallowest possible pretence of reading Roman law, when a movement on his part awoke me from my dreams, and he murmured softly to himself—

"Now what on earth does that old scoundrel want here?"

"Which old scoundrel?" I demanded sleepily.

"That old scoundrel!" said Pole, nodding his head backward. "Old Goldsmith."

I rolled over in the dingey and, with my elbows on the stern seat, looked down the river in the direction indicated by Pole's nod. On the smooth, mirror-like expanse of the river there was but a single craft, and seated in it, holding a tiller-rope in either

hand, was a fat, contented-looking young man of undeniably Jewish aspect. His black eyes gleamed and his fat cheeks creased, and his Hebrew nose wrinkled in a smile of recognition, as the boat, impelled by a sun-burned waterman, whose neck and arms were of the colour of a new-baked brick, bore down upon us. His white teeth, which looked the whiter by contrast with the jetty little moustache curling above them, held the stump of a fat cigar. He was dressed in white boating flannels, and a huge cable of watch-chain ran from one breast pocket of his flannel coat to the other. The plump hands that twirled the tiller-ropes were all over rings. His diamonds gleamed, his watch-chain gleamed, the black eyes and white teeth shone as he bore down; he seemed to shine all over; and what with the bright daylight and the sunny river, and this opulent glitter of the new-comer, the effect on my sleepy eyes was altogether dazzling.

"Halloa!" said the new-comer, as he stepped aboard with a dapper dexterity. "Here you are."

"Yes," said Pole, casting a lazy eye at him from under the rim of his straw hat, and speaking with a conspicuous absence of welcome in his tone; "here we are. Who's a-denying of it?"

The new-comer stooped to the boatman and handed him a coin.

"This won't do!" said the boatman. "I want a shillin'."

"He wants a shilling!" The new man appealed to me. "Did you ever hear such a thing? Why do you want a shilling? What do you want a shilling for?"

"Why? 'Cos it's the regular charge. What for? Why, for scullin' you up here."

"Upon my word!" said the new man, still appealing to me—Pole had gone back to his pretended study of Roman law again—"I'm always being got at. Everybody gets at me. There you are; that's a sixpence. Go and revel on it, go and revel!"

His voice stopped half-way in his hooked nose, and all his n's sounded like d's. He laughed with a delightful cunning and self-approval, and his black eyes and white teeth twinkled more brightly than before.

"It's beastly hot," said the waterman, wiping his tanned forehead with his red forearm. "Two-pence wouldn't break a gentleman like you, would it, Mr. Goldsmith?"

"What a wandering style of conversation!" cried Mr. Goldsmith. "What's the connection between the heat and two-pence?" He pulled out an ostentatious handful of gold and silver, and turned it over from one hand to the other, facetiously blowing upon it, as if to sever the wheat from the chaff, and showing to me and the boatman some thirty or forty sovereigns. I saw the glittering eye look at me to remark if I had noticed this little Pactolus as it flowed jingling to and fro with metallic ripple. "I haven't got two-pence. D'ye think a gentleman carries coppers about with him? There's a three-penny-bit for you. Upon my word everybody makes a mark at me, and everybody brings me down. I'm not half active on the wing. I can't escape 'em."

I had never met so merry and so self-satisfied a young gentleman. He fairly beamed with self-approval; and he smiled and smiled at the smiling boatman, who seemed to recognise a certain humour in him, until the latter disappeared round the bend of the river. Then the gay young gentleman leaned over Pole and slapped him on the shoulder.

"What brings you here?" asked Pole, without looking at him.

"A little bit of pleasure. A little bit of business," he responded gaily, seeming in nowise disconcerted by the evident coolness of his reception.

"Well, get both of them over," said Pole, rising and sauntering into the house-boat. The smiling Jew followed him, and by-and-by I heard Pole asking for pen and ink.

I confess that though I tried not to be curious I did not succeed to my own complete satisfaction. The jingle of money within the boat made me fancy that some part of Mr. Goldsmith's belongings were passing to Pole. I cast the dingey loose and sculled idly over to the other side of the river to avoid hearing more. Pole was supposed to have a good deal of money of his own, and I did not understand what was going on at all. It was obviously none of my business, but I would a great deal rather have believed that Pole had nothing in the way of borrowing to do with the smiling young personage, and yet it seemed from that jingling of coin and that asking for pen and ink, as if money were changing hands between them. Then I bethought me that though I had paid my half of the house-boat rent beforehand, Pole might not until now have settled with the owner, and so dismissed the matter from my mind.

My companion and his visitor shortly afterwards appearing on the outer deck of the house-boat, I sculled back again. Pole

ave and silent—but he was often grave
silent, and it was his manner to seem
antly self-possessed. I could not avoid
ling that something of importance had
ened; but the sense of it was only in
air, and there was nothing to give the
r solidity or shape.

'f you'll wait here awhile," said Pole,
ng on Goldsmith, "I'll go up to town
you."

ll right," he responded cheerfully. "I've
o take two or three petticoats to see
ford and Toole in the Pauly-Tooley-
mic Entertainment, and I want to get
again. Stunning funny name, ain't it?
ly-Tooley-Technic. Bedford's name is
, you know — Polytechnic. See the
?"

Yes," said Pole; "it's a fascinating bit
umour. Wait there."

r. Goldsmith remained upon the deck,
affably offered to beguile the time of his
ing by tossing with me for a sovereign.
clined this sportive offer.

Look here!" said the agreeable young
He selected two sovereigns from a
handful, and sitting down upon the
, with his back lounging against the
of the boat, he began to toss and
h the sovereigns with a flourishing
erity which seemed wasted on so
mple a process. "We'll go the best of
vedteen," he said, "and see who'd have
on if we *had* been tossig. I like to go a big
ng number because it prologs the agony.
call to you on the right hand and you call
me on the left." When he had arranged
e preliminaries to his own satisfaction he
ntered upon his self-appointed business with
ravity. He called "eight all," and even
emed excited. Again he spun the glittering
in, and peered into his palm to see the
sult. "I should have lost," he said. "I
ways do lose. There's nothing like my
ck in the world. I never have a slice of
ck like other people. Now, wod't you
ve a flutter?"

Still I declined, thinking of a famous
hrase in the collected works of a philo-
pher of his own nation, and half inclined
quote it to him. "Surely the net is
read in vain in the sight of any bird." I
pressed myself, however, and he sank into
lence, and producing a miniature book from
inner pocket fell to checking entries in it
ith a little gold pencil, until he became
sorbed enough to forget me. By-and-by
ole appeared, dressed for town, and he and
Ir. Goldsmith, stepping ashore, took their
way across the fields towards the railway station.

I was a little curious still, in spite of myself. I should as soon have thought of the magnificent and refined Mr. Delamere himself associating with this young Hebrew, as of Pole, who was fastidious in the choice of his companions. If I had been disposed to criticise my friend I might have thought that he was a little too ready and too profound in disdain, and Mr. Goldsmith was just the kind of person of whom he would be most readily and most profoundly disdainful. Yet the two had dealings together, and the fat little Jew at least was obviously unconscious of any great social or intellectual difference between them.

I was displeased to find myself clinging in fancy to this problem, the solution of which, however simple or complex it might be, was assuredly no business of mine, and I took up a book to get rid of it, but still finding myself hovering round the theme in a manner which I felt to be altogether absurd and undignified, I walked off to the village, locking up the house-boat before I started, and ordered dinner at the inn. Pole and I did our own cooking, and were getting to be expert, but a regimen of chops and steaks palled somewhat when the pleasant novelty of providing for ourselves was worn away, and on this particular afternoon I felt a distaste for solitude.

Nothing seemed very entertaining that afternoon. I lounged about the river-bank until dinner was ready, and then sat down to my meal in a room overlooking the stream, and read the day before yesterday's newspaper as I ate. Dinner over, and I made it last as long as I could to kill the time, I hung at the window watching the few craft about the stream, when I heard my friend's name mentioned loudly and distinctly.

"Mr. Pole. Mr. Walter Pole."

A lady stood at the steps by the waterside, and near her was the man who had brought Goldsmith to the house-boat. The man answered in a murmur, pointing up stream. The lady said "Thank you" in a somewhat harsh and metallic-sounding voice, and turning away from him looked casually up at me as I looked out of window, and so moved away. She struck me as being overdressed, and her face was painted. She was perhaps two or three-and-thirty years of age, of a handsome and imposing presence, but reckless and passionate to look at, and I had an instinct that she had been drinking. In the mere second for which her eyes rested on mine they were scornful and defiant;

hand, was a fat, contented-looking young man of undeniably Jewish aspect. His black eyes gleamed and his fat cheeks creased, and his Hebrew nose wrinkled in a smile of recognition, as the boat, impelled by a sun-burned waterman, whose neck and arms were of the colour of a new-baked brick, bore down upon us. His white teeth, which looked the whiter by contrast with the jetty little moustache curling above them, held the stump of a fat cigar. He was dressed in white boating flannels, and a huge cable of watch-chain ran from one breast pocket of his flannel coat to the other. The plump hands that twirled the tiller-ropes were all over rings. His diamonds gleamed, his watch-chain gleamed, the black eyes and white teeth shone as he bore down; he seemed to shine all over; and what with the bright daylight and the sunny river, and this opulent glitter of the new-comer, the effect on my sleepy eyes was altogether dazzling.

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"Well, get both of them over," said Pole, rising and sauntering into the house-boat. The smiling Jew followed him, and by-and-by I heard Pole asking for pen and ink.

I confess that though I tried not to be curious I did not succeed to my own complete satisfaction. The jingle of money within the boat made me fancy that some part of Mr. Goldsmith's belongings were passing to Pole. I cast the dingey loose and sculled idly over to the other side of the river to avoid hearing more. Pole was supposed to have a good deal of money of his own, and I did not understand what was going on at all. It was obviously none of my business, but I would a great deal rather have believed that Pole had nothing in the way of borrowing to do with the smiling young personage, and yet it seemed from that jingling of coin and that asking for pen and ink, as if money were changing hands between them. Then I bethought me that though I had paid my half of the house-boat rent beforehand, Pole might not until now have settled with the owner, and so dismissed the matter from my mind.

My companion and his visitor shortly afterwards appearing on the outer deck of the house-boat, I sculled back again. Pole

was grave and silent—but he was often grave and silent, and it was his manner to seem constantly self-possessed. I could not avoid a feeling that something of importance had happened; but the sense of it was only in the air, and there was nothing to give the fancy solidity or shape.

"If you'll wait here awhile," said Pole, turning on Goldsmith, "I'll go up to town with you."

"All right," he responded cheerfully. "I've got to take two or three petticoats to see Bedford and Toole in the Pauly-Tooley-Technic Entertainment, and I want to get back again. Stunning funny name, ain't it? Pauly-Tooley-Technic. Bedford's name is Paul, you know — Polytechnic. See the joke?"

"Yes," said Pole; "it's a fascinating bit of humour. Wait there."

Mr. Goldsmith remained upon the deck, and affably offered to beguile the time of his waiting by tossing with me for a sovereign. I declined this sportive offer.

"Look here!" said the agreeable young man. He selected two sovereigns from a little handful, and sitting down upon the deck, with his back lounging against the wall of the boat, he began to toss and catch the sovereigns with a flourishing dexterity which seemed wasted on so simple a process. "We'll go the best of sevedteen," he said, "and see who'd have won if we *had* been tossig. I like to go a big long number because it prologs the agony. I call to you on the right hand and you call to me on the left." When he had arranged the preliminaries to his own satisfaction he entered upon his self-appointed business with gravity. He called "eight all," and even seemed excited. Again he spun the glittering coin, and peered into his palm to see the result. "I should have lost," he said. "I always do lose. There's nothing like my luck in the world. I never have a slice of luck like other people. Now, wod't you have a flutter?"

Still I declined, thinking of a famous phrase in the collected works of a philosopher of his own nation, and half inclined to quote it to him. "Surely the net is spread in vain in the sight of any bird." I repressed myself, however, and he sank into silence, and producing a miniature book from an inner pocket fell to checking entries in it with a little gold pencil, until he became absorbed enough to forget me. By-and-by Pole appeared, dressed for town, and he and Mr. Goldsmith, stepping ashore, took their way across the fields towards the railway station.

I was a little curious still, in spite of myself. I should as soon have thought of the magnificent and refined Mr. Delamere himself associating with this young Hebrew, as of Pole, who was fastidious in the choice of his companions. If I had been disposed to criticise my friend I might have thought that he was a little too ready and too profound in disdain, and Mr. Goldsmith was just the kind of person of whom he would be most readily and most profoundly disdainful. Yet the two had dealings together, and the fat little Jew at least was obviously unconscious of any great social or intellectual difference between them.

I was displeased to find myself clinging in fancy to this problem, the solution of which, however simple or complex it might be, was assuredly no business of mine, and I took up a book to get rid of it, but still finding myself hovering round the theme in a manner which I felt to be altogether absurd and undignified, I walked off to the village, locking up the house-boat before I started, and ordered dinner at the inn. Pole and I did our own cooking, and were getting to be expert, but a regimen of chops and steaks palled somewhat when the pleasant novelty of providing for ourselves was worn away, and on this particular afternoon I felt a distaste for solitude.

Nothing seemed very entertaining that afternoon. I lounged about the river-bank until dinner was ready, and then sat down to my meal in a room overlooking the stream, and read the day before yesterday's newspaper as I ate. Dinner over, and I made it last as long as I could to kill the time, I hung at the window watching the few craft about the stream, when I heard my friend's name mentioned loudly and distinctly.

"Mr. Pole. Mr. Walter Pole."

A lady stood at the steps by the waterside, and near her was the man who had brought Goldsmith to the house-boat. The man answered in a murmur, pointing up stream. The lady said "Thank you" in a somewhat harsh and metallic-sounding voice, and turning away from him looked casually up at me as I looked out of window, and so moved away. She struck me as being overdressed, and her face was painted. She was perhaps two or three-and-thirty years of age, of a handsome and imposing presence, but reckless and passionate to look at, and I had an instinct that she had been drinking. In the mere second for which her eyes rested on mine they were scornful and defiant;

and in her manner of looking away from me there was a world of disdain.

The lady struck me as being no more a desirable acquaintance from Pole's point of view than the Jew had seemed to be—if anything a little less. The memory of her face and figure stayed with me; I might almost say it haunted me. There was a sort of imperious abandoned devilry about her which made me think that she had fallen utterly out of her own esteem, and that her worse self stood before her better self, striving to stare her down and brazen her out of her reproaches. I cannot tell how or why, but the magnificence of her dress seemed to be in contradiction with her face. I fancied her in squalor, with the great lustrous coils of her heavy hair unloosed and hanging in disorder.

She kept me in unpleasant company across the fields as I walked back to the boat. I saw her at a distance once, drawing patterns on the turf with the point of her laced parasol, and looking downwards. From where she stood she could see the house-boat if she were but minded to look at it; and I had so much aversion to the possibility of being recognised as one of its inmates and being questioned by her that I purposely sauntered away from it until I assured myself that she had disappeared. Then I approached it, dropped into the dingey, and pulled up stream. It was an hour before I came back again, and the shades of evening were beginning to fall. The lady was on the deck of the house-boat, trying the door, which I had locked some two or three hours earlier. It was but a step from the baked clay of the bank to the deck. I drifted by in the growing dark, and feigned to take no notice of her, though I was irresolutely inclined to accost her and to tell her that Pole was absent.

I heard her shaking and knocking with an apparent increasing anger and insistence as I drifted beyond her, and then the sounds ceased, and she seemed to have resigned her attempt to enter, or to have made up her mind that the boat was really deserted. I kept away for fully an hour after this, and then returning and finding the coast clear, entered, lit the lamp, and sat down to my usual evening's work. At this time I was resolute to select and record whatever seemed best worth noting and remembering in the progress of the day—thoughts, impressions, descriptions, scraps of all sorts. I was engaged in this way and quite absorbed in my task, when the door was thrust suddenly and noisily open, and turning a startled look that way, I saw the lady standing before me.

She stared at me with a sort of haughty and angry surprise, as though the chamber had belonged to her and I had been an intruder.

"Where is Mr. Pole?" she asked me, curtly and disdainfully.

"He has gone to town," I answered.

"You heard me asking for him at the inn," she said, with the same curt disdain of words and tone; "why did you not tell me then that he was gone to town?"

"I beg your pardon," I answered. "It did not occur to me."

"It did not occur," she said, in a voice of explanatory suavity as if she addressed some third person. Then—"I will wait until he returns."

She entered, closed the door behind her, and sat down. I made no objection to this, though I am afraid I showed no enthusiasm of welcome. She sat in silence, and when I made a motion to place the lamp nearer to her and to set a little heap of books beside her so that she might occupy herself, she moved me away contemptuously. Except for an occasional tapping of the foot upon the floor, which bespoke either anger or impatience, she made no sound; and when I had offered one or two casual awkward observations and had received no more sign of heed or answer than if I had addressed a graven image, I also relapsed into silence. A half-hour of excessive discomfort—on my side, at least—went by, and then came the sound of a tuneful whistle which I knew for Pole's. My companion recognised it also, and rising to her feet stood facing the door.

A mere moment later Pole leapt on the deck and the vessel swayed faintly. Then the door opened, and I saw Pole's face look in with its usual aspect of idle insouciance. Underlying that lazy, careless look there was always an expression of waiting courage, and I had always thought that Pole, if he were really awakened, would be an awkward enemy. His eyes blazed into swift anger as he caught sight of the waiting figure, but he resumed his usual look almost at once. He stuck his hands into his pockets and nodded at me, presenting so complete a picture of his common self that I was more than half inclined to doubt my impression of a few seconds earlier.

"That you, Adelaide?" he said. "I'll walk to the railway station with you. We'll talk as we go."

She answered never a word, but followed him into the darkness.

CHAPTER VI

When Pole came back again in the course of about an hour, he began to swing his hammock and otherwise to prepare for the night. For my own part, I had to pretend to be not in the least interested by his visitors, but I knew that my manner seemed odd and constrained, and my very desire that he should notice nothing seemed at last insistent and impertinent. I arranged my own hammock, and drew the curtain which separated us for the night across the chamber, but I had only just addressed myself to sleep when he drew it back again and addressed me. The gleam of his pipe shone in the darkness, and revealed his eyes and the tip of his nose by occasional glimpses.

"Did that woman tell you anything, Denham?" he asked.

"Nothing," I answered. "She asked for you, and when I told her you had gone to town she said she would wait."

"Was she here long before I came?"

"About half an hour."

He was silent for a minute or two, but smoking furiously, as I could see through the darkness, by the alternate glow and fading of the pipe.

"I don't know why I shouldn't tell you," he said, at the end of this pause. "You'll hold your tongue about it."

"If you want to tell me anything that you want kept secret it shall never be talked about."

"Very well. That's my wife."

I think I was too astonished to reply. He was quiet for a time, and then he laughed oddly.

"We were married four years ago. I remember tipping the pew-opener. She let off an old joke on me: 'You've tied a knot with your tongue that you can't undo with your teeth.'"

He laughed again in the same odd way as before, and I made no answer. I did not see what could be said to be of service. My head whirled, and I thought of all sorts of ridiculous things, congratulations and condolences, but luckily none of them passed my lips. Pole said no more. I heard him lay his pipe down carefully, and I heard him settling himself in his hammock. Then I listened to the lap of the water on the boat and the stir and rustle of the leaves which hung above the roof, and the nibbling of a lonely rat who had his home in the well, and defied all our efforts to entrap him. I had never until then felt so dreary and unhappy in my life, and I lay awake the greater part of the night thinking of Pole and pitying him, and wondering what the history might be.

He was precisely like himself next morning, and precisely like himself for many days afterwards, and for a long time there was no more said between us. I thought then and still think, that he took my silence as the most friendly and acceptable thing I had to offer, and that he liked me the better for it. On his side the revelation of an unhappy secret, and on my side the knowledge of it, seemed to draw us closer. But he seemed to desire that I should treat the revelation as if I had forgotten it, and with every day it grew to be less possible to speak of it. So between us we buried it for the time.

If I have not conveyed a sufficing picture of the woman, my feeling about Pole's union with her will seem exaggerated, unless indeed the feeling itself be translated into the picture, and is seen as a reasonable part of it. I have now lived twice the years I had then known, and have seen the world of men and women far and wide, but I have never met anything to equal the hate and pride and self-disdain of her face. "I know you hate me. Well, I hate you, and despise you, and I hate myself and all the world." The proud eyes, and the haggard, painted face said these things plainly, and never failed to say them in my imagination when I recalled her. A dreadful, hateful, ruined face. A woman to pity and avoid.

Naturally enough she had not seemed so dreadful at first as she became when I knew of Pole's connection with her. We pass people in the street every day with absolutely no feeling, who would inspire us with an awful terror and aversion if they were in any way wound about our own lives, or the lives of our friends.

Then, naturally enough again, I began to regard my friend with different eyes, and with new light upon him began to see and to understand things which I had not hitherto noticed. His ordinary idle and tranquil ways deceived me no more, and I saw in him chiefly a settled determination not to be cast down. Being impelled to notice him as I was I began to see also that his apparent ease of demeanour covered a good deal of shyness. His lounging air gave somehow an impression of complete coolness and savoir faire, but this on closer knowledge of him became transparent. Perhaps in the warmth of my sympathy I exaggerated what I saw in him, but I began to think him far more

sensitive, more retiring and sympathetic, than a score of people I know who more or less laid claim to these qualities, and I came to regard him as a man rather unusually prone to suffer, though uncommonly well able to conceal his pains.

The regatta week came, the house-boat was towed up to Henley, and Mr. Goldsmith arrived with a great kit of the most amazing, glaring river costumes I ever yet beheld. Pole treated him with a remarkable coolness, and yet on more than one occasion I came upon them talking with great seriousness and an air of confidence. Their conversation always came to an immediate end with my appearance, and somehow without knowing very precisely why, I associated Goldsmith with Pole's unhappy union, and supposed that their talks together in some way related to it.

There was no man on the river who was quite as aquatic in his aspect as Goldsmith, but he was the most useless of cockneys in a boat. On the second day of the regatta, he was making prodigious efforts to get out of the course, and was being objurgated from a score of quarters at once, when he ran full tilt into a very handsome and delicate craft, in which were seated two ladies and a gentleman, the latter very jovial to look at, but short in temper as it proved. The handsome craft was lying immediately below our house-boat, and Pole, who had cast aside his usual quiet for the moment, was roaring unheeded instructions to the fat little Jew to back water and to look where he was going, and so on. The proprietor of the endangered craft was vainly striving to get past the ladies to break the shock of the advancing boat, when crash it came, started a plank or two, and threw the ladies and their companion into a struggling heap. The gentleman first emerged from the pile, and had a dreadful struggle with himself not to say things which should prejudice him for ever in the eyes of his companions. I knew so well the kind of relief for which his nature at that moment clamoured, that I trembled for him. But in a while he dared to give utterance to his feelings.

"Go home, sir," he said to the wretched Goldsmith. "You have no business here; go home, sir."

He spoke with a very loud voice, and laid a tremendous emphasis on the aspirate in "home."

Goldsmith, who had bumped the back of his head on the bottom of the dingey—he had a lump as large as a hen's egg there half an hour later—murmured in confused apology.

"Go home, sir," shouted the other. "Go home." And not a word beyond that would the infuriate man trust himself to utter. "Go home, sir; go home."

Somehow the author of this disaster scrambled aboard the house-boat, and so drew upon Pole and myself the attention of the crowd, and at the same time induced the sufferer to include us with Goldsmith in a common condemnation.

We went inside for a moment with Goldsmith, who was half-stupid from the shock, and then Pole returned to the angry man and entered into speech with him.

"I hope the boat isn't much injured," I heard him say. "If you'll let me know the amount of the damage I will see that it is paid."

"Send him home, sir," said the angry man, refusing at present to be mollified; "send him home."

"Sir," said Pole in suavest tones, "he shall be sent. I hope the ladies are not hurt."

The ladies replied that they were not hurt at all; but looking through the window, I was aware of one of them very ruefully regarding a pretty straw hat which was crushed out of all shape. Pole sympathised very warmly, and I heard him insinuating that really after that shock a glass of wine—he must really be permitted. He must really be allowed to insist. He came into the boat, took a bottle of champagne which had been lying in ice for luncheon, gathered some glasses together, and went out again. I in the meantime was preparing vinegar and brown paper for Goldsmith, and doctoring him as well as I could. He was dreadfully sulky, and when I had finished with him, I went outside and found Pole fraternising with the three strangers, all politeness and regret for the accident, and solicitude for the ladies. The sufferer, all things considered, turned out an extremely amiable fellow; and what between Pole's soothing and the champagne, he came back to himself. He cast some piteous glances at the boat, which was new and of an expensive make, but he said no more until Pole, after an audible altercation with Goldsmith, brought the latter out to apologise, and to promise all reasonable compensation. But Goldsmith was unfortunate in his way of putting the thing, and the sufferer by his clumsiness was hard upon him.

"It is not a matter for apology, sir," he said, "or for compensation. You have no

business here. You had better take the advice I gave you, and go home."

"I've apologised," said Goldsmith halfway through his nose, "and I've offered to pay; that's all one gentleman can do for adother, and if the other ain't reasonable about it, all I've got to say is he's no gentleman."

Then there was an altercation in which I felt that I sounded the depths of shame, Mr. Goldsmith conducted himself so little to my fancy. It was ended by Pole, who bundled the Jew into the interior of the boat.

"We hired the thing from that fellow for the season," he explained, evidently not caring any more than I did to be identified with our companion. "He made a point of coming up to Henley and I gave way. His breaking your boat *was* an accident. Perhaps the fact that he's a blackguard may be accidental too."

There was an exchange of cards between Pole and the stranger, and then the damaged boat was rowed away. Pole marched, with every appearance of tranquillity, into the presence of our guest and landlord, and began, with a quiet dogmatism which must have been painful and exasperating to Goldsmith, to express his opinion of him.

"You are really," he said, "a very horrid little person, and after your behaviour of to-day I won't have you about."

"How could I help running into the man's boat?" snarled Goldsmith. The cunning, smiling, self-approving little man was all changed, and he ruffled and swelled, and grew red about the head like a turkey-cock.

"You could have helped using bad language before ladies," said Pole.

"No I couldn't," said Goldsmith, who was ready to contradict anything.

"That is a trifle worse than ever," said Pole. "The man who cannot help using bad language before ladies is a man to be avoided. I must ask you to go."

"I won't go," the little man almost shrieked. "It's my boat. I'll stop."

"If you are not gone in half an hour," Pole responded, "I shall drop you overboard. I have spoken."

At that we returned to the deck, and in awhile Goldsmith began to pack up his effects. He interrupted himself to come out and address us. He said it was part of the bargain he had made that he was to have a week at Henley. He had but three days, and he demanded a guinea a day for four days more. He added that he thought the request was moderate.

Pole counted out four pounds four shillings and dropped the money in his hand. He took it with no evidence of shame, and went indoors to continue his packing. But by-and-by he was back again, blazing.

"Look here," he began, "you're taking a very high and mighty air with me, Mr. Pole, but I'll be even with you. I know a thing or two that you don't think I know, and I'll spoil your game, as sure as I'm alive. It wasn't in my line to denounce anybody, let alone a customer, but I'll spoil your game as sure as I'm alive. Oh, you needn't stare at me! I ain't afraid of you. I haven't got to do the thing myself. I've only got to put the missis on to you. She'll jolly sharp put a stopper on you, see if she don't. You go fooling about with Miss Delamere any ....

Pole had been lolling against the door-post, regarding the man with a look of complete indifference up to this, but here he darted at him, and before another word was spoken, and before I could intervene, Goldsmith was splashing in the water. He came up screaming and spouting, and swam to land, and, standing on the bank, threatened Pole in a most horrible manner, stamping and spluttering with rage. All eyes were turned, and all necks were craned to see what was the matter. Pole pushed me indoors and followed, closing the door behind him, and when the Jew had screamed his fill and had gathered an eager and excited crowd, he was moved away. A man came, half an hour later, from one of the hotels, asking for his baggage.

"I think," said Pole, observing that a considerable number of people still seemed to linger near us, and to find us interesting and curious, "I have had enough of publicity for to-day. I shall go up to chambers. Will you come?"

I assented willingly, and we went away together. Neither he nor I made any allusion to the quarrel, but it dwelt in my mind heavily, and I was unable to forget it. We went to a concert in the evening, but I heard little of the music, and was wondering, whether I would or no, what the Jew's sayings might mean. Later on, in my room, Pole opened his mind a little, but not much.

"I shall have some trouble over that fellow," he said, after guarding silence for a full hour. "He's a solicitor and money-lender, and his father did some business for my wife before we married, and seemed really to have behaved kindly to her. When we two had to go our separate ways I

wanted somebody to stand between us, and make her the necessary payments, and so forth. I went to look for the old man and found the young one. He did as well as anybody. The old man is dead and the young one has the business. Then my wife is one of their own people. I shall have to find somebody else I suppose. I dare say you wondered why I had him down at Henley?"

I did—a little—I confessed.

"He has a curious influence with my wife. He can keep her quiet when nobody else can. I thought she might find us out at a place like Henley. I didn't want a scene. He was to have looked out for her. It's a melancholy sort of business, isn't it?" he asked, as if he were merely tired.

I thought it very melancholy indeed, and answered so.

"Well," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I've made my bed, and I must lie on it. It's all in the day's work. Good-night, old chap."

He would confess to nothing, would make no show, but I thought how heart-sore he must be, and was profoundly sorry for him, not for the last time. But whether I would have it there or no, I could not get Miss Delamere's name out of my head, and my mind strayed here and there in fruitless conjecture. But I could think no ill of Pole, and certainly I could think no ill of the one Miss Delamere I knew. My dreams defied me, and I saw Pole leading Miss Delamere to the altar, and saw the Jew pounce out from behind one pillar of the building whilst Pole's wife pounced out from behind another, crying out so shrilly that they awoke me.

After that I lay awake the greater part of the night, wondering if Pole had fallen in love with Miss Delamere in his unhappy loneliness, and if that were the reason of his avoidance of her.

CHAPTER VII.

ABOUT three weeks after the events just related, when we had got our floating residence back into its old quarters, there came up the river, one lovely tranquil morning, a fussy and important steam-launch, with a dozen ladies and gentlemen aboard, and a bright striped awning of pink and white and blue, which shone very prettily and gaily in the sunshine. Pole and I were waiting to enter the lock when this vessel came screaming along to signal to the lock-keeper, and we were still there when she came up. She halted alongside our quieter and less imposing craft, and when the wet gates swung slowly open and we passed into the shadow and cool between the gleaming walls, she glided slowly after us.

We were just beginning to float upwards when a female voice said, speaking above us, "Good morning, Mr. Pole," and looking up I was aware of a white-haired elderly lady who was bending over the rail of the launch and smiling downwards. Pole snatched off his cap and smiled back again, and was exchanging greetings with her when no less a person than Sebastian Dolmer Jones appeared beside her, and waved a friendly hand to both of us.

"This is lucky," said Jones, "we are two men short. Come on board. We are going as far as Pangbourne. Leave your boat here. You can call for it on your way back. We are going to have a jolly day and leave dull care behind us."

"Pray come, Mr. Pole," said the elderly lady. "We are lamentably short of gentlemen."

Then two or three other people whom Pole knew, but who were strange to me, joined very cordially in this invitation, and we had just confessed that we had nothing particular to do, and were not bound especially anywhere, when Mr. Delamere and his daughter, neither of whom had hitherto come within our range of vision, appeared also. Mr. Delamere blessed us, as it were, from his superior height, and said—

"Glad to see you, Pole. Glad to see you. Glad to see *you*, Denham. Glad to see you. Come on board, by all means. By all means, come on board."

As if he waived all possible objections which somebody was going to offer to our society, and were quite resolved not to hear them spoken of. It was, of course, too late to hesitate, and so we went on board, though I did so with mixed feelings. Pole shook hands with Mr. Delamere with a rather chill politeness I thought; but then I was looking out for that, and I dare say that nobody else noticed it. I had not time for the moment to remark anything further. Mr. Jones took me round and told me people's names, and told people my name, in that pleasant and simple fashion which then obtained. The old fashion had at least the merit of preventing nervous young men and women, who thought they *must* be entertaining, from saying smart things to the wrong people and about the wrong people.

Then I had to give instructions to the lock-keeper about the boat, and when this was done we all steamed away together up the

sunny river, and I had time to look about me, and see what manner of people I had fallen amongst. They all seemed agreeable and amiable and bent upon enjoying themselves, and with the exception of Mr. Delamere and the lady who had first accosted Pole, the party was entirely composed of young and youngish people.

Miss Delamere was talking to Pole, and he was answering her in a manner to dissipate any fancies of romance between them.

"You have developed a very unlooked-for characteristic, Mr. Pole," she said, with that air of harmless impudence which we all think so charming in a beautiful girl. "You grow retiring."

"Grow?" answered Pole, with equal lightness and gaiety of demeanour. "I am grown. Denham and I are hermits. We are a sort of double Diogenes. You passed our tub a quarter of a mile below the lock."

"Is your choice of the life final?" she asked him smilingly. "Are your friends never to see you again?"

"We have forgotten the world," he answered, with a slight humorous exaggeration of tone, "and supposed ourselves forgotten by it. Perhaps when nature grows unkind we may be driven back to the world we have abjured. I don't know yet how strong we are."

"Nature at her severest did not drive you our way in the winter time," she said, smiling and nodding her head at him.

Pole's gaiety failed him for a mere second, and he blushed and looked guilty.

"Now, Mr. Denham," said Miss Delamere, withdrawing her attack on Pole in what I thought a very ready and graceful way—though it was my habit by this time to think very highly of this young lady and of all she might do—"Mr. Denham has been delightfully regular. You, I trust," addressing me directly, "are not going to turn permanent hermit."

I thought not, looking at the bright eyes and beautiful face. Not the presence of all the Dolmer Jones's and elderly male Delameres in the world could rob a room of its charm whilst that delightful countenance decorated it. I left these reflections unspoken, but I assured her that I had no intention of turning hermit at all—that on the whole I was rather fond of the world and thought it an agreeable sort of place.

"When I was little," said Miss Delamere, "I was told that it was very stimulating to virtue to let it be plainly seen and known that people were expected to be good. You are expected to be very good to-day, Mr. Pole."

"I will try," he answered, "to make the expectation stimulating. In point of fact, I will be good."

He did in effect become exceedingly bright and gay, and was spoken of as being a great acquisition. There is always at a picnic somebody who is described as being the life and soul of the party, and Pole set all the young people chaffing and laughing so successfully, that before the day was over that title was his by common consent. Mr. Delamere's high-bred and lofty quiet would have sat a little heavily on some of us, I fancy, had it not been for his detestor's presence. Only every now and again to my mind Pole seemed to flag and to go unusually gloomy. It needed but a word to bring him back to his air of gaiety, and he said a hundred bright things, not of the sort which are worth keeping and will sparkle in any setting, but of the smaller sort which make people laugh when they are disposed to laughter, but might seem perhaps a little poor and commonplace if they were recorded. They were Paris brilliants perhaps, but then they made no pretence of being Koh-i-noors, and in that sunlight of youth and high spirits and summer holiday they sparkled, as I remember, very brightly. This was a new side of him to me, and the sight of it set me thinking gravely once or twice how very happy and handsome and genial he might have been if that dark chapter of his life I knew of had never been written.

After luncheon there was displayed a tendency which I had remarked before, and have since observed at such gatherings—a tendency, namely, to get into couples, and to wander away from the centre. Pole and Miss Delamere were companions, and for my own part I was attracted by haphazard to the society of a certain Miss Clara Grantley, in speaking of whom I shall have to be careful, since the lady's eye will assuredly rest upon these pages, and her introduction to this narrative is already expected. She was, then, the most charming young person of her sex whom I had yet had the pleasure of beholding. I established my own discernment by almost immediately falling in love with her, and I shall remember that sunlit river and those happy fields as long as I remember anything. She was only eighteen and I was barely half-a-dozen years older, so that we were both very young, and we were both certainly very shy. Shyness is less the

fashion among young people than it used to be, I fancy.

I remember that at first we talked mostly about Pole, and that I spoke very highly of him. She told me that a brother of hers, then in India, had been at school with Pole, and was very fond of him. I answered that everybody must be; and so, with Pole as a kind of conversational walking-stick, we began to get along together very nicely. It dawned upon me at moments that the young lady was very pretty, and I had the sense to think myself a lucky dog in having secured a partner in all ways so agreeable. She had blue-grey eyes and hair of a golden-yellowish hue, a beauty which has grown much more common than it used to be before the chemist came in and invented an auricomous hair-wash. I do not believe that in those ancient days that delusive compound had been invented—ladies should be told that we of the other sex are always able to distinguish art from nature in that particular—and even if it had been, my companion was one of the people who are favoured by nature with the best of all possible reasons for not using it. She had a very fair complexion and a freckle or two, which to my thinking made the fairness prettier to look at. I shall abide by the freckles, whatever editorial revision may be attempted. I remember them distinctly.

This charming young person had a mother who was something of an invalid, and was in the country for her health. They were great friends of the Delameres; and Mrs. Delamere (who had been dead for many years) and mamma had been schoolgirls together. So now the charming young person was staying in the Delameres' house, and Miss Delamere had care of her. She did not seem very much to like Mr. Delamere, which, in its way, was a sort of bond of union between us, and she said she did not think Jones was very nice, which was indisputably another. She had some awe of Delamere, whom she regarded as being supernaturally learned and clever, but she thought he undervalued the other kinds of learning and cleverness which other people had. Jones and he seemed to be very great friends indeed, and Jones was a great deal about the house; in fact he almost lived there. Her tone seemed to express something of a regret for this fact; at least I so construed it, and it soothed me. I should have been disappointed in a girl otherwise so charming if she had liked Jones.

We strolled about that beautiful afternoon, and I sculled her about the river, where she was at first a little timid, though she soon grew accustomed and fearless, and became interested in learning to steer. I should have been an egregious young coxcomb if I had at this time even begun to have a notion of what was really happening to me, but I took the fever naturally, and at first kindly. There never had been surely so charming a companion. There never had been such a pretty girl. And so far that was all.

Now I myself am, if I may be forgiven for mentioning the fact, a swarthy man, of a muddy complexion, and as old experience proves, therefore all the likelier to find blue-grey eyes and yellowish hair and rosy cheeks —not peony, if you please, but rosy, the most delicate, wholesome rose-leaf bloom in the world—I was all the more likely, I say, to find these charms attractive and supreme. And then, of course, I admired the shy, gentle, sweet nature and the arch, timid face, and had never known anything so delightful. And whether you like to believe it or not, madame, for whose especial behoof this page is, and one or two that have preceded it are written, I had never fallen in love before. That is in any way worth speaking of.

We found in a while two others of our party on the bank, but whether they preferred solitude or were too benevolent to spoil our enjoyment, they declined our hypocritical invitation to join us, and strolled away among the trees; and, like the Ancient Mariner with the water-snakes, I blessed them unaware.

It was altogether a day to remember, but it faded as all days will. The steam-whistle sounded, and we all assembled at the launch, and went away down stream again. I hoped with all my heart all the time that Miss Delamere would give me an invitation, and I was, I am afraid, very ingratiatory with her. She gladdened me by doing what I wanted very kindly and graciously. So pretty a girl, and so charming a companion! I wanted to see as much of that beauty as I could, and to have more of that charming companionship.

At the lock where we had met them all we took leave of them. A mile or two farther down stream they would betake themselves to the rail, and so back to town and dinner. Pole and I, perched on the lock gate, waved farewell with our caps so long as we could see the flutter of the departing handkerchiefs. There had been a jolly affectation of heart-break between Pole and the old lady at losing one another, and it was

because of this that the signals of good-bye were thus prolonged.

Whilst we were still waving and smiling we turned to look at each other, and waved and smiled no more. We both went mighty solemn with a ludicrous suddenness. When we looked at each other next we laughed, but oh! we were serious afterwards. We pulled down to our aquatic residence, and went gloomily about our business of cooking and eating. The pleasant day was over.

We lit our pipes and sat in the twilight, whilst the land grew duskier and duskier, and the stars grew brighter and brighter. And one of us was filled with I don't know how many hopes and projects and fancies. There was the magic cauldron which Youth, Health, Hope, and Co. will lend to anybody, and all the projects and fancies bubbling in it, and I watching for the projection, and the consequent wonderful wild-fowl. And here was the other of us looking at the magic cauldron cracked and dry, and beyond refilling or mending. Strange how near we can be to one another and how far away!

CHAPTER VIII.

A DAY or two later, when I told Pole that I had received an invitation to Cromwell Terrace, he made no answer beyond that which might be conveyed in an enigmatical grunt. But a week farther on, when I went up to chambers, he accompanied me, and in the evening, somewhere about ten o'clock, just as I was about to set off, he turned up, dressed, and announced that he was going with me. I was very glad to have him, and I supposed that, after the day on the launch, he had made up his mind that Delamere's society was bearable, and had effected his peace with Delamere's daughter.

The house was crowded, and there was the greatest difficulty in getting about. There had been a highly select and distinguished dinner-party, and now there was such a cram as, in my limited experience, I had not seen. The stairs were full, the conservatory half-way up was full, the landings were full, and the rooms were only a thought less crowded. Pretty Miss Grantley was talking to a bald-headed old gentleman in the very last corner I came to, and she gave me a blush and a smile of recognition when she caught sight of me. The corner was defended—barricaded, as it were—by two big china jars, of the shape of a cask, and a capacity, as I should judge, of some twelve gallons. One of these made a sufficiently comfortable seat; and when the old gentleman (who may have had the surprising good sense to think that a couple of young people who greeted each other blushing and smiling might be as happy without him as with him)—when the old gentleman had withdrawn through a momentary crack in the crowd, I took the seat he had vacated, and entered into talk about the water party of a little while ago, and other matters of equal interest and moment.

This, of course, was all very delightful, but was not allowed to last. I felt a hand laid upon my shoulder, and looking up saw the venerable Dr. Fish beside me beaming through his gold-rimmed glasses. He shuffled into our corner, and with no doubt the most benevolent intentions, he stayed there and talked until Miss Grantley slipped away. Then I, not daring to follow, and being held by this nice old man by the lappel of the coat whilst I thought unutterable things of him, sat there in silent torture for a time and answered, I fear, very much at random. But by-and-by he interested me.

"I see Pole here again," he said. "I am glad to see him here. You will meet people here, Denham, who will improve your mind Pole is looking very well. You and he are great companions, I believe?"

"Oh, yes," I answered, "we are great friends."

"I am very glad of that," he went on. "Of course no honest man will choose his friends because they are rich and influential; but wealth and influence are valuable things, and rightly used, you know, Denham, rightly used——"

He rubbed his hands and looked seriously and sagely at me.

I had not known that Pole's wealth, or his influence either, was at all beyond the common, and I said as much; but the Doctor broke in eagerly.

"My dear young sir, don't you know that there is but a single life between him and the title? You didn't know? Dear me! It's quite a vast fortune—really an exceptional thing! You didn't know that? Dear me! How reticent your friend must be!"

I admitted that my friend was reticent; but I urged that human life was a somewhat uncertain thing to build calculations upon, and that Pole was about the last man I knew to speculate upon it.

"Oh dear, dear no," said Doctor Fish, shaking his head with a mournful look; "there is no such extreme element of uncertainty as you imagine, Mr. Denham. The remaining life is dreadfully frail; the poor fellow is hardly expected to last a year—

they're moving him to the Riviera now, I believe."

This was news certainly; but I was not in the least degree surprised that Pole had said nothing of it. I thought it indeed most natural in him to be silent.

It helped to make him more of a personage in my eyes, but not as I fancy the good old Doctor meant it to do. It seemed certainly to make his position the more pitiable, though this was assuredly to take a most unjust and foolish view of things, for to be wealthy and to hold a place of high consideration in the world are at least among the aids to happiness. But the promise of wealth and rank seemed to emphasise his trouble. The smile of fortune's sunshine did but throw the shade into more sombre relief. I did not ask whether it would do so for him; it did it for me in my conception of him.

I learned that the owner of the life which stood between Pole and the title was a cousin Reginald of his, who had been always reckoned feeble. This Reginald's father had been dead but a few months. He was a stalwart man of middle age, and when he came to his end by an accident in the hunting-field had been upon the eve of a second marriage. Three years earlier, the Doctor told me, no man would have given a shilling for Pole's chance, but four sound lives had fallen unexpectedly away, and now there was nobody left but this cousin, who had been bred as a stranger to him.

When I had time to think of it I liked Pole the better for not having spoken to me of this matter. It argued a certain delicacy in him to be silent. I knew, and I still know, a great many men who would have been loud about it, and would have basked in their glories beforehand, whose feet would have itched for the feeble man's shoes.

The Doctor found me out later that evening and told me that he had heard news of Reginald Pole. There was little hope for him. The doctors had decided that he should go southwards, but by very easy stages, and the hand of death, so the old gentleman said impressively, seemed on the poor boy already.

"Delamere told me of it," said Dr. Fish. He had spoken of the poor lad who had come so near to high fortune and was now slipping away from it into an early grave with becoming solemnity; but here, at the mention of Delamere, he began to twinkle. "Our host," he said, "will be glad to see Pole back again now, I fancy. I hardly know how it came about; but I fancy they took a dislike to each other. But Delamere won't throw away a chance like that. Of course Delamere's a very high-minded man and so forth, and has a very lofty idea of life, but I suppose he has no objection to seeing Miss Delamere well settled. He is distinctly more amiable to Pole than he used to be. That is how the world goes, my young friend. Do well, thrive, get on in the world, and you will find people agreeable to you."

He went on, eminently well satisfied with himself, and I listened in a sort of stupor. That awful marriage of Pole's was a secret. Nobody knew of it who knew him well.

"I am getting elderly," said the babbling and indiscreet divine, who was certainly old enough to have known better than to take so close an interest as he did in other people's affairs, I thought. "I am elderly, but I feel an interest in youth. I am looking on at a good many things with a great deal of pleasure. Do me the credit to remember this enigmatical utterance in a year or two's time, Denham, and ask me what I meant by it."

"I think I know what you mean, sir," I returned.

"Do you?" he asked, nodding his benevolent bald head and smiling. "Ah! you're a friend of his. Exactly."

"I think you are altogether wrong, sir," I said; "I am sure you are altogether wrong. Pray do not spread any idea of that kind."

"Pooh, pooh!" responded the Doctor. "I have known them both for years. I have seen it growing on both sides."

I spoke before I knew it, and the Doctor stared at me.

"I hope not; oh, I hope not!"

"Dear me," he said, in some confusion. "Let us change the theme." He took me very kindly and confidentially by the arm, and gave his grip a little friendly pressure. "I beg your pardon, my boy, I beg your pardon. I am a foolish, indiscreet old fellow. There, there, let us say no more; let us say no more."

I thought it best to leave him to any fancy he might form. The question was dangerous. If he chose to think that I was in love with Miss Delamere, it mattered little; and since he was so ready to leap at conclusions, it was likely that his suspicions about Pole to the same effect were as well founded as they were of me. I am inclined to think—if I may take advantage of the liberty this narrative affords me—that I was rather an unusual young man in some respects, and

that I took rather unusually serious views of things. But the idea of Pole and Miss Delamere really growing to care for each other, with that insuperable barrier between them, was terrible.

There was never the faintest little doubt of Pole's honour in my mind. If there had been a reasonable ground for thinking that Miss Delamere had had a fancy concerning him, such as an innocent girl might not have about a man who was already married, I believed that he would have cut his hand off, or burned it in the fire, rather than encourage it to her damage. I had so lofty a belief in his honour, and made him so much of a hero in my mind, that any thought of carelessness in this regard in him was outside my conjectures. And as for mere coxcombry, I was a very much smaller creature than Pole, and even I despised it. What was he likely to feel about it?

Now if anybody thinks that the pressure of these reflections kept me for more than ten minutes at the outside from seeking anew the charming society of Miss Clara Grantley, he gives me credit for an unselfishness of friendship to which I lay no claim. Pole's affairs interested me very deeply, and I was growing more and more attached to him, but I was not quite shut out from the contemplation of my own affairs.

The crowd was not so dense as it had been, and I was able to make my way about the rooms without so much of diplomatic effort as I had been compelled to exert earlier in the evening. As I moved about looking for Miss Grantley, I saw Pole in conversation with our hostess. Miss Delamere summoned me by a smile and a wave of her fan, and I joined them for a few minutes. There was nothing very noticeable in their talk, and certainly nothing in their bearing towards each other which would indicate more than the merest amiable acquaintanceship.

I succeeded in finding Miss Grantley—there is a pleasure in using that obsolete form—and I fell more pronouncedly and decidedly in love with every minute spent in her society. It was all pleasant, all charming as yet, and I had not the slightest intention to struggle against the influence which was stealing over me. Time came when I got into a state of mind no less than dreadful, and could not eat my meals.

Pole and I walked home together. We started in starlight, but before we got home the sky was light above us, and its ethereal blue was lined with beautiful faint streaks of rose. We talked a great deal as we walked, and one thing that Pole said I recalled many and many a time afterwards.

"The best way with danger is to treat it as if you did not believe in it."

"If a man aimed a pistol at your head, you'd dodge, wouldn't you?" I asked him; "or strike up the weapon, or behave in some way as if you believed in the danger?"

"Exactly," he said; "there is no saying so wise that you can't make it look foolish by a question of that sort. But I'm not talking of pistols, though even there you may come to grief if you believe too much in danger. Come along, my Denham. Shoulders square. Head well up. March! And your blood-curdling fever is flown ten miles away."

He clapped me on the shoulder, and we turned into the courtyard together at that instant.

"All the same," I said, "it isn't good counsel for everybody. There are some whose nerves might fail at the pinch, and for them it might be safest to treat danger as if they believed in it very earnestly. Spare the weaker vessel. Don't tow her into action too desperately."

He turned to look at me as if he sought to read some special meaning in my words, and knowing that his eyes were upon me I felt confused. I had not meant it so, but remembering Dr. Fish's talk, it flashed upon me that Pole might accept my chance simile as an impertinent warning. The more I blushed the more he looked at me, and the more he looked the more confused I felt.

"What did you mean by that?" he asked.

"Nothing!" I said; "absolutely nothing when I said it. But you seemed to find a meaning in it."

"And so you find a meaning in it, too, eh?"

I made some gesture with my hands to signify that the thing was not worth thinking of, and stammered something to that effect.

"Come inside," he said; "let us have a talk about this."

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR FEBRUARY.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

INTRODUCTORY.

Read Psalm lxxxiv.; St. Luke xi. 1–13.

WE cannot esteem too highly the link whereby the use of the Lord's Prayer unites Christians throughout the world. With the exception of the Society of Friends and some obscure sects, every branch of the Church gives it a place in public worship. Besides joining in the service of many Protestant denominations, it has been the privilege of the writer to worship in Roman Catholic, Greek, Coptic, Maronite, and Armenian churches, and amid all varieties of ritual, and in spite of many things which appeared to him superstitious or unwarranted, there was the blessed characteristic that all prayed in the same words, though not in the same language, the great prayer of the One Lord and Master. We may thank God for this, because this prayer forms a gospel which, if duly pondered, would deliver all Churches and all Christians from whatever may now separate them.

The Lord's Prayer is recorded for us by two of the Evangelists, and it is instructive that they do so in different connections, and not exactly in the same words. St. Matthew tells us how our Lord taught His disciples to use it, in order to deliver them from "vain repetitions." In St. Luke, again, Christ is represented as giving the prayer to His disciples in answer to their request, "Lord, teach us to pray." They had been using prayers all their lives, but when they beheld Christ in prayer they felt as if they had hitherto never really prayed at all.

The difference of these two contexts is suggestive. The one reproves the tendency, so common with us all, to repeat prayer as a form, and to consider our religious duties fulfilled with the verbal performance of the service. The other shows us the power of example; and that the best way to lead others to pray aright is to be earnest in prayer ourselves. The child is led more surely to his heavenly Father when the earthly parent goes himself to God as a child.

The difference between the circumstances and the words as we find them in the two Gospels may further show us the light in which the prayer is to be regarded by us, and the kind of use we are at liberty to make of it. According to St. Luke, it is given as a form to be used: "When ye pray say, 'Our Father,' &c." In St. Matthew, on the other hand, it is described as a model after which all our prayers ought to be fashioned: "After this manner pray ye, 'Our Father,' &c." This difference teaches us the lawfulness of using set forms of prayer, or, in other words, the lawfulness of Liturgies, seeing that the Lord's Prayer was itself intended to be, and has actually been, so used. It also shows the lawfulness of what is called "Free Prayer," for we are commanded to pray "after this manner." And as if to make it plain that we may regard its use in the spirit of liberty, the prayer is not given in the two Gospels in exactly the same words, nor does it occur anywhere in Scripture in the same form in which it is usually employed in the Christian Church; for it is universally acknowledged that the Doxology, "Thine is the kingdom, the power and the glory, for ever and ever," has no place in the original.

The brevity of the Lord's Prayer is helpful, not because it implies that long seasons of prayer are contrary to the will of Christ, for He Himself frequently spent entire nights in prayer; but it shows that a short prayer may be a very true prayer, and that whether short or long, our prayers should be such as may permit the mind to attend freely to what is said, that we be not careless or irreverent. "Be not rash with thy mouth," said the preacher, "and let not thy heart be hasty to utter anything before God, for God is in heaven and thou upon earth; therefore let thy words be few." "Everyone, however difficult he may find it to make long prayers," wrote Dean Stanley, "however pressing his business may be, morning, noon, and night, may have time to make that very short prayer. How long does it take? One minute. How many sentences does it contain? Seven."

As affording a model after which all prayer should be constructed, it has some characteristics in marked contrast to what is most common in our prayers.

(1.) It brings us first to God and shows how the mind of the worshipper should be filled primarily and chiefly with the thought of the glory of the Father, with the desire that the name of the Father should be glorified

among men, rather than with cravings for some good more or less selfish. The aspirations are at the first lifted to God, away from our own temporary cares and difficulties. With us, on the contrary, the first request is for mercy or help rather than for God.

(2.) Again, the proportion of unselfish petitions to those that are personal is instructive. Instead of revelling, as modern prayers generally do, in an exaggerated self-consciousness of our own sins and wants and feelings, the Lord's Prayer contains as many utterances which are absolutely free from self as it does of those which refer to ourselves. How much more healthy would our religion and our prayers become if they reflected a similar proportion of self-forgetfulness and as large a delight in God!

We can therefore well realise the truth of what Mr. Maurice says: "The Paternoster is not, as some fancy, the easiest, most natural of all devout utterances. It may be committed to memory quickly, but it is slowly learnt by heart. Men may repeat it over ten times in an hour, but to use it when it is most needed, to know what it means, to believe it, yea, not to contradict it in the very act of praying it, not to construct our prayers upon a model the most unlike it possible, this is hard; this is one of the highest gifts which God can bestow upon us; nor can we look to receive it without others that we may wish for less—sharp suffering, a sense of wanting Him, a despair of ourselves." "Lord, teach us to pray!"

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Our Father which art in heaven." I.

Read Isaiah lxiii. 7 to end; Gal. iii. 23; iv. 7.

These first words are the key to the rest of the prayer: if we fail to understand them, we must also fail in understanding every petition that follows. The name, "Our Father," is so closely and vitally connected with every request, that we ought, in spirit at least, to use it as each desire is made known to Him. Unless we know Him and love Him as a Father we cannot with any reality pray that the blessed name "Father" should be hallowed, that the kingdom of the "Father" should come, and the will of the "Father" be done on earth even as it is done in heaven. We might use the words and say the prayer; but we could not pray the prayer, wishing the things we ask, except we see and feel the goodness and glory of that great name. In like manner it is from a Father we beg our daily bread, and the deliverance from temptation. It is also because we are praying to the one Father, that when we ask His forgiveness we are made to think of our brothers and sisters, and to add, "as we forgive our debtors." In short, the spirit of the prayer is condensed in the first words, so that all the rest flows naturally from them. They are easy words to repeat, but exhaustless in their meaning—so simple that a child can perhaps say them best, but most difficult so to learn as to carry their spirit into our lives.

The central name "Father" is itself a gospel. As we understand it, a thousand difficulties vanish, both speculative and practical. It makes the way of approach to God very simple, because Christ has taught us to interpret from what is truest in the heart of any earthly father what the heart of God is towards His children. "If ye being evil know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more must your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him." We can, therefore, assert with confidence that as a Father He must desire our love, and that it is not the same thing to Him whether we are saints or devils. It might be so with a god of mere power, but not with the Father of our spirits. It is because He is our Father that we can also understand His just anger against sin, and the wise chastisement whereby He would educate us. Justice and righteousness are inherent in all holy love. In like manner He, as a Father, pities His children, and does not despise us because of our ignorance and weakness. He bears with our infirmities. It was the great work of Jesus Christ to glorify this name Father among those who had become rebels and did not know the Father. He revealed the depths of the Fatherly love by His own sacrifice, and showed how worthy the Father was of our perfect obedience by His own glad obedience as a Son, even unto death.

We have to learn the meaning of that name for ourselves. We have to learn that we do not require to make Him our Father by any acts of our own, or by priests or sacrifices. It should be ours rather to recognise the relationship we so often neglect, which is true in spite of our neglect, and to begin to trust God as a Father by the response of childlike confidence and self-surrender. We often imagine that it is the mind of God towards us that has to be changed, instead of our mind towards Him. We invert the order of St. Paul, who, as the ambassador of God, tells men that God is already reconciled, and on

that ground beseeches them to be reconciled to God. The resistance is wholly on our side. It is one of the great errors of all priestly systems that they proceed on the supposition that God has to be propitiated and induced to love us; whereas the function of the ministry is to declare the full Fatherhood of God and to implore men to desist from their rebellion, and to be reconciled to Him as God, and to allow Him to reign over them and bless them. The function of the ministry is not to deal with God on behalf of men, but with men on behalf of God. True reconciliation is a restoration of man to his proper position as a creature towards his Creator, as a subject towards his lawful king, and as a child towards the wise and holy guidance of the Father's will. "I will arise and go to my Father," is the language appropriate for him who recognises the truth of things and of his relationship to God.

All this we are taught as to our relationship towards God, when we say, "Our Father which art in heaven."

THIRD SUNDAY.

"Our Father which art in heaven." II.

Read Isaiah lvii. 1—19; 1 Peter i. 17 to end.

When we say, "Our Father which art in heaven," we learn much regarding our relationship towards man, as well as towards God; because it is only as we go up to God in the consciousness of His Fatherhood that we can come down to men, so as to take our right place among them and call them brothers and sisters. As we say "Our Father" we are necessarily put into fellowship with the whole family of mankind. This name raises us into brotherhood with the Church of the redeemed, suggesting the inspiring consciousness of the vast "communion of saints" both in heaven and on earth. We are taught to include them in that word "our." Nay, better still, for the prayer assures us that they include us. Our feeble utterance thus becomes responded to by the majestic "our Father" that is poured forth in a tide of endless intercession from the ten thousand times ten thousand who are one with us in Christ the Elder Brother. This opening word, therefore, brings us all together, at once raising the earthly suppliant to the fellowship of the saints in light, and bringing them down into fellowship with their struggling brethren here. Such a thought is strengthening, and ought to deliver us from self-consciousness, because leading us into sympathy with the wide kingdom of God, whether in heaven or on earth.

And it puts us equally into union with the poorest, the most miserable, and the most sinful creatures of God. When we say, "Our Father," we ought to think of them as well as of the best and greatest. As we kneel we ought to be conscious of those who are cared for by God as well as ourselves, and who, in spite of the "far country" into which they may have wandered, and of their rags and famine, are His sons and daughters as well as we. It is not easy to bow the proud knees and to take our place among the very worst and say that word, "Our Father." We use it too lightly; we do not consider what a confession it implies of our common sinful humanity, and what a condemnation it carries of our unloving indifference towards others. As we speak the words in prayer, if we but join ourselves in thought to all those whom the words embrace, we would not dare to rise from our knees and ask, "Am I my brother's keeper? What have I to do with these multitudes?" because we have been acknowledging that we are all of one family, and that God is their Father as well as ours. "He that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" From the sense of brotherhood will come the fulfilment of that great law of Christ whereby we bear one another's burdens, so that the sins and faults and miseries which would otherwise alienate us from our brother, become our own burden; and this again leads on to the other petition, "Hallowed be Thy name," which is the desire that the Father should be known and confessed by every child of man.

Lastly. The words "which art in heaven" lift us above the perplexities of "this unintelligible world," into the thought of that Presence where all is clear. It is something to say it in childlike faith, "Our Father, Thou knowest all and lovest all. Thou art in heaven. We know what the word 'Father' means, for Thou hast taught us to believe that what is best in our own hearts as we love our children and seek their good, is a true reflection of Thy Fatherly love; but we cannot understand the pains and sorrows and wretchedness of the world, nor the trials so hard to bear which crush us so often to the dust. But Thou art in heaven, and seest what we cannot see; therefore do we trust Thee with it all." The thought of

heaven may at least teach us this faith. For as we think of heaven our minds are raised to the all-encompassing height which embraces countless worlds as well as "this dim spot that men call earth." We who are here can see only a little way; the objects next to us appear greater than sun, moon, and stars. But He who is in heaven sees all things as they are, and can therefore guide our lot and that of others with a wisdom and a goodness which are proportionate to His perfect knowledge and His infinite love. We are filled with reverence as we think of how that unfathomable sky, and that light which fills all things, flashing from the most distant world to the minutest object beside our common path, are but images of Him, the height and depth, and length and breadth of whose glory pass knowledge, and who equally reaches to the lowliest creature He has made as to "Arcturus, Orion, and the Pleiades." It is with such a conception of His divine greatness we can understand the words, "For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts." Therefore, when we kneel, burdened with the mysteries and sins of earth, and say, "Our Father which art in heaven," let us have confidence in Him whose thoughts are infinitely better than ours, and who sees what we cannot see. "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice!"

To learn aright this great prayer of Christ is to grow into this divine life. If it is the first lesson we have learned at a mother's knee, so the last and deepest lesson we can learn in religion will be to pray it and to live it truly.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Hallowed be thy name."

Read Exod. xxxiii. 12 to end; John iv. 13—26.

This first petition strikes a key-note to which our thoughts ought to be attuned. Most of us go to God with the burden which may immediately be pressing on our lives or spirits. The cry, "Lord, have mercy upon me a sinner," is the natural outburst of a heart filled with dismay at its own evil and unworthiness. "Lord, save me or I perish," is the no less earnest prayer of the man who is startled by the vision of his guilt and danger. And we do not condemn, for our Lord did not condemn, these utterances of troubled souls. Others, pressed by sore poverty, and experiencing the misery of hunger and penury, would seek from God the bread wherewith they may feed themselves and their children. And there is surely nothing wrong in giving voice to such desires. "Your Father knoweth that ye have need of these things," are the kind words of Jesus to all who are anxious as to what they are to eat and drink and wherewithal they may be clothed. But "Man does not live by bread alone," and He who realised its truth when in the day of His own fasting He was tempted to make bread of stones, does not deal harshly with us when He would have us think most of the bread that endureth unto eternal life.

Far less does He give the chief place to the cry for success and power and riches, which is the most powerful of all desires in the lives of a vast number of men and women, religious as well as irreligious; nor does He put first in this great prayer the duty of "saving our own souls." For first and foremost He teaches us to say, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name!" and the condition of spirit in him whose first word is "Hallowed be Thy name" is quite different from that of him whose mind is absorbed with himself and says, "Save my soul!"

By the name of God is meant in Scripture that whereby He makes himself known, and here it means His revelation as our Father in heaven.

The names whereby God was known in the Old Testament were all connected with special manifestations of His character. The "I am," the "Lord of Hosts," "the Lord God, merciful and gracious, keeping mercy for thousands," and many others that may be recalled, each brought out some aspect of the divine nature suitable for the period or the circumstances when it was given, so that holy men of old were able to lay hold on God as their helper. It was thus that they could say, "They that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee," and spoke of the name of God as "a strong tower" to which they could resort. But the name with which our Lord begins this prayer, and which we ask to be hallowed, is that of "our Father." It was the work of Christ to manifest the full meaning of this name: "Father, the world hath not known Thee, but I have known Thee;" "Father, I have glorified Thy name;" "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father."

What do we mean by asking that this name should be hallowed, kept sacred, free from all defilement, and made fully manifest?

We hallow the name of the Father when we treat Him as a Father by giving Him the love, confidence, and obedience of our hearts. It was thus Jesus glorified that name, by living as the perfect Son, finding it His meat to do His Father's will, even when it led to the cross. We hallow His name also when we disown every thought of God which is inconsistent with His Fatherhood and allow no idea of caprice, arbitrariness, or injustice to mingle with our belief regarding Him. And we hallow that name when we live in the spirit of brotherhood towards others, recognising the tie which binds us in the one family of God to the poorest and the worst. It was not for the men who called themselves righteous that Christ laboured most, but for those whom the religious world called outcasts—these he treated as brothers and sisters, and sought them out that he might restore them. So ought we, as we pray "Hallowed be Thy name," endeavour to make the Father known, labouring for the good of men however far they may have wandered, even as the members of an earthly family would confess the tie that binds them to their "lost" brothers and sisters.

For all true worship finds expression in life. The effect of worshipping the Father in spirit and in truth must tell on the society which has acknowledged the great name of God. And this was the historical result of the Christian spirit in proportion as it permeated the world with the sense of brotherhood. It was this which, like a subtle influence, destroyed slavery and purified marriage, and which is even now imparting a new character to the treatment of social questions.

But the prayer has got another force as addressed to God, for we then implore Him to cause His own name to be hallowed. It is an echo of Christ's own prayer, "Father, glorify thy name;" and the whole history of the Church may be regarded as an answer to the petition, for it is the history of an ever-increasing revelation of what God is—a continual purifying and clearing away of the mistakes and confusions of men. No one who has studied the history of religion can fail to mark how the thought of God has grown out of dimness, out of temporary influences that narrowed it, sometimes perverted it, into the fuller light of His glory. God has been ever separating His name from all mixture of ignorance and falsehood. The prayer of Moses, "Show me thy glory," was as fully answered as that stage of history could admit. And ever on through the history of Israel, by national judgments and national triumphs, by priest, sacrifice, and temple; again by the removal of these; and again by righteous men and prophets, was cloud after cloud withdrawn, until Christ came, on whose face shone the very glory of the Father. And the history of the Church has been the continuance of the same long process of "finding out God to perfection." Each age has contributed some fresh element of truth, although at best the apprehension of each age has been partial; yet every contribution has served to enrich our conceptions. The ebb and flow of opinion, the action and counteraction of truth and error, have, slowly indeed, but surely, been vindicating and thereby hallowing the name, "Our Father, which art in heaven." In our own country we can easily mark the change which has taken place within this century, as the conception of mere power and arbitrary will has given place to the grander gospel of the divine Fatherhood. But this blessed name has yet to be learned more fully by us; it has to be purified from the mere sentimentalism of a weakly pietism; it has to be combined with the elevating thought of the greatness of that Almighty Will which is working out its purposes through vast cycles of slowest change; and it has, above all, to be realised in its relation to that brotherhood of man, which follows from the Fatherhood of God, and in the fulfilment of which we can alone see the true hallowing of His name by us, and the coming of His kingdom. God often teaches us to understand our errors by sending judgments; and it may be that the social storm which many believe is about to burst on Christendom, may prove His method of reproving the Church for her neglect. A brotherhood preached in the name of Atheism, and whose methods are spoliation and force, may be that which will teach us the meaning of the true brotherhood, and the duties and the power of that love which Christ inspires, as alone adequate to meet the evils and miseries and social inequalities which afflict the millions.

Therefore when we pray this prayer let us not do so lightly and thoughtlessly, but as we ask God to hallow the name "Our Father," let us mean what we say, and seek grace to live ourselves as sons in obedience to His will, and as brothers in loving helpfulness towards mankind. In this, as in all other parts of religion, Christ is at once our teacher and our example.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER IX.

I WENT up-stairs to Pole's chamber feeling guilty and ashamed, though I was altogether innocent. He lit the gas—for the dawn without had not yet found its way into his chambers—took off his overcoat, chose a cigar and seated himself, all with quiet deliberation, and then spoke.

"My finding a meaning seemed to help you to find a meaning. That is—if I found one. Let us have it out, John."

It was by no means easy to have it out.

"My dear Pole," I said, "I meant nothing whatever beyond the plain sense of the words I used."

"Quite so," he answered. "You won't think so ill of me as to fancy I'm angry because you have your own thoughts about me. But I want to know what they are."

"Well," I told him, after a moment's uneasy thinking, "the best thing for you to do will be to ask me exactly what you want to know, and I will answer you quite honestly."

"You asked me—innocently and as a mere figure of speech, not to tow the weaker vessel into danger. Then, on my looking at you, you identified the weaker vessel so clearly that you seemed to yourself to have been guilty of an impertinence."

"That is exactly what happened." I was grateful to him for translating me so perfectly.

"Have you yourself noticed anything that would lead you to suppose that I was towing anybody into danger?"

There was a slight flush upon his face, and I could see that it was difficult for him to ask the question.

"I have noticed nothing that would lead me to that opinion," I answered.

"Then the idea has been put into your head by somebody else?"

"Yes."

"May I ask who the somebody is?"

"I would rather not say. It was said in perfect friendship, and in something very like congratulation."

"And you believed it?" he asked.

"No. I can't say I believed it. I had seen nothing to justify me in believing it."

"I suppose it was Fish who spoke to you of it? Never mind. Don't answer if you don't care to. He is not the wisest of mankind, but he is a very good old foolish sort of fellow, and loves to chatter. You and I are getting to be very close friends, and I can say things to you that I can't say to anybody else. I left off visiting Delamere's house not in the least degree because I disliked the man, though I do dislike him very heartily, but because I thought I was getting into danger. I went back again because, after a good deal of thinking about it, I came to the conclusion that I was not likely to get into danger. There is the whole story."

There was one side of the story, I thought, but I said nothing. A man would have to come to something of an extremity in coxcombry before he would hide himself from the society of women he cared for lest they should fall hopelessly in love with him. Pole was as little likely to be affected in that way as anybody I could call to mind, and as for the old doctor, with his statement that he had seen affection growing on both sides, I declined to value him at all. I had seen Miss Delamere and Pole together twice, had noticed pretty closely, and was quite sure that she at least was heart-whole. I had been determined to be sure of it, but could really find nothing in the world to contradict my surety.

"I dare say," Pole went on after a pause, "that you are still in the land of romance, John. I left it some time ago. I was kicked out of it, and am in no hurry to pass its borders again. Perhaps I might like to go back—to speak plain truth—if there were any chance of doing it. But the fox was wise after all, and when the grapes are out of reach, one can't do better than think them sour. When you have been flung downstairs and have had the door slammed behind you, it's sensible to believe that you don't want the *entrée* to the establishment."

The dawn was broadening now, and the gas-lamp had taken a sickly tinge. He rose and turned out the light, and threw the window open and leaned out. A solitary footstep which had sounded dimly until then struck sharply on the ear. A key tapped smartly upon the iron bars of the gate which separated the court from the inn, and I heard the door of the porter's box open, and the porter's yawn. I got up and stood by Pole's side, and looked down into the courtyard.

A little old gentleman in black was standing at the gate, and the porter was in the act of unlocking it. The gate swung open, and the little old gentleman looked up casually as he started to pass through. He paused with a startled air and spoke.

"May I step up to your rooms for a moment, Mr. Pole?"

"Certainly, sir," Pole answered, and the old gentleman entered briskly at the open door below. Pole threw open his own door to receive him, and he came briskly up the stairs.

"I had certainly not expected to find you awake at such an hour," he said, "but I looked up at your chambers in passing because you were in my mind. I have just come from the death-bed of your poor cousin Reginald."

"His death-bed?" Pole asked, in a voice which sounded awe-struck.

"His death-bed," the old gentleman answered. "Lord Worborough and other relatives were already in town, intending to see him off this morning to the Riviera. He was seized with a terrible fit of coughing, and broke a blood-vessel at two o'clock yesterday afternoon. Everything was done that could be done, but he died half an hour ago."

Pole looked round at me very seriously, and then looked back to his visitor, but said nothing.

"I do not know if I am personally known to you, Mr. Pole?" the visitor went on interrogatively. Pole shook his head. "Allow me to offer you my card. I am Lord Worborough's solicitor." Pole took the card, and having glanced at it laid it quietly upon the table. "I was charged to carry to you the melancholy intelligence, and to express to you his lordship's desire to meet you at your earliest convenience. I think," he said hesitatingly, "that you are not as yet known to each other?"

"I have never met Lord Worborough," Pole answered. His voice and face were still very solemn, and though he was not in any way shaken by the tidings it was evident that they moved him deeply.

"His lordship will himself write to you to-morrow, and you will of course attend the funeral."

"Of course, Mr. Fairfield," said Pole, again glancing at the card beside him.

"I would not have intruded at this hour," said the solicitor, "but for the accident of seeing you at the window. I do not think I have anything more to say at present, but I will ask you for an interview to-morrow. At what hour may I call?"

Pole gave him an appointment at noon, the two then shook hands, and Mr. Fairfield, with a slight bow to me, took his leave and went briskly down the stairs. My friend and I sat down facing each other, and for a while neither of us spoke. Pole was the first to break silence.

"This is a strange thing to have happened," he said. "I hardly knew the poor fellow, and his dying—if I should live a year or two longer—makes me rich, I don't know how rich, and gives me a title. Poor fellow!" He pulled thoughtfully at his cigar and went on talking. "I used to have dreams when I was a boy of being great and rich. I had a sort of fanciful notion that I should meet somebody one day who would tell me that I had been reared for my own good under false pretences, and that I was Duke or Prince of something somewhere. I was to have passed my probation and have come out triumphant, and then the truth was to come as my reward." He got up and threw the cigar into the courtyard, and then closed the window. Then he fell to walking up and down with his hands in his pockets. "I've passed my probation and come out a failure, and here's the announcement. Poor Reggy! I'd rather he'd have lived. I feel as if fate were having a satiric grin at me. 'Here you are, my boy. You've thrown away all the chances you had to start with, and now here's the biggest prize in the basket for you. There are thousands who'd jump at it, and it's no good to you. Take it!'"

"You don't deserve that you should say these things of yourself or think them," I replied. "You are not answerable for your troubles."

"I don't know," he resumed, still walking up and down. "I believe I knew as well at the time as I know it now that I was marrying a woman who could make no man happy. There's a kind of sane madness, Denham, which some men suffer from. I knew I wasn't going to be happy. I more than guessed that I was going to wreck myself. I didn't even particularly care for her, but I felt myself bound in honour, and I married her. Well, it's of no use to talk, and I know that also. I haven't bored anybody else with it. You're the only man I ever opened my lips to."

He would not say—of course he would not say—what this meant, but I knew it. I had begun to think of late that amidst the crowd of

his acquaintance he counted a single friend, and that I was the man. I knew I loved him, but in those days I thought disparagingly of myself. That early modesty has developed (as it often does) into rather more than an average certainty of personal merit. As a matter of fact, it arose from my fear lest I might think as highly of myself as I somehow thought I ought to do. But I was uncertain of my own deserts, and thought his friendship a high honour, as any man might have done. As honest, valiant, and stalwart a heart as ever beat, I know he had.

We said good night to each other after this with no renewal of our earlier conversation, and I went down to my rooms, and so to bed. He was closeted with the lawyer for an hour or two, I learned afterwards, and in the evening he went by appointment to see Lord Worborough. I myself made the elderly peer's acquaintance a week later, after Reginald Pole's funeral. He called at Warwick Court when I happened to be in Pole's rooms—a bent, courteous, mild old man, with an affectionate, sad smile. I was introduced to him, and was received with an unexpected cordiality.

"Mr. Pole has spoken to me of you, Mr. Denham," he said. "I am very pleased to meet you. You would seem to be great friends, you two young gentlemen. I do not find that I make many friends nowadays, and I have outlived most of the old ones."

He watched Pole rather closely, as I noticed, and wore, to my mind, an air of criticism. It was natural that he should desire to know what manner of man was coming after him, though it was out of his power to alter the succession.

"I came here, Walter, on purpose to ask you to come down into the country and stay with me awhile," he said, looking from one to the other of us. "I want your friend to come also. One judges a man by the company he keeps. It would be a shame to ask a pair of young fellows out into the country at this time of year under ordinary circumstances, but you see, Walter, you can naturally go nowhere and do nothing for a time, and it will be well that we should know each other. You will come, Mr. Denham? When do you think, Walter, that you and your friend can be ready?"

For my own part, I was a good deal taken aback by this unexpected invitation, but I accepted it, and we arranged that all three of us should go down to Worborough Court next day. The old lord stayed and talked for an hour or two. He was bookish in an old-fashioned way. He had read no theology newer than Paley, no philosophy later than Locke, no fiction since Sir Walter's, and no verse since Byron's. All the new people were mere names to him, and he did not care to make their acquaintance; but he was pleased to find that we knew his favourites as well as he did, a little better, perhaps, with our fresher memories, and he told us simply that he was glad to find that we were not trivial-minded.

"Books are a great resource," he said with his mild smile. "I don't read much now, but I find a pleasure in remembering. Something put Commodore Trunnion into my head as I drove down here, and I laughed. I hardly knew poor Reginald," he added suddenly with an almost alarmed air of apology and explanation. "He was so confirmed an invalid."

When he had gone away Pole and I set to work to pack in readiness for the morrow's journey, and next day we met the old lord at Paddington at the appointed hour, and went down into Devonshire. A carriage awaited us, and a break for our baggage, and, leaving the latter to follow us, we were bowled away through a wide road with beautiful overhanging hedges until the lodge gates were thrown open to us and we swept into a splendid avenue of forest trees.

"There is the first glimpse of the house," said Lord Worborough, laying one hand upon his successor's arm, and pointing with the other, with a long, withered white finger extended, the delicate old hand trembling. "It is a very noble old place, and I hope you will be happy there when your time comes."

There was something touching, to my mind, in this informal handing over, as it were, of the ancestral place to the young fellow who until lately had been so complete a stranger.

Pole looked at the house, and Lord Worborough, with his gold-rimmed pince-nez balanced on his nose, looked at Pole with that air of watchful regard I had noticed the day before.

"Yes," said the heir-apparent, "it is a noble old place." He had been unusually thoughtful and quiet during the whole journey, and now there was a settled shadow upon him.

I saw, as we came nearer, that it was indeed a noble old place. It had a westward aspect, and all its long lines of window shone like burnished gold in the light of the declining sun, gleaming the brighter by contrast with their sombre setting of purplish brown tone. Pole sighed as he stepped from the carriage.

"I shall leave you now," said our host as he entered the hall. He drew out his watch and consulted it. "Forty-five minutes to dinner. Ample time."

We were shown to rooms which were in communication with each other, and when the servants had brought up our luggage, and everything was laid out in readiness, we were left alone. Pole marched through the open doors of the two intervening dressing-rooms into my bed-chamber, and there, with his head resting against the wall and his hands in his pockets, stood silent for a minute or two.

"I suppose," he said then, "that if I should live long enough for it to come to that, Lady Worborough will have a right to come here."

CHAPTER X.

WHENEVER I found time to think of it, I used to be astonished at my own position whilst I stayed at Worborough Court. I had three hundred a year of my own, came of a family of no distinction, plain yeomen for half-a-dozen generations, and had as much hope of forming aristocratic associations as I had of being suddenly translated to the moon, and almost as much desire for the one as for the other. But the differences in the life were so slight and trivial that I was reconciled to my new place insensibly and at once. To ride in a carriage instead of a dog-cart or a cab—to have a man behind one's chair at dinner every evening instead of having him there on special occasions only — to have another man to fold, and lay out, and brush one's clothes instead of performing those small offices with one's own hands, were the main changes, and were easily to be borne with. Lord Worborough was not only kind, but companionable, and very like any other amiable, cultivated, and good old gentleman. I think I had vaguely expected everything to be very different from my old experiences: I know I found everything very much the same as it had always been.

Lord Worborough and Pole were a good deal together. The heir-apparent was being familiarised with the possessions which would one day be his own. His lordship had always kept his affairs for the main part in his own hands, and he and Pole spent hours in going over business papers together. At such times I was thrown upon my own resources, and since in my boyhood riding had been my greatest joy, and I had not been able to afford a horse in London, I took advantage of the chances offered me, and spent most of my spare hours in the saddle.

I was riding one tranquil afternoon towards the village, thinking of a certain day at Pangbourne for the most part, and recalling with great clearness all that had been said and done, and how somebody had looked at every turn of head and hand, when I saw, far away across the fields, the crawling line of white steam which betrayed the progress of the afternoon down train. From the distance at which I saw it, it looked like an emblem of peace and quiet, and seemed to travel very slowly, but by-and-by rounding a great curve it came charging down towards me with increasing swiftness and a growing roar. My horse showed so decided a trepidation at the advancing monster that I turned him into a by-lane out of sight of it, and did not return to the road I had been travelling until the train had paused at the station, and the whistle had announced its departure. Then I went on towards the station. I saw without any special interest the little handful of country people dispersing from the station door, and a gentleman farmer of the neighbourhood climb into a dog-cart which had been in waiting for him and drive away. The moving of the dog-cart revealed three people, a man and woman, the woman very fashionably attired, and a railway porter whose hand was pointing straight down the road by which I was approaching the group. In a minute or so I came near enough to see them clearly, and in a sort of horror I recognised the lady I had seen aboard the house-boat. Her companion was the little Jew solicitor, Goldsmith.

For a moment I was completely shaken out of my self-possession, and could think of nothing. My horse bore me on towards them, and I saw that I was recognised. I have no doubt my face displayed my sensations quite plainly, for Mr. Goldsmith looked up at me with a leer of self-approval, and wagged his head in what I felt to be a triumphing derision. His companion, who carried herself with the old harsh air of self-disdain, and disdain of everything, stared me scornfully in the face. I was quite certain that their purpose here was to annoy Pole, and when they had passed me but a little way I wheeled round and overtook them.

"You'd better carry the good news ahead of us, Bister Denham," said the little Jew. We're going to make a little call at Worborough Court."

"I shall have great pleasure," I responded as drily as I could. He laughed jeeringly, and I rode on with but a single glance at the bitter face beside him. Once out of sight

and hearing I put my horse from a trot into a gallop, and reached the Court a good half-hour before they could well be expected. I asked for Pole, and learned that he was closeted with Lord Worborough. The horse I had ridden was soft with want of exercise, and was in a lather of foam with his gallop of two and a half miles, and my own air was doubtless a good deal flurried, for the man whom I questioned looked oddly at me as if he suspected that something was amiss. For the moment I was altogether nonplussed. It would look odd to disturb Pole by sending for him, and Lord Worborough would probably think it an impertinence. Then it struck me that I could give the man at the lodge instructions to detain the visitors there, and permit them to do no more than send their business to the house, leaving it at Pole's option to do what he chose with them afterwards. Luckily, whilst I was hurriedly turning this suggestion up and down in my mind, I heard a step upon the great staircase leading to the hall, and there was Pole himself, lounging down with his hands in his pockets as usual, and his lithe and active figure swaying into the idlest postures.

"Here is Mr. Pole, sir," said the servant, and withdrew.

"Hillo!" said Pole. "Anything the matter? You look scared." I told him my news, and looking before him with eyes half-closed and lips drawn inward, he nodded twice or thrice. "We'll go and meet them," he said then, sliding an arm through mine, and taking a hat from the stand as we went by.

We walked in silence down the long avenue, passed the gates, and came upon the dusty road in silence. I looked at my companion pretty often, and if I had not known his real reasons for disturbance I should never have guessed them from his face. His arm gave a little sudden twitch as we turned a corner of the road.

"Here they are," he said. I had looked up already and had seen them a hundred yards away. They walked on leisurely to meet us, and I could see that Goldsmith was disturbed by the thought of the coming interview. He stared about him with an uneasy pretence of not having seen us, flourished his handkerchief, cocked his hat, pulled out his watch, and drew a glove off and on. When he could no longer evade the knowledge of us he fell ever so little behind his companion, who walked on steadily with an unchanging look until we halted within a yard of each other.

"Well," said Pole. I could feel his hand trembling slightly, with a strong quick tremor, but his face and voice were altogether commonplace and indifferent. "What does this mean?"

"I am spending a day or two in the country," she answered mockingly. "I wanted to exchange congratulations with you. Do you think the old man will last long?"

"I have been expecting this visit," Pole returned, with an air of everyday. "I want you to understand that I shan't allow another."

"Indeed?" she asked with a cold sneer, "and how do you propose to exercise your authority?"

"Well," he said, drawing his arm from mine, and tilting his hat over his eyebrows, "I hold the purse strings, and until you promise to leave me absolutely unmolested, I shall pay no more."

"I have taken a house down here," she answered, "and I am going to live in it."

"Very well," said Pole, throwing his head back, and looking at her from under the brim of his hat. "We understand each other. We needn't waste words about it. You will do as you please, and I shall use the only power I have."

"We will see about the power you have," said his wife. "At the first delay of a day I shall instruct Mr. Goldsmith to sue for maintenance."

"That's what we shall do," said Mr. Goldsmith, still looking behind her shoulder. "We shall sue for maintenance."

"You threatened that before," Pole answered, "and I give you the answer I gave then. The moment you move in that way I shall go abroad. As for the property here I never coveted it, or expected it, and I can do without it. I can make it over by deed of gift to the next heir. I shan't pay a penny until you have ceased to annoy me. It's the only power I have, and I shall use it."

I could see by her eyes that there was no mischief she would not have done him if she had had the power.

"You have a third of my income now," he went on, and I could see that his steadfast refusal to be angry or shaken was beginning to exasperate her horribly. "In due time, if we should both live, and I should be unmolested, your allowance will be increased, to what extent I cannot tell at present, but considerably. You must choose for yourself between a comfortable provision

for life and nothing at all. Good-day, Adelaide."

He turned to go, but she sprang forward and intercepted him.

"You want war?" she said, with something of a stagy air and accent, but with an obviously genuine passion. "You shall have it then."

"No," he answered wearily and quietly. "I want peace and I mean to have it." He made a movement to walk round her, but she intercepted him again. He lit a cigarette and sat down upon the turfy bank by the roadside, with his feet apart and his hands clasped between his knees.

"I will have my rights," she said, "and I will make your life a burden to you."

He looked up at her and responded with a dry simplicity, answering her last words only,

"I know you will."

"I suppose you fancy," she went on with a strange and dreadful distortion of the face, "that I know nothing of your doings. I know everything. I know why you go to Cromwell Terrace. I know why you stopped away. I know how much you wish me dead, and how you hate the sight of me. Do you think I care whether you hate me or not? Not I! Why should I?"

I drew Goldsmith a little aside, and ventured to ask him if he thought any good purpose was being served by the prolongation of this scene. I pointed out that it could only lead to an exasperation of feeling on both sides, and begged him to use his influence in getting his client away. He grinned unamiably and shrugged his fat shoulders.

"If Bister Pole doesn't like it," he said, "Bister Pole's got himself to thank for it, and nobody else."

"As to that," I answered, trying to be as diplomatic as I could, "I am not in a position to form an opinion. But if you have your client's interest at heart, Mr. Goldsmith, I am sure you will persuade her to go away. I understand that Mrs. Pole has no means of her own, and if her husband should be so far irritated as to fulfil his threat, your own hopes of payment might be seriously affected."

"I ain't afraid," said Mr. Goldsmith. "We can come on the estate. It's a legal claim, ain't it? Very well, then. What's the use of talking? If you want a man's fredly services you shouldn't chuck him in the river."

"I want you both to understand," Pole broke in here, rising to his feet. His wife was still talking with a slow, bitter intensity, but she stopped at the sound of his voice and listened, looking from her husband's face to Goldsmith's and back again. "You can make a public scandal of the thing, of course. You can drive me out of England, and make it impossible for me to return, but you can't get money from a man who is determined at all costs not to pay it. Now I am determined at all costs not to pay it—please understand that quite clearly, and once for all—unless I have quiet secured to me. On the first return of annoyance I shall go away, and leave you to your own devices."

His face was very pale and his eyes glittered, but he spoke with a steady voice, and it was plain to see that he produced an effect on both of them. Goldsmith looked uneasily at his client, and she, with her handsome, dreadful face as white as Pole's, looked back at him, her chin raised, and her pencilled eyelids drooping, till the eyes shone through a mere slit. I could not help thinking that there was a something posed and studied in her look and attitude, and in my own mind I pictured her as rehearsing this and similar scenes with a hungry relish for the excitement of quarrel.

"Now, Goldsmith," Pole went on, "you know your client. If you advise her to her present course you must take the consequences—you can guess what they will be."

Mr. Goldsmith showed signs of faltering. His client opened her eyes in a studied disdain and amazement, and, turning her head aside from him slowly, kept her glance fixed upon his face for awhile and then withdrew it with a practised scorn.

"It's no use looking at me like that," said Mr. Goldsmith fretfully. "Of course I'm devoted to your interests, Mrs. Pole. I want to make the best of things for you; but it's no use cutting your nose off to spite your face. Now, is it?"

"Come, Denham," said Pole, taking me by the arm and moving away. This time his wife made no attempt to stay him, and the last I saw of the pair we left behind was that the little Jew was standing bare-headed and proffering his arm, whilst his client turned disdainfully away from him and stood stock still in the middle of the dusty road.

We walked in silence for some two or three hundred yards, and then Pole spoke.

"If they drive me to it I will keep my word. I daresay you thought that I was harsh. I don't care much what people think

as a general rule—perhaps I care too little—and if I justify myself to you you must take it as a compliment."

I knew very well he was not thinking flippantly, however he might speak.

"I have suffered enough already, and I can't afford to have this misery hanging over me, threatening to come down at any moment. I must use the only power I have."

I hastened to assure him that I did not see what other course lay open to him. In his new position at least, whatever it had been in his old one, it was impossible, or almost impossible, to hide his whereabouts. I thought he had an absolute right to offer the bargain he had set before his wife, and that if she would not accept it he was clear of responsibility for her action.

"I am glad you think so," he answered. "It helps me to think so. Let us say no more about it."

But the new hint of Pole's interest in Miss Delamere disturbed me, and the more I thought about it the less assured I felt, and the more grieved and anxious. I felt my own thoughts intrusive and impatient, but I could not banish them.

CHAPTER XI.

THE *Morning Post* had announced the fact of the arrival of Mr. Pole and Mr. John Denham at Worborough Court, and after a space of some six weeks, during which nothing of importance to my history happened beyond the scenes already indicated, it announced the departure for London of the same distinguished pair. We went back to town and resumed our old quarters and our old ways. Before we left, Lord Worborough had taken the warmest sort of liking to Pole, and had, it appeared, been anxious to press an allowance upon him, and to induce him to take up a residence more in accord with his prospects, and the social position they imposed upon him. But Pole protested that he had as much as he wanted, and preferred for the present to remain in his old quarters, and so, to my great satisfaction, we went back to an unchanged life.

If my friend had been situated like most young men of his age, had been free to carve out his own career and dispose of his own destiny, I am sure that I should have been able to rejoice in the fortune which had befallen him with my whole heart. But having such solid ground for thinking poorly of his high fortune on one side, I allowed myself to think poorly of it on another. My thoughts and feelings here were purely selfish, as I am quite willing to admit. My own means gave me no right to mix on terms of equality with people of such exceptional wealth as would at one time or another come into my friend's possession. I did not altogether like the idea of his having that enormous income and that imposing title, and I felt as if these things forced us apart already. But the difference—if difference there was—was wholly on my side. Pole showed not the slightest sign of being touched by it.

It rained one evening pretty heavily, and I had business abroad. The days were beginning to draw in, and it was dusk in the court when I got to the open doorway of the house and stood there unfolding my umbrella. The lamps were lit, and gleamed rawly in the faint light. There was something noticeably dismal in the chill mingling of gaslight with what remained of daylight, and the whining wind, which wrinkled the puddles on the stone pavement, and the relentless plashing rain intensified the feeling. I was conscious, in an absent-minded way, of a further note of emphasis—a single figure in the otherwise deserted court, a man who, with a frock-coat shining with rain, and a shapeless old silk hat, from whose battered brim the drops fell on his nose, stood lurching by the opposite railings, looking upward. As I put up my umbrella and stepped out into the rain he gave ever so slight a start, of nervousness, as I conjectured, and made off in the direction of Holborn. He looked abject and deserted, and I gave him a sidelong glance in passing. He gave a sidelong glance at me, and shot his eyes away from mine in a mere fraction of a second. He was sufficiently miserable to look at, but just respectable enough to have a right to be offended by an offer of charity. I half expected his step to quicken, and could almost hear in fancy the thick voice which I knew must go along with that bibulous nose and the bibulous unsteady lips he had, murmuring the known formula about the poor man and the night's lodging. He came slopping on behind me, with the peculiar sucking noise at each footstep which broken boots make on a wet and level pavement, and I gave him a passing thought of pity and forgot him, as we have to forget scores of such phantoms every day in a great city.

I went to Bloomsbury Square, I remember, to call upon an acquaintance of mine, a musician, who had set some verses of mine to music, and who had given me an appointment that evening to hear a professional tenor rehearse the song. I stayed an hour, I dare say, and then left. There, planted

against the railings was a dim gleaming figure, at such a distance that I should have not noticed him at all but for the chance light a gas-lamp cast upon his wet arm and shoulder, and his seedy shining hat. He would appear to have gone to sleep there, but the noise of the door which, escaping the maid-servant's fingers, slammed loudly behind me, made him jump into a bolt upright attitude, and I thought of the man in the court.

So far there was nothing in the world to make me believe that it was worth anybody's while to stalk me about London, and so I fancied this second sight of the man to be an accident. I went home and forgot him again. But next day about noon I turned to look at something in the street, and there was the man once more, slouching a score of yards behind. He turned away when I saw him, and made believe to stare at a shop-window, but I observed one or two furtive glances in my own direction, and began to grow a little curious. I sauntered on and went round a corner, and then dropping my pace to a mere lounge I went round a second corner and there waited. The shabby man almost walked against me—recoiled with a start, and then took the other side of the road. I affected to take no notice of him and lounged on again, and coming in awhile to another main street, saw my man behind me still, this time by the aid of a big mirror in the shop-window of a carver and gilder. The shop-window was at a corner, and the mirror stood at an angle in it, giving a clear view of the road for two score yards. I began to suspect the shabby man of shadowing me for a purpose, and I walked about with no other meaning at all than to see if he would follow still, taking pains not to look as if I knew anything of his presence. It became quite clear at last that the man was really following me, and when I had led him a long ramble I bent my way homewards. When I had come within a minute's walk of Warwick Court I quickened my steps to a good round pace, and once within its shelter, ran. I passed the iron gate, turned to the left, and then marched leisurely down Brownlow Street back into Holborn. There, at the corner of Chancery Lane, was my man in converse with another, a gentleman in a skin cap, short trousers, and big highlows. My original follower went down Chancery Lane, the man in the skin cap crossed the street and took up his stand at a corner of the entrance to the court. I went away to luncheon, pretty certain of finding him there when I came back again, wondering what on earth this evident espionage meant, and perhaps exciting myself about it a little more than necessary.

Late in the afternoon I went back to chambers, and after waiting for half an hour, took another ramble. As I expected, the man in the highlows was so good as to follow me everywhere, to wait outside a house in which I made a prolonged call, and to accompany me at a judicious distance home again. I went straight up to Pole's chambers, and found him engaged with a book and a cigar. He opened the door with the book in his hand, and threw it on to the sofa as he entered the sitting-room before me.

"Well," he said cheerfully, "what's the news?"

I told him my curious experience of the last four-and-twenty hours. At first he said, "Nonsense," and laughed, but when I began to describe the experience in detail he grew serious, and proposed that we should at once go out together and investigate the matter. I consented to this quite eagerly. I described the men before we started, so that he should be able easily to identify them. We walked into Holborn and caught no sight of either of them.

"Let us take a quiet way," I said, "and see what happens."

We steered our course for the great west-central squares, which at that hour lay silent and almost deserted. We walked slowly, both keeping a keen look-out, and before we had made half-a-dozen turnings Pole began to think that there was something in it. A pinched, wispy little man, in disreputable black, took the same way as ourselves, with a persistence which would have been very singular if it had been accidental. When we began to be pretty sure of him we veered about and met him. He passed us without a look or a sign, and two minutes later he was following us upon our backward track.

"There is no doubt about it," Pole confessed. "You are being followed. What is the meaning of it?"

I could not make a guess, but my nerves began to thrill a little at the notion of this unwearying stealthy watch. There was a mystery in it which was certainly not altogether agreeable, and was yet not without its charm.

"We will discomfit this gentleman," said Pole. "I am going to ask him what he means by it."

I asked him to wait a moment. I thought I saw a better way than he suggested. There

could be nothing got out of the man by questioning him, but I proposed to hunt the hunter and find out where he went and by whom he was employed. It was absurd to suppose that he and his comrades were tracking me for the mere amusement of the adventure. They were set on by somebody and paid by somebody, though it was out of my power to guess why anybody should think it worth his while to mark me down in this way.

We stood at a dark corner discussing this question.

"Depend upon it, Pole," I said, and before I could get any further the pinched little man slunk by us without a glance at either. "We will part here," I whispered a moment later. "Keep an eye on the fellow. See if he follows me again."

We agreed upon this, said "good-night" to each other, loudly, and took different ways.

I lit a cigar and sauntered slowly, to give my man a chance of keeping up with me. I was almost as anxious not to be lost sight of as I judged him to be to keep sight of me. I heard no following footsteps though the square was as silent as a desert, and I confess to many curious little shudderings as I went. I have never had any very distinguished opportunity of learning whether I am brave or a coward, and I am rather inclined to fancy that nobody can be sure of his own courage until it has been tested, but I think that most people would have felt nervous under the circumstances. It was not that I anticipated any bodily harm, for I was a match for the wispy old man and half-a-dozen like him, but imagination came into play, and a score of tingling adventures happened every minute.

I walked softly, and listened with all my might. I heard hundreds of imaginary sounds, but not a single noise which could reasonably be translated into that of a pursuing footstep, and at last I paused and turned. I was in a long, deserted, silent street, and from end to end there was not a living creature to be seen. I retraced my steps, and saw nothing, and after a time it became evident to my mind that the inexplicable pursuit had been abandoned. After lingering long to be assured of this, and having attracted the wondering regard of more than one policeman by my suspicious loiterings, I went home. Pole was there before me.

"The hunt is over for the time," he said. "I fancy the fellow understood the meaning of our manœuvre, and declined to be followed in his turn. Anyway he made no further attempt to follow you, and I lost sight of him."

We talked about the theme until we wore it altogether threadbare, and then we went to bed. For a day or two as I went about the streets I looked around me to find some trace of the old watch, but seeing none I forgot it, until one evening emerging from Warwick Court, I saw, sneaking along the opposite side of the way, my friend in the fur cap. I was naturally interested in him, and at first it tickled me somewhat to observe that he was slinking, and pausing, and peering as if in pursuit of the old business with a new unconscious quarry ahead of him. I crossed over and dropped behind him, and, following his constant glances in one direction, discovered, with a sudden chill and start, that he was hunting my companion.

"And now," said I to myself, "we will find out what this extraordinary business means if I follow for a week."

I had not to follow for a week as it turned out, but I got through as dull and weary an evening as I ever remember to have passed in my life. Pole turned into a restaurant, and this reminded me that I myself was hungry, and that the object of my excursion from my chambers had been dinner. The man in the fur cap took up his post within sight of the entrance and waited there. I took up my post in sight of him, and waited also. The man smoked several pipes, and danced many shuffling dances on the pavement. The streams of traffic flowed this way and that, clocks boomed and clanged the quarters through the noises of the streets with a most unreasonable interval between. I grew absurdly hungry, and everybody who left the restaurant looked like Pole. I got to dread the eye of the policeman on his beat, and knew that I was a suspicious character. When I had waited an hour and a half, which felt like a dreary day, Pole emerged from the swinging doors and went home. The man in the fur cap followed him, and I followed the man in the fur cap.

At the foot of Warwick Court the spy found an associate, and after a whispered word or two with him moved off at a good round pace, leaving his confederate behind. I went after number one, determined to find where he might go. I had a second wait whilst he refreshed himself at a public-house. I peered through the glass door, and saw him engaged with a pork pie and a pewter pot. It began to rain, and if the

whole thing had been less mysterious and had seemed less important I could have easily found it in my heart to resign the chase.

At last patience was rewarded, and the man coming again upon the street, turned up his collar against the rain, plucked the fur cap over his eyes, and walked away with an air of decision. He paused after a lengthy walk before a private house in a respectable street, knocked, and was admitted. The door was no sooner closed behind him than I ran to it, and by the light of a near lamp read the inscription upon the brass plate:

Mr. Goldsmith, Solicitor.

CHAPTER XII.

I STOOD at the door for a time sunk deep in thought, and by-and-by I began to get a glimmering of insight, though no more. I had only just begun to move away when the door re-opened and the man in the fur cap and the big highlows came out and passed me. I touched him on the arm and he turned his head and paused.

"I want a word or two with you, if you please," I said.

"What if I don't please?" he asked. He had not actually brought his footsteps to a halt, but was moving on lingeringly with a backward stare at me.

"I think you will," I answered, persuasively jingling a handful of silver in my pocket, "if I make it worth your while. Have you any objection to a drink, to begin with?"

Well, no, he said he hadn't, not so far as *he* knowed. I asked him to be so good as to pilot me to a place where we might have a moment's talk in quiet.

"I'll show you the way, right enough," he answered, "but you needn't think as you're agoing to get anything out o' me. I can pay for my own drinks when I want 'em."

I made no response to this, and he, turning a corner, led me down a by-street and into a public-house. A barman dozed behind the pewter counter, and but for him the place was empty. I gave my spy a glass of hot rum and water and for form's sake asked for a bottle of lemonade. When I paid for these I pulled out all the money I had in my pocket precisely as Mr. Goldsmith would have done. I had perhaps three pounds about me, and I saw my friend of the fur cap looking at it as if he would like it to change hands I thought.

"Now," I asked him, "you don't believe in selling anything for nothing, do you?"

"No," he said, shivering agreeably after his first gulp of hot rum and water; "I ain't one o' that sort."

Nobody would have expected anything of the sort, I told him, from so shrewd-looking a fellow. I thought of the Inspector Buckett, and was resolved to be complimentary.

"But now," I said, "I want you to tell me one or two things." I put a halfcrown on the pewter counter and looked at him. He shook his head decisively. I set another on the top of it, and looked at him again, and again he shook his head, this time with something of a mournful sneer. He still made negative signs when four halfcrowns lay one upon another before him, but they were less decided than before. "Very well," I said, feigning to observe plain acquiescence in his manner. "Half to begin with, the other half afterwards." I held out five shillings towards him. He lingered for a moment, but no more.

"What is it?" he asked as he pouched the coins.

"You are employed by Mr. Goldsmith?" I asked. He contented himself with a nod. "He set you on to follow me?" He shook his head and smiled. "Who set you on to follow me?"

"Nobody," he answered; "that was a herror."

"Ah! I thought so. You were employed to follow Mr. Pole?"

Again he nodded.

"Why do you follow Mr. Pole?"

"I'm paid for it," he answered.

"Exactly. But what do you want to find out about him?"

The man looked about him suspiciously, finished his drink, and moved towards the door with an almost imperceptible nod of invitation for me to follow. I obeyed the signal, and he led me through a little maze of streets. I stopped him at length by declaring that I would go no farther.

"The potman was a-listening," he said whoezily; "I could see it by the way he 'eld 'is 'ed. My place is worth a lot more than ten shilling."

"Very likely," I answered; "but I don't want you to lose your place. I want you to keep it. Tell me, what do you want to find out about Mr. Pole?"

"The orders is," he answered, leaning forward and pouring his spirituous breath into my face, "to see where he goes, and who he meets—specially one place and one person."

"What is the place?" I asked.

"House in Cromwell Terrace," he answered.

"And the person?"

"A young female as live in the house."

"Of course you know no reason why this is being done?"

"The governor don't tell *me* a lot; you can bet your 'at on that, sir."

There was no more to be made of him for the time, and I paid him his five shillings and parted from him, but not before I had ascertained that he knew my name and address, and had arranged with him to communicate with me in case anything should come to his knowledge. I had very little compunction in employing this personage to act against his original employer, and as I walked home, Spenser's line about entire affection hating nicer hands came into my mind, and justified me altogether.

It was embarrassing to take the news of my discovery to Pole, and I was conscious of a feeling, which I knew of course to be altogether ridiculous, that I was interfering in his affairs, and prying into concerns which he desired to keep secret. But it was not a matter for any foolish delicacy, and I seized the first chance I had of laying it before him.

He tried hard to preserve his ordinary look of impassivity, and listened with his shoulders lounging against the wall, his hands in his pockets, and his head leaning sideways.

"You ask me nothing!" he said when I had done.

"Why should I ask you anything?" I demanded in return.

"You must think it all very exceptional and strange."

Of course it was exceptional and strange, and I admitted as much to myself and to him.

"Don't take my silence as a sign of indifference or unfriendliness," I said at last. "I will ask you that, but I don't care to ask you any more."

He left his lounging place by the wall and took several turns about the room. Then he stopped and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"There are no suspicions, no accusations, in your mind?"

"My dear fellow, no."

"Denham!" he said suddenly, seating himself before me. "I don't know what to do. I don't know how I ought to act."

I did not know, I answered, that my advice could be of service to him.

"In plain English," he said after a time, "here is my trouble. Ought I to publish the fact of this miserable marriage?"

I had thought over this question so often and so long that I had my answer ready.

"The reasons against the publication are obvious enough. What are the reasons for it?"

"They are obvious enough also—some of them. Here is the name of a most spotless and admirable lady coupled with mine. You coupled them together in your mind, once at least; my wife couples them. That old snob and tuft-hunter Delamere is trying his hardest to couple them, in fact. Dr. Fish is full of hints and smiles. I don't believe—I don't believe Miss Delamere cares two straws for me. I suppose I must have let it be seen at one time that I cared a great deal more than two straws for Miss Delamere."

It cost him a great effort to say this. He spoke in a tone of affected lightness, which afforded as poor and thin a disguise as I can remember to have known. When I looked at him his face was pale, and he was looking fixedly before him. The confession came upon me with a great shock, and I understood in the light of it many things which had hitherto been dark to me. Here was half the tragedy I had been afraid of.

"I made that wretched marriage," he went on, after a lengthy silence—"never mind why. I thought I was acting very nobly and loftily, and so on, and I found out that I had acted like a fool. Who is it says we reserve our keenest repentances for our virtues? I was married, anyhow, and tied for life. You have seen my wife, and there's no need to describe her to you, or to talk about her at all. We lived together for a month, and then parted. I met Miss Delamere some time afterwards. I won't say that I fell in love with her." He was talking in a hard, dry voice, and with a manner as dry and hard, as solid people of deep-rooted feeling do when they are greatly moved. "I formed a very high opinion of her. I thought her the most admirable woman I had ever known, and," he added very doggedly, "I think so still. In a while I began to see that other people were becoming aware of my opinion. Her father was aware of it, and resented it as an impertinence, until an accidental death or two put me in reasonable distance of a great future and a peerage. Then he changed his mind, as might have been expected of him."

He rose then and paced steadily to and fro with his chin upon his breast.

"One night," he went on, "old Dr. Fish poked a foolish joke at me about an approaching marriage, and that decided me. I never

went near the Delamere's house again until I went with you, and then I thought the folly had blown over. It seems to have revived and sprung to life again, and I must stop away again and put an end to it."

"It will certainly be wise to do so," I said.

"It's rather hard lines too," he added, with that irritating assumption of not caring, which, after all, I was compelled to admire. For my own part when I am hurt I cry out prodigiously. When I am in trouble I want somebody to whom to pour out my complaints—a friend to share my burden. "It's brutally hard lines when you come to think of it."

"I fancy," I said, "that your wife and Goldsmith can have but little knowledge of you."

"My wife and Goldsmith have very little knowledge of me," he answered. "They have but very little knowledge of the case at all, it would seem. I don't think I'm much of a coxcomb, Denham?"

He put this question with something very like his usual natural air, and I laughed as I answered. Not much of a coxcomb, I was inclined to fancy.

"Then I can say what is on my mind to say. It's no compliment to a man when a woman falls in love with him, because women constantly fall in love with utterly worthless people. They fall in love with ugly fellows, they fall in love with men who are dazzlingly stupid, or mean, or base. It's quite on the cards that a woman might fall in love with me. It's a recognisable possibility. Eh?"

"Quite a recognisable possibility."

"Then what should the sensitive creature do who desires to save a hypothetical young woman from wasting her affections? What should a tender-hearted man in my position, reading the first signs of dawning affection, do to shield the poor creature from the blight?"

"For Heaven's sake, Pole," I besought him, "don't talk in this bitter way. Upon my soul you are worse than wormwood."

"Yes," said Pole drily, biting off the end of a cigar. "I'm a great deal worse than wormwood."

"Look here, Pole," I said, rising and laying a hand upon him. "It's no use beating about the bush any longer, and hurting each other with pretences. You'd best let it be known at Cromwell Terrace that you are married, and then all the trouble, and all the chance of trouble, will be over."

"I said just now I wasn't a coxcomb," he answered with a bitter lightness. Then looking sideways at me with a face as white as marble, he asked, "You think *she* cares?"

"I think she may. I know nothing. I have seen nothing. She may come to care."

"All right," he answered, throwing the cigar into the fireplace. "Go and cry it on the housetops. Look here, old chap." He gripped my arm, and pushed me to and fro more strongly than he knew. "We won't say any more about it now. I've got some letters I ought to write, and—and some things to think about. Come up to-morrow, will you? Good night."

We shook hands, and I left him. I don't suppose I could feel anybody's grief to-day as I felt his then. We grow selfish as we grow older, and our own cares absorb us. But at that time I had no trouble of my own that was worth the thinking of, and it is simple truth that I loved him like a brother. I went away heavy-hearted, and in my own lonely room I listened to the sound of his footsteps overhead, to the unnumbered little noises which bespoke disordered and hasty movements and a troubled mind for hours.

In the morning, among my letters I found a note from Pole.

"I have been thinking," he wrote, "of our last night's talk. I have come to the conclusion that it will be best to make a clean breast of it. I am going down to Worborough. The old man will be grieved I know, but I must tell him with my own lips. I authorise you to speak about the matter where you will. There is no need for discretion, and you may tell anybody. Tell Fish, and he will save you all further trouble."

If there was anything made clear by the resolve thus expressed, it was Pole's fear lest Mary Delamere should come to care for him in her ignorance of his position. And if anybody who knows the facts chooses to think the fear coxcombical, I need hardly say that I am very far indeed from being in agreement with him.

"On Broom Heath"

THE WONDERS OF THE SPRING.

Walks with a Naturalist.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

MANY years ago, when I was a child, my cocvals and myself were but badly off for books.

Children's books, such as are so liberally bestowed on the present generation, gorgeously bound and illustrated by the most accomplished artists, were absolutely unknown. There existed only a very few books which the young people could understand, and their illustrations were rough, coarse, and often grotesquely absurd, if not misleading. We had "Harry and Lucy," "Barbauld's Hymns," the "Boy's Own Book" (quite a small volume in those days), "Sandford and Merton," "Robinson Crusoe," and "Evenings at Home." Now and then an exceptionally fortunate boy had the "Arabian Nights." I was one of these especially favoured youths, and I well remember my disappointment on first opening the first volume. I had assumed that the title of the book was the "Arabian Knights," and that it contained tales of Arab chivalry.

None of those books were of any use to small children, and no such works existed as were needed by children under six or seven years of age. Borrowing from friends was useless, because every one who possessed books had the same, the only difference being in the bindings. Of this limited list, I am inclined to think that "Evenings at Home" was most generally in favour, and even now I can read it with interest.

One of the most favourite stories in it was "Eyes and no Eyes." There were the invariable two boys, and the inevitable and omniscient tutor, "Mr. Andrews," enacting the part of Mr. Barlow, and William and Robert taking the place of Sandford and Merton.

The boys go out for a walk, and on their return are questioned by the tutor. Robert arrives first, having outstripped his companion, who, as he complained, was incessantly lagging behind, "stopping to look at this thing and that." He thought it a very dull walk; he had scarcely met a single person, and would much rather have gone by the turnpike-road.

As he finishes his complaints his companion arrives, full of delight with his walk. He has seen a variety of flowers, birds, trees, and other sights, and is delighted with his walk. On examination, it seems that both boys took exactly the same route, one having used his eyes, and the other having neglected to observe the objects which he must have seen, and which were so wonderful to his companion.

At the present day "Evenings at Home" appears to be an almost unknown work to the young people, a few of whom have heard of it, but scarcely any have read it.

Some little time ago I received a letter from an unknown and aged correspondent, alluding to this indifference, and suggesting that I should republish the story, and accompany it with illustrative notes. On looking it over, I saw that the suggestion could not be literally carried out. In the first place, it is impossible that the boy could have seen all these objects in a single walk, some belonging to the spring, while others are only to be seen in autumn. But, though the story cannot well be annotated, it can be expanded and corrected. The creatures which the boy saw are very sketchily described, while he says nothing of many other objects which he must have seen. Moreover, as just mentioned, the narrative is not altogether correct, so I have determined to expand it as follows.

We will suppose that the reader is going on a similar track "all over Broom Heath, and so up to the mill at the top of the hill, and then down among the green meadows by the side of the river." Then, we will suppose that his walks are taken at four seasons of the year, and that he wishes to know how to employ his eyes at those seasons. I do not mean to say that only four walks are to be taken, each occupying only an hour or two, but that the reader may be prepared for a few of the objects which he will see during an average season. As the walk of "Evenings at Home" took place in the spring, we will begin with that season.

Spring, like all our seasons, is exceedingly elastic, both in its commencement and duration; but for the sake of convenience, we will consider it as extending from the middle of March to the end of May.

Let us first suppose ourselves on Broom Heath about the end of March, just when the sun's beams are becoming warmer, lasting longer day by day, and calling into visible existence the varied phases of life which have been dormant during the cold months of winter.

I very much wonder that the observant "William" makes no mention of the songs of the birds—the first harbingers and constant companions of spring. Among the earliest songsters of spring are the full-voiced Blackbird, the melodious Thrush, and the two sober-plumaged and sweet-voiced Skylark and Woodlark, the latter mostly preceding its relative as a spring songster. It is less than the skylark, and its voice, though of a sweeter quality, is not so penetrating. On the wing, the woodlark can be distinguished by its habit of rising in a spiral flight which has been compared to the outer edge of rising smoke. Moreover, it will sometimes sit on a tree-top, and thence pour forth its song, whereas the skylark is incapable of perching on branches. I have heard the bird in full song, even when snow lay thickly on the ground, its instinct having taught it that spring had begun.

Not only is it an early songster, but an early breeder, sometimes laying its eggs before March is over.

As to the Skylark, it is more widely known than the woodlark, which is a rather local bird. It has more power of wing than its smaller relative, rises higher, and sings louder and longer. Its mode of flight is slightly different. Instead of flying in an increasing spiral, it keeps its head to the wind, and rises in a zigzag fashion, until it has reached the limit of its upward flight. It poises itself for a moment, and then begins its downward flight, never for a moment ceasing its song. This downward flight is rather peculiar. The reader has probably seen a spider let itself down from a ceiling. It drops for a foot or two, paying out a length of thread as it falls. Then after a pause it drops farther, and so on until it has reached the ground. The skylark, in similar fashion, comes to the ground by successive drops and pauses, and when it has almost reached the earth, skims off horizontally for some distance, and thus reaches its nest, into which it never descends directly.

I believe that the number and duration of the pauses are apportioned to the length of the song, the melody coming to its natural end just before the bird reaches the ground.

The volume of sound produced by so small a bird is most wonderful. The lark ascends until it looks no larger than a midge, and can with difficulty be seen by the unaided eye, and yet every note will be clearly audible to persons who are fully half a mile from the nest over which the bird utters its song. Moreover, it never ceases to sing for a moment, a feat which seems wonderful to us human beings, who find that a song of six or seven minutes in length, though interspersed with rests and pauses, is more than trying. Even a practised public speaker, though he can pause at the end of each sentence, finds the applause of the audience a very welcome relief. Moreover, the singer and speaker need to use no exertion save exercising their voices. Yet the bird will pour out a continuous song of nearly twenty

minutes in length, and all the time has to support itself in the air by the constant use of its wings.

How high does the skylark rise?

That is a point that is not easily settled, as the bird is so small, and so incessantly in motion, that a sextant can scarcely be brought to bear on it. I believe, however, that it rises to an elevation which may be considered as rather more than twice the height of the dome of St. Paul's.

A little later in the spring may be heard a note which is quite as much a love-song as that of the skylark, although to our ears it is anything but melodious. It may be imitated by whistling a very high note, very staccato, and very quickly repeated. This is the song of the Wryneck, sometimes called the "cuckoo's knave" (*i.e.* servant), or sometimes the "cuckoo's mate," both names being due to the fact that its song is heard shortly before that of the cuckoo.

By imitating the song, the bird can be induced to approach quite closely, and out of the window of my present study, I have attracted more than one of these birds to a tree under the window. It is a bird that is well worth watching, were it only for the extreme mobility of its neck and the manner in which it takes insect prey by darting out its long and slender tongue. It is wonderfully active among tree-trunks, inserting its tongue into every crevice, and extracting the hidden insects, employing the sense of touch rather than that of sight. It is aided in this search by the peculiar construction of the neck, which enables it to dart its head in all directions without altering the attitude of the body.

Here I may mention that any observer who wishes to use his eyes cannot do better than carry with him a good field-glass. Great power is not so much wanted as clearness of definition and ease of focussing.

After the cuckoo's mate we naturally look out for the Cuckoo himself. I intentionally use the masculine pronoun inasmuch as the two-note song with which we are so familiar is, as is the case with birds generally, only uttered by the male. The proportion of males is very large compared with that of females, and to that circumstance is attributed the remarkable and well-known fact that the female cuckoo makes no nest for herself, but deposits her eggs in the nest of some small bird, without appearing to care about the species of the foster-mother. In America this disproportion does not exist, and so the American cuckoos build nests for themselves.

The egg of the cuckoo is quite disproportionate in size to that of the mother bird, being no larger than that of the sparrow. An instance of an opposite disproportion is to be found in the enormous egg of the little guillemot, and a still more extraordinary example is seen in the egg of the apteryx, which weighs one-fourth as much as the bird who laid it.

Two days after being hatched, the young cuckoo proceeds to eject the other inmates of the nest, by getting under them and pushing them over the edge of the nest, so as to obtain all the food which would have been divided among the entire brood. It seems that the young cuckoo has the power of working on the feelings of other birds besides its foster-parents, and inducing them to supply it with food. This fact was personally observed by the late Charles Kingsley. It is said, however, in defence of the cuckoo's character, that it does not always leave its young to others, and that when a young cuckoo was taken out of the nest and put into a cage, an adult cuckoo, presumably the parent, came and fed it.

As to the mode by which the egg is conveyed into the nest, it has been ascertained that the bird first lays the egg on the ground, and then picks it up again in her mouth, and thus deposits it in nests which, from its size, it could not enter. Essentially a bird of spring, the cuckoo never visits our shores until spring has fairly commenced, and ceases his song at the approach of summer.

Among the birds which the observant boy saw on his walk was a Green Woodpecker, which flew to a tree and ran up the trunk like a cat. Now, though the woodpecker stays with us throughout the year, it is so busy in spring that there is no better time for observing it. As every one knows, it feeds on the insects which are hidden under the bark or in the decaying wood of old trees.

In his explanation of the bird, the tutor makes a serious blunder. He tells the boys that the woodpeckers "bore holes with their strong beaks, to seek for insects in the bark, and do much damage to the trees by it." His error is a very common one, and even now prevails to some extent. In reality, the bird does no harm at all. The tree is already dying or dead, or it would not contain the wood-boring insects on which the bird feeds. Both bird and insects are among the sub-workers by which the machinery of the world is kept in order; and, though small in size, are by no means insignificant. Their

object is to remove dead trees from the ground, so that room may be made for fresh growth.

By striking away the bark which shelters the insects, and then digging them out of their burrows, the woodpecker allows the rain and air to penetrate the dead wood, and so to hasten its decomposition. No woodpecker ever wastes its time on a sound tree, so that the bird, instead of doing harm to trees, is one of the most useful aids in promoting their growth. Within this soft wood the bird burrows large holes in which it lays its eggs, though it does not trouble itself to make a nest, the fallen chips forming a soft bed for the eggs and young.

Beside the opera-glass, which has already been mentioned, the observer should always carry a note-book, in which he should enter everything that he sees, afterwards trans-

"By the side of the river."

ferring the notes to a classified book, in which they can be found at a moment's notice.

I find two entrances in my book concerning the woodpecker. One states that a woodpecker had made its nest in an old apple-tree, just under a bunch of mistletoe. A number of white chips were strewn upon the ground. The young birds, on being disturbed, ran nimbly up the tree, not being able to fly, as they were not fledged. A pair of starlings afterwards took possession of the deserted burrow.

Another entry mentions that on June 17, 1886, I went to Cannock Chase with Yarlet School (since removed to Bilton Grange, near Rugby) and spent several hours in naturalizing. It was a cold and inclement day, but we found much to interest us, including the capture of a living viper, after a long chase. We also found several nests, including that of the wheatear and chiff-chaff, and succeeded in catching a female woodpecker as she was sitting on her eggs. Of course we released her immediately.

It is a rather remarkable coincidence that the above-mentioned woodpecker's nest should be made in an apple-tree, and sur-

mounted by a plant of mistletoe. For our friend William discovers on a crab-apple-tree a plant the name of which he does not know, and which is the common mistletoe, the only British example of its tribe. Any one who wishes to cultivate it and has apple-trees, can do so by taking some of the familiar white berries and attaching them to the bark. In due time a tiny, thread-like rootlet issues from the seed, curls round and attaches itself to the bark, at last piercing through it and taking root in the solid wood. Its connection with the ancient druidical rites is familiar to all students of history.

Among the green meadows."

In connection with the song of the cuckoo we naturally expect the flowers which are associated with it. First there is the "lady-smock all silver white," sometimes called the "cuckoo-flower," whose white blossoms often cover fields so that at a little distance they look as if a shower of snow had fallen. Then there is the primrose, one of the earliest spring flowers, whose colour is so remarkable that no one has yet succeeded in defining it. Closely following the primrose are the oxlip and cowslip, the latter especially dear to children when made into balls.

Then comes the wild hyacinth or blue-bell, one of the flowers mentioned in our story, and remarkable as one of the few indigenous flowers which are both beautiful and sweet-scented. In favourable spots the ground will be one sheet of azure-blue, almost dazzling the eye with its splendour when the sunbeams fall on it, and filling the air with rich perfume. It is a pity that so splendid a sight should be of such short duration, but, wherever the wild hyacinth grows, the bracken-fern mostly flourishes also, and long before the hyacinth is out of flower the rapidly-growing bracken soon overtops it and hides its glories from sight. About the same time the hawthorn, blackthorn (or sloe), the service-tree, and others will be in blossom should the season prove favourable.

In our story, William comes upon some Lapwings, and is amused by their constant cry of "pee-wit!" One of them seemed to have broken its wing and went tumbling along close to the ground. The boy thought that he could catch it, and chased it for some time, the result being that he found himself led over marshy ground, filling his shoes with water, when the apparently disabled bird flew away. This is a common trick of the bird, and is intended to draw the attention of the intruder from its nest or young.

Both are very difficult to find. The eggs, which are known as "plovers'" eggs, are much valued as an ingredient in aspic jelly, and fetch a high price in the market. Finding them is almost an art. Their colour is dark olive, covered with spots and blotches of dark brown. They are very large at one end and very small at the other, and are always laid in fours, being arranged with the

small ends inwards and the large ends outwards, so as to form a sort of cross, like the petals of a "cruciform" flower. As they are placed either directly on the ground, or with only a few straws by way of protection, none but a practised eye can distinguish them from the soil, which they almost exactly resemble in colour. When I first went pee-wit egg-hunting I was often annoyed by seeing my more experienced schoolfellows pick up eggs which I had passed without detecting them.

We used to find that the wiles which have been indicated were to us valuable intimations that we were near the eggs. The female plays the part of the wounded bird, while the male sweeps round the head of the intruder with his peculiar flapping flight, screaming "Pee-wit! pee-wit!" for the purpose of diverting the attention of the enemy.

The only mammal which William appears to have seen was the Water-rat, but as that animal belongs rather to summer than to spring, we will postpone it until the next season. There is one animal which he would probably have seen if he had known how to look for it, and that is the Hare, which is peculiarly interesting at this time of year.

Unlike the rabbit, which lives in burrows, the hare braves the elements, and merely shelters itself in a slight hollow called its "form," a tiny bush, or even a grass-tuft, being a sufficient protection. It is quite as difficult to find a squatting hare as a pee-wit's egg, the animal squatting closely to the ground, laying its long ears upon its back, and harmonising so perfectly in colour with its surroundings, that many persons fail to see it even when it has been pointed out to them. Knowing its best chance of security, the animal lies so closely that it will allow itself to be almost stepped upon before it will move.

When the grass grows long the hare makes regular paths through it, leading from the woods to the centre of the field. When feeding, it only shows the tips of its ears, and when alarmed it lays its ears back and scurries through one of the paths to a place of safety, itself being hidden by the grass.

From its birth it is fitted for an outdoor life. The young rabbits, which are sheltered in the earth, are born blind, almost naked, and helpless. But the young hare, which has no shelter, and which may at any moment be obliged to look to its own safety, is born fully clad, with its eyes open, and ready to crouch or fly as may be needed.

The hare is often cited as an emblem of timidity, but without reason. It may well run away when pursued by hounds, but the male is really a fierce animal, and wages desperate war with its own species. Even the female, when defending her young, is no mean antagonist, as may be seen from a combat which was witnessed by Mr. R. Renton.

"On the 20th of April last (1883), at 7 A.M., I saw a rather unusual sight, viz. a hare protecting its young from a crow. The crow was evidently wanting the two young hares, while the mother intended to keep them. The animals were in some long grass, the young lying down, and their mother standing over them, while the bird flew round and frequently swooped down towards them. The hare struck out boldly with her fore feet, and for some time repelled the marauder, making a hissing noise all the while. At last she was struck on the head by the bird's wing, and the crow took the opportunity to seize one of the young. Before it could rise, however, the hare charged with its head at the crow, causing it to drop its prey. After this I advanced to the scene, whereupon the combatants dispersed."

Our space being now exhausted, we can only draw particular attention to our full-page picture, where Mr. Barraud has so cleverly depicted almost all the objects of our present talk. We shall resume the subject when SUMMER'S wonders are with us.

ON CHILDREN.

BY THE RIGHT REV. A. W. THOROLD, D.D., LORD BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

THIRD PAPER.

TO touch now on graver matters. Some children even within their first seven years, have their doubts and difficulties about religion. To leave them quite alone, to make much account of them, to make little account of them,—each is a possible way, and each way has its perils. There is nothing like a concrete instance of an abstract difficulty. The case of a child is known to me, of a thoughtful and sensitive temperament, who long before what we understand by girlhood had frequent periods of doubt both as to God's personal existence and His love to her. She confided them to her father, her only parent. Wisely or unwisely, he felt it inexpedient to argue with her, lest by making

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too much of her difficulties He might reason them further into her soul. He was content to suggest a question, and to urge a duty. "If anyone told you that I did not love you, should you mind it?" The little face smiled. There at least she felt on a rock. "Pray to God just the same, whether you feel Him near or distant; equally you need Him, equally He cares for you." That cloud has gone. Though others will come, they cannot be so dark as that. As a child's years open, of course the treatment of such cases will be changed. The expanding conscience, the inquisitive reason, the sceptical instinct (so invaluable and essential to knowledge, within proper limits), each and all need their legitimate satisfaction if there is to be no "Nemesis of faith" in the years to come. Some principles to guide us are perhaps beyond dispute. Always be perfectly frank with a child's questions. If you cannot answer them all, say so, and explain why; do not pretend to know when you do not know. Do not give an answer to a child about which you are secretly doubtful, and which you would hesitate to give to a man, or which you would scout if offered to yourself. Never pretend that there is an answer for everything. Never treat doubt as if it were a sin when it may be only an infirmity; nay, when it may even be the happy symptom of a soul's honest and eager groping after truth. As to the controversies between conflicting religions, while never giving cause to suppose that you are dissatisfied with your own, firmly postpone discussion until the mind is properly trained to compare, to weigh, and to decide. Be content to lay solidly, rationally, and out of Holy Scripture the foundations of your own faith, and when inquiry arises as to the variations of other creeds from your own, explain with equitableness and moderation what needs for the moment to be explained, and then have done with it. Rome has won more adherents by the exaggerations of her adversaries than by the erudition of her greatest doctors. To distort and misrepresent arguments is often to insure defeat, is always to deserve it.

Let the child's moral training anticipate, and so underlie the religious. Of all mischievous things in the world, whether in view of God's honour or man's welfare, the most deservedly fatal of all experiments is to teach religion without morals, or morals without religion. Train a child in unselfishness, especially if there is not the concurrent help of brothers and sisters. It is always a shock to a child, when for the first time it gives something away, to discover that it has so much less for itself, and the discovery occasionally leads to asking for it back again. To share, with the consequences of sharing, is the primary virtue to learn. Courteousness must not be regarded as a mere conventionalism. It is the spontaneous language of the heart, the blossom which the real nature grows; "manners makyth man." Truthfulness is not born with a child, and let no one expect it to be. Closely akin to it is the habit of exact accuracy of statement. Exaggeration, which often springs from vanity and a love of importance, soon breeds worse mischief, and should be gravely checked. Integrity in the very smallest thing should be strictly inculcated. It is the touchstone of manhood. Kindness to all people at all times and in all ways, simply from the motive of giving happiness, should be the hourly precept of the home. Usually it is easier to be kind to others when others are kind to us. It is curious how small a matter may set the heart singing or may cover it with a chilling mist. Of other things I need not make mention here, not because they are unimportant, but because they will suggest themselves, and cannot be much helped by rules. Then, based on this moral training, let the religious teaching be simple, continuous, objective, intelligent. The great truths of the Fatherhood of God, Whom we venerate, trust, and love; the personal friendship, sympathy and redeeming work of the Lord Jesus Christ, our kinsman and our Lord; of the indwelling presence and baptismal promise of the Holy Spirit, Who unites us to Christ, forms His divine nature within us, aids us with study, duty, trouble, conflict, may be thought sufficient for most grown-up folk in a busy and careworn life, certainly are ample nurture for the spiritual intelligence of a child. Before anything else encourage the practice of regular private prayer, and remember that if forms are crutches, it is better to use crutches than to run the risk of not walking at all. Be he child or man, he must indeed be enviably practised in saintly devotion who can, without loss or peril, always and altogether dispense with forms of prayer. Let Sunday be for itself and like itself, free from Judaic literalness, free also for the service of man, the worship of God, the edification of the personal spirit, the fellowship of the domestic life. Always also aim at making it supremely, if quietly happy. Do not encourage introspective moods in children. Do not force the expression of religious experience, while

your ear and heart should be ever open to all that your children may have to say. Dread unreality even more than thoughtlessness. Beware lest through injudicious and premature stimulating of the religious consciousness, a process of artificial mechanics comes to be substituted for the quiet unseen working of the Spirit of God. Sometimes the delicate organism of the spirit, by having been rudely and perilously galvanised in early youth, is found, when the riper years are reached, to have been exhausted, if not paralysed. Use man less and trust God more. Nay, it may be both wiser and safer in many cases to leave those, whom we have sacramentally dedicated to God, and whom we daily commend to His heavenly grace, more than some of us consent to do, to the growth of time, to daily sober instruction out of Holy Scripture, and the secret but mighty working of the Spirit of God. Make Christ felt to be the real, present, living Master, Friend, Saviour of the child's soul, and leave them together.

Of the disciplinary methods by which a child's character is to be moulded and prepared for life, the first in importance is to insure obedience, prompt, cheerful, and complete. If you begin early enough (the child may perhaps get the start of you) this is comparatively easy. Always the child's conscience is on your side, also Almighty God. A child, in one of those incautious moments so characteristic of children, once observed to a firm, but not harsh parent, "You know, father, we could not respect you if you did not make us obey." The said father has occasionally found that confession of practical use. A child is, within its own sphere of authority, the sternest of despots, and when we reflect that the parent is in the place of God to the child, and that resistance to the only authority it knows is practically rebellion against Him, the duty of parental discipline becomes a religious duty. Firm, consistent, kindly, just government is not only for the child's good, but very much for its happiness; also let it be joined with serenity, especially in the case of boys. Nothing impresses children more than quiet power; nothing so utterly demoralises them as a nervous, spasmodic excitableness. A friend, whose life is over, and in whose nature there was more real majesty than in any person I ever met, once told me an incident which exactly illustrates this rare faculty. The family lived in an old Queen Anne house a few miles out of London. Down each of the four corners of it there ran a fringe of moulded brickwork, with ornamentation jutting out sufficiently to make a barely safe foothold for a light climber. The youngest son of the house (had he been reading the "Hunchback of Notre Dame"?) took it into his head to descend from the top of the building to the bottom by this improvised staircase, and, having succeeded in his attempt, was presently summoned into the presence of his mother. What was that benignant and sagacious woman's method of preventing the repetition of a feat which was useless and alarming? She did not weep nor scold, not express either horror, admiration, or surprise. She contented herself with remarking that as he had done it once, and thereby made it clear that he was able to do it, there was no particular advantage to be gained by his doing it again. He did not do it again. George Eliot writes somewhere of "a woman's dream, who thinks by smiling well, to ripen figs in frost." This mother's success was, by forgiving wisely, to rivet her child's affection. This serenity, too, has its value with mischievousness—that disturbing and destructive, but not wicked feature in the young, which, with all its irritating accompaniments, has often the promise of rare qualities of manhood. There is a charming ode of Victor Hugo, in the form of a penitent expression of the great poet's regret for some hearty and probably quite merited words of displeasure at the invasion into his study of some rampagious children, in which he begs them to come back. He is pacified now; and they shall do what they please. I wish I could insert it all.

"Bright, tricksy children, oh, I pray,
Come back and sing and dance away,
And chatter too—sometimes you may,
A giddy group a big book seize—
Or somersaults, if it so you please,
With nimble step you'll run to me,
And push the arm that holds the pen—
The fault I freely own was mine,
But, oh, for pardon now I pine!
Enough my punishment to meet,
You must forgive I do entreat,
With clasped hands praying—do come back
Make peace, and you shall nothing lack."

MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

[Only fear of the editor cuts these lines short.]

A DES OISEAUX ENVOLÉS.

"Espiègles radieux que j'ai fait envoler,
O, revenez ici chanter, sauter, parler,
Tantôt, groupe folâtre, ouvrir un gros volume,
Tantôt courir, pousser mon bras qui tient ma plume,
Et faire dans le vers que je viens retoucher
Saillir soudain un angle aigu comme un clocher
Qui perce tout-à-coup un horizon de plaines.
J'ai donc eu tort: c'est dit, mais c'est assez punir,
Mais il faut pardonner, mais il faut revenir.
Voyons, faisons la paix, je vous prie à mains jointes."

VICTOR HUGO.

There is one exception, however, to be noticed in the treatment of a child's faults, where serenity would be misplaced, because

it would be undeserved and misunderstood. I mean where a child resists, or insults, or strikes a parent. Instant and summary and painful discipline is the only method to be used. It is not always used. Once, on a steamboat crossing one of the great American lakes, the writer saw a little fellow, under three years old, to whom his mother had just said no, viciously kicking its supine parent as hard as it could. The little feet were incapable of inflicting much damage, but what would the inspired author of the Book of Proverbs have said about that child? The mother took no notice, and seemed feebly amused. The little fellow, relieved by its explosion, and by the sweetness of its revenge, went away, probably to do what it had been told not to do, and presently returned, to be welcomed by its mother as if nothing had happened. That sort of thing means chaos, whether for a child, a family, or a nation. If I mistake not, it is rapidly breeding a chaos on that great continent which will one fine day be seriously felt.

To write about children and to be silent on the matter of health might argue a fatuous ignorance. In the present case, however, it is not that the writer doubts his having something to say, so much as the readiness of others to listen to him. Rousseau once observed of some one, "He was allowed to say what he pleased, because it was observed that no one listened to what he said." So I will take my liberty and risk it. The four golden rules of health are easily and compactly defined by four words, each emphasized by an adjective—Simple diet, cold water, regular exercise, warm clothing. As to diet, those warm-hearted, free-handed Americans often drive an old-fashioned Englishman to despair. The other day, at half-past nine at night a bright girl of eleven came down by herself into the dining-room of a pleasure steamer to eat some supper before retiring. The refreshment she promptly selected was a dish of assorted pickles, and it disappeared. Her father, who afterwards joined her, observed what she had done, and seemed to think it natural and wholesome. We have not got to that yet here. A mistake in another direction, and usually the habit of uneducated persons, almost as objectionable in its way, is constantly to be giving children small refections between their regular meals. A greater blunder still, except when used as a medicine, is the use of alcohol. There is no controversy about this.

The training and cultivation of the intellect in the case of a majority of parents is, after a certain age, a delegated duty; and it is not processes so much as results that come under their notice. (Perhaps, however, I ought to say, would come under their notice if they took as much interest in the education of their children as in their wardrobe or garden.) But much should be done at home before school-time arrives, and very much can be effected afterwards. Too much pains can hardly be taken in educating the child's eye for exact and rapid observation, in stimulating the child's inquisitiveness for all sorts of useful knowledge, in strengthening the memory through constant and judicious use, in carefully developing the reflective capacity, in observing the child's real tastes and preferences, and not least, in disciplining in the child that mental activity which will never rest content with the superficial knowledge of a subject, but which will persevere with the investigation of it until it is mastered. President Lincoln, whom history is likely to recognise as one of the foremost and greatest men of the nineteenth century, attributed the closeness and clearness of his argumentative faculties to the circumstance that when he met a difficulty he never rested until he had solved it.

A fierce gluttony of story-books weakens and dissipates the mind. One counsel I will here offer, and with diffidence, not because I am not fully convinced of its practical wisdom, but because I never can find any one disposed to give it the attention it deserves. One of Lord Beaconsfield's most delightful paradoxes is in "Lothair," where Mr. Phœbus oracularly remarks that men learn much more from conversation than from reading; that is, from each other than from books. The reasons are obvious. Of this, too, I am pretty sure, that we Englishmen are among the baldest talkers in Europe. We prefer a stolid reserve to what we call a verbose chatter; and yet it is not in the least necessary to be guilty of either alternative. How is it that neither at home nor at school does any one ever dream of conducting a conversational class, in which should be systematically and scientifically cultivated the habit of clearly, and pleasantly, and connectedly, and even picturesquely, conversing, whether on a passing topic of the day or some passage in history, or a public character, or on a question of criticism? Young people might thereby be encouraged to overcome diffidence, and to take part in society other than that of a clothes-horse, and give a movement and sparkle to conversation (alas,

so often drowsy, or vapid, or personal, or censorious,) and which might be so delightfully inspired by the young.

When to all the other modern arrangements for examining young people, the additional feature is added of providing examiners to ascertain the proficiency of children taught at home by governesses or tutors, the only gap in the present admirable system of examinations will be complete, and a great impetus given to the private education of gentlewomen.

(To be concluded next month.)

DARWINISM AS A PHILOSOPHY.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

FIRST PAPER.

THE abundant elements of personal charm which shine through the "Life and Letters" of Charles Darwin must not distract our attention from such new lights as are cast by his biography upon the history of his opinions, and on the sources of his philosophy. Fortunately it is easy to separate these not only from his personal character but from his work as an observer. In that work, both as regards its results and as regards its methods, he stands almost alone. But the value of his facts can be sharply distinguished from the special interpretation he put upon them. Facts are facts, whether the theory connecting them in imagination be true or false. Pearls are pearls, whether they are strung upon threads of twisted cobweb or upon links of solid gold. The connection of thought, indeed, which may have guided a discoverer in his search must always have an interest of its own. But that interest may be simply historical, and nothing more. It is no new thing in the history of science that defective or erroneous hypotheses should be powerful incitements to research. Neither is it now that they should lead and guide men into fruitful methods of inquiry. All this has been rather the rule than the exception. The impression that it is so in the case of the Darwinian hypothesis on the origin of species is an impression which has been lately gaining ground. For some time a reaction has been apparent against the passionate partisanship of some, and the half-lazy, half-puzzled acquiescence of others, in accepting Darwin's theory as any adequate explanation of the varieties of organic life. The most systematic thinker who has adopted that theory, Mr. Herbert Spencer, and has given to it the widest applications, now confesses that in the form in which Darwin expressed it, and in another form which he himself invented to amend it, the theory rests on mere metaphors, and not upon true physical causation of any kind. Nor is it less remarkable that the earliest and by far the ablest disciple whom Darwin gained, Professor Huxley, has always maintained a cautious and significant reserve upon the exact extent of his own conversion. He has fought bravely and effectively against many opponents, which, as regards some of them at least, it was not difficult to do. But when we examine what it is to which he commits himself, as regards his own acceptance of the theory, we always find limitations and qualifications which leave us no definite result. These are conspicuous in the interesting and ingenious paper "On the Reception of the Origin of Species,"* which forms part of the second volume of the Life. It starts with assigning to Darwin a place in science, "alongside of Isaac Newton and Michael Faraday." And in the same page we find Darwin's "Theory of the origin of the forms of life peopling our globe," brought apparently into direct comparison and parallelism with Newton's "Theory of Gravitation." But, if any of us should be tempted to assume that Professor Huxley commits himself in this sentence to any opinion that the one "theory" is as certain as the other, we should be speedily brought to book. On closely analysing the sentence, we find that the two theories are compared only in their respective relationships to the two men. The name of Darwin is said to be "bound up" with his theory of the origin of the forms of life as closely as the name of Newton with the "Theory of Gravitation." This sounds very fine, but it implies nothing and means nothing as to the merits of either of the two "theories." The writer of this sentence might with perfect consistency disbelieve in both. Farther on, however, we

* "Life," vol. ii., chap. v., pp. 179—204. All quotations of Professor Huxley are from this chapter, unless otherwise specified.

find several indications, as might have been expected, that this extreme caution has special reference to the theory of Darwin. Professor Huxley says that the "Natural processes on which Darwin founds his deductions are no more doubted than those of growth and multiplication,"* which is certainly true, because the two things here compared are not different but identical. The only natural processes founded upon by Darwin are growth and multiplication, each of these being assumed to include variation in unknown measures or degrees. The "struggle for existence" is a mere consequence of excessive multiplication; and as to "natural selection," this phrase is now confessed to be a mere metaphor. Professor Huxley, therefore, commits himself here to nothing except to this, that the natural processes on which Darwin founded his theory are no more doubted than those same processes when described under another name. But Professor Huxley is not satisfied with even this amount of caution, for he adds these words:—"Whether the full potency attributed to them is admitted or not, no one doubts their vast and far-reaching significance." Certainly not. But that all living things grow and multiply, and that this property has "far-reaching consequences," was no discovery of Darwin. Living things, however, must come into being before they can either grow or multiply. Therefore no theory which begins with these functions in full operation can be any theory of the origin of organic forms. It must be some consciousness of this self-evident truth that inspires the extreme caution of Professor Huxley, a caution which, so far as I have observed, is maintained in all his writings, even in sentences which at first sight seem to be uncompromising assertions of the Darwinian explanation of the "origin" of living things.

But the moment we have detected this reserve and these ambiguous modes of comparison, we see at once the fallacy involved when Darwin's "theory" is spoken of in the same terms as the discoveries of Newton and of Faraday. No man in his senses could speak of the law of gravitation, or of the laws of magneto-electricity, as "natural processes" of which it is doubtful whether the "full potency attributed to them is to be admitted or not." It is true, of course, that Newton did not discover the ultimate cause of gravitation; nor did Faraday discover the ultimate nature of electricity. But this does not diminish the contrast between the discoveries of those two men and the hypothesis of Darwin. The law of gravitation is not a mere theory. It is a fact proven by all the demonstration of which the exactest science is capable. Such also are the laws of magnetism and electricity discovered by Faraday. They are not theories at all, in the same sense in which "Natural Selection" is a theory. The Darwinian hypothesis in respect to the origin of species is not only a pure speculation, but it is a speculation of which Darwin expressly says that "it cannot be directly proved."*

In the same letter, however, in which he makes this admission, he adds that his theory "must sink or swim according as it groups and explains phenomena." This sounds very modest, and perhaps Darwin intended it to be so. But the grouping of phenomena is the well-known modern formula for all kinds and degrees of scientific proof. Facts are said to be grouped when they are merely arranged and classified. They are grouped, also, by assumptions or suggestions as to origin. They are also grouped when, by demonstration, they can be referred to some common physical cause, or to some common mental purpose. This last is the highest kind of grouping, because it is reduction of phenomena to the most intelligible of all kinds of order, and is really the only explanation. If Darwin's theory "groups" living things on a principle which is at all rational and at all complete; if it "explains" their origin by making it intelligible to our reasoning faculties, we should have no ground for rejecting it because we cannot apply to it Newton's engine of mathematical demonstration, or Faraday's method of experimental proof. It is only fair to remember that neither of these is directly applicable to the subject. The mere breeding of domestic animals goes a very small way indeed towards fulfilling the function of experiment as it is conducted in the purely physical sciences. Its limits are extremely narrow. In form, in colour, or in size varieties may be great, but in structure they are identical. The most ridiculous little lap-dog, which is a very caricature of the canine species, knows the grand St. Bernard or the swift greyhound to be "a dog and a brother." Professor Huxley's own earliest objection to Darwin—that the logical basis of his theory is insecure so long as experiments in selective breeding have not produced varieties "which are more or less in-

fertile;"* or, in other words, that true species have never yet been produced by artificial selection—is a good objection as far as it goes, but it is by no means the kind of objection which is the strongest. Other objections lie far deeper, reaching down to the very roots of the hypothesis, to the whole principle on which it "groups" the phenomena of life, and to the fundamental conceptions by which it professes to explain them. I will now specify some of these, taking the Darwinian ideas of "grouping" and the Darwinian ideas of explanation, either from Darwin himself or from his most able and competent exponent, Professor Huxley.

In the first place, Darwinism assumes a sharp and definite contrast or antithesis between the idea of creation and the idea of development or evolution. It assumes that the idea of creation implies of necessity an absolute beginning, without any use or intervention of what we call secondary causes. Thus, Professor Huxley declares as a concession, that creation "in the ordinary sense" of the word is (to him) perfectly conceivable; and he indicates clearly what he means by the "ordinary sense" when he adds that he "finds no difficulty in imagining that the universe made its appearance either in six days, or even instantaneously, in consequence of the volition of some pre-existing Being."† Darwin gives many similar indications that he regards creation as meaning this. He comes out in his letters as much more of a partisan against admitting the agency of mind, or of what we call a personal Being, than he was supposed to be. It is true that he fluctuated, and that sometimes he did admit the speculative possibility of a creative agency. But in decisive passages he shows that he regarded the idea as inherently antagonistic to his own. Thus, in a letter to Lyell in the same year in which his "Origin" was published (1859), he says emphatically, that after a good deal of reflection he cannot see the necessity of continued intervention of creative power; adding these words, "and its admission would make the theory of natural selection valueless."‡ But again, in 1861, writing to Asa Gray, he says, "Designed variation makes, as it seems to me, my deity, 'natural selection,' superfluous."§ Further, it is clear that the idea of this necessary antagonism threw his mind into an attitude of increasing repugnance, not only against the agency of creative power as continuing to act, but also against it as having ever acted, even at the beginning.

Thus, writing to Hooker in 1863, and referring to his own occasional language, which apparently admitted a creative act as having started organic life at first, he says, "But I have long regretted that I truckled to public opinion, and used the Pentateuchal term of creation, by which I really meant appeared by some wholly unknown process."*

These and many other passages show that Darwin's principle of grouping phenomena, or (which is the same thing) of grouping our modes of apprehending them, was the principle of separating sharply and antithetically between creation and evolution. Yet nothing can be more certain than that this antithesis is fallacious. The ordinary sense in which we speak and think of creation does not exclude the idea of intermediate or secondary causes. When we think of ourselves as created beings we do not think of ourselves as beings who have had no parents. On the other hand, when we think or look at things which have developed before our eyes, we do not exclude the idea of that development being a creative work. Nothing can be more impressive as a creative process than the visible stages of evolution in the hatching of an egg. That an oval mass of albumen and a little ball of fatty oils should, by the simple exposure to a certain definite degree of heat, be transmuted into a living creature, completely feathered and fit for flight before it leaves the shell, is a fact which cannot be separated from creation by giving it another name. Nothing but a creative energy could perform that work; and it is none the less creative because it works upon special materials specially prepared. The same principle applies, perhaps, in a still more striking form, in the metamorphoses of insects. Nothing but the blindness and the vacancy of thought which is due to familiarity could induce any of us to think of the transmutation of a caterpillar into a butterfly in any other light than that of creation. Just let us try to measure what it is. A creature which has lived for a considerable time, with a well-defined structure, organs, habitat, and food, is suddenly thrown into a profound sleep, and wrapped in some casing which itself prepares. During that state of unconscious inactivity its whole body is transformed to such an extent that not one organ remains the same. Totally new organs are constructed. New appendages are added,

* P. 168.
† P. 197.
‡ P. 174.
§ P. 273.

* "Life," vol. iii., p. 18.

having wholly new functions. Wings are given. The glorious and wonderful powers of flight—the very crown and consummation of animal mechanics—takes the places of the lowest creeping method of progression. At the close of the process there emerges a totally new creature, with new habits, fitted to live in a different element, and requiring to be nourished by totally different kinds of food. All this is creation, manifest and undeniable. Yet it is also, quite as undeniably, evolution or development. The whole idea of any necessary antithesis between them is purely artificial, verbal, and deceptive. We cannot even think of creation as effected without an agency, or without a method. The Professor's assertion that he can, is a mere verbal assertion, void of any definite meaning. Neither can we think of evolution except as the manifestation of some agency working or being worked according to a method. Both of them assume the pre-existence of some power or force. They are, therefore, not only congruous conceptions, and consistent with each other, but they are complementary and inseparable. It may be said with certainty that any theory of the origin of things which rests upon one only of these conceptions, and deliberately excludes the other as destructive to itself, must be a theory which is incoherent, and destitute of any solid foundation in the nature of things.

Professor Huxley, in consistence with his policy of supporting Darwinism, forensically on the one hand, and of keeping up careful reserves against being personally committed to it, on the other, adopts this antithesis between creation and evolution just so far as, and no farther than, is consistent with his forensic attitude. Through many successive pages he writes as if the only alternative lay between Darwinism and some idea of creation divorced both from agency and from method. All the forms of language are employed which keep up this confusion of thought. The phrase "natural causation" is used as if we knew clearly all the causes which operate in the system of things which we call Nature, and as if we can as clearly specify other causes which are outside of nature or beyond it. "Preternatural intervention of the Deity" is another phrase used apparently to indicate the agency of everything except the elementary forces of matter. It does not even distinguish between these elementary forces in their separate capacities, and those combinations of them which are most obviously artificial—between gravitation, for example, and the planetary system, or between chemical affinity and the beautiful or useful structures which it is the means of building up. It assumes that we can identify some "interventions of the Deity" which are "natural," as distinguished from other interventions which are not. Again, "out of the common course of nature" is another phrase used with the like confusion, without any definition of what is meant by "common," whether it means such processes of nature as recur continually, or only at certain intervals, or at intervals uncertain; whether it means such processes as have been common during the life of man upon the globe, or such as we know must have been common during ages before man existed. Darwin was quite right when he felt under the necessity of assuming certain primordial forms of life as having owed their birth or introduction to some other kind of process than that of inheritance. This is an absolute necessity of thought. We have the best scientific reasons for believing that our planet was, within ages not an incalculable time ago, unfitted by its physical condition for the existence of living things. At some definite period in the past they must have been introduced by some means or process of creation other than that by which they have been since continued. And if that other kind of process was according to the course of nature at one time, then it belongs to that course now, and may have been repeated, and may yet be repeated any number of times. Moreover, the same reason carries us up to a higher conclusion, namely this, that although the particular process must have differed from anything which we now see, it yet must belong to the common course of nature as regards the ultimate agency or causation by which it was effected. Long before organic life could be introduced, a fitting abode for it must have been in course of preparation. Such a preparation can only be conceived as due to the same agency with that which had power to produce the living creatures that were to be provided for. All these operations therefore form one series—continuous with that which constitutes the ordinary course of nature now. Intellectually this conception unites the two ideas of creation and of development. It is the only conception which makes both intelligible. As a matter of fact the human mind, quite irrespective of revelation, has proved its capacity to reach this conception by its own reasoning and intuitions. Greek philosophy had divined it, and Greek poetry had expressed it before the Apostle of the Gen-

tiles stood on Mars Hill and addressed the Athenian people on their unknown God. It was not to Christian but to heathen poets that he referred when he reminded them how certain of their own writers had said that we are the offspring of God, in harmony with the still nobler utterance that in Him "we live, and move, and have our being." The power which conducts the forces of vitality to their pre-arranged development in the hatching of an egg, is most logically conceived of when it is regarded as identical with the power by which the living egg-bearing series of creatures was begun. In both cases it is a creative power, and in both cases it is perfectly consistent with the idea of method and with the use of means. It is very probable that if a human being had been present when the first organism began its course, he would have seen nothing at all different from, and certainly nothing at all more astonishing than, that which any one of us may now see if we carefully open an egg after a few hours' exposure to a certain temperature. What we do see is a little spot in a mass of gelatinous matter which begins to pulsate. Some formative agency, indwelling and innate, has begun its work. Within the space of some twenty days that work has been completed. All the organs "in continuance have been fashioned where as yet there was none of them;" and a living creature is made either complete in all its parts, or so far furnished as to be capable of completion by another process which involves the continuous operation of precisely the same ultimate agency as before.

In so far therefore as Darwiniam rests upon, or involves, this antithesis between the idea of development and the idea of creation it rests upon nothing that is solid. It would be most unjust to say that either Darwin, or Professor Huxley, or any others of the agnostic school, have been the inventors of, or are exclusively responsible for, a supposed antagonism, which has long found expression in many forms. The orthodox school have been long and largely infected with it, although it would be difficult to reconcile it with the language either of the Old or of the New Testament. That language almost universally assumes an identity of ultimate agency between all the operations of creative, of sustaining, and of suspending power. But however widely the believers in Revelation may have erred sometimes in confessing, sometimes in dreading, sometimes even in asserting, an inherent antagonism between the idea of creation and the idea of evolution, it is quite clear that agnosticism now dwells upon it and claims it as its own. In that portion of his contribution to the "Life of Darwin," in which Professor Huxley faces in this direction, he puts the antagonism in almost every possible variety of form. "Ordinary agencies" *versus* agencies which are not ordinary; "natural causes" *versus* causes which are "supernatural" or "preternatural;" "natural" in contradistinction to "miraculous;" causes now in operation" *versus* causes which are not now in operation; "causes actually at work" *versus* causes what are not now at work; the "creation hypothesis" *versus* the development hypothesis; and so on. Through many pages, the changes are wrung on words involving this most pestilent conception, just as if they expressed definite and intelligible distinctions in the nature of things, instead of expressing, as they really do, nothing but the most hazy and indiscriminating confusions.

In the course of these pages, however, and in pursuance of the same line of argument, Professor Huxley makes use of some similar generalities which may be worthy of special notice, because they reveal incidentally some of the real depths over which they skim and skate with much superficial ease.

Thus Lyell's "Principles of Geology" are referred to as bringing home to any reader of ordinary intelligence the great principle "that the past must be explained by the present."* This sounds very fine. On examination, however, we soon discover that the fineness of the sound is due to its reminding us of the much older voice which tells us that we can only reason "from the known to the unknown." But the moment we discover this mere likeness of form between the two aphorisms we are led to see at once that whilst the old voice is true, the new voice is deceptive. "The known" is not the same as "the present," neither is "the unknown" an equivalent for "the past." It is a mere trick or legerdemain of language by which these two sets of phrases are substituted for each other; the meanings are totally distinct. "The present" is almost infinitely wider than "the known," and must remain so until we know all the secrets of the natural system in which we live, and of which we ourselves are part. So, on the other hand, there may be things in the very highest rank of knowledge—ideas, conceptions, conclusions—in respect to the past, which are quite as certain as anything that

* P. 190.

we can know or do know of the present. Such, for example, is the conclusion, which is an absolute necessity of thought, that life must have had some definite beginning upon this planet. This is reasoning from the known to the unknown. But it is not reasoning from the present to the past — if by the present is meant the term of existing visible phenomena. The present in this sense—and it is the only intelligible sense in which the present can be contradistinguished from the past—tells us nothing of the first introduction of life, but only of its continuance, or propagation. In this high question, therefore, it is the past which may well cast light upon the present. It is the past which represents an item of necessary truth upon a subject which derives no such illumination from the present. The fact is that there are truths—and these the highest—into which the element of time does not even enter, and another fact is that we have corresponding faculties for the apprehension of them. If we see them at all we see them as true eternally and for ever. The light which they emit may come to us more clearly as we look in one direction or in another. But as regards them the very idea of an antithesis between the present and the past is a delusion and a dream.

This new and most fallacious rendering of an old and true canon of reasoning, is itself the result of another fallacy connected with the uniformitarian doctrine into which the teaching of Lyell has been corrupted. That fallacy is a confounding of continuity in causation with uniformity in phenomena or in effects. Professor Huxley has, I think, vehemently denied that there is any such confusion in his mind. And this may be true in the abstract, while it is far from being true in practice. It is one thing to recognise in theory a distinction so clear as this when it is put before us, and quite another thing to keep to it practically in reasoning, and to avoid all arguments which involve so great a fallacy. In modern scientific controversy, the doctrine of continuity is perpetually used as negativing what are called "catastrophes" in geology, and as negativing also in the past all great or rapid changes in the order of phenomena which we see around us. But there is not the least value in this interpretation of the doctrine of continuity. In so far as this doctrine expresses anything that is really true, the continuity of causes is perfectly consistent with the most violent and sudden changes. The physical forces are always operating, slowly and silently, working, as it were, underground. But a time not only may come, but often comes, when the effects of these causes become suddenly apparent, as in the disruptive discharges of electricity in a thunder-storm, or in the earthquake which may break down one mountain or heave up another. The same law applies to every department of nature, both in the organic and inorganic world. The causes which prepare particular forms of matter for the operation of chemical affinity may be indefinitely long and slow in their operation. But a moment comes when that mysterious force is brought into action with instantaneous effects. New substances are suddenly formed with properties of reaction amidst other substances of tremendous energy and power. It is the same with the phenomena of life. Its beginnings and its endings are alike sudden, and may be instantaneous.

There is, therefore, not the smallest antecedent argument in favour of the Darwinian hypothesis arising out of any true understanding of the doctrine of continuity. That doctrine would stand as good as it stood before, if we should discover that every living thing had been created in a moment of time. The process would indeed be inconceivable to us. But so are the slower processes of creation which we see around us, and neither of them would afford ground for doubting the perfect continuity of causes.

And this brings me to another application of this doctrine of continuity which Professor Huxley presses into the same service, and that consists in a claim that it must apply equally to the organic and the inorganic world.* Of course it does, if continuity simply means the indestructibility of causation. But it has no special bearing upon any particular theory as to particular and specific causes. It does, however, incidentally suggest one aspect of our question which is significant. We may well be jealous and suspicious of any attempt to diminish or disparage the distinction between life and all other things. That distinction is the profoundest of the distinctions which are the foundation stones of knowledge. It is one of the commonest fallacies of the agnostic philosophy to get rid of the distinction between life and other things by reducing both to some common formula of words. We must never be deceived by such mere tricks of language; nor must we be tempted to take any advantage of it for the sake of some argument founded upon it which may

* P. 190.

seem convenient for the moment. Living things are profoundly different from all other things whatever. But remembering, and never for a moment allowing ourselves to forget this grand distinction—it remains true that all living organisms are composed of the ordinary elements of inorganic matter, only held together in combinations which are absolutely peculiar. What is that power which so holds them? We call it vitality, and we are right in keeping for it a name as separate and distinctive as the great entity which it represents. Yet there is a sense in which the doctrine of continuity may help us to group the wonderful and mysterious phenomena of life with those of its material embodiment. In the inorganic world various elementary or simple substances are under the dominion of forces which shape them into definite crystalline forms, each form being constant and peculiar to the substance, yet each having its own series of subordinate forms, which are secondary and derivative. Some of these are of wonderful beauty. Water, for example, crystallises in a great variety of forms, some of them closely imitating the exquisite curves and flowing lines of the vegetable world. Nevertheless, these forms, whether secondary or primary, are not repeated or continued by descent. One crystal is not born of another. Each is separately formed, out of like materials, and by the same force, or combinations of force, acting separately upon these. Inheritance is not the particular kind of causation which is concerned either in originating these forms or in the perpetuation of them. Some other cause—some other directing force—is concerned in the production of them. May not this be an idea and a fact, common to the two worlds of the organic and the inorganic? And if so, then what becomes of the doctrine—fundamental to all versions of the transmutation theory—that likeness in organic structure never can be due to any cause except inheritance or descent? What, especially, becomes of this doctrine when at least some primordial forms not born, but created in some other way, are absolute postulates on any supposition? And what must be our estimate of even the obvious and almost visible possibilities of nature when we remember that in these primordial forms, on the theory of descent, all later forms must have been implicitly contained? The very idea of development is the idea of an unfolding—the opening out of something which is first contained. When it is admitted—as it is admitted both by Lamarck and by Darwin—that the first organisms must have been called into being out of what we call the inorganic, it follows that the fullest unfolding of all that they contained belongs to the same cycle of operations, and represents a process which may have been conducted rapidly or conducted slowly, without any change in its essential character. As a matter of fact, we see that the processes of reproduction are very various. Simple division is one method, and it results in the highest of all the rates of organic multiplication, such as prevail among the lowest organisms. The germs of higher organisms unfold under widely different conditions—a large class being separated wholly from the parent organisms, and being hatched by the external application of heat—either organic heat, or the heat of the sun, or the heat of fermentation. There is, therefore, not only no antagonism between the idea of continuity of causation as exhibited in the inorganic world, and the idea of creation in the organic sphere, but we can see that both are reconciled and united in visible processes which are going on under our very eyes, and which our reason tells us must have gone on, although under different conditions, when life was first organized in our world. We are compelled to believe that organic germs did appear out of, or in the midst of, a world which had before been destitute of embodied life. The unfolding of these may have been a process closely analogous to or identical with that which is familiar to us in a thousand forms, such as hatching in the case of an egg, or total reconstruction in the case of a chrysalis. There is no more difficulty in conceiving a perfect mammal having been thus evolved in a week than in conceiving a perfect bird being similarly evolved in twenty days. It would equally be creation though a process, or by the use of means. Both Lamarck and Darwin assume or assert that no such operation ever did or ever could take place, because "Nature" is incompetent to produce out of the inorganic world any organic things, except the lowest and the simplest. Yet by their hypothesis those primordial germs enfolded potentially all the most elaborate forms which have been since unfolded. Hence it follows that their assumption must go farther, and affirm that this "Nature" is, and has always been incompetent even to shorten or to hasten the mere processes of evolution. Yet we know, and see with our own eyes, that this process of evolving out of germs the forms which are latent in them, is a process which, accord-

What bitter turn of fortune's wheel
Had sent the wanderers here,
From the shores where rose and lily blow
All through the golden year?"

ing to the "ordinary course of nature," is both accelerated and retarded in an enormous variety of degrees. Some creatures come very slowly to their perfect structure; others come out of a shell perfectly furnished with all their organs and all their instincts. Others again, as we have seen, after a term of life, are suddenly put to sleep, and are entirely re-made and re-formed in the course of a few days. With such a wealth of variation in the incomprehensible creative processes which are now going on around us, is it not just a little presumptuous to lay down dicta about what "Nature" could and could not do, when it is admitted that "she" was making organic germs? At all events, let us clearly understand that all the supposed axioms about "laws," and "continuities," and "miracles," and "direct interventions," are, all of them, mere empty words. The Power which made the system in which we live is still working its everlasting wonders in it. We are looking too far off, both in time, in space, and in abstract thought which is independent of them both, when we are staggered by the idea of creation. The true grandeur of the Newtonian discovery lay in the conception that the law which kept the planets in their orbits was the same law which governs every motion of matter on the surface of our own globe. Nor was this even the limit of the conception. It reaches to the farthest boundaries of the Universe. The balance of forces which keep in their places Arcturus and the Pleiades is the same balance which explains the flight of an arrow and the dropping of an apple. This inspiring and sublime idea must be carried into all our imaginings about the creative work. The value of any theory about processes must be tested by its power of harmonizing them with the highest faculties of our own minds, which are in themselves the highest product of the system in which we live. To reduce phenomena to an intelligible order is the great quest of science. But the most intelligible of all orders is that which is recognised by those mental powers which are specially cognisant of Reason and of Will. This is the "grouping" of facts which alone can satisfy. We do not seek for Will without causation. But we do seek for Mind as the highest cause of which we know. How far Darwin's theory will stand this test we shall consider in another paper.

(To be continued.)

IN A LONDON SQUARE.

'MID the ceaseless throng, as it surged along,
In an angle of the street,
They stood and proffered their woodland flowers,
Sweet violets—not so sweet,
And lilies not so fair and pale
As the maiden's foam-white face,
With its fine, clear-curved Madonna brows,
And its subtle southern grace.

And the boy's dark eyes, with their grave surprise,
Had the twilight glow that shines
In southern lands where the sunshine falls
Through the dusk of purpling vines.
What bitter turn of fortune's wheel
Had sent the wanderers here,
From the shores where rose and lily blow
All through the golden year!

And here and there a kindly heart
Would pause a moment's space,
Touched by the sister's pleading glance
And the wonderful Raffaelle face,
And purchase a dewy primrose knot—
A penn'orth of fairy gold—
By the silent lips and the speaking eyes
Repaid a hundredfold.

And lingering there in the crowded square,
I thought, Is this but one
Of the thousand sordid secrets hid
In our sorrowful Babylon?
Or is the silent woe that looks
From the maiden's great sad eyes
The shadow pale of some tragic tale
Of sleepless memories?

ROBERT RICHARDSON.

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven under the Hill," etc.

I.—GEORGE GATONBY'S RETURN TO HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER I.

"Or has the shock so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark
That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunned me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself."
In Memoriam

OUR village is not one village; but in reality three: there is Thurlsoe proper, Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea, and Thurlsoe-on-the-Moor. And very naturally the life is threefold, or were it better to say manifold? for from the cottages of the fisher-folk on the very marge of the North Sea to the hall which stands on the edge of the moor, there is hardly any sort or kind of country life that may not be discovered in the neighbourhood of Thurlsoe. Crabbe had delighted to put this varied life into his varied verse. Miss Mitford had assuredly reserved for it some of her best, her liveliest, her most charming prose.

"Will you walk with me through our village, courteous reader? The journey is not long."

So she writes in her pretty, quaint way, and it may be that it is not too wise to use her words in issuing a similar invitation.

The present story will take us back to Thurlsoe as it was before the new church or the rectory were built, before the school was dreamed of, before there was so much as a single shop in the place. The mill had not been built long; the elm-trees all about it were not the tall, wide-spreading trees now; and the three dark poplars [illegible] omes' front garden had not even been planted.

Yet for all these changes the village has much the same aspect as in days long gone by. The blacksmith's shop still stands at the corner; you still have to cross the fern-fringed duck-pond by an arched bridge with white railings to get to the Grange. The bleak moorland hills above change with the changing seasons as of old; below, the wild wide sea still gleams in the sunshine, darkens to the storm cloud, and abides as a visible fate in the sight of the strong and brave and independent race that dares its worst dangers year by year. Can any understand the strange fascination that draws these people to the perilous sea-life with such passionate and unconquerable drawing?

The little homestead where George Gatonby lived was, at the time of which I write, a noticeable feature of the village—that is Thurlsoe proper. The other villages, or rather the seaside townlet and the moorland hamlet, usually had their special designation tacked on to them in one form or another. If you spoke simply of "Thurlsoe" everyone understood the intermediate village where George Gatonby's cottage stood, a long, low, irregular building built of stone, and roofed with red fluted tiles. It stood a little back from "the street," on the top of a green sunny slope; and in the summer-time it was half-hidden by the orchard trees that surrounded it. To the left of the cottage was the shop in which the hard-working wheelwright and his two apprentices did the greater part of their work; and the sloping ground in front was strewn with carts and waggons in various stages of dilapidation, with wheels of all sizes, tools for all uses. The grindstone stood at the gate; the cowhouse was on the garden-side of the small territory, and behind that was the henhouse; so that Elizabeth Gatonby could come down to feed her fowls three or four times a day without any dread of being seen in her lilac-print garden-bonnet, and big white apron. Not that I imagine she would have cared too anxiously if she had been seen. She was by no means ashamed of her position as the wife of George Gatonby.

Yet, let no one be under any misapprehension, even from the beginning. Elizabeth was no heroine. She had her small faults, her small ambitions, very small these latter seemed, and justifiable for the most part. She wished to be thought the cleanest woman in Thurlsoe, the tidiest and most orderly; she would have had it said that her two children were at least as warmly and as prettily clad as any children of their standing in "the town." And Mrs. Gatonby would have had all her friends and neighbours perceive for themselves, from their own personal experience, what an excellent house-mother she was, what a good cook, what cakes she could make and bake to perfection; what sides of bacon she could cure;

what "standing pies" she could produce at Christmas. And she knew how certainly the friends and neighbours might predict that the goose which she would roast on Christmas Day, and the plum-pudding she would boil would each be beyond reproach. So you will see that George Gatonby's home was no undesirable place for a working man to turn to when his day's work or his week's work was over.

I do not believe much in that old and wretched adage which declares that every house has its skeleton. I, for one, am acquainted with houses wherein the study of the anatomy of secret misery would certainly be impossible. Yet it must be confessed that this picturesque and rustic home in the heart of Thurlsoe was not without its closet and key. But up to a certain point, Elizabeth Gatonby had had the good sense to keep the door locked upon the uncomfortable inmate. Only on one or two occasions had she allowed her naturally keen and too-ready tongue to utter words of which she had afterward had to repent. And her repentance must have been bitter, for she knew certainly in her heart of hearts that she had no real or reasonable ground for the want of trust she professed to feel and to suffer from. Had any other human being suggested to her that her faith in her husband was misplaced it is certain that that venturesome and misguided person would have regretted his or her mistake. For mistake it would have been, and no one knew this better than Elizabeth Gatonby herself.

What then was it that led her into this strange temptation? Was the woman weary of the monotony of her pleasant and prosperous life? Was there some vague and indefinite delight to be found in ruffling the surface of a perhaps too smooth existence? Who shall say? Certain people of old held the opinion that human beings doomed to commit crime, to fall into error, to make incomprehensible mistake, were first subjected to some "heaven-sent bewilderment of soul." And who indeed shall say? If pride has to be laid low, if a careless life has to be changed for a life full of all guarded wistfulness; if a hard and loveless nature has to be so broken that one loving word will be received with gratitude, then who shall determine or limit the means by which these changes are to be wrought? Those who stand and look on, near or afar, can seldom do aught but look in wonder, in perplexity. It is well for such as may look and listen and learn. The experience of others may never enable us to escape our own; it may certainly help us to meet our own with clearer understanding.

CHAPTER II.

It will not be very easy to explain the social position of these various Thurlsoe people, so that each person's relation to each other can be comprehended by outsiders. I have described Elizabeth Gatonby feeding her own fowls and pigs in a cotton bonnet; and now I have to tell you that she was first cousin to Mrs. Ackroyd, of Ackroyd Park, Thurlsoe-on-the-Moor. How can I reconcile the two statements without giving pages of dry family history, of still drier genealogy, or at any rate without entering into details into which neither myself nor my readers would care to enter?

Perhaps it will be the best to say simply that the Ackroyds were self-made people; but, it must be added, people who had made themselves with so much honourableness, such consistent care for all relations on either side who had failed to make themselves, and had therefore remained on the low level of non-success, that not even their enemies, if indeed they had enemies, were found to grudge them their advancement. They were people who had borne increasing wealth with the gradual growth of position natural to possession; and yet had displayed no undue pride, no intolerable haughtiness. They were people who had preferred the comparative seclusion of their own beautiful and well-appointed home, their own fine grounds, to the doubtful chance of finding equal honour, equal comfort, equal happiness in the houses of other rich people. And it may be that their happiness was even increased by the care they had for those who were less fortunate than themselves, and yet belonged to them. It was no very thing for Mrs. Christopher Ackroyd's riage to stop at the wheelwright's gate it passed through Thurlsoe. And sh to see her cousin Elizabeth Gatonby quite as gladly and readily as she would have called to see Lady Dunswater at the Castle, had they been on visiting terms, perhaps even more readily; who knows? It is not every uneducated woman who is unconscious enough of her deficiencies to be able to bear contact with those who have had superior advantages, and yet not suffer. The depth of the suffering is often the depth of the measure of refinement of perception.

One glorious day in the early summer, when George Gatonby's cottage-walls were bright with the half-wild roses that clustered

by window and porch, when the luxuriant clove pink carnations scented the air, when the tall foxgloves that grew of their own sweet will in the garden-hedge were just unfolding—on one of these glorious June days Mrs. Ackroyd's carriage and pair of handsome greys stopped at the cottage-gate quite unexpectedly. Mrs. Gatonby was not aware that the Ackroyds had returned to the Park.

For a moment she was annoyed where no annoyance need have been. True, she was not "dressed," but neither was she in the untidy state that some of her neighbours might have been "caught" in. She was not ashamed of her clean lilac print gown, of her white linen apron, of the cotton sunbonnet perched on the top of her head. Yet she was a little "flustered," to use her own characteristic expression; and perhaps no better word could have been found to describe the perturbation that caused her no little pain, and had its root in such a curious mixture of causes. First and foremost, I would say that she was what her friends and neighbours called "a plain-looking woman," which had at least its due weight as a disturbing influence. She knew that her face was thin to gauntness, her complexion sallow, her eyes sunken somewhat more than her age warranted. For appearances notwithstanding, Elizabeth Gatonby was not yet more than thirty-five years old, and her heart was the heart of a woman of twenty. Perhaps had she been older in all that, apart from years, makes for age, she had suffered less. Yet one would not be too sure on this head. Is it quite certain that the power to suffer decreases with the years in which one has to suffer?

When Elizabeth saw that her cousin, Mrs. Ackroyd, was accompanied by her niece, Mildred Mercer, her poor pale face flushed to a degree almost painful to look upon; but fortunately they came into the little kitchen where she was baking, so that she had the excuse of "the oven," and the extra heat of "a wood fire."

"You'll come into the parlour, Maria Ellen?" Mrs. Gatonby said, turning to Mrs. Ackroyd, and holding open the door of her tiny sitting-room, within which, I regret to say, a "close bed-place" might be discerned. It was a bed to be proud of—a clean, comfortable, nay, luxurious feather-bed; yet there it was in a wooden enclosure some five feet by six, with not so much as a pane of glass to admit either light or air. Mrs. Gatonby was in no wise sensitive about her "bed-place." The door was only half-closed; there was a mahogany table in front of it, on which was a basket of wax fruit reposing on a square of many-tinted glass beads. There was an album of photographs; there were reward-books that Susan and Walter had brought home from the Sunday-school; with various other articles, all supposed to be more or less ornamental, all free from stain or soil, or even from the slightest speck of dust. Mrs. Ackroyd knew quite well that she might sit down without fear of soiling her rich blue satin dress, the glittering steel ornaments of which rattled against the chairs on one side, against the table on the other. There was hardly room for so stout a woman as Mrs. Ackroyd to move about without crushing herself against the furniture on either hand. Yet this did not disturb her good temper.

"Ah'm sorry we've 'appened to come in on a bakin' day, Liza," she said, with a bright smile which lighted up her handsome face wonderfully—it was the only face of the three altogether pleasant to look upon just then, for Elizabeth Gatonby's countenance had crimsoned to a deeper tint than ever as she saw her husband entering the house "not ten seconds after Mildred Mercer had come in with her impident sneer," as Mrs. Gatonby said later in the evening. And truth to say, the smile that the young lady wore was an impudent one; an irritating, offensive, self-confident smile. And Elizabeth was not slow to see it, nor yet to feel it, to understand its meaning. But then she might have seen, perhaps she did see, that her husband neither saw nor comprehended.

And she knew that it was his tea-time—just four o'clock; and George was too good a business man not to be punctual. He had come sauntering across the kitchen-floor as if reluctantly, all at once filling the doorway of the little room; a big, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, complacent-looking man, with a certain healthiness about the carnation tints of his complexion that said much for his life of labour, of temperance, of contact with the free fresh breezes from the moorland and the sea. As his proud but too sensitive wife knew, no man could have presented a greater contrast to herself; and that he should as a husband be so true, so affectionate, so faithful, was all the while a kind of subdued mystery to her. And it may be that here was the root of her temptation. Poor woman, that she should ever have yielded to such a temptation as that!

There might have been more excuse for her if Mildred Mercer had been a very

young or very beautiful girl, but truth to say she was neither; she was of the red-haired, pallid type, with coarse though not large features, weak grey eyes, weaker and quite colourless eyebrows; with a wandering, restless glance that told of a soul not at one with any better self, with any inner soul. Yet she was not without attraction for many people. She was clever, lively, vivacious, and she wished to please. Some people found the wish so far too obvious, that with such she overshot the mark, and so failed altogether. But George Gatonby had not perception enough to feel this undue pressure. He enjoyed meeting his "half-cousin" from time to time; and she saw that he did; and moreover she saw that what was enjoyment to him was neither more nor less than torture to his wife. So it was that her own enjoyment was doubled.

The mutual greetings were curious, and altogether informal.

"There you are, George!" Mrs. Ackroyd exclaimed, in her genial, rough-and-ready way.

George blushed, the almost girlish tints of his face deepened in a way wonderful to see on the face of a village wheelwright. There was no blush on the face of Miss Mercer, who sat watching him from under the shade of her Raphael hat, which was made of velvet of hues of deep russet and chestnut-red, and ornamented with long bright-brown feathers. No combination of colour could have been more picturesque, more suitable to the colourless woman who sat there on the little horsehair sofa, looking from the handsome, confused countenance of the husband to the suspicious, alert, perturbed countenance of the wife. Miss Mercer understood perfectly.

"Come in, George!" Mrs. Ackroyd was saying. "Come in an' let's have a look at you. Don't be shamed o' your white hollan' jacket an' your workin' apron!"

Then turning with her broad, innocent laugh to Elizabeth, she added with careless good-humour: "There's many a worse-like man nor George dressed up i' broadcloth an' white linen. Work seems to suit him well; an' he never gets no older, so far as I can see!"

"He'll do, so far as looks goes," Mrs. Gatonby replied, with as much cautious carelessness as the state of her mind permitted. It was evident that she did not wish to pursue the topic—too evident for Miss Mercer's purposes.

"Don't you like people to tell you that your husband is a good-looking man?" she asked, turning her calm, grey, unsmiling eyes upon Mrs. Gatonby.

"She doesn't like ya to tell *me*, that's it!" George replied, intending to be humorous, and laughing in a nervous and rather foolish way. His behaviour in the presence of his wife's "fine friends" was still at times a matter of difficulty to him - a sort of difficulty he was unacquainted with, and did not like. He had, however, wisdom enough to make the best of it this, at any rate, so long as his temper was unruffled, for, alas! it must be confessed that, like his wife, he had a temper, as all the village knew. But then the village knew many things that, in the popular estimation, atoned for this one fault. George was a general favourite.

His wife grew more painfully confused than ever, hearing his last remark, which seemed to be addressed especially to Miss Mercer. The small, keen, blue-grey eyes flashed under the lilac cotton sun-bonnet, which she still wore, and though now she was busying herself with preparations for tea, going in and out of kitchen and larder, she yet could not control the accession of feeling that beset her.

"I don't think," she said angrily, "that it's seemly sort o' talk for a man 'at's been a father this eleven year back, an' his own childer lissenin' to what's goin' on!" For both Susan and Walter had come in from school a few minutes after the father had left the workshop. They had walked all the way from Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea in less than a quarter of an hour. They both of them became suddenly aware that an interesting moment was passing.

"Is Walty there?" asked Miss Mercer, still outwardly quite calm, but inwardly in the full enjoyment of a certain amount of sensation.

"Yis, he's here, the little raskil!" said the father, drawing forward with pride that only a father could have found, a white, thin-faced flaxen-haired little lad of some five years old, all eyes and nerves. It need hardly be said that the boy was the mother's darling.

"Come here to me, Walty!" Miss Mercer said, holding out her exquisitely-gloved hands, and smiling upon the boy with the first non satirical smile she had used since her entrance. "Come here to me. I want to talk to you."

But Walter did not go. Like most children he was a quick judge of character, and apt to act upon his judgment. Moreover, he

was at the best an obstinate little fellow. As the mother often admitted, "You may lead him wiv a good word; but a draught o' wild osses wouldn't drag him wiv a bad 'un."

"Is tha goin', my lad?" said George. The voice of the man was hardened strangely and suddenly—one more proof of the fact that emotion once roused may change its character all unaware. "Is tha goin' to do what thoo's bidden?"

Walter did not stir, except in the way of shrinking back a little, evidently in perplexity born of mingled shyness and unwillingness.

"Let the bairn alone, George!" pled the larger-minded, farther seeing Mrs. Ackroyd. "Let him alone. Why, never a lad o' mine, an' I've five of 'em, would ever speak to a stranger! Let him alone; he'll come round of hisself by-and-by. They allus do. Let him go, and help Liza to get us a cup o' tea. Rhodes doesn't like to keep the osses standin' over long."

It is quite possible, nay, it is almost certain, that if no other word had been spoken George would have followed this sensible advice. But inevitably a word was said, this by Miss Mildred Mercer.

She spoke quite quietly, even gently, and in her lowest, sweetest tone, and as she spoke she raised her eyes effectively to George's face.

"I shouldn't have thought that you were a man to be beaten at your own fireside by your own children!" she murmured. And her surprise seemed the most humiliating thing the wheelwright had ever had to bear. It cast new light where he had been happily contented with darkness.

"Beaten!" he exclaimed in a half puzzled, half-wondering way. "*Me* beat!" Then, with the sudden anger that could flash to his brain, and deprive it of its natural powers on the instant, he turned almost savagely upon the child.

"Walter! Dis tha mean to do what Ah tells tha to do, or tha disn't? Noo Ah'll nobbut gie tha anuther minnit!"

So all at once the dear, quiet little home was transformed into a very Inferno of evil feeling. And this by one woman's one evil word.

Let it be said that Elizabeth Gatonby did her best to overcome herself.

"George! What are you thinking on?" she asked in the tone and with the manner of one uttering a grave and serious rebuke. Her hands were full of plates of exquisitely-made cakes and cheese-cakes. The table was already set with a tempting display of home-made luxuries of many kinds. The kettle was singing audibly on the kitchen fire. It was just the moment in which Elizabeth most delighted, and now all was turned to misery by one undesired presence. Mrs. Gatonby saw it all; yet she strove with herself. Poor woman, she had sufficient inducement to make all the effort she might make.

"What are you thinkin' on, George?" she repeated. But it was too late. George Gatonby was striking his little son for the first time; Miss Mercer was looking on from the sofa with her cold and almost amused smile. It was a terrible moment. The mother flew between her husband and her child—her self control all gone by this time. "George! *George!* How *can* you strike my bairn for the sake of *her?* How *can* you? You may strike *me;* but you shall not strike Walter; not for *her!*"

Fortunately by this time Mrs. Ackroyd had risen to her feet. She was trembling, panting, and tears were in her eyes as she drew Elizabeth away, and turned to the already conscience-stricken husband.

"Are you mad, George?" the motherly woman asked. "Are you *quite* mad? You little think how this day's work may end, if Providence isn't better to you and yours than you deserve."

The man paused, remembered. Then, with a sudden dash into the little passage for his coat, which hung on its proper peg, he disappeared.

At midnight he came back to his own house—brought there by a message sent by some of his neighbours. He made haste to obey, and for the first time he crossed his own threshold with sorrowful feet.

CHAPTER III.

EVEN at daybreak they would not allow George Gatonby to enter the tiny room. His wife was lying on the bed in the recess. Some white pillows were on the horse-hair sofa, and on the pillows lay a baby, a little thing that had never breathed the breath of this weary world. They told him how it had all happened, and he sat by the kitchen fire as one stupefied—nay, half-deadened with grief. It was his doing, his own doing. He could never again be the man he had been.

If they would only have allowed him—the doctor, the nurse, the neighbours who had come in from the village—if they would only have let him go into the little parlour,

creep ever so quietly to the bedside, say but one word to the woman who was suffering there, then he might have been able to endure. But it might not be, though he pled with all the eloquence he could use.

"Your wife's existence is yet hanging on a thread," said old Dr. Tatham. "The least excitement might be fatal."

Then seeing the look of imploring misery in the man's eyes he relaxed a little from his professional sternness.

"Hope for the best, and wait—wait at least till toward evening. I shall be in again, and we'll see. Everything depends upon absolute quiet at present, humanly speaking."

The doctor went away. George watched him for a moment or two, and then went into the workshop where the apprentices were idling about; but even that sight did not rouse him as it would have done at any ordinary time. He never knew how the day passed. Every hour was as ten; each mouthful of food he tried to eat as wormwood to him. But at last the evening arrived, and with it Dr. Tatham, who presently came out from the little room with a decided look of satisfaction on his face.

"But only five minutes, George, no more!" the doctor said, in a homely, kindly way, after he had given the much-desired permission. "And take my advice, don't bring up any old scores. Let by-gones be by-gones *now* if ever you did in your life. I don't know much, and I don't want to know any more. But promise me this—only half-a-dozen words—and those the kindest you can say, the very kindest!"

There was a choking sensation in the man's throat which the doctor perceived, and quite understood. It only lasted a moment.

"I'll bite my tongue out sooner nor I'll say an ill word," he replied, in a half whisper.

A minute or two later George went into the little room, and if prayer was not on his lips it was certainly in his heart, the half-unconscious prayer we so often offer in moments of deep emotion. There was a candle burning in a dim corner, the firelight had died down, yet he could see all that he needed to see—the thin white face, the grey eyes upturned to his affectionately, appealingly, the long thin hand stretched out to grasp his own.

There was a long silence, a long, deep happy silence.

George was the first to speak.

"I've promised him, the doctor, 'at Ah wouldn't say a word to vex ya, to put ya out i' no way, Liza, an' Ah'll keep my promise. But Ah mun ask ya this, honey, if ya'll forgive me? if ya can forget an' forgive? . . . There's nought no more nor that to be said. The fault were mine—'twere all mine. I were over hot-tempered, as I allus is. But say you'll look over it for this time!"

George could see the smile that broke over the wan face.

"'Twere my fault as much as yours," was the answer. "But I wasn't well . . . I'd been ailin' all day."

"Ah might ha' thought o' that, if I hadn't been mad."

There was another silence, a less happy silence this time, and there was a change in the tone of the wife's voice when she spoke.

"If you were mad, 'twas *her* 'at drove you mad, George! Ah could see that." And then the poor woman turned on her pillow, and looked with eager wistful eyes into her husband's face, "'Twas *her* doin' all through . . . An' she know what she was about . . . George, what d'ya think a fine lady like that could ever be to you, or you to her? If I was out o' t' way to-night afore to-morrow, what could she ever be to a workin' man like you?"

"There! there!" George said, soothingly. "What can yer mind be runnin' on, Liza, 'at you should say such things as that? Of course, she'd never be nought to me—a dressed-up doll like that, 'at couldn't make neither pie nor puddin' if she was starvin'! No such thing ever entered my head for a minute, an' never will . . . But there, yer hand's gettin' as hot as owt. Ah shall hear o' this fra Dr. Tatham."

Remembering his promise, George rose to leave the room, but first he bent to kiss the tremulous lips.

"Don't go just yet," she whispered.

"Ah think Ah'd better! . . . Ah'll come in again."

Perhaps Elizabeth Gatonby never knew a happier moment than that moment of perfect reconciliation.

CHAPTER IV.

It would be pleasant to write an idyllic chapter describing life in the wheelwright's cottage during the year that followed upon that unhappy time. The Ackroyds were people who came and went, sometimes going to London, sometimes to the Scotch Highlands, where they had rented a shooting-box for the enjoyment of the five young Ackroyds

—perhaps also a little for that of their two sisters. Miss Mercer was usually with them; and thus it happened that her opportunities of going to Thurlsoe were few and far between; and even on these occasions fortune did not favour her in the matter of that wicked little design of hers. For "little" she meant it to be—a mere trifle by way of amusement. And surely any one would admit that life at Ackroyd Park needed some diversion!

But toward the close of the year she became conscious that once more her influence in the cottage on the green sunny slope was sufficiently disturbing. "Disturbing"—that was the exact word—it described all she intended, all she felt capable of achieving, all she desired to achieve. She had no liking for Elizabeth Gatonby; she knew that Elizabeth had none for her; and she felt sure that the woman had sufficient keenness of perception to gauge all her weaknesses, all her shortcomings, to estimate accurately the hateful dependence of her position. And, truth to say, it was here that Elizabeth had erred more than once. That quick tongue of hers could not be kept silent when the telling and biting word came to the very tip of it at the very moment when it was most likely to be effective. Once or twice she had uttered unpleasing truths, estimating their unpleasantness to the full, but feeling, poor woman, that here alone was her chance of retaliation for all that this over-dressed and underbred little person had made her suffer. Had she but dreamed how her small triumph was to be turned to defeat! Could she but for one moment have foreseen the day when even Mildred Mercer would be sorry for her, for her children, for her great and unspeakable anguish!

Of course it was by means of Miss Mercer that the anguish came about; but it may be that the final crisis was a little hastened by Susan Gatonby, yet not many would have blamed the latter for the deed so innocently done.

For some time past the girl had been aware that things were not as they once had been between her father and mother. The two quick tempers had clashed oftener, and about smaller things; the evenings that the father passed at home were too often passed in a sullen silence that was altogether new by that simple fireside. And now Susan did not only see, she understood.

So it was that one March day, when the park carriage stopped at the gate with only Miss Mercer in it, Susan took it upon herself to refuse to allow the young lady to enter the little room where Elizabeth Gatonby was lying down to rest for awhile.

"Mother isn't very well," the girl said. "She'd no sleep last night, an' I know she's asleep now."

Susan spoke quite respectfully; but also firmly. Miss Mercer was annoyed.

"Oh, very well! It doesn't matter. I think I shall go into the workshop, and see your father," she replied with her cold calm smile. "Tell Elizabeth I'm there when she wakes."

This was a little more than Susan could bear. She followed Miss Mercer to the door, noting unconsciously her beautiful velvet dress, the rich fur-cloak, the feather-laden hat, the general air of expensive elegance. Suddenly, needing all the strength she had, she spoke.

"What is it you're wanting to do, Miss Mercer?" she asked, speaking in a low voice, and with pallid lip and cheek. "Are you wantin' to make more mischief atween my father an' mother? You've made plenty already, as you know. If my father had wanted to see you to-day, he'd have come into the house. Nobody can come up the garden without him seeing. He knows you're here. . . . It isn't him 'at's wantin' to make mischief where there's been plenty before."

"Isn't it?" Miss Mercer replied, looking into the poor girl's plain earnest face with a sneer on her own. "Well, I should like to see him. I should like to tell him that you have insulted me beyond bearing. What will he say to that, think you?"

Susan was silent for a moment, and more rigid, more pallid than before. Then turning away as she spoke, she replied—

"Go and see what he will say. Tell him what you've said to me, what I've said to you. . . . Do the worst you can do."

"Thanks for the permission," Miss Mercer replied, with a more vivid light in her pale grey eyes than was usually to be seen there.

Five minutes later Mildred Mercer was engaged in developing an active and picturesque flirtation scene, highly amusing and quite new to the two apprentices, but, it must be admitted, somewhat embarrassing to the master. Of course Miss Mercer imagined that she knew exactly what it was that she was doing. She was not a fool, and she would have declared that thought of any wrong-doing was as far from her as from the thought of the most innocent child. And she was not unperceptive; she knew that George Gatonby was an upright man, she saw for herself that he was attached to

his wife, to his children, to his home, and this with no common attachment, cold flying clouds notwithstanding; but she also saw that on one side at least the man was weak, that he was flattered by her attentions, overcome by the mere force of juxtaposition; and what she saw pleased her a little, amused her somewhat more. Amusement was all she wanted.

To Miss Mercer it was almost the perfection of amusement to watch the quick, hot flush of anger that rose to George Gatonby's face when she told him of the "insult" she had just received. To do her justice, it must be admitted that she did not make the most of it. She knew that she had no need to do that; the wheelwright's hasty temper was but too well known in the neighbourhood of Thurlsoe.

"Ah'll soon put a stop to her impidence—see if Ah don't!" George declared. And if anything could have added to Mildred Mercer's satisfaction at that moment it would have been the thing that actually happened—the sudden coming of George Gatonby's wife, flushed and fiery, upon the scene. Elizabeth had overheard her daughter's words and had come to confirm them. It seemed to her at once as if her presence had been needed for other and more righteous reasons.

The poor woman was silent for a moment, watching her husband as he started from the position which he had taken unconsciously near to Miss Mercer. The latter did not start at all or change in any way, unless the change in the meaning of her smile be considered. Slight as this was Elizabeth saw it, and suffered from it.

There is no need to write here the accusations, true and untrue, which Elizabeth Gatonby in her pain urged against her husband; there is no need to chronicle the wild words with which he in his passion replied. It need hardly be said that events of that long past forgiven but not forgotten day were recalled with as much bitterness as if there had never been any forgiveness at all. This was the deepest sting; but there were others, only too well remembered afterward by those who had such pitiful need to remember them. Miss Mercer left the workshop without attempting to make peace, which was perhaps not unwise of her, and when the poor wounded wife returned to her own fireside the carriage had gone from the garden-gate. Miss Mercer never came again to the wheelwright's cottage at Thurlsoe.

That was a bitter evening in the little home.

Elizabeth had hardly expected that her husband would go to his tea at the usual hour as if nothing had happened, but when the two apprentices went in at six o'clock alone her apprehension rose at once to a strange and vague fear of ill.

"Where's your master?" she asked of Richard. And the young man noted the tremulousness of her voice.

"Ah doän't knaw," was the reply, made slowly and reluctantly; "he went up t' town two hours agone."

"Without his coat?"

"Noä; he put his owld gräy coät on—that 'at was hangin' up i' t' shop."

Elizabeth Gatonby's heart sank lower, hearing this. "Up the town" was very vague information on which to build any tenable hypothesis. The road to Hild's Haven, nine miles off, led through the village, and if he had gone there, there was no saying what might happen to him, for those were stirring times both by land and sea. Only a fortnight before two of the finest young fellows in the district, sons of a well-to-do farmer, had left their home and enlisted. And men, some moved by one thing, some another, were joining the navy everywhere; and as Elizabeth knew, even now a tender belonging to a man-of-war was cruising up and down the coast, often lying-to off Hild's Haven, in the hope of carrying away as many promising volunteers as could be secured. And the means of securing them were not too scrupulously watched or weighed in those days.

So the night passed on. If only once for five minutes during those midnight hours Elizabeth Gatonby might have knelt at her husband's feet, if she might only have poured out her poor passionate regret, then her life would have had no more history in it; her grandchildren would not now be listened to as they tell the tale of those two wrecked lives. And though the wrecking happened so long ago, the story yet has power to touch whoever may hear it; and if some are touched to pain, some to pity, it may be that a few are touched to repentance, a few to resolve.

If the histories of all the lives that have been wrecked by a few angry words could be written faithfully, what a record would lie before us! And for the most part the harm is wrought between those who love and are loved greatly.

Though heretofore Elizabeth Gatonby had

blamed only her husband, *now* she blamed only herself. It is woman's way.

One need hardly linger over those days of deep anguish, with all their hoping, and fearing, and despairing. George Gatonby did not return, no tidings of him came, though all was done that might be done in the way of search for information. No one could be met who had even seen him after he had passed up the street of his own village.

The days passed on into weeks. Elizabeth Gatonby did the best she could in all business matters, engaging a foreman, looking after certain things herself, always in the belief that her husband would return. And by-and-by another inmate came to the sad stricken household, a tiny baby girl that seemed as if it hardly had strength to breathe. The poor wan mother lay and watched it through tearful eyes, and Susan sat by her and strove to comfort her. Susan was the only nurse, but the neighbours were very kind, very helpful, and if Mrs. Ackroyd had been Elizabeth Gatonby's sister instead of her cousin she could not have shown greater sympathy, or done more in the way of generous assistance.

A month or two more passed on in the same dreary way, but Elizabeth grew stronger, and the baby all at once began to grow and thrive amazingly. "Georgiana" it had been named, a rather "fine" name in the idea of the Thurlsoe people generally; but since they understood they condoned the small pretension, and the little Georgy was pitied and petted by everybody. But more and more Mrs. Gatonby drew herself within herself. The work in the shop was growing scarcer every week, the need for small economies more pressing. And now the idea of Susan's remaining at the school long enough to become a pupil teacher was becoming more and more a doubtful idea. If she went to service she would be able to get a little money at once, or at any rate to relieve her mother from the expense of her maintenance. The girl dreaded the thought of leaving home, of having

> "Proof how savoureth of salt
> The bread of others, and how hard a road
> The going down and up another's door."

And her fear was of that extreme and haunting kind that can only come of ignorance and inexperience. Yet she kept silence, and in her silence she hoped where no hope was, waited when nothing could be seen to lend her waiting any encouragement.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

"OUR MOTHERS AND GIRLS."

An Account of some Work done by the "Haddo House Association."

BY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

"SO you are one of those who have formed a society which is to be a rival to the Girls' Friendly Society, are you not?" said a lady to me not long ago, to whom I had just been introduced, and whose tone and look conveyed strong disapproval of this supposed rival society and its doings. And it is very probable that those of my readers who have heard of the existence of the Haddo House Association may have formed the same conception of its aims, and will exclaim at the very mention of its name, "Oh, surely we have enough societies and associations for young women! There is the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society and the Young Women's Christian Association, and then we have young women's guilds and girls' clubs, and all the rest of it. Surely it was utterly superfluous to start yet another society!"

I now venture to ask such readers for a hearing while I try to show the *raison d'être* of this association, and that it has a distinct and most important field of its own in which to work.

In December, 1881, a number of ladies, nearly all of whom were wives of tenants on Lord Aberdeen's estates, met together at Haddo House to discuss what could be done to raise the standard of morality amongst the young women, especially the farm servant girls, in that part of the country. There could be no doubt of the fact that it was terribly and lamentably low. The public registry bears too true a witness to the state of matters, and every mistress at that meeting testified to a similar experience. Indeed, the thing is so common that to be known as the mother of an illegitimate child scarcely counts as a loss of character, and is found to be no bar to finding another situation, or to marriage. The children are put out to nurse or are sent to the care of relations, to grow up without any home of their own, without a father's care or a mother's love, and in all

probability will repeat for themselves their parents' story. It was impossible for that meeting to acknowledge and face these facts without facing the further fact of our responsibility regarding them. We could not let things go on thus without making an effort to mend matters; but how was this to be done? Were we to form branches of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society? It was at once decided that this would be useless, as the majority of the girls whom we desired to reach would be absolutely excluded by the central rule, *i.e.*, "No girl who has not borne a virtuous character to be admitted as a member; such character being lost the member to forfeit her card." Well, then, why not the Young Women's Christian Association, where there is no absolute rule on the subject? Simply because the majority of girls feel that they are making some sort of religious profession by joining the Young Women's Christian Association in any way, and they are frightened thereby. It remained for us to frame some organization which would meet the need as we felt it, and it will be remembered that we were then considering only the girls engaged in farm service in Aberdeenshire and the adjacent counties. Aberdeenshire folk pride themselves, and that with reason, on being distinguished, even amongst Scotch people, for their independence, and this quality is by no means wanting in the girls whom we hoped to benefit. Unhappily, many influences have been steadily at work of late years which have tended to make farm-servants keep together as a class, and indeed to look upon their interests as opposed instead of as identical with those of their masters and mistresses. The farm-servants no longer have so much association with the families at the farm where they serve as formerly, and they live a life apart, and they think apart. They are accustomed ofttimes to hear themselves spoken of as a class who can never be reached by minister or religious influences, who rarely enter a church, and who generally drink and use bad language, and I verily believe that many of them have begun to look upon themselves as Ishmaelites, whose hand is against every man and every man's hand against them. Everywhere you hear the same lament, that you must put up with untrained, independent lasses, who will make their own terms, who will do their work in their own way, and who brook no reproof, and who will surely desire to flit when the term comes round. "Give a dog a bad name and hang him," runs the old proverb. We had been led to form a high estimate of the qualities of Aberdeenshire farm-servants; but when we were framing our society we had to weigh these things. We wanted to gauge our difficulties and to realise some of the causes which had brought about the present state of matters. What, then, made the young men and the young women so lax in their moral standard? We concluded that the following were some of the reasons.

1. Want of home training and pure atmosphere on this all important subject, and often lack of proper arrangements for the servants at the farms.

2. Want of public opinion amongst those with whom they chiefly associate. Such sin is regarded as something quite common, and nothing particularly to be ashamed of; at most, its consequences are a "misfortune."

3. The practice of constantly changing places, which prevents mistresses from taking an interest in their servants, and which prevents the girls from being properly trained, and from settling down to their work and taking a pride in it. This changing of places must engender a restless, selfish spirit—a love of change, and accustom the girls not to mind the coarse ways and usages of the feeing-market and suchlike places. It lies at the root of much of the evil, and we are glad to know that many farm-servants would hail a change in the general practice themselves.

4. The monotony of a servant's daily life if there is no underlying motive to inspire it. Nothing but a routine of work and very few outside interests to enliven it, except the gossip and stories told in the farm kitchen. Very little sympathy is met with, this being the natural outcome of mistresses and servants losing interest in each other.

At one of our meetings last year a gentleman told a story which has ever since rung in my ears. He was an elder of the Church, and a woman came to him telling him of her desire to join the Church and to become a communicant. "But, woman," he said, "I doot but ye're oot of a' kirks." "Ye're richt, sir," she answered, "but if onybody had ever said a kind word to me, may be I wadna hae gane so far wrang." This incident needs no comment.

5. The language generally used, the gossip indulged in, and the periodicals and stories commonly read, which break down gradually all feelings of decency and self-respect.

We desired to reach mistresses as well as servants, and to bind both together by awakening fresh interest in each other. We wanted

to make our aim the elevation of woman, materially, mentally, morally, spiritually—to help all who joined us "onward and upward," which was the motto we adopted; and above all we wanted to be a *Christian* association, one that would endeavour to follow out Christ's method of work, and who would always point to His standard of purity and holiness.

We decided, therefore, at once that there should be no rule of exclusion in our association. All are made welcome. We make no secret of our aim. In all our intercourse with our associates, at all our meetings, in all the literature which is circulated amongst them, we want ever to point to the ideal life which Christ sets before us, and to the grand Christian hope that we shall one day be made "like Him," and that he who has this hope in him "purifieth himself even as He is pure." We desire ever to remind them of the sanctity of the body, as well as of the soul, as redeemed by Christ and as the dwelling-place of His Spirit. We meet the young girl from school, and press her to begin her life's work with a high idea of the value of a woman's virtue, to aim to keep it unspotted in word, in look, and in deed; we desire to encourage and help those who are battling on nobly with daily life, monotony, and temptations, with the joyful thought of the same ideal slowly forming itself in them while they strive to live in the pure, bright presence of their Master; but at the same time we do not want to shut out those who have fallen, but rather to pass on to them the Saviour's word of forgiveness and restoration, to show to them His power yet to purify the life; and those who are still farther away, who seem not to know that they have sinned, and yet who know well that they do not find life a very joyful thing, in spite of all their seeming mirth, we do our best to break down their pride, their carelessness, their determination to amuse themselves and to go their own way, beholden to no one, by getting them alongside of us, and by melting them gradually to a sense of the Master's love seeking for His lost sheep through the means of our human love. The Scotch Girls' Friendly Society is, from its point of view, doing a noble work—to uphold the standard of purity. But I think that it needs by its side another society which has no rule qualifying for admission, but simply welcomes all and points to Christ. And I wish to make it clearly understood that we who belong to the Haddo House Association value the work of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society most highly, and that we are most anxious that all our girls who are fitted to belong to it should do so, but it seems to us that, by its own rules and aims, it necessarily limits its operations to a certain class. (Out of the same conditions arose the Young Women's Help Society in England, also primarily intended for field-workers and factory-girls.)

While speaking of the distinction of work between our Society and that of the Scotch Girls' Friendly Society, I would also point out that the same central rule must prevent them from admitting married women and mothers. They can and do retain their former members after marriage, but they cannot admit married women, as it would be impossible to inquire into their past life without doing much injury. We regard our work amongst married women as a very important department.

A long digression has, however, been made from my task of describing the method of work which we adopted. We endeavour as far as possible to do all we can through the mistresses, so as to bring them and their servants together through some common tie, out of which all manner of sympathetic feelings and needs and acts may arise. We therefore invite the mistresses and other ladies interested in girls to join as members, and through them we send out during winter, about every two months, papers of questions to the girls, who join as associates, on Bible history, geography, and general subjects, and we offer also prizes for needlework, and knitting, and writing. The papers are all done at home by the girls and are examined in every parish by a local committee, and each associate who averages eighty-five marks per paper receives a prize, and each associate who averages sixty marks, a certificate.

From an educational point of view the papers sent in by the girls have, as a whole, been most creditable, and have also improved year by year. Some of the essays sent in this year on the objects of the Association have been admirable. But the papers are by no means given principally for the sake of education, but as a link and a means of intercourse between members and associates; through these papers they get to know each other. The girl may come and ask her mistress for advice how to set about her answers, or may request the loan of a book; the mistress takes an interest in the girl's answers, and then each may begin to know more of one another's life and thoughts, and a kindlier feeling is evoked. It is hoped

also that the questions may give the girls an interest beyond their every-day life and help them to think of the world outside, that it may lead them to read good books, and may also provide both occupation and material for conversation in the evenings. We know that this has proved successful in very many cases. They are framed also with the idea of inducing thought, and showing them how thought and education should be brought to bear on every-day work. It is extremely difficult to provide change and recreation for working girls, especially girls in the country. They cannot be asked to come out in the evening to classes, &c.; they live in a very isolated way and they will of necessity become restless and want change unless you can in some way inspire them with interest in their very work itself. We are making a humble attempt in this direction. It should be added that every associate who joins must take up at least one subject for the first four years of her membership. Then we try to induce a "fashion" for remaining on in the same situation by offering prizes for successive periods of service of two, six, ten, and fifteen years, the prizes increasing in value according to the length of service. We also give a cot to the first child of every associate who marries and on whose former life there is no blemish. In this way we seek to point out that sin repented of can be entirely forgiven and that the sinner may be wholly restored, but that in the marriage of one who has been kept pure there is a beauty and a blessedness not otherwise attainable.

Every associate on joining receives a card of membership on which is printed a prayer, which she is requested to use for herself and for all who belong to the Association. This year we are, in addition, requesting our associates to read the daily portion allotted by the Young People's Scripture Reading Union.

But as we worked on we became more and more convinced, that the great cause of all that we lamented was chiefly in the want of training and the want of high tone in the homes where our girls had been brought up. They begin the work of life at an early age, with no knowledge of the temptations awaiting them. They are without a reverential hallowed consciousness of all that is involved in the words "love," "betrothal," and "marriage and home," and are accustomed to hear such matters joked and chaffed about. And so, full of the high spirits of youth, with no definite aims, unaccustomed to self-control, they do as others do; they do not mean to do anything wrong, but simply to take what amusement they can, and courting is an amusement, and they go into it as into a dream, from which many awake too late, to find their lives for ever overshadowed with a dark remembrance.

We felt, therefore, that if we were to attain our object and gradually raise the conception of womanhood amongst the young women, we must induce the *mothers* to help us in our work. We all acknowledge that it is in their hands that the power lies. It is the mother who is the regulator of the home-life—it is her words and ways which must be the main influence in the lives of the little children, for a working-man can of necessity see but little of his children—it is she who is responsible for the household arrangements of the family, and if she regards the considerations of comfort, decency, and order as of little or no importance, then the home will be devoid of those safeguards of virtue which are necessary for the well-being of the family; and, with conditions so favourable for vice, the germs of evil will not fail to fructify, and the result will be seen in a depraved moral sense. But how are we to reach the mothers? The majority of them have had a faulty bringing up as regards these matters themselves, and yet it seems like interference on our part to try to point out to them how to bring up their children, how to order their household arrangements, and so on. We need some outside help to give us a reason for bringing such matters before them.

About five years ago an English association, called "The Young Women's Help Society," which I have already mentioned, inaugurated a plan for reaching them. It has found its plan very successful already, and our committee have resolved to carry it out in connection with "The Haddo House Association." The plan is very simple; it is merely to add "married associates" to our single associates, by asking them if they will accept and sign a card of membership from us, not binding themselves to anything more than to *aim* at keeping the few short rules as follows:—

CARD OF MEMBERSHIP FOR MARRIED ASSOCIATES.

I desire to aim at keeping the Rules on this Card.

1. To begin and end each day with prayer.
2. To endeavour to lead a life of temperance, truthfulness, and purity.
3. To guard my tongue from all scandalous and improper conversation.
4. If children are given me, to endeavour to bring them up for God's service. To do all in my power to guard them from contact with evil, and from

hearing improper conversation. To prevent them from reading bad books and papers.

5. To endeavour to learn all that will conduce to keep my husband, my children, and myself in cleanliness, comfort, and good health, and that will enable me best to nurse them in case of sickness.

6. To remember the sacredness of marriage, and ever to try to make home a bright place for my husband and children.

Letters inviting married women to join our association were distributed in nearly all the districts where we had branches, and many joined us.* The cards on which the rules are printed are prettily illuminated with a design of snowdrop and ivy, and many of the married associates frame them, and hang them up in their houses; the mere possession of the card being thus a silent witness in the home. The life of a working-man's wife is a very hard one. "A mother's work is never done," and night and day she must ever be ready for the sick child, or the noisy boys, or the fretful baby, or the tired husband, and when there is no change, no relaxation, it must be difficult indeed to be always cheerful and loving, and to find time to remember the high aims which she would wish always to keep before her children. Many mothers can get but rarely to church, or indeed to any meeting. Whoever else goes, she must stick to the monotonous round of duty, so monotonous that she naturally forgets that all great ends are brought about by constant attention to small and often tiresome details, and that it will be from training to little habits of decency and purity, of industry, of health and honour and thought for others day by day, in a bright and happy home, that she is preparing her children to live grand lives, given for God and for others. Her children may not be conscious of the training—it will lie more in what she is than what she does—but in after years remembrances will come back of the atmosphere of that home, which will preserve both them and others, whom they will influence, from evil, and will cause them to call her memory blessed.

Ladies have said to me, "I should feel as if I were interfering if I began to broach on such subjects as are mentioned on the card." But those who have gone in and out amongst mothers will tell a different story; if we approach them as mother speaking to mother, both anxious for their own children's welfare in this world and in the next, many a helpful hint may be dropped, many an encouraging word may be spoken, and undoubtedly we shall learn as much as we teach, for the lives of these working women have much, much to teach us.

We find that an occasional tea-meeting, to which babies may be brought, is a great pleasure to the mothers, who are so seldom asked out. At our first such tea-meeting, a mother told me she had not been out to tea for twenty years, for she never could leave the babies. Then, in some of our branches, cottage meetings are held fortnightly, to which the mothers from a group of cottages near together go as they are, without arraying themselves in their Sunday dress, meeting alternately in different cottages. These meetings for reading and conversation have been much enjoyed. In some places branches have been formed for married women alone (where other societies already exist for girls, and where it may not be desirable to form any fresh organization for them), often in connection with mothers' meetings, and we are very anxious to spread the number of such branches throughout the country, so that we may give our married associates the full benefit of being transferred from one branch to another when they move, as well as the single associates. As far as we know this is the only society for mothers which is organized for spreading itself thus as a net-work over the country, and we think that many district visitors and conductors of mothers' meetings will be glad to avail themselves of it, more especially as every branch is left quite free.

Reverting now to the association as a whole it may be mentioned that, although originally formed for the benefit of the farm-servant class, it has spread amongst many other classes of young women. We have fifty-eight branches, the majority of which are situated in the north-east of Scotland; but the remainder are scattered over the country, both in towns and in agricultural districts. We have 1,069 members, each of whom pays a yearly subscription of 2s. 6d. towards the expenses of the association; 2,400 single associates, and about 2,300 married associates; 1,030 prizes and 1,400 certificates were distributed last year.

We belong to all Churches, and we are glad to think that the wives of ministers of all Protestant denominations work together on our committees. The hard work entailed on these committees, through the necessary examination of the papers, makes the holding

* Specimens of these letters and of all the other papers concerning the association can be obtained from Messrs. Wyllie, Union Street, Aberdeen.

* I shall be happy to answer any letter addressed to me on the subject to Hazlo House, Aberdeen.

of office in our society no sinecure, and we are very grateful to the number of ladies who help us so efficiently in this direction, and above all to the secretaries on whom so much labour falls. But it is pleasant to read the reports of the local secretaries year by year, all speaking with one accord as to the heartiness of the response made by the girls to the efforts to help them, and their earnestness in their work; while the interest they take in the society is evinced by spontaneous letters from individual associates, as also by some admirable papers written this year in response to special prizes offered by Lord Aberdeen for essays on the aims and objects of the Haldo Home Association. These papers were most gratifying, as showing an appreciation of the objects aimed at, and a strong desire and intention to co-operate with us in carrying them out.

It may be asked why so local a name is still borne by an association which has wandered far away from its original home? and it is a question whether there should not be a change in this respect; but for the present the committee have decided that no alteration should be made, and that the local associations implied in the title of the society should not be broken. I trust that sufficient has been said to indicate its existence, and to remove any misapprehensions as to its encroaching on ground which may seem to be fully occupied by older and much-valued associations with whom we ever trust to work in sisterly sympathy, helping one another in the great work which we both have in view.

THROUGH HUDSON'S STRAIT AND BAY.

PART III.

AFTER our close confinement on board the ship for a period of nearly four weeks, the enjoyment of a run on shore, and a good scramble over the hills on Digges Island was much appreciated.

The island consists of a series of bare gneiss hills, rising to an altitude of about five hundred feet; these are intersected by broad valleys, the majority running at right angles with each other, and carpeted with moss and a coarse description of grass, pleasant and soft for the feet where it existed, but otherwise the walking was atrocious, either in a soft tenacious soil, or on sharp-edged stones and rugged rocks. Raised beaches were observed along the coast, whilst distinct marks of glaciation were everywhere perceptible on the gneiss rocks on the hills.

Although I succeeded in gathering several flowers belonging to the Arctic flora, the vegetation compared most unfavourably with that of some of the small islands on which I have landed off the coast of Novaya Zemlya, and which, although situated in a much higher northern latitude, are, during the summer months, covered with a really rich and luxuriant vegetation.

The men at the station were, of course, delighted to see us; they had passed a comparatively comfortable winter, their experiences being very similar to those of the men stationed at Ashe Inlet.

Periodical visits had been paid them during the winter by the natives from the mainland, who came across on their dog sledges from Cape Wolstenholme, bringing large supplies of venison and skins, which they would traffic for tobacco, powder, shot, or anything else they thought might be useful to them.

During these visits they would remain encamped, in close proximity to the station-house, until all their goods had been disposed of, or until they saw there was nothing further to be obtained from the white men. On these occasions, if any of the Eskimos were suffering from sickness or were at all indisposed, they usually consulted the gentleman in charge of the station, who would invariably prescribe some remedy for the suffering one. Once a baby was brought to him, evidently reduced to a very low state from the want of sufficient nourishment; immediately realizing the nature of the ailment, a large syringe was procured from the medicine-chest, and "warm tea and milk was," I was informed, "squirted down the baby's throat until it fairly ran over!" The remedy, although an apparently severe one, was, I believe, efficacious, for under this treatment the baby thrived wonderfully, but we will hope that the poor little thing was not filled up to overflowing each time the prescription was administered.

On another occasion, an old woman, who had been long ailing, was brought to the station-house for treatment. The case was a difficult one, for the illness was, to all appearance, old age and exhausted nature. In this dilemma "Pain Killer" was prescribed,

doses of which were administered both externally and internally. This case terminated less successfully than that of the baby, for after a course of three weeks of the above-mentioned treatment, the old lady died. Let us hope the "Pain Killer" did not accelerate her end! After death the body was sewn up in deer-skins, a hole was then made at the back of the "igloo," or house, dogs were harnessed to the corpse, and it was dragged out through the extemporised opening, and deposited on the snow on the opposite side of the harbour. The remains were subsequently, after the departure of the natives, properly and decently interred by the men at the station.

The Eskimos of Hudson's Strait have a great horror and repugnance to touch a human corpse, and will not permit one to be removed from a house through the regular entrance; a special door must therefore be made, temporarily, at the back of the house before the remains can be taken out for interment.

At the station was a hen which had been left there by the *Alert* during her visit the previous year. Strange to say, during the winter she laid no less than sixty eggs! She was, of course, carefully looked after, and kept in-doors during the cold weather. A few days prior to our arrival, a couple of eggs, which had been found in the nest of a loon, or great northern diver (*Colymbus glacialis*), had been put under this hen, which at once sat upon them. In five days two little loons were hatched, but, alas, they only survived their arrival in this world a few days; their death being probably due to the inability of the old hen to furnish them with suitable food.

On the first day that I landed on the island, the weather being cold and cloudy, I observed the water round the banks of the ponds and lakes covered with a black film, which, on closer examination, I found to be myriads of musquitoes, lying on the surface of the water in a kind of torpor, or suspended animation, requiring, apparently, only a bright sun to restore them to life and vigour. Unfortunately for us, the sun, on the following day, shone out bright and warm; this had the desired effect, and we were soon made sensible of the presence of swarms of these noxious little insects. I never met with such voracious and insatiable musquitoes in all my life; no place was secure from their persecutions; the ship swarmed with them; in spite of hatchways and skylights being closed, they found their way into our cabins, whence it was almost impossible to dislodge them, although the burning of brown paper, and other devices to get rid of them, were resorted to.

> "A cloud of cumbrous gnats do him molest,
> All striving to inflict their feeble stinges:
> That from their noyance he nowhere can rest."

If Spenser had been writing his "Faerie Queene" at Digges Island, he never would have alluded to the stings as being "feeble;" but bad as the musquitoes were in this place, it was my misfortune to find them ten thousand times more exasperating, before I reached the end of my journey! But I must not anticipate; "sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!"

The machinery having been overhauled, and our stock of fresh water replenished, we bade farewell to the station hands, directing them to be ready to be taken on board the *Alert* on her return voyage in about six weeks' time, and steamed out of harbour on the 25th of July.

Prior to our departure we had obtained, from the summit of one of the hills, a good view of the Bay and Strait, and were much gratified to see that the ice was loose, and that there was much water. It was therefore all the more mortifying to find, after we got away, that the fine expanse of water that we had seen had disappeared, and that its place was occupied by broad streams of ice, so tightly packed as to materially interfere with our progress. However, by dint of a little perseverance, and pushing on whenever opportunities offered, we succeeded on the following morning in getting clear of the pack, and emerged suddenly upon an open sea, with only a few stray pieces of ice scattered here and there.

The rapid transition from our icy thraldom to freedom, on a perfectly clear sheet of water, was almost miraculous. When clear of the pack we were only seven miles from Digges Islands, yet it had taken us nearly thirty hours to accomplish that distance!

Here ended all our difficulties, so far as the ice was concerned; the passage of the Strait had been accomplished, and the open, ice-unencumbered water of Hudson's Bay had been reached, and although a few straggling streams of ice were subsequently seen, they were so loose that they in no way interfered with our progress, nor had the course of the ship ever to be altered for the purpose of avoiding coming into contact with them.

Passing between Mansell and Southampton Islands, under steam and sail, with a fine fresh breeze, we steered to the southward, having decided upon visiting the Hudson's

Bay post at Port Churchill, on the west side of the Bay.

During the last few hours that we spent in the ice no less than five Polar bears were seen, and four killed. The two last that were slaughtered were a mother and its cub; they were first seen in the water, when the ship, of course, gave chase, steaming after them at full speed. When aware of their danger it was touching to witness the solicitude which the parent evinced for its young, actually taking it on its back and swimming with it for some distance, until, in fact, both were shot.

Bear-killing in the water is no sport, and but cruel work at the best. When on the ice, where they have an opportunity of escaping, or defending themselves, the case is very different; but in the water they are absolutely helpless, and at the mercy of the so-called sportsman.

As we proceeded to the southward the temperature rose steadily, and everything betokened our approach to more hospitable and genial climes; the days began to draw in perceptibly, and there was a corresponding increase in the length of the nights; lamps and candles below also became a necessity after eight P.M.

On the afternoon of the 29th of July, we steamed into Churchill harbour, and dropped anchor in this fine land-locked haven, off a small pier that had been constructed for convenience in shipping, and disembarking goods and commodities that are received for, and from, the vessel belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company that annually visits the port.

Port Churchill, as also York and Moose Factories situated farther to the southward, were, at one time, three of the most important posts belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, for it was to these places that the goods from nearly all the other posts situated in the Hudson's Bay Territory were forwarded by boats and canoes, ready for transhipment to the annual packet from England. The construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has, however, effected an alteration in the transport arrangements of the company, and the greater part of the peltries are now forwarded direct to Winnipeg, and thence to Europe; it is only those stations that are in the immediate neighbourhood of Hudson's Bay, that now send their commodities to York Factory, Moose Factory, and Churchill, as heretofore.

The annual voyages of the ships, from England to these posts, have been carried out with surprising regularity, and it was very rarely indeed that the vessels ever failed to make the passage through the Strait.

In the official records kept by the company, it appears that Moose Factory has been visited by a ship regularly every year since 1735, with but one exception, namely, in 1779, when the vessel failed to get through the Strait.

In consequence of the value and importance of these stations, it was considered necessary, during the last century, to construct strong forts, in order to afford protection in the event of an attack being made upon them by an enemy.

The idea of an enemy's fleet overcoming the difficulties of ice navigation and forcing its way through the Strait into the Bay, seems almost incredible; yet Hudson's Bay has been the scene of many a sanguinary engagement between the French and English. There is a very interesting account existing of an action that was fought between H.M.S. *Hampshire* and some French men-of-war. During the height of the battle the ice intervened and separated the combatants. After a little time they succeeded in working clear of the ice, when the fight was resumed, but, it is recorded, that "by some unlucky accident," the *Hampshire* overset and all on board perished.

Fort Prince of Wales, specially built for the defence of Churchill, was a massive construction, built of large blocks of granite, and in accordance with the most approved plans of fortification existent in those days, being of quadrangular form with projecting bastions at each angle. It was commenced in 1733, but occupied many years in building. It occupies a very commanding position at the western entrance of the harbour, and is reported to have had as many as forty guns mounted on its walls, which latter were over ten feet in thickness. In the centre of the fort were the quarters for the officers and men. In spite of its apparent impregnability it was surrendered to La Perouse in 1782, without firing a shot!

When I visited the fort (for the walls are still standing and the whole structure is in a fair state of preservation) I was astonished at the massive solidity of its construction. I counted eighteen old guns, 24-pounders, lying about in a more or less damaged condition, the majority with their trunnions knocked off, all bearing date of George II. The fort could very easily be put in an efficient state of defence, if required. There was also a battery on the eastern side of the

harbour, which assisted to command the approach to it.

The post (as all the Hudson's Bay Company's stations are termed) at Churchill, is situated at the head of the harbour, and at about four miles from its entrance. It consists of about a dozen houses, built of wood, and all in a more or less dilapidated condition. In general appearance, tidiness, and cleanliness, the stations that I visited in the Hudson's Bay territory compare very unfavourably with the Danish settlements in Greenland, which are all patterns of neatness and good order.

The post comprises the chief trader's house, a small one for his assistant, a magazine, a long rambling, tumble-down shanty for the employés, whilst the remainder of the buildings are used as store-houses, issue-house, oil and skin houses. There is also a small corrugated-iron church, about twenty feet long by fifteen feet in breadth, which was sent out at the expense of, and erected by, the Church Missionary Society. The clergyman and his wife had only been there a few days when we arrived, and as there was no other accommodation, he was compelled to take up his residence in the church until a house could be built for him.

Churchill is in the diocese of the Bishop of Moosenee, who resides at Moose Factory, at the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay. There are five other missionaries under his lordship's episcopal jurisdiction. I am afraid these gentlemen, who are really doing good work amongst the Indians, do not receive all the support that might be desired from some of the officials of the Hudson's Bay Company, and many are the complaints of the obstacles which have, systematically, been thrown in their way by the servants of the company, but whether acting under superior authority or not it is, of course, impossible for me to say.

I can, however, speak from personal experience regarding the unnecessary difficulties that have been made by the Hudson's Bay officials, who are all-powerful in their districts, with respect to the erection of a house for the clergyman at Churchill, and when I ventured to remonstrate against the unkindliness and want of sympathy evinced, I was told, in plain words, that a missionary at the post was not wanted, and that they did not intend that one should reside there.

I hope that the representations concerning this particular case that have been submitted to the board of direction in London will have had due weight, and that the necessary instructions will, ere this, have been given to afford the requisite assistance to the clergyman appointed to the post in providing him with proper accommodation.

I would exclude from the list of Hudson's Bay officials who are antagonistic to the presence of a clergyman at their posts, the present chief trader at Churchill, who, I am quite sure, would do all in his power to make the person appointed as comfortable as possible, provided he was permitted to do so. I will say no more on this subject, for by doing so my remarks may be construed as officious interference, and they might be made the pretext for making matters even worse than they are at present.

The Indians that live in the region of Hudson's Bay are of the Cree tribe, with a few Chippewayans. They are all regarded as servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose policy it has always been to make the natives dependent on the company, by paying them for the skins they procure in advance; the payments are always made in articles of food and clothing. Being, therefore, always in debt to the company, their services as hunters, and in various other positions in connection with the posts, are thus secured; and it is next to impossible for any one, not associated with the Hudson's Bay Company, to acquire their services without first obtaining the sanction of the chief trader.

During our stay at Churchill the time was profitably spent in making as thorough and complete a survey of the harbour as, with the means at our disposal, we were able. It is certainly a most excellent anchorage, completely land-locked, and well sheltered from all winds. There is but little doubt in my mind that Churchill harbour will, if the railway from Winnipeg to Hudson's Bay is ever constructed, be the terminus of the road, as it surely ought to be.

The country in the vicinity of Churchill had a most pleasing and refreshing appearance to us, after being so long accustomed to the sterile aspect of the land in Hudson's Strait. Green, level plains, covered with grass, stretched away beyond the post, whilst, farther yet in the far distance, could be seen a forest of spruce pines; wild flowers, of bright and varied hues, grew luxuriantly, many that are not found in Arctic regions, whilst a great many species of the hardy Arctic flora were here absent. In the chief trader's garden, although it only comprised a plot about 25 feet square, I saw turnips, lettuces, and rhubarb growing; but I was

informed that the climate was too severe for the production of potatoes or other vegetables.

Churchill, like all the Hudson's Bay posts, is defended by the remains of an old wooden stockade. These stockades were absolutely necessary in the days when the Indians, and even rival trading companies, were hostile and warlike, but in these days of comparative peace and security they are, of course, unnecessary, and are therefore allowed to fall into disrepair.

Although we all thoroughly enjoyed our stay at Port Churchill, our visit was somewhat marred by the troublesome attentions of the musquitoes. The air was literally teeming with them, and although our faces were protected by veils, and every device was resorted to in order to defend ourselves from these irritating little pests, it was quite impossible to escape their persecutions, and their interminable buzz round our heads was more like the din heard in a steam factory, when the engines are at work, than anything else that I can compare it to. Gloves afforded but little protection to the hands, and their stings even reached us through our clothing, or, in fact, through anything, and everything, that we wore.

We were also much annoyed on shore by swarms of little sand-flies, which, although more diminutive in size than the musquitoes, were equally successful in their efforts to render our lives miserable. As if these were not bad enough, yet another and a third tormentor made its appearance on the scene, in the shape of a huge fly, whose bite is very severe and painful—they are commonly called "bull dogs!" As one of my companions facetiously observed: "After they have bitten a piece out of you, they alight on the nearest fence to eat it!" Our men used to spend the greater part of the night, and also the days when they were unemployed, in the tops and other places aloft, where they imagined they would be more free from the persecutions of all these ravenous and insatiable winged torments! Our mess place was so infested with musquitoes, that it was impossible at meal times to put a morsel of food into our mouths, without incurring the risk of swallowing several at the same time.

On the 4th of August we bade farewell to our kind friends at Churchill, who had, one and all, exerted themselves, and with success, to make our stay there a pleasant one, and steamed out of harbour, not at all sorry to be, although only for a time, clear of the obnoxious little pests that had so tormented us. If it had been possible for anybody to jest over so serious a matter, we should have been quite justified in laughing at the ridiculous appearance of our men as we took our departure from Churchill, for nearly all of them had their heads and faces bandaged, or wrapped, in handkerchiefs, generally of different colours, in order to protect them from the musquitoes. They looked as if they were all suffering from earache or toothache, or as if an epidemic of the mumps had broken out in the *Alert!* It was quite impossible, whilst in harbour, to rid ourselves in the ship of these insufferable little torments, for if we killed one, at least a hundred came to its funeral, and afterwards fully avenged its death, and some of our men were really very badly bitten by them.

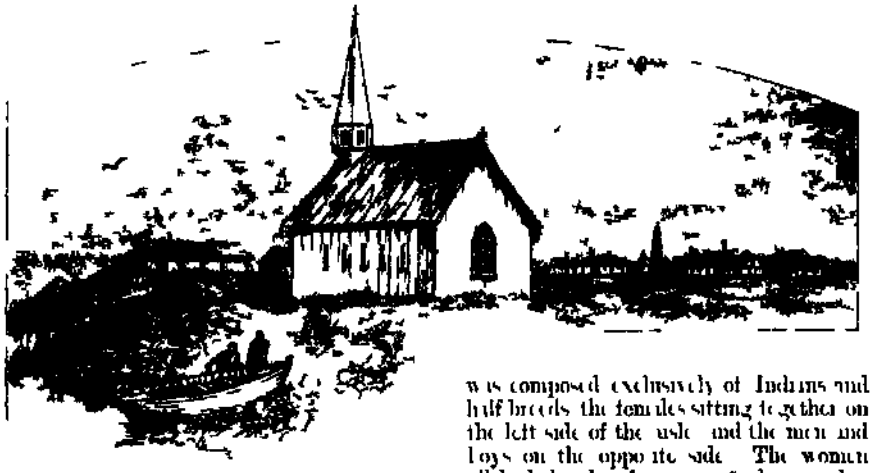
Early on the morning of the 6th of August we sighted the tall beacon situated on the tongue of land that separates the Nelson River from the Hayes, and on which York Factory is situated, and, shortly after eight o'clock, the anchor was let go in five fathoms twelve miles off the shore, which was only just visible on the horizon. It would have been impossible for us to have approached any nearer, on account of the shallowness of the water.

It is this absence of any harbour, and the long distance at which a ship has to anchor from the shore, that renders the situation of York Factory undesirable for the terminus of the proposed railroad. In this respect it compares very unfavourably with Churchill—otherwise it would be in every way the most desirable, as being a shorter distance from Winnipeg, and through a better, and more productive, line of country.

On the same afternoon I landed at the Factory, where I received a kind and friendly welcome from the chief trader, who hospitably entertained me during my short stay at his post. On landing we were honoured by a salute of seven guns fired from some 12-pounder brass howitzers, that had been left at York Factory by the military expedition that was sent to Fort Garry, *viâ* Hudson's Bay, in 1846.

York Factory is much more imposing in appearance, and is on a somewhat grander scale than the post at Churchill, and has a very much larger population, with a corresponding increase in the number of officials connected with the station.

There are two small churches, one inside the stockade belonging to the Hudson's Bay



Company, and the other erected by the Church Missionary Society for the Cree Indians and situated just outside the post

As I happened to spend Sunday at York Factory I attended the afternoon service at the Cree Church partly out of curiosity to see how the service was conducted and partly because there was only one service at the Company's and that in the forenoon at the other church

When I entered, the service had just commenced and so crowded was the church that I had some little difficulty in finding a vacant seat in one of the pews The congregation was composed exclusively of Indians and half breeds the females sitting together on the left side of the aisle and the men and boys on the opposite side The women all had shawls of a more or less sombre hue pinned over their heads As there was no clergyman at York Factory at the time of my visit the service was conducted by a Cree Indian in a very reverent and apparently earnest manner and, of course in the Cree tongue The hymns were sung in a wailing kind of monotonous cadence resembling a funeral dirge and produced a very curious effect The hymns and chants were led entirely by the man who was officiating Altogether I was much impressed with the decorous way in which the service was carried out and with the hearty and sincere manner in which the congregation joined From what I have seen of these Indians I believe them or at least the majority of them, to be really good and

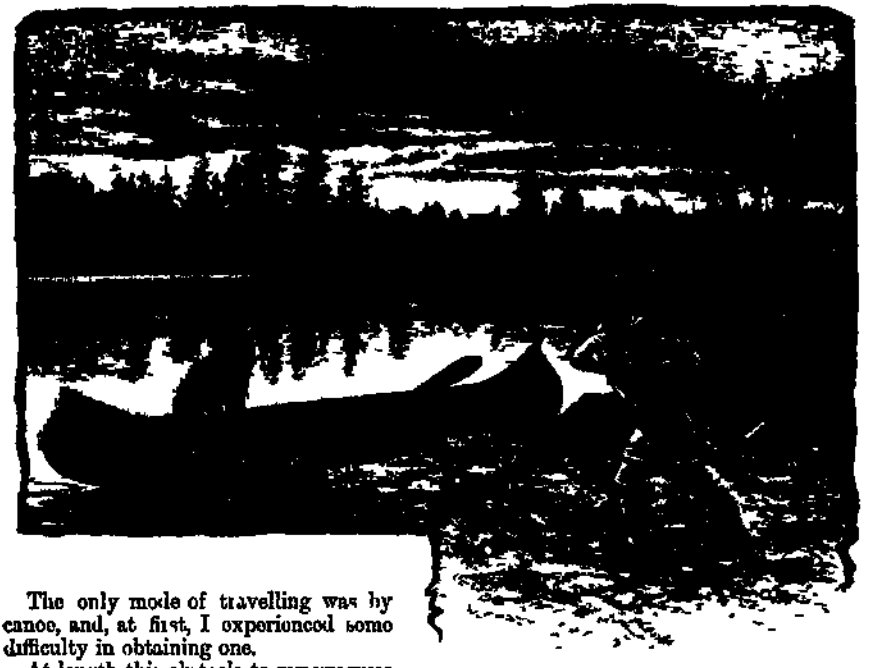
York Factory

religiously disposed, and I was informed that whenever the Holy Communion was celebrated, there were invariably a large number of communicants among them.

The Cree village is situated about half a mile from the post, and consists of about a dozen log huts, and a number of tepes, or wigwams.

The country round York is comparatively fertile—potatoes were not only growing, but flourishing, in a small garden inside the post, whilst in a diminutive glass house adjoining the chief trader's residence, I saw a few geraniums, fuchsias and other flowers, all in a very thriving condition. The account of my journey from York must be reserved for the next and concluding chapter.

It was some little time before the arrangements for my journey from York Factory could be perfected.



Getting ready for a start

The only mode of travelling was by canoe, and, at first, I experienced some difficulty in obtaining one.

At length, this obstacle to my progress being removed, another cropped up—there were no Indians available to accompany me!

This was, of course, a serious and important consideration, for a canoe without Indians is like a cart without a horse—practically useless.

However, thanks to the kindness of the chief trader, without whose help and all-powerful assistance I should never have succeeded in getting on, I managed to obtain the services of a half-breed, commonly called Jem, and a full-blooded Indian, who rejoiced in the name of Biquatenac, but who was more generally alluded to as Tom.

The only arrangement by which I could obtain the services of these men, was by paying them each at the rate of a dollar a day during the entire period of their absence; i.e. I was to pay them their wages during the whole time they were with me, and also after they had left me until their return again to York Factory. I had also not only to supply them with provisions for the time they were away from the post, but was obliged to make arrangements to provide their wives and families with provisions during the period of their absence.

I was only able to make an agreement with my two men to accompany me as far as the next Hudson's Bay post, Oxford House, distant about 300 miles. On my arrival there, I was to make other arrangements to continue my journey, and would also have to

provide myself with another canoe, as the one obtained at York Factory would be required to bring back the men that accompanied me to Oxford House.

The way in which payments are made in the Hudson's Bay territory is very curious. The currency is a skin, but its valuation is very often a varying quantity, and, apparently, depends on the rank and position of the person who has to make the payment. For instance, I had to pay my Indians at the rate of a skin each per diem, and I was charged on the books of the Hudson's Bay Company, as if the value of the skin was five shillings. In the same way the few necessaries that I was compelled to purchase in the Store at York Factory, were charged against me at the same value, namely, five shillings the skin; whereas Indians, and others, who were buying goods at the store at the same time, were charged at the rate of one shilling and three pence per skin!

I suppose it was considered only right and proper that an adventurer and interloper like myself, should be to a certain degree bled; and I think perhaps they were justified in treating me as they did, for it would have been unreasonable to suppose that I could expect to buy things, as it were, in the wilderness, without being charged extortionate prices.

When the tariff was originally instituted, in the early days of the Company, the skin with which the Indians paid the Hudson's Bay officials for guns, powder, provisions, &c., was a prime beaver skin. That was supposed to be the standard: the value of all other skins was comparative to that of the beaver. For instance, half-a-dozen musk-rat, or mink, skins would be valued at half a skin, whilst at least five skins would be the price demanded for the skin of a silver fox. I do not pretend to give the exact value of these skins that I have mentioned; I merely allude to them for the sake of illustration, and as being explanatory of the tariff in vogue in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company.

Everything being ready for a start, I stepped into my frail little boat at half-past five on the morning of the 9th of August, and having waved farewell to the population of York Factory, who had assembled to witness my departure, paddled gaily up stream.

I am wrong in saying that we paddled, for we did nothing of the sort! As the current was against us, and the banks of the river were suitable to the purpose, my two men landed and tracked the canoe with a small line, whilst I sat in it, in a very cramped and excessively uncomfortable position, and steered.

Although perhaps it sounds more romantic to "paddle your own canoe," it is far more pleasant to be tracked by two stalwart men, and more rapid progress is made when going up stream; for if the walking is fairly good, the men tracking will get over the ground at the rate of from three, to three and a half miles an hour.

It was a beautiful bright morning when we started, with a fresh, although somewhat cold, breeze blowing, that sent the water rippling up under our bows, and occasionally lapping in over the low sides of the canoe, as we glided noiselessly along.

Our costumes were diversified and somewhat picturesque. Jem, who is my interpreter, boss, and general factotum, was wearing a bright red jumper, made out of a blanket of that colour; trousers of a bluish hue, fastened round the waist by a gorgeous sash, into which every imaginable colour was woven; his shock head of hair confined by an old billycock hat. Tom—I really cannot write his long and almost unpronounceable name again—was more or less shabbily attired. His clothes were in rags, but his long, flowing, and unkempt locks added materially to his picturesque appearance. As for myself, I was wearing a very comfortable kind of a coat made out of a blanket, and having a hood or capote attached to it, which served as a capital substitute for a nightcap when I lay down to sleep; a bright-coloured Hudson's Bay sash was round my waist, sealskin mocassins were on my feet, and an old Zulu straw hat, round which was a veil to keep off the musquitoes, was on my head.

We were, fortunately, not troubled with much baggage, for we found that the weight of twenty days' provisions for three men was quite sufficient for the canoe to carry, and I, of course, had my gun, with a small amount of ammunition. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that the canoe would soon get lighter, for I knew that the Indians were inordinate eaters, and that the provisions would very soon be consumed. We did not anticipate being more than about twelve days on the passage to Oxford House, and before that time my men, I felt assured, would make short work of the allowance for nearly three weeks with which we were provided. My anticipations were fully verified by the result!

A. H. MARKHAM.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE SENSES.

By JEAN INGELOW.

SECOND PAPER.

IT is quite fair to say that we see by experience. If a fact is known it can be recognised for what it is, when the same amount of testimony, from eyesight alone, would not have made it manifest.

The sailor has the art of extending his notice to a greater distance than the landsman ever searches. Perhaps there are two or three vessels in the offing—grey ghosts—some of them "hull down;" and as the two talk together they are not within the landsman's ken so far as his observation is concerned, yet to the sailor they may be said to be almost conspicuous; he could not walk on the beach without perceiving them, and the landsman can see them if he patiently sends his eyes so far off to the right spot.

The sailor, perhaps, remarks concerning one of them that she is a full-rigged ship, or a barque, or a schooner, or a yacht, or a coal brig, or that she is heavily laden, or a "foreigner," as the case may be.

Then the landsman wonders and says what splendid eyes the sailor has, and that is true; custom and daily exercise have helped to make them so, but a good deal of all this he sees with his experience, because he knows what it means.

For instance, the landsman himself can see that one of the grey ghosts is almost a triangle—that must be a one-masted vessel, such as a sloop. Another is almost like a round tower, she must be the full-rigged ship, the three-master. And so on through all details and vastly more that would not be interesting. The sailor has seen and watched all sorts of vessels far off and near. He knows not only what they look like, but what their masters or captains mean by every change they make in their course, and every sail they haul down.

He knows how to send his eyes on a distant quest.

It has been said that "genius is the power of making efforts;" perhaps it is, and perhaps not; but seeing, if one means by that anything more than mere vision, certainly is the power of making efforts, for the point of all this is that the sailor has earnestly and conscientiously taught himself to see. He has made efforts, has used his eyes to search out for him all that is within their range, and his wits to tell him what it means.

He may be said to have skilled sight. The other has only the raw material of vision, a sense to be worked up and worked upon by reason of the seventh sense, the mind's eye.

But besides the trouble it gives the landsman to find remote vessels, he no sooner withdraws his eyes than he loses them again. They appear to be nearly all at about the same distance, though some are partly below the horizon line. The eyes have found it troublesome to discover them, and they let them slip away.

Many persons have noticed how difficult it is to *hold a star*.

On a summer evening, when a few stars are out, if you find one and as it were let go of it to look for another that some one else sees, it may be some time before you catch it again.

While there is yet a good deal of light in the sky you must, so to speak, hold the first star, or when you look away it may be utterly whelmed again and lost to your ken. Though you seem to scan the sky precisely in the direction you did before, unless you hit upon the star you really are of course seeking millions and millions of miles to the one or the other side of it.

Here the eyes are certainly aware that they are travelling a long way. The bodily organ, I mean, is aware. But I have not observed, and have not heard others say, that it hurt or strained their eyes at all to make these great journeys into "the vasty deep."

The short-sighted have their own advantages and disadvantages. I do not speak of them; but the ordinary long-sighted, I believe, are not at all injured by anything they naturally see or can learn to see at a distance. What is injurious to their eyes is work done at the inner end of their range of vision, nearest to the eye—needlework overfine, the reading of small print too long or too quickly; anything whatever (specially German print), written, read, or worked in failing light, or insufficient artificial light.

But to search for an object afar, which we expect to declare itself after a due amount of looking, does not strain the eyes. We can but see the thing or not see it.

For instance, if I know, as of course I do, that the great nebula in Orion is visible "by any good eye" on a clear dark night when

the constellation is not low in the heavens, I shall, perhaps, go to the window and find Orion. Nothing is more probable than that I never thought of looking for this nebula before. I now look attentively, and perceive, without any assistance, that Orion contains one rather queer-looking star, a star, in short, not at all what a star is expected to be. It is a little blurred; it is wanting in sparkle; does not scintillate. All the other stars in Orion look as they should do, and this one is not conspicuous in its difference. If I had not looked for it I might easily have passed it over. Can this be the great nebula, which is as vast as the whole of our visible heavens with every star in it, and the Milky Way to boot? It certainly is not a star. Well, what would I have? I suppose that is what it must be.

So much may be seen by the owner of "any good eye," by which the astronomer always means the long-sighted eye when it is in good order.

But there is no strain; you see the nebula or you only see it not; your eyes do not select any object in Orion which differs from the other stars; you cannot teach them to do so, and yet they may be excellent for all the ordinary purposes of life; they may be experts in another line.

"The nebula in Andromeda," says Sir John Herschel, "is visible to the naked eye, and is continually mistaken for a comet by those unacquainted with the heavens." I have seen this a few times, and do not find it so easy to detect as the nebula in Orion. Herschel goes on to say, "Simon Marius, who noticed it in 1612 (though it appears also to have been seen and described as oval in 995), describes its appearance as that of a candle shining through horn, and the resemblance is not inapt." Simon Marius surely must or at least might have seen it through a telescope, but those must have been indeed wonderful eyes which saw it as oval in the year 995). If we consider the wonderful things that assuredly have been seen we may believe this, in which case we must widen our opinion as to the difference between one human eye and another.

I was once staying at a country house many years ago, and several other young people were there also, when one of them gave (or so it seemed) a proof of remarkable sight.

It was at a time when the planet Mars was in opposition; was at its best and brightest; the weather was very clear, and the night was dark.

One of the girls, A. D., was looking out at a window, when another, L. W., came up to her and said, "Look, A., there is Mars!"

"Yes," answered A.; "I knew that must be a planet, because it is not round."

"Not round!" exclaimed L.; "how do you know?"

"Well," answered the other, "it does not look round to me, and I do not think it is."

One and another now came up.

"What! see the disc of Mars! Oh! I never heard of such a thing."

A. here protested earnestly that she did not see any disc.

"Well," they asked, "what did she see, then?"

"She saw rays, nothing but rays, and the effect was as if they did not come from an evenly round object."

One of the elders of the party here joined them.

"You must not be so full of fancies, my dear," he said good-humouredly. "I wonder what you will think you see next?"

"And besides," said one of the elder boys, "Mars is a superior planet, so of course you know you could not see her phases, because she has none."

Then, as I well remember, A. D., who had listened resignedly, made some sort of apology, and became unwilling to talk about "her star" any more.

Young people almost always want to be just like other young people. They may not object to be prettier or richer, but they seldom like to be thought more acute, or in any way peculiar, because such things set them apart from their fellows, and why should one—

> "desire in any way
> To differ from the kindly race of men?"

After some amount of good-humoured banter, the matter was allowed to drop.

The next day one of the boys said at breakfast that he had been looking into a book on astronomy, and he found that Mars, though a superior planet, was gibbous sometimes, and he thought it was only fair to A. that he should tell her so.

None of us at that time had learnt anything more of astronomy than came in the course of our lessons, but we all remembered that we ought to have recalled this fact when it had been denied on the previous evening.

At night some of us came to the window again to look at "A.'s bright particular star." They all laughed at A., but she seemed to

pluck up courage as she looked. The planet was very bright, our eyes were very young, and the night was very clear. When all the party had moved away except two, A. said to one of them who was very much her friend—

"But after all, C., if you knew that a slice had been taken off the planet, and were asked whereabouts you thought that was—what should you say?"

C. looked curiously at the star and with a new intention; then, to the best of my memory, she answered in these words—

"At the right-hand side, towards the top."

"Yes," said A., "of course. Then you do see it after all?"

"I did not see it till now," C. answered; "and I did not know that was what you meant."

Now here any anecdote that knew its duty would go on: "So they sent for a telescope and found that it was all a fable," or, "they found that A. was right."

But no, they never did anything of the sort; they never troubled themselves any more about the matter! The weather changed, the planet was not so conspicuous, A. helped the matter as much as she could into the background, and confided to her friend that if she saw anything of the kind again she should not tell.

In this case there was only one person present beside A. who could have seen this effect, and it is quite certain that even her eyes were by no means good enough to have detected it unless it had been pointed out. As it was, she was only tricked into the admission that one part was more likely to be a flattened part than another by some failure or some difference in the rays which did not extend to the other side.

But why should a body which is not round be expected to give out rays which will make it look round? If the moon, being a crescent, was as bright as the sun, so that we could not possibly see her disk, can we believe that she would appear round? Venus, though much larger and nearer than Mars, does not, so far as I have ever heard, show itself as not round to any human eye whatever. But then its effulgence is very much greater—so much so as frequently to cast a shadow.

Venus is said, when at its greatest brilliancy, to be distinctly visible to the naked eye in the daytime if one knows exactly where to look for it. But a great deal more than this is true, for at least twice within the last thirty years, for two and three days together, Venus has been distinctly seen from the streets of Paris in the early afternoon by crowds of people who have not known in the least where to look for it in the heavens. This was not an event for which good eyes were needed; either the air was so clear or the planet was so bright that many could see it. But there are persons who have declared that they had seen the satellites of Jupiter with the unassisted eye. The most distant satellites this probably means; and it may be literally true; but if they contrived to shut off the light of the planet itself from their eyes the thing is not so wonderful.

But the longest sight does not so completely and surely reign over anything as the short sight does over what is within its range, and it has the supreme advantage of improving every year as age advances. The smallest print, the finest needlework, the most delicate stippling, and these hour by hour, can be done with impunity so long as no glasses are used. When they are, to have them too strong always has a tendency to increase it. The wisdom of the short-sighted, as many of them declare, is to do without glasses as much as possible.

Some of the most charming landscape painters, both professional and amateur, are very short-sighted. There are those among them who consider this circumstance an advantage. They aver that seeing masses of light and shade and not little incidents of detail in a landscape, the world is always arranged before them as if it were a picture. It is quite natural, therefore, that they should regard it with an artist's eye. Theirs is intellectual observation, which concerns itself with general effects, is aware of the forms of the scene, learns from the way great shadows creep how high are the mountain crests that cast them.

Merely intelligent observation is often all that the long-sighted attain to. They are beguiled by countless details, the parts are much greater than the whole, they notice the particular ferns in the hedge, the birds flying about, the kinds of vegetable growing in the cottage gardens, the colours of every flower, for colour seems to be the main delight of the merely intelligent eye, as form is of the more intellectual.

This matter of colour is one of the greatest mysteries of sight. We frequently read that in Arabia, Australia, and the Cape of Good Hope the stars are not only much brighter than in our misty northern sky, but they

show their different colours with great splendour. Very few people here remark much difference even in the colours of planets.

"Mars," says Newcombe, in his "Popular Astronomy," "is easily recognised when near its opposition by its *fiery red colour*." I have seen Mars, of course, all my life, but my eyes decline to think it fiery red. It is to me yellow, and only a little more so than some of the stars.

The silvery radiance of Venus is proverbial, yet if its rays incline at all to one of the primary colours, it may be said that they are faintly tinged with blue. People differ much as to the colour of fixed stars. I never heard any one deny that Lyra was white, but I have met with those who declared that Aldebaran was not *a fine red star*; not red at all, and, in short, that in the whole heavens there was to their eyes no difference between the colour of one star and another.

Reading over the last two sentences to an observer of the stars, he said,

"I consider Venus rather a warm-coloured star, slightly yellow. The bluish tint you speak of better describes Lyra."

We then spoke of Sirius.

"Sirius is about the same tint as Venus," he continued, "also rather a warm-coloured star."

To my eyes Sirius burns with a splendid white light.

Many people have argued, when describing the double stars as seen through a telescope, that only one was ever truly *coloured*, and that the eye imparted the complementary colour to its companion. But Sir John Herschel, one of the first writers on these splendid suns, put the subject so clearly as to dispose of it.

"Many of the double stars exhibit the curious and beautiful phenomenon of contrasted and complementary colour. In such instances the larger star is usually of a ruddy or orange hue, while the smaller one appears blue or green; probably in virtue of that general law of optics which provides that when the retina is under the influence of excitement by any bright-coloured light, feebler lights which when seen alone would produce no sensation but of whiteness, shall for the time appear coloured with the tint complementary to that of the brighter."

He then gives examples and goes on—

"If, however, the coloured star be much the less bright of the two it will not materially affect the other. Thus, for instance, η Cassiopeiæ exhibits the beautiful combination of a large white star, and a small one of a rich, ruddy purple."

The small star is thus proved to be of a real inherent purple.

"Insulated stars," he afterwards writes, "of a red colour almost as deep as that of blood, occur in many parts of the heavens, but no green or blue star (of any decided hue) has, we believe, ever been noticed unassociated with a companion brighter than itself."

Sir John Herschel writes very little on colour; but after remarking on the splendour of many of these double stars, his celebrated sentence follows, which contains perhaps some of the most remarkable views upon colour ever recorded.

"It may be easier suggested in words, than conceived in imagination, what variety of illumination *two suns*, a red and a green, or a yellow and a blue one, must afford a planet circulating about either; and what charming contrasts and 'grateful vicissitudes,' a red and a green day, for instance, alternating with a white one, and with darkness, might arise from the presence and absence of one or other, or both, above the horizon."

It is manifestly supposed here that the circulating planet is a coloured world like our own. The imagination cannot present the whole, but it can at least perceive that the crimson sun having risen, its sky has become of a lively magenta, and the rivers run and the little streams drip into them as if they were draining a field of battle, there are lurid purples and heavy browns, but that unloved colour magenta has swallowed up all our blue. The light of a blue day would not be so glaring, but it would give a truly ghost-like air to all our faces.

Commenting on the theory of complementary colours, Nichol says the explanation is plausible but will not stand *testing*. If true, it ought to be universal, whereas there are many such systems of which both stars are yellow; or, although of other colours, yet still belonging to the red end of the spectrum.

"Now Struve," he proceeds, "refers to three stars in the constellation Cygni, the larger of the fourth magnitude, and very yellow, while the others, which are of the fifth and sixth magnitude, are blue; *and though the first be hid, these two preserve their blue colours*. Whatever the origin, then, of this mysterious power on the part of such binary stars to divide the light, or however it may be connected with the process

which brought these systems into being, no doubt of its *reality* remains." But perhaps our greatest astronomer contemplated an absence of all inherent colour in his circulating planet. It was to be a snow world, and let us say that it was to enjoy the sight of a blue and of a yellow day in turn. If so, there would be seen in it colours more pure, but not more varied, than are seen in our own planet to-day by the most favoured classes of the ordinary colour-blind. This subject of colour-blindness has become so important of late, since its extreme commonness has been fully proved, that it is high time every child was tested before the desire comes on to conceal it, which appears to be instinctive and almost universal.

It is a most astonishing thought that to a great many people the world looks quite other than it does to us. Does a child's cheek look blue or look yellow, or does this hue shift, and a little way off disappear from their ken? We cannot be sure, but in all probability it does not look red, for red is the ray which the colour-blind eye will scarcely ever receive. That there should be walking about among us rare and interesting mortals (let us say one in a thousand) to whom our faces are blue or grey and our scarlet geraniums occasionally black, appears to be a fact of small significance beyond its strangeness; it only proves the marvellous variety in nature. But now the fact long set forth in scientific treatises has been thoroughly brought home to us and forced into the light; now we know beyond a doubt that out of every hundred men five, at least, are all astray as regards colour, and one or two of them can hardly distinguish it at all; we must bestir ourselves if we wish to be freed from certain disasters which, through their defect, the colour-blind have hitherto brought upon us. They cannot be cured, that is agreed, they cannot be educated excepting in certain lines, and they cannot explain to us what it is that they see.

Dr. G. Wilson, in his "Researches on Colour-blindness," puts this very clearly. "All cases of colour-blindness agree in this, that to the extent of its occurrence in any one it implies a condition of vision in reference to which there is not a common experience, and therefore cannot be a common language between those conscious of colour and those unconscious of it. The information accordingly which they can convey to each other is almost solely of a negative kind. We cannot, for example, give to one who never saw green a positive conception of what we understand by it; we can at best make him aware that it is none of the colours he does see." "He," says Dr. G. Wilson, and with good reason, for though this affection of the eye is so common among men, among women it is extremely rare.

He tells us that several medical men who had given their attention to it had met with but two or three cases. This is at least singular, and there is little doubt that women love colour, and give more attention to it than men do, both in their dress and their houses.

Perhaps one may venture to say that though man is the more intellectual, woman is the more intelligent creature. He studies form, and she loves colour. Can it be possible that this love, being hereditary, has improved the faculty of perceiving colour in one sex without reaching the other?

But before we can hope to do much towards inducing all persons who live in a two-coloured world or a one-coloured world to speak openly of their defects, there should be a more agreeable name provided or invented for it. They are not in any real sense blind; they do not see the right thing, but they all see something, and it hurts their feelings to the point of making them conceal it, that their defect should be made out so much worse than they think it is.

Chromato-pseudopsis is too hard and too long a name; besides, it does not appear easy to apply. Is a man to say, "I am a chromato-pseudopsic," or "pseudoptic?"

It seems that for some time the name of the philosopher Dalton, he having been one of the first persons to describe this affection, was generally given by three-colour people to the one-colour and the two-colour tribes. Dalton, we are told, was not at all annoyed at being "colour-blind, and enjoyed the amusement which his mistakes concerning colours afforded to others."

This state of mind on this point was extremely uncommon. But, whatever the name given, all the little Daltonites ought to be found out, and duly classified before they are six years old. They should know perfectly what callings and professions are closed to them, and why; and they should be taught to exercise their powers of observation while these are at their best and sharpest, and their fingers while the sense of touch is most delicate.

Not a little might be done at school or in classes, and a few simple hints and rules may perhaps be useful, considering the great importance of the subject.

NOTRE DAME.

NOT up in cloudland, far aloft,
The Babe upon her arm,
Like Raphael's maiden, sweet and soft,
Half smile and half alarm,
Our Lady stands,—nay, from her skies
To earth our Queen steps down,
And daily seen of mortal eyes
She moves in London town.

Dark court and alley see her too,
Taking for kith and kin
A hungry and a houseless crew,
For all their filth and sin:
They hear her singing in the gloom
To lighten workrooms drear,—
And hearts grow young and flowers bloom
When the Madonna's near!

I've known her by her soft footfall,
—As once Æneas did—
Still as her shadow on the wall,—
No sleeper lifts a lid;
See, in the women's ward she stands,
Over yon quiet bed
Leaning to kiss, while dying hands
Cling round the Sister's head!

She comes, like summer morning breath,
Into a workhouse ward,
Where lives of failure wait for death,
Hopeless, and poor, and marred;
And when she takes a little one
And clasps it to her breast,
She's grand as all that art has done,—
Our Lady manifest!

The town would be a dismal place
This sad December night,
If we could see Madonna's face
Only by history's light!
On us, like wrecks off Sunium Cape,
In vain afar had shone
An ægis faint, a spectral shape,
A misty Parthenon.

But she has down among us come,
If we have eyes and wits,—
And see,—beside this mum at home
A very princess sits,—
And that has won a beauty born
Remote from painter's art,—
And this may kiss a queen each morn,
Or call a saint 'dear heart.'

And since Love's last behest to John,—
Her shield and sword to be,—
The homes in which this Star has shone
God's light reflected see.
To us, as in the servant's ear,
When Cana's cups were few,
She turns and whispers,—"Whatsoe'er
He saith unto you, do."

GEORGE MACDONALD.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH,

Author of "Mariah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER VII.—MAMSELL'S DISCOVERY.

IT was on a different world that Phyllis opened her eyes the following morning, a world of drifting rain and dark wrack driving overhead. Gone were the warmth of colouring and grand serenity of nature, slowly dying, dying gracefully, enwrapped in gold and crimson draperies; branches were swaying to and fro, scattering a shower of dancing, quivering leaves, driven forward, then caught in eddies and swirled into corners; gone all their bright tints, nothing left but heaps of sere, dead leaves. What pranks the wind was playing! Now roaring through the tree-tops, then sighing and moaning like a creature in pain, again knocking at the windows, imperiously demanding entrance, then rushing off, tearing the skirts of the clouds as they fled from his pursuit. But the outside turmoil, while it quickened the girl's pulses, only served to heighten the sense she had of restfulness, of being anchored in a safe harbour. Sir Bernard's firm, strong clasp, which seemed yet to cling to the palm of her hand, had given her a feeling of safety; he might be implacable to an enemy, but to a friend, staunch and worthy of all trust, she was sure. She would not pain him or Miss Dallas by letting her manner recall the sad past; what right had she, by word or look, to betray the confidence reposed in her? So, with parted lips and fingers closely twined, she gazed out of the breakfast-room window, turning to meet Sir Bernard's pleasant "good morning" with a glad, child-like simplicity, bearing no trace of an *arrière pensée* in her smile and touch.

"Is it not grand?" she exclaimed. "The wind is battling for the mastery, rising in a pæan of exultation and then breaking into a death wail over the poor trees bereft of leaves and branches."

"I think, Miss Trevylian, that nature is only a step-mother, after all. Yesterday I felt inclined to look at things with a jaundiced, unfriendly eye, and she smiled and looked aggravatingly lovely; to-day I rose in the best of humours, determined to be pleased with everything and everybody, and she is storming and raging, a perfect virago."

Phyllis laughed her soft little laugh. "Perhaps she wants to prove whether the good-humour arises from merely outside influences, or can stand the test of adverse circumstances."

"Ah, I see you go below the surface of things; you put me on my mettle. I know it is a generally accepted belief among ladies that men are helpless beings on a wet day, perfectly incapable of any rational enjoyment, beyond smoking and playing billiards; I must try to prove an exception. What good example are you going to show, Margaret?"

"I have gone back to school with Phyllis; she will end in quite making me young again." The old lady looked fondly at the girl. "We are just now reading 'The Old Maid's Secret,' in German. Do you remember it?"

"Not much; I can recall the hero's allegory of the lover and the fir-tree, because it connects itself, in my mind, with Goethe's beautiful lines, 'Uber allen gipfeln ist ruhe;' the striving and the seeking, the heights to be surmounted, may be through opposition and mistrust, and then—the rest of attainment, of satisfaction and fruition."

Miss Dallas looked at him, and there came to her, by the intuition of loving sympathy, the revelation of where the solution of that allegory lay, so that when he had left the room with a backward glance at "St. Cecilia," Miss Dallas sat absorbed, following the rhythm of the girl's melodious voice as she read Miss Marlitt's novel, without taking in much of the sense, until Phyllis broke in upon her reverie with the remark, "I do not think I could love any one without perfectly believing in him; of course one might have a sense of humility, fearing lest the power to win might not entail the power to hold."

"Ah, child, too much belief sometimes causes as much suffering as mistrust. The blow falls the more heavily when faith we thought unassailable is rudely shaken."

"But so long as love reigns."

"That is just it—love is often dethroned."

"Oh, Miss Dallas, he could not have been the rightful monarch, but some impostor!"

"But how many rightful monarchs have been deposed? look at——"

"The Stewarts," broke in Phyllis merrily; then with a shade of gravity, "even you must confess that if they suffered they sinned; and just so if you wrong love, he flies away and substitutes a despotism under some adventurer."

"I do not doubt, dear child, that when you win a man's love, you will be able to keep it. I am glad you came to me heart whole."

Phyllis looked up with a shy smile and blush, then said caressingly: "Mamsell, does it seem only twelve months since I came? You are nearer to me than my aunt was all the years I lived with her—how good you are!"

"Dear child, I do not know how I did so long without you. While I was feeling the bitterness of my lonely life, I little knew a plant was being nurtured in the shade whose sweet blossom was to cheer my old age and bring me back much of the sweetness of my youth, when Maid Marion was all in all to me. The tones of your voice remind me of some one I have known, but whenever I try to recall who it is and look at you, the memory fades; it will come back to me some day no doubt." Miss Dallas looked at the fair uplifted face as if searching in it for some resemblance, which eluded her whenever she steadfastly sought for it.

"Mamsell, you are quite sure you would miss me? Now that Sir Bernard has returned I may not be wanted so much."

"Phyllis, what do you mean? you do not wish to go away?" There was genuine anxiety in her friend's tone.

"Oh, no! it would break my heart. We will never part, you and I, unless you send me from you." She laid her head fondly against the old lady's shoulder, then sprang up and passed into the next room on hearing Sir Bernard's step, she did not wish him to see the traces of emotion on her face.

After lunch the storm abated slightly—

> "Appeased he sinks, and spent,
> Gibbers far off over the misty hills,"

but there was a wild look in the sky, as if it were only a temporary lull, so that the inmates of the Castle were quite startled to hear the bell announcing visitors.

"What a bore!" exclaimed Sir Bernard from the depths of a luxurious easy-chair, "now for the dignity without the ease;" but he had not to disturb himself, the guests proved to be Dot and Jack Markham.

"Why, little bird, were you not afraid of spoiling your plumage on this wet day?"

"I! my feathers are not dyed like those you buy; I like a tussle with the elements. Jack declared whether it blew or rained cats and dogs, he would not go back to college without taking an affectionate leave of you all, and as I had scarcely seen Phyllis since the dance, I thought I could not do better than accompany him."

Miss Dallas thereupon tried to look stiff, and said they were madcaps to come out in such weather; but Dot's gaiety was infectious; her bright face and laughing brown eyes, water drops sprinkled in the curls of her hair, made her resemble a water-elf, though she was more of a salamander, her favourite position being curled up on the hearthrug or even on the fender, regardless of her clothes or her complexion; the latter being of that rich brunette colouring that no atmospheric influences seemed to touch. She immediately ensconced herself beside Lion in front of the fire, making a pillow of his shaggy mane, while Jack talked to Phyllis in that quiet voice, which without appearing an undertone does not allow the sound to travel far. Dot shrugged her shoulders comically as she glanced at them, a look which Miss Dallas intercepted, and poor Jack might have been in Siberia for all the good he gained from Phyllis's presence. The old lady kept him in conversation, taking great interest in his return to college. She supposed he would have to study hard as he was so shortly to take his degree. Would he be coming home for Christmas?

"Oh yes," said Jack, "of course I shall take a run down for a week or two."

Then Miss Dallas innocently wondered why he had not called the day before. "Not that you would have seen any one but me," she added in her sweetest manner. "Phyllis and Sir Bernard went out riding, it was such a glorious afternoon."

Jack mentally consigned the Baronet to—the Antipodes, but only remarked that he had gone over to Falkland; the distance being greater, he had taken advantage of the fine weather.

"Quite right," she said. "I do think, Jack, you have not behaved well to Mr. Greatorex, not to speak of Nan; you used to be constantly there, but during the past year you have quite deserted them."

The young fellow flushed up like a girl. "You are quite right, Miss Dallas. I have been to blame, but—I really don't know." His eyes instinctively turned to Phyllis, and Miss Dallas received a mental shock as she read his secret in their expres-

sion. She was half vexed and half amused; what had Jack to do with falling in love with her child? he had Nancy Greatorex. Phyllis was not for him, at least she should not be if she could help it, so when Jack begged Phyllis to play him something before he went away, Miss Dallas suggested they should all adjourn to the hall. It was almost dark, but the ruddy glow of the firelight danced on the wall throwing grotesque shadows and weird lights. Phyllis went to the organ, and Jack leant against the side, watching her with a hungry longing to carry away with him, if only as a memory, the sweet play of feature, the graceful turn of the head, the delicately-shaped hands that lingered lovingly on the keys. He was going away, leaving the field clear to one who might prove to be a dangerous rival. Letitia Mackintosh's words had left their sting. What could he do to keep her in mind of him?

Under cover of the music, Jack said softly,

"Phyllis, will you write to me sometimes? Dot sends me gossipy kind of letters, but I should like to know what you are thinking and feeling, it would be a great help when I am grinding at law and logic."

Phyllis was a little surprised at the pleading eager tone, and replied without any hesitation, "If it would give you pleasure, Jack, I shall be very glad, but I have so little to tell beyond what Dot could do equally well."

"I don't want news, I want to hear about yourself, you need not be afraid of egotism; and besides, I shall be sure you are not forgetting me."

"Forget you! What makes you think it possible?"

"Oh, nothing, only I should like to be certain that it is not the case."

"Phyllis dear, play the 'Hailstone Chorus.'" The request came from Miss Dallas. The girl started almost guiltily. She was perfectly unversed in the ways of men, and utterly unconscious of self, but something in Jack's look—as if so much depended on her answer—woke in her a sudden regret that she had acceded to his wish. The storm that her fingers evoked made her forget the feeling of unrest that for the first time had crept over her. It was not the "Hailstone" she played, but a very realistic improvisation, the roar of the passing tempest, the moaning of the wind, breaking now and again into a furious blast, then sobbing fitfully away, with an occasional lapse into a tender melody as if a gleam of light had broken through a rift in the clouds. Finishing abruptly she joined the circle by the hearth.

Dot, who had been listening attentively, sprang up.

"Really we must be going, although the ideal storm is pleasanter than the actual, still it has to be braved and it is quite dark. Jack, where is my cloak?"

Sir Bernard produced it and threw it round her, the hood over her head. "Ye nut browne maide," was his comment as he surveyed her; then turning to Jack, "Mind she does not get blown away and be found perched on a tree with drooped head and draggled feathers."

"No fear," laughed he. "Dot always comes up smiling whatever happens." He held Phyllis's hand tightly for a moment, whispered, "Remember," and dashed down the steps after Dot, who was whirling round like a teetotum.

When they were once more alone, Sir Bernard said, "Miss Trevylian, will you play to me now the 'Agnus Dei' I heard the first night I came?"

"Do you prefer that to anything else?"

"If you do not mind."

Silently she went to the organ, and once more the sorrowful pleading arose, "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world." When she had finished she returned to the hearth, Sir Bernard placed his chair nearer the fire for her and insinuated a stool under her feet, while he himself remained standing, leaning against the old oak-carved supports so that his face was in shadow, while the flickering light threw flashing dimples on her. "You had not the same thought in your mind as when you played that before," he said.

"Do I impress my individuality so much on my rendering? That is not the highest art."

"Your soul was in your fingers last Tuesday evening as if you felt some one stood in need of the comfort those words might convey; don't you think so still, or is the serpent beginning to unwind his coils?"

Her fleeting glance touched him, it was half troubled and half shy, as if fearful of wounding him.

"You should be the best judge of that," she said.

"Will it give you any pleasure to be assured that the fangs are extracted?"

"I should have thought *her* influence would have been sufficient to extract any poison from life," and Phyllis looked lovingly at Miss Dallas, who was taking forty winks, purring softly like a tabby cat basking before the fire. She was one of those kin-

able old ladies, with soft skin and delicate complexion, white curls neatly arranged under a lace cap, cosy-looking and plump without being stout. As if conscious of Phyllis's affectionate gaze, she woke up with a start.

"Dear child, your music actually sent me to sleep. You must blame the rough weather which rather spoilt my night's rest. Bernard, you might show us the sketches you spoke of."

CHAPTER VIII.—MISS LETITIA IS TRIUMPHANT.

LAMPS were lit and the hearth replenished with logs, then drawing a small table in front of Miss Dallas, while Phyllis seated herself on the arm of the old lady's chair, Sir Bernard produced a portfolio.

Any one who had known Bernard Maxwell during his first year's wanderings, would hardly have recognised him to be the same man. There was an air of content, a softening of every feature as if a plastic hand had passed over them and smoothed out the roughnesses. Phyllis realised that he had locked the door upon the Castlemount skeleton, and that not willingly would he allow its ghastly shadow to obtrude upon the sunshine he was seeking for himself and others.

"My cousin," he said, "how I wish you know St. Maur."

"Why not ask him to Castlemount, Bernard?" replied Miss Dallas with ever-ready hospitality.

"Well, for one reason, that at this precise moment I don't know where he is; he is a great traveller. He may be half-way up the Himalayas, or throwing *confetti* at the Roman carnival, when next I hear of him. I left him eating maccaroni at Naples. He loves nothing better than to go in and out among the people, dropping his title and living as one of themselves."

"My dear boy, I have no patience with young men who, in his position, leaving the duties they owe to society and the rights of property, loaf about in cap and bells. What has he to do with the canaille? He should marry and settle down."

"St. Maur is an artist to the tips of his fingers, fortunately for him. The life he leads is no mere caprice. He was a minor when his uncle died and he came into the titles and estates, the latter heavily burdened; so for many years he has worked at his art for money, making a handsome income, every penny of which, except for ordinary comforts and for his many acts of generosity, he devotes to clearing his property. He lets his beautiful place and lives, as regards himself, a very anchorite's life. In a few years he hopes to get the heaviest debt off, and then he will take possession of his own again. He is a splendid fellow, brave as a lion but gentle as a woman, as I can personally testify. He nursed me through a fever, keeping alive both body and soul. His magnificent faith in humanity, arising from his belief that in every man, however sunk, there is some spark of the divine, if we can only hammer it out, saved me from utter cynicism. My dear cousin, when you learn to know Geoffrey St. Maur, you will honour him as I do."

"How I envy Lord St. Maur!" exclaimed Phyllis with unusual impetuosity.

Sir Bernard looked at her eager face with interest. "Why?"

"For having a friend to sound his praises so ungrudgingly."

This guileless betrayal of the fact that it was of him, not of St. Maur, she had been thinking, made Sir Bernard's pulses give a little leap, but he only said:

"Why should there be any special merit in that?"

"Perhaps there is not, but I know among women there are few who understand the text, 'In honour preferring one another.' There is always a preposition in the way; an if, or a but, is a very little word, yet like the tip of a scorpion's tail, there lies the sting. Men are more generous in their friendships than women."

"I fear it is because you have seen less of us than you have of your own sex, Miss Trevylian, that you so judge. St. Maur's ideas of matrimony are rather those of Lord Burleigh. He would like to win a girl while she was in ignorance of his real position—Mr. St. Maur the artist, not the Earl."

"Depend upon it, Bernard, that's a very bad precedent. As a subject for a poem it is very fine, but as a model for imitation Lord St. Maur had better woo in his own person."

"Girls often marry for money or position, Margaret."

"If a man has not the sense to find out whether that is the chief attraction, he must be just doited. What do you say, Phyllis?"

Phyllis, who was much interested in the sketches Sir Bernard had been silently handing to her while he discussed his friend's merits with Miss Dallas, raised her head with an absorbed look in her eyes and replied, "It seems to me if a man finds sympathy in a woman, if he feels that she is good and

true, and can test it by finding that she always appeals to his higher nature and makes him better and nobler than he would be without her, were he a king and she a beggar he might safely trust his future in her hands, for no such woman could act a lie."

"Bravo, child!" said Miss Dallas.

But Sir Bernard continued quietly, "Is not that rather a levelling doctrine, Miss Trevylian? You would place a king and a beggar on an equal footing so long as their minds were in unison?"

"More than mind, Sir Bernard. Intellectually one might be in perfect accord with another, while their souls were wide asunder as the Poles. Mind is a cold abstraction without the glow of the heart to prompt its exercise."

"Don't you think if one trusts too much to the heart's dictation one might be led astray?"

Phyllis smiled. "But mind must be there to curb its too erratic impulses."

"Heart and mind in perfect equipoise; an ideal character, Miss Trevylian."

The dressing-bell broke in upon their conversation. Sir Bernard hastily looked at his watch. "How quickly the afternoon has passed! That sound suggests a third element. What do you say of matter?"

"That the kindest heart and the best regulated mind are apt to be put off their balance by being kept waiting for their dinner," said Phyllis laughingly, offering her arm to Miss Dallas to escort her up the winding stair.

"The tocsin of the soul—the dinner-bell," was Sir Bernard's smiling rejoinder as he opened the door for them.

The following afternoon came to Phyllis as a sort of douche after the genial kindly appreciation she experienced at the hands of Miss Dallas and the Master of Castlemount. The Misses Mackintosh called, apologising for the absence of their father, who was laid up with an attack of gout. Letitia, aggravated to find that Sir Bernard was out, tried to pump Phyllis as to what she had discovered regarding his movements and tastes; but finding she could not or would not give the desired information, revenged herself by spiteful speeches.

"The dance at the Rectory was not at all bad for a first attempt, was it, Miss Trevylian? Something quite new for you, I suppose; you were not accustomed to that sort of thing where you lived before?"

The tone was even more offensive than the words, and made Phyllis flush slightly, though she was determined Letitia should gain no advantage over her by letting it appear that her words could wound.

"I was too young before my aunt died to go out. We always lived a quiet life, but had she lived it might have been different."

"You must consider yourself very lucky to get such a good situation; it is not every lady would allow her companion to go out to dances. But Miss Dallas seems very good-natured."

"Miss Dallas is more; she is a perfect lady in courtesy and kindness, Miss Mackintosh."

Very frigid in manner was Phyllis, but when the door opened to admit Sir Bernard, the tension at her heart seemed at once less strained; she was conscious of an immediate sense of relief. Alas, for her hopes! he took up his position in man-like fashion with his back to the fire, not in the usual stiff, inelegant attitude customary to men, which has the one merit of diffusing a genial, hobnobby expression over the severest countenance, as if the melting of the spinal marrow had the effect of softening the temper, but with an easy grace, feeling himself at ease, and wishing others to do the same. He remained conversing with his cousin and her elder guest, occasionally glancing with apparent indifference at the other two, until, as if moved by some sudden impulse, he crossed the room, and dropped into the chair Phyllis instantly vacated.

"May I ask what is the interesting topic, Miss Letitia?"

"I was sympathising with Miss Trevylian on the loss of her devoted follower."

"Indeed! I did not know *followers* were admitted beyond the domain of the kitchen."

Miss Letitia's epidermis was very like a crocodile's—bullet-proof, so that the speech and rather dangerous light in the dark-blue eyes did not penetrate. She only laughed affectedly, "How severe you are! poor Miss Trevylian would not like to be classed so low; she seemed annoyed at my teasing; but it would be a capital thing for her."

"No doubt; but may I be enlightened as to the—it——"

"Have you not heard that young Markham is dreadfully smitten! Of course it may not come to anything, for his parents will probably look higher. Nancy Greatorex was supposed to be labelled for his wife. But oh! Sir Bernard, how delightful it is to see Castlemount occupied."

"Was it not so before?"

"Oh, yes; but you don't know how we poor girls have been dying for some little distraction. Miss Dallas lived so quietly, and the Falkland people kept no company, and the county families live rather far apart, so that my sister and I have often said to papa we should die of *ennui*. When we heard of your unexpected arrival and saw the flag flying, we almost fancied we heard guns popping in the coverts and 'sounds of revelry——'"

Sir Bernard lifted up his hand. "Spare me, Miss Letitia; am I such a rake?"

"Oh, you know what I mean," she simpered. "I'm a bad hand at quoting; in fact I'm a sadly ignorant creature, as you will find; but then I can appreciate cleverness in others." She gave Sir Bernard a little deprecating look, with as much expression in the boiled gooseberries Nature had bestowed in the shape of eyes as she could possibly impart to them.

"Are you a sportsman, Miss Letitia?"

"I? Oh, no, I am half frightened at the sight of a gun."

"That is a pity," said the Baronet gravely. "We might have got up a shooting picnic later on; but you would scarcely enjoy that, I fear."

"But that is quite different, you know. There would be nothing more delightful. You are quite too kind to suggest anything to keep us from going to sleep this dull autumn."

Miss Letitia gave a delighted little wriggle, which so tickled Sir Bernard's sense of the ludicrous that he had great difficulty in restraining a hearty burst of laughter. Only by keeping his eyes fixed on the carpet, as if thinking out some plans, could he go on with self-possession.

"What do you say, Miss Letitia—though I cannot give you such a fatal termination to the 'revelry' as Waterloo—to reversing the order of things, making the 'Massacre of the Innocents' the *lever du rideau*, having a Terpsichorean epilogue, shall we say about Christmas-time?"

Miss Letitia, though slightly mystified, felt that something grand and delightful was in prospect, and overwhelmed Sir Bernard with thanks and notes of exclamation.

He felt himself rightly punished for having trifled with her ignorance when he found himself launched in a whirlpool of questions, where had he been? why had he come back? did he mean to stay? she hoped so—this with a languishing air of deepest interest, added to a sweetly innocent surprise at the answers she received to her interrogations.

When her sister gave the signal for departure, Letitia felt she had prospered so well that she could afford to be gracious all round, and then gave Sir Bernard's hand a meaning pressure, as if to say, "Don't tell the charming little arrangements we have made; it is only as yet between you and me." On their way home she was in raptures, and flicked up the pony with reckless disregard for the possibly fatal consequences to his groggy legs.

"Jane, how people can call Sir Bernard stiff I don't know; he would have given me anything I asked. I really felt like the daughter of Herodias."

"I wonder, then, you did not ask him for himself as well as for the half of his kingdom," replied her sister rather curtly.

"Now, Jane, you're jealous; all in good time, my dear, who knows?" And Letitia giggled.

It was lucky for her that she could not overhear the conversation going on in the Castlemount boudoir. After escorting the ladies to the door, Sir Bernard returned, and flinging up his arms, exclaimed tragically,

"Margaret, I feel like a sucked orange."

"I hope she put a piece of sugar in your mouth as children do to sweeten the process."

"Or salt, as I do," said Phyllis.

"I think I should prefer your seasoning, Miss Trevylian, the other has been simply nauseating. That's a girl I should like to crush!"

"Would it not be better to pass on one side, and leave her? one would not crush a worm."

Phyllis's usual calmness was strangely disturbed; she paced restlessly up and down as if to walk off some annoyance, while Sir Bernard watched her furtively, then he said—

"Do you know that you ignominiously ran away, Miss Trevylian?"

"Bernard," interrupted Miss Dallas, "so did you; you darted across the room as if one of the girls were ill."

He laughed lightly.

"Was my charge so impetuous? I thought of the martyrdom of St. Cecilia and, noticing signals of distress hoisted on Miss Trevylian's cheek, like a knight of old, I shouted 'A Maxwell to the rescue!' and routed, not the enemy, who to give her credit stood her ground pertinaciously, but the injured maiden I had gone to succour."

Phyllis blushed rosy red.

"I might have hampered your sword arm."

"I confess myself vanquished; Miss Letitia has extracted a promise from me to make Castlemount the scene of sundry festivities, ending up with a dance about Christmas for the benefit of the whole county; she somewhat broadly hinted that I owed it something for being so long absent. You won't object, Margaret, I suppose? And when Christmas comes on, we will have 'the auld House' decorated up, and hold a really old-fashioned, happy season."

He looked quite boyish—a bright eager expression in his eyes, not the weary, sated look of a man of the world, as when he returned. Then in a modulated aside he said to Phyllis,

"You promised your aid to that end, you remember."

"I fear my will is greater than my power."

"Will you allow me to be the best judge of that?" he replied gently; "if you have the will, you cannot fail."

And with these words, he went away, leaving Phyllis to muse over the change a few days had made in her feelings towards him. Not for long, however; Hawkins's announcement that the choir had arrived, for their Saturday afternoon rehearsal, came as a distraction to her thoughts.

CHAPTER IX.—MUSIC AND MORALS.

PHYLLIS might have felt nervous had she known that in the shadow of the tapestry, Sir Bernard stood listening. He appeared, however, suspiciously soon after the practice was over, shaking hands cordially with the men and boys, reminding them he had been one of the first choristers, and congratulating them on the marked improvement made of late years in the church-singing.

"And now, my men," he continued, "as I have been away for some time and have returned——"

"To stay, sir, I hope," said one or two voices.

"Your wish echoes mine, and I thank you for it. Now will you drink my health, and wish me God speed in my new capacity of resident landlord, so that I may feel my tenants go with me in all that I may seek to do for their improvement and the good of the estate?"

"Ay, ay, sir," they all nodded.

And Hawkins, having been previously instructed, appeared on the scene, as if he too, like his master, had been hiding behind the tapestry. The glasses were charged, when Sir Bernard turned to Phyllis.

"You will drink to my future prosperity; you know more than most how much I need your good wishes. St. Cecilia will pledge me," he added softly as he handed her the

She took it, too much moved to speak, and as she drank, unconsciously she tasted, not of the elixir of life, but of that which alone makes life worth living—the elixir of love.

When they had all gone, Sir Bernard turned to Phyllis.

"You have one very small and refined-looking chorister, Miss Trevylian."

"Yes; he has a beautiful face and a voice to match, with a natural talent for music."

"Who are his parents?"

"He has none, but lives with his grandmother, whose great ambition is to make a gentleman of him. If he lives, I am sure he will be a musician, if not a composer. He likes to sit on my knee, and while I pedal, he improvises airs very prettily."

"I hope, Miss Trevylian, if the boy shows real talent, you will allow me to be of some help in his education?"

Phyllis looked up gratefully.

"Oh, thank you; some day perhaps he may be glad of an influential patron."

"May I echo your words, and say that my will is greater than my power?"

Phyllis smilingly shook her head.

"In your case it can hardly be true; a man of wealth and position must have great scope for his powers of good."

"And evil."

"Nay, Sir Bernard, you malign yourself, you should fight under 'the star of an unconquered will.'"

"Bernard, we must ask some people to meet Squire Greatorex next week," said Miss Dallas cheerily to the master as he joined the two ladies in the boudoir after dinner. The old lady seemed to have taken a fresh lease of life and was ready, she declared, for any amount of gaiety. "I am going to make you young, child; you are too sedate for your years," she had just remarked to Phyllis, who with a girl's heart under her somewhat quakerish exterior was nothing loath to second her friend's suggestion.

"Phyllis, dear, just write the notes while I jot down the names; it can only be a little dinner, as it is hurriedly got up. We can ask the Markhams, not Dot, she is too young yet, Captain Herman, Mr. Danby, and—yes,

we must ask the Mackintoshes, the General is nicer than his daughters," she added, for Sir Bernard was looking with an amused smile at Phyllis's dismayed face.

"My dear cousin, Miss Trevylian will not be able to provide herself with a suit of armour on such short notice, and I can't promise to run a tilt again after my previous defeat."

"Bernard, how can you be so absurd? Phyllis is quite able to hold her own against Letitia, who in any case will be so pleased to have one or two eligible men to flirt with, that she will have something else to do than to be rude to Phyllis."

"I shall keep close to Nan, she is an antidote for any amount of poison; does she not make you think of the 'Lily Maid of Astolat,' Sir Bernard?"

"I compared her to the Lady in *Comus*."

"Oh, that is better still, for Nan sings exquisitely. How delightful it will be to have some really musical evenings!"

"You sing, do you not, Miss Trevylian?"

"Just a very little; my voice is a small contralto, does very well for simple ballads, or in duets or trios, but Nan's is a voice a professional might envy, of wonderful compass; you will have quite a treat."

"Shall I? When you have finished those notes will you let me hear the small voice you speak of?"

"I fear you will not care much for it."

"Try me."

Obediently she went to the music room, and sang a little ballad of Weber's, very simple, very pathetic. Bernard Maxwell felt what had suggested it when she came to the words—

"Die disteln und die dornen,
die stechen also sehr
Das veilchen, falschen mungen
Aber auch viel mehr."

Her voice was not powerful, nor of large compass, but full and rich, extremely sympathetic, the notes round and mellow. Almost without a pause she went on to one or two old English ballads, becoming more confident as she forgot that Sir Bernard was listening; he rose the instant she paused.

"Thank you; that is heart-singing worth any amount of pyrotechnic display, but you should only sing before one or two in perfect quiet like this."

"My voice is not strong, I know," she said humbly.

"You misunderstand me, not because it is not good enough, but too good for a mixed after-dinner company. You sing because you feel as if, like the birds, you could not express what you meant by any other means; art, as a rule, is not sufficiently concealed, producing the effect of a lack of spontaneity, and in a crowd, which is longing to talk, such singing as yours would be wasted."

"I do not think the size of the audience makes any difference if only one or two appreciated it, that would be enough for me; I should sing to him or her, as the case may be, and the rest would be merely accessories to the furniture. If one soul is touched by the electric spark, that should be ample reward."

"You are right," he said; "but still I am selfish enough to wish that that one sympathetic chord be not distracted by jarring elements. Now I will sing to you." And he seated himself, preluding with a few powerful chords.

Phyllis listened with dreamy enjoyment, his notes were so true, his style so unaffected, and as he sang "My Queen" tenderly without dragging the pathos and the passion from the tips of his toes, but with manly emphasis and an earnestness that sounded very real, Phyllis wondered that in his travels in society he had never found her he sought.

When he had finished she sat perfectly still, Lion's head on her knee, not even thanking him, till he said—

"Have I sent you to sleep, Miss Trevylian?"

Then she looked up.

"I hardly know how to thank you."

"Then don't, but sing a duet with me; it will be quite refreshing to refurbish this old music, that I am glad to see shows evidence of care and dusting. It was my mother's."

It was the first time he had mentioned her so directly.

"I have picked little bits from it and kept it tidy. Mamsell said you would not mind."

"Mind! I could not have desired a better resurrection for it, nor I'm sure would *she*."

He looked up reverently, almost as though he stood bare-headed on holy ground.

Phyllis was touched at this evidence of his constancy to the ideal of his boyhood, and wondered what sort of woman Lady Maxwell had been to retain her hold upon her son's devotion, though years had elapsed since her death. She began to understand and almost sympathise with the hatred he bore to the destroyer of her peace, but she also realised why he had not found his wife. Women who marry men who have looked upon their mothers as perfect specimens of womanhood require a great deal of tact to come up to

ie standard their husbands have set. In ernard Maxwell's case it seemed hopeless to it.

"Does your love for her make you more olerant or more keenly alive to the faults of her sex?" Phyllis asked rather timidly, ; he should resent the mention of her by stranger, yet impelled by a feeling, half uriosity, half of intuitive sympathy.

He turned abruptly on the music-stool and faced her where she stood behind him.

She could not fathom the expression in his eyes as he replied—

'Are you afraid of me still, St. Cecilia? At one time I was given to harsh judgments, and tried to believe all women false or fickle, but lately it has been growing upon me that I was a conceited ass, and now I am sure of it. Try 'O, wert thou in the cauld blast?' with me, will you?" he continued. "We must be able to do something for the benefit of the company next Friday."

"Nancy will take my place then, and I will play the accompaniments. You must not forget I am only your cousin's companion. It is only her goodness that permits my appearing with your guests, except to help to entertain them when I am wished."

Sir Bernard's fingers crashed down on the keys in worse than Wagnerian discords, which, being interpreted, meant an oath, that the gates of his teeth alone kept back from issuing through his lips. His voice was unusually hard as he replied,

"I hope no visitors here would show that they considered you other than one whom my cousin loves as her own child, and who certainly has repaid her by brightening her life, when I forgot my duty in that respect."

"Every one is not so generous as you," the girl's voice faltered.

He smiled.

"Are you thinking of Miss Letitia? I see you have no faith in my power to ward off attacks. That is scarcely fair till you have proved me; but if I ask you on Friday to sing with me you will not refuse?"

"I would rather not," she said simply but firmly.

He turned once more and looked at her.

"You can be determined—well—

'He is a fool who thinks by force or skill
To turn the current of a woman's will.'

Will it please you to sing now? We need not spoil the enjoyment of the present by forecasting an unpleasant future."

She stood irresolute, then with a troubled expression—

"You are not vexed?"

"No, but I wish you had not thought fit to remind me that you were a dependant."

"It is better to face the fact."

"But facts are often a bore, and," he spoke almost fiercely, "remember that I choose to ignore the fact, and if you by look or word bring it to my remembrance, I shall——"

"Put the piano out of tune," said Phyllis, laughing merrily.

"Exactly; and as that will offend your ear and torture your nerves, you will be duly punished."

Demurely Phyllis held out her hand—

"Good-night, Sir Bernard."

And before he had recovered from his surprise at the sudden movement she had returned to the boudoir.

CHAPTER X.—PHYLLIS SHOWS PRESENCE OF MIND.

THE master of Castlemount was very wakeful that night, sitting by the fire in his room, with an abstracted look upon his face. Was he conjuring up the past, or striving to pierce the veil that hides the future, or had the present taken possession of his brain? Was it fate, he mused, or what some called Providence, that had brought him home? Four days before he had been a free man, free to come and free to go as he liked; now, deny it or conceal it to himself as he might, he knew that if he left Castlemount at once the look in a pair of grey eyes would haunt him and draw him back in spite of any resistance he might make to the fetters that were tying him down to the old house more firmly than if he were a prisoner. He walked up and down restlessly, as if to throw off something; but that seemed to hurt him more than if he hugged his chain.

Why should he dismiss the idea? She was pure and true and fit to wed a king in her exquisite dignity and grace. He tried to think of Castlemount without her, and he realised that not the beauty of nature nor even the tender associations of the place were holding him, but the smile in a girl's face, the touch of a girlish hand, and that girl his cousin's companion! She had brought the fact before him, emphasized it. He smiled to himself. Did she think he would take advantage of her position? Was she not a saint—Saint Cecilia? he murmured, and his eyes softened.

He stirred the fire. Were there not possible rivals in the men she had lately met? And Jack had to be reckoned with. He gave another vicious poke to the decaying

embers. "I will win her in spite of herself, and she shall bring me back the years that the caterpillar has eaten, the fair resolves and promise of my youth." Was it fancy? He could have imagined some one spoke. "Nay, Bernard Maxwell, not till you have said *Mea culpa*." He shook himself. "I am getting morbid; to bed, and to-morrow begin my fight under the star of an unconquered will. They are her own words. I will take them as a good omen." And in the morning he awoke as to a Sabbath calm after the turmoil of his work-a-day hours. There was a brooding stillness in Nature, as if she were exhausted after the passions of the previous week, yet not repentant for the havoc she had committed, rather sullenly resentful, husbanding her resources for some supreme effort.

The look of the sky made Phyllis accede to Dot's entreaties that she would spend the day at the Rectory lest she should be storm-stayed for the evening service.

"And while you are at the Sunday-school, Dot, I will study some of Bach's Passion music; I can do so better on the large organ," said Phyllis.

It was a sudden idea, but of no moment, though it seemed—to those who think the saving of a soul of more importance than the restoring of a dynasty—it was to have far-reaching consequences. Alone in the church, for she could dispense with a bellows-blower, the instrument, like the one at the Castle, now being driven by hydraulic power, she played on unconscious of the passage of time or of the gathering gloom, only feeling herself upborne on the waves of melody that swept through the quiet, shadowy building. Suddenly a distant peal of thunder warned her of the approaching storm, and leaving the organ-loft she made her way to the pulpit. There was a strange fascination for her to stand there and people the pews with those of whom she had heard, or with monks and nuns of a bygone age, piecing together their lives, and wondering whether their spirits ever visited the old scenes. Now in the darkness, all the deeper for the intense flashes of light that for a moment lit up the aisles and arches, she fancied she could hear the *Miserere* and see the cowled figures kneeling beside the catafalque, where one of their number lay in his last sleep. The girl stood, a slim, dark figure, with pale, uplifted face, bearing no trace of fear, but of awed, humble attention, waiting for the still small voice. Gazing toward the beautiful rose window in the western apse, during a longer pause than usual between the peals, she heard a faint sound. Was she no longer alone; had some one taken refuge? Her eyes instinctively sought for the spot whence the sound came. "Dot," she called softly; but there was no answer, only as if the storm had been gathering itself up for one expiring outburst, the church was smitten across as with a flaming two-edged sword, followed instantaneously by a peal that seemed to shake the foundations; then darkness that might be felt, and Phyllis stood petrified, blanched with sudden horror, for in the flash she had seen a man's face—a lowering evil face, looking at her from behind the pillar nearest the turret door. Involuntarily she fell upon her knees, while the rain that descended in torrents seemed to cool her heated brain, for she knew there would soon be a rainbow—God's sign—and she rose strengthened. Some one turned the key that she always left in the inside. Was she locked in with a madman, or had any one designs on the valuable eucharistic vessels? Every nerve was strung to its highest tension, as such an awful possibility flashed across her mind. Her only rescue seemed to come through the organ; its voice at least should speak for her, and so again through the gathering gloom, for though the darkness of the storm had passed, the short autumn day was drawing to a close, she paced slowly, though her inclination was to give wings to her steps back to the organ-loft. Her ears were strained to catch the faintest indication that she was followed, and every throb of her heart told her that behind her was the stealthy tread of noiseless feet, not of one person but of two! The distance she had to traverse seemed miles; but at last, with what joy she touched the familiar keys! She would put forth all the powers of the instrument, to reach even the Rectory, if need were, for help; but she could not; her fingers refused to play anything but the tenderest, most pleading airs; her physical strength was gone, but not her spiritual, and that seemed to take her out of the body and make her feel safe. No mere human agency could harm her. So strong was this feeling that she scarcely started when a rude hand was laid on her shoulder and a grating voice bade her, "Stow that, or it'll be worse for you," she was conscious of neither surprise nor fear, the part she had to play coming as naturally as if she had rehearsed it in some previous condition of existence. She looked up with white face and large, dark, vacant eyes, at the man stooping over her, her head slightly bent as if listening.

"Hush, do not speak so loud, you will wake him. Did you not hear him storming just now, the giant Enceladus? But when he is tired he lets me play him to sleep where he rests in the pipes, or I talk to him thus, and he answers. Listen, and you will hear as I do." And her fingers strayed over the keys while she kept her eyes fixed on her assailant with a look of childish confidence. Instinctively he recoiled; there is always something in madness, especially where the victim is young and beautiful, that rouses the superstitious fears of the ignorant and the exquisite pity of those full of mental and physical vigour; and before the man could recover from the shock her appearance and glance had given him she exclaimed, "Hark! he is restless." And her features were lit up with a sudden radiance, for she knew her strength had come back. "He heard a strange voice, and he loves only mine. I must drown it, or he will rise in his might again." A rushing torrent of discordant harmonies echoed through the silent arches, and, stooping forward behind the dark-browed man, there was revealed to her in the half light another, young and delicately featured, who was gazing at her with a wondering fascination. "Gaffer," he whispered, "come away. You could not hurt such as her!"

Whatever his intention, it was of necessity altered by the fact of an attempt being made to open the small door and the Rector's voice shouting, "Phyllis, what have you locked yourself in for?"

"I am coming, Mr. Markham." Then petulantly to the two who stood beside her, "They always fetch me too soon to take me from my love, but he is at rest now, I think. Come, I will show you the way, for I know every stone in the old church. Good-bye, dear giant; be still till I come back."

"Sold," growled the older man, and the younger followed with a load taken off his heart, walking as in a dream.

It was with difficulty that Phyllis kept herself from falling when once again she found herself in the open air, met by the Rector and Dot, who surveyed her companions with astonished, suspicious gaze, but Phyllis would not betray them, she forced her lips to speak steadily.

"Travellers who were overtaken by the storm and took refuge in the church," she said.

The elder slouched his hat over his face, but the younger touched his respectfully as they moved away. For a moment all the girl's strength deserted her, she swayed heavily forward, and would have fallen had not Mr. Markham caught her.

"Child, what is the matter? You have been frightened—what are those men?" He made a step forward, as if to follow them, but Phyllis stopped him. "No, no, not you—yet—but *I* cannot let them go like that." And before he could prevent her, she had passed quickly down the path. The men paused instinctively, on guard against surprise; she laid a detaining hand on the one called Gaffer, and there was something in her touch and look that prevented all thought of treachery.

"Forgive me for having deceived you, but you will be glad some day that you were prevented from doing wrong. Whatever it was I do not ask, but if want or some sad past has brought you so low as to attempt sacrilege it is not too late to begin again. You have a strong face. God gave you brains for something else than to do evil; and you," looking sorrowfully at the other, "you have a kindly heart, and are not bad. Oh, man!" turning fiercely upon Gaffer, "what, are you to drag a purer soul into wickedness? Don't go with him," she pleaded once more to the younger. "Tell Mr. Markham; he is good and noble; he will show you the straight path; he will give you a helping hand. Come." She almost dragged him back, but he only shook his head.

"I cannot leave Gaffer, though I would gladly go with you, miss, but"—he choked back what sounded strangely like a sob—"I must stand by Gaffer."

The other remained silent, as if hanging upon his companion's words for a verdict of life or death, then breathed a sigh of relief, and led the youth away.

Phyllis burst into tears. The tension had been so great, the passionate longing that had seized her at least to save this man, so hopelessly quenched, broke down her self-possession. Mr. Markham, who had respected her implied wish to speak alone, now came up and found her leaning helplessly against Lady Maxwell's statue. He lifted her in his strong arms, and bore her like a child to the shelter and repose of his wife's gentle kindnesses.

SPRING WINDS.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

I HEARD the winds with unseen feet
Pass up the long and weary street;

They sang, "We come from hill and glen
To touch the brows of toiling men,

"That each may know and feel we bring
The first faint breathings of the spring,

"To sweeten lane, and street, and square,
And lighten all the dusty air.

"The hills from which we come lie bright
In something of a richer light.

"The long, deep glens and woodlands lie
In softer shadows to the eye.

"The birds have caught a finer note
To throb with joy each feathered throat.

"The streamlet echoes sweet and clear
The liquid pulsings of the year;

"And everywhere you look is seen
Life dawning in a tinge of green."

Thus sang the winds as up the street
They passed with heard, but unseen, feet;

And, as they went, a cloud above
Sent downward tears of spring and love.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MARCH.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Thy kingdom come."

Read Isaiah i. 1—20; John xviii. 33 to end.

CAN there be any spot in the universe where the kingdom of God is not come? The reign of law in nature is absolute; seems it not, then, irrational to suppose that there is any domain which is not as completely obedient to the order of laws applicable to its condition, whether intellectual or moral, as what we find in the material universe?

In a sense this is true, for no creature or system can escape the control of divine law, because the breaking of any law at once brings into play other laws which vindicate the offended majesty of universal order. Whether he wills it or not, the transgressor is within a kingdom whose laws are inexorably carried out. In this sense, therefore, we do not require to pray, "Thy kingdom come," for it is already with us.

But there is another light in which we may see how the kingdom of God is very far from having come. For although it is according to the will of God that he who is wicked should bear the consequences of that wickedness, yet we know that it is not the will of God that any man should be wicked. It is His will that we should be truthful and not liars, loving and not selfish, pure and not filthy; and when we refuse to be true and loving and pure, we undoubtedly resist His will.

If, then, we ask whether it is possible that there can be any region in the universe that is not under the law of God, we reply that in every human heart, when a choice is made of the wrong instead of the right, there is a spot not yet subdued to the divine will, a domain wherein the kingdom of God has not come.

The question as to what is meant by the kingdom of God in Scripture is too wide for us to enter on here. It will be sufficient merely to indicate its force.

Sometimes the phrase is equivalent to what we call the Church, as that visible society which professes to be under divine law, and whose organisation is for the spread of those influences whereby men may be brought under obedience to it. But as a rule, the coming of the kingdom of God means the spread of the religious spirit and the growth of the mind of Christ among men, together with the consequences in society which must spring from that increase.

A kingdom implies a king and lawgiver, and when we pray, "Our Father which art in heaven," we are asking that the perfect laws of righteousness, holiness, and love, which are the laws of His Being, should reign supreme over all other spiritual beings. For as the King is spiritual, so must the sub-

jects, over whom His laws are intended to govern, be spiritual also. The name "Our Father" implies that we are children made in His image, and therefore capable of entering the kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy. We cannot impose the laws of holiness on the beast that perishes, for it has no spiritual nature. But men and women ought to know the Father of their spirits, and confess that His laws are right and beautiful and true. We have been endowed with the awful power of saying, even to God Himself, "I will" or "I will not;" and the great end of redemption is to gain a willing obedience to the laws of God's kingdom. Accordingly, the prayer, "Thy kingdom come," is the cry of the heart, amid all the rebellion and confusion of sin, that the Father should be known, and His love assert itself as the supreme law of every life.

What, then, do we imagine would take place if this prayer were fully answered now, and if the kingdom of God reigned over all the kingdoms of the world? I am not speaking of any outward advent, heralded by the sound of trumpets or accompanied by the vision of mighty angels. Let society be constituted as it is at present, and let the only change be in the character of men, so that there will not be a single human being who is not under the divine law of righteousness; not a motive that is not pure and loving, and not a word which is not true.

The kingdoms of the world would continue. The kingdom of science would still investigate; the kingdom of art would give shape and expression to its ideals; the kingdom of commerce would maintain its enterprise, and each nation carry on the interchange of products; the kingdom of social life, from that of the family to the wider organisation of the State, would not cease to exercise its influence; and the kingdom of politics would not lay aside its humane task. But how changed would the character of all these kingdoms become if the laws of God's spiritual kingdom, whose province is the thoughts, motives, and sympathies of man's heart and conscience, reigned in power over every human being! The kingdom of science would then be truly a school of the prophets, interpreting the ways of God in the material universe, and itself leading men in self-forgetfulness to adore Him whose thoughts they were learning in the vast system of law. The kingdom of commerce would then be purified from its selfishness and dishonesty, and wherever the enterprise of the merchant reached, whether among the lowest tribes of Africa or the weakest and most timid races of the East, there would be a visible witness given, in the name of God, for justice, truth, purity, and kindness. The kingdom of art would then be the instructor in what is noblest, and refuse to debase its power by any evil suggestiveness. The kingdoms of social life and of politics would, in like manner, no longer be swayed by the selfish lust of power, so that the horrors of war would no more curse the earth, but man care for man, and peoples for peoples, as brothers in Jesus Christ. We might also believe that the ecclesiastical world would be inspired with the new light of love, and be marked by its humility rather than its pride, by its charity and tolerance rather than by its bigotry and lust of power. We have but to banish the evil from all these different spheres in order that the kingdoms of the world may verily become "the kingdom of the Lord and of His Christ."

But you may say all this is a dream whose realisation is inconceivable. However impossible it may appear to us, yet the fact that Christ teaches us to pray, "Father, thy kingdom come," and commands us to labour for its coming, implies an assurance that it will come. He would not ask us to pray for impossibilities. It ought, therefore, to move us to endeavour to realize the laws of the kingdom in our own lives and that of others, so that in every sphere of daily interest and duty we may live as children of the Father. True faith is a belief in the possibility of good, such as may nerve the arm in contending for its victory. "I beheld," said the seer, "a new heaven and a new earth wherein dwelleth righteousness;" and all things are even now working for that renewal. The world is not now what it was. The kingdom of God is advancing. Let it be ours to be fellow-workers together with Him in His glorious purpose, that we may be sharers with Him in the joy when the "end shall come;" when He shall have vanquished every enemy, and shall "deliver up the kingdom to God, even the Father;" when "God shall be all in all."

It is this we pray for when we say, "Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be Thy name, Thy kingdom come."

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven."

Read Psalm xl., and Mark xiv. 32—42.

We may say of this petition, as of the former one, that the will of God is in a sense

always done, both in heaven and on earth. But as used here, the will of God means something different from the execution of law, physical or moral. By the will of God we mean what He desires for His creatures, what He Himself loves and what He wishes us to be and to possess.

1. The will of God, as being the will of a Person, is but another word for His character. He wills, according to what He Himself is. If He is holy, then it must be His will that we should be holy also.

When we pray "Thy will be done," we are therefore not dealing with a mere system of law, however wise and good, but with that which is behind these laws, even the glorious purpose of Him who, through these and a multitude of moral forces, is seeking the well-being of all His creatures and who desires that every soul of man, made in His image and endowed with the gift of choice, should freely choose the good, should learn to love what He loves and to hate what He hates.

It was to bring us thus to choose the will of God that Christ came. He Himself revealed what that will is, and the blessedness of doing it. "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God," was the very object of His mission. It was His joy to set forth, in a world full of rebellion and unrest, the peace and satisfaction of perfectly accepting the will of the Father.

2. Christ not only teaches us to pray, "Our Father, Thy will be done," but he gives us a measure and picture of the manner in which the will of God ought to be done. We are to seek that His will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

We know very little of what heaven is, where it may be, and of the condition of existence there of the angels and the spirits of the just made perfect, who are in God's presence and serve Him day and night. We know that our own brothers and sisters are there who in all ages were on the side of God, and against evil; but when we try to set forth the kind of life they lead, we are met by an almost complete ignorance. This, however, we do know—they all do the will of God. This is their free and happy choice. They do His will constantly, and they do it perfectly; so that the eye of Him who searches every heart can discover no thought or desire which is not in sympathy with what He desires. Christ who taught us to pray this prayer knew this, for He knew what heaven is. He knew how full and glorious is the joy that reigns there; and it was with the desire to see this sin-stained earth blessed with the same spiritual harmony that He prayed, and taught us to pray, "Our Father, Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

3. The fact that He commands us so to pray, is in itself an assurance that the prayer is not in vain; but that on this same earth which now carries such a weary burden of wrong we may expect a time when the will of God shall be as gladly accepted and obeyed as it now is in heaven. And what does earth need but this, to become a veritable Paradise Restored? For except where man's self-will breaks in, bringing its curse on nature and on society, how fair and good is this world of God! But where is the region on which sin has not shed its blight? We have only to imagine the spectacle presented by every city and continent at the present hour, the sufferings, cruelties, tyrannies and shame produced by man's selfish passion, to measure what the change would be, if the will of God, instead of the will of self, reigned supreme.

4. We must not only pray the prayer but labour for its fulfilment. The battle has to be fought in each heart and life as well as in the great world-battle of society. "I will do my own will," is the very motto of the devil's kingdom. "Father, thy will be done," is the very essence of the kingdom of sonship and of peace. "I will do as I please," is the cry of the drunkard, who will desolate his house and blast the lives of his dearest rather than stint his vile indulgence. It is the cry of the sensualist, who cares not although those who might be pure saints of God are made devils of pollution and misery, if only his bestial lusts are gratified. It is the cry of the avaricious who heeds not, though entire populations are relegated into a grinding squalor, provided he reaps his profits. Everywhere it is the same fearful curse whenever the will of self reigns instead of the will of God.

But Christ has shown how good it is to do the will of God, even when obedience leads to suffering and to death. We, too, may help on "the Golden year of God" by trying to live more nearly as we pray, "Father, Thy will be done."

THIRD SUNDAY.

"Give us this day our daily bread." I.

Read Psalm cxiv., and St. Matt. vi. 10.

To recognise the full beauty of this petition, which is the first of those that ask any-

thing personal, we must join it to the opening word and say, "Our Father, give us this day our daily bread." This at once makes it the request of children who confess their dependence, and are willing to be dependent, on the Father in heaven.

The conception of the Father, which forms the basis of the petition, is of the essence of the prayer and of all religion. He is represented as the "Giver." Our characters as religious or irreligious must be determined by the idea we form of our relationship to God. If, for example, we imagine that what we have is our own, and that by some inherent right we are entitled to possess lands, or money, or houses, or genius, or bodily health, or our happy home, and the bright faces of those we love; then any demand made upon us by God will appear like an encroachment by an alien power. If any of our dear ones are taken from us, or if we are deprived of health, we resent such invasions of our territory, and feel as if we were cruelly used. But the view put before us in Scripture is the opposite of this. "What have we that we did not receive?" Creation is His gift: the earth, with its teeming beauty; the heavens, that enrich us with their fruitfulness; our bodies, the precious lives of parent, and brother, and child; our redemption, with its hopes—all are His gifts. At the best we are but "stewards of the manifold gifts of God." We therefore play a foolish and wicked part when we set up a dominion of our own over all that we thus receive. We then invert the character of duty and falsify life. We become separated from others, as well as from God. But all is changed when we know that we are within an all-embracing system of goodness, and are the objects of that goodness. Nay, we are truly enriched only when we fall into the divine order, and instead of being isolated atoms we recognise our oneness with creation and with every creature. If a man stands alone in his fancied self-sufficiency, he is even contemptible in his nothingness. When he recognises God as the giver of all, and is willing to be only a recipient, he joins himself to the great family of God, and is in harmony with the truth of things.

Religion borrows a new colour when our relationship to God is thus regarded. Instead of it being a service rendered by us in order to secure a reward, we learn to forget ourselves and to rejoice to be within a system which is under Him who floods all worlds with light, and love, and goodness. Such thoughts of God as the Giver fill us with new thoughts of our brother men. We become bound to them as common recipients of a common grace.

When we come in this Spirit of God—the richest as well as the poorest—with the simple prayer for daily subsistence, confessing equally our dependence upon Him, and asking Him as the gracious Giver to grant us the very necessities of life, we are taught a lesson which goes to the foundation of all religion. We are put in our right place, and God is put in His right place. Light is thrown on our position and on the character of the things we call "our own."

Furthermore, when, as we thus kneel, He makes us use this little word "our," He would have us realise once more our brotherhood and the claims of brotherhood. The Bible does not confound distinctions of rank and property, for every command to generosity implies an existing difference between the giver and the recipient, and that some are in need and some overflowing with abundance. The Church is bound to express the teaching of Scripture and to recognise what are called the rights of property, without which society would soon fall to pieces. But the Church has an additional duty. It has to inspire society with the spirit of this prayer. It has to teach the capitalist, the employer, the master, the proprietor to kneel with their workmen and servants and tenants, and all of them to pray under a sense of a common dependence on the Giver of all they have. When all learn to pray as children together, they will also learn to live as brethren. It is not new rules or new schemes for society that we require, but a new spirit, even the spirit of this prayer. Unless we possess that, then the mere use of the words is but a form and the name of Christian a vain assumption.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Give us this day our daily bread." II.

Read Amos iv., and St. Luke xii. 13—31.

But it may be asked, is not this a very unreal petition for many persons to offer? It may be beneficial and appropriate when coming from the lips of the millions on earth to whom the question of daily bread is a question of life and death. There are thousands in all our great cities, poor and famishing men and women and hungry children, for whom this prayer is the utterance of the most crushing necessity. But is it not quite unreal for those to use this prayer whose

fortunes are accumulated like a vast security against want, whose tables groan with every luxury, who have "more than heart can wish," and much more than they can well spend on themselves? Are they to kneel beside these paupers and toil-worn men and women, and as humbly and sincerely as any of them to ask God for daily subsistence? Is there not hypocrisy and falsehood in such a prayer? I do not think so. On the contrary, I believe that the lesson which this petition teaches to the rich as well as poor, is the one which the rich need most to learn. It is just because they so often forget their dependence that Christ tells them so to pray as well as the most destitute. And if they fail so to learn it, God may have other methods of enforcing the truth. There were similar contrasts in Israel in the old time. Great men said then as they are tempted to say now, "We have need of nothing;" they felt so secure that they could challenge the Almighty saying, "Who is Lord over us?" But God revealed to them their error, sometimes by sending famine on the land and sometimes by such terrible wars and sieges that the king himself had to starve with the poorest. God has His own methods of "bringing down the lofty looks of man." Even now He has but to withhold seed-time and harvest for one year, He has but to send a universal drought, or even one night of such bitter and universal frost as to blacken the green vegetation of summer, in order to prove to the wealthiest the vanity of his confidence. We have in our own days seen great cities shut up and delicate women forced to feed on loathsomeness. Are we so secure in our sea-girt isle that we can smile at those possibilities? And were such days of trial to come, would not the peer as well as the peasant be taught a new use of the prayer for bread? A hungry man cannot eat his gold when there is no grain to purchase with it. He cannot satisfy hunger with parchments and securities. The daily bread is verily the gift of God to the richest as well as to the poorest, and when Christ teaches every rank and condition of men to kneel as one and say, "Father, give us this day our daily bread," it is just bringing all back to the truth we are so apt to forget, of our complete and common dependence.

This petition also teaches a lesson of quiet confidence as opposed to an anxious, avaricious fretfulness. There have been those who see in this petition and in all the admonitions of the gospel against over-carefulness, the contradiction of the enterprise and foresight which raise men in the scale of creation. They say, moreover, that these sentiments would ruin Europe, and sweep from our own country those triumphs which have been achieved by an indomitable one inspired by an insatiable acquisitiveness.

We must, however, understand what the kind of limit which our Lord would put on our ambition when He commands us to ask for daily bread, and sends us to the birds of the air to learn lessons of dependence. Christ always deals with the spirit of a life, rather than by laying down rules to control conduct. He does not command us to be as inactive as the lilies of the field which grow or perish according to rain or sunshine. But He would deliver us from feverish anxiety. He would have us unite active industry with calm confidence. That is not the temperament which is most commonly found in modern times. The desire of the speculator or of the commercial gambler is to find a method of overleaping the necessities of patient labour, and of the times and seasons that reward it. He would escape the delay imposed by industry. It is this restless, maddening spirit which Christ condemns and which is the bane and curse of society. The calm tone of honest industry, which does faithfully and wisely the duty of the day, waiting upon God's laws, fretting not at delay and is willingly dependent upon His love, is surely the best security for ultimate success as well as for continual peace. Christ does not lay down rules as to how much or how little a man ought to possess, but He tells us to beware of covetousness, and would breathe a tone into every rank of life which, if it only prevailed, would make all life beautiful and good.

Innumerable problems suggest themselves. What of the shocking poverty and the violent contrasts between rich and poor which our so-called Christian society presents? Ought there to be any interference from without in order to remove these inequalities? Of that we cannot speak here, but we are free to say that such contrasts would not have existed if Christendom had only learned more vitally the meaning of the great prayer which it repeats, and if the Church, instead of directing men's thoughts so exclusively to the next world, and to the salvation each one of his own soul when he dies, had taught them to think more of the world where God has placed them, and of how it might be brought within the kingdom of heaven, which is the kingdom of the Father wherein all men are brethren.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.

COULD not remember to have had a task more embarrassing laid upon me. It was not merely embarrassing, but downright painful, even in the mere contemplation of it. And yet it was so evidently the only thing to be done that it was not to be evaded. Pole went down to Worborough Court as he had promised, and I was left alone to fulfil my part of the bargain made between us.

I had let almost the whole of the first day slide by without action, and had constantly tested myself with rehearsals of the disclosure I had to make. The fact that I was fully authorised to make it had next to no effect upon my mind. Look at it how I would it seemed to wear the air of an intolerable impertinence. But, as I wandered disconsolate down Piccadilly that night, trying to summon up resolution to get the matter over, I encountered no less a person than the Reverend Doctor Fish. He was beaming, as he always beamed, and overflowing with that fatuous and indiscriminating kindliness which marked his aspect in the world at large. We shook hands with great cordiality.

"How do you do, my young friend, how do you do? Rambling? Philosophising? A charming night for the time of year, but cold."

"Doctor Fish," said I, plunging *in medias res*, "I have something to say to you."

The old gentleman stopped short and looked at me with an almost ludicrous air of alarm. I became awkwardly aware of a somewhat too tragic intensity in my own tone and manner.

"I have been asked," I continued, taking him by the arm and leading him along, "to make public a certain painful piece of news."

The old gentleman, with his hat perched on the back of his head and his face turned up to mine with an expression of alarmed bewilderment, ambled beside me.

"Pole," I said, "has gone down to Worborough Court to see Lord Worborough, and to make to him the same statement which he authorises me to make to his friends in general."

"God bless my soul!" said Dr. Fish.

"There were reasons," I went on, delaying, in a sufficiently lame and impotent fashion, what I had to say, "why the thing should not have been made generally known before. But there are now reasons—very urgent reasons—why it should be known."

Dr. Fish said, "God bless my soul!" again, and ambled on, holding his umbrella tightly at the middle and gasping at me open-mouthed.

"Pole," I said, making quite a desperate effort, "some years back contracted a most miserable and unhappy marriage."

The doctor stopped, withdrew his arm, and faced me in speechless amazement.

"His wife is living still. I have met her twice, and I can thoroughly understand the reasons which prompted him to concealment. But now his changed position and certain other circumstances, which it is not necessary that we should talk about——"

"My dear young friend," said the doctor, laying his hand upon my arm, "we will say nothing whatever about them." I had not expected so much delicacy from him. "I can see reasons; I can see one or two reasons. The poor misguided boy! Dear me! Such prospects! This will be a blow to his lordship. Quite right and wise on the poor boy's part to make the thing known. Quite right and wise. But who is the lady? Is she—is she—anybody?"

I told him that I knew nothing whatever of Mrs. Pole's antecedents; that she looked and spoke as if she might have been a lady; but, I added, whatever her antecedents might have been, she was utterly impossible as a life-companion for her husband.

I had always known the old gentleman to be of a feeling and sympathetic turn, but I seemed now to have done him less than justice. He was very much moved indeed by the intelligence I had given him, and when we had resumed our progress westward he walked in silence for full five minutes, sighing every now and again, and shaking his head quite mournfully. After this, however, I fancied that I began to discern a sort of sad complacency in his manner, and I do not think I am far wrong in supposing that he found a compensation for this mournful news in the fact that he was authorised to spread it abroad.

"There is, of course," he said, "no possibility of a mistake in this? You understand, John, that if this story is to be repeated it must be no guess-work."

I told him anew that Pole himself desired the fact to be made known, and parted from

him shortly afterwards with a feeling that I had been unwarrantably meddling with my friend's affairs. So far as the casting abroad of the news could go, the thing was over and done with. It was quite certain, as I knew, that the intelligence would reach all for whom it was intended, and a few chance thousands outside that limited circle. As a matter of fact it was public property in a week, for the earliest precursor of the great tribe of society journals got hold of it, and printed it in a paragraph, the purposed mystery of which blinded nobody. We have grown quite accustomed nowadays to the invasion of what used to be called the sanctity of private life; but at this time the publication of this kind of detail was new in our experience, and Pole and I were not unnaturally angry at it.

It served Pole's purpose in one marked way, however, inasmuch as it brought under Mr. Goldsmith's notice the fact that all attempt to preserve secrecy had been abandoned, and so took one weapon out of hands which were not likely to be over-scrupulous. It did this very completely, for the final line of the paragraph ran thus:—"It is a significant fact that the husband has himself decided to publish the news of the marriage he has hitherto so successfully concealed." I thought it probable at the time that the writer might not altogether know of what the fact was significant, and I have since remarked that the journalistic capacity for indicating significances and incapacity for actually seeing them, are a part of the newspaper man's mental outfit.

When once I had set the news afloat I became actually tormented by the desire to know how it was received in Cromwell Terrace. The very force of my sympathy served to keep me away for a week or two, and I felt so awkward about the whole melancholy business that if it had not been for Clara's presence in the house I should probably have avoided Mr. Delamere's residence for ever. I have said nothing of the progress of my own personal affairs during the last month or two, and yet that progress was noticeable and rapid. Looking back to almost any period of life, and taking up any thread of existence, it is curious to notice how the contemplation of that one line will, for the moment, belittle the others. By dint of thinking of it you may make almost any episode of your life look disproportionately large, and I suppose that one of the chief difficulties to be surmounted in the relation of one's own history is provided by this very tendency. I will be careful at least not to exaggerate one line. To go back to all those tender hopes and foolish fears, to recall them for but a minute or two in the silence of my own study, is at once to make them dominate all other incidents and feelings in my remembrance of the time. Pole was my friend, and I shall not easily be persuaded that many men have found a friend more entirely and devotedly at their service in heart and deed. But, after all, he occupied but a mere corner of my life, and every other nook and cranny of it was crammed full of Clara.

I have it on the authority of my wife that I might have spared myself all the ecstasies of despair in which at this time I revelled. I respond by declaring that, though I might have wished to escape them then, I should have been a most mistaken man to do it. Curious! How one looks back from the haven of middle age, where no tempest can toss the heart's barque on that vexed ocean any more, and thinks how enviable that despairing, wrecked, and drowning mariner really was! What happy, fairy islands of safety sprang up sometimes in mid-ocean, when the tempest was at its loudest! What gleams of heavenly blue broke through the dividing storm! Everybody but the most insensible knows those things, everybody loves to recall them. The love-stories of purely fictitious personages make up ninety per cent. of the world's literature, and one finds, now and again, the most elderly, sober-minded, and commonplace old people renewing their own youth in a pretty, rose-coloured No Man's Land which has Jack and Jill for inhabitants.

These sentimental reflections will have made it clear to any person of average discernment that a prolonged absence from the house graced by Miss Grantley's presence was impossible to the present writer. He stayed away, this present writer, until he could stay away no longer; a full ten days, as I remember, and then, with a transparent pretence of having some reason apart from the only one he acted on, he made a call.

I had seemed to be guilty of an impertinence in speaking of Pole's affairs, though he had authorised me to do it, but the sense I felt then of my own insolent intrusiveness was not a thousandth part so strong as that which suddenly assailed me when I saw Miss Delamere. A great change had fallen upon her. Her beauty had never been of the robustest order, but now, to my terror and sorrow, she had grown shadowy, so pale and ethereal she looked. She smiled with all her

accustomed sweetness when she shook hands with me. There was not the faintest hint of any expression in her face which asked for pity, and yet I knew that she had passed rough a time of dreadful trouble. I have d intuitions enough in my time to know that they can be true, and to be certain that they can be absurd. Yet not even the after-proof of knowledge added or could add to the certainty of her love for Pole, which at that instant flooded and filled my mind. I knew it, and I was, beyond expression, ashamed of myself for knowing it.

I contrived, in a roundabout way, to inquire if Miss Grantley were at home, and learned that she was out on a visit to some old friends of her mother's in the neighbourhood. I do not think now that there was any intention in Miss Delamere's manner, but I thought so then; and between my own shyness and my pity for her I fell into a state of complete discomfort. Under these conditions, even the arrival of Jones was a thing to be welcomed. He came in with Mr. Delamere; and Mary, taking out some trifle of embroidery, assumed an abstracted air, and feigned to be closely occupied with it. I suppose it is not easy for a woman of brains and sensibility to throw her whole soul into the contemplation of stitches, and it was very evident to me that, however closely she might seem to be engaged upon her task, she followed the talk which took place amongst us.

Mr. Delamere was unusually magnificent that evening. He had an air of having done, or undertaken to do, some act of Christian magnanimity towards somebody, and was full of pitying condescensions to the world at large. Jones was in something of the same mood, but in him it was tempered by a rare hilarity.

"I suppose," said Mr. Delamere, "that there could be nothing more stupid than to be angry at stupidity. There is a sense in which patience is the best of the virtues. A wise discrimination lies at the root of a virtuous patience. One is not angry because a fifty-six pound shot has not the lightness of a feather, or because a feather has not the ponderosity of the shot. In fine, one accepts things."

Jones smiled at this.

"One accepts things," he said, "on one of two conditions."

"Your conditions!" demanded Mr. Delamere, leaning back in his chair and setting the tips of his fingers delicately together.

"That the things accepted should be either unavoidable or in themselves acceptable."

They were both clever men, Delamere and Jones, but they were a weariness to my flesh and spirit. They would sit for hours solemnly trotting out for one another's admiration their commonplaces of the philosophical copy-book, until I tingled from head to foot. It seemed to me that the kind of converse they took delight in was either not very acceptable in itself or quite unalterable, and I knew that they were working their way towards the question of Pole's marriage just as well as they did.

"Human nature," said Mr. Delamere, with that air of catholic wisdom and plenary allowance which is of all human aspects the most irritating and hateful to my mind; "human nature is a poor mixed thing."

"Subtly compounded, sir," said Jones; "subtly compounded."

"Solomon touches it," said Delamere. "The fly in the ointment; the fly in the ointment. One may have known a man for years—have watched him, have analysed him, boasted to oneself one's understanding of him, when there comes some unlooked-for injection, and the chemical character of the whole human mass is changed. Now, for instance——"

Miss Delamere was busy at her embroidery and I at a little distance sat watching her as I listened. She had looked up once, and until now once only, and then our eyes had encountered. A glance need not endure long to express many things, and for a very little space of time indeed, whilst she was unconscious of my gaze, her own expressed a most mournful lassitude and despondency; but becoming aware of me she gave one of her bright, customary smiles of recognition, and went back to her embroidery. Now again, at this "for instance" of her father's, she looked up from her work, her forehead faintly knitted, and her whole face pained and puzzled.

"For instance," Delamere went on, not noticing her, but turning with a gracious condescension upon me, "this affair of your friend Pole's, Denham. I rather pride myself, not altogether, as I fancy, without reason, upon being something of a judge of character. I should have supposed your friend Pole to have been a man whose whole instincts would have been diametrically opposed to the facts as we now know them. I should have regarded any such union as he has formed as being quite outside the sphere of possibility for him."

"May one ask," said Jones, "what virtues Mr. Pole was specially gifted with, which

would have seemed to make this step impossible for him?"

"In the first place," said Delamere, "no man of lofty honour can contract a secret marriage. I had supposed Pole to be a man of lofty honour."

I said, in something like a tone of challenge, I am afraid, that Pole was a man of lofty honour. I added, warmly, that I knew no man whose code of honour was purer, or who better acted up to it. Before I had well spoken I was angrier with myself for having done so than I was at the stupidity of the pair who could not see that they were sticking pins and needles into the heart of their silent listener.

Mr. Delamere raised his glasses in a way that indicated that he was not to be disturbed from his own philosophical serenity by the intrusion of any inferior intelligence upon his sphere of thought. The observation of this helped to cool me a little, for it threw a touch of humour into my thoughts; and though the humour was a little bitter it was more agreeable than mere anger.

"A man who contracts a secret marriage," pursued Delamere, "necessarily imposes himself upon society under false pretences. A man with such a tie upon him has no right to go into the world and move about in it as though he were unfettered. In a country whose social institutions resemble those of England; in a country, that is to say, where young people of both sexes meet and mingle in a constant innocent freedom of intercourse, and where marriages are made, not by the manœuvring of parents, but chiefly by the choice and free will of the contracting parties, the secret marriage of a young man of wealth and position amounts to nothing less than a crime against society. You, or you," he turned from Jones to me, and addressed us each in turn, "may be excused for supposing that a young lady in her choice of an associate for life ought not to be actuated by pecuniary consideration, or influenced by rank. I do not stop to consider now whether a young lady should or should not permit her mind to be influenced by wealth and rank. I content myself by affirming that the very large majority are as a matter of fact so influenced."

I felt bound, for two reasons, one of which was a great deal stronger than the other, to take a part in the talk and to fight Pole's battle. The first reason, though it counted very little for the moment, was founded on the friendship he and I had for one another. The second and the stronger was this: if I kept silence I was in danger of appearing to give a special significance to Delamere's attack, and I was afraid that his daughter might attribute my silence to a fear of hurting her. So, in my guilty knowledge of her own sad secret, I had to take my share in wounding her in order not to wound.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Delamere," I said, with as respectful an air as I could muster, "but you forget that Pole himself divulged the secret, just as soon as wealth and rank seemed to be coming his way. What his reasons for concealment were at first I do not pretend to know, but you argue what you do know into what you can't know in judging of a man as in judging of anything. Pole is a man of high honour—*ergo*, Pole had nothing dishonourable in his mind when he kept his marriage secret under conditions of which we are ignorant."

I was so placed that I could see Miss Delamere's face in the mirror, and I caught a look of gratitude for my defence of my friend.

"I for one," said Mr. Delamere coldly, "am not inclined to be overstrained in my ideal of social duty, but I think your friend's conduct inexcusable. Do you happen to know, Denham," he asked a moment later, "who is the—the person he has married?"

I answered in the negative, looking as natural and unembarrassed as I could. Was it possible, I asked myself, that he could be blind to his daughter's pallor and languor and ignorant of their cause? Every word we spoke must have been a pain to her, but nothing could be so painful as to guess that I knew of what she suffered. The two complacent philosophers went on, and I was compelled to look as stupid as they were in fact. My only chance for tact lay in seeming quite tactless, and I succeeded well enough to disarm suspicion in Miss Delamere's mind.

"For my own part," she said quietly and with complete self-possession, "I think Mr. Pole very much to be pitied. I do not know if he is to be blamed as well. That is quite possible, of course, but I don't think it very probable."

"My dear Mary," returned her father, "it is very necessary that you should form just views upon such a question as this. What are the conceivable reasons for a clandestine marriage? First, a mesalliance on one side or the other. Next, an evasion of authority on one side or the other. Then consider that the deceit is carried into life, and becomes a part of it. No, no;—I cannot conceive of a secret marriage as the act of a high-minded man. I can understand, Denham, that you

find the theme a painful one, and I admit that it would be Quixotic to quarrel with a friend who will one day be able so favourably to influence your own career."

I suppose it really would have been Quixotic to have closed Delamere's doors against myself by resenting his implied opinion of the value of my friendship. Anyway I kept silence, though Jones's smile of assent almost forced me to unclose my lips. I had hardly ever been so angry in my life as this dull couple made me, but fortunately there came a diversion, and the question was laid on one side. Miss Grantley came in, and after a time Delamere challenging Jones to a game at chess, they retired together to the smoking-room; and a little later Mary, gathering her belongings into a little basket of quilted silk-work, slipped from the room, leaving us together for a time.

Clara and I had come to that stage in which young people are aware already of what is uppermost in each other's minds and are forced into an unusual air of camaraderie and freedom. We talked with great gaiety, with grisly silences between, and would rather break these pauses by any kind of nonsense than leave them to grow intolerable.

"You used constantly to talk of your friend Mr. Pole, Mr. Denham," said Clara in one such moment of extremity. "You have not spoken of him all the evening."

"We were talking of him at the moment of your arrival," I answered. "Mr. Delamere spoke very angrily of him and I defended him."

"You ought not to have defended him," she answered warmly. "I think he has behaved——"

She went no farther, but it was enough for confirmation.

"I cannot see," I answered, "that he behaved ill in any way. I know that he is profoundly unhappy, though he allows nobody to see it."

"A man may be unhappy," she rejoined, "but he has no right——" And there she paused again.

I was guilty of an indiscretion, but I can find ample excuses for myself.

"No right to do what?" I asked. She gave no answer. "No right to make others unhappy? Do you think, Miss Grantley, that he ever guessed it? He is not a coxcomb who goes about in fear of breaking ladies' hearts."

"You say very odd things, Mr. Denham," she answered with an air of fine simplicity, and the most barefaced pretence of not understanding me, and of having offered no provocation for this outburst. "I am not likely to be brought to your opinion of Mr. Pole. I think him very horrid."

"You are quite wise not to understand me," I answered, and turned the conversation. She was content to escape from her own share of the responsibility of entering upon it, but as our intimacy grew this broken beginning of confidence was taken up again. I don't know at this day how our own courtship would have grown if it had not been for the unhappy heart-affairs of Pole and Mary Delamere. We should have found some other way to sympathy no doubt, but as it happened that was the road we travelled. Her love for Mary and my affection for Pole led us back to the theme a thousand times, and by-and-by we talked of it openly to each other and with no pretence of disguise. She was Mary Delamere's one confidante, and even she, it seems, was left to guess a prodigious deal more than she was told. Of course I knew we were a sinfully indiscreet and curious young couple to talk of the affairs of others as we did; but then we had countless examples, and we were on such a footing of intimacy that we had no secrets from each other, with the exception of one which was rather less of a secret to our world at large than even to ourselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

JONES, who in Pole's phrase came Sebastian Dolmering into my chambers pretty often, came down one day about a month after the disclosure in a more than commonly sprightly humour. I had never liked him from the first hour, but he seemed to be altogether unconscious of a want of friendly warmth on my part, and was himself so uniformly amiable that it was impossible to quarrel with him. There was indeed nothing special about which we could have quarrelled. Jones was a humbug, but then there are so many humbugs in the world that if a man took it upon himself to quarrel with all of them whom he encountered he would have his hands full. The sterner sort of moralist may, if he pleases, decline to hold intercourse with all men who do not come up to his own lofty standard. The average creature, conscious of his own imperfections, must rub along with such society as he can get, and take folks as he finds them. Considering how very little Jones ever cared for me, and considering that I had at best a dormant contempt for Jones, it was really remarkable to see how well we got on together.

He was always wonderfully attired, and his appointments were as finished and natty as those of the finest fine lady. He used to smoke cigarettes of scented tobacco bound in rose-coloured paper, and he carried about him numberless little nicknacks for personal use. One of his favourite occupations was to polish his nails, and for that purpose he carried about with him a tiny gold-plated box of some sort of powder and a little pad of leather. He would polish and polish whilst he talked of art and the destinies of humanity and other noble and inspiring themes, and would make his shining nails gleam this way and that way by turning them against the light, and would admire them with his head on one side, whilst he paused for a descriptive phrase or rounded a denunciatory period.

Early in our acquaintance I used to have almost unconquerable impulses to assault Jones whilst he aired these engaging little ways of his. But in a while they ceased to exasperate, and in a little while further began to amuse, and then to soothe. It was consolatory to reflect that in the depth of one's daily descents into imbecility, one never fell to that; so that at the most despondent moments Jones came as a sort of invigorator, toning the moral system, and bringing encouragement to the feeble.

On this particular day he came in, as I have said, in an unusually sprightly humour. He cracked a gentle joke or two, and that bespoke the very highest spirits in him, an almost reckless abandonment to gaiety. As a rule, Jones was afraid of a joke, and would almost as soon have sat in the same room with a humorist as with a mixed barrel of lucifer-matches and fireworks. Pole, for instance, who had much more of a habit of thinking than of talking humorously, made Jones uncomfortable by his very aspect. He looked dangerous. There was never any knowing when, and in what direction, he might explode, and Jones's mental parlour was trim and decorous, and full of fragile curios. He had no liking for the exhibition of catherine-wheels and sky-rockets in that delicately furnished, but limited enclosure.

I told him how bright he looked, and how uncommonly gay he was, and he smiled back, well pleased, pulling off his pretty lemon-coloured gloves in the finest and most lady-like manner. He examined his finger-nails with scrupulous exactitude, smiled in the [illegible] to inspect his teeth, arranged his hair [illegible] dexterous feminine coaxings of [illegible] fingers, and then lit one of his [illegible], and sat down. I was positively pleased to see him. For the first time I realised for myself the peculiar nature of his charm.

I felt it at once a duty and a privilege to make the most of him, and I tried to start him upon the question of the proposed revolution in the cut and colour of evening dress. Here he disappointed me. He spoke of it with a fervour which was too obviously unreal. The stream was too far from its source, and it flowed with a mournful paucity and languor. I tried to start him on the larger theme of the regeneration of the soul by means of Japanese lacquer and the best Dresden. Even here he would not dance to my piping with anything of his accustomed spirit and agility. In fine, it became evident that there was something upon Jones's mind, and in a while, after a circuitous fashion, it came out.

"Strange," said Jones after a pause of some duration, "how closely the development of the individual soul follows the laws which govern the development of the inert conglomerate mass."

I assented, and, like Brer Rabbit, I lay low, and waited.

"Conditions," said Jones, "which even an acute observer would suppose to be permanent turn out to be transitory. When one says permanent," he added with his explanatory air, which was always delightfully comforting to his listener's *amour propre*, "one doesn't use the word, of course, with any pretence to scientific accuracy. Permanence, like other conditions, is only relative, and is impossible in the abstract."

I said that it was very nice to know this; and Jones, who was too firmly seated on horseback to take note of any pebble in his conversational charger's track, rode on unregardful.

"I had supposed myself to be fully convinced upon one or two social questions upon which I now discover that my mind has undergone a change, imperceptible to myself in its processes, and yet radical."

I said that I was very pleased to hear it, I was sure; and he went on taking no more note of me than if he had been the hero in a Greek drama and I the Chorus.

"Take, for instance," said Jones delicately, "the question of marriage. I am not, as a matter of course, so mad or so blind as to attach any value to the absurd sanctions of the Church or the fallacious conclusions of society."

I was quite sure that Jones was superior to those feeblenesses, and I said as much with

warmth. For the first time he took notice of me, and seemed gratified by this testimonial.

At this moment Pole, who had been back from Worborough Court a week or two, strolled in without announcement of himself, and took a seat with one leg on either side a chair and his elbows on the back of it. He nodded to each of us, but said nothing. Jones, I thought, was momentarily disconcerted by the sight of him, but went on directly, with some exaggeration of his best lady-like tone and manner.

"Yet," he continued, "I have begun to think of late that it is not well too suddenly to combat the preconceptions of average mankind. One can, of course, use satire, but it needs to be delicate and veiled, and the average man is, I fancy, unsusceptible to satire."

"There are people," I ventured to say at this juncture, seeing that Jones was perhaps a little unsteady in his seat to his own fancy, and needed bolstering there, "there are people on whom satire produces little effect. Some of them are clever in a way; rooted fools by nature, who bear a weedy little blossom of wit, and suppose themselves to flower all over, like rhododendrons in the season."

"There," said Jones, "you touch the very men I have in mind. The average stupid man is not half so bad to deal with as the man who bears that single flower of wit you speak of. For my own part, I am a bit of a philosopher. I am not merely open to conviction, which is the first attitude of commonsense, but I am willing to give and take, to pay tithe of mint, and anise, and cummin, even to the false deity of popular convention. I am willing to concede that though by lending the force of one's example to a doubtful practice one may delay the hour of its abolition, yet it is possible to subscribe to a social usage if it should not be too harmful to the general interest, and, having subscribed to it, still hold the right of holding up one's testimony against it. Marriage," he continued, passing his hand through his lustrous Italian locks, and dividing them tenderly, "has become precisely one of those questions to my mind, though a little while ago I should scarcely have thought such an allowance possible or desirable."

"He has come in out of the desert," said Pole. "He has consented to be taken in and curry-combed."

I do not think that the Reverend Laurence Sterne was likely to be one of Jones's literary favourites, and so it is possible that the true nuance of Pole's allusion e[illegible] went on, apparently unmoved.

"There are men," he said, "[illegible]dermatous by nature, and by culti[illegible] or the want of it, that they are not to be touched by any shaft of reason."

"You might," said Pole, "explode a fifty-six-pound shell in the interior of some of them and they'd go on quite calmly without the merest notion that anything had happened."

Jones assented cordially.

"Upon my word," he said, "there are people of that pattern. But, for my own part, as I said before, I am open to conviction. I am willing to give and take."

"I am willing," said Pole, who was evidently in a bitter humour, and ready to relieve himself by any paraiflage which might occur to him, "to take anything I can lay my hands on."

Jones cast a sideway glance of friendly allowance at him.

"In this matter of marriage," he pursued, "the whole question, as a matter of course, is a matter of contract. There are two personalities to be considered, and the stronger has, by reason of its very strength, a right to be allowing and indulgent to the weaker vessel."

I knew that there was nothing in Jones's speech up till now to give me the merest hint of the intention he was trying in his own roundabout way to express. But that phrase about the weaker vessel hit me hard. I had used it to Pole by hazard, and it was its employment which had led to the explanation between us. I looked at Pole nervously, but he had evidently allowed it to pass without notice, as was only natural. I was so certain in my own mind of the truth of my own fancy, and was so embarrassed by it, that I began at once to move about the room as if the conversation had reached a natural end, and there was no more to say. But Pole, having no share in my fancies and no divination of them, carried on the theme. He had grown very mocking and bitter of late, even with me, though never against me.

"I suppose," he said, looking at Jones, "you haven't been so cruel as to make the tidings of your conversion public property?"

"So cruel?" said Jones inquiringly.

"So cruel," answered Pole. "You haven't awakened expectations in a million tender bosoms which can only be fulfilled for one?" Jones said nothing, but smilingly lit a new cigarette, and cast the remnant of the old one into the fire. "You're going to get married, Jones?" Pole went on.

Denham, there's a public-house at the corner. Let's go down, all three of us, and drink a pot of stout apiece to the health of Jones's future missis."

"Upon my word, Pole," said Jones, "one would hardly think that you had been bred a gentleman."

"We're all of the same base metal, Jones," Pole answered, "but the electroplate gets rubbed off some of us. There's an epergne belonging to a bachelor uncle of mine in which all the cherubs' noses are flat with their faces, though they are made of solid silver. I daresay they had the prettiest outlines once upon a time. There's no knowing what even you may come to. When I contrast what you are with what you might have been, and what you may be, I could weep, upon my word of honour."

It seemed to me so very probable that Jones would by-and-by become aware of Pole's intention to insult him, and the intention in itself was so very obvious to me, that I feigned suddenly to remember an appointment. At this, Jones got up to go, and I left with him, bidding him good-bye at the end of the court, and darting into Chancery Lane as if in a mighty hurry. When the threatened quarrel was averted I was still very far from being at ease; and though I tried to attach no more value to my fancies than I could help, they clung to me with a ridiculous persistence. They worried me so much at last that, when I had dined alone, I betook myself to Cromwell Terrace. Mr. Delamere was dining out that evening, and Mary and Clara were alone together. When we had talked for a little while, our hostess slipped away, as she had got into a habit of doing, and left the two young people to themselves.

I had no ground to go on, but the question was so near my heart that I must needs approach it.

"Mr. Jones," I said as lightly as I could, "honoured my rooms this afternoon."

"Pray," returned Clara, with an acerbity and decision I had never noticed in her till then, "don't talk to me of Mr. Jones. I have heard enough of Mr. Jones to last my lifetime."

In spite of this command I ventured to ask if Jones had distinguished himself in such a way of late as to earn this marked increase of her displeasure.

"Now, Mr. Denham," said Miss Grantley decisively, "I want you to understand that I shall look upon any pressure on this point as being unfriendly. I am literally dying to tell you all about it, and if you press me I shall give way. I know I shall, and I know that I ought not to. I'm sure that you are not the man to endanger a poor girl's self-respect."

Whether the reader choose to believe it or not I accepted this as a prohibition, and found another theme for converse. But Miss Grantley fidgeted, and if one can say it of so gentle a creature, grew absolutely snappish. The dull, inapprehensive male intelligence was at a loss. I was meek and submissive, but full of doubts and wonders, not guessing what I could possibly have done to ruffle a temper commonly so gentle.

"You are very stupid this evening, Mr. Denham," she said with a voice of dreary resignation.

"Am I?" I answered. "I am afraid I am. You seem vexed. What have I done to vex you?"

I went on to say that I would rather do a variety of particularised dreadful things than cause her a moment's annoyance. She relented and explained, though still with a lingering touch of ill-humour.

"I tell you," she said, "that I am dying to tell you something, and I tell you that I ought not to say anything about it."

"You begged me not to press you," I answered, "and I did not."

"Precisely," she said, dropping back into a corner of the sofa in a sort of languid comic despair.

"Oh!" I said, beginning to be enlightened, "I ought to have asked! I ought to have pressed you?" A gleam of returning cheerfulness displayed itself in her countenance, and was instantly dismissed. "Let me beg of you to tell me," I implored with mock earnestness. "I am consumed by curiosity. If you refuse this prayer I cannot answer for the consequences."

"In that case," she replied demurely, "I can reveal my secret. I cannot bear to see a fellow-creature suffer."

She clasped her hands, and leaning forward, murmured with a subdued intensity of scorn,

"Mr. Jones has had the insolence to propose to Mary Delamere."

"I hope with all my heart," said I, "that Miss Delamere will not throw herself away upon him."

"I told her, when I heard of it," said this resolute young person, who was sprouting this evening with unexpected characteristics, "that I would never speak to her again if she did. There was not the slightest need to

say so, for Mary has no more thought of uniting herself to that tinkling cymbal than I have."

I confess that I was not in the least sorry for Jones's blighted hopes. I did not think that any purpose he might form was likely to take great hold upon him. His sentiments were not of the sort that plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. I could fancy Jones deserting any sandy anchorage he might find, and getting under way with little compunction or regret for other shores.

"Mary," said Clara decisively, but with a touch of very warm and very real sympathy, "has troubles enough of her own and to spare already. As for what they are, that is no business of yours or mine or anybody's. I don't know, I'm sure, how such a girl came to have such a father. Mr. Delamere is wrapped up in his precious godson. They sit together, and the Sounding Brass flatters the Tinkling Cymbal, and the Tinkling Cymbal flatters the Sounding Brass, until I declare that my fingers itch to box the ears of both of them. I give you my word of honour, Mr. Denham," she concluded, with an air of deep contrition, "there are moments when the contemplation of that pair makes me feel quite unladylike."

I had never allowed myself so much latitude of expression with respect to Messrs. Delamere and Jones, but I accepted Miss Grantley's description with such cordiality that she was encouraged to continue.

"We have had a lecture from papa this morning," she said. "It was my privilege to hear it." She assumed, upon a sudden, so ludicrous a resemblance to the Delamere voice and manner that I laughed aloud. I saw the dangled pince-nez swinging to and fro in the imitative fingers. It perched at times with a solemn grace upon the port and pretty little nose, which somehow, to my wonderment, contrived for the moment to look like the aristocratically-refined beak of the great critic. But the words to me were the richest part of the imitation. "Strange," she began, in the Delamere voice, "how closely the development of the individual soul follows the laws which govern the development of the inert, conglomerate mass."

"Wait, wait!" I cried. "Allow me. Conditions," I pursued, "which even an acute observer would suppose to be permanent turn out to be transitory. When one says permanent, one does not use the word, of course, with any pretence of scientific accuracy."

Her eyes glittered, and she rose to her feet, dancing in a very revel of mirth.

"He has been with you this afternoon," she said. "He has poured all this out upon you. Oh, they're delicious. They make me so angry that I feel ashamed and wicked. But oh! I wouldn't miss them for the world!"

On the very top of this declaration Jones entered smilingly. I blessed my stars for his sake that he had not arrived a moment earlier. He had the run of the house, and came in and out like a member of the family, so that perhaps it was a little dangerous to discuss him with too much freedom there. Miss Grantley's mirth was changed by a most sudden transformation. To have looked at her a second after Jones's arrival, one would have supposed her incapable of merriment.

"Miss Delamere?" said Jones, in his silvery voice, smiling from one to the other of us.

"I believe," replied Miss Grantley, with a sudden overwhelming stateliness, "that Miss Delamere has retired to her own room. I think it is not her intention to return again this evening. I wish you good night, Mr. Denham."

With that she sailed from the apartment, leaving Jones and myself looking at each other a trifle foolishly.

CHAPTER XV.

THE winter had been unusually severe, and the spring seemed to delay itself unconscionably. Every week the newspapers recorded the death of some elderly celebrity. Fog, rain, protracted frost, east winds, made havoc amongst the old and feeble. Lord Worborough was going. The impending title and great fortune hung over Polo, it would have seemed, like a threatening shadow. I am certain that he was so far from desiring either of them that if he could have seen a reasonable way of evading them he would willingly have taken it. Twice he went down to Worborough Court, and each time spent a week there in expectation of the old man's demise. His lordship rallied, and Polo came back again, melancholy and bitter. He told me, at a moment when his mood was a little less harsh than it had grown commonly to be in those days, that Lord Worborough laid that unhappy marriage very much to heart. He was the seventh holder of the title, and had hoped that it would be transmitted through a long line.

"It's a dream," said Polo. "It doesn't matter much to him, poor old fellow. Whether the line may be extended or cut

short will make no difference to him when he is tucked away under his green bed-clothes."

He spoke very affectionately of the old man always, and to any one who had seen them together it was evident that his lordship, however disappointed he might be, had formed a very strong liking for the man who was to come after him.

It was raining heavens hard one memorable afternoon late in April, when Pole and I sat reading together, or making a pretence to read, in his chambers. A knock sounded at the door, and I, being the nearer of the two, rose to open it. The visitor, of all unexpected men in the world, was the little Jew solicitor, Goldsmith. He wore a mackintosh, shining with rain from heel to shoulder, and carried a dripping umbrella in his hand. There was a very unusual and remarkable expression in his face, a look which impressed me very strongly, though I could neither analyse nor define it. He was pale, and labouring under some strongly suppressed excitement. He might, by the look of him, have been going to be hanged.

He walked past me into the room, leaving his umbrella in the stand, and when I had closed the door and entered after him, he was standing beside Pole, who, with an expression of surprised disdain, was looking at him over one shoulder.

"Well," said Pole, curtly and contemptuously, "what is your business?"

"Bister Pole," said Goldsmith, whose breathing was hard and thick, like that of a man who has been running beyond his pace, "there are moments when rancour comes to nothing betweed gentlemen."

"Are there indeed?" asked Pole.

"There are, indeed," Goldsmith responded.

The little Jew's aspect had an influence upon Pole, as I could see plainly. He rose with an indefinable look, and wheeling his chair half round, rested one knee upon the seat, and with both hands grasping the back, surveyed the intruder.

"I suppose," he said, "that you have some sort of business here. Will you be good enough to get it over?"

For sole answer Goldsmith, with trembling fingers, began to unbutton his wet waterproof. The noise of his breathing, the ticking of a clock upon the mantelpiece, and the clatter of a burning coal which fell upon the fender, were the only audible sounds. Either Goldsmith's agitation made him clumsy, or the buttons of the waterproof were unusually refractory. He conquered them at last, and producing a pocket-book from an inner pocket, he advanced a step or two and laid it on the table. It opened with a spring clasp, and revealed a bulky mass of papers. His agitated fingers wandered among these, leaving wet marks upon them, until at last he selected one from the rest, opened it, and laid it upon the table before Pole. I looked at Pole's face, and saw a sudden dreadful change in it. He glanced from the paper to Goldsmith, from Goldsmith to me, and back to the paper again, like a man dazed by a blow upon the head. Then recovering, he took the paper—a long blue slip—in both hands, and stared at it for a minute. After this he stretched it out to me, saying nothing.

Goldsmith's strained manner, and Pole's extraordinary reception of the document, had prepared me to find curious matter in it, but I had not in the least expected what I saw. It was a copy of the certificate of the death of Adelaide Pole. I looked at the date, and saw that the event had happened a week ago.

"She seeba," said Goldsmith, who was more moved than I should have fancied possible about such a matter, "to have gone off very quietly at the finish, poor thing."

I glanced at the certificate again, and saw that spinal injury and shock were assigned as the causes of death. Pole took the paper from my fingers, and sat down, as if to study it. The certificate rustled in his hands, and in a little while he laid it on the table and looked up at Goldsmith.

"How is it," he asked, "that I did not learn of this before?"

Goldsmith, before answering, turned over the papers from his pocket-book and selected another from amongst them. His hands were trembling more than ever, and his face was curiously mottled.

"I was in the country when the thing took place, Bister Pole," he said in a choked voice, "I was goig about from one town to another on business, and my letters got delayed. I didn't hear of the melancholy circubstance till four days after it occurred. Then I dispatched this telegram to my chief clerk. I only got back to town this morning. I thought it was best to bring the news personally."

Pole took the telegram the little Jew extended to him, and having glanced over it, handed it to me. It ran thus: "Moss, 215, Hatton Garden. From Goldsmith, Chester. Let funeral be decently conducted. Will myself communicate with husband."

"This," said Goldsmith, fumbling anew amongst his papers and selecting a third

document, "is the certificate of burial. I don't know, Bister Pole, whether you'd care to have any sort of memorial set up, or whether you'll take that into your own hands?"

His voice grew more muffled and tremulous as he spoke, and he had some ado to gather up the papers he had scattered about the table. I had never expected to find such signs of sensibility in the man, and I thought that his emotion did him credit. It was quite possible that he might have supposed Mrs. Pole to be a deeply injured woman, and that in the course of the services he had rendered her he had grown to be a partisan. The poor thing had no doubt told her story to her own advantage, had exculpated herself, and cast all blame upon her husband. That, of course, was natural, and it was not unnatural that Goldsmith should have believed in her, and have been shocked and grieved at her sudden and early death. He must at least, I thought, have cared vastly more for her than the ordinary solicitor cares for an ordinary client.

He had gathered his belongings together, and stood prepared to go. Pole had risen to his feet, and was walking slowly and thoughtfully up and down the room.

"There's a mere matter of business, Bister Pole," said Goldsmith haltingly, "if I might bodtion it at such a tibe. I've sent your cheque for Mrs. Pole's quarterly income to my bankers in the ordinary course. The poor lady only drew on me for a fortnight, and there'll be something left when everything is paid. I'll send in my account, and a cheque for the balance. I wish you good afternoon, Bister Pole—good afternoon, Bister Denham."

We both returned his parting salutation, and Pole's voice had a tone of unusual gentleness in it, almost of apology. The little Jew went his way and we were left to ourselves.

For a long time not a word was spoken—I dare say, indeed, that we sat in silence for an hour. Pole had mechanically taken up his book again, and sat staring at the open pages; but he never turned a leaf. When at last he looked up at me his eyes were moist, and there was a softened look in his face.

"Jack," he said, "will you come out with me?"

I answering in the affirmative, he promised to join me in five minutes, and I went downstairs to my own rooms, and there made ready for out-of-doors. It was raining in torrents still when we turned out upon Holborn. Pole hailed a cab, and gave the cabman instructions to drive to the cemetery at Kensal Green. The rain pelted down monotonously, racing in little rivulets down the glass before us, and blotting out the landscape of the streets. We were both unusually subdued, and neither had anything to say to the other. It was too early after the receipt of the news to experience anything of that sense of relief which it was ultimately bound to bring, and for my own part I should have resented any such sensation in myself as an impiety. I thought of the poor creature's threat to Pole, "I will make your life a burden to you," and I reflected on its futility, and on the uncertainty of all human promise, whether for good or evil. Her life must needs have been profoundly wretched to have left such an impress on her face as I remembered. The certificate of death gave her age at twenty-eight years. I had supposed her to be much older, for the set scorn and hatred and hard misery of her face seemed scarcely possible for one so young. Looking back upon the face as I remembered it, it was evident that it had once been superbly handsome. I thought of youth and beauty defaced and ruined by self-will and the one vice to which the unhappy woman had clung, and now that she was gone, and could work no evil any more, I pitied that brief life-tragedy profoundly. I knew—there was no need of words between us—that Pole's thoughts ran in the same channel as my own. Once, his hand falling accidentally upon mine, he clasped it very strongly and firmly; but that was the only sign that was made on either side.

We reached the cemetery, and having made inquiries at the lodge as to the whereabouts of the grave, we walked towards it. The rain-soaked mound of newly-turned earth looked very raw and desolate. There is nothing in the world so desolate to look at as a new-made grave. I have looked on many since that day, and some of them have covered the remains of those who have been very dear to me, yet I have never felt the sense so clearly.

We turned away in silence and went home. The man at the lodge stood sheltered from the rain in his own doorway, and looked at us, I thought, a little callously. Yet, of course, it was no affair of his, and usage makes the griefs of others of little weight to us.

In my affection for Pole, and in the ardour with which I espoused his cause, I had gone as near to hating that unhappy wife of his as I had ever gone to hating anybody. But

now that she could work no more mischief, my thoughts softened towards her. In the course of a day or two Pole began to talk about her in a chastened way, and it became evident that he had once held a very real affection for her. He told me, bit by bit, the whole story of their separation. It is not necessary to repeat it here, and there are too many cases like it in the world to make it novel enough to be worth the telling. The sordid, miserable history of drink and an ungovernable temper, the sorriest, meanest, ugliest of tragedies, a tale worth no man's relating and no man's hearing. He told it gently and with pity, and when it was once told we closed the page which held the story, and resolved (as we thought) to turn back to it no more.

My friend charged me with the performance of the last dues of respect, and went down to Worborough Court, leaving me alone in London. I followed the instructions he left with me, and in the meantime his letters bore but one allusion to the event of his wife's death. "Lord Worborough," he wrote, "was relieved at the news I had to give him, and I sincerely believe that the mere fact of this grief being lifted from his mind may add a year or two to his life. He has taken an extraordinary liking to me, and I could find it in my heart to wish that we had known each other longer. I shall probably spend most of my time with him now, for the old boy clings to me, and he is really such a fine and noble old fellow that I am almost as fond of him as he of me. He suffers a great deal, but he is very game about it, and altogether he is the very finest specimen of the fine old English gentleman it has been my luck to encounter anywhere. I hope he'll flourish for many a day to come."

It is not good to think of the death of any human creature being hailed, no matter with what inward reluctance, as a relief, but Mrs. Pole's departure lifted a dreadful shadow from the hearts of those who had been most concerned with her, and it would have been a sheer hypocrisy to have professed to mourn her. To forgive, and then, as speedily as might be, to forget, was all she could have asked from the world.

Six or seven weeks later, when the skies had cleared, and the long-deferred early summer was upon us, shining with such a splendour as half obliterated the memory of cold and storm, I paid a second and a final visit to the cemetery at Kensal Green. I had a companion—a companion too light and young for a visit to that home of mournful memories. But Clara and I had spoken so often of Pole's freedom, and in the mind of each there was so evident a result to spring from it, that she had grown as interested as I myself was; and when I made that final, necessary visit to the place to see that Pole's injunctions had been properly fulfilled, she needed little persuasion to accompany me.

When I had last seen the place it had seemed the very home of desolation; but now, with the bright May sunshine and the bright May flowers, and the chirping of innumerable birds, it had another aspect, and seemed to speak with a voice of tender reconciliation to the inevitable doom. God's Acre!

The grave was neatly railed. The new-laid turf was bright and green, and flowers shone above it and diffused their gentle odours. The stone bore a simple inscription—"In Memory of Adelaide Pole"—then the date of death and the age, and below the three words, "Here is Rest!" Rest was possible for the living as well as for the dead, and I suppose that Pole had chosen that brief inscription with some eye to its double meaning.

As we had walked together I had related to Clara, as far as I could do without shocking her, the story Pole had told me. She had been very strongly prejudiced against him, and had been more inclined to champion the wife's cause than the husband's. I had ventured to hint shyly of my certainty of Pole's affections for Miss Delamere, and I went so far as to indicate my belief that the affection was returned. We were both saddened and solemnised by our visit to the place, and yet there was a sense of our own affection in our minds. My wife has told me, long ago, that she was certain even before that day of my love for her, and I remember well a sort of trembling certainty of hers. We walked about the place of graves in the sunshine with our own hearts beating to that eternal, beautiful tune to whose music the whole world marches. It was more solemn than it often sounds, and gentler, but it sounded all the same.

I pleaded Pole's cause with her. It was unlikely that he would speak for a long time to come, but I begged her not to use any influence she might have with Miss Delamere against him.

"If she cares for him," I urged, "you can only grieve her, but can never change her mind." And, standing before the tombstone, I appealed to her. "There is rest here," I said. "Let the living have rest as well."

She answered in a subdued voice,

"I believe that Mary cared for him before she knew of his unhappy marriage. I believe that she will never care for anybody else. I am quite sure that nothing any one could say could alter her, for she is not a girl to be moved by anybody's words."

"Then, at least," I answered, "you will say nothing that could give her pain. There is no higher-minded, nobler-hearted man in the world than Pole."

"Why should I say a word to hurt her?" she asked me. "She is the dearest friend I have in the world."

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

I.—THE NEWT POND.

EVERY spring, in the breezy days when the primroses and marsh-marigolds begin to blossom, one of our earliest little outings of the season is to the shallow newt ponds that nestle in the hollows of Holmwood Common. They lie in a row, some five or six of them together, mere dips or depressions in the stiff clay of the upland, dry in summer or in times of serious drought, but full to the brim in rainy weather, when they harbour a rich and luscious aquatic vegetation of pepperwort, purslane, and floating water-crowfoot. Among the long and placid branches of those streaming weeds, beneath the pretty white blossoms that just loll in oriental laziness upon the surface of the pool, thousands of tiny black tadpoles in densely-packed masses live and move and have their being. Talk about the rookeries in our great towns, indeed! those human ant-hills are as nothing compared with the seething, squirming, slimy phalanx of wee flat-tailed things, fifty or a hundred to the square inch, that roll and wriggle and push and pout, one above another, by myriads together in that live soup of bustling tadpoles. The "struggle for existence," of which we hear so much, is here reduced to its simplest elements. All round the shallow edges the tiny creatures swarm so thick that the water on top positively seethes and bubbles, as if it were boiling fast, with the minute beads of carbonic acid gas set free in their breathing by all those serried multitudinous squadrons of small and lively gill-bearing myrmidons. In the deeper water near the centre of the ponds, the great crested newt and its smaller congeners lie calmly sprawling at full length on the bottom, interspersed with an occasional parent frog; while in and out upon the surface of the pool a larger tadpole skims at times among the beetles and water-spiders that dance and flit like imps from fairy-land upon the calm level.

Here, then, we have in full perfection all the special conditions which go to make up the actual progress from the gill-bearing, water-breathing, limbless fish to the lung-bearing and air-breathing terrestrial animal. That miracle of nature, recapitulated here for our edification in a single generation, takes place in the pond before our very eyes, and casts a flood of light upon many allied phenomena in the history of life in remote ages; for each of these wriggling little fish-like tadpoles (bar accidents, neither few nor far between) will grow up in due time, unless otherwise disposed of, to be a four-footed frog, a peer and kinsman of the true land-born lung-bearing lizards.

For under what conditions alone must the transition from aquatic to terrestrial life almost necessarily first take place? Clearly, just under those very conditions of land and water which we see obtaining here in full perfection in the Holmwood newt ponds. It will take place originally in shallow sheets of water which dry up regularly under stress of weather for a large part of the year. The fishes and other water-breathing animals which inhabit permanent rivers, lakes, and seas have little temptation (so to speak) to acquire legs, and to begin walking about incontinently upon the dry land. But shallow ponds, dry in summer or in the rainless season, exist in abundance in hollows and depressions all the world over. Now, since they exist, they are pretty sure to get stocked in the long run with more or less numerous aquatic creatures, because the world is everywhere so over-peopled that pressure of population causes life to overflow on all sides into every spot where life in any form is physically possible. Witness the subterranean blind fishes of caves, the deep-sea creatures dredged up from the farthest recesses of the Atlantic, and the teeming population of the Arctic seas. And if aquatic animals are ever to live in such ponds at all, they must of course be capable somehow of continuing life during the unfavourable period when their original home has run dry, or rather

been emptied by evaporation. Hence, all over the world, we find in such shallow temporary ponds and puddles a special fauna of amphibious creatures, many of them of great structural interest, which have thus practically solved the problem how to live in water or out of water according as time and circumstances demand. Only those species which have so solved this inevitable crux of their situation can ever continue to exist at all; the rest must infallibly die off when the annual drying up deprives them of their ordinary means of existence.

The tadpoles, of course, begin life as spawn —big jelly-like masses of round transparent eggs, each with a tiny black speck or nucleus showing through in the centre, the earliest germ of the future frog. If you watch these germs in their slow development, you will see that each gradually acquires a wee head and tail, and emerges at last from the slowly-absorbed jelly-bag as a tiny limbless swimming creature. It has big branching gills, very delicate and ramifying, on each side of its throat, by whose means it extracts the floating oxygen dissolved scantily in the water about it. But as it grows and grows, it acquires with age a more consistent substance and decided form, its little body becoming fat and round and faintly frog-like, and its long tail showing a sort of intermediate type between the rudder shape of the fish and the lizard model. In process of time, a pair of little hind legs begin to bud out in soft outline from its smooth black sides, and then a pair of fore-legs, which rapidly assume a more distinctly froggy character. Its head meanwhile acquires a more decided and intelligent aspect, with inquisitive eyes of the higher type, no longer covered by a fold of transparent skin, and only the long tail remains to suggest the little animal's fish-like origin. But hour by hour the tail now gets shorter, being slowly absorbed by the remainder of the body; and in the fulness of time, the remodelled creature quits the water and steps on dry land in the accomplished dignity of perfect froghood.

What is the meaning of these various changes? To what ancestral history do they seem to bear witness? Well, in his earliest stage of life the primitive tadpole is simply and essentially a true fish, and his structure is adapted in every particular to his aquatic existence. He has gills to breathe with, and a beak to eat with, and a tail to swim with, and he recalls in many of his constructive points the very lowliest and humblest of fishes. But as time goes on, the ancestral pedigree of his race begins to recapitulate itself, chapter by chapter, in his tiny person. At the place where the fore and hind fins ought to be, vague rudiments of legs peep slowly forth in anticipation of his coming terrestrial avatar. The tail disappears, the face shortens, the gills atrophy, and in their place the tadpole produces a pair of true lungs, which represent and are developed in place of the swim-bladders, or air-sacs, of his piscine relations. He is thus adapted to hop about at will on dry land, and to breathe the free oxygen of the surrounding atmosphere, instead of merely the small and precarious quantity of that life-sustaining gas dissolved in the stagnant water of his native pond. And observe how accurately each organ answers to the special medium with which it has to deal. The gills or branchiæ are intended to absorb stray particles of oxygen from the water about, and therefore they are disposed in endless thread-like ramifying branches, much after the manner of a piece of floating seaweed, so as to catch and drink in whatever casual atoms may happen, by accident, to pass that way: the lungs are intended to absorb oxygen in large quantities from that vast and oceanic storehouse, the atmosphere, and so they are composed of endless internal cells where the blood courses through round the thin walls, and are provided with a regular muscular apparatus for inspiring air and expiring the waste carbonic acid and water.

Look aside for a moment, by way of analogy, at the water-crowfoot, whose pretty white flowers diversify the surface of the pond close by, and you will the better understand the nature of this difference in structure and function between gills and lungs. See, I pull a piece of it, stem and leaves and all, from the mud on the bottom, and hold it up dripping here in the broad sunlight. You will observe at once that this curious crowfoot has two totally different types of foliage on the same stem; so different, in fact, that if you had not seen them growing here side by side, or rather one above another, on a single plant, you would have taken them separately, without any doubt, for the leaves of two widely distinct and dissimilar species. The lower leaves are submerged and seaweed like, cut up all over into endless threads, and divisions, and segments, as thin as hairs, which wave freely in the water below: the upper leaves float expanded, like a water lily's, upon the calm surface, and are fully exposed above to the free impact of the air and sun; these last are large and round, and quite

undivided, resembling far more closely the foliage of the beautiful marsh-marigold, their distant cousin, than that of their own submerged and much-dissected branches. Now, the analogy here to gills and lungs is quite obvious. The water-crowfoot is in the truest sense of the word an amphibious plant; it unites in itself, as it were, the tadpole and the frog, some of its leaves remaining always permanently under water, and being therefore constructed on the gill-like pattern, while others are designed to float upon the surface, and are therefore built rather on the model of lungs. The task of both is to absorb and utilise the carbonic acid exhaled by the tadpoles and other animal denizens of their native pond; but the submerged leaves are adapted for absorbing small quantities of the gas dissolved in the water, and are therefore provided with long hair-like processes, which wave up and down everywhere in search of the diffused and scanty material, while the floating leaves are adapted for absorbing it in larger quantities from the free atmosphere, and therefore display a large, flat, uniform absorbent surface, every part of which is bathed from moment to moment by the open air with its abundant store of carbonic nutriment.

There are animals as truly amphibious in their way as the water-crowfoot itself—animals which unite in their own persons, and at the self-same moment, the two modes of breathing, by gills and lungs. Such creatures best of all illustrate for us the gradual transition from aquatic to terrestrial life. It is now believed by most competent biologists, indeed, that all life had its earliest origin in shoal water or along the shallow belt of the coast lines, and only gradually spread in either direction, towards the deep sea on the one hand and the dry land on the other. In this last-named transition, from shore to soil, rivers, pools, and temporary ponds appear to have acted as the intermediate stepping-stones. In tropical countries especially, where the hot summer dries up so many streams and sheets of water, there are numerous examples of creatures thus admirably adapted to a double mode of life. Several pond snails, for example, of equatorial countries can come out of their native puddles when the sun has dried the water up, and walk about on the baked earth, or at any rate hibernate (or rather æstivate) in the dry and gaping mud which forms the bottom of their waterless pool. But more interesting cases are those of the fish and amphibians most nearly allied to the frogs and newts, because here we can apparently trace a gradual succession of historical forms, which seem to some extent to represent for us still the story of the development of terrestrial life from aquatic creatures in remote ages, much as the frog recapitulates in his own person the entire series at a single conspectus.

Most curious and important of these truly amphibious and ancient creatures is the West African mud-fish, lepidosiren, which inhabits the shallow pools and broads of the Gambia or its tributaries, and is noticeable as one of the most remarkable links between the true fish on the one hand, and the frogs, newts, and lizards on the other. The rice-fields and marshes where the mud-fish passes its happy days in grubbing under water, dry up entirely during the rainless season; and if the creature were provided with gills alone, it must of course die from that familiar cause, "want of breath," during the tropical summer. But to meet this annual contingency of its habitat, the mud-fish's swim-bladder has been developed into a pair of serviceable lungs, assuming for the purpose a highly spongy and cellular arrangement, and taking in oxygen by deep draughts exactly (in principle) as we ourselves and other air-breathing animals do, though by a somewhat different arrangement of the nostrils and passages. Thus provided, the mud-fish retires into summer quarters in a hole or nest which it excavates for itself in the soft clay, and there sleeps away the next few months, breathing for the time being with its lungs only, till the wet season returns at last to set it free from its prison, and to damp its gills once more with welcome moisture. Mud-fish are common objects in most European aquariums, because the clay around their birthplace hardens while they are æstivating into a sort of solid ball or large cocoon; and in this state they can be easily dug up from the soil of the rice-fields by the enterprising native, fish and all inside, and shipped, all alive, like mummies in their cases, by steamer to Europe. Of course, when the fish thus retires to his nest, he leaves a little hole or pipe open at either end to enable him to breathe, and thus secures, during his long sleep, the needful supply of pure oxygen.

It is interesting to note, too, as a foreshadowing of the tendency towards a terrestrial existence, that the fins of the mud-fish are elongated and narrowed into something that closely resembles a leg or walking limb. The barramunda of Queensland, another amphibious fish, nearly allied to the lepidosiren,

actually goes so far as to walk on dry land from time to time with these rudimentary legs, and to feed on the foliage of plants by the riverside. Altogether, these two strange creatures and their congeners, with their quaint combination of gills and lungs in the same body, and their other adaptations to a double-faced existence, form a marvellous connecting link between the very ancient class of ganoid fishes on the one hand, and the frogs, salamanders, and reptiles on the other.

Most truly amphibious of all, however, are the small group of newt-like creatures, chiefly inhabitants of caves and subterranean waters, to which the proteus, the sirens, and a few other salamandrian creatures specially belong. These very antique animals, spared for us here and there by the struggle for life, in certain exceptional outlying places, where competition has been on the whole less keen, and where highly amphibious habits are necessitated by the circumstances, help once more to bridge over the gap between the mud-fish or the barramunda below, and the frogs, toads, newts, and salamanders in ascending order. In shape, they closely resemble the newt; they belong systematically to the newt and frog tribe; they have real legs, with toes and joints; but they retain throughout life both gills and lungs, and they are quite equally at home, in every respect, on land or in the water.

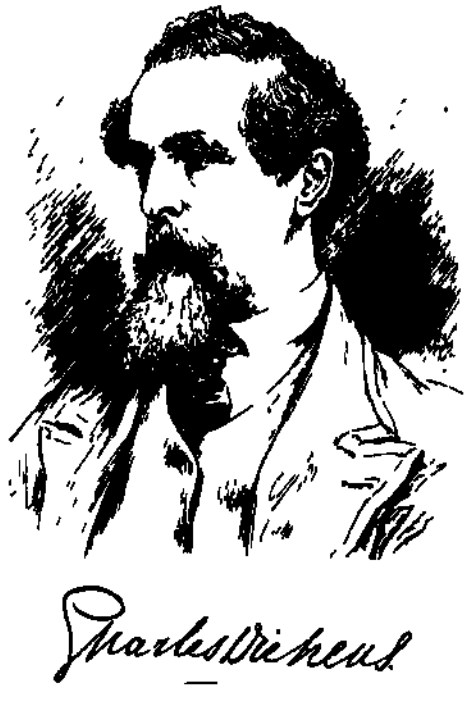
Newts like the crested species of our Holmwood ponds represent for us, it would appear, the next stage of development in the upward progress towards terrestrial existence. These lithe and long-tailed lizard-like creatures begin life as tadpoles, with gills alone, and later in life acquire lungs, by whose means they are enabled to range on dry land at will, when their native ponds dry up for the summer. But they never lose their flat and rudder-like tails at all; they are far better adapted for an aquatic than for a truly terrestrial existence; and as a matter of fact they pass by far the greater part of their days in the water, only retiring to cool holes or crannies, or even to the cellars and basements of houses, when long drought turns them rudely out of their proper element. Their more advanced and highly-evolved neighbours, the salamanders, on the other hand, have acquired more markedly terrestrial habits. These land-going newts remain in the water only during their gill-bearing tadpole stage; as soon as they arrive at weeks of discretion, they go on shore permanently, and never approach their native pond again till they return to deposit in it their own brood of tadpoles. Accordingly, the salamanders, in their adult condition, have lost the flattened and expanded character of the tail which so well befits their swimming cousins, the newts; their body has become cylindrical or rounded at its end, like a lizard's, in adaptation to their more strictly terrestrial and often rocky habitat. Last of all, the frogs and toads, highest of their kind, who progress by hopping not by walking, have got rid of the tail altogether in the mature form, as its size and position would render it a mere useless dead-weight and obstruction to creatures of so special a mode of locomotion. It persists only in the tadpole stage to aid in swimming, and to point out to us still the gradual stream of upward evolution by which, as modern science fondly believes, the frogs and toads have been finally developed from a primitive fish-like and aquatic ancestor.

Viewed from this developmental point of view, it is interesting to observe how the infancy and adolescence of the individual frog accurately repeats for us, as it were, the various steps in the slow evolution of its whole kind from some unknown and pre-historic progenitor. The tiny tadpole is not only a fish, but also distinctively a fish of a very early and antique type, showing close analogies to the most ancient known form of vertebrate animal, the boneless lancelet, as well as to the larva of those curious sac-like molluscan creatures, the ascidians or sea-squirts, presumed degenerate descendants of the oldest undeveloped ancestral vertebrate. As it grows, however, its gills and other characteristics become more truly fish-like, and it feeds entirely in this early stage on vegetable matter, like its piscine relatives, the barramunda and the other amphibious forms of ganoids. But as the season for the drying up of the ponds approaches, it takes to itself lungs, with a peculiar mode of breathing through the nostrils by the aid of the tongue; it gradually repeats the ancestral stages in the acquisition of legs; its eyes push through the skin to the surface; it hops ashore, a full-fledged frog; and its beak giving place to true carnivorous jaws, it feeds henceforth exclusively upon its later diet of insects, slugs, and other animal matter. The common English frog thus appears to sum up for us, in a single generation, a series of most marvellous historical changes which it must probably have taken its remote ancestors whole geological ages to pass through in long succession.

DICKENS.

By ANDREW LANG.

"I CANNOT read Dickens!" How many people make this confession, with a front of brass, and do not seem to know how poor a figure they cut! George Eliot says that a difference of taste in jokes is a great cause of domestic discomfort. A difference of taste in books, when it is decided and vigorous, breaks many a possible friendship, and nips a young liking in the bud. I would not willingly seem intolerant. A man may dislike Sophocles, many speak disrespectfully of Virgil, and even sneer at Herodotus, and yet may be endured. But he or she (it is usually she) who contemns Scott and "cannot read Dickens," is a person with whom I would fain have no further converse. If she be a lady, and if one meets her at dinner, she must of course be borne with, and "suffered gladly." But she has dug a gulf that nothing can bridge; she may be fair, clever, and popular, but she is Anathema. I feel towards her (or him when he wears a beard) as Bucklaw did towards the person who should make inquiries about that bridal night of Lammermoor.



But this admission does not mean that one is sealed of the tribe of Charles—that one is a Dickensaite pure and simple, convinced and devout—any more than Mr. Matthew Arnold is a Wordsworthian. Dickens has many such worshippers, especially (and this is an argument in favour of the faith) among those who knew him in his life. He must have had a wonderful charm; for his friends in life are his literary partisans, his uncompromising partisans, even to this day. They will have no half-hearted admiration, and scout him who tries to speak of Dickens as of an artist not flawless, no less than they scorn him who cannot read Dickens at all. At one time this honourable enthusiasm (as among the Wordsworthians) took the shape of "endless imitation." That is over; only here and there is an imitator of the master left in the land. All his own genius was needed to carry his mannerisms; the mannerisms without the genius were an armour that no devoted David had proved, nor could wear with success.

Of all great writers since Scott, Dickens is probably the man to whom the world owes most gratitude. No other has caused so many sad hearts to be lifted up in laughter, no other has added so much mirth to the toilsome and perplexed life of men, of poor and rich, of learned and unlearned. "A vast hope has passed across the world," says Alfred de Musset; we may say that with Dickens a happy smile, a joyous laugh, went round this earth. To have made us laugh so frequently, so inextinguishably, so kindly—that is his great good deed. It will be said, and with a great deal of truth, that he has purged us with pity and terror as well as

with laughter. But it is becoming plain that his command of tears is less than of old, and I cannot honestly regret that some of his pathos, not all, by any means, is losing its charm and its certainty of appeal. Dickens's humour was rarely too obvious; it was essentially personal, original, quaint, unexpected, and his own. His pathos was not infrequently derived from sources open to all the world, and capable of being drawn from by very commonplace writers. Little Nells and Dombeys, children unhappy, overthrown early in the *mêlée* of the world, and dying among weeping readers, no longer affect us as they affected another generation. Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the author of "Misunderstood," once made some people weep like anything by these simple means. Ouida can do it; plenty of people can do it. Dickens lives by virtue of what none but he can do; by virtue of Sairey Gamp, and Sam Weller, and Dick Swiveller, and Mr. Squeers, with a thousand other old friends, of whom we can never weary. No more than Cleopatra's can custom stale *their* infinite variety.

I do not say that Dickens's pathos is always of the too facile sort, which plays round children's death-beds. Other pathos he has, more fine and not less genuine. It may be morbid and contemptible to feel "a great inclination to cry" over David Copperfield's boyish infatuation for Steerforth, but I feel it. Steerforth was a "tiger," as Major Pendennis would have said, a tiger with his curly hair and his ambrosial whiskers. But when a little boy loses his heart to a big boy he does not think of this. Traddles thought of it. "Shame, J. Steerforth!" cried Traddles, when Steerforth bullied the usher. Traddles had not lost his heart, nor set up the big boy as a god in the shrine thereof. But boys do these things; most of us have had our Steerforths; tall, strong, handsome, brave, good-humoured. Far off across the years I see the face of such an one, and remember that emotion which is described in "David Copperfield," chap. xix., towards the end of the chapter. I don't know any other novelist who has touched this young and absolutely disinterested belief of a little boy in a big one, touched it so kindly and seriously, that is; there is a hint of it in "Dr. Birch's School Days."

But Dickens is always excellent in his boys, of whom he has drawn dozens of types, all capital. There is Tommy Traddles, for example. And how can people say that Dickens could not draw a gentleman? The boy who shouted, "Shame, J. Steerforth!" was a gentleman, if one may pretend to have an opinion about a theme so difficult. The Dodger and Charley Bates are delightful boys, especially Bates. Pip, in the good old days, when he was the prowling boy, and fought Herbert Pocket, was not less attractive; and Herbert himself, with his theory and practice of the art of self-defence—could Nelson have been more brave, or Shelley (as in Mr. Matthew Arnold's opinion) more "ineffectual?" Even the boys at Dotheboys Hall are each of them quite distinct. Dickens's boys are almost as dear to me as Thackeray's—as little Rawdon himself. There is one exception. I cannot interest myself in Little Dombey. Little David Copperfield is a jewel of a boy with a turn for books. Doubtless he is created out of Dickens's memories of himself as a child. Can anything be more true than the picture of the little fellow going about armed with part of a broken bootjack, like Captain Somebody of his Majesty's navy, beset by savages, and determined to sell his life at a great price? That is true pathos again, and not overwrought, when David is sent to Creakle's, and his poor troubled mother dare hardly say farewell to him.

And this brings us back to that debatable thing—the pathos of Dickens—from which one has been withdrawn by the attractions of his boys. Little Dombey is a prize example of his pathos. Little Nell is another. Jeffrey, of the *Edinburgh Review*, who criticised "Marmion" and the "Lady of the Lake" so vindictively, shed tears over Little Nell. It is a matter of taste, or as Mr. Grant Allen might say, of the lachrymal glands as developed in each individual. But the lachrymal glands of this individual are not developed in that direction. Little Dombey and Little Nell leave me with a pair of dry eyes. I do not "melt visibly" over Little Dombey, like the weak-eyed young man who took out his books and trunk to the coach. The poor little chap was feeble and feverish, and had dreams of trying to stop a river with his childish hands or to choke it with sand. It may be very good pathology, but I cannot see that it is at all right pathos. One does not like copy to be made out of the sufferings of children or of animals. One's heart hardens at once; the object is too manifest, the trick is too easy. Conceive a child of Dombey's age remarking, with his latest breath, "Tell them that the picture on the stairs at school is not Divine enough!" That is not the delirium of infancy, that is art-

criticism; it is the *Athenæum* on Mr. Holman Hunt. It is not true to nature, it is not good in art; it is the kind of thing that appears in Sunday-school books about the virtuous little boy who died. There is more true pathos in many a page of "Huckleberry Finn." Yet this is what Jeffrey gushed over. "There has been nothing like the actual dying of that sweet Paul." So much can age enfeeble the intellect, and he who had known Scott, and yet nibbled at his fame, descended to admiring the feeblest of false sentiment. As for Little Nell, who also has caused floods of tears to be shed, her case is sufficiently illustrated by the picture in the first edition ("Master Humphrey's Clock," 1840, p. 210).

"'When I die
Put near me something that has loved the light,
And had the sky above it always.' Those
Were her words."

"Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell was dead!"

The pathos is about as good as the prose, and *that* is blank verse. Are the words in the former quotation in the least like anything that a little girl would say? A German sentimentalist might have said them; Obermann might have murmured them in his weaker moments. Let us try a piece of domestic pathos by another hand. It is the dawn of Waterloo.

"Heart-stained and shame-stricken, he stood at the bed's foot, and looked at the sleeping girl. How dared he—who was he to pray for one so spotless! God bless her! God bless her! He came to the bedside, and looked at the hand, the little soft hand, lying asleep, and he bent over the pillow noiselessly towards the gentle pale face. Two fair arms closed tenderly round his neck as he stooped down. 'I am awake, George,' the poor child said with a sob."

I know I am making enemies of a large proportion of the readers of this page. "Odious sneering beast!" is the quotation which they will apply, perhaps unconscious of its origin, to a critic who is humble but would fain be honest, to a critic who thinks that Dickens has his weak places, and that his pathos is one of these. It cannot be helped. Each of us has his author who is a favourite, a friend, an idol, whose immaculate perfection he maintains against all comers. For example, things are urged against Scott; I receive them in the attitude of the deaf adder of St. Augustine, who stops one ear with his tail and presses the other against the dust. The same with Molière: M. Scherer utters complaints against Molière! He would not convince me, even if I were convinced. So, with regard to Dickens, the true believer will not listen, he will not be persuaded. But if any one feels a little shaken, let him try it another way. There is a character in M. Alphonse Daudet's "Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné"—a character who, people say, is taken bodily from Dickens. This is Désirée Delobelle, the deformed girl, the daughter of *un raté*, a pretentious imbecile actor. She is poor, deformed, industrious, toiling at a small industry; she is in love, is rejected, she tries to drown herself, she dies. The sequence of ideas is in Dickens's vein; but read the tale, and I think you will see how little the thing is overdone, how simple and unforced it is, compared with analogous persons and scenes in the work of the English master. The idiotic yell of "plagiarism" has been raised, of course, by critical *crétins*. M. Daudet, as I understand what he writes in "Trente Ans de Paris," had not read Dickens at all, when he wrote "Froment Jeune," certainly had not read "Our Mutual Friend." But there is something of Dickens's genius in M. Daudet's, and that something is kept much better in hand by the Frenchman, is more subordinated to the principles of taste and of truth.

On the other hand, to be done with this point, look at Delobelle, the father of Désirée, and compare him with Dickens's splendid strollers, with Mr. Vincent Crummles, and Mr. Lenville, and the rest. As in Désirée so in Delobelle, M. Daudet's picture is much the more truthful. But it is truthful with a bitter kind of truth. Now there is nothing not genial and delightful in Crummles and Mrs. Crummles and the Infant Phenomenon. Here Dickens has got into a region unlike the region of the pathetic, into a world that welcomes *charge* or caricature, the world of humour. We do not know, we never meet Crummles's quite so unsophisticated as Vincent, who is "not a Prussian," who "can't think who puts these things into the papers." But we do meet stage people who come very near to this *naïveté* of self-advertisement, and who are just as dismal as Crummles is delightful.

Here, no doubt, is Dickens's forte. Here his genius is all pure gold, in his successful studies or inventions of the humorous, of character parts. One literally does not know where to begin or end in one's admiration for this creative power that peopled our fancies with such troops of dear and impossible friends. "Pickwick" comes practically first, and he never surpassed "Pickwick." He was a poor story-teller, and in "Pickwick" he had no story to tell; he merely wandered at adventure in

that marrier England which was before railways were. "Pickwick" is the last of the stories of the road that begin in the wandering, aimless, adventurous romances of Greece, or in Petronius Arbiter, and that live with the life of "Gil Blas" and "Don Quixote," of "Le Roman Comique," of "Tom Jones" and "Joseph Andrews." These tales are progresses along highways bristling with adventure, and among inns full of confusion, Mr. Pickwick's affair with the lady with yellow curl-papers being a mild example. Though "Tom Jones" has a plot so excellent, no plot is needed here, and no consecutive story is required. Detached experiences, vagrants of every rank that come and go, as in real life, are all the material of the artist. With such materials Dickens was exactly suited; he was at home on high-road and lane, street and field-path, in inns and yeomen's warm, hospitable houses. Never an humour escaped him, and he had such a wealth of fun and high spirits in these glad days as never any other possessed before. He was not in the least a bookish man, not in any degree a scholar; but Nature taught him, and while he wrote with Nature for his teacher, with men and women for his matter, with diversion for his aim, he was unsurpassable, nay, he was unapproachable.

He could not rest here; he was, after all, a child of an age that grew sad, and earnest, and thoughtful. He saw abuses round him—injustice, and oppression, and cruelty. He had a heart to which those things were not only abhorrent, but, as it were, maddening. He knew how great an influence he wielded, and who can blame him for using it in any cause he thought good? Very possibly he might have been a greater artist if he had been less of a man, if he had been quite disinterested, and had never written "with a purpose." That is common, and even rather obsolete critical talk. But when one remembers that Fielding, too, very often wrote "with a purpose," and that purpose the protection of the poor and unfriended; and when one remembers what an artist Fielding was, I do not see how we can blame Dickens. Occasionally he made his art and his purpose blend so happily that his work was all the better for his benevolent intentions. We owe Mr. Squeers, Mrs. Squeers, Fanny Squeers, Wackford and all to Dickens's indignation against the nefarious school pirates of his time. If he is less successful in attacking the Court of Chancery, and very much less successful still with the Red Tape and Circumlocution Office affairs, that may be merely because he was less in the humour, and not because he had a purpose in his mind. Every one of a man's books cannot be his masterpiece. There is nothing in literary talk so annoying as the spiteful joy with which many people declare that an author is "worked out," because his last book is less happy than some that went before. There came a time in Dickens's career when his works, to my own taste, and that of many people, seemed laboured, artificial—in fact, more or less failures. These books range from "Dombey and Son," through "Little Dorrit," I dare not say to "Our Mutual Friend." One is afraid that "Edwin Drood" too suggests the malady which Sir Walter already detected in his own "Peveril of the Peak." The intense strain on the faculties of Dickens, as author, editor, reader, and man of the world, could not but tell on him, and years must tell. "Philip" is not worthy of the author of "Esmond," nor "Daniel Deronda" of the author of "Silas Marner." At that time—the time of the Dorrits and Dombeys—*Blackwood's Magazine* published a "Remonstrance with Boz," nor was it quite superfluous. But Dickens had abundance of talent still to display, above all in "Great Expectations" and "A Tale of Two Cities." The former is, after "Pickwick," "Copperfield," "Martin Chuzzlewit," and "Nicholas Nickleby," after the classics in fact, the most delightful of Dickens's books. The story is embroiled, no doubt. What are we to think of Estelle? Has the minx any purpose? Is she a kind of Ethel Newcome of odd life? It is not easy to say; still, for a story of Dickens's the plot is comparatively clear and intelligible. For a study of a child's life, of the nature Dickens drew best—the river and the marshes—and for plenty of honest explosive fun, there is no later book of Dickens's like "Great Expectations." Miss Havisham too, in her mouldy bridal splendour, is really impressive, not like Ralph Nickleby and Monk in "Oliver Twist," a book of which the plot remains to me a mystery. Pip and Pumblechook and Mr. Wopsle and Jo are all immortal, and cause laughter inextinguishable. The rarity of this book, by the way, in its first edition—the usual library three volumes—is rather difficult to explain. One very seldom sees it come into the market, and thus it is highly priced.

I have mentioned more than once the obscurity of Dickens's plots. This difficulty may be accounted for in a very flattering manner. Where do we lose ourselves? Not in the bare high-road, but among lanes,

between hedges hung with roses, blackberries, morning glories, where all about us is so full of pleasure that our attention is distracted, and we miss our way. Now in Dickens—in "Oliver Twist," in "Martin Chuzzlewit," in "Nicholas Nickleby," there is, as in the lanes, so much to divert and beguile, that we cease to care very much where the road leads—a road so full of happy marvels. These dark plotting villains, like the tramp who frightened Sir Walter Scott so terribly, as he came from Miss Baillie's at Hampstead—peer out from behind the hedges now and then. But we are too much amused by the light hearts that go all the way, by the Dodger and Crummles and Mrs. Gamp, to care much for what Ralph, and Monk, and Jonas Chuzzlewit are plotting. It may not be that the plot is so confused, but that we are too much diverted to care for the plot, for the incredible machinations of Uriah Heap, to choose another example. Mr. Micawber cleared these up; but it is Mr. Micawber that hinders us from heeding them.

This, at least, is a not unfriendly explanation. Yet I cannot but believe that, though Dickens took great pains with his plots, he was not a great plotter. He was not, any more than Thackeray, a story-teller first and foremost. We can hold in our minds every thread of Mr. Wilkie Collins's web, or of M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's, or of M. Gaboriau's, all great weavers of intrigues. But Dickens goes about darkening his intrigue, giving it an extra knot, an extra twist, hinting here, ominously laughing there, till we get mystified and bored, and give ourselves up to the fun of the humours, indifferent to the destinies of villains and victims. Look at "Edwin Drood." A constant war about the plot rages in the magazines. I believe, for one, that Edwin Drood was resuscitated, but it gives me no pleasure. He was too uninteresting. Dickens's hints, nods, mutterings, forebodings, do not at all impress one like that deepening and darkening of the awful omens in "The Bride of Lammermoor." Here Scott, unconsciously no doubt, used the very manner of Homer in the "Odyssey," and nowhere was his genius more Homeric. That was romance.

The "Tale of Two Cities" is a great test of the faith that is in Dickensites. Of all his works it is the favourite with the wrong sort! Ladies prefer it. Many people can read it who cannot otherwise read Dickens at all. This in itself proves that it is not a good example of Dickens, that it is not central, that it is an outlying province which he conquered. It is not a favourite of mine. The humour of the humorous characters rings false; for example, that of the resurrection man with the wife who "flops." But Sidney Carton has drawn many tears down cheeks not accustomed to what Mr. B. in "Pamela" calls "pearly fugitives."

It sometimes strikes one that certain weaknesses in our great novelists, in Thackeray as well as Dickens, were caused by the method of publication. The green and yellow leaves flourished on the trees for two whole years. Who (except Alexandre the Great) could write so much and yet all good? Do we not all feel that "David Copperfield" should have been compressed? As to "Pendennis," Mr. Thackeray's bad health when he wrote it might well cause a certain languor in the later pages. Moreover, he frankly did not care for the story and bluffly says, in the preface, that he respited Colonel Altamont almost at the foot of the gallows. Dickens took himself more in earnest, and, having so many pages to fill, conscientiously made Uriah Heap wind and wriggle through them all.

To try to see blots in the sun, and to pick holes in Dickens, seems ungrateful, and is indeed an ungrateful task; to no mortal man have more people owed mirth, pleasure, forgetfulness of care, knowledge of life in strange places. There never was such another as Charles Dickens, nor shall we see his like sooner than the like of Shakspeare. And he owed all to native genius and hard work; he owed almost nothing to literature, and that little we regret. He was influenced by Carlyle, he adopted his method of nicknames, and of hammering with wearisome iteration on some peculiarity, for example, on Carker's teeth, and the patriarch's white hair. By the way, how incredible is all the Carker episode in "Dombey." Surely Dickens can never have intended Edith, from the first, to behave as she did! People may have worried him, as they worried Scott about St. Ronan's Well. It has been said that, save for Carlyle, Dickens was in letters a self-taught artist, that he was no man's pupil, and borrowed from none. No doubt this makes him less acceptable to the literary class, than a man of letters like Thackeray, than a man in whose treasure chamber of memory all the wealth of the Middle Ages was stored, like Scott. But the native naked genius of Dickens, his heart, his mirth, his observation, his delightful high spirits, his intrepid loathing of wrong, his chivalrous desire to right it—these things will make him, for ever, we hope and believe, the darling of the English people.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

By CHARLES DIXON,

Author of "Rural Bird-Life," &c.

II.—IN SPRING.

SPRING! What a rich feast for the naturalist is embodied in that one little word! It means the awakening, as it were, into life of many forms of animals and birds and plants. It means unwonted activity in every domain of nature, a season of glad sounds and pleasant sights. The groves re-echo songs of gladness from countless feathered throats, insect life in endless variety sallies forth with incessant hum, flowers spring up like magic from every wood and hedgerow; each tree and bush shows signs of returning activity; and animals that have been lying snugly dormant through the wintry blasts come out into the world again and flit and leap about with joy.

In early spring the whole realm of nature seems like a restless sleeper about to awaken after the long winter's night. Every day the buds on trees and hedges expand more and more, and many a tiny shoot may be detected amongst the carpet of dead leaves. The hazel bushes are gay with tasselled ornaments; primroses cast their pale faces upwards from the mossy banks, snowdrops and daffodils carpet the woodland glades. The woods which in winter looked grey and net-like appear much more dense when viewed from a distance, and brown tints steal imperceptibly over them as the millions of tiny buds swell out.

As the days begin to lengthen great changes may be noticed among the birds. Perhaps the thrushes are the first to feel and foretell the advent of spring. Morning and evening their never-failing concert may be heard, varied occasionally with the storm-cock's loud refrain. Starlings may now be observed with drooping wings and puffed-out plumage, warbling merrily near their nesting-holes; a robin's nest in all its rustic beauty wins our admiration: the rooks have begun to build, after much noisy deliberation, in the tops of the tall, windy elms. As time goes on, and boisterous March has dried up the rills and fallows, and April comes once more with her fickle smiles of sunshine and her copious tears of rain, the migratory birds begin to make their appearance. First and foremost is the wheatear, a bird that frequents the stony grounds, old quarries, commons, and sheep-walks. Almost simultaneously we hear the monotonous notes of the chiffchaff from the woods; and a few days later the little willow wren steals silently back from his winter retreat in Africa to his summer quarters in the woods and gardens and lanes of our own country. Soon after arriving his sweet little song may be heard in almost every tree and bush, and a few weeks afterwards the pretty semi-domed nest is built amongst the brambles and tall herbage on some mossy bank, half hidden by anemones and nodding bluebells, in which the female lays half-a-dozen tiny white eggs, speckled with pale reddish brown.

One of the most marked characteristics of bird life in early spring is that it becomes more dispersed. In winter, as we have already seen, birds congregate in localities best able to supply them with food and shelter; but in spring they spread themselves over the entire country. Delicate little wagtails run daintily over the clods of earth and along the furrows in the wake of the plough; the lively yellow buntings are back again on the grass hedges; the meadow pipits leave the lowlands and seek the breezy moors where they rear their young. Lapwings, golden plovers and dunlins desert the coasts and mud flats and retire to inland mountain districts, the homely robins and noisy blackbirds leave the vicinity of houses where they have lived through the winter and go back to their old haunts in the woods and fields; the flocks of linnets and twites and redpoles disband and seek their summer quarters on moors and commons and in the fir plantations on the hillsides. The same changes may be observed amongst water fowl. Ducks and coots and moorhens return to the quiet ponds; gulls desert localities where they lived in thousands all the winter and visit their usual breeding places; and the great

Dipping the Plough

bird nurseries round the rocky coasts which have been practically deserted hitherto are once more full of their feathered tenants. From all parts of the surrounding seas they arrive in countless hosts—guillemots, puffins, razorbills, kittiwakes, gannets and fulmars—all moved by a common impulse to meet at the several trysting places. The divers leave the sea and retire to inland lochs as do also many oyster catchers and ringed plovers.

Right through the spring the migration of birds is going on apace. The vast army of geese and ducks and the hosts of Arctic waders which were driven south to our coasts last autumn, hurry back again to their breeding haunts in bright sunshine and gay with brilliant flowers where summer comes quickly and without almost any warning sign transforms the Arctic region into one vast array. We now miss the flocks of redwings on the pasture and the chattering fieldfares are heard no more amongst the hawthorns; they have sped north to the birch and fir forests on the slopes of the Swedish fells. The snow buntings have set out on their Arctic journey, some of them probably reaching the pole. But if we lose many of our little feathered friends others arrive to take their place. Early in April we welcome back the swallows and the martins, and by the middle of the month the cuckoo's note rings clearly out from the woods and groves. The

nightingale, the blackcap, the garden warbler, the white throat, and other soft-billed birds, arrive in full force, and take up their residence in the woods and gardens and hedgerows. By the end of April the cornerake is back again amongst the meadow grass and growing corn, and his monotonous cry is heard all day long, and often best part of the night, as he wanders from field to field in quest of his mate. Among the latest to arrive are the goatsucker, the turtle dove, the spotted flycatcher and the swift.

We must not let the spring go by without visiting some of the beautiful nests which are built at this season. Take first the sombre little hedge sparrow. Its beautiful home is

The kestrel's home.

often finished by the end of March, and is snugly placed amongst a heap of hedge clippings or brushwood. It is made of green moss lined thickly with hair, and wool, and feathers, and the few twigs and roots round the outside lend it a rustic beauty peculiarly its own. In this nest the hedge-sparrow lays five or six deep blue and spotless eggs. In a hole in some broken-down wall, or between the gnarled roots of a tree by the brook side, or amongst the ivy on a bank, the robin builds its bulky cradle of dead leaves, dry grass, moss, rootlets and hair, in which she lays her six white eggs thickly marbled with brown. Another nest that we are sure to come across in the orchards or the woods and hedges, is that of the chaffinch. No bird architecture in Europe equals in beauty that of this gay little bird. Sometimes the walls of the nest are studded with silver lichens, and often bits of paper, spiders' webs, cocoons, and scraps of bark are used to assimilate its colour with surrounding objects, with a view to its concealment. The blackbird's nest by the side of the stream, and the missel-thrush's high up in the forest trees, are also charming objects

to be met with during a spring ramble Nor must we forget to give the song thrush a call as we pass her nest in the lilac bushes Approach carefully and you will see the mother bird sitting quietly on her eggs, her head peeping over one side, her tail over the other, and as likely as not her bill wide open Perhaps she slips quietly off, or flutters away with harsh tumultuous cries, leaving her blue warm eggs lying temptingly in their hard cup, which is almost as smooth and round as if it had been turned on the potter's wheel

On the sides of the stream, where the water leaps from rock to rock in mad career and whirls round the stones, and past the deep banks, we may chance to meet with the domed nest of the dipper, snugly placed amongst the overhanging roots It is a strange and beautiful structure, made almost entirely of moss, which the spray keeps moist and green, and lined with dry grass and layers of dead leaves The eggs are pure white, and four or five in number A rookery at this time of the year is an interesting place to visit From dawn till dusk the rooks are busy building their nests in the tall trees and all day long an incessant chorus of cries is kept up Many birds are simply repairing their old nests others, not so fortunate, are building entirely new ones Some are flying to and from the adjoining fields with roots and turf others may be seen breaking twigs from the trees Towards the end of March the eggs are laid, but the busy scene loses none of its animation All is bustle and life until the young are safely reared and able to follow their parents to the pastures The woods are also made lively with birds In the quiet recesses, where man seldom treads, the shy jays and magpies are bringing up their families, using all their cunning to escape the vigilant gamekeepers In the holes of the decaying timber the titmice make their nests, and now and then the wryneck's whistle is heard, or the discordant crow of the cock pheasant as he marshals his harem around him in the evening's dusk The coveys of partridges have broken up into pairs, which may be seen here and there along the hedge row sides Higher up the hills, amongst the birch and larch woods, we shall meet with the handsome blackcock, and perchance catch a sight of his strange antics in the pairing season We must visit the pairing ground at dawn, and conceal ourselves amongst the surrounding vegetation Soon the birds make their appearance and without delay the tournament lists are opened

Battle after battle is fought and won, the rival males keeping up the conflict until all the victorious ones have paired Pheasants, being polygamous, also pair in much the same way, but the red grouse and the partridge are monogamous, and very probably mate for life

As the spring days get longer and warmer bird after bird begins domestic duties, each species contriving to hatch its young at the time when the food on which they are reared is most abundant Now we see the swallows

and the martins busy at their old nests, or building new ones. Bit by bit they attach their nests to the walls and beams and eaves, forming first a cup or shell of mud, which is warmly lined with hair, and grass, and feathers. The flycatchers may be observed in their old haunts, sitting on the bare branches and old stumps, from which they ever and anon sally out into the air to catch passing insects. Gay little winchats sit upon the tall hemlock stems in the grass meadows, and the tree pipit takes his upward flights from the tree-tops, singing as he goes; returning to his old perching-place to rest, and then soaring upwards again. The blue dome of heaven, across which the big white masses of fleecy cloud, eloquent of fine weather and calm, slowly drift, is resonant with the sky-lark's song. Bird-music is everywhere; and the crash of melody that comes with spring echoes and re-echoes through every nook and corner of the woods, and fields, and moors.

Before bidding adieu to the early breeding birds we must not fail to visit a colony of herons. We best associate this long-necked and long-legged bird with the water-side, standing as if lost in thought near the pool, patiently waiting for his meal of frogs and fish; but if when he unfolds his broad black wings and rises into the air, we follow him home we shall find that he makes his nest in a tree, where he also generally roosts, and where he is as much at home as any of the perching birds. Herons build in colonies, just like rooks, making their big flat nests of sticks and turf and roots, on the broad branches of the fir and other trees. The old birds may often be seen perched on the very topmost spike of a fir-tree, and very ungainly objects they look as they crane their long necks from side to side, and peer down through the foliage at the unwelcome intruders. The air is full of herons sailing about so buoyantly, and here and there you may hear the big birds crashing through the branches, either hastily leaving their nests or coming back to them. Their pale green eggs are laid in April, and when the young are hatched the scene becomes even more animated and interesting. Regularly as rooks, the old birds pass to and fro with food; and the ground under the nest-tree is strewn with broken eggshells, dead nestlings which have either fallen or been blown from the nests, and quantities of decaying fish. When they are partly fledged, and long before they can fly, the young birds climb out of the nests into the branches, using their beaks as well as their claws to assist them. Unfortunately the poor heron is a much persecuted bird, and its colonies are few and far between, and only in districts where man offers it his protection. It is cause for regret that our "last large bird" should bid fair to become extinct here as a breeding species, and share the same fate as the bustard, the spoonbill and the kite, which have long ceased to rear their young in this country.

Some birds, especially the owls, delay their nesting season until field-mice are plentiful. Another bird that nests late in spring, probably from the same cause, is the kestrel or windhover hawk. This interesting little bird never makes a nest for itself but takes possession of a deserted magpie's or crow's nest. Sometimes it lays its eggs in a hole in a cliff or ruin. Our charming picture well represents a kestrel's home in the latter situation. The six eggs are laid on whatever material may chance to be there, in this case a few dead fern fronds and bits of dry grass. The hen performs the greater part of the task of incubation, the cock keeping her regularly supplied with food. This pretty little hawk may easily be recognised, even at a distance, by its peculiar habit of suspending itself in the air on almost motionless wings, while it surveys the ground below. Few birds are more useful to man, its principal food consisting of mice and beetles. The bold and warlike sparrow-hawk also breeds late, so that its young can have a good supply of young birds and small mammals.

Let us now leave the woodlands and fields, and see what spring is like on the moors and mountains. On the mild genial days in May, we can stand and watch the snipes careering high in air, and listen to the peculiar drumming sound which they make when engaged in courtship. The jack snipe has left us for much higher latitudes, but the common snipe frequents some quiet bit of boggy ground near the moor, laying four richly marked pear-shaped eggs in a scanty nest under the shelter of a little willow bush or tuft of rushes. On the moors the cock red grouse are crowing from almost every little hillock, their heads being visible above the tall heather; and as we walk along they rise from our feet on whirring wing uttering their loud cries of *go-bac, go-bac, go-bac-bac-bac* with startling distinctness. The golden plovers and dunlins find a home congenial to their tastes in the marshes on the rough tablelands at the mountain tops; whilst the ring ouzel, fresh from southern lands, sits on the rocks and pipes his wild lay, viewing us

THE HERON'S NEST

all the time with suspicious glances. The twite rises startled from the tall heather, and on every bit of marshy ground the meadow pipit abounds. In the gorse coverts, now glowing in the sunlight like masses of burnished gold, the sweet-songed linnets make their nests and the gay stonechat sits and chants on the spiny branches. On the rough pastures the lapwings are breeding, and their eggs are eagerly sought by the country people, who send them to the markets, where they are sold as table delicacies. The merlins are back again in their accustomed summer haunts, waging relentless and incessant warfare on the small birds and weakly grouse. This dashing little falcon, the pluckiest of its race, returns unerringly to one particular spot, and nests year after year in one chosen place, this season's eggs being laid but a few feet from where those of last were hatched. A stray carrion crow may often be seen beating over the wastes in search of unprotected grouse nests; and here and there we come across a cuckoo intent on finding some meadow pipit's nest in which to stealthily insert her eggs while the rightful owner is absent. These upland solitudes are full of charms for the naturalist. They bring him face to face with nature in her unchanged aspects. Endless incidents as strange as they are interesting, and countless objects as novel as they are beautiful, are constantly crowding themselves before his observation. But we cannot stay longer here, we must conclude our spring ramble among the birds by a visit to some distant bird bazaars on the rock-bound coast.

A naturalist's first visit to a colony of sea-birds is a red-letter day in his experience; and no matter how many times his visits may be repeated, there always exist the same charm and the deeply absorbing interest of his first impressions. The writer has had the good fortune to visit most of the celebrated bird stations round the English and Scotch coasts, and his experiences of the stirring, vivid scenes are indelibly impressed on his memory. To see these bird colonies at their best, a visit should be paid when spring is fast merging into summer. It matters little which locality is chosen, all are full of interest; but certain birds, in many cases, confine themselves to particular districts. For instance, nowhere can the nesting economy of terns and gulls be better studied than at the Ferne Islands; in no other locality but St. Kilda can the British ornithologist watch the fulmars at their nests; whilst the Bass Rock must ever be associated with the gannet, and Flamboro' offers unusual facilities for observing guillemots and razorbills. On these latter rocks every available ledge is crowded with guillemots, and the crannies in the cliffs are tenanted by countless razorbills. Viewed from the sea these brave old cliffs present a wonderful sight. From all parts of the ledges birds are incessantly flying down to the sea; whilst the face of the rocks is almost hidden in places by the hordes of birds that are flying up and down. But the best place in this country to see the guillemot at home is on the "Pinnacles," a group of stack-like rocks at the Ferne Islands. They are some sixty feet high, and the flat table-like tops are one moving mass of birds. Our illustration represents one of these curious rocks, on which the guillemots may be seen, closely packed, each sitting on its solitary egg. When approached by human intruders the whole mass of birds hurry off, pouring from the edges in streams, helter-skelter into the boiling sea below, leaving the surface of the rock thickly strewn with their beautiful eggs of almost every conceivable hue. In the hurry of departure many eggs get knocked off into the sea. On the ledges of these cliffs many kittiwakes build their nests, and their noisy clamour sounds high above the roar of the sea. On the flat islands adjoining these "stacks" vast colonies of gulls breed, each islet for the most part being monopolised by a single predominating species. One island is tenanted by terns, another by herring-gulls and puffins, a third by lesser black-backed gulls, a few eider ducks and oyster-catchers, whilst another outlying rock is tenanted exclusively by cormorants. As visitors approach all becomes uproar and tumult, and the air is soon full of fluttering birds. The scene can only be compared to a heavy snowstorm. Under foot their eggs lie so thickly that great care must be exercised in walking about, or we should inevitably trample upon them, and in every available place amongst the sea campion and coarse grass we stumble across a nest. The island where the puffins breed is undermined with their burrows, and the ground is literally full of birds all sitting on their solitary egg.

The Bass Rock, with its colony of gannets, is equally full of interest, the nests being crowded thickly on every bit of cliff and rock ledge at all suitable to hold them. Early in spring the old gannets return to the rock, and in April and May the scene is animated beyond all description. For some considerable distance round the rock the gannets

may be observed fishing. They catch their finny prey by rising high in air, and then, with closed wings, darting headlong down into the water with a terrific plunge, rarely failing in their efforts. Coming nearer you may see the birds standing on the short grass at the top of the cliffs fast asleep, with their heads buried in their dorsal plumage. Thousands are flying to and fro along the face of the lofty cliffs; on every possible place a gannet's nest is built, and the birds are incessantly quarrelling owing to their close companionship. The air resounds with their loud cries of *carra—carra—carra*; and as we approach the nests, numbers rise from them, and, after disgorging a half-digested fish, launch buoyantly into space. Some birds refuse to leave their egg until they are pushed from it, all the time uttering cries of angry remonstrance. Occasionally two birds fight fiercely and go toppling over the cliffs down the dizzy depths locked in tight embrace, but separating as they fall and recovering themselves long before they reach the water. Many of the gannets in the air are carrying materials for their nests. The gannet only lays one egg, which is nearly white when fresh, but soon becomes coated with dirt from the wet feet of the parent bird. The nests are built of sea-weed, coarse grass and turf, with a few feathers by way of lining; and the stench arising from the decaying fish and slime, and the droppings of the birds, which make the rocks look as though they had been white-washed, is sometimes almost unbearable.

But we have already reached the limits of our space. Springtime is nearly over, and we must reserve our visit to the stupendous cliffs of St. Kilda, with their rich bird treasures, until the early summer, when the fulmars will be busy at their nests. Bird-life in Spring is so active, and so much requires our observation and attention, that it is difficult to make a selection from the rich store before us. All we can do is briefly to allude to a few of its most prominent incidents and most interesting phases, and leave the short and imperfect sketch to be further elaborated by the observer himself.

ON CHILDREN.

By the Right Rev. A. W. THOROLD, D.D., Lord Bishop of Rochester.

FOURTH (CONCLUDING) PAPER.

IT is a blessed thing to own children, it is hard to part from them.

> "All preciousness
> To mortal hearts is guarded by a fear;
> All love fears loss."

There are many ways of parting; some gratuitous, some with real compensations, some inevitable, all with just a tinge of sadness. Before, however, we talk about parting from them, let us first inquire if we are getting all the happiness we might and ought to get out of them while still they are all ours. They are not sent to be a burden but to be a joy. Are they a joy? What makes me ask this is, that one of the best and most diligent, and also the gravest clergymen I ever knew, impressed me with the feeling, while I was staying with him, that he did not in the least understand the secret of making his children the relaxation as well as the care of his life, and that I, who was only too glad to sit at his feet to learn a multitude of other things, could here, if he wished, give him a humble lesson. We should begin the day with the children—have them come to us before we leave our room, if only for five minutes, for Scripture and the common prayer. They may or may not breakfast with us. The exigencies of study and business and the authority of the inexorable governess sometimes make that inconvenient. But we ought to have them with us at our own, if only for ten minutes, to bring sunshine and the happy chirping of the best kind of song-birds into the room, and to make letter-reading impossible. (The much-oppressed writer never ventures to bring his letters to the breakfast-table now.) A caress and the sight of their dear faces, and their bright talk, and then for the rest of the day the recollection of their presence and the hope of it make simple happiness. When they are quite young they will occasionally ask to partake of the meal, though they have just had their own. Never mind if they do. Once a little girl sat by her father at his breakfast, and he had been absolutely deaf to many gentle hints as to her wish for a share of his food. She could bear it no longer, and she opened her suit in a very artful way. "Father, would it not make you happy to give your poor little girl

one taste?" "Not at all," was the grim reply; but presently, not without a sense of joy, the taste was given. Fathers should also remember that though nobody expects them to be able to describe how any one else is dressed, they ought to take a real interest in the dressing of their children; a man's criticism is never resented, ignorant though it be, if only it shows a good intention. The crime that is never overlooked is indifference. A little time at night should be spared for reading aloud, or a game. The Saturday afternoon should be a holiday for them and with them; and, in the case of lay folk, all Sunday. Nowhere more than with children do we reap what we sow, and get what we give. An indulged child despises as well as troubles its parents; firmly and tenderly governed all through its life it will become a beautiful and delicious reward.

A father must expect his girls to rule him. He may be able to manage his boys; of all delicious and irresistible tyrannies give me that of an affectionate daughter. If she knows her power, she is queen. (She begins to rule about fifteen.)

The first parting—for which, indeed, there has been secret preparation ever since the moment of birth—is when the child, at the watershed of its conscious personality, recognises its individuality, with more or less tact and resolution, asserts it, in course of time proceeds to put it into practice, and ultimately, whether in the choice of a profession, or in the formation of friendship, or in the revolt of opinion, or in the change of faith, or in the leaving of home, or—by the passing into the invisible—departs, whether in body or soul, or both, and the parents stay behind. Too much patience and skill and gentle considerateness can hardly be given to this difficult transition-time, when freedom and authority, the growing rights of life and the unrepealed laws of parenthood, have to be recognised and reconciled. Some features of this time must not be taken too seriously. From others there will be a reaction presently, and an equilibrium found again. Let a parent offer friendship. It will not always be accepted, it cannot be quite practicable, for real friendship requires equality, and parents and children never can be quite equal, never can walk together on level ground. Still, it is right to offer it, and it brings a sense of relief. Change in religion—especially if before maturity—is the hardest trial; the love may still remain, as true though not as delightful as before; but there are circumstances under which a changed faith means—chasm. There are partings which are but the extension of the family life and the multiplication of the family joy. Occasionally they bring unmixed happiness; sometimes the joy is very mixed indeed on one side, while reasonable and even beautiful on the other. When an attractive wolf in man's clothing climbs over into our quiet sheepfold and attracts Red Riding Hood away, it does come quaintly home to us, that once we did the same thing ourselves years ago, and we felt neither injustice nor shame. Here, too, there is compensation. When we are gone—and after sixty the secret heart often counts the waning years in front, and wonders, not without a little natural sadness, what these dear bright hearts will do without those to whom they have gone for everything (and got it) ever since the beginning of their life—it may be a comfort to be assured that they will be cared for, and still loved; that though their father's chair be empty, and no mother is left to smile her tender wisdom, some one else has offered to take and fill that place, so far as it can be filled. Besides, there may be now opportunity of learning, what Victor Hugo has pleasantly called "l'art d'être grandpère." Of all delightful relationships under the sun can there be any so entirely delightful as that of a grand-parent, or so irresponsible?

LeMaistre has observed, "there are only two real evils, remorse and disease." Of all kinds of remorse can any be more poignant or shameful than a parent's remorse for negligence or unkindness to a child? To have brought a child into the world, and then to have grudged it maintenance, or schooling, or example, or kindness, is a crime. Disease is something out of our reach, though also sometimes traceable to our own misconduct; and when a child is ill, God speaks to it and to us in a very deep and real way. What the little one feels, thinks, dreads, wishes, we may not always know. Probably the angels are very close to it. Just before it passes, again and again we are made sure that a Divine face hangs over it, which our mortal eyes may not see, but which lights up its dying features with awed ecstasy. Even long before He sends, His presence is manifest to the soul.

"'He says I shall never live through it. O Annie, what shall I do?'
Annie considered. 'If I,' said the wise little Annie, 'were you,
I should cry to the dear Lord Jesus to help me, for Emmie, you see,
It's all in the picture there, "Little children, come unto me."'

'Yes, and I will,' said Emmie; 'but then, if I call to the Lord,
How should He know that it's me?—such a lot of beds in the ward.'
This was a puzzle for Annie. Again she considered, and said,
'Emmie, you put out your arms, and you leave them outside on the bed.
The Lord has so much to do—but, Emmie, you tell it Him plain;
It's the little girl with her arms lying out on the counterpane.'"
ALFRED TENNYSON.

Here—my last digression—I take leave to interpose a question, which shall at any rate be practical. There are some who really love children, and have none of their own to whom they can show what they feel. There are some who have had children, now transplanted into the garden of Paradise, and the dear task of their life is done. There are some who are sure they feel affection but do not know how to show it; there are some with money, or leisure, or gifts, or great sympathy, and loitering all the day idle in the great vineyard of sorrowful humanity, excusing themselves because they think no man has hired them. To such we say, test your love, satisfy it, use it in a way where it can hardly be wasted, and must be serviceable, in the ministry of children. By teaching, or housing, or sending them when ill to a hospital, or taking charge of orphans, or by subscribing to some of the numberless institutions for destitute children of all kinds which this blessed England of ours is ever multiplying with a sort of greedy love, show your Lord that you remember His word about suffering little children to come to Him; show practically to them that your talk about loving them is not a sentimental rhapsody. Neglected, ignorant, vicious children are the eating ulcer of our English life, and God punishes us for them. To save but one dear child for Him and His service is to bring a throb of grateful love into His heart and to hide a multitude of sins. Reader, what can you do for children, and the children's Lord? Consider! He will show you!

Sometimes they get better and sometimes they die. The treasures on earth then become the treasures in heaven; and one more link is broken which fastens us here. It must be a wonderful transition for any of us to pass from earth into the splendour of the heavenly places. To have children there before us, anticipating our coming after them presently, moves strange thoughts in the heart. May it not provoke the timely question: "Shall we be together over there?" The chances, however, are that we shall go first, and that they, after an interval, will follow; and then, if we have lived together in the fear and love of God, we shall one day meet again. We will trust them with God, Who will be to them what He has been to us, Who will make provision for them, as He has done for us, of beautiful human joy. They are not likely to forget us, yet we will make our innocent plans for keeping a place in their hearts. We will write our daily journal with care, increasing care. Some day they will discover in its pages how tenderly and constantly we thought of them when we were miles away. We collect little memorials of travel, which will adorn their modest homes; letters which may some day interest them we are careful not to destroy. We even like to think—are we too foolish in thinking so?—that some day the dear lips will murmur softly and kindly, "This was the table, with the big drawer of presents in it; that, the ring which our mother wore when she died; this, the pen with which his last letter was written; these, the pictures of the faces we so reverently love!" They will be happy, and we shall be happy, and, please God, we shall all be happier soon. A little girl, at the close of her first birthday after her mother's death, said, "Father, I have been very happy, but it is over so soon." Typical lament. All things pleasant and beautiful on this side the grave are "over so soon." On the other side, towards which all faces, all footsteps, whether of young or old, parents or children, are looking and travelling, we hope to be gathered together into one family, under the one roof-tree of the many mansions of our Father's house. We shall meet and find and love and serve each other there, in the life which is for ever and ever; and among the prophetic glimpses of that better country, which come down to us from the Evangelic Prophet (I am not quite sure I understand all its meaning) is one that goes to the heart of all who love the young—"and the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof."

"To her, the day's unchallenged queen,
Each subject, be he great or mean,
Due tribute renders,

She cuts the string, unfurls the wraps,
And bows, 'mid deep-drawn 'Oh's' and claps,
Successive splendours "

QUEEN POLLY.

By FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, Author of "Poor Folks' Lives," etc.

ONE morn in every summertide
The sparrows' early twitterings chide
Miss Polly's lateness;
She sighs and turns, and wakes at last
To sense of rapture deep and vast,
And sudden greatness.

With conscious, coy, yet stately air,
She comes (two feet on every stair),
A radiant Polly;
And, marching through the breakfast-room,
The birthday salvoes round her boom
In straggling volley.

To her, the day's unchallenged queen,
Each subject, be he great or mean,
Due tribute renders;
She cuts the string, unfurls the wraps,
And bares, 'mid deep-drawn "Oh's" and claps,
Successive splendours.

What's done or set aside to-day
Depends, it hardly boots to say,
On Polly's high word;
Who speaks of copies, scales or sums,
That malapert thenceforth becomes
A scoff and byword.

What shall the festal pudding be?
It hangs on Polly's sole decree—
Cook waits direction;
Her Highness speaks the word of power,
And naught in raisins, eggs, or flour
Can raise objection.

Through all the grovelling year beside
A fork and spoon (to humble pride)
Lift meat or bone up;
One day of rich and throbbing life
She wields, in awful joy, a knife—
Divinely grown up.

To her pertains that royal round
The birthday-cake, its summit crowned
With brave devices;
She sits, in queenly state aloof,
And deals, *sans* comment or reproof,
Capricious slices.

One day she wears her birthday-crown,
Then, all unsceptred, topples down
To common earth-day;
Three hundred days and sixty-four
Must crawl their sordid course before
Another birthday.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE SENSES.

By JEAN INGELOW.

III.—THE COLOUR-BLIND.

BEFORE attempting to show that something might be done towards educating such eyes as perceive colour imperfectly we ought to point out—1, What the defect is; and 2, For what callings it disqualifies. Chromato-pseudopsis always means that one at least of the three primary colours is seen falsely. We cannot be certain which that is; but most people, both those who see thus and those with ordinary vision, consider it to be red. Hardly any of them can see red; but if they see the other two colours, yellow and blue, as we do, it is a strange thing that green, which is merely the mixture of what they can see, should be a continual stumbling-block to them. They almost always call red *green*, and if a number of shades of all colours are given them to sort, and put those which are blue together, they mix the reds and the greens.

Nothing brings out the greatness of the difference between their sight and ours so much as their attempts to explain it or to reason upon it.

Thus Mr. D., a gentleman mentioned by Dr. G. Wilson, considers that he sees blue and yellow, but goes on: "With regard to my want of perception of green, it appears to me that the blue and the yellow rays neutralize each other, and when in equal proportions constitute *what is really no colour*, varying all the way from a very light drab or grey to a dingy black."

The words *drab* or *grey*, as thus used, mean nothing to us; we cannot in the least tell what they are; but they show that only two colours were really seen by him, and those only when they were pure. In another case mentioned by Dr. Wilson almost all the colours were confused together. "Some

colour-diagrams having been shown to Mr. P., he described green as brown, russet as red, purple as red and black, a very light shade of yellow-green as orange by daylight, and the darker shades of green as red and brown. By gaslight he called the first grey and yellow, and the others grey and blue. On the other hand, he unconsciously betrayed an effort to supplement his defective vision of colours by all secondary aids. If coloured papers were shown him he fixed upon any difference in shape, smoothness, or configuration which they presented, and when they were shown him again recognised them by differences which would have escaped most other eyes; he would often, accordingly, have appeared to a stranger to recognise colour, when, in reality, he was only recalling the form or condition of surface of the coloured body."

This ought to be of great use, as a hint in teaching those who are confused in the same way.

One of the instances I have personally known of slight perception of colour came to me with the surprise it always causes—to find that a person whom one had always supposed to live in a world like one's own, is really remote from it in all his notions of what things are like.

This intimate acquaintance, who had travelled all over the world by land and by sea, described his travels well, was fond of his garden, and for several years had betrayed no peculiarity of vision, was once remarking on two specially fine plants of cineraria, which were standing on his dinner table. Somebody had admired them, and I think the conversation began by his saying aside to me, "The girls don't like them; they said they were all wrong." I believe he had taken the trouble to bring them up from the country. It would have been difficult to say anything in their favour as they then stood, for they were of the richest magenta; they were placed in two vases of a lively pink colour, and the dinner service was of deep blue. He lifted his glass—for he was short-sighted—and looked at them. Then, when I said something meant as a tribute to their fine growth and beauty in themselves, he said—

"The fact is, I see no difference whatever between the colour of the plant and the pot. No," he repeated, looking about him over all the table, "and I don't believe I see any of the colours that you do."

When asked what he did see, he replied—

"I see form and shading and a good many colours, but I cannot always name them." He shortly said, "I have a friend, a lady, who has very peculiar sight. She only sees one colour, and that is blue."

"How does she know?" I inquired.

"She feels sure, she tells me. She says she enjoys colour most when there has been a fall of snow, for then the sky looks so beautiful, and the landscape has not so much dark shading; all is clean and white. She is never tired of admiring the sky."

"Then she sees, besides that, only form and shading?"

"Certainly."

"What is the world like to her?"

"Like an engraving."

Thus he showed that he thought this lady saw only black and white and blue; that is to say, darkness and light and one colour: but he explained that she only saw blue in the sky; she did not see solid blue, as of a forget-me-not or an azure ribbon.

This friend of mine had in a marked degree that peculiarity of expression which is sometimes observed to characterize the colour-blind; it was not precisely anxiety that looked forth from his eyes, nor was it curiosity; it seemed to question and be daunted, as if in the presence of an ever-unsolvable doubt.

But these two peculiarities, that of seeing one colour falsely and that of being uncertain about several, are not all that the colour-blind have to rue. They also see colours very differently by daylight and by candle-light, and some of them believe that, though they never see red by day, they have occasionally seen what we have told them was red by night the same that in daylight they see as green.

There is a sort of consistency of difference between their eyes and normal eyes which follows them into everything. Red is a colour which we never mistake for green by candle-light by any chance. But certain changes of colour we all alike perceive. Thus pale yellow and primrose tints become almost white; lilac often takes the hue of drab or dun-colour, and some shades of pink and yellow are not distinguishable; electric light alone leaves colour unchanged.

Then we are all aware, even those who see best, that more natural light is required for seeing some colours than others. When twilight comes on red is the first colour lost, and blue the last. A purple flower becomes dark blue, and as dusk increases red and scarlet flowers appear almost black, and are merged among the leaves, which themselves are received into the dimness, and cease to

be green, thus showing that even to the normal eye red and green are not such sure possessions as blue and white.

Those who have not examined the subject would be surprised to find how few names for colour many persons among the uneducated classes have, and how careless they are about it, though they may see it perfectly. They all know the three primary colours; but I have met with some who, asked to match a piece of orange or purple cloth, would take up pieces exactly like them, and yet would bungle and hesitate a good deal if desired to give them their names.

In the same way crimson, scarlet, and pink, terra-cotta pink, peach-blossom pink, and brownish red, will all go under the two names pink and red, though those who call them so can match them perfectly. Even highly educated persons commonly call deep blue *purple*, ignoring the fact that without some admixture of red purple cannot exist.

It is a curious circumstance that red, the unseen colour of so many, is the favourite colour, and may be called the king-colour of the normal eye. It was especially so in ancient times. If we examine the Bible we shall find that the Hebrews scarcely ever use colour as an epithet, as we do when we say "the blue sky," "the purple hills." They say, indeed, "the Red Sea;" but blue is scarcely mentioned as seen in nature, only in the "blue and purple and scarlet" of the tabernacle hangings or the high-priest's robes, or the pavement of the king's palace, of "red and blue and black and white marble" in the Book of Esther. Yellow, excepting as a sign of disease, is mentioned but once or twice: "her feathers like yellow gold." But red is largely spoken of as in later times, and perhaps as incorrectly, for we did not invent, we only inherit the expressions, "red gold," "red wine," one of these being merely orange, and the other a ruddy purple. "Red hair" is a modern, or rather mediæval, inaccuracy; "red cow" we get from the ancients. These epithets all appear to show a certain fancy for calling things red as the more kingly and costly colour.

Why our ancestors miscalled so many colours we, however, cannot be sure, nor whether in different ages sight may be alike. The varieties of vision are even now almost endless; and to return to this one, chromatopseudopsia, examples of it might be multiplied from recorded instances, but once having been shown to be extremely common it becomes evident that others ought never to be in charge of those who suffer from it, under circumstances where safety depends on a colour.

Thus no man who has this defect should be a physician. He cannot tell whether his patient is flushed or pale. As was said of one such "How should he know, whether this is scarlet fever? he never saw scarlet in his life."

Next to the physician the chemist is a dangerous man: he must trust entirely to the labels on his drugs; if they change colour, and this often indicates that they are deteriorating, he does not know, but still sends them out with a cheerful mind.

The sick nurse is alike disqualified, and for the same reason.

After these come the railway signal man, who reads the red danger signal to stop, as if it was the green, commanding him to dash on. Then there is the sailor who mistakes the starboard for the port light of a vessel sighted in the night and reads into it a directly opposite meaning from that it was meant to convey.

It is a crime in the colour-blind to pursue any of these callings when their defect has been brought home to them, and there are other trades which it is foolish in them to follow, because they can never compete with those who have perfect vision. The tailor, the milliner, the house painter, the dyer, are instances of these.

But more than half the colour-blind live and die unaware of their defect; among those who are uneducated it frequently passes for ignorance and stupidity, or if known it is concealed as a disadvantage by them, though in the nature of things they are not aware of the mischief they may do through it.

How shall all these be discovered in the young generation, and warned and classed? Whether it will be of any use to discover them (to themselves) remains to be proved, but that it is quite easy to do so, one instance will prove just as well as many. In the first place, they should never be told to select colours, but always to match them. It will be perceived that the experiment in question went on this plan.

The scene, a village school, far up in the north of England; about forty-five children present; for the dialect of either master or scholars I am far from any wish to apologise; the English was, to say the least of it, more agreeable than that spoken in London.

None of the children were more than eight years old. It should be explained that there

was a class-room beyond in which was a table covered with skeins of German wool, bits of coloured glass and silk of all colours.

Master: "Now bairns, back end o' last week I tell'd ye I'd gie ye an ould farrunt lesson to-day. You, Josey, ye see this?" holding up a red rose.

Josey, a small child of six years: "Ay, master."

"What be it, bairn?"

"Why a rose, master, for sure."

"Ay, but what kin' o' a rose?"

"A red un, sir."

"Well, now you go in t' class room and fetch me out a skein o' wool, the nighest like this rose ever ye can."

Josey takes the rose and fetches back a skein just of the same hue.

"Now, Mairy lass, thou's got to go and do likewise."

"I doon't want t' rose, I can lease (choose) t' skein wi'out it," says Mary rather sulkily.

Mary was nearly eight years old, and was surprised at and despised the easiness of the lesson. She brought out a good match.

After this about twenty children were sent on the same errand and matched the colour perfectly. The interest of the lesson flags—the children's attention wanders. At last, a little white-faced fellow goes into the class-room, stays some time, and finally comes out with two skeins in his hand. Shouts of surprise and derision fill the rooms.

"Sure-ly."

"What be ye thinking on?"

"One on 'em's as green as grass, and t'other as grey as a ratten (rat)."

The little boy looks frightened.

"Thou's done as well as thou knew how," says the master rather gently. "Don't thou be scared, thou's nobbut tried once. Here take and match me this."

He gives him the glossy leaf of a laurel. The child goes out again and with a much more cheerful and confident air comes back and puts into his hand a skein of the brightest scarlet. The other children too much surprised to laugh whisper together,

"He beant a fondy neither"—*fond* here has the old sense of foolish.

Out of the fifty children two were found who could not match all colours.

"So you see," said the person who related the anecdote, "you see the experiment answered perfectly."

"On the contrary, it answered so badly," said the vicar of the parish, "that I shall never consent to its being tried again. The mothers were all up in arms at any attempt being made to show that their 'bairns' were not as 'cute' as was possible; those whose children were convicted of colour-blindness declared their bairns were as the Almighty made them, and none but irreligious folk would dare to say they ought to be any other. In short there was such a commotion made that I have had the greatest difficulty in smoothing things over, and never could have done so if it had not chanced that the two little brothers who are colour-blind are to emigrate in a few weeks with their parents."

It was not worth while, he went on to say, that for the sake of one or two children, the parents should all be made irate and suspicious.

In several other cases it was agreed that a village school can do nothing for the two or three children who may have this kind of vision. "Nothing," was put in by one schoolmaster as a parenthesis, "beyond the supreme benefit of finding them out and giving them advice as to what trade they shall follow."

But in a great town, where the schools would yield at least twenty such children, they might be formed into a class, and take a lesson now and again, when it might be hoped that the colour-blind children of the richer classes would be added to them. Then, besides such advice, there should be attempts made to develop as far as practicable their other senses. To awaken their curiosity, for instance, as to the smell of particular dyes, get them to distinguish them, and teach them theoretically to know the colours of such dyes. To educate the sense of touch, so as to make them fully alive to all sorts of differences—as the texture and nature of fabrics. To educate their eyes to notice all slight differences in every article about them, so that they shall recognise it again, even if it is only a piece of paper among other pieces, and having once been told its colour, shall be able to name it confidently. To teach them by theory what colours go well together in a piece of embroidery, for instance, or a painting, so that when their colours have been labelled they may use them without making absurd mistakes.

To this it may be added that, even if no direct effort was made to form them into a guild, it is highly probable that community of interest and likeness in their lot would draw them together, so that the rich would be inclined to aid and employ the poor, and the poor to serve the rich.

But more space cannot be given here, even to our best and most precious sense—that sense by which we become aware of outlying worlds, the far-off families of God, that sense to which some of the greatest promises of Holy Writ are given. How many dying eyes have closed more calmly for the comforting words—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty. They shall behold the land that is very far off."

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven under the Hill," etc.

I.—GEORGE GATONBY'S RETURN TO HILD'S HAVEN.

CHAPTER V.

IT was an October day, a cold, grey, melancholy day, when at last there came a ray of hope to the cottage on the slope at Thurloe.

Susan, who was at home that day, helping her mother to make a little suit of clothes for Walter, opened the door to the weather-worn man, evidently a sailor, who had knocked so loudly, and who stared so strangely when the girl asked him what he wanted. Truth to tell, Susan looked so white and frightened that the poor man did not know what to say, or how to introduce his errand without causing further fear.

"Ah doan't want nothing, Miss! . . . Ah've brought ya summat, summat 'at Ah was reckonin' on yer bein' glad to see."

Elizabeth had followed her daughter to the door, and now two white timid faces were looking with strained eyes into his. Will Hewick could bear it no longer. Slowly, and with affected difficulty, he drew a large, ill-folded, much-soiled letter from his pocket, watching mindfully the two pale countenances that seemed to grow even paler while he watched. He could almost see the hunger as it grew, the hope that dared not be hopeful, the fear that seemed as if it were ready on the instant to leap to some terrible certainty.

"It's a lettlher, ma'am! . . . This is George Gatonby's house, isn't it? Soä they told ma at yon house doon belaw there."

"A letter!" said the mother, holding out her trembling hand, then withdrawing it in unconscious dread. Susan saw her father's handwriting, clear, strong, firm as ever.

"Come in, mother, come indoors! And you, sir, come in, will you?" Susan begged, leading her mother by the hand to the fireside as she spoke. The stranger, taking off his fur cap, followed respectfully, holding out the letter to Susan.

"Can you bear it, mother?" the girl said, sinking to her knees at her mother's feet, and all forgetful of the stranger. "Can you bear me to read it, or would you rather read it yourself?"

There was no reply. The poor wife stared blankly at the fire, trembling, still pallid. Medical scientists say that there is nothing more likely to cause the real breaking or rending of a human heart than good news too suddenly communicated. The extreme of ill-news is less likely to be fatal.

Elizabeth Gatonby did not die. There was a time of blind, painful, effortful strife; then a measure of power came, sufficient to enable her to demand the truth, all the truth. But it was only told to her slowly, gradually. It may be told here in briefer words.

It was a long letter. William Hewick seemed to take pleasure in hearing as much of it read as Susan chose to read in his presence. There was a good deal in it that he knew already; a good deal more that he could confirm, and being a Hild's Haven man, it was a satisfaction to him to take part in this domestic and local drama. It was, later in his life, a portion of a sad but favourite story. Will Hewick was renowned for his stories to the very last.

Will went away presently, after he had had a comfortable tea; and it was not till nearly midnight that the whole of that long, and loving and penitent letter was read and understood. For days afterward the faces of Elizabeth Gatonby and her daughter were—I use the word considerately—blistered by the hot tears that fell so long, so unrestrainedly that night.

Every detail was told, recalled, it were better to say, of how George Gatonby left his home that night in a very agony of passion, of pain, of resentment, above all of bitter resentment. He had gone straight to Hild's Haven; had spent the evening at the "Moulgrave Arms," in the company of a part of the crew of the *Eri King*, a whaling vessel just about to sail. And after a time he had betrayed to more than one of the

men about him the unhappiness that was consuming his very heart, leading him on to try, quite in vain, to drown his misery by drinking. It was a resource to which he was all unaccustomed; and it had not the effect he expected it to have. Instead of deadening his grief, it seemed to increase it, to render him more keenly alive to the memory of every word, every look. With each half-hour that passed he grew more desperate.

The chief mate of the *Erl King*, who had not been able to meet with a skilful carpenter to suit him, was quick to see his chance, and he was a man who knew how to strike while the iron was hot. So it was that at daybreak next morning the wheelwright from Thurlsoe found himself on board of an outward-bound whaler, standing out to northward with all sails set to a favourable breeze. What his reflections might be can only be conjectured; but he was manly enough to perceive that, all things considered, his best wisdom now would be to acquiesce in the deed that he had done in a moment of extreme unwisdom.

All this and much more was told in the letter that Susan read. After giving due and full expression to his repentance, to his affectionate yearning for his home, his wife, his children, he began to write of his return.

"It's been coming upon me a good while now that we were not likely to get back this fall with the other ships," he wrote. "We've had no luck, so far, not a single whale. Over and over we have sighted whales, the boats have been out, and chase given. Once or twice our Specksioneer succeeded in sending home his harpoon into as fine a whale as ever blew; but the brute got away each time, with no end of good line into the bargain. So that up to this hour we have not so much as a single gallon of oil on board; and our master is not one to relish the idea of coming into the harbour at Hild's Haven with a 'clean ship.' I'm not quite sure as to our whereabouts for the winter. It'll depend upon the ice; but I fear I'll have no more chance of sending any word; or even of having one from you. Never mind, Elizabeth. Keep up your heart. It seems a good bit to next fall counting from now; but it will be here afore we know, so keep a good spirit, and forgive and forget all that's gone by. For me, I'll never speak a word as to the past again so long as I live."

After this came some few passages as to what he hoped was being done by way of keeping the business together, with information as to money left in the bank, and other directions, surmises, regrets, perplexities. It was evident that the man's whole heart and soul was still at Thurlsoe. Finally, came more loving words, more repentant words, with touching promises of amendment. There could be no doubt but that he was yearning for that opportunity of starting the new life of which he wrote so earnestly. . . . Elizabeth Gatonby never read those words, and she read them many times, without bitter tears, and strong pure resolve on her own part. A new beginning was at least as much a necessity to her heart and life as to his; and it was certainly as often, and as strongly in her mind, in her soul, and this always in the soul's own hour—the hour of prayer.

May one not say that for each, the newer and better life had already begun?

CHAPTER VI.

Not only the friends and neighbours of George Gatonby were ready to rejoice with his wife and daughter when the second autumn came, and George was expected home; but many of the people of Hild's Haven, comparative strangers, were on the look out for the return of the *Erl King*. The story of George Gatonby's departure had become widely known by this time, and sympathy with his wife was widely spread. Not a few people had sympathy with the erring but repentant husband also.

The times were still stormy, but the history of the times need not be written here, it is in all the annals of the land of that date, there is no history of those days that does not tell of the panic that had seized upon English people everywhere, of the dread of foreign, that is to say, of French invasion. And nothing that could be done in the way of precaution was altogether condemned by the majority. It was admitted everywhere that the magnificent men-of-war must have adequate crews to man them if they were to be of any use in the strife that was being forced upon the English nation. Only such considerations as these could have brought Englishmen to look with anything like toleration upon such diabolical machinery as that set in motion by the Admiralty press warrants.

Only the other day I was shown to the top of a charmingly old-fashioned house in this neighbourhood; and there I saw a recess in the brickwork of the garret chimney, a recess which had been used as a place of hiding in

the days when the press-gang was doing its worst in and about Hild's Haven.

No thought of politics, of foreign wars, of any other extraneous thing troubled Elizabeth Gatonby that October morning, when news came to her that the owners of the *Erl King* were expecting that their vessel would be at anchor in the harbour at Hild's Haven within twelve hours. Three whalers of the port, all of them successful, had arrived already. One of them, the *Henrietta*, had taken no fewer than thirty-six whales! The *Aimwell*, Captain Johnstone, had brought in thirty; and the *Jenny* twenty-four. It was not yet known accurately how many had fallen to the lot of the *Erl King*, but it was said certainly that she was amongst the most successful vessels of the season: and that, therefore, her owners would have little reason to regret the preceding year of absolute failure.

It is difficult now to realise the excitement that used to disturb the peaceful old town on such occasions as this. Every one was alive to the importance of the moment. Even those who had nothing at stake were drawn into the general emotion that was always aroused at the close of the whaling season, when the ships were arriving one after another, some with nothing but good news for those at home, a few with little but ill. And hardly ever an October came but some ship sailed slowly into the harbour, her flag half mast high, betokening that at least one more human being had passed into the silent land. It was not strange that when Elizabeth Gatonby at length stood on the pier, waiting there for the coming in of the ship upon which her straining eyes were set, her expectation should be mingled with much foreboding.

And, strange to say, never before had the recollection of that last sad scene in the workshop at Thurlsoe come before her with a more keen and vivid reality. She saw in her imagination all that she had seen there with her own eyes, heard all that she had heard with her ears. Her husband stood before her, pained, passionate, stung to a wilder passion than she had ever before witnessed, sinking deeper into the mire of passion with every word she uttered. And, ah! how those words stung herself now. Every word she heard afresh! every taunt! every untrue accusation! The very tone of her own voice came back upon her. Through all that she had done and suffered since, that one wild hour's work came back, and now it was as very fire in her veins, goading her to new self-reproach—to new yearning for the moment when she might say, "Forgive me. Will you forgive me?"

Thinking, brooding, suffering thus, her arms clasping her baby-girl passionately, Elizabeth Gatonby watched and waited for the coming in of the *Erl King*.

The whaler was then in the roads, waiting only for sufficient water to enter the harbour. When the tide was high enough for her to come over the bar a flag would be hoisted on the "ancient staff."

Twice during the afternoon boats had come into the harbour, landing at the "Scotch Head," bringing news of the men on board the *Erl King*. There had been no death, little sickness, and the success of the ship was beyond all that had been reported hitherto. The prevailing feeling was one of gladness, happiness, almost exultation.

At least forty-six Hild's Haven men were then on the deck of the *Erl King*, and most of them had friends or relations waiting for them on the piers and quays of the old town. But perhaps not one there was waiting with the same sickening, overpowering emotion as that which was consuming Elizabeth Gatonby. But at last she saw the ship for which she had been waiting so long with such yearning, such pitiful longing; *at last* she saw it cross the harbour-bar. She clasped her baby in her arms, she held it up in her foolish excitement, as if the father might see—the father who never, even in imagination, had dreamed of it! and who could by no possibility know that he had a third child to be remembered in his prayers. Elizabeth bade the little one look. She besought it for love for the father it had never yet seen or known. Then she drew little Walter to her side, nearly two years older than the Walter his father had left that bitter night. But that night was forgotten at this moment. Nothing that was past should ever be recalled again. All should be love, and forgiveness, and peace—such love, such peace as had never yet been known by the fireside at Thurlsoe; the fireside that Susan was keeping warm and bright, in expectation of her father's return. Long afterward the girl told how she had wept and prayed, but with little comfort in her prayer. "I couldn't hear no answer," she said; "an' so I'd no hope. But I'd never had none—no, not from the beginning."

The *Erl King* came over the harbour-bar at last, not only safely, but with an air of triumph, as of some conscious living thing. The crowd on the quay pressed forward; the excitement was, for various reasons, almost

unprecedented. It was so seldom that a Hild's Haven whaler had remained for two seasons in the Greenland seas."

CHAPTER VII.—CONCLUSION.

WITHIN an hour after the *Erl King* had dropped her anchor by the side of the quay, George Gatonby had clasped his wife and child to his quickly and warmly beating heart. In that first moment of intense joy the unexpected news and presence of his little daughter was hardly more than an item—an important item, it is true; yet there was scarcely room in the man's big, half-bursting heart for much surprise. They could not see each other's faces, the husband and wife, not clearly; and Elizabeth felt as if her very soul was yearning for one long, loving look into the eyes of the man she had never—till too late—known how to love.

It had only been by special grace that George Gatonby had been allowed to leave his ship at the moment when her anchor was dropped; but his captain had understood how it was with him, and gave permission to the carpenter to leave the deck at the first possible moment. It was yet early in the October evening, and though the young moon had hardly gone below the tops of the old red roofs of Hild's Haven, the oil lamps were lighted here and there, throwing dim rays along the narrow streets, lighting the entrance here and there to a crooked yard. But George Gatonby thought little of light or of darkness as he went with his wife across the bridge that spans the harbour. They were quite silent, having not even the wish to speak. George was carrying his hardly-seen daughter, who was fast asleep, in his left arm; his right hand clasped firmly and warmly the left hand of his wife, who held her little Walter on the other side.

"Where are ya takin' ma to, Liza?" George said at last, speaking in a tender, dreamy way as they left the bridge.

"We're goin' to Annie's," she replied brightly. "We're to hev a cup o' tea there and a bit o' nice roast beef—a bit o' loin—I know that's a joint you like. . . . It's all ready, George! Annie an' me arranged it over so long sen; an' her husband saved the finest and freshest vegetables, an' a few o' the best pears an' apples 'at he's grown in his garden this year. We knew you'd neither ha' seen fresh meat, nor fresh vegetable for a good bit back. . . . An' it's all ready, George—just ready to sit down to. . . . Oh, that I should ever ha' lived to see this night!"

No answer was possible to such speech as this, but George laughed a nervous laugh of satisfaction, and lifting his wife's hand to his lips he kissed it passionately. The poor woman's face was burning, her heart was beating, her whole soul and self merged in this new grant of love, of life, of hope, of all things.

The "Annie" alluded to was Mrs. Gatonby's sister, the wife of the man who was the principal market-gardener of the Hild's Haven of that day. His gardens were out on the south side of the town, but his little shop and house were at the farther end—the Kirkgate end—of Grape Lane.

"*Groap-laine*," Dr. Young says it is written in an old title-deed; adding, "Perhaps its designation arose from its being so narrow and dark that passengers needed to *grope* their way!"

They had just entered the seaward end of Grape Lane, the dark, narrow, crooked end. Little Walter clung closer to his mother's side, while she, half unconsciously, drew a little nearer to her husband. The street seemed deserted; only one oil lamp hung near the door of the Dolphin Inn, and this one so dim as hardly to show what manner of men they were who rushed out so suddenly from the inn-door at the very moment when George Gatonby and his wife were passing. George would have drawn her and the children to the other side of the street, but all at once, before he had even time to suspect what was about to happen, he found himself separated from them, surrounded by some four or five powerfully-built and armed men, who seemed to have sprung upon him like wild animals upon their prey.

"In the name of the King!" cried one, the leader, as George Gatonby, with a desperate effort, the effort of mad despair, attempted to wrest himself free from what he now knew to be a press-gang. His wife's pitiful shriek rang through the street, again and again it echoed along that narrow street.

"George! George! My husband! my husband! . . . Let him go! for the love of Heaven, let him go!"

She could utter nothing but this at that moment. Her brain was already frenzied, confused. She looked about wildly for help, but no help was there within the narrow limits of the Grape Lane of that day.

Her husband was struggling for freedom manfully, but quite uselessly. The child by Elizabeth's side was crying aloud, the little one, who had been put into her arms by one of the gang at a moment when she was hardly aware, was cowering to the mother's heart for very fear, yet lifting her little hand to

stroke the white face that was almost paralysed with anguish. And still the mother was pleading in her breathless, frantic way.

"Let him go! oh, for the love of Heaven, let him go!"

Suddenly, on the very steps of the inn toward which they had borne him, George ceased to struggle.

"Whisht, Elizabeth, whisht, honey! . . . It'll be all right!" the returned carpenter began, speaking as one exhausted with the strife. Then turning to the men he said—

"You can't touch me! Ah defy you! My papers are on board the ship Ah've just left—the *Erl King*; but they're all right, as you'll find. You can't touch a protected whaler! Not all the Admiralty warrants in the world would enable you to do that!"

There was a moment of comparative silence; little Walter's crying, his mother's stifled sobbing, were the only sounds that broke it.

"All right!" said the leader of the press-gang, as if suddenly convinced against his will, but at the same moment giving a secret sign to the man nearest to him. "Quite true, I don't doubt! All the same, we must see those papers of yours, if you please. . . . On board the *Erl King* you say they are?"

"Yes, sir, yes!" broke in Elizabeth Gatonby with pitiful eagerness. "Can Ah fetch them for you? He's been i' the Greenlan' seas this well-nigh two years, has my husban'! . . . George, where shall Ah find the papers? . . . . But, oh, sir! if you'd let him come home with us! He'll fetch all ye want i' the mornin'! . . . . Just think of it! Mebbe you're a father yourself, sir! An' my husban's never set eyes on the child in my arms till a quarter of an hour agone—no, never! . . . Let him come home with us, sir! . . . Say you'll let him come home!"

"Is there a reason in nature, for these hard hearts, O Lear?
That a reason *out of nature* must turn them soft seems clear!"

The leader of the press-gang was a man accustomed to scenes of this kind, but one or two of the men with him were less used to the work, and were already murmuring and whispering among themselves. It was a moment to demand resource, if the stalwart and promising young whaler was to be secured.

"I think I will accept your offer, my good woman," the chief said, speaking in the tone of one making an unwilling concession. "You shall fetch your husband's papers, and as soon as you can, if you please. We must be out of the harbour before the ebb-tide."

"Ah shall hev to go myself," George said, speaking with white set face and rigid lips. He had understood. "Ah shall hev to go myself. *She* can't get the papers, you know that. Besides, how is a woman with two bairns te get on board a ship like that at this time o' night?"

"Oh, trust a woman for finding ways and means for doing anything she wants to do! . . . . But all this is no business of mine! Come along inside the Dolphin for half an hour. . . . I'll give you that—half an hour, my good woman! Do your best!"

Elizabeth would have started off on the instant, trembling, tearful, bewildered, in search of the captain of the *Erl King*. But George, who was still held in the grasp of the gang, drew his wife a little on one side, took her in his arms, and kissed her and the children passionately. They permitted him to do that.

"Good-bye, Lizzie!" he said, half choking with the sobs he had to stifle. He tried to say something else; one more word was on his pallid lips, but he was not allowed to utter it. Sounds of advancing feet were heard; and at a sign from the leader of the gang George Gatonby was quickly dragged into the dim doorway of the Dolphin.

So, through blinding tears, Elizabeth Gatonby saw her husband for the last time. Thus, confused by the anguish of her poor broken heart, she listened to the last words she might ever hear him utter.

She did not know it then; but next morning, when they told her that the *Perseus*, the man-of-war that had been lying at anchor in the roads off Hild's Haven, had set sail the night before with some half-dozen impressed men on board, she knew that she would no more look upon the face of her children's father. Being a mother she had to live, though never any more came tidings from him who had been the life of her life for so many years.

And even yet it is told in Hild's Haven how George Gatonby returned from the Greenland seas, how within one half-hour, as with his wife and children he passed along Grape Lane, he was seized by the press-gang, and never heard of any more. There are many stories of this northern seaboard that end with these words, "Never heard of any more!"

THROUGH HUDSON'S STRAIT AND BAY.

By COMMODORE A. H. MARKHAM, R.N., Author of "The Great Frozen Sea," etc.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

PERHAPS it is as well that I should inform my readers that a canoe is a very tender and fragile article, and has to be taken great care of. It is made entirely from the bark of the birch, spread over a light wooden framework. So tender are these little craft that a man should not even attempt to step into them with boots; he must either be barefooted, or wear moccasins. Our canoe had, unfortunately for us, been a long time without being used; it was consequently in a very

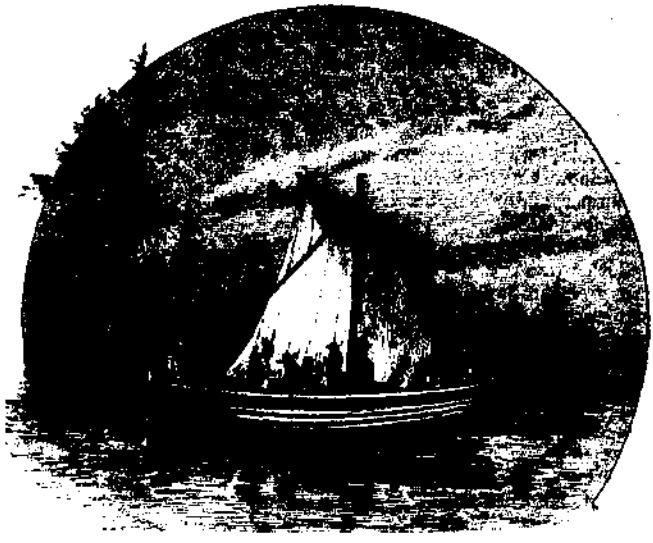
Going up a Rapid.

leaky condition, compelling us, therefore, during the first four or five days to unload and haul it up on the river-bank for repairs several times during the day, thus causing much delay.

Whenever we halted for this, or any other, purpose, my two men always took advantage of the delay to kindle a fire, make some tea, and eat a meal, quite unconscious of the fact that they had, in all probability, eaten to repletion only an hour or two before.

Their principal food was boiled salt pork and bread, with unlimited tea. The bread is always made when required, and is generally eaten hot. The flour, being first moistened with the water in which the pork has been boiled, and the more greasy it is the better it is liked, is kneaded into the consistency of dough; a stick, called by the Indians a "ponask," is then procured, and flattened down on both sides, until it bears some sort

of resemblance to a paddle. The dough is then spread out on the flat side of the ponask with the hand, which is moistened by frequent applications to the mouth of the operator! The other end of the ponask is stuck into the ground in front of, and close to, the fire, and the cake is thus toasted, first one side and then the other. When cooked it is by no means bad, provided you have not witnessed the operations of the cook; but then, I think my readers will agree with me, that, even in civilised life, it is as well not to pry too closely into the secrets of the kitchen.



Starting from Oxford House.

Owing to the unusual shallowness of the river, we made but slow progress during the first three days, and we considered ourselves fortunate if we succeeded in accomplishing twenty miles during the day, although we invariably made a start at about four o'clock in the morning, sometimes even earlier, and rarely halted to camp before seven or eight o'clock in the evening.

Our general daily routine was to rise at about four o'clock, make a fire, and refresh ourselves with a cup of tea. I would then walk on in advance with my gun on my shoulder, leaving the canoe to follow; one man tracking and the other guiding the course of the canoe. After walking for about four hours, I would stop to enable the canoe to overtake me; we would then halt for breakfast, which would occupy about an hour, when we would again proceed in the same manner. At about two o'clock another halt, of an hour's duration, was made for dinner, after which the journey would be continued until dark, when we would halt for the night.

The selection of a camping-ground was, of course, a matter for careful consideration, as we had no tent, and were utterly unprovided with artificial shelter of any description. The place selected was, as a rule, in the vicinity of pine-trees, with, and under, the branches of which we were generally able to improvise a tolerably good shelter from the rain, and where, comfortably rolled up in our blankets, we slept, or endeavoured to sleep, oblivious to everything except musquitoes.

Alas! it was impossible to drive *them* from our thoughts; waking and sleeping, they seemed part and parcel of our existence. They never gave us a moment's respite from their irritating persecutions; day and night were alike to them; they never appeared to need rest, and they certainly gave us none. Veils, which afforded some protection for our heads and faces, were in constant use during the day, nor were they even discarded at night when we retired to rest, and gloves with long linen sleeves sewn on to them, and fastened above the elbows, were always worn.

The weather that we experienced was very changeable, and although the days were excessively warm, with the thermometer ranging very often between 80° and 90°, we had occasionally cold, frosty nights, when we would wake up in the mornings with our moccasins frozen hard, and the water in our kettle converted into ice. Under any other circumstances, to people camped out in the open air as we were, these sudden changes of extreme temperature would have been very trying, but with us it was very different. We hailed the cold with joy, for

it had the effect—but, alas! only while it lasted—of putting the musquitoes into a kind of torpor, from which they only revived with the advent of the sun and warm weather.

The banks of the river, up which we were slowly making our way, were very high, in some places fully eighty feet, and very precipitous, with numerous landslips, which made walking by no means easy. The spruce, juniper, and poplar, besides the willow, grew in abundance on both sides, whilst the banks in some places were covered with bright flowers, and grass and wild barley grew in great profusion. The farther we advanced inland the more luxuriant became the vegetation, the forests were more dense, and the trees increased in size.

On the whole the walking was execrable, for it was either over rough, rocky ground; or on a marshy quagmire covered with long bulrushes (infested with musquitoes); or along the talus of the cliffs, which was composed of soft mud, whose surface made an angle of about 45° with the horizon, and in which we sank over our knees. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that after travelling, since morning, for more than twenty miles over country of the above description, we were only too pleased at the end of the day to halt and rest our wearied limbs, although our camp was of the roughest and our fare of the simplest, with but little change in the latter; sometimes, however, I was fortunate enough to bag a few wild duck, teal, or plover, but as a rule the birds were wild and unapproachable.

Traces of cariboo, wolves, and bears were numerous and fresh, but although we saw three of the former, we never succeeded in getting a shot. On the third day out, we met some Indians who had just killed a cariboo, and who, in exchange for some tea and a little tobacco, presented us with some of the meat, which, as may be imagined, was most acceptable and much appreciated.

The Indians are, as a rule, very superstitious, and put much faith in the existence of a Good and Evil Spirit. On one occasion during my journey, my attention was directed by Jem to a point of land immediately ahead of us, and by which we had to pass, called Husky Jack Point. At the same time he warned me earnestly not to point my finger at it, for, he said, if I did so, a furious [illegible] pest would assuredly be the result!

In spite of their superstition, the Indians who accompanied me appeared sincere and devout men, for they never omitted to offer up their prayers to the Almighty before they retired to rest, and before the labours of the day were commenced. In the evening, before they rolled themselves up in their blankets, one, generally Jem, would read aloud a chapter from the Bible translated into the Cree language.

On the evening of the third day, when we had accomplished a distance of about sixty miles from York Factory, it became only too evident that in order to reach Oxford House before our provisions were expended, it would be necessary to increase my crew by the addition of another man. The river was so shallow, owing to the unusual dryness of the summer, and the rapids were so turbulent, that it was more than my two men could do to manage the canoe properly. Numerous delays were consequently the result.

There was only one solution to the difficulty, and that was to unpack the canoe and send her back, thus lightened, with the two men, in order to try and induce one of the Indians from whom we had received the venison, and who we knew were encamped about twenty-five miles down the river, to accompany us. As it was of the greatest importance that I should push on quickly, I offered good wages to anybody who would come.

Having arrived at this decision, as we could not afford to waste time, the canoe was started off at nine o'clock at night, and swiftly sped out of sight in the gloaming, leaving me, like Robinson Crusoe, stranded on the river bank with all our provisions and other paraphernalia, monarch of all I surveyed.

I endeavoured to make myself as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and, as the night promised to be a wet one, I made a fairly good shelter by spreading an old tattered piece of canvas, that had done duty as the bottom cloth of the canoe, over some twigs and branches. Into this lair I crept, having refreshed myself with an excellent cup of hot tea and some bacon, and passed a tolerably comfortable night, in spite of the rain, which fell in a perfect downpour, without intermission, until the following morning. Although this rain had the effect of making me somewhat moist, I consoled myself with the reflection that it would also have the effect of causing the river to rise, and would therefore be doing us more good than harm.

In consequence of everything being saturated with the rain, and therefore, in a measure, uninflammable, I had much difficulty in kindling a fire the next morning, and my

patience and my matches were sorely taxed in my endeavours to do so. Perseverance, however, assisted by some shavings that I procured with my axe from the centre of a log of wood, was eventually crowned with success, and I was soon revelling in the enjoyment of a delicious hot brew of tea.

I think to thoroughly appreciate a good basin of tea it is necessary for a person to be situated as I was, namely, cold, half drenched, and in perfect solitude. Then, if he does not affirm that tea is the best, the most refreshing, and the most soothing beverage in existence, I will say that such a person is a man of no taste, and can have no enjoyment in the pleasures, the unutterable pleasures, of a wild, roving life, untrammelled by cares, and subordinate to no one.

The day passed, but without my Indians making their appearance, and another night was spent in much the same manner as the former one.

There was something indescribably charming about the solitude that surrounded me, and in the perfect stillness that reigned around, broken only occasionally by the crackling of my fire, or by the murmuring of the river as it flowed onwards towards the sea. I felt with Sir Philip Sydney the "delight of solitarinesse;"

> "O how much I do like you, solitarinesse!
> Naught disturbe thy quiet,
> All to thy service yealds!"

But I was wrong, and had convincing proof of it after I had made the quotation! There was something to disturb the quiet, an unmistakable something, namely, the buzz of the musquitoes in their too successful attempts to molest and torment me. From their persecutions escape was impossible.

It was not until late on the third evening that I espied the canoe returning, and to my great joy I observed that there were three men in her. Thus reinforced we resumed our journey early on the following morning.

The new man was a great acquisition; he was a full-blooded Cree, rejoiced in the name of Nichi, and, like his countryman Tom, did not understand a word of English; but he was a first-rate fellow, worked like a horse, was as merry as a cricket, and was an excellent and experienced canoeist.

As we proceeded to the southward, the fact that we were leaving behind us the severe rigorous climate of Hudson's Bay, and were entering a more temperate and genial one was very perceptible. The pine forests became more dense, the trees were considerably larger, and birch, and even oak, besides poplar, were occasionally seen. I also noticed several species of butterflies, and one that from its size and brilliancy of colouring would have done credit to a tropical region.

Next to shooting a rapid, which means coming down one with the stream, taking a canoe up a rapid is one of the most exciting incidents connected with canoe travelling, although it can only be accomplished with success and safety by experienced men. I was quite lost in admiration at the dexterous and skilful way in which my Indians took the canoe up the rapids that lay in our course, and sometimes we would have to go up as many as twenty or thirty during the day. In some the depth of water could only be about four or five inches, with the river rushing over the rocks and stones at the rate of about ten miles an hour.

The general strength of the current, except in the rapids, was from three to five knots.

The way in which the rapids are passed is for one man to track (sometimes up to his waist in water); another man is stationed in the fore part of the canoe with a long pole, with which he is pushing for dear life; whilst the third man sits aft and paddles with might and main, directing the course of the canoe. I invariably sat in the centre of the canoe, assisting as much as possible, when the supreme moment arrived, with my paddle.

It is certainly a most exciting moment when the rapid is entered, and the water is seething and whirling around; when, for a second perhaps, it is even doubtful whether the torrent will not overwhelm us altogether; but the skill and strength of my Indians invariably prevailed, and after perhaps an anxious five minutes, during which time the roar of the waters was so great that it was impossible to make ourselves heard even by those in the canoe, we would shoot out past the rocks and hidden dangers, and rest on the calm, quiescent waters above.

It must not be forgotten that even to touch one of the numerous rocks and stones that lie in your path in going through a rapid in such a frail bark as a canoe is fatal, for such a rent will be made in the bottom of the boat, as to necessitate an immediate and thorough repair, even if the injury is not more serious, and permanently disables or wrecks the canoe.

On the 17th of August we reached a rocky defile, named "the Rock," where not only swift rapids had to be encountered, but waterfalls and cascades had to be passed. In order to pass one of these, a "portage" has to be made, that is to say, the canoe has to

be unloaded below the fall, and everything, canoe included, carried round to a convenient place on the river bank above the fall.

The way in which the Indians carry the goods across a portage is to make a large package, sling it with straps, or rope, and then putting it on their backs, support it with their heads by putting the strap or rope round their foreheads. In this manner they will carry at one time across a portage, a load of two hundred pounds, moving at a quick, slinging trot. The canoe is always the last article to be carried, and this is taken on the shoulders of two men, who run rapidly across the portage with it.

Some of the portages are short, perhaps only twenty or thirty yards, but, on the other hand, others may be a mile long, and these are very tedious, and cause great delay. On one occasion we had to make as many as twelve portages during the course of a day. The majority of the portages are named after some incident that has been enacted in their neighbourhood, or after some event connected with them, thus "Mossy Portage," "Half-breed Portage," "Dead Man's Portage," "Devil's Portage," and so forth.

As an illustration of the keen sight and dexterity of the Indians, I may mention that one day, whilst we were tracking the canoe along the river-bank, Tom, who was on the tracking line, observed a large fish apparently asleep in the water, where the river was not more than two feet deep. Running back to the canoe he hauled it alongside the bank, seized the axe, quickly cut a branch from a neighbouring pine-tree, pointed it, and in less than two minutes from the time he had first seen the fish, he transfixed it with his roughly improvised spear and waved it above his head in triumph. It was a species of pike, and was about two feet in length; it proved to be very good eating, and was a pleasant change to our ordinary fare, which consisted entirely of salt pork or bacon, except when I was fortunate enough to shoot something for the pot.

Our work was not always tracking up stream, for sometimes we would emerge on a broad expanse of water, a lake some thirty miles perhaps in length, into which several small rivers flowed. On this we would paddle merrily along, occasionally branching off to the right or to the left, for the purpose of having a shot at a flock of teal, or perchance at some wild duck, but as a rule the birds were so wild and wary that we seldom had an opportunity of getting within range. These lakes were studded with innumerable islets, all densely wooded, and were excellent places for camping. Wild currants, raspberries, and gooseberries grew along the banks of the rivers and lakes, and afforded a most refreshing repast, when they were found in sufficient profusion to make it worth our while to stop and gather them.

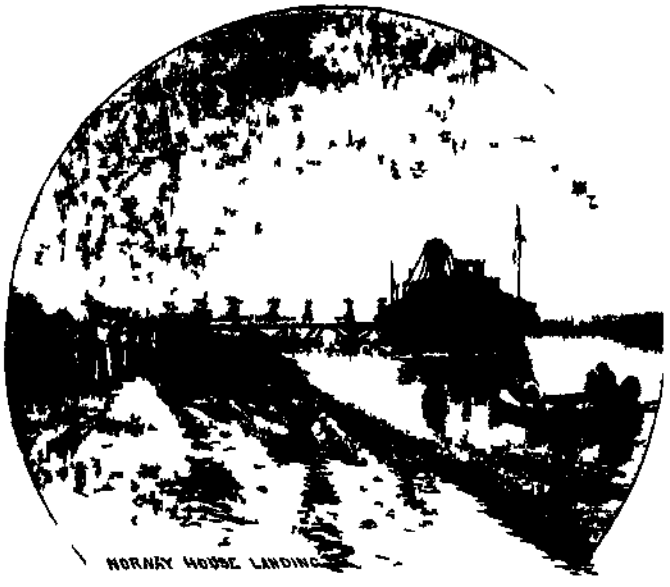
White fish, which are most excellent eating, abounded in the lakes, swimming lazily, or basking near the surface of the water, their dorsal fins just visible above. We endeavoured to catch some of these with hook and line, with spinning bait, and every other contrivance we could think of, but always without success. The only way in which we succeeded in getting a few, was by shooting them with a bullet as they appeared near the top of the water. The Indians catch them in great numbers with nets, indeed they form the principal staple of food for the River Indians.

After a hard day's work, of sixteen hours duration, up rapids, across portages, and along lakes and rivers, we reached Oxford House late on the evening of the 21st August, where I was most kindly received by the chief trader and his family, and where I enjoyed a comfortable and hearty supper, and a night's rest with something more than the canopy of heaven as my roof.

The pleasure experienced in partaking of a meal at which new bread, jam, delicious butter, and fresh milk made their appearance is difficult to describe, and when a warm welcome and a kind friendly greeting is added, the discomforts of a canoe journey, and the attendant hardships, are soon forgotten; even the persecutions of the musquitoes are temporarily banished from our mind, as we lay ourselves out to enjoy our rest and good cheer to the utmost.

As the day following my arrival at Oxford House was a Sunday, I was easily prevailed upon to make it a day of complete rest; besides I had many arrangements to make before I could again set out. I had to get another canoe; to obtain the services of two fresh Indians; to arrange about the provisions, &c.; and to start off my late companions fully victualled for their return journey to York Factory. This all took time, and it was not until Monday morning, the 23rd, that I was again able to proceed on my journey.

Oxford House is a small post in comparison with either York or Churchill. It consists only of one small house for the chief trader and his family, and two other buildings, one the office and store, in which all the goods that



preaching a most eloquent sermon at least, I judged so from his fluency and gesticulations

It was a lovely morning on Monday the 2nd when we pushed off from the point at Oxford House only little knowing what was in store for us during the day a fresh breeze springing up right ahead and this raised an unpleasant lop of sea which had the effect of completely drenching us as it splashed up over the low sides of the canoe it also necessitated our following all the sinuosities of the coast line in order to obtain as much lee as possible from the land thereby materially increasing the distance we had to paddle The canoe was very much smaller than the one I had come up in from York Factory, and was therefore all the more frail and cramped It was however in a corresponding degree very much lighter a matter of some importance when many portages have to be made Its length was only twelve feet My new Indians were stolid apathetic men who could neither speak nor understand English, but they nevertheless worked hard and were capital canoeists

It is needless and would only be tedious to my readers for me to enumerate all the lakes with their numerous picturesque little islets all the rivers with their tortuous windings and all the rapids and waterfalls that had to be passed, besides all the portages that we were compelled to cross on our journey to Norway House We had the same hard work in the canoe, the same simple fare to subsist on, the same rough stones and roots to lie upon, and the same vicarious and bloodthirsty musquitoes to worry and annoy us, as on our journey up from York Factory the only change was that we had more thunderstorms, and heavy rain showers to beguile the monotony of the day and night!

The foliage, even at that early time of the season, was beginning to assume its beautiful

are traded to the Indians are kept and the other the poultry and lumber house Like all the Hudson's Bay Company's posts it is surrounded by a stockade used in olden times as a means of defence against Indian raids, and in more recent days as a protection from thieves Although the winters are severe the climate is mild compared with that of Hudson's Bay, and I noticed potatoes cabbages peas beans, onions, beetroot and other vegetables growing in the chief trader's garden whilst in the woods in a wild state were gooseberries currants, strawberries and raspberries From the two latter excellent preserves are made

The Indians in the neighbourhood of Oxford House are the Muskegans, an offshoot of the Cree tribe their tepees or wigwams were different from any that I had seen before for instead of being covered with skins strips of the bark of the birch were used, the same material that is also utilized in the construction of their canoes

Near the Indian village was a small wooden church and schoolroom and also a house for the clergyman, but unfortunately it has had no tenant for some time They were built by the Methodists, but there is some talk now of turning the district over to the Church Missionary Society When I looked into the church during the afternoon an Indian was in the pulpit, and was, apparently,

autumnal tints, and the bright golden leaves of the poplar, intermixed with the delicate green of the larch, afforded a very striking, but not the less pretty, contrast to the more sombre hue of the pitch-pine and willow.

The country through which I was travelling is as liable to large forest fires, during the autumn, as the more southern part of the continent is subject to its great prairie fires. For two or three days after leaving Oxford House we occasionally had to paddle along the river, for perhaps four or five miles at a time, with a fire raging along both banks; and so dense was the smoke that the sun would be totally obscured for hours together, and our eyes made quite sore as we passed through it. It was a sad sight to see all the trees charred and burned to cinders and the bush totally consumed, whilst the poor birds would be flying about in a most melancholy and utterly depressed manner, vainly seeking for a place to alight and rest, but finding none. I also noticed the bodies of some poor little rabbits floating about in the river; they had evidently been driven into the water by the flames and drowned. The smoke had one good effect, however, for, whilst in it, we were impervious to the attacks of our relentless little persecutors, the musquitoes!

One of the lakes that we had to cross was perfectly choked with a mass of long, sharp-pointed bulrushes, through which we had to force a passage for our canoe. Luckily the wind was in our favour, and therefore blowing the points of the bulrushes *away* from us, otherwise we should have been unable to make progress, for it would have been somewhat similar to charging against a line of infantry with fixed bayonets, and almost as impenetrable.

Sometimes the river up which we were travelling, would degenerate into a narrow marshy swamp or perhaps partake more of the nature of a thick, black, muddy ditch. In these cases we had to push and shove the canoe along the surface of the mud.

Of all the uninteresting, and I may safely say disagreeable, work that can be imagined, that of pushing a canoe for miles in a black muddy ditch, redolent with the odours of decomposed vegetable matter, or through long and thickly clustered reeds in shallow stagnant water, is perhaps the worst. These swampy localities were also infested by musquitoes! Ugh! how they tormented us; but I think I have already shown how terribly we suffered from those abominable little pests!

On the morning of the 27th August, our little trials and miseries were forgotten in the cheerful welcome we received at Norway House, where it appears rumours of my intended visit had been received, and my arrival had, in consequence, been for some time expected. Nothing could exceed the cordiality and heartiness of my reception at this Hudson's Bay post; they were in themselves sufficient to make amends for the recent hardships and privations we had experienced, to say nothing of the enjoyment to be derived by the luxury of a good comfortable bed, and a hearty meal.

My troubles, however, were not quite ended by my arrival at Norway House, for, to my chagrin, I found that it was not so easy as I anticipated to continue my journey from that place. To perform it in a canoe would be almost impossible, and would certainly require a long time to accomplish; the waters of Lake Winnipeg are as turbulent and as boisterous in a gale of wind as the Atlantic ocean, therefore, unless I had unlimited time at my disposal, (which I had not) to travel by canoe was quite out of the question. The difficulty was, however, solved through the kind exertions of the Factor, who ascertained that a party of Indians was about to start for Winnipeg in a large flat-bottomed boat, and, for a consideration, they were willing to allow me to accompany them. Nothing could have turned out more fortunate, and it was not long before all the necessary arrangements were made with my new friends, provisions prepared, and everything in readiness for the continuation of my journey.

The morning of the 30th was wild and stormy; a strong gale was blowing from the northward, accompanied by heavy rain and hail showers, with violent squalls. Nevertheless this was the day fixed for our departure, and after taking leave of my kind friends at the post, I embarked with my new travelling companions to perform the last stage of my journey.

Our party consisted of twelve Indians, four men, two squaws, and six pappooses (two of whom were babies in arms!) and myself, thirteen in all. The boat was a long, heavy, flat-bottomed barge, a kind frequently used on the rivers on account of their shallow draft (which is only 11 inches), for carrying the skins and stores from one trading post to another. The mast was of a very primitive character, being a pine-tree that had been cut down in the morning; it was stepped in the centre of the boat, and was

supported by four shrouds; the sail was simply a square piece of old canvas without any pretension to cut or shape, and could only be used when the wind was fair. The boat was guided by a heavy steer oar, and could be propelled, although very slowly, through the water by oars when it was quite calm.

In this cumbrous conveyance we sailed down the river from Norway House, not without considerable excitement and terror, especially on the part of the ladies and children, in consequence of the strong wind that prevailed, and the next day saw us fairly launched on the waters of Lake Winnipeg. It was almost difficult to realize that we were really sailing on the bosom of an inland lake, and not on the high sea. The coast along which we sailed was low and fringed with pine-trees, the shore being flat and shelving, with little wavelets curling and rippling up over it. In bad weather, however, the lake assumed a totally different aspect; large waves came rolling in, lashed into white foam as they broke over the rocks on shore, and such a turbulent sea would be raised that travelling in our crazy and unseaworthy boat was rendered quite impossible.

On these occasions the boat would be secured in some sheltered bay, and we would remain encamped until the weather moderating enabled us to proceed. It was surprising how quickly a fairly comfortable camp could be formed by my companions. A convenient place in the woods, as close as possible to the boat, would be selected, and a space sufficiently large for the party speedily cleared by the axe, deftly wielded by the practised hands of the Indians. To its blows tall pines and poplars had to yield, and the willow and scrub disappeared. In the event of rain a fairly good shelter was afforded, at any rate for the women and children, by means of the boat's sail spread out on poles specially cut for the purpose. A large fire was then made, and the operations of cooking would commence. Supper being disposed of, we rolled ourselves up in our blankets and would soon be fast asleep, oblivious to rain, wind, or cold. It is marvellous the amount of protection that a good Hudson's Bay blanket will afford from the rain, and although the outside may be, apparently, saturated with wet, the sleeper will unroll himself in the morning comparatively dry.

The party of Indians with whom I travelled to Winnipeg appeared to be quite as devout as those with whom I had journeyed from York Factory; not a morning, or an evening, passed without the customary family devotions, generally conducted by the oldest member of the party, and preceded by a hymn in which all reverently joined. It was pleasant on a fine clear night to see the party assembled round the bright flames of our camp fire, and to hear them singing, in very gutteral tones, the evening hymn to a tune somewhat resembling that of the "Old Hundredth." I could not help comparing these semi-wild creatures of the North-West with a party of white men similarly situated, and the comparison was very much to the disadvantage of the so-called civilized man.

But I am reminded by the number of pages that I have already written that there is a limit to all things, including the patience of my readers, and more especially the length of this article.

I will not, therefore, enter into any further details connected with my journey down Lake Winnipeg; suffice it to say, that in consequence of the bad weather we experienced (and also I think chiefly on account of the *composition* of my party, for it is impossible, for various reasons that it is needless for me to enter into, to travel with females and children as rapidly as you can without them), the time occupied in reaching Winnipeg was longer than we anticipated it would be when we started from Norway House. The result was that we ran short of provisions, and for two days before reaching Selkirk, on the Red River, had nothing but a little flour to subsist on. Birds and game of any description were conspicuous by their absence; occasionally we were fortunate enough to shoot a gull or two (*Larus argentatus*), which was eagerly devoured by my famishing party after being cooked, but otherwise we were absolutely without food.

At length, on Sunday, September 12th, my vagabond life came to an end, and I bade adieu to my late fellow-travellers, not without a pang of regret, for I had learnt to regard them with feelings of friendship and esteem, and taking the train at Selkirk was carried on to Winnipeg.

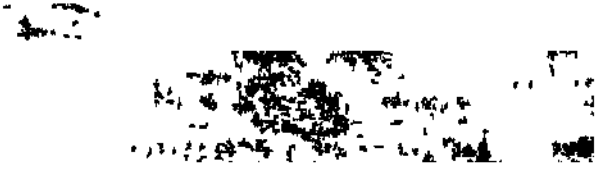
This practically terminated my cruise, my wanderings were at an end, and civilization was reached.

My trip was as successful as I could possibly have wished it to have been. I had succeeded in accomplishing that which I had set myself to do, namely, to travel from England to Winnipeg by water, and I had the satisfaction of knowing that I had achieved the distance in a very much shorter time than it had ever before been performed.

In a Storm on Lake Winnipeg

My opinion regarding the feasibility of an ocean route between England and Hudson's Bay is decidedly a favourable one, and I have so reported, whether it will be successful in a financial point of view is a question for others to decide, it is one that did not lie within the scope of my instructions to answer, nor have I sufficient knowledge of the requirements of the proposed railroad even to offer an opinion on it The country through which I travelled is admirably adapted for the construction of a line, no tunnels are necessary, and but few cuttings, whilst the rivers and streams that would cross the line of route are so narrow, that the expense of throwing bridges across them would be very small indeed

I only hope that the result of my journey will not be altogether fruitless, and that we may soon hear that Winnipeg and Hudson's Bay have been connected by rail, the consequences of such a connection will, I am quite sure, be the commercial development of a very large extent of country, and the increased prosperity of the Dominion of Canada For such a consummation all those who pride themselves on the greatness and welfare of the British Empire will assuredly pray



Main Street, Winnipeg

DARWINISM AS A PHILOSOPHY.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

SECOND PAPER.

THE private letters of Charles Darwin, now published in his Life with all their frank and memorable confessions, will accelerate and complete the reaction which has already begun against the acceptance of his philosophy. They not only reveal, but to some extent they explain, the contrast between his greatness as an observer, and his weakness as an interpreter of the facts which he observed. All that was special in his hypothesis rested on one idea, and that idea was a bungle. The phrase in which it was expressed—Natural Selection—was not only a metaphor, but it was a mixed metaphor embodying a confusion of alien and incongruous conceptions. It personified an abstraction. This is a resource which may, indeed, be harmless, if only the abstract idea which is personified be a clear one and not a muddle. But Natural Selection personified in the sense in which Darwin used it, was, and is, a muddle. It was essentially the image of mechanical necessity concealed under the clothes, and parading in the mask, of mental purpose. The word "natural" suggested Matter, and the physical forces. The word "selection" suggested Mind, and its powers of choice. Each element in the mixture commended itself to hazy and indiscriminating recognition. But the elements of meaning in it which made it most acceptable were precisely the meanings which its author did not intend it to convey. All this is now confessed. Darwin himself found it so difficult of explanation in the only sense in which he meant it, that within a year after the publication of the "Origin," he wrote to Lyell that if he had to begin again, he would avoid the phrase altogether, and substitute "Natural Preservation."* This would have been a change indeed. It would have eliminated, no doubt, all reference to the work of mind; but it would have eliminated also all reference to the processes of artificial breeding, these being the only physical causes to which the hypothesis appealed. Nor is this confession of Darwin the only, or the greatest, blow which his formula has received. Mr. Herbert Spencer, the ablest apostle of evolution in its wider applications, and one of the earliest disciples of Darwin, has lately turned upon "Natural Selection" the light of close analysis, and, as the result, has been obliged to condemn it as not representing any true physical causation whatever. He abandons along with it his own almost more famous amendment, "Survival of the Fittest," as involving the same confusions of thought, and as equally incapable of reducing biological facts to any satisfactory explanation.

But the discredit of a phrase can only be a gain to philosophy when it means the detection of some erroneous conception. And so the destructive analysis of Darwin's phrase, and of all its substitutes, is of value only in so far as it helps to lay bare the essential root idea of his hypothesis, and shows that idea to be nothing but the incompetent idea of fortuitous coincidence. Animal forms are alleged to vary in all possible directions; and those only survive which happen to fit external conditions best. It is the reign of chance. Professor Huxley denies this with vehemence and scorn. But he denies it only because he gives a definition of chance which is obviously erroneous. He identifies it with the idea of events which have "no cause."† But this is a definition purely arbitrary, and altogether at variance with the sense in which the word chance is habitually used, or indeed can ever be used with any meaning at all. Chance does not exclude the abstract idea of causation. What it does exclude is the idea of directed causes. When we speak of games of chance we do not mean games in which the result is not determined by any causes. We mean games in which the result is determined by causes that are not under direction or control. No throw of a dice-box ever turns up a number except by the physical forces which are concerned, acting under physical conditions. But these conditions are so many, and so minute, that they are incapable of direction. In this sense the result is purely fortuitous. Darwin certainly did not assert that any variation ever took place without a cause. On the contrary he said distinctly, "We may feel sure that there must be some cause for each deviation of structure, however slight."‡ But in perfect consistency with this, at least as he thought, he said also, "I believe in no law of necessary development."§ In this he

* "Life," vol. ii., p. 366.

† *Ibid.*, p. 368.

‡ "Origin," ed. 1859, p. 132.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 381.

differed broadly from Lamarck, who believed that the transmutation of species followed a law of development from lower to higher forms—from the comparatively simple to the comparatively complex. This idea was consistent with the idea of direction and design. But Darwin's idea was not. He intended it to exclude everything but the purely physical action of undirected forces. He calls them complex contingencies.* It is now made still more clear and certain from his correspondence that he did specially intend to deny that the causes of variation have been under any governance or direction. Even in the first edition of the "Origin," he implied this when he said that he did not believe in "any law of variation." The word "law," however, is used in so many indefinite senses, that this might not mean much; and many of us rested in the belief that he merely meant that no law or order of variation is known or can be traced. But since the publication of the Life we can no longer put this interpretation on his words. In repeated passages, he controverts the idea of direction. Thus, in 1861, he writes to Asa Gray that, "Designed variation makes, as it seems to me, my Deity, 'Natural Selection,' superfluous."† In the same sense he had in 1859 written to Lyell, repudiating his suggestion that we must assume a primeval creative Power, which does not act with (mechanical) uniformity, and that the introduction of such a new agent as Man could not otherwise be accounted for. To this Darwin replies that, although our present ignorance compels us to assume "the creation of one, or of a few, forms," he could not admit that this assumption differs from such assumptions as are involved in our idea of the physical forces; as, for example, when "philosophers assume the existence of a power of attraction without any explanation."‡ He adds emphatically that he "entirely rejects, as in his judgment quite unnecessary," any subsequent addition of new powers, or of any principle of improvement, except as the result of his "Deus," Natural Selection. "If I were convinced," he says, "that I required such additions to the theory of Natural Selection, I would reject it as rubbish." Darwin had a constant and instinctive feeling that his theory as he himself had conceived it, was essentially inconsistent with the idea of development through any directive agency of mind. When his co-inventor of that theory, Mr. Wallace, felt and confessed that it could not satisfactorily account for the origin of Man, and suggested that some exceptional process must have been concerned with him, Darwin was grieved and astonished. Referring to an article written by Mr. Wallace in the *Quarterly Review*, in 1869, Darwin writes to him, "If you had not told me I should have thought that your remarks on man had been added by some one else. As you expected, I differ grievously from you, and I am very sorry for it. I can see no necessity for calling in an additional and proximate cause in regard to man."* Writing to Lyell, soon after, he repeats like expressions; "but I was dreadfully disappointed about man. It seems to me incredibly strange."†

It is impossible, then, to deny that, although Darwin did not conceive living forms to have arisen without causation, he did certainly conceive them to have arisen from the fortuitous combination of "complex contingencies;" and that he regarded the idea of development under the guidance and direction of purpose or design as not only different from, but as antagonistic to, and destructive of, his own. It is, of course, open to Professor Huxley to argue that in this Darwin was wrong, and that he did not understand his own theory. But it is not relevant, nor is it rational to argue, that Darwin's hypothesis did not rest upon the idea of chance because it admitted the abstract idea of causation. Neither is it relevant to assert that, because it was consistent with the idea of causation therefore it was consistent with the metaphysical notion of "predictability," and therefore with "determinism," and therefore with "order;" of which, again, "the theological equivalent is Providence."‡ This is genuine casuistry, although, I doubt not, unintentional. It carries us from one region of thought to another region wholly different by taking us along the dark passages, and up the delusive steps, of ambiguous words. At the best it is a mere logomachy of the schools. It would have been as unintelligible to Darwin, as it is in itself confusing and confused. The design of it is to give or to leave the impression that the order of the universe casts no light upon its own nature and origin, whether it is the result of that known cause which we call purpose, or the result of undirected physical forces, left to run their own haphazard and mindless course. It is consistent with the Agnostic philosophy to assert that

* "Life," vol. ii., p. 314. † *Ibid.*, p. 373. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 218.

* Vol. iii., p. 116. † *Ibid.*, p. 117. ‡ Vol. ii., p. 202.

this is one of the insoluble problems of philosophy. We deny this assertion firmly, asserting, on the contrary, that nature reflects the light of mind as clearly as she reflects the relations of number and of force. But the question now is, not whether this assertion is true, but whether Darwin's hypothesis does or does not take a side upon it, and whether that side is or is not the mindless side. On this question Darwin's own evidence is conclusive, because it is to be remembered that it is not a question touching the true bearing of a fact, but a question touching the true nature of an idea. Upon this we must take the testimony of the mind in which the idea was conceived. Herein lies the difference between the case of Darwin and the case of great scientific discoverers, such as Newton or Faraday. They discovered facts; Darwin has only propounded an idea. When a new fact is discovered, the incidental consequences of it upon preconceived doctrines or opinions may easily be mistaken, and the facts may be contested or disbelieved because of these consequences, real or supposed. But the facts remain facts. Perhaps the most universal genius next to Newton, who was contemporary with him in an age full of genius—the great Leibnitz—not only disbelieved in, but denounced Newton's discovery of gravitation, because of its supposed bearing upon philosophical or metaphysical conceptions. It was said to ascribe "occult properties" to matter, and to involve the idea of a perpetual miracle. And so it did, as regards our knowledge of the ultimate agency concerned. Newton's reply simply was, that the mutual attraction of all particles of matter according to a certain numerical rule or law, was a fact which he could demonstrate both by calculation and experiment, and that it remained true in spite of the cause remaining unknown. It is upon such analogies as this that men speak and think of objections to Darwin's hypothesis as being like to Leibnitz's objections to Newton's discovery, or the objections of the Church to the discoveries of Galileo. But there is not the smallest analogy between the cases. Darwin's hypothesis does not even claim to be a discovered fact. It does not even pretend to proof. No one has admitted this more freely than himself. "When we descend to details," he says, "we cannot prove that a single species has changed, nor can we prove that the supposed changes have been beneficial, which is the groundwork of the theory; nor can we explain why some species have changed (as the theory presumes), and others have not."*

Being, therefore, a pure hypothesis—an idea, a conception, and nothing more—we must take it as it stood in the mind of Darwin who conceived it. If we alter it or modify it, it is no longer the same conception; and if we leave out the very core or heart of it, under the notion that we can take as much of it or as little of it as we like, it loses its identity and becomes something entirely different. Hence the absolute right of Darwin to define what he himself meant, and hence the authority with which he speaks when he declares that the admission of such an alien element as purpose, destroys his hypothesis altogether. Nothing can be clearer or more emphatic than his declaration in this sense to Lyell: "If I were convinced that I required such additions to the theory of Natural Selection, I would reject it as rubbish."†

Darwin was quite right. Professor Huxley speaks with ridicule of the various schemes of "reconciliation" which have been constructed to harmonize the detailed discoveries of physical science with the sublime ideals and the powerful imagery of the narrative in Genesis. But nothing in any of these schemes is so incompetent and irrelevant as his own scheme of reconciliation between the Darwinian hypothesis and the comprehensive idea of the natural order in creation being explained by the development of a creative purpose. Darwin himself was far too honest to accept such reconciliations as consistent with what he meant. He was, indeed, pleased and gratified when such distinguished men as Lyell, and Asa Gray, and others, accepted the general idea of "descent with modification." But he was grieved and pained when they stipulated for permission to keep along with it, as a complementary idea, that of purposive direction. He felt and knew that this conception was not complementary but antagonistic to and destructive of his own hypothesis. But he was content to believe that his own conception of purely physical causation, of fortuitous coincidences, and of accidental fittings, would finally swallow up the incongruous element of direction and design.

This being so, it is not rational, indeed it is hardly honest, to deny that the full acceptance of Darwin's hypothesis, in the sense in which he meant it, was and is antagonistic to religion in the widest sense of that word.

* "Life," vol. iii., p. 25.
† "Life," vol. ii., p. 218.

This has been confessed by some of the ablest of its devotees as frankly, and far more passionately, than it has been asserted by its opponents. The element in Darwinism which is grateful to many minds, has been the feeling that it dispensed with God. With some this feeling is disguised both to themselves and others, under those conventionalities of language which give to all the recognisable phenomena of mind the nickname of the supernatural or of the miraculous. The defenders of philosophic and of religious truth have a large share of blame in this. They have too long submitted to, or shared in, the use of such words without a careful and intelligent definition of their meaning. Our own minds are part of Nature: and yet they are the image and the microcosmic pattern of all that we allow to be called the supernatural. Nature does not mean, and cannot mean, the physical forces considered separately and in themselves. It means the whole system of things in which they act; and in that system the most familiar of all facts in our own experience is the power of subordinating these forces to the purposes of intellect and of Will. Reasoning from the known to the unknown—reducing phenomena to the various relations of which our various faculties are directly perceptive—we recognise throughout all nature that very element and kind of order of which we know the origin in ourselves. And yet, with strange inconsistency, we suffer ourselves to call it supernatural, as if it were something vague, unknown, and foreign to the world in which we live. It is quite true that there is no necessary antagonism between the idea of physical forces and the idea of design. On the contrary, the physical forces are familiar to us as the instruments of purpose. But this is true only in so far as the physical forces are seen and are conceived to be subordinate to mind. When they are conceived to be not subordinate but supreme; when the phenomena of nature are regarded as the result of these forces acting independently, instead of being the results of their combinations; when these combinations are regarded as accidental, fortuitous, the effect merely of "complex contingencies"—then these different conceptions are profoundly antagonistic; and Darwin was instinctively right when he saw and said that one of them must possess itself of the other and cast it out. We may be very sure which of them will survive. It will be the fittest;—it will be that which best corresponds with the phenomena of nature. It will be that which best explains them in the light of our own mental faculties, and of our own experience of their powers.

Hence arose one of the most instructive incidents in the life of Darwin. Eight years after the publication of the "Origin of Species," in 1867, when there had been ample time to consider it in all its bearings, a criticism upon the theory was published in the *North British Review* which the candour of Darwin led him at once to recognise as the most powerful that had appeared. "It is not a little remarkable," says his son, who edits his Life, "that the criticisms which my father, as I believe, felt to be the most valuable ever made on his views, should have come, not from a professed naturalist, but from a Professor of Engineering." * Yet the truth is that nothing could be more thoroughly natural and appropriate. Professor Huxley has told us † that the modern scientific form of the doctrine of development had its way prepared before it by several converging lines of philosophical speculation and of physical observation; and the first of these which he names is this:—"The enunciation by Descartes of the conception that the physical universe, whether living or not living, is a mechanism, and that, as such, it is explicable on physical principles." This is too broadly stated, because life is not "purely physical." But it is quite true that the whole visible frame of things is a mechanism. And therefore, obviously, a mind familiar with mechanical laws is the most competent of all minds to deal with hypotheses which assume to rest on physical causation. An engineer is just the man to see the master fallacies of the Darwinian hypothesis. It is his calling to subordinate the physical forces to the special purposes of mechanical construction. He has constant experience of the relations between Mind and Matter. It is his daily business to study the invariabilities of force, and to yoke them to the service of design. He knows better than any other class of man can know that it is upon their invariability that he can alone rely for the production of results rich in variety both of form and of effect. He, more than other men, must feel in every fibre of his brain the incongruity and "rubbish" of explanations of animal structure which are founded on a fortuitous philosophy. It happened too that the particular engineer in question, the late Professor Fleeming Jenkin, was not a mere specialist, but what is called an "all

* "Life," vol. iii., p. 107.
† "Science and Culture," p. 200.

round man"—with a mind of exceptional power and breadth of culture. From the physical points of view, he tore the Darwinian hypothesis to pieces. Taking all Darwin's facts for granted he analysed the reasoning. The theory assumes that minute variations will go on indefinitely accumulating during an indefinite time, and at last would span the widest existing gaps between organic forms. We might just as well "conclude that because we observe that a cannon-ball has traversed a mile in a minute, therefore in an hour it will be sixty miles off, and in the course of ages that it will reach the fixed stars. This really might be the conclusion of a savage seeing a cannon-ball shot off by a power the nature of which was wholly unknown to him, and traversing a vast distance with a velocity confusing his brain, and removing the case from the category of stones and arrows, which he well knows will not go far, though they start fast." Even so the phenomena of variation—as we see it, and know it, in animal forms—indicate a diminishing and not a constant pace in the progress of modification. The opposite assumption is against all observation and against all physical analogies. "The rate of variation in a given direction is not constant, is not erratic; it is a constantly diminishing rate, tending therefore to a limit." So much for the assumed range of variation, and now for its assumed direction:—how could the prospect of utility in the future be a physical cause of changes in the present? If the utility meant be actual usefulness in the present, how could it do more than tend to strengthen and perfect existing organs? It certainly never gave organs of sight, smell, or hearing to organisms which had never possessed them. Then if such variations as are called "sports" were to be depended upon, the advantage gained would be utterly overbalanced by numerical inferiority. A million creatures are born; ten thousand survive to produce offspring. One of the million has twice as good a chance as any other of surviving; but the chances are fifty to one against the gifted individuals being one of the hundred survivors. The chances might be twice as great against any one other individual; but this did not prevent them being enormously in favour of some average individual. The vague use of an imperfectly understood doctrine of chance had misled Darwin to confuse the two cases above distinguished. The swamping effect of the admitted tendency to reversion would go on in an increasing ratio—fatal to the survival of any special peculiarity—until, after a few generations, it would no longer be observed, and would count no more in the struggle of life than any of the hundred trifling advantages which occur in the ordinary organs. One white man, with all his advantages, landing on an island inhabited by blacks, even if he were to be endowed with every conceivable element of success, would not in any number of generations change the inhabitants into whites. It is impossible that any accidental variation in a single individual, however favourable to life, should be preserved and transmitted by natural selection; still less can slight and imperceptible variations occurring in single individuals, be garnered up and transmitted to continually increasing numbers.

The idea, which seems almost absurd when presented in a particular case, rests on a fallacy of very common occurrence in mechanics, and physics generally. When a man shows that a tendency to produce a given effect exists, he often thinks he has proved that the effect must follow. He does not take into account the opposing tendencies, much less does he measure the various forces, with a view to calculate the result. What should we say of a man who asserted that the centrifugal tendency of the earth must send it off in a tangent? If all the analogies of nature are forgotten, and if new individuals are sometimes born capable of perpetuating these peculiarities not only unimpaired but multiplied, so as to overwhelm and supplant all others, what is this but creation, the word being used to express our ignorance of how the thing happened? Under such suppositions the Darwinian hypothesis implies a succession of phenomena so different from those of ordinary variation which we see daily, that it might be termed a theory of successive creations. Then as to time—the assumption of unlimited ages was unjustifiable, and scientifically erroneous. So far as this world is concerned past ages are far from countless. The ages to come are also numbered. Physical considerations prove this. They disprove also the uniformitarian doctrine, in so far as it confounds the abstract idea of continuity in causation with a changeless condition of particular forces either as regards intensity of action or sameness in their combinations. The scientific doctrine of the "dissipation of energy" makes it certain that there must on the whole have been a gradual decrease in the violence or rapidity of all physical changes. To say that things must or can have gone on always at the same rate is a sheer absurdity, exactly

equivalent to saying that a boiler fire once lighted will keep a steam-engine going for ever at a constant rate. The moment this truth is seen all the calculations as to the length of geological periods, from the present rates of denudation and deposit, are blown to the winds. There may have been no age of cataclysm in one sense, no time when the physical laws were other than they are now. But the results were as different as the rates of a steam-engine driven by a boiler first heated to 1,500 degrees of Fahrenheit, and gradually cooling to 200. In theories about the development of organic forms, therefore, unlimited drafts on the bank of time cannot be allowed.

Then, again, as regards the very popular Darwinian argument drawn from the gradations and affinities of structure so remarkable in organic forms, this iconoclastic Engineer showed that the result is an inevitable consequence of the fundamental unity of certain physical laws, and of the corresponding unity of the means by which they can alone be turned to purpose. Exactly the same gradation prevails between different structures of human invention as the gradation which is conspicuous in animal structures. In living things certain vital and mechanical necessities govern the conditions. Weight must be supported. Circulating fluids must be oxygenated; food must be digested; muscles must have an attachment and a fulcrum. In human structures also weight has to be supported; strain has to be resisted; and pressure has to be distributed. The result is, that among bridge-structures, for example, all the three great principles of construction—the beam, the arch, and the suspension—are represented by forms which graduate into each other by the addition or subtraction of different members, or elements of construction. But it does not follow from this that bridges are physically born from each other, or that their likenesses are due, and can only be due to, "descent with modification." The difficulties of classification in organic beings offer no difficulty which is not common to them and to all other things. Whatever origin species may have had, whether due to separate creation, or to some yet undiscovered process, we ought to expect a close approximation between those species, and difficulty in arranging them in groups. They are all composed of a few inorganic elements, and these are combined to do certain things. We see that animals eat, breathe, move, have senses, are born and die, and yet we are expected to feel surprise that combinations which are all contrived to perform the same functions are found to resemble one another. It is the apparent variety that is astonishing, not the similarity. Analogous degrees of likeness are universal in nature and in the art of man. In chemistry the classification of substances; in mechanics the classification of structures; in art the classification of ornament; in law the classification of legal principles, rights, duties, and obligations,—all present the same phenomena of gradation. Yet because we cannot docket off creation into rectangular pigeon-holes as regards organic beings, we are offered a theory of transmutation limited to them, to account for a fact of almost universal occurrence.

This is but a poor and bare abstract indeed of an argument full of pregnant suggestion, and of various illustration. It is an argument strictly scientific—resting on physical laws. It proved to demonstration that if Nature—the world we live in—be indeed a mechanism, Darwin's theory is wholly incompetent to explain either the physical causes on which it depends, or the purposes which its structure is adapted to attain.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Mabah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—"LORD, REMEMBER ME!"

"ARE you too unnerved to go through the service this evening, child?" asked the Rector as he joined the little group seated by the cheerful fire, the shining silver on the tea-table forming a sort of focus of light and attractiveness.

"Oh, no; I feel as right as possible, only that young man's face haunts me, and I cannot but think there is something good in the other; for it was not the compulsion of fear but of love that made the younger decide to follow the elder man's fortunes. Mr. Markham, if I could only have helped them in any way!"

"God called them to-day through you, my dear; we will believe that He will fulfil

His own purposes towards them, and His purposes are always for good, however we may kick against the goads of what we deem His mysterious providences. Be content to leave them in His hands, Phyllis."

"Algy," put in his wife, "I don't like the idea of Phyllis walking home without other escort than that of Mrs. Hawkins."

"Just what I was going to say, my wife; if Phyllis will be satisfied with me in place of a younger squire of dames, I will go up with her. In these days there are not always knights at hand to protect wandering princesses."

Phyllis accepted the offer gratefully, which was the only sign she gave of having lost her usual fearlessness. Glad too she found herself of the Rector's stalwart support when beginning the ascent to Castlemount. The night was so dark that it was absolutely shadowless; not an objection to one whose nerves were unstrung, for trees throw such weird, phantasmal shapes that they bring "the heart into the mouth."

"I smell the breath of an Englishman," said Mr. Markham.

Then as the red spark of a cigar revealed itself, he continued laughingly,

"I was wrong, knights follow princesses in natural sequence. To make the fairy tales hold good, here comes Sir Bernard to relieve me of my charge."

The Baronet looked surprised to see Mr. Markham, but on hearing a graphic account of the afternoon's experiences, Phyllis felt her hand taken and drawn through Sir Bernard's arm and held closely for a moment as if filled with a desire to shield her from further mischance. The girl's heart leapt with sudden gladness; her welfare then was of some importance to her master, for so she liked to think of him. When the Rector had bidden them good-night, they paced slowly up the hill, Sir Bernard very silent save once, when he said,

"Are you very tired, 'St. Cecilia'? don't be afraid to lean on me, your hand is like a feather on my arm, and yet you walk wearily."

"It is just the reaction, nothing more; don't make much of the affair to 'Mamsell,' my feelings may have exaggerated the danger to myself, though I have no doubt they meant robbery of some sort. I wonder what sin that young fellow is being dragged into," she shuddered.

"Think no more of it, 'St. Cecilia;' see the lights of Castlemount how homely and steadfast they look, and especially to me, who have been seeking *L'étoile qui file, qui file et disparaît.*"

"You are content now, Sir Bernard?" Phyllis asked softly.

"I am happy, but not yet content."

"How can you be the one without the other?"

"There are relative degrees of happiness; what may satisfy one for the present might be quite inadequate for one's future needs. I am only content to wait."

Then he let her go.

The steadfast lights of Castlemount were exercising a magnetic influence upon one of two men tramping along a miry road towards the downs. He turned once or twice, with difficulty repressing a sound that was like a sigh, while his companion trudged on with a dogged sullenness, glancing furtively at him occasionally, yet unable owing to the darkness to catch the expression of his face. He only knew that the youth was not beguiling the road with snatches of song or cheerful whistle as was his wont, and Gaffer's heart grew black with jealousy and hatred towards her who had come between him and the only being he had ever loved. At last when the lane dipped abruptly and hid all trace of human habitation, the young man laid his hand on his shoulder and said huskily,

"Gaffer, I can't do it; if you won't come, I must go alone. I can't live this life any longer."

There was not a trace of anything but the bitterest sarcasm in the reply.

"You can't, can't you! The life that's good enuf for me ain't good enuf for you! And where would you have been without me I should like to know? Go to your psalm singing, cantin' hypocrites, who would have let you rot on a doorstep, or wot's wuss, sent you to the workhus—and see if they'll do anything for you, except to put you in their tracts as a brand plucked from the burnin', or get you to stand on platforms and tell as how you'd once been so wicked as to pick locks and go about with that d——d sinner, Gaffer Dorring, and never let out as that same Gaffer had brought you up and nursed you. Go, go to —— if that's wot you call gratitude!"

He wrenched himself free from the lad's restraining hand.

"Gaffer, so help me, I don't want to leave you! I only want to leave this life. You had me taught the locksmith's trade, let me put it to an honest use."

"Ay, didn't I see what fingers you had, just made for the perfession. I was good for the rough work, but you—many's the time I've admired you and thought as how you'd done me credit. Why, you might have become a second Peace, you might!"

This glorious prospect for a moment made Gaffer forget his anger, then it turned upon the cause.

"If we hadn't been diddled by a artful hussy—curse her!"

The young man swore a big oath. He had been brought up in an atmosphere of foul language, and thought little of it, but he used it on this occasion to emphasize his rejection of such a term applied to one who had come to him as a divine revelation.

"Gaffer, not a word against her. Call me names as much as you like, though I don't see why you should. You have been father, mother, everything to me since I was a baby, but you brought me up—a thief!"

The young man shivered and lifted his face to the sky, as if appealing to a higher tribunal against his destiny, and then it settled into the expression Gaffer had seen once before when Hal had been listening to a street preacher, and had gone home empty-handed, instead of profiting by the chance a crowd gives to a clever pickpocket. He had laughed him out of his sanctimonious fit then; would that serve now?

"Just like you youngsters, a pretty face can do anything with you. If the parson had tried the religious dodge on, I guess he wouldn't have been so successful!" sneered Gaffer.

The effect of the speech was to send Hal on to the top of the combe with rapid steps. But there again he paused, and again the lights of Castlemount shone upon the opposite hill. He flung his arms up.

"God, if you are as they say, show me the path she talked of! Gaffer, good-bye! I am going to look for it."

All the passion of jealousy that had been gnawing at the elder man's heart, the ambitions thwarted—he had intended Hal to be one of the "gentlemen" of the craft, his appearance and natural refinement, inherited perhaps from his unknown parents, tending to make him fit for a tip-top swell mobsman—broke into a white heat.

"You may not go on with me, but I dare you to go back."

"I dare."

"Then, take that!" swift as the words the blow fell, and Gaffer walked on, not waiting to see the effect. "He'll have forgotten all about it when he wakes up," he muttered to himself, and sat down on a pile of stones, signs of the road-mender's labour, some little distance off. He could see the dark object lying on the ground, and waited for the youth to recover himself from the stun—waited with a longing he would hardly confess, to feel Hal's arms about his neck and his boyish, kindly face looking down to his to coax him out of his grumpiness, as he used to say laughingly. But the figure lay so still that he began to feel uncomfortable. Every particle of anger had died out with the striking of the blow. Perhaps he was keeping still till he should have got out of the way to make good his escape, so he would wait a little longer till he got tired of his damp, muddy bed; and then his thoughts went back to the baby he had found half-frozen on a doorstep—to the little lad who had wound himself round his rough heart, its very roughness seeming to give more hold to the tendrils of affection which the childish life threw out. His pride in his quickness, in that dangerous power of the spatulate fingers, his delicacy of touch, his more gentlemanly instincts—they all crowded into Gaffer's mind, and now he wanted to leave him in the lurch, and was lying there artfully waiting to tire him out. He could not bear it any longer; he must go and shake him, and tell him to let bygones be bygones, and if he liked they might go abroad, emigrate and live honestly perhaps, if he could free himself from the old toils.

"Hal," he called softly. "Get up, there's a good chap, and we'll talk it over. I didn't go for to hit you. You needn't bear malice." But still the figure lay motionless, and Gaffer rose with a strangled sensation in his throat, as of the hangman's cord. Had he killed him? In a moment he was by the youth's side, kneeling down; he lifted the heavy head; blood had trickled from the temple and clotted his cheek. He had struck a stone in falling, and death had evidently been instantaneous. Gaffer sat down and took the lifeless form in his arms, as if he had been a child again, sat with a numbed sensation about the brain, a stifling tightness about the heart. He had killed him, and he loved him; but out of the darkness that enshrouded his mental vision only one thought at last shaped itself in lambent letters. He would take him back to—in his dazed condition he could not remember the name of the man. He was a clergyman, and Gaffer hated all such, but it would be part of his punishment to give himself up to him as—Hal's murderer—the

sooner the better. He got up painfully, for he was cramped—he did not know how long he had sat—adjusted the body in his arms as tenderly as if it were still sentient, and toiled back the miles they had traversed that afternoon. Gaffer had eaten little that day, the roads were heavy after the storm, and the dead weight he was carrying, that grew gradually colder, seemed to chill him to the bone. He walked blindly on, his only instinct to avoid a "peeler." At last the twinkling lights of the village appeared, and the church clock struck eight. He must wait till the villagers had dispersed to their homes. The darkness enshrouded him like a *crêpe* veil. If he could only reach the Rectory unperceived. He crawled down by the hedge-side to wait.

The Rector always liked to have half an hour's quiet meditation before prayers on Sunday evening, so that for that time his study was never invaded, not even by his wife. His thoughts were lingering upon the men he had seen that afternoon, and he had been laying their case upon the altar, so to speak, when a slight noise at the window made him look up with a start. A man was gazing in with wild and haggard face and unkempt hair; his hat had fallen off, and not been replaced. Mr. Markham would hardly have recognised him, had not his keen eye at a glance taken in the other face that drooped upon his neck. Without a moment's hesitation, the Rector opened the window, and Gaffer staggered in.

"I've come to give myself up. I killed him!" and he gently laid his burden down, standing with a defiant air before one he looked upon as his judge, therefore his enemy; but Mr. Markham expressed neither horror nor repulsion, his quick insight into character showed him the bravado was only assumed. He bent over the youth.

"Are you sure he is not stunned?" he asked, then raised himself in time to catch the hungry look on the man's face, which again became blank when he continued gravely, "He is dead. You killed him, you say, and yet—I am sure you loved him." The kindness of the tone, the lack of pharisaic assertion was like the rod smiting the rock. Gaffer's features worked convulsively; he hid his face in his hands, and a sob shook him from head to foot. When he had recovered himself, the Rector said, "Now I am ready to listen to your tale, but first—you look tired; have you fasted long?"

"Since the early morning," Gaffer muttered, half ashamed of his display of feeling.

Mr. Markham immediately left the room, locking the door behind him lest any of the household should enter. The man started; that sound reminded him of prison days. But now what did it matter? There would be no Hal to welcome him when he came out, if he ever did come out this time, so that if the Rector brought a "peeler" back with him he was quite ready. He didn't suppose one parson was better than another.

When the door reopened he was seated on the floor holding the dead lad's hand, and when he looked up, the Rector was not alone, but with him his wife carrying a plate of bread and meat and a glass of wine. There was a sympathetic moisture in her eyes as she placed the food on the table. "Eat," she said gently, "then you will be more fit to tell your story;" and Gaffer obeyed her as in a dream, though every mouthful nearly choked him. How could he eat or drink while Hal could not get up to share his meal? What did they mean by being so kind to him? And a grim story of cannibals feeding up people before eating them came into his head; he had lived so long in an atmosphere of suspicion that, except Hal, he had trusted no one. Suddenly a thought that had been like a gimlet in his brain for some time found expression.

"Tell me," he said, seizing Mr. Markham's arm, "where is he now?" pointing to the dead; "because if you say he is in hell, I'll go straight and get hanged, because I won't be parted from him. But I tell you what—he may have been a thief—I brought him up to that; but he was a good lad, and when he was out in the dark there he held up his hands and said, 'God, show me the path she told of.' I says to myself, though I was in a rage, 'He ain't no God at all if He don't hear that.' It was terrible earnest, and *He let me kill him!*"

"Thereby answering the prayer," said the Rector solemnly, and seeing Gaffer's astonished look, "Did you ever hear, my friend, of a man who said, 'Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom,' and getting the answer, 'This day shalt thou be with me in paradise?' That man was a thief, probably worse, and your lad there, like him, has found the path, never fear, for God has condescended to show it to him Himself."

Gaffer's voice was husky as he replied: "Will you put them words on his tombstone? It seems somehow as if I had heard them afore. I wasn't always wot I am now, and—I loved him; you'll say that for me when I'm in the dock. They'll bring it in

manslaughter, I dare say. I'd rather they hanged me. I don't mind so much now, as he's all right, though."

"Algy, must we give him up?" whispered tender-hearted Mrs. Markham.

"I'm afraid so, my dear. He might learn to think less of the sin if the penalty were not exacted. We will pull him through with as light a sentence as we can, and then start him fresh. Now go and get a room ready for the poor lad, while I talk to—— What is your name, my man?"

"Gaffer Derring, sir."

"Well, then, Derring, I am going to carry your boy up-stairs. My wife and our old nurse will remove the travel-stains from him, making the body as fair as my faith in God's mercy makes me believe the soul to be, and then you can watch by him during the night. I can trust you not to betray my confidence?"

"Do you think I could leave *him*? No, sir; Gaffer Derring never betrayed any one who was good to his lad."

When, after a long and earnest talk with the Rector, he was taken to the room where the dead lay sleeping, and saw how peaceful the gentle face looked, how kindly they had tended him, as though he had been a gentleman's son, instead of a waif, a companion of thieves, the man's hardness melted like snow in sunshine; no benefit conferred on himself could have touched him as this.

"Man, if I knew how, I'd ask God to bless you."

Then they left him to keep his lonely watch.

At breakfast-time Phyllis received a note begging her to go to the Rectory as soon as possible; and when she reached it, wondering much at the need for her immediate presence, she could hardly believe that the man who begged her pardon for having frightened her was the same, so much lies in the expression. The lowering, suspicious look was gone; he seemed now ready to face the world open-eyed and free; instead of seeking a prison, to have found liberty. He had determined to bear the penalty of his sin, and rightly the Rector said, he had chosen to do right, instead of being driven to do wrong—so, exercising the privilege of a free man, gained the free man's reward. Phyllis said kindly—

"I felt that we should meet again; but where is your companion?"

Gaffer's face grew white. "*He* brought me back, miss; your words stuck to him like a burr, and parson says that Hal—that's my lad, miss—was never happier in his life than he is now; you said so, didn't you?"—turning to the Rector with anxious eyes.

That seemed the one consolation. Hal was happy.

"Come with me, my dear," said Mrs. Markham, "and you shall see him."

Gaffer watched her disappearing—was she not going where he longed to be, by *his* side?—gulped down all feeling and got silently into the phaeton, the Rector driving him to the nearest county town.

CHAPTER XII.—A PAGE OUT OF THE PAST.

SHORTLY after noon the Squire's travelling carriage, drawn by plump horses of Flemish breed, reached Castleton. It was the ancient equipage in which the Squire had brought home his bride, and it would have been a wrench for him to part with it. So long as her father was satisfied, Nan was equally so. She had her own pony phaeton for every-day use, the chariot only being brought out on state occasions, when her fair face peeping out would have saved it from looking ridiculous in the eyes of any one who looked to the jewel rather than the casket. As the two girls passed through the hall with arms entwined, they made not so much a contrast as a delicate gradation of tone. Nancy the delicate spring sunshine, Phyllis the summer's shade; not the shade of gloom, but rather the reposeful half-light, the veiled warmth, so to speak, of a glowing summer's noon that one finds in some flower-strewn coppice. Her eyes were aglow with the stirring of the deep fount of tears, as she thought of the lad who had died in seeking to obey her, or rather the higher call, of which she had been permitted to be the mouthpiece. Had she not felt while she played, that Sandalphon, the angel of prayer, stood near her and yet she had doubted his power to gather the blossoms of supplication! A new version of the old Talmudic legend she read, full of a beautiful meaning. Through the chant of the angels of wind and fire, whose music is fated to die, because it had much of earthliness in it, Sandalphon, the deathless, listens with bated breath, lest he should lose the faintest sigh of those whose spirits are akin to his, because the spirit of God has breathed upon them and made them immortal in and by that love which is not expressed in the whirlwind or in the fire, but by the still small voice, which says, "What doest thou here? Here in the steep mountains of rebellion, in the waterless ways of sin that bring no re-

freshment, in the arid deserts where sandstorms cloud the spiritual outlook? What doest thou here, misdoubting thy kind, forsaking the path of duty, the claim thy brother has on thee? Back!"—and from a stricken soul had risen the cry, "Show me Thy face!"—and Sandalphon for very pity had stooped and gathered, not only the flower, but the root; not only the prayer, but the life. And Phyllis poured the story into the sympathetic ears of her friend, saying,

"Oh, Nancy! when I saw the pale, peaceful face, I felt that the angel of death was none other than

> 'Sandalphon the angel of glory,
> Sandalphon the angel of prayer,'

standing upon the ladder of light, and I was glad. I am not crying, am I, Nancy? I want to be so happy while you are here."

Nancy laid her cheek earnestly against Phyllis's shoulder, silent for a moment, and then, as if to herself, "A ladder of light; and some call it the valley of the shadow of death."

"Oh, Nan!" exclaimed Phyllis with a swift glance into the fair face, but her thought, whatever it was, deflected as Nancy said gaily, with one of her rapid changes of mood,

"Dear heart, you and I are going to be very happy, as you say; come, away with melancholy!" But the shadow of the deathless angel gave a tinge of gravity to the Castle as well as to the Rectory, the question "Am I my brother's keeper" forcing itself upon the thoughts of all.

"It is in his universality that I look upon Algernon Markham as the admirable pattern of a parish priest; to him no one is a parish, no one is beyond redemption; you will see he will make something out of Gaffor Derring," said Sir Bernard, when the servants had withdrawn, leaving the little party seated at the round dining-table.

"The older I grow, the more I realise the fact that nothing can save man but the recognition of kindred humanity, the love of the brotherhood, not the mere giving of money—that is very easily done—but of that which no money can buy, the gift of self."

"But Mr. Greatorex," said Miss Dallas, "what do you think of those men who preach to the lower orders that they should shake themselves free from the shackles imposed upon them by the moneyed or landed classes, that every one ought to be alike? They no doubt think themselves self-sacrificing, heroic mortals, while they seem to me merely to amuse themselves by putting in their wooden ladle to bring the scum to the surface without in the least degree making the compound more wholesome; they must purify the self within before they can offer it upon the altar of humanity."

"You are quite right, my dear friend; zeal often outstrips discretion. An awful responsibility rests upon those to whom is given the gift of oratory, of swaying the multitude, so impressionable, so easily led, feeling the wrong that centuries of mistakes have entailed upon them I could tell you of a little drama, well-nigh a tragedy, in which I was an actor many years ago; would you care to hear it?"

"By all means."

So the old gentleman began. "I remember it as if it were but yesterday, though I was a young man then, rather perhaps because of it; when one is old one remembers what happened in one's youth better than that which takes place within a more measurable distance. There had been a time of long distress—masters and men not in sympathy, one side perhaps asking too much, the other giving too little—and the men were gaunt, with clothes hanging loosely, while underneath they tightened their belts to lessen the pangs of hunger; the women white and pinched, many of them struggling bravely enough while their husbands ran up scores at The Chequers, or The Pig and Whistle, trying to drown memory and want, cursing as they stumbled over their children, too weak, poor mites, to get out of their way when they staggered home drunk to their homes. Homes—those were four walls, but the pawnbrokers' were the only houses that had any furniture in them. Well, to this powder magazine, ready to be set in a blaze by a single spark, came a man, and he harangued the thousands assembled on a bleak moorland waste where furnaces once had sent up a glare of flaming fire into the skies, now extinct and dead. It was at night, and the speaker on a waggon could be seen by the light of torches held by his supporters; he was a tall, powerful fellow, with rugged not dishonest face, but he was doing devil's work that night. At first his audience listened with the sullen indifference of stupefaction; then as he painted in graphic, even lurid terms, their miserable condition, quite omitting the fact that much of it they had brought upon themselves, murmurs grew into growls, as of lions when they hear the sound of their food brought upon a trolly, the stillness of apathy was broken, and men began to move, always a dangerous sign. The faces seen by the glare of torches lost their pallor

and grew flushed and wild, the knotted veins standing out like cords upon their temples. They were like the swine possessed by a legion of demons prepared to rush to destruction, only not inoffensive as they, these must carry others with them. With whom lay the onus of the suggestion I know not, but to my horror I heard the shout, 'To Capel Leigh!' I was staying there with friends at the time, people whom I loved and reverenced, with no fault that the mob should rise against them, save that though their wealth was lessened still they could live in a luxurious house, had plenty to eat and drink and owed no man anything. For a moment I was paralysed, then through the darkness I crept, stumbling into peat holes, getting almost scragged by blackened, sharpened stumps of trees, conscious of nothing but the tramp of the thousands, the hoarse murmur of the multitude that was pouring towards Capel Leigh. If I could only outrun them! but I had to make my way so carefully that it seemed hours before the square substantial-looking house, with cheery lights gleaming in the windows, became visible. What I had expected I hardly dared to think; but I breathed a sigh of relief, I was in time. For one second I paused, and found myself seized by half-a-dozen wild-looking fellows. 'Not if we know it, youngster,' said one with a disgusting leer. 'Here, Sookey Bill, tie un to a tree, he'll be one too many for us else,' for I had promptly disposed of one of my assailants and was doing all I knew of wrestling and the back trip, but I was outnumbered and my pockets rifled lest I should have a knife, then tied with good strong cord to a young sycamore. Picture me, helpless, though so strong, doomed to see and gnash my teeth in impotent rage. Dark swarms took possession of the lawn and sent up hoarse roars of derision when the master and mistress, elderly people of beautiful and dignified mien, appeared in the doorway to ask what was wanted of them. I could not hear, I could only guess what was said, and my eyes filled with tears as I thought of them exposed to the ribaldry and insults of that maddened crew; but they dried up as if scorched, when I saw in the upper windows dark figures with torches! There! They were setting fire to the house! Then, my friends, I fear for the first time in my life, a really earnest appeal to Heaven went up from my heart, and deliverance came. As if flying for his life, looking back for fear of pursuit, I recognised one of the grooms. I shouted his name, but the poor fellow was so frightened that he only ran the faster away, till my voice seemed to recall his scattered senses, then he rushed to my side. 'Oh, Lord! Mr. William, what have they done to you?' he blubbered. 'Quick,' I gasped, 'a knife.' Mercifully, he had one, and soon I was free, and regardless of his entreaties to escape made for the scene of destruction. There I saw a pitiful sight. The house was burning briskly, for oil had been poured here and there to make it more inflammable, and in the full glare, held by brutal hands, were my friends, made to look upon the ruin of their property. Mrs. Leigh was on her knees begging for something, I could not tell what, till seeing me she shrieked, 'Willie—Lotta is there,' and she pointed wildly to the flaming house. Lotta! their two-year-old grandchild, a lovely fair-haired infant intrusted to their care by the widowed father. In a moment I was through the open door, but well-nigh driven back by the clouds of smoke and choking smell of burning oil. I at last managed to find my way to the nursery. It was empty. Was she saved after all? God be thanked! But a yell of mingled exultation and agony made me fly to the window. What new tragedy was being enacted! I saw nothing but faces turned upwards to the roof, which in one part was flat. Mr. Leigh was trying to shake himself free from his captors while his wife seemed mercifully unconscious, at least she was lying in a heap on the ground. Like a flash I was out of the room and dashing headlong to a trap-stair I knew of, which the flames had as yet left uninjured. What I saw when I emerged sent me forward in a gust of furious strength; even now I cannot think of it without my blood curdling. On the parapet was the terror of the village, a man of immense power, brutalised by having allowed his passions their full sway. In his arms he held the child. Holding her out towards the flames which were bursting through the adjoining gable, he shouted, 'See, look at her, your brat lying under silken covers while ours may go naked; rosy and fat, while ours are pinched with hunger. Now we are equal, which'll you have? shall I throw her down to you or pitch her into the fire? She'll burn *right merrily*. Ha! Ha!' and the fiend laughed! It was a horrid sound, and the baby smiled up in his face and said, 'Pitty, pitty,' stretching her tiny hands towards the sparks that flew up from the woodwork. My onslaught was so sudden that I managed to drag him off the parapet; but though I got him down he still held the

child aloft in one hand while he grappled me with the other. It was an awful experience, alone with my enemy on that blazing roof. The flames were very near us now, and I could not stifle the life out of him. I knelt on his chest, but his grip of me was so strong that I could not exercise my full power. I could only trust that my weight, which was no slight one, would tell in time, if time were given us. Assistance came to me from the very source of our danger; a block of chimneys near us was tottering to its fall, and as the fire took possession of it gave a loud crack; for one second my foe's grip relaxed, but that was enough; I wrenched myself loose, seized the hand that held Lotta and with a dexterous turn of the wrist made him leave go with a howl of pain. As I reached the trap door I heard a rumble and a crash, then a groan. I waited for no more but fled with the child, through rooms full of smoke and passages where the flames scorched and blackened my hands and face. Out at last to the open I staggered, having just strength to sob out 'She smiled in his face,' as Mr. Leigh took her from me, and then I fell down unconscious." The old gentleman paused in his narrative, there was a little catch in his voice as he continued, "She had ever a sweet smile, my Lotta; I shall see it again some day, please God, for Lotta became my wife, dear friends."

The faces of the auditors looked almost moved to tears, and Nancy went over to her father's side and kissed him. "Thou art very like thy mother," he said tenderly, then to Miss Dallas's exclamation, "These are the wretches who are to be our masters!"

"Nay, dear friend, they have their redeeming qualities like other people, as you shall hear. When I recovered consciousness I found myself on the grass; rough hands that would have throttled me a moment before, were undoing my necktie, dashing water in my face; kindly voices told me it was well and bravely done. Where was I? What could it mean? It meant that a little child should lead them. My words had touched the women and they crowded round sobbing—'Oh, the pretty dear, forgive us, *Mistress* Leigh.' And he who had harangued the men into fury was filled with remorse, he was a father and no unloving one; so those who had been foremost in crying 'crucify him,' for every deed of violence is crucifying the Lord afresh, sought to make amends and tried to stop the flames and save what valuables they could, placing a cordon round of those most to be depended on, that there should be no theft. And when the soldiery came, warned by a groom who had ridden off unseen in the darkness, they found nothing to do, only a half-burned-out house, furniture, pictures, valuables of all sorts piled up on the carriage drive, and on the lawns groups of ragged half-starved creatures being fed; the larder and bakehouse had been stripped of their contents, and Mrs. Leigh, the child on her arm, was moving about waiting upon the stricken men and women followed by her astonished servants. It was a sublime sight, and from that day the name of Leigh was a password to the hearts of villagers for twenty miles round."

"Yes, Mr. Greatorex, you can reach men through their affections more nearly than through their intellects; one act of heroism often does more good than a dozen Acts of Parliament."

The Squire's reply waived aside his host's implied compliment. "By the way, Miss Dallas tells me you think of standing for the county, there is dissolution in the air."

"Would that I could count upon your support, sir," said Sir Bernard.

"Well, at least you have my benevolent neutrality," replied he smilingly; then with a touch of real pathos, "My dear young friend, it is positive pain to me to find myself a seeming laggart in the paths of that Liberalism I have always been proud to profess; to be looked askance at because my shibboleth is not the mere name or party cry which takes little heed to the means, and allies itself to much that is not liberty in the highest sense for the sake of self and party ends. Now I take no active part in politics, but only try to impress upon my tenants the danger of allowing their passions and prejudices to blind them to the real good. You have a very powerful ally in Mr. Markham."

"Yes; in the immediate neighbourhood of Castleton I am pretty safe. Though the Rector never interferes in politics, yet he sways the opinion of his people a good deal in favour of progressive Conservatism, not a paradox, though some affect to think it so."

"We are teaching you, as Napoleon did, to beat us on our own lines."

"Nay, Squire, all progress presupposes a point from which progression is possible, and the most rapid method of progress is not by cutting the ground from under our feet, compelling us to make a wild leap and frantic clutch at the nearest *point d'appui*. For my part, I don't see why the word *interfere* should be used when a clergyman takes an interest in the way his country *is* governed.

There is very little doubt that religion and politics run closely together, the religious atmosphere in which one is brought up colouring one's views of party in a large measure. A Nonconformist, in nine cases out of ten, is a Radical simply because he is jealous of Episcopacy, and would like to do away with the bench of bishops. An atheist is a root-and-branch man because he thinks himself beyond and above all law, and would like to destroy all faith that presupposes a divine Lawgiver. Some seem to adopt their politics as a hermit crab does his shell; by taking possession of another man's views they are saved the trouble of formulating any for themselves, and by going in backwards they can't be accused of doing it with their eyes shut. Of such there are plenty on both sides; but of those who vote for conscience, irrespective of party, but a small minority. It is this doctrine of conscience in politics that Mr. Markham preaches; and though never seen on 'stumping' platforms, yet in the young men's meetings or workmen's clubs he is always welcome, discussing subjects fairly and openly."

"There is a great deal of vanity in politicians generally," interrupted Miss Dallas; "they are too fond of hacking and carving their own names on the old tree of liberty to find time to remove or carefully prune those branches which add neither to its beauty nor utility."

"You are quite right, my cousin; in the manufactured clamour raised by the few, the real needs of the many are passed over. Lord Beaconsfield spoke what ought to be the aim of every man, irrespective of party, when, in one of his early speeches, he said, 'I am a Liberal to uproot all that is evil, and a Conservative to uphold all that is good.'"

"At any rate," she continued, "if women are sometimes wrong in their premisses, they are often right in their conclusions."

"I am not quite sure what conclusions we have arrived at," said the Squire.

"Naturally this, that Liberals are right in principle and Conservatives in practice," laughed Phyllis.

The Squire shook his finger at her playfully. "Rather say that Conservatives are women and Liberals men, the former being sometimes correct in their conclusions, and the latter always right in their premisses."

"I am not going to let you have the last word, Squire; that's a lady's privilege," said Miss Dallas as she gave the signal for rising. "I warn you landed proprietors to beware. Our side, perhaps foolishly, gave the reins into the hands of a child, for the democracy is but a child in waywardness; but yours has given him the whip with which he may lash the horses into frenzy, thereby endangering the coach and occupants. We shall soon have to cry with Marat,

> 'Chapeaux bas, messieurs, bourgeois et valetaille,
> Ce sont vos maîtres qui passent, saluez la canaille.'"

This given with a semi-tragic air and an old-fashioned curtsey, she left the room with the two girls.

CHAPTER XIII.—DINNER TABLE TALK.

"ARE you going to invest the gentlemen with the most noble order of 'St. Cecilia,' Miss Trevylian?" asked Sir Bernard, while surveying the newly completed table decorations for the dinner.

Phyllis looked up with the pleased smile that title always evoked. "Would you like a bouquet, Sir Bernard?" removing, as was her wont, the question from the abstract to the personal.

"Certainly, I expect no less."

"Then we will share the honour. Nancy shall make a button-hole for you, and I will arrange one for Mr. Greatorex."

"Not at all, Phyl," cried Nan. "Father will only be adorned by me; I hand Sir Bernard over to you, whose taste, I am sure, will satisfy him better than mine would."

"That is unkind, Miss Greatorex; but to show you that I am more conceited than you, will you wear flowers in your dress of my arranging to-night?"

Deftly he put together a lovely spray and handed it to her, furtively glancing at Phyllis to see if she betrayed any jealousy; but of such a feeling she was quite incapable, especially where Nancy was concerned. She looked quite as pleased as if the attention had been paid to herself.

"Now I must be off to find whether Mamsell wants me. Take care of Nancy, Sir Bernard, and see that she does not overtire herself. Farewell till dinner-time."

Phyllis's toilette was not as a rule a lengthened proceeding, but on this occasion the prospect of a stiff dinner-party, of which she had no experience, and rather dreaded, sent her to dress earlier than usual, so as to get accustomed to the idea by herself. With a bunch of her favourite chrysanthemums she entered the room, and the chrysanthemums fell out of her hand disregarded on the floor when, to her surprise, she saw a lovely breast-knot of flowers lying on her dressing-table, blended in excellent taste. A card was attached on which was written,

"For the Patron Saint of the Order.—B. M." Phyllis inspected the breast-knot from different points of view, as if afraid to touch it, putting her hand to her cheek, which glowed with a shy feeling of pleasure. Then she dressed more slowly than usual, for she had to pause occasionally and take another look to be quite sure she had seen aright. Just as she was thinking how to place it to the best advantage Nan peeped in.

"I have come to give my opinion on the chrysanthemums, Phyl."

Phyllis's voice had an uncertain ring in it as she replied—

"Sir Bernard has sent me something better. See, Nancy, is it not kind of him? Have I put it in right?"—looking down at her flowers.

"Yes; you will more than satisfy—Mr. Danby. Come, or we shall be late."

Arm-in-arm they entered the drawing-room. It was a relief to Phyllis to find that some of the guests had arrived, for she hardly knew how to thank Sir Bernard. But the glance that met her shy smile of gratitude showed her that the donor was rewarded already by the added charm the bouquet gave to the sweet gravity of her dress and demeanour. Mr. Danby shook her hand with great *empressement*. He was a young florid-complexioned man, who passed for being very good-natured, but with no more brains than would carry him comfortably through life. Yet, blest with an income of about £5,000 a year, including a pretty little estate, match-making mothers thought him quite worth angling for.

"Miss Trevylian," he began, "I have done nothing but dream of the dances I had with you at the Rectory."

"I am very sorry, Mr. Danby," she replied with a smile.

"Sorry! Why? I'm not."

"Because it must be a nightmare by this time."

He laughed. Mirth was very easily roused in this fox-hunting squire. But it was not an unpleasant sound, quite natural, not the asinine giggle some gilded youths think as good as a genuine bit of laughter.

"I can assure you, the only nightmarish part of it was in being so tantalising as not to be a reality. I think Maxwell might give us the chance of tripping on the light fantastic, don't you?"

Before he could get an answer dinner was announced, and he had to depart to claim Miss Letitia, to whom, fortuitously, Sir Bernard had been talking, so that he had not remarked Mr. Danby's defection. Phyllis met Mr. Markham on his way to her.

"My host tells me I am to take care of you, my dear. I am quoting his own words."

"I feel perfectly safe in your keeping, Mr. Markham. Lady Morgan will be on your other side, so never mind me, I shall be amused listening to the conversation, and," she added confidentially, "General Mackintosh takes in Nan, and he is rather old, so I will try to talk to him that she may have the opportunity of entertaining Captain Harman, who is Miss Dallas's cavalier."

"You little traitress!" whispered the Rector, "you forget Jack's interests in that quarter."

Phyllis felt the colour fly to her face, but said nothing, the business of settling themselves at table filling in the silence, and in the buzz of conversation that ensued she was left to her own musings. She had never seen the dining-room swept and garnished for company before. The family portraits, shrouded in ghostly draperies, as if they were preparing to come out of their vault, but had paused, entangled in their grave-clothes, and from which she had always expected to see a hand protrude itself to remove the cerecloth, had been wont to give her a cold shiver. Now they looked down upon her with more of life, and she imagined them stepping out of their frames and taking their places at table. She pictured Lady Maxwell, cold and calm, with the boy Bernard leaning over the back of her chair, listening to the loud laughter and questionable jokes, while through and above them all she heard a rippling laugh, saw a *mignonne* brilliant face, that flashed across like a meteor and disappeared into the darkness. She gave a slight shudder and glanced up suddenly. Had she been dreaming! Sir Bernard was talking to Lady Morgan, but under his long lashes his eyes were looking at her with an almost anxious expression in them. Involuntarily she raised her hand to the flowers on her dress. The action immediately dispelled the look, and he threw his head back, passing his hand through his hair, as if relieved, and gave her the benefit of his mother's smile, which effectually called her back to the present.

She looked about her. The table ornaments were very low, so that there was no bar to talking across if any one wished. Miss Letitia was in great good-humour; she felt she was looking her best; the light from the rose-coloured lamp shades tinted the dead white of her complexion, and her pale blue

dress was becoming. Phyllis was between two of the oldest men, therefore quite safe, and Mr. Danby was making himself very agreeable. He was describing a run across country that had been the best of the season when this turn of the conversation unfortunately diverted his thoughts, and, bending forward, he addressed Phyllis, who was sitting nearly opposite.

"I have never had the pleasure of seeing you at any of the meets, Miss Trevylian. I should be delighted to give you a lead."

"My riding is a very small affair, Mr. Danby. I never attempted it before coming to Castlemount." She spoke quietly, with a slight curve of amusement on her lips.

"Then you must be to the manner born, for I saw you once going straight as a bird."

"Danby must have allowed his imagination to picture you 'on mighty pens,' Miss Trevylian. I did not know he had been at our 'Harvest Home,'" remarked Sir Bernard.

"Imagination! not a bit of it," retorted the young Squire. "I am certain it was Miss Trevylian I saw one day last spring. I was out on the Downs and had my field-glass with me; I often take it, especially after a storm, to see what damage has been done. Looking towards Falkland, I saw a lady on a cob; she did not seem quite to know her way, and I felt certain she would get into a *cul-de-sac*. She went into a field that I knew stopped suddenly with no outlet save over a big ditch having a low fence on the near side; beyond, the ground was spongy. Well, the lady—oh, I see you twig, Miss Trevylian—cantered up to this, stood a little as if to gauge the distance and whether it would bring her a short cut. On the other side was a rickety gate which opened on to a bit of common which would take her into the high road. This she seemed to take in at a glance; she walked back—excuse my saying *she* so often, Miss Trevylian. I saw she was a new hand, but a plucky one—turned round, and brought the cob on at a gentle canter and took the jump as neatly as possible, pulling the animal together in first-rate style. You don't mean to say you had never tried leaping before?"

Phyllis had no time to reply, for Letitia broke in with a decided dash of acid.

"Rather a daring thing to do on another person's horse. Miss Trevylian might have broken the beast's legs."

"I knew he was a good jumper," said Phyllis, a pained blush flitting across her face; she did not like to be made the topic of conversation.

Sir Bernard smiled sarcastically. "The safety of Miss Trevylian's neck might have been endangered; but I assure you, Miss Mackintosh, that Bayard, like his namesake, is too gallant a knight to fail a lady whose colours he bore."

"Oh, I can tell you there was not much fear as Miss Trevylian handled him. I know that little cob of yours, Maxwell, he is thoroughbred and would shirk nothing," remarked Mr. Danby.

Phyllis, to escape further personalities, dashed into conversation with the Rector, for General Mackintosh was laying down the law as to the state of the army, while Captain Harman whispered to Nan, "The old fellow will find 'The Charge of the Light Brigade' as nothing to the onslaught of the 'White Plume of Navarre.'"

"What *do* you mean?" she asked.

"Look at the champagne he is drinking. A violent attack of the gout is looming in prospect, I'm sure."

Miss Mackintosh evidently was of the same opinion, and tried to attract her father's attention. Letitia openly made faces at him, but the General was quite impervious to "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," and gallantly attacked the combined forces of France and Germany, proving that milk and seltzer, his habitual drink, was not conducive to the formation of a white liver for public display, whatever weakness he might show in the bosom of his family. At last the signal was given for the ladies to retire.

"You should have been at the organ, Phyllis, to play 'The Dead March in Saul' while we were filing out," said Nan. "There is always such a ghastly silence all of a sudden; the men look like mutes at a funeral. I often wonder whether they are more sorry for themselves or us. What were you and Mr. Markham talking about, Phyl?"

"Latterly about Jack. They have heard of his safe arrival, and he writes as if he were slaving himself to death."

Nancy laughed. "No fear of Jack; he is decidedly Le Debonair."

"Do you correspond with him, Nan?"

"Occasionally; we have nearly grown out of it. It does not do to play at brother and sister too long."

"When do you intend being in earnest?"

Nancy looked up with a troubled glance. "Phyl, dear, there is no thought of that. It is only what other people have been foolish enough to think. Jack has no idea of it.

But we must go and entertain the guests." She moved off as if anxious to avoid the subject.

Phyllis looked after her, and a cold light seemed to be thrown on Jack's conduct. Had she—Phyllis—unwittingly drawn him from his allegiance? She felt as if she must beg Nan's pardon. And yet she was so guiltless. But she would not write to Jack; better to let him think she had forgotten him. She sat on, listlessly turning over the leaves of an album. She felt caught in an eddy, when a moment before she had been rowing in placid waters. She looked down at her flowers; they, too, were beginning to droop, but the hoya kept its drops of honey. Life was not all bitterness, after all.

"Phyllis, what are you doing over there? Come here, child." It was Lady Morgan who spoke. "Tell me how you have been passing the time. I have not seen you for an age."

Letitia, seated by Mrs. Markham, was just stifling a yawn behind her fan, and jealously wondering at the intimacy that seemed to exist between her ladyship and Phyllis, when the gentlemen entered. She immediately began to chatter to her companion, as if to show how well she got on with ladies without the admixture of the male element. She could hardly resist sending a triumphant glance at her sister when Sir Bernard came up and drew a chair by her side.

"I hope, Miss Letitia, you are going to favour us with some music," he said.

"Oh! presently. I am afraid you are a severe critic. I should be quite frightened to play before you; and I hear you sing as well as a professional."

"Is that a test of perfection? Miss Trevylian has gone to the piano."

"Yes, with her devoted squire. He really seems smitten. Amusing, isn't it? He put his foot in it rather at dinner, though."

"In what way?"

"Why, asking her if she went to the meet. Really, I gave him credit for less ignorance, knowing her position as he must. It showed great want of tact."

"I suppose he takes her for a lady and treats her as such. Miss Trevylian could hardly label herself 'Only a paid companion.'" Sir Bernard's fingers grasped the back of his chair till they ached; what would he not have given to strangle this girl?

She went on unconsciously, "Don't you find her very eccentric?"

"Who?"

"Miss Trevylian. How dense you are to-night!"

"Am I? excuse me. No; I have not found her so as yet."

"I don't suppose you have troubled to study her character, but I must warn you not to take her *protégée* on trust."

"I did not know she had any."

"I saw you speaking to one on Sunday."

"Wee Charlie Bennet, do you mean? He does not look dangerous."

"Oh! no; but when there are so many respectable children——"

"I am glad to hear that; you quite alarmed me. I feared Castleton was very depraved when even the children bore the brand of Cain."

"Sir Bernard, you are nearly as odd as Miss Trevylian. When I say respectable children, of course I mean their parentage; now Charlie Bennet has no right even to his name," Letitia whispered behind her fan, with a very shocked look on her face.

Sir Bernard was impenetrable; he only said, "Poor little fellow!—but what has this to do with Miss Trevylian's eccentricities?"

"One day I said to her I was surprised that when there were so many respectable chil—no, of respectable parentage; you are *so* particular;" she glanced coyly up—"that she should select Charlie for her especial care. She even nursed him through his illness last year, and took him all sorts of luxuries. I often wondered if Miss Dallas knew; and now she makes quite a pet of him. What *do* you think she said, with that icicle look she can put on?"

"Couldn't imagine."

"No, I'm sure you could not; it was such an extraordinary thing to say. Her answer was that when our Lord said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' He did not tell them to bring their mothers' marriage certificates in their hands."

Half-a-dozen notes of exclamation would hardly suffice to give him Letitia's expression and tone.

A look of amused gravity stole over Sir Bernard's face. "I know Miss Trevylian has the courage of her opinions," was all he said; then he rose. "My services are wanted, I think;" and walked slowly across the room, picturing as he went the eyes that glowed rather than flashed with scorn, as if the light died off their surface, but deep down were warm with the protest her heart made against all meanness and petty selfishness.

His face was still tinged with this min-

gling of gravity and amusement when he joined the group at the piano. The outcome of his thoughts was dimly shadowed in his request to Phyllis: "Will you sing me 'The Children of the City,' Miss Trevylian?" then, in a quiet aside, "I said *me* advisedly; I do not wish to be classed with the furniture."

Phyllis smiled up at him—that child-like smile that always came when she noticed he had remembered any speech of hers.

When she had finished he turned to Nancy: "Now, Miss Greatorex, for the result of our week's practice."

Solos and duets followed each other in quick succession. Letitia was quite forgotten; but as she was carrying on a brisk flirtation with Captain Harman, who was amused at her tart sayings, she was rather pleased than otherwise. A baronet *in esse* was all very well when there was nothing better to be got, but a baron *in posse* was quite a superior being, and to be flattered accordingly. At length the visitors took their departure, Mr. Danby one of the last. He gave Phyllis's hand a tender parting pressure, and as he jumped into his dog-cart remarked to his host,

"I hope the ladies are going to honour us at your shooting lunches, Maxwell. I improve under the influence of Beauty's smile. 'Oh, woman, in our hours of——' you know." And with a wave of his whip he was gone.

"It is getting serious," soliloquised Sir Bernard, "when Danby becomes poetical."

Nan sitting musing in an easy-chair by the fire in her bedroom heard a tap at her door, and Phyllis entered in slippered feet and grey wrapper, the dark waves of her hair flowing below her waist. She came softly forward and knelt down on the rug at Nan's feet, laying her hands on her friend's knees. Then with eyes fixed on the flickering flames she said—

"Nan, what is this about Jack?"

"Phyllis, what troubles you?" was the quiet reply.

"Only this, that people associate our names together, and I want you to believe it is not true."

"Did you think it would grieve me if I did?"

"You love him, Hareboll?"

Nan glanced down at her, and then her gaze wandered far into the glowing caverns that the embers made. How quickly they crumbled away, eaten up by their own devouring element—warm one moment, as if full of life, the next only dead grey ashes.

"I pray God it is a thing of the past, for his sake and for mine."

"Why?"

"Don't ask me, Phyllis. I was glad when I saw his growing love for you. He does love you, dear."

She pressed the fingers that trembled in her clasp.

Phyllis drooped her head where her hands were resting, while Nan continued gently:

"I felt it could bring no sorrow if you cared for him; but that hope, too, has left me, and Jack will have to learn that

'Harsh grief doth pass no time to for music.'

It may be a harsh discipline—who knows? but the music will be there to the end."

Phyllis raised her head.

"Nan, why do you feel that I could not love him as you say he would wish?"

Nancy smiled.

"The fire has been talking to me to-night, Phyl, about your future and—mine. He had no part in yours, and I was but a memory in his."

"You will be the music, Nan, always the music in his life, dear." Phyllis's eyes brimmed with tears. "He is only dreaming now; he will wake soon!"

"Wake! Poor Jack!" She stroked the bent head tenderly. "Wake! to find the love he sought was not for him, and the love he might have had for the asking but the faint memory of a dream."

Phyllis rose quietly, going to the back of Nan's chair. She stooped and turned the face with its fair clustering curls upwards to meet her gaze. There was a tremulous look of pain on her mouth; but Nan looked perfectly peaceful, and a smile like the shimmer of the moon on a tranquil lake illumined her countenance. She put her arms up and drew Phyllis down to her.

"Remember the music will be there through and beyond the sorrow. Good night, sweetheart!"

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR APRIL.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xl.; Luke vii. 36 to end.

THE SENSE OF SIN.

ONE of the characteristics of the religion of the present day is the comparatively shallow views entertained regarding the guilt of sin. This probably is the effect of reaction. There was a time, not remote, when stern, sometimes terrible representations of the Almighty prevailed, and when sovereign power and the offended majesty of law were dwelt on rather than the fatherly love of God. The biographies of the good people who lived at that period are filled with an almost morbid self-scrutiny, and with darkness and light, according as the sense of guilt or of forgiveness might be uppermost. The City of Destruction, as pictured by Bunyan, was the starting point of every experience. No one was considered a true Christian who had not passed through the travail of soul and the agony of terror so vividly described in the great allegory. The fear of hell was frequently urged as the chief motive for repentance.

In more recent times the preaching of God as a Father, and the more humane representations of His will regarding His children, have led incidentally to superficial views respecting sin and guilt and the necessarily inflexible requirements of the divine law. While reasoning justly from what is best in man, there has been frequently imported into the argument a character not borrowed from true conceptions of holy love, but from the gushing sentimentalism of the hour. The rose-water theology which smiles contemptuously at the thought of God's anger or at future suffering of any kind being possible, scarcely knows how to understand the terrible wrestlings of our forefathers over sin. It would be well if we attached a similar sense of dread to the idea of evil, as they did to the idea of penalty. For there can be nothing so strict as holy love. It may meet us "when we are a great way off," but it can never leave us there. Love insists on righteousness, and the highest expression of goodwill to men is the demand, "Be ye holy, for I am holy." We require the sense of our responsibility to God to be deepened—that there are "debts" due to Him; trespasses which have invaded the majesty and sanctity of His dominion. The measure in which we realise the preciousness of forgiveness will be according to the view we entertain of the depth of sin. Our conceptions of grace will be in proportion to our sense of guilt and helplessness.

How sadly does that cry for forgiveness come in after the petitions previously offered! At first all is bright: for every word is the desire of the child that the name of the Father should be hallowed and His will done. The prayer for daily bread is also the trustful request of a child. But this new cry, "Forgive," is the cry of the sinner. It is the jarring note of earth's rebellion, and the confession that the kingdom of the Father has not come or His name been hallowed.

There are many points from which the sense of sin reaches us. Sometimes we may feel as if it was ourselves only we had injured. We have done wrong and are unhappy. A stain has fallen on conscience which we cannot remove. Our self-respect is destroyed. We know that we have not only done wrong but that we are wrong, and we cannot, if we are earnest, rest under the consciousness. We may say, "If I have sinned, I have suffered;" and that is true, but it is not all the truth. As we grapple with our evil we are somehow led beyond ourselves. No mere saying of "Peace, peace," by ourselves to ourselves can rid us of the thought of responsibility to Another which haunts us like a voice from heaven. Nay, if the wrong be of a kind which has affected another man, we cannot lay the ghost of sin by getting the brother-man to say "I forgive you." In spite of it all there comes the consciousness that there is One beyond our brother-man to whom we are accountable. What we read in God's word confirms, if it does not create, the same conviction, and as we follow it out and know its force we are constrained to cry, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned;" "Have mercy upon me, O God, according to Thy loving-kindness, according to the multitude of Thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." And the glory of God is that "He forgiveth iniquity and transgression and sin." The glory of God in Christ is that He pardons at once and pardons fully

and freely. When we pray "Forgive us our debts," we are asking for this. We are asking God to dismiss them and send them away for ever. We are not asking for the remission of a penalty alone, but that the sin should be removed from our souls, and that we may be taken home to Himself. For the pardon of sin cannot stand alone; it is vitally connected with spiritual restoration. The prayer "Have mercy!" always leads to the other, "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me." And who can describe the blessedness of the man to whom the Lord thus "imputeth not iniquity?" When St. Paul recalled his experience in passing from that death to that life, he burst out in the hallelujah, "Thanks be to God through Jesus Christ."

I believe that the true cause of spiritual feebleness and of the mechanical fulfilment of religious duty in contrast with the joyful liberty of the loving service into which we are called, springs very often from our hesitating and confused apprehension of forgiveness in Christ; and that, again, lies rooted in our shallow conceptions of the heinousness of sin. Never let us be tempted to silence the voice that speaks to conscience, or which even thunders in our ear regarding the evil that is so terribly ours. It may be that some definite act of sin lives in memory, every recollection of which is a stab to peace. It is sometimes forgotten, but when it is recalled it is torture. We may be tempted to live down our scruples, but we cannot live down responsibility. Prosperity and comfort and the good opinion of others may be the bribes for which we are successfully sacrificing our moral sensitiveness. But in those moments when we kneel to God with this prayer, we surely cannot rest satisfied with a repetition of the words. That would be a fatal satisfaction. We know that there is something more required than a perfunctory utterance of "Father, forgive me!" We feel that we require deliverance from the dread reality which is our curse. We must have the full forgiveness which Christ intended when He told us to ask God to send away (ἄφες) the evil; and we will be content with nothing less than being reconciled to Him—reconciled in spirit to His will, as well as saved from the consequences of our transgressions.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxxii.; John viii. 1—11.

IS FORGIVENESS POSSIBLE?

We were led at the conclusion of our last Reading to mark the steps by which a man, thoroughly earnest regarding sin, is led to seek more than the remission of penalty and to desire true reconciliation with God. That is the human side; on the other we may see how the forgiveness of God is the great means whereby this desire is produced and reconciliation made effectual. It is the generosity, goodness, and mercy of God which are the instruments to deliver us from our alienation and rebellion. "The long-suffering of God leadeth to repentance." We know in every-day life that there is nothing so calculated to awaken shame as being treated kindly when we do not deserve it. One of the most powerful tales in modern literature—"*Les Misérables*" of Victo Hugo—illustrates this truth by showing the effect which the God-like mercy of a poor bishop had upon a hardened criminal who had cruelly robbed him. It is also made the turning-point in the history of the sinful Queen by the Laureate. "His mercy choked me," is the cry of the penitent Guinevere. It is a principle which holds good in our redemption, because the forgiveness of God is more than the remission of penalty. It is not the easy utterance of acquittal or the light saying of a lax good-nature. It is conjoined with the most marvellous exercise of moral and spiritual influences the universe ever beheld. Divine forgiveness is inseparably conjoined with the mission of Christ, and its only adequate expression is the cross, with the agony and bloody sweat, through which our Lord bore the burden of the world's sin.

But it may be asked, "Is forgiveness possible? There is no forgiveness in the material forces around us. Every sin against physical law produces an inevitable result. If you swallow poison, no amount of repentance will prevent the fatal issue. Can there then be any forgiveness or any escape from consequences when we transgress spiritual laws, which are infinitely more rigid than physical? Must spiritual forces not assert themselves as inexorably as material? On what grounds dare we expect that these shall be stayed in their inscrutable course because we fall on our knees and cry, 'Father, forgive us our trespasses?'"

We reply that there is indeed a sense in which there is no forgiveness. There are consequences following upon sin that do fall on the penitent as well as the impenitent. It is never the same thing to any man whether he has sinned or not. He may carry the results in a physical frame that in spite of keenest regrets has been shattered by

excess, or he may bear them in a memory and a conscience which, in spite of the blessedness of pardon, are ever and anon visited by the bitterest recollections. It was not all the same to St. Paul that he had once been a blasphemer and a persecutor. The face of the dying St. Stephen seems to have haunted him to the very end. "Less than the least of all saints," "Not meet to be called an apostle," "The chief of sinners," were the terms in which he recalled his past, albeit he could add, "by the grace of God I am what I am." The repentance of the wrong-doer and the forgiveness of both God and man do not, and ought not, efface the fact that there was wrong committed.

But in the highest and fullest sense these facts do not alter the truth that sin is blotted out and transgression forgiven, and that too in harmony with strict law. If the consciousness of guilt and unworthiness serves only to make the grasp firmer with which faith lays holds on God's mercies, on the other hand these mercies are not breaches of law, but the fulfilment of a law which is continually in operation. Forgiveness is God's law of restoration, a law on which men act every day among themselves. It is the only means possible for accomplishing in a multitude of instances the moral recovery of evil-doers. If we may call gravitation a law of God, because we see it constantly at work and producing what we name natural results; no less are we entitled to call forgiveness a divine law, for we behold its influence in society and on individuals, and notice it carrying with it spiritual consequences that are vitally connected with its operation. We see it in every family where a parent desires to restore his child to confidence and liberty of spirit. By forgiving him the father grants renewed freedom of soul. We see it in every social circle where alienations have to be removed. Family life and the intercourse of society would be destroyed except for the influence of this great law. But if it is a law at all, then it must be a divine law; and we are entitled to assert that what we behold in the limited sphere of things earthly is a true indication of what is universal. We may be also led to expect that the prayer for forgiveness addressed to our Father in heaven is not in vain; and are warranted in concluding that they are very partial observers who assert that, because there is no forgiveness in material forces which move with the precision of mechanical energy, there can be no other laws at work than these.

We may therefore fall back with perfect confidence on the blessed Gospel of mercy proclaimed in Christ. It is the divine law of restoration, the power whereby God brings us to friendship, peace and liberty. The promise is not only true, but it has an all-mastering charm to the burdened and wearied soul. "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me; for I have redeemed thee." Not once or twice do we require to receive it. That is a mistaken view, and untrue to our deepest experience, which would limit the cry for pardon to the first turning of the penitent. We need to pray for it daily, as Christ has taught us to pray. Nay, the nearer we arrive to God, and the more we bring ourselves into His perfect light, the more sensitive will be our consciousness of evil, and the more awfully real will the words become which we may in times past have used almost carelessly, "Our Father which art in heaven, forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Psalm iv. 7 to end, Matthew xviii. 23 to end.

THE CONDITION OF FORGIVENESS.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."

This is the only petition in the Lord's Prayer in which a condition is made—we ask forgiveness "as we forgive" others, or as it is put elsewhere, "Forgive us our sins, for we also forgive every one that is indebted to us." How are we to understand this condition? Do we ask God to forgive us in the same measure and proportion as we forgive others? Certainly not, for who could then use this prayer with any confidence? In the parable of the unmerciful servant, which throws great light on the meaning of this petition, there was no proportion between the amount of the debt due to the Master and that which was due by the fellow servant. If that had been intended the Master, instead of the ten thousand talents, would have remitted no more than a hundred pence, the equivalent of the sum which it was expected the man should forgive his brother. It was similarity of disposition which was demanded, and not a like amount of debt to be discharged.

Or are we to understand the term as a condition on the fulfilment of which God insists before He forgives us? If so, then "grace is no longer grace." As it has been well said, "Forgiveness would not be *forth-*

giving" we have been used to think; a narrow and clumsy derivation must take the place of this; it must import the giving *for* an equivalent." We would, in other words, enthrone a task-master exacting the tale of bricks instead of the Father seeking the love and the good of His children. Such preliminary conditions would rob forgiveness of its charm and of its power to redeem. For if it is the sense of the forgiveness we have received which makes us forgiving to others, it would reverse the order of motive if we were called upon first to love one another before God would love us. On the contrary, we learn to love others because of the love wherewith we have been loved. It is because He has forgiven us that He looks for our entering into His own spirit, and going forth in the fulness of the liberty which that forgiveness has created to carry mercy and reconciliation to our brother-men.

And yet we may be startled by the position in which the duty of forgiveness is enforced by Christ. It is not only implied in this petition, but our Lord puts it still more directly when He says, "If ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you. But if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses." And, again, in His Sermon on the Mount He places it before any act of worship. "If thou bring thy gift to the altar and there remembrest that thy brother hath ought against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift." And He illustrates it very forcibly in the parable of the Unmerciful Servant, already referred to, who, when he had cast his fellow-servant into prison, discovered that his own debt, which had been previously remitted, was laid once more upon him with increased rigour.

We must not trifle with these statements or attempt to explain them away as if they must mean something less than the words plainly imply. We must not quibble with the demand, but rather let it test our characters. We will afterwards see the connection between the condition required and the pure mercy of God; that consideration will not weaken, it will rather enforce the necessity for forgiveness towards others. It is in common duties like this that the most thorough trial of principle is frequently found. It is not easy, but very difficult to go to the brother who has offended us or whom we have offended, and with perfect sincerity seek reconciliation. The very attempt will bring out all that is good or evil in ourselves; it will reveal to us our motives, whether we are acting selfishly, in order somehow to secure the benefit of Christ's pardon, while we are in reality indifferent whether this man loves us or hates us; it will show us the frightful strength of the pride which resists the humbling process of making the first offer of friendship, accompanied it may be with the confession of fault; it will bring into full light the contrast between our weak love to others and the love of Him to whom a brother's sin became a burden of sorrow whose heaviness was proportionate to the greatness of His desire to bless him. It is a terrible moment for an implacable or obstinate man to be brought face to face with this duty. How will he not twist and turn it away from him! How will he not show reason after reason why in this particular case it must be out of the question for him to take the first step! How he will justify all he has done, and vindicate as an act of righteousness the attitude of hopeless alienation he has assumed! Anything rather than act as Christ would have him act towards the wronged or the wrong-doer. And the duty will probably prove still harder in those very instances where it is plainly most obligatory, because there are no quarrels so difficult to heal as family quarrels; those who are bound by a thousand ties of love are the persons who frequently display the greatest sensitiveness on matters which would scarcely separate strangers. Wounded feelings sting the more keenly when there is some basis of affection.

It is not easy, but very difficult in cases like these not merely to forgive when pardon is asked, but to be the first to move and to exhaust every resource in order to produce reconciliation. It is indeed impossible, except our hearts have been touched by the great love wherewith Christ loved us, and we go forth, as He would have us go, in the fulness of that love, not resting content until we have won our brother.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Hosea xi. 1—9; Matthew v. 20—26.

FORGIVENESS AND RECONCILIATION.

If, as we have seen, we cannot believe that the conditional "as" in this petition signifies the proportion in which God forgives, or that it implies a demand preliminary to the declaration of the Divine pardon, we must find some other key to unlock its meaning.

That key is to be discovered by observing

the analogy, which we are warranted in tracing, between forgiveness in man and in God; and by taking an imaginary instance from human life we may learn how certain conditions must come into play even when there is the fullest desire to pardon.

Let it be supposed that a man of highest rectitude discovers foul wrong in his own son whom he loves with the deep love of a holy and affectionate nature. He finds falsehood, the betrayal of generous confidence and the cruellest selfishness where he had hoped for the response of a spirit in harmony with his own lofty ideas of duty. Two courses would lie open for that father. At once dismissing his child from his house and from his thoughts, he might be done with him for ever. Men would perhaps approve of such conduct and applaud the justice of leaving "the scoundrel to his own deserts." For a parent to do this would, however, imply that the old love had been quenched, and that moral revulsion had reversed every natural instinct. There is another course more in harmony with the undying affection which insists on clinging to him who is still his son in spite of all unworthiness. The father might labour and strive for that son's restoration. Love makes him forbearing and anxious to find a method of reclamation. And we can imagine how a moment might come when the sense of his father's generosity and goodness would produce such a rush of pure emotion, as would render the thought of all the sorrow he had given and the tenderness he had wounded so painful, that, as in a lucid interval in the madness of sin, the wanderer would be brought back with the cry, "I have been wrong, you have been right. Pardon me and receive me once more."

The utterance of forgiveness under such circumstances would be an easy and delightful task. But every just conception of reconciliation includes more than the utterance of forgiveness. Such a father as we have described, while ready to pardon at once, freely and fully, would not be content with anything short of restoration to such a condition of character as might render true friendship and confidence possible. But if, on the contrary, the son being received back into favour, began to display the former unprincipled nature, would not the whole purpose and the vital force of the previous reconciliation become destroyed? It would be no real reconciliation if the barrier arose once more of an insuperable moral antithesis. The pardon was intended to do more than remit the penalties of transgression. It meant the sending away of the sin, and a[illegible]ch display of antipathy in character would deprive forgiveness of its power.

In like manner does God seek His children, but His demand is for a perfect reconciliation. The object of redemption is much more than to let the sinner escape from the penalty of sin; it is to bring him into sympathy with God's own holy and loving ways. The consciousness that we are pardoned, and therefore safe, may be a very selfish affair. Through His own forgiving love, inspiring the Spirit of Love, He would make us His true children, Who is merciful to the unthankful and the evil. If that end is not in some measure gained, pardon has been in vain. For in what a limited sense could that man be called "free," who, accepting the divine forgiveness, would, like the wicked servant, take his brother-man by the throat, saying, "Pay me what thou owest!" Such an unforgiving nature cannot be free, for it is not free from a hard heart, from wrath and bitterness, and the inevitable results of selfish cruelty. Such a man could not enjoy true liberty of soul until he shared the generous spirit of the forgiveness which had been accorded to himself.

And so it is written, "Neither will your heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses, if ye from the heart forgive not every man his brother their trespasses." There is nothing arbitrary here, for God cannot give us the liberty of His children as long as we keep the load of a wrathful and vindictive spirit. We cannot serve love and serve selfishness. Forgiveness in God and in man are therefore the outward expressions of the deeper law of love. "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love." Let us remember this when we pray, "Father, forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors," and recognise the great end of our redemption.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Read 2 Sam. xiv. 1—14; St. Matt. xviii. 7–20.

FORGIVENESS AND SACRIFICE.

Another important lesson may be learned from a further consideration of the similarity between forgiveness in man and in God.

There is a kind of forgiveness which is easily fulfilled, and which is the fruit of indifference instead of love. It is that kind of forgiveness which is expressed by him who says, "I forgive you and am done with you." "I forgive you, but henceforth you had better keep out of my way." Such pardons cost little, and are worthless. But the

kind of forgiveness which seeks to remove the moral barriers that separate heart from heart, brings with it a demand for self-sacrifice. It is so when two friends are alienated, and when the man who has been wronged finds his moral sensitiveness wounded, so that he cannot get over his repulsion except at the cost of what he feels to be justifiable and right. He can, in a sense, pardon, but he cannot admit the restoration of friendship. He cannot take back to his heart one who fills him with moral disgust. And you cannot insist on his doing so at that stage of feeling, for you cannot ask that man to overlook—I do not say the personal injury—but the utter badness of character which made the injury possible. As long as that evil exists he cannot truthfully enjoy reconciliation. If he has lost all his old love for the wrong-doer, or, if he is without that Christian love which makes a brother's fault become a personal burden, he may dismiss him, if not with a blessing, at least without a malediction, and, having done so, rest satisfied. But if he does love the man—bad though he be—and is also determined that his own moral sensitiveness shall be satisfied, he will find how forgiving love demands sacrifice. Self-abnegation will become a necessity. He must seek, if he is to save. If he is to win back his brother he must be prepared to endure "the contradiction of the sinner" against himself, and ply him with the constraining influences of a love that will not let him go as long as there is a hope of recovery. This must bring the cross with its pain, its self-sacrifice, its crucifixion of pride, and the bearing the burden of another's sin. He may possibly fail; and there is a point in the case of man as well as God, when forgiveness seems hopeless, because true reconciliation is hopeless, and when all that can be said is, "Depart from me!" But ere such a step can be justified, every means must have been exhausted in order to redeem. If Christ in tears pronounced judgment on Jerusalem, it was with the testimony, "How often would I have gathered you and ye would not."

We can learn from such human experience how there may be moral antipathies in the divine nature which render forgiveness impossible, except there be the accompanying breaking-down of the barriers of wrong which repel. And can we not also learn from our human experience something of the holy love which cannot let the sinner depart for ever, but which humbles itself in order to win, and which sacrifices even unto the death in order to recreate lost convictions, and which plies the alienated heart with all possible spiritual forces in order to send away the sin and the rebellion from it? Can we not learn from this the meaning of the Incarnation and the sufferings of the Son of God, and the mysterious travail of divine love seeking to redeem lost affections and a perished confidence? If we only try to be imitators of God towards some brother-man, we will learn as we have never done before what divine patience and humbleness signify, and how forgiveness and reconciliation are vitally connected with sacrifice. We will also understand the necessity for the condition that occurs in the Petition we have been considering, and how we meet the mind of the Father when we can say, "Forgive us our sins, for we forgive every one that is indebted to us."

We have seen that forgiveness is the divine law of restoration, and how it is by our forgiving others and seeking reconciliation with them that we can remove their sins and our own. If it was by the fulfilment of this law that Christ sought men and redeemed them from alienation and rebellion, it is by using the same great instrument He would have His Church win the world, inspiring confidence where there is distrust, and giving spiritual liberty, hope and courage where there is lovelessness or despair. Sins become thus truly remitted—discharged and sent away for ever by the Church, when the Church lives as Christ lived, and deals with men as He dealt. They surely cannot be remitted by any priest, in virtue of a sacerdotal officialism uttering words of pardon, whereby the penalties and consequences of evil are supposed to be taken away. They are most truly remitted by the society of believers sending away for ever the sins of alienation and pride and cruelty which curse the world. Holy love, in its very loving and all that its love leads to, is the power of God to save. He first loved us, and Christ in His love died for us, not assuredly to supersede the necessity of love on our parts. When He calls us to be fellow-workers with Him, it must be in the sense that we are to continue the living ministry of forgiveness and love among men, not by merely declaring how God loves while we stand aloof from our own cross of loving duty, but that, while preaching the gospel of divine grace, we should ourselves embody that grace in the winning graciousness of our own lives towards those whose love we seek for others as well as for God.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

CALLING one evening at Cromwell Terrace, about a fortnight after the incident just recorded, I found Miss Delamere alone. I had not the slightest doubt in the world that she understood perfectly well the reasons for my frequent visits there, and yet I was too shy to ask if Clara were at home. She held me mischievously in suspense for a time.

"Do you know," she asked at length, "that we have a visitor here? A lady arrived this afternoon to whom I expect you to pay great attentions. I want you very much to impress her favourably. In point of fact," she added laughingly, "I expect you to pay court to her with great assiduity."

I said something to the effect that her wishes were likely to be disappointed; but she shook her head at this, with a perfect decision of certainty.

"You will no sooner have seen this lady," she told me, "than you will make love to her. You will endeavour, by every means in your power, to ingratiate yourself in her favour."

"Because you wish it?" I inquired.

"Not in the least because I wish it," she answered enigmatically, "though I do wish it, all the same."

Whilst I was still wondering who this visitor might be, and for what object I was expected to be unusually polite and amiable to her, the door opened, and Clara entered with her arm about the waist of a lady of five-and-forty, whom I at once recognised from her portrait and from her likeness to Clara. Mrs. Grantley had snow-white hair, and at a little distance looked much older than she really was. But she had bright eyes, perfect teeth, and a dazzling natural complexion which made her, when seen near at hand, look much younger than she really was. She had something of the air of a pretty woman of eight-and-twenty masquerading as a matron.

I was introduced to her, and was cordially enough received, though the politeness of her demeanour barely seemed to cover the particular closeness of the scrutiny to which I was subjected. The bright eyes travelled swiftly and decisively all over me, and I felt as if I were being weighed in the balances, and, in all respects, found wanting. We four sat down together and talked. I was aware of a desperate attempt on the part of Clara and Miss Delamere to put me at my ease, and I am sure that if no such attempt had been made I should have got there much earlier than I did. Clara was in a state of such high good spirits, and was withal so shy and discomposed by moments, that I was sure that mamma had already been taken into confidence.

In a while I grew to be more myself, and the remainder of the evening passed agreeably enough. I was invited to luncheon on the morrow, but I had no opportunity of seeing Clara alone that evening. She and her mother retired early whilst I was saying my good-byes to Miss Delamere; and Mary, who was looking brighter and happier than I had seen her for a long time, took me gently to task as to my *gaucherie* in the earlier part of the evening.

"Pray," I besought her, "never try to put me at my ease again. There is nothing in the world so disconcerting."

She laughed at this, but promised, and I went away, cheered by her assurance that I had not made an unfavourable impression. This comfortable belief did not linger long. As I walked homeward I recalled everything that had been said and done, and remembered how I had been silent in the wrong places and talkative in the wrong places. I reconstructed the whole conversation of the evening half-a-score of times, and came through triumphantly, delivering myself of the most profound and brilliant observations, and covering myself with glory. Then once (to the profound astonishment of a lounging cabman on his box) I moaned aloud to think that my actual conduct had been so far removed from my ideal. I pursued this dreary and unprofitable exercise through half the night, and when I got to sleep dreamed that I had fallen so completely under the bane of Mrs. Grantley's disapproval that she was actually on her knees before Mr. Delamere, begging him, with tears, to use his influence in placing me in an asylum. Mr. Delamere declined, but Jones came suddenly from nowhere, and offered smilingly to do the thing at once, taking so evident a pleasure in it that my indignation awoke me. The satire of my

dream was so far overdone that it did much to restore my equilibrium. Things would hardly come to that pass, I thought, and fell to sleep again, a little comforted.

I had never, so far as I can remember, been once assailed until now by the temptations of the demon of dandyism. But in the morning I was profoundly exercised as to my choice of garments, and I spent a good quarter of an hour amongst my neckties. When I was at last attired to my own complete dissatisfaction it was time to start, and too late to change anything.

Mrs. Grantley was just as amiable and just as watchful as she had been on the previous evening. She had impressed me from the first as a person of unusual resolution and decision; but I was hardly prepared for the exhibition of those qualities which she almost immediately afforded me.

"You and Miss Delamere," she said, addressing Clara after luncheon, "are going out shopping together? So I understood. Mr. Denham, I am sure, will be good enough to take care of me for a little time. I am going for a walk in the park, Mr. Denham."

I signified my assent with what I am afraid must have been a suspicious promptitude; but I saw Clara looking piteously at me through the glass with "clasped, petitioning hands." The glance and the attitude seemed to prophesy the ordeal to which I was about to be subjected, and for a moment I felt horribly nervous and depressed—very much, I fancy, as a physical coward would feel on being told off for a forlorn hope. In a minute or two I had rallied so far as to assure myself that Mrs. Grantley could hardly be in a greater hurry than I was to arrive at an understanding.

The girls went away together, and did not return. Mrs. Grantley disappeared for a minute only, and came back looking very young and charming, with her white hair concealed beneath her bonnet. We set out together in the early afternoon sunshine, and talked of trifles until we reached the park. There she chose seats in a secluded place, and opened her maternal batteries at once with a self-possession which I envied, but could not imitate.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Denham," she said, "very seriously."

I murmured something about being completely at her service, and awaited the instant massacre of my hopes.

"It seems," she began, "to be a recognised thing in the minds of Miss Delamere and my daughter that some understanding exists between you and Clara. Now, as Clara's mother, it is my duty to tell you that no understanding can possibly exist between you two young people as yet."

If she had been less brusque and straightforward it would certainly have been the worse for my self-possession. But her very outspokenness helped me to be at ease. I assured her that I did not as yet expect to secure any promise, and that I had not attempted to secure it.

"That is all very well, Mr. Denham," the lady answered. "I ought to have known better than to leave Clara so long alone under the guardianship of a girl so little older than herself. I am not going to blame anybody for the consequences of my own indiscretion; but I must tell you, Mr. Denham, that I do not think you have behaved at all well in this matter."

I could not see this, and I said as much, with great respect and diffidence.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Denham," said Mrs. Grantley; "you have not behaved well. You have been paying constant and marked attention to a young and inexperienced girl, without the knowledge and consent of her one natural guardian. Now I know all about the affections, and the heart, and that sort of thing, and I know that it is quite possible for a boy and a girl to think that the world is coming to an end and the sun going to be extinguished because a girl has a sensible mother; but my duty is to see to Clara's happiness, her solid, lasting happiness, and not to encourage a mere whim."

If I have not made it clear by this time that I was at this period of my life a hypersensitive and abnormally shy young man, I have very insufficiently indicated my own most striking characteristics. But I woke up here. I cannot recall the words I used, and I dare say that a great deal of what I said would sound exaggerated and romantic if it were written down. I hope so. It is no part of the business of a lad in love with an angel to have the reason and measurement in terms of middle age. I told her, I remember, amongst other things, to consider what a beautiful and charming girl Clara was. In the frank simplicity and boyishness of this declaration I had, Heaven knows, no faintest idea of diplomacy, and yet I could hardly have done better if I had been the cleverest diplomat alive. I warmed to that entrancing theme and poured my heart out, and I know now that mamma was by no means displeased at my eulogy. Then I

went on, as I recall, to say that I was not anybody in particular up till that time, but that I meant, if only time were allowed me, to be somebody very particular indeed. I would work and fight the world, and wait. I asked nothing but that she should not come between us, that she should give me opportunity to strive to become worthy of a life-partnership with all those excellencies I had so warmly pictured.

She listened with great patience and kindness, smiling now and then, and when I had done she said—

"You talk of your ambitions. What are they? Tell me about yourself. Tell me who you are and what you are, and what you hope to be."

I have known men to whom a conversational overture of this kind and the chance it afforded, would seem to open up a glimpse of paradise. But I entered on it mournfully, and with deep misgivings. My father, I told her, had farmed his own land, and very little of it, in Warwickshire. In his day, my grandfather had farmed it before him, and his grandfather before him. On my mother's side there was pretty much the same tale to tell, a tale of dull respectability, extending over six or seven generations, and having its origin in fog. My parents, having been gathered to their fathers years ago, my elder brother farmed the family acres, and I had a fortune of three hundred pounds a-year. I had read for the bar, and expected to be called almost immediately. I had written for the magazines, and had added not less than a hundred pounds a-year to my annual income for the past two years. I was preparing a book about social problems, and when I had finished my work of inquiry amongst the poor in London, I meant to go over to Paris, and there to complete the work by a study on the same lines. In the meantime I should earn more than enough to live upon, since I was promised employment in Paris by the editor of an important London daily journal.

"Well, now, Mr. Denham," she said, when she had heard me out, "you see that your projects are very much in the air at present. You have been very candid, so far; let me ask you a single question: What do you know about Clara's position and prospects?"

I knew nothing whatever, and I said so. She looked at me with those bright eyes of hers, and I looked back at her in appeal and anxiety. I was not in the least thinking about Clara's position and prospects, and I suppose that she either saw as much, or thought she did. She smiled and nodded as she said—

"I am very glad of that. But my daughter, Mr. Denham, though she will never be a great heiress, will be in such a position that she will have a right to look far higher than any place you can offer her as your wife for years to come, however successful you may be. It would be cruel and useless to pretend to you now that you are not honestly in love with her, but you are very young, and cannot yet be certain of yourself. Clara is still younger, and still less likely to be certain of her own wishes. You must go out and see the world of young women, which includes a great many charming young people, and Clara must see the world of young men, which includes many eligible partners. I shall not dream of permitting an engagement between you." And seeing that I clouded very much at this, and was indeed for the moment altogether heart-broken and desolate, she bent forward a little, and laying a pretty gloved hand upon my arm, she said kindly, "You must not take this too much to heart. I am too worldly-wise a mother, Mr. Denham, to allow myself to seem cruel to my daughter. It will all no doubt depend very much upon yourself. I tell you, quite candidly, that I like you. You have modesty, candour, ambition, and good sense. I think you may make a good man, my dear. If you do well in the world, and are of the same mind in three or four years' time, and if Clara is of the same mind in three or four years' time, you and I may have another talk which may come to an end with another answer."

The threatened delay looked heart-breaking, but I answered that if the matter depended upon myself I knew very well what would happen, and she smiled again, rising to go.

"We have had our talk," she said, as we walked side by side, "and we understand each other."

I asked if I might be allowed to see Clara, and she answered, "Certainly."

"But," she added, "it will be best that you should not see too much of each other." She added, seeing that I was newly downcast, "Now, come, Mr. Denham, let us be sensible people. Suppose you see Clara now and tell her what I have said, and anything in your own behalf you please." Her voice was laughing here, as if she could guess pretty fairly what that anything else would be. "And suppose you say good-bye for three months. You will admit that if your

affection cannot endure a three months' absence, it is a great deal less robust than you fancy it. Suppose you agree to meet not oftener than once in three months, after that, until you have begun to do something which will really confirm my good opinion of you. Suppose, that if that time should come, we enter on a new arrangement. Come, now, that ought to stimulate you to effort, and if you two young people are really and seriously attached to each other, the best thing for both of you will be that you shall get to work in earnest."

I admit that it all sounds reasonable and kindly now, but it was different then, and not to put it too strongly, was like the reading of a warrant of despair. We walked back together, Mrs. Grantley and I, and Clara and Miss Delamere arriving shortly after us, we sat down to tea. I tried to behave rationally and bravely, but in spite of my best efforts, my manner depressed Clara. After tea we were left alone together. I told her everything, and we sat hand in hand and cried a little, like the foolish tender-hearted children that we were, and dried one another's eyes, and vowed never and never and never to forget or change. I have sometimes been happy since that heart-broken evening, I may have been actually happier once or twice, but not oftener. I find Mrs. Denham of the same opinion when I consult her memories, and whether in the course of time this will enable us to be worldly-wise with our own children I cannot guess. I only know that if that blessed evening were to be counted sorrowful, I would ask nothing better than to be sorrowful all my days. We were parting for three months. Dim were the depths of that great gulf of time; far and far away through the mist of tears we saw firm land again beyond it, the land of promise, shining in a misty brightness. But, in the meantime, we sat side by side, hand clasping hand, and our arms about each other, and I told her how dearly I loved her; and she, in the sweet pain of that parting, banished all shyness and told me how dearly she loved me; and Heaven knows that if any foolish pair of people on whom the sun shone that day were happy whilst thinking themselves heart-broken, we were they.

CHAPTER XVII.

I TOOK a precipitate determination to start at once for Paris, and there to set on foot my researches for the second part of that volume which was to shake the pillars of social order in the two great centres of civilisation. Since further meetings with Clara were for the time being forbidden me, I felt as if I could not bear to be near her. The barrier of distance seemed essential to even a bearable misery. Of course I was no sooner denied the house than I began to desire to go there with greater frequency than ever. So long as I had been free to call I had contented myself with visits of a ridiculous frequency, and now my thought tended in that direction every waking moment, and my feet led me thither every evening of the week.

Perhaps if Pole had been in town I might have confided my sorrows and hopes to the ear of friendship. As it was I had no confidant, and managed somehow to consume my own smoke in a fairly successful manner. But I used to wander up and down outside the house in the darkness watching the shadows on the windows, and the light in the chamber which I knew to be hers, making vows and protestations and verses, and generally enjoying myself profoundly with a rooted conviction that I was the unhappiest dog alive.

It was evident that all this had to come to an end, and so I determined straightway upon the commencement of my Parisian campaign. I went to see my friend the editor, and found my arrival timed most fortunately. I learned that there was a thoroughly experienced person in charge of the Paris office. Within his own limits this gentleman was perfectly trustworthy, and in all matters of routine and technique I was instructed to rely upon him implicitly. His colleague, a young fellow of unusual brilliance, had disappeared under circumstances not altogether creditable to himself, and since I was prepared to start at once, I was to be allowed to fill his place on trial. If my work proved to be satisfactory I was promised a permanent engagement. The salary offered was not large as salaries go nowadays, but it trebled my expectations at the time, and I closed eagerly with the offer. The post offered me double advantages. The salary was large enough to permit me, by extreme modesty of living, to save one half of it, and my position as a recognised journalist would immensely facilitate the inquiries I desired to make. I wrote off at once to Mrs. Grantley, informing her of this unexpected stroke of good fortune, and I wrote my good-bye for the time being to Pole. Then I packed up my belongings, gave instructions for the reletting of my chambers, and started with all manner

' He was magnificently attired in I think the check suit of the largest pattern and vivide t colours I had ever beheld

of tender regrets and high ambitions for the French capital.

The cheapest route to Boulogne was by the London boat, and in pursuit of economic resolutions formed beforehand I embarked upon it. There was nobody to see me off, and I felt desolate and exiled before the boat had left the quay. The bell was ringing, friends of intending travellers were saying their last good-byes and hurrying ashore, handkerchiefs were waving, and final messages were being shouted from deck to platform, and back again, as though we were bound for a voyage to the Antipodes, when suddenly I recognised a familiar face, and Mr. Goldsmith, with a black-glazed portmanteau in his hand, came dashing through the crowd, stumbled down the gangway and reached the deck. He had only just set foot upon the boat when the gangway was slipped up from behind him. He set down his portmanteau, mopped his countenance with a gorgeous silk handkerchief, and gazed about him with a renewal of that beaming complacency which had marked him at the beginning of our acquaintance. He was magnificently attired in, I think, the check suit of the largest pattern and vividest colours I had ever, until that hour, beheld. He wore an embroidered waistcoat, with a great gold cable across it, which for size and weight would have served admirably to attach a horse to his manger; and he wore rings outside his gloves, and a pin with a horseshoe head, a size or two smaller than the original, and set full of brilliants, which, if they had been real, might have excited the cupidity of everybody on board. I believe that if fashion had only afforded him the least warranty for it, he would have gone about with a jewelled ring in his nose, like some imaginable Cræsus of a porker.

He did not observe me for some time, and I had time to observe one proceeding of his which interested me more than a little. He had three or four rings outside his gloves already, and when once the boat had started he retired to a position where he fancied himself safe from intruding glances, and there drew forth from his purse a little tissue-paper packet containing half-a-dozen others. These he put on with an admirable slyness, and having demurely admired them, turned round and swaggered across the deck, coaxing his black little moustache, and adjusting that monumental horseshoe pin for their display.

At first I was not sorry to be unobserved by him, for I felt somehow as if his splendours were likely to be reflected upon anybody whose acquaintance he might claim, and fancied I might find that glory a thought too obtrusive to be easily endured. In a while, however, I began to feel ashamed of this sentiment, and purposely put myself in a position in which he might see me if he chose to do so. He very soon remarked me, and as I chanced to be looking in his direction at that moment, I got something of a start. He positively jumped when he saw me, and his face, which had worn its very brightest and most self approving smile until that moment, suddenly clouded over. A moment later he came up to me with a forced manner and accosted me.

"Who'd have thought of seeig you here?" he asked in anything but a gracious tone. I remarked that it was no unusual thing in travelling to meet a man whom one had met before. He grunted a sort of unamiable assent to this, and asked where I was going. To Paris, I told him. He looked at me, as I fancied, with some suspicion, and moved away rather abruptly.

It happens, often enough, in the course of everybody's experience, that after-events set so clear a light upon trifles that we suppose ourselves to have observed them keenly at the time of their occurrence. It is quite probable that, if I had had no particular cause for recalling Goldsmith's suspicious glance, I should never have given it a second thought. And now, after the lapse of more than twenty years, I can see the fat little man peering shrewdly at me as clearly as if he were before me at this instant. "What the deuce are you going to Paris for?" said the beady eye, as plainly as if the question had been asked in words. Some foolish notion of Goldsmith's myrmidons having watched me, and of his suspecting me of watching him in return, assailed my mind, demanding only to be laughed at and dismissed. We sat next to each other at table at dinner-time, and since there was no other English-speaking person within conversational distance of him he talked to me. He drank champagne at the meal, and took a good deal of it, so that before we left the table he was a little flushed and inclined to be amiably merry. He was going, he said, speaking more through his nose than usual, to have a bit of fun in Paris. He was going to do a bit of business too, he told me, winking one beady eye after the other with an ineffable knowingness. He had a client in Paris, so he said, and he put a certain air of arrogance into this statement as if the fact entitled him to uncommon consideration.

"She's a lady, my boy," he said, slapping me boisterously on the shoulder. "Wod of these days she'll occupy wod of the highest social positions. She'll bake a doise id the world too. You see if she don't. Bark by words," he continued, poking me in the ribs with friendly familiarity, "that wobad will bake a doise id the world."

I said I hoped his expectations would be gratified.

"Do you?" he demanded. "Now do you really, Bister Dedhab? Upod by word that's very kide of you. I'm very much obliged to you, I am, upon my living word of honour."

I attributed the fervour of his gratitude for this not too-effusive expression of good-will chiefly to the champagne he had taken, but the exciting effect of the wine did not remain long upon him, and five minutes later, after having strutted up and down the deck smoking a cigar he came back to me with a complete sobriety of demeanour.

"I've been down to Kensal Green," he said, "within the last day or two, and I've seen the monument Pole has put up to his wife. To tell you the truth I didn't expect he'd do as little as that for her. She was an awful trouble to him, I've no doubt, and I daresay he's pretty glad to have seen the last of her."

I did not care to enter into a discussion upon Pole's feelings with Mr. Goldsmith, and therefore kept silence.

"I daresay," he went on, "he's told you a lot about her, and there's no mistake about her having been a tartar. I wasn't tied to her in any way, but bless your heart alive, she used to make my life a burden to me."

Still I said nothing, but Mr. Goldsmith having once made conversational overtures was not to be silenced by silence.

"I saw by this morning's papers," he continued, "that old Lord Worborough's very ill again. I suppose the old boy is on his last legs, or pretty nearly. Bister Pole 'll tubble id to a good thing when his lordship goes off the hooks. He'll be getting married again, I shouldn't wonder, after a time. I think he's had his eye on a suitable party for some time past, down Cromwell Terrace way."

"Mr. Goldsmith," I rejoined, "I am very much delighted by your society, and very proud of it. But I would rather lose it altogether than continue the discussion of this theme."

"Oh, that's all right," responded Mr. Goldsmith. "I dever object to a man being a bit close about his friend's affairs or his own. I'm pretty close myself, when I want to be. I'm ready to supply anybody with the small change of codversation to any amount, but if I'm asked for the fiver of fact I wadt five quid id exchage for it, money down. Only, you know, I happen to have had idstructions to keep an eye on Mr. Pole's proceedings. His wife was very jealous, poor thing, and I think between ourselves, Mr. Denham, she had a little bit of reasod for it."

"I think, Mr. Goldsmith," I answered, rather coldly, "that I know Mr. Pole somewhat better than yourself. I can tell you at least that there never was the slightest reason for it."

I was half sorry a moment later to have taken the trouble to make this disclaimer in my friend's behalf. It was certainly little worth while to defend Pole to a man like Goldsmith. It might have been worth while, perhaps, whilst that sorrowful wife of Pole's was still alive, and Pole and Goldsmith were compelled to hold some sort of communion with each other. Now, I knew very well that Pole cared as little to have his honour vindicated here as he would have cared to have his height and weight proclaimed in the interior of China.

"Oh!" said Goldsmith, "you're a bit of an innocent, my boy. Excuse me for sayig so, but that's the fact. I don't suppose that Mr. Pole meant mischief——"

"Now, Mr. Goldsmith," I broke in, very decidedly, "I have already asked you not to talk to me about this matter. There is more water here than was near us on a certain memorable occasion when you introduced this topic about this time last year."

"Oh," said Goldsmith, "if you're going to talk like that I've got nothing to add to the observatiods I've made already. I'll tell you what—I'll toss you for a braddy and soda. I'll toss you for a soverid. Come now! I always lose when I challage a man, and so there's a bit of a chadce for you."

How could a student of human nature be continuously wrath with Mr. Goldsmith? I never paused to analyse his charm, but sooner or later it asserted itself in almost all our interviews. The fact that I detested brandy and soda, and the other fact that I could not afford to toss for sovereigns with Mr. Goldsmith debarred me perhaps from the full enjoyment of his society. But even as things were, I was more than contented with him. One paid a certain toll, to be sure, and I was ashamed of being ashamed to be seen with him. There is no perfect pleasure in this world.

Pole would have silenced the little man in a minute, but there was no terror in my threats, and but little force for him in my refusal to talk about the topic on which his heart was obviously set. The only thing I could do was to refrain from answering him. Now and again I checked him, but I only drove him for a moment to a divergence from the route, and if he went out on one side he came in on the other like a conversational harlequin. He hastened me to my cabin by an hour or so, and in the bustle of landing in the morning, I saw but little of him. He went on to Paris by first class, and I, for economy's sake, travelling second, we met only at the Gare du Nord whilst our baggage was under examination. He had some little difficulty with one of the examiners, and called upon me to interpret for him.

"I've been over here time and again," he remarked, "but I never took the trouble to pick up the parly-voo lidgo. Stupid lot those Frenchmen are. Think of a crowd of grown-up chaps like these not knowing how to speak Iglish! I get on very well among 'em. Whedever I want to buy anything I put down less than the thing would cost in Iglad, and potter out the coppers till they've got enough. Sometimes they get tired of asking for more. I come through it pretty well. They can see I'm a foreigner, and they take pity on me because I'm yug and iddocent."

He accompanied and followed this statement with a meteoric shower of winks, and his bag having by this time received its cabalistic chalk mark he bade me good-bye, and disappeared. I drove to a little hotel I know in the Rue Richelieu, and having bargained there for pension at eight francs per diem, took up my quarters in a lofty garret. I saw my luggage safely bestowed, dined, and walked towards the Boulevard.

How intimately I recall the night, and my own sensations as I wandered up and down! How alone I felt, how tender, how valiant, how resolved! What flashes of enthusiasm assailed my spirit every here and there! I touched, in passing, or seemed to touch, the spirits of great men who had trodden these pavements long ago, and of others who were alive and familiar with them at that hour. I sent out my whole heart to the girl I left behind me, with so much warmth and sincerity that I thought my feeling needs must reach her, and its voice find an echo in her mind.

And so to bed, as Pepys says, to feel the whole great city palpitating round me, a mystery to be known, a problem to be solved, a fortress to be stormed. One of my last unmixed joys in London had been to accompany Clara to the English opera at Covent Garden. Sims Reeves had sung that night in Macfarren's *Robin Hood*, and almost the last thing in my mind on that first night in Paris was the memory of the rejoicing lines and the triumphant voice—

> "I know that love will lead me right,
> With such a prize in view,
> And happy omens bless my sight,
> That must, that shall, be true."

Ay me! I had a vague and general notion through it all that my lot was not a happy one, and it seemed that I had to face the future with a bold heart to dare to look at it at all. I am (I own it with a humble heart, knowing my own poor deserts better than my most censorious neighbours) blessed beyond the average of men, yet if I could, I would go back to those happy, happy, troubled times, and never ask to leave them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

I HAD been about two months in Paris, burrowing into all manner of odd corners, and picking up all manner of strange acquaintances, when I received a letter from Clara. It came in a fat and bulky envelope, and consisted of no fewer than ten sheets of foreign letter paper, which were covered on both sides. In some wonderment at the voluminous nature of this epistle I locked myself in and sat down to read it.

"MY DEAR JOHN," it ran, "Mr. Delamere was making a great preachment here the other night to mamma and Mary and myself about the rights of insurrection, and the only part I remember of it was that he laid it down as an indisputable proposition that anybody who rebelled without succeeding was wicked, and that anybody who rebelled successfully was worthy of all admiration. I took this lesson up-stairs with me, and laid it to heart. I counted the chances, and then I rebelled. The rebellion has succeeded completely, and now, if you please, I claim to be worthy of your admiration.

"I had long been wishing to write to you, and mamma was very strongly against it. If ever I come to be a charming old lady and have a headstrong girl to manage, I daresay I shall come round to mamma's present opinions. But being myself the headstrong girl at present, and having to manage the charming old lady, I retain my own. She really is the most charming old

lady in the world, and I tell you so with perfect frankness because she has made it a condition of her surrender that she shall read whatever I write before it is posted. Mamma has been spoiled by flattery all her life, but is still open to its influences.

"I suppose that you will begin to get melancholy about it if I tell you that I am in the highest possible spirits; but as a matter of fact I am. We have been playing and witnessing the loveliest high comedy here ever since your departure. Mr. Jones, to use your friend's delightful expression, has been Sebastian Dolmering about the house in the most artistically inspired manner ever since you saw the last of it. We know now that he made a formal proposition to Mr. Delamere for the hand of his daughter. How stately that sounds, to be sure! Mr. Delamere appears to have given the word of command for the siege of the citadel, and Mr. Jones has been sitting down before it ever since. Mary used to have a much loftier opinion of Mr. Delamere's godson than I have ever found myself able to rise to. My wings always refused to carry me on that flight, though I really did at one time flap them quite industriously. But since the high-road of good opinion seemed likely to land Mary in the quagmire of matrimony, she does not travel on it any longer. I am told that it is a dreadfully unladylike word to use, but I will write it in letters as small as my quill can make, and you may take it for a kind of shocked whisper. I am very much of opinion that Mr. Jones is a *humbug*. I have been burning for months to say this to somebody, and now that I have it off my mind my spirits are higher than ever.

"At first I was dreadfully anxious when I heard of this terrible proposal, and for a whole day or two I was left to wonder what would happen. By-and-by I began to observe that the suitor was less exalted and confident than he had seemed at first, and I was sensible enough to put a sound construction upon this phenomenon. How does a phenomenon look when you put a sound construction on it? It sounds as if it would be *funny, like one of Doyle's grotesque fairy-pictures*. The elder Delamere seemed to take the thing almost as much to heart as the younger one, and the pair were deliciously gloomy and stately for a time. You would have thought that papa was suffering from the same pangs of blighted affection as afflicted Sebastian, and they both bore their sorrow with such a braggadocio meekness, and so wore their hearts upon their sleeves, that no daw with a touch of human nature in her could have kept herself from pecking at them. I am afraid that I have been a great trouble to Mr. Delamere and his candidate. I am almost afraid that at times I have really meant to be, but they have been altogether too inviting to be resisted.

"Of course Mr. Delamere's suffering silence did not endure long. He talks so beautifully that he really can't help talking, and I think it a bit of a pity that he is so excellent a conversationalist. If he had not been able to talk so nicely about everything he might have seen his way to doing something. When once the ice was broken the fountain ran for days, and everybody in the house was drenched with the noblest maxims. Mamma in particular was so wet through with them that I could not touch her without squeezing two or three to the surface. His favourite theme was the Growth of Self-will in the Young and the Falling Off of Reverence for the Parental Ideal. I am writing about it now as if it had been pure fun for everybody all along, but I assure you that it was nothing of the kind at the time. It is only in the contemplation of it now that the trouble is all over that one can see the comic side of it. I was so sorry for Mary, and so angry at that pitiless shower of words, that I sometimes found it hard to be merely civil to Mr. Delamere. The worst of it is—or perhaps it is the best of it—Mary believes in her father to such an extent that it would be quite cruel to try to lessen her opinion of him. Your friend Mr. Pole is very funny and amusing sometimes. We met him last night at the Revels', and he was describing somebody whom I do not know. He said that this gentleman, to his wife's mind, was such a very large potato that it would break her heart to see him pared. But for this lady's affection it appears that some friend of Mr. Pole's was quite prepared to pare the potato, and judging from what he said, to reduce its dimensions very considerably. It brought Mr. Delamere and Mary irresistibly to my mind. I do seriously believe that if it were possible to peel all the pretence off that gentleman he would make a rival to Tom Thumb.

"But now I must tell you what has really happened. I am so glad of my liberty that I have been compelled to race round in these preliminary circles before sitting down to steady narrative, like a dog just unchained, or a pigeon starting for home, which, when I come to think of it, is a prettier and more ladylike simile. Mr. Jones had actually and formally proposed, and Mary had definitely

and formally declined to accept him. Mr. Delamere, after the first frozen days of silence, had poured on us that deluge of eloquence of which I have already told you. But I have not told you that he had a second or alternative theme which dealt with The Crime of Concealment in Social Affairs. You remember something of this, but it was repeated as if its variety were as infinite as Cleopatra's, and it could neither be staled by age nor withered by custom. The text of it was, of course, afforded by your friend, Mr. Pole, and I heard him preached against so often that I ended by taking a liking to him.

"And now comes the fun of the whole position. Mr. Pole stayed in the country with Lord Worborough for quite six weeks after your departure. Then he and his lordship, who is quite recovered, came up to town together, and Mr. Pole made a call at Cromwell Terrace. All this time Mary had been pumped on by the paternal pump until she could scarcely have had a dry moral thread to call her own, and she was getting quite depressed and thin under this hydropathic treatment.

"I think Mr. Pole has very decidedly improved in appearance. He does not look so stern and stony as he used to do. He is rather grave and quiet, but I am sure that he has a great deal more humour than he shows, for I have seen his eye twinkle very often when Mr. Delamere has been talking; and I have been conscious that if anybody had caught me at the same moment they might have seen the same signs. He stayed only an hour at his first call, and on the following day he came again, bringing his lordship with him. You did not at all exaggerate when you told me what a dear old gentleman he is. I never met a lord before, to speak to, though I have looked at a whole menagerie of them through the gilded railings at Westminster, and I was a little afraid of him at first. He is old-fashioned and stately, but there is such a beautiful courtesy in everything he says and does that I think him perfectly lovable. He is just what an old nobleman ought to be, and all our hearts went down before him like so many ninepins.

"Mr. Jones, of course, is always about the house, and he and Mr. Delamere did most of the talking. His lordship seemed extremely pleased and interested by them, and you know that when you do not get too much of them they can both be very clever and amusing.

"We were treated that night to a new lecture, and it was such an unmixed blessing to get a change from the old ones that we all welcomed it with enthusiasm. At times it was really beautiful and affecting, and it was all about the Moral Advantages of the Territorial Sentiment. On the very next day his lordship called alone, and was closeted with Mr. Delamere. Mamma and I were out at the time, and I only heard of this afterwards, but when I got home I met Mary, and I was quite certain at once that something had happened. I don't think I ever saw anybody looking so beautiful as she did. You know what very fine and speaking eyes she has. They were all sparkling and gentle at the same time, and when I had coaxed her a little she told me that Lord Worborough had spoken to Mr. Delamere about a marriage between her and Mr. Pole. It was like the dear, stately old gentleman to come himself and to show that he approved of the match, for, of course, the future Lord Worborough will be very much above Miss Delamere in wealth and social station, though, after all, a lady can only be a lady, and Mary would have been an empress by now if emperors were sensible people.

"There are some things about which it doesn't seem the least use in the world to try to say anything. If I were trying to tell a stranger what happened next I should fall into pure despair. I know that I shouldn't succeed in conveying a shadow of the truth. But you are not a stranger, and I think that you have a little imagination. Pray let it loose, and try to picture to yourself Mr. Delamere that evening struggling in Mr. Jones's presence with the rudiments of a new discourse on 'The Blending of the Artistic and Territorial Ideals.' Poor Mr. Jones was very mournful under this, and though I could not help feeling that he has made us all suffer very much by his perseverance, I was sorry for him when his ally deserted him. He still comes to the house, and Mr. Delamere and he are a great deal together; but Mr. Pole calls every day, and the poor thing must certainly be excessively uncomfortable. He does not seem to have the strength of mind to go away. I wish he would, for as it is I cannot help being a little unhappy about him at times. He dashes those high spirits I told you of, although I must confess that his airs of martyrdom are sometimes a little trying. What makes me pity him most is the altogether heartless way in which Mr. Delamere has turned upon him. Only last night we had a new discourse on The Philosophical Acceptance of the Inevitable,

which was so cruel and at the same time so funny that I really wonder how I lived through it and kept my countenance. I had to look hard at the table all the while, and I said to myself again and again that it would be most shameful to wound Mary by laughing. I succeeded in sitting through it, but I was quite hysterical in my own room afterwards.

"So now you see that, with the exception of poor Mr. Jones, everybody is happy. Mr. Delamere makes a pretence of coolness about the match, which sometimes throws a little shadow over Mary's spirits; but I can see clearly that he only does this to let himself down easily. There is no talk about an immediate marriage, and I suppose everybody feels that such a suggestion would seem a little indelicate, in view of what has happened.

"And now, since I have rebelled in your behalf and my own, you must answer this, and tell me all about yourself and your doings. I have never seen Paris, but I have read a prodigious deal about it within the last two months. I cannot imagine what it is that has made me take so sudden an interest in the French capital. Perhaps you can. I have told mamma that it is all nonsense to talk or think of my changing, and beyond that I am not going to say anything, except that I am

"Yours,
"CLARA."

This epistle delighted me on many grounds, selfish and unselfish. A week later I got a letter from Pole, who I suppose had been too busy in his new-found hopes of happiness to write before. I wrote back, congratulating him with all my heart, and now that a means of communication between Clara and myself had been opened up, and the one creature in the world I loved best after her was going to be happy, everything seemed bright again.

Smiling seas and a steady breeze abeam, and gay skies and banners flying in the wind, and the gladdest music aboard, and "Land ho!" and the sweetest bay of the land of promise reaching forth its green arms in welcome. Then a crash, and the sunken rock that no man dreamed of has rent us from stem to stern.

CHAPTER XIX.

MY commanding officer and colleague was Mr. Alexander MacIlray. Our office was up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix. It has very pronouncedly blossomed out since then, and nowadays its gilded signboard is visible from half-way down the Boulevard des Capucines; but at that time we were humble, and even a little Bohemian in our ways and aspect. Journalism has grown of late years into a recognised profession. One feels, in setting that statement upon paper, guilty of an actual banality; and yet, as I remember the business a quarter of a century back, it was very little of a recognised profession at all, and a vast number of its followers were harum-scarum, clever, sociable, lovable, and good-for-nothing people, who dressed as it pleased them, drank habitually more than was good for them, kept the insanest hours, and generally conducted themselves as though they knew they were outside the claims and privileges of ordinary society. I am of a staid and sober turn of mind, and never cared greatly for the wilder sort of revelry; but I look back with an affectionate regret to some of the old times and scenes and many of the lost faces. I dare say I am getting to be an old fogy; but I look round in vain amongst the begloved, tall-hatted, frock-coated contingent of to-day for the merriment, the jollity, the good-fellowship, the open-handedness, which went along with the ramshackle life, the billycock hat, and the smoke-scented jacket.

There never was a personage in this world less Bohemian than Mr. Alexander MacIlray. He was a particularly respectable Scot, who dressed uniformly in black, and whose gloves and linen were always perfectly clean and orderly. He seemed never to go anywhere unless called thither by affairs, and he lived without friends or acquaintances outside his business. He was by no means an ungenial little man, but he was always occupied, out of the hours of actual work, in "getting his tools together," as he phrased it.

"The besiness of a journalist, Mr. Denham, is to know everything that is to be known. Univairsal knowledge is perhaps impossible, is, in fact, impossible, for the endividual, but the mere truth that a theng is impossible has no right to debar a man from attempting it. Get your tools in order, Mr. Denham. Know everything that ye can lay your mental hand upon."

He broke out on me with this before I had known him for a week, and repeated it constantly with unction, and sometimes with a startling air of originality, as if the thought had just occurred to him and he was in haste to express it before it vanished. He had an odd way of expressing sympathy and a sense

of companionship. Sometimes when we had been sitting silent for an hour or more, each engaged in his own task, he would push his work aside, and gazing at me in a friendly fashion through his gold-rimmed glasses, would smooth his red hair with both hands and say "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" in a tone of cheerful certainty and conviction. Then he would turn-to again at his task of getting his tools together. I suppose he got too many tools together, and so filled his mental workshop that he had no room to move about in it. He himself did next to nothing with the paraphernalia he collected. He used to remind me sometimes of some imaginable frantically-generous ironmonger, who kept a prodigious stock of every sort of implement for every trade beneath the skies, knew the practical handling of no one of them, and gave away his stock all day among the passers-by. I got to have a superstitious belief in Mr. MacIlray's omniscience. He was a walking cyclopædia. I bepuzzled myself with problems for his puzzlement, and never caught him. People who have not met this sort of man hardly know how to believe in him. One would have thought that nothing less than a lifetime would have served a man to learn Paris for instance, as MacIlray knew it.

"When I first came to this cetty I med up my mind that it was my duty to know it. So I just set myself down in the meddle of it, and obsairved. Then sir, in a while I began to radiate. Now, as a matter of fact and experrience, it's not that easy to radiate as ye might fancy. Ye want a heap of preliminary knowledge. I'm thenking that if a man began his denner with his cheese, and worked back his way to the soup, he'd find his digestive organs getting out of order in a whilie. There's a way of absorbing a cetty or a subject just as there's a way of absorbing your denner, and ef you take the wrong ye're like to find yourself bothered by a sperretual endigestion."

In spite of this admirable exordium I found when I came to try him that he had formulated no scheme at all for the absorption of subject or city. He used to stand in that overcrowded warehouse of his, and survey his tools with a constant satisfaction, and used to lay down philosophical theories beyond counting for the increase of his armoury, and at first I used to wait for the announcement of some great task, some Herculean feat of letters or of learning to which he had set himself single-handed. The revelation never came.

He was a simple-minded little man, in spite of all his learning, and he had a boyish enthusiasm of admiration for faculties which lay outside his own range. He could flow out, measureless, upon paper, not in a stream which went anywhere, but in a sort of bog of mingled thought and fact over which no man could travel dryshod. But to get the gist of a thing inside the journalistic nutshell was altogether impossible for him, and since I was not long in perceiving the necessity of the trick, and speedily acquired the knack itself, he used to admire me in a way so candid and open that I blushed before him.

"Ay, lad!" he would say, "ye have but to get your tools together, and ye'll make a workman." Then he would go to his own labours, or dive into the packed intricacies of his inward storehouse, and would emerge an hour later with a cheerful "Ay, ay, Mr. Denham! Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!" as if I had said something to elicit his most cordial sympathies.

He worked up four pairs of stairs in the Rue de la Paix, and he lived up six pairs of stairs in an eminently respectable boarding-house in the Boulevard Haussmann. As I got to be more and more intimate with him he took very kindly to me, but it was a week or two after the reception of Clara's letter that I paid my first visit to his quarters. I had begun to think that we should never come to an end of the stairs when he paused upon the sixth landing and threw open the door which led to a tolerably spacious and very orderly apartment. His bed was snugly tucked away in one corner, and surrounded by a screen, and a great bookcase filled the opposite wall from floor to ceiling. There was not one volume of mere entertainment on its shelves, but there were grammars and dictionaries, atlases and gazetteers, dictionaries of biographies and dates, huge bound folios of the *Entr'acte*, cobwebbed all over with shorthand criticisms of performances, volumes of history by the hundred, works on chemistry, metallurgy, conchology, and on the lower shelves a battalion of encyclopædias.

"Here are the tools for a journalist, Mr. Denham," he said, with a subdued pride, as he saw me examining his books. "Get the contents of those pages well into your mind, and there is no department of human effort into the consederation whereof ye will not be prepared to enter."

I suggested that the tools were there, and that it might suffice to take them down as

they were wanted, but this seemed positively to shock MacIlray.

"Nonni, lad!" he exclaimed warmly. "There's nothing that a man can call his own in this wide warld but that which is packed away in the head and the soul of him. Carry your weapons about with ye, and then no man can catch y'unarmed at any moment."

I persisted in thinking that if a man would carry about with him arms enough for fifty people he might find himself embarrassed in a chance conflict which came suddenly upon him, but if my theories had been very koh-i-noors of practice it was too late to present them to MacIlray. I liked the simple-hearted, prim-spoken little book-worm very warmly, and he returned my liking. So we got on admirably together, and not infrequently I spent my evenings in his room. He gave me to understand, in a very friendly way, that I was to regard my first introduction there as a standing invitation.

"The place, such as it is, Mr. Denham, is open to ye. Wethin its compass I can say for it that ye'll find no more useful mass o' knowledge than ye see collected here. Ef ever ye're passing this way with an hour to spare and ye want to refresh your mind ye'll just walk upstairs as ef the place belonged to ye, whether I'm en or out. I'll give word to the *concierge* below stairs to that effect."

I accepted his cordial invitation, and in a little while the house on the Boulevard Haussmann knew me almost as well as if I were an inmate.

The day before which I was forbidden by maternal authority to visit Clara came slowly nearer and more near. The nearer it grew, the more the hours lagged to my impatient fancy, but at last I stood within four-and-twenty hours of starting. I had secured a two-days' holiday, and in the afternoon—I remember that it was a Saturday, and a day of exceptional slackness—I visited Mr. MacIlray to talk over with him one or two matters which would have to be attended to in my absence for which no definite arrangements had been made. We talked things over, and then fell into some friendly discussion, so that I lingered for an hour or two.

We were still in the full flush and glory of the summer, but the staircases of the house were dark in places, where the illumination which struck through certain gloomy little skylights and portholes could not reach. I was half-way down when I heard the silken rustle of a dress below me, and made myself small to let the wearer pass. She was in shadow, and a narrow stream of light, with the motes dancing thickly in it, played across the dimness and half obliterated all objects which lay beyond it. I stood in a corner and waited for a second or two whilst the wearer of the silken dress came at a very leisurely pace step by step along the stairs until all on a sudden, with such a shock as seemed to stop my heart, I saw the face of that dead wife of Pole's spring into the radiance shot across the staircase by the sinking sun. The proud, hard, disdainful eyes blinked in the sudden light, and the woman, seeing an instant later that some one stood by to make room for her, gave me a scornful, undiscerning glance from head to foot and went slowly by.

If I had not been supported by the wall I should have fallen in the horror of my amazement. I heard the silken rustle and the deliberate footstep pace the corridor above, and I heard the click of the handle of a door, and then the door itself slammed noisily. I do not know how, by any art of words, to convey to the understanding of another the sensations which assailed me. I think that amongst the chief of them was a swift and terrible certainty that nothing in the world was real, and that I was somehow sunk in the middle of an eternal emptiness of space.

When the first shock was over, I found that I was shaking from head to foot, and that my face and hands were moist. My head was whirling so that the stairs were a kind of terror to me. I climbed to the landing, and stood there awhile, striving to collect myself, and then, rather by instinct, as I thought afterwards, than because of any definite purpose in my mind, I went back to MacIlray's room. The sound of my own knuckles as I tapped at the door and the brusque imperativeness of his "Entrez" in reply did something to dissipate the still lingering sense of the general unreality of things. MacIlray told me afterwards that he had never in his life seen a face on which the expression of pure horror was fixed so vividly. I can well believe that, in the memory of the reflection of my own expression which I saw in his. He darted at me, and threw one arm about me.

"For all sakes, man," he demanded, what's the matter? Where is it? Are you hurt?"

He moved me to a chair, and kneeling down beside me passed his hands over me from head to foot with a rapid, skilful-feeling touch, like that of a practised surgeon. Then

ading, and keeping a backward glance upon me, he went swiftly to a cupboard, and producing from it a bottle of cognac, poured out a wineglass full, and returning, held it to my lips. I drank it eagerly, and the spirit burned like fire and set me coughing. It steadied my nerves, however, and set my heart at work again with a more healthful action.

"Denham, my lad," said MacIlray standing over me, wineglass in hand, "ye look as if ye'd seen a ghost."

"I have," I answered.

He stared at me in pure amazement.

"I'm a believer in many things," he responded, "but I'm no believer in ghosts, until I can trap one for myself, and submit him to a chemical analysis. Just think it out, lad. What is it that's scared ye?"

I made a great effort and succeeded in pulling myself together.

"I saw," I answered, "a minute ago, on the stairs outside, a woman over whose grave I stood more than three months back. I had the certificate of that woman's death in my hands. I saw the tombstone erected on her grave. I myself gave the necessary orders for it, and saw them carried out."

"You're talking naturally enough," said MacIlray, looking at me with a shrewd inquiry. "Are ye sure there's nothing——?" He tapped his forehead, "Eh?"

"If," I answered, "I am not mad, or if—and I know better—I have not been the victim of some wild hallucination, I have seen that woman. If she is an inmate of this house you cannot fail to have noticed her."

"Tell me what she's like," he said.

"Dark," I answered, "with level black eyebrows, and full red lips. She has a swarthy pallor, and she looks at you as if she would kill you if she had the power. It's a haunting face. No man who has seen it once and taken note of it could forget it. A cruel, proud, revengeful, self-disdainful face."

"Ay, man," he said, nodding at me. "There's such a woman in the house. Madame Damal she calls herself. She's uncommonly lively in the temper for a woman that's been dead and buried."

"Madame Damal?" I answered confusedly. "Does she speak French?"

"Speak French?" repeated MacIlray. "It's likely she would. She's a Frenchwoman born and bred. It's her native language. I suspect, my lad, you've just been hit by some extraordinary likeness. I confess," he went on, as if he wished to soothe me, "that I would not have thought that there had been two faces like that in the world. I thank my stars at least that I never saw another like it."

"These are no two faces," I answered obstinately, "that woman is alive."

"Ay, ay," cried MacIlray, half pettishly, "that woman *is* alive. But the dead one isn't. I don't like these uncanny fancies, and I'll just tell ye what we'll do, lad. It's dinner time in half an hour." A bell clanged loudly through the house at this moment. "There's the warning for it. Ye'll calm your nerves, and come down with me to dinner. It happens, to my oft disturbance, that I sit opposite the lady. Ye'll have a chance for a good look at her, and ye'll sleep none the worse for being sure that you've been mistaken."

I am half ashamed to say it, but I shrank from this ordeal with an actual terror. I fought it down, however, and resolved that I would go through with it. MacIlray fell into a reverie from which he awoke with his accustomed sonorous watchword of sympathy and approval. "Ay, ay, Denham! Ay, ay, lad!" when the second bell rang.

"Ye're all right now, lad? Ye're not going to make an exhibition of yourself?" he asked me as we went down-stairs together. I answered that he might rely upon me, and we entered the dining-room. MacIlray with a flourish of politeness, introduced me to the lady of the house. "M. Denham, mon collègue, qui sera un de ces jours un homme remarquable." This gave me something of a start, but I suspected MacIlray a moment later of a friendly intention to turn me from the contemplation of the one idea which filled my mind. He chattered with more than common fluency to the landlady, and dragged me neck and heels into the conversation.

We were amongst the first arrivals at table. By-and-by others came in, to the number of twenty, and we all sat down. The space opposite MacIlray was vacant, and remained vacant until the fish was served. Then the woman whom I had seen upon the stairs came in and took her seat there. I experienced no new shock, but her face held me with an urgent fascination, and I was compelled again and again, in spite of myself, to peruse every feature of her face even when I had arrived at a fixed and rooted certainty. She spoke once or twice in the voice that I remembered, but with an accent so finished and natural that it would

have been impossible to any one to whom the language had not been customary from infancy. Sometimes the intentness of my regard drew hers upon me, but she never gave me once the faintest sign of recognition. The cruel, self-despising, all-despising eyes looked straight into mine, and were withdrawn with all their old indifferent hauteur. Certain as I was of her identity, the perfect indifference of her manner shook me once or twice, and even when it made its weakest impression upon me served to sustain the tumult of my mind.

The dinner might have lasted a year rather than an hour; but at length it was over. The ladies rose and moved away. The men settled down about the windows and lit their cigarettes. MacIlray and I were left alone, and he drew me by a gesture to the far end of the room. Standing there and looking upwards at a print, with his head critically on one side, as if he were examining it, he let fall a single word of question—

"Well?"

"That is the woman," I responded.

"Did she ever know you," MacIlray asked, "in the days before she died and got buried?"

"She knew me," I answered, "and had reason to remember me."

"She's a very pretty actress in that case," he said.

I had had time to think this extraordinary matter over, and I had come to my own conclusions.

"That woman," I said deliberately, laying a hand upon MacIlray's breast and looking him calmly in the face, "has entered into a conspiracy with a little Jew solicitor in London to spread abroad the false intelligence of her own death, in order that her husband, whom she hates, shall be entrapped into contracting a marriage with another woman. She promised in my hearing to make his life a burden to him, and this is the way in which she has chosen to make that promise good."

I saw a change in his face as I spoke, and I saw, though I could not tell why, that he had abandoned his mistrust.

"Hold your tongue one moment, man," he said. "Don't speak to me. Let me think. A little Jew solicitor? An oversexed man with white teeth. Ay, ay! He's been here."

"His name," I said, "was——"

"Wait!" cried MacIlray. "His name was"—I could see him searching in his own mind, and the light in his face told me that he had recalled it before he spoke the word—"Goldsmith."

"That is the man," I answered, "and this woman is the wife, Heaven help him, of my dearest friend!"

AMONG THE SCOTS FIRS.

A Spring Study.

AN unsettled day in early spring. The wind comes round exposed corners and through open glades in spent fitful puffs. Overhead, things are full of change. The clouds have that peculiar white called "watery" by the weather-wise, and move in large blocks between us and the obscured blue. The sun is out, but is pliant and strategical, as becometh the ruler over contraries and unknown powers of resistance.

A sobbing wind was abroad last night. The belated moon was "on her back" as we looked out at midnight. The firs were crooning a low coronach, but the wind came rushing through the boughs, and the whistling of multitudinous "needles" woke the trees from their gently-swaying acquiescence. They put on their strength, but the wind was gone. But it bore onward the soft persistent speech of the hurrying burn, and put into new shapes the "shepherded" clouds that hid the troubled moon. An expansive sigh ran through the trees; melody was taken up again, repeated, varied, in tones and undertones of easy strength and quivering tenderness. Broken branches sent out their jarring discords. Maimed, embittered things will make their presence felt amid wholeness, harmony.

To-day, it is a period of suspense among the rooks. They have their "centre of indifference." Pairing is over; the ragged, comical-looking nests are about finished, and with some of the shiny black coats it is a moot point whether "house-heating" shall begin now or to-morrow. The fine edge of crisp gallant aggressiveness has worn off the community. We can see nondescript jostling, lazy rolling flight, tumblings and scratchings; can hear mild protests, ineffective expostulations, with touches of petulance and querulousness, not enough to make a quarrel, but just enough to set it intermittingly a-simmering.

Rooks are homely birds. They keep house all the year round. They love a fairly shel-

tered situation and sturdy trees that can live well in a stiff gale. But they take what we call "notions" too, and will leave a township in a body and without giving "warning."

Nature intended the rook to be a bird of deep gravity, to take a back seat in the choir of the woods and to sing bass. His even baritone, his clerkly garments as of a poor scholar of a bygone age, his solemn "asides" as he sits on dike or fence, his funny falsetto cruock! when returning crop full from some spoil, are all in keeping. He is a bencher without an appreciative Elia.

But guns and men have changed things. Solemnity is his foible, suspicion his *forte*. Look at him stalking over the young barley or lea oats on the look-out for "grub," the farmer's enemy, his every movement full of circumspect decorousness, unobtrusive diplomacy, and you may think that he is innocently intent upon his own particular business. And so he is; but he keeps a friendly eye upon your movements as well; and should you startle him before he has had time to take your bearings he will not fly straight off, but will wheel sideways, keeping a good weather-eye upon you. An old-fashioned Highland drover at a fluctuating tryst could not be more suspicious than he.

The young rook just set up for himself as a forager is rather a gay fellow. His coat is a well-to-do black, his beak is trim, and there is a suggestion of delicate gentility in his legs and feet. His aged relatives go about in a shining black that speaks eloquently of battered lives, hard circumstances, and many battles against wind and rain. From oft-repeated disregard of the "load-line" their crops look flabby and leathery, and their beaks and legs have lost the lustre of their first summer. But the young rook has not as yet fallen on evil days; a bright sun is over his head, and the many-tinted greenery of woods and fields gives constant hints of unfailing bounty. Suspicion has not made great inroads into his nature; he sails carelessly over uncanny spots and drops quite comfortably into narrow places where the fare is good and the view (from an old rook's standpoint) detestable. He attaches no special importance to sentry duty, and watchfulness does not sit easily upon him.

The glow of the fir trunks is a solace. Amid the mingled green and brown it ascends like an unquenchable fire, yet subdued, soft, till it pales and merges itself in the dull green that leads into the dark tops. At a distance the firs look gloomy and solemn, but in here the company of tall graceful trunks is neither solemn nor gay; the approximation to the darkness is not seen, but the subdued light is felt like a gracious presence in a time of need. Flickering companies of sunbeams come in, whirl and dance, keeping time to the waving of the branches overhead; shine on the coat of the bo-peeping squirrel; come across the track of the hopping keenly-scrutinising woodpecker, which is making a spiral ascent on the knotty solitary birch tree; light up the plain brown dress of the obsequious little wren; chase the chattering magpie until they are wiped out by an interfering cloud.

Outside sounds filter in. The shepherd is training his young collie among the wedders on the rough pasture in the distance; the over-eager bark, the admonitory Ahs! and sharp whistles sound practical, and turn the out-going thoughts back to homely ways. Cāāw cāāw ca! and the familiar scuffle of wings overhead as we get into the perpendicular of each group.

But the wren; there he sits midway up the heap of brushwood. Does he sit? Not at all. Ever on the move, becking, bobbing, bowing, curtseying, and making innumerable daintily shaded compromises between all four. A veritable little professor of calisthenics practising for a woodland levee! Or is he the vivacious "go-between," making voluminous amends for the stiff-necked ways of his big and stupid acquaintances? He shifts his position, turns his other eye upon us; perspective still bad; up he goes with the most delicate insinuation between a hop and a swagger. There! that's better. But, hark! the wee mite begins his singing lesson; the quaintest needle-pointed voluntary—a mosaic of cast-off suggestions from clumsy big brothers of the wood that could not and cannot get into the charmed region of the topmost octaves, together with his own neat touches, hints, and—phew! He is off! A stick has cracked under our feet.

Hullo! mister bunny. Bump, bump, crackle, thump, thump, off he goes for his hole. Yonder it is with a few more, where the ground rises slightly and where the trees are thin. Now he is bold; does not go in at once. Rub-a-dub. Ah! but we are getting nearer. Up goes the head, down again, a crouch, and in he bolts! As the season advances he will camp out more and more, but meanwhile the dry burrow has too many attractions. At this time of the year, rheumatism and sundry pains along the back and loins are to be caught under the heaps of "hag" and brushwood. But besides, we

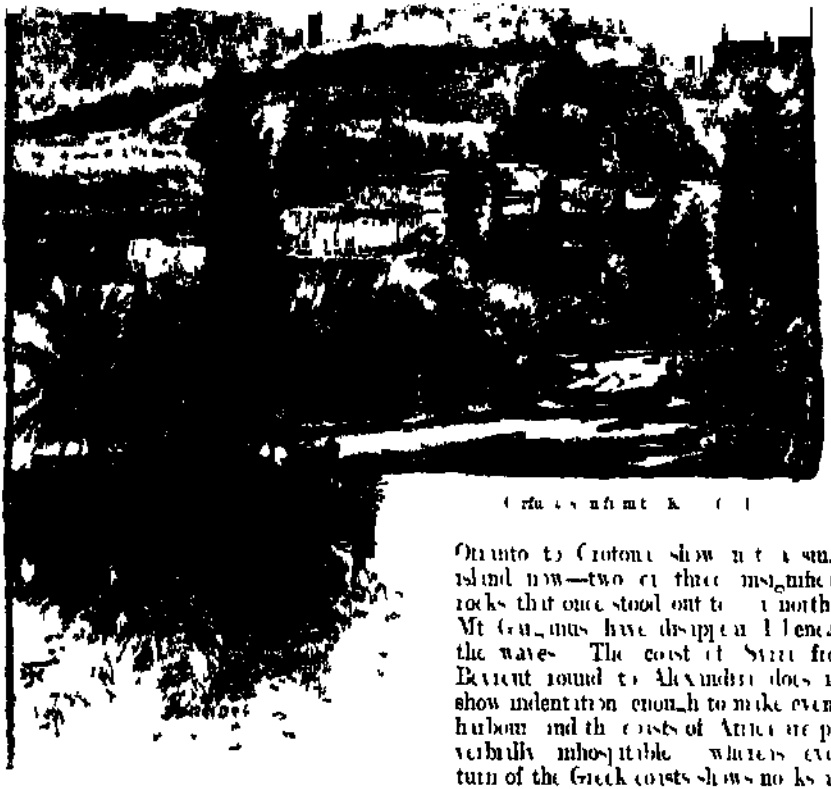
have no dog to try conclusions with him in that short spin.

We are out of the rookery; bickerings, protests, and retorts do not "carry" well, and a cawing litany is borne along. Listen very attentively and you may detect dissonances. It needs an effort. If you are not over-awake all is harmony. The comparatively high-set tones of last year's brood, running through many a variable gamut, blend harmoniously with the deep and deeper tones of the aging and aged veterans. How good it is on a quiet Sunday thus to hear the blended voices of the rooks! There seems to be no element of change in what they say, yet it palls not. It soothes like the "sound of many waters," and is a perpetual message of peace to the fretful children of men. Old Donald S. used to like it on a fine Sunday morning as he strolled out with his long pipe in full *reek*. "The craws begin biggin on the first Sunday o' Mairch," he would say. However dubious and loosely-fortified he might be on other points of natural history, he was perfectly unassailable on that. Like the most of easy-souled, uncritical men, he had his under-current of inflexible stubbornness. If he took a thing into his head it remained there. We can still picture to ourselves the short figure dressed in rough dark-grey homespun; the abnormally broad shoulders and the long muscular arms; the large towsy head with the slouching, uncertain-coloured, double-peaked cap, which seemed somehow to be a natural part of the head; and the face with its well-spread lines of good-humour; the irregular features and the big grey eyes with their droll mixture of broad fun, geniality, lurking dignity, and gentle-manship; a healthy soul, a healthy man, fit for a square meal, and for a big feed of large-sized jokes. He had no real coarse-ness in him. He was "jist a droll cratur'." And then his talk; so effortless, it came in full gutteral mouthfuls between each squeaky suck of his pipe. "The craws" have their own perverse ways in the "month o' Mairch," but Donald is gone. Requiescat! requiescat!

We are gradually passing from the firs. Scrubby-looking oaks, elms, and planes struggle for room among the fast-growing spruces that have got their heads well up into the free air and light. We must keep to the outskirts. A robin takes a modest look at us, and hops away in a quiet, fearless way. Brave little fellow! A real Briton in times of storm and danger; fond of a fight, but never exactly aggressive. Out on that spot of green a mavis is shyly "prospecting" for dinner. Winter does not make him bold. Not a hardy bird, he yet struggles against wintor storms in quite a pathetic way. Severe winters kill numbers of these birds, while blackies, robins, sparrows (of course), and even tits and finches are day by day dining in right royal fashion on household scraps or farmyard bounties. But we miss the full, rich song of the mavis. It will come a month or six weeks hence in perfection with the mild, still evenings. Ah! yonder skirting the edge of the wood, we see two blackies. They are gradually getting into country-seat ways. What a bouncing, brusque fellow blackie is at this time of the year. He has never been our winter guest, not he! and off he flies under the branches, sputtering out mellow throaty gurglings of protesting defiance, with piping fragments from a rich store of fluting song, a medley of bold, resentful language. Blackie is a bird of the world. He builds out in the woods, but if you have trees near your house he will invite himself and his wife, and will whistle you most ostentatiously out of bed on all the fine mornings. He likes his own singing, and positively lords it over all his small-sized brethren. He encores himself with the most prompt and consummate tact, cocks his head to one side, whurr-r-rs patronisingly upon all whom it may concern, and flutes from his house-top that he is prince of good fellows!

But the shadows on the grass are too fickle, and there is an ominous sough in the wind. It comes with a low whoop over the heads of the tall withered grasses, makes a flutter among the dead oak leaves, and dies away in a tremulous moan over the tree-tops. Rain is coming and must even now be on the distant moor. The finches chink! chink! very sadly at the edge of the wood. Straggling companies of rooks fly homewards, and speculate in querulous tones about the coming rain. The bright blinks right overhead are getting smaller, and the clouds are labouring up from the horizon. The long, slanting rain is on the moor. Let us go.

J. CAMERON.



Crete as seen from Mount Ida

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By J P MAHAFFY

Author of "Social Life in Greece" etc

FIRST PAPER

EVERYBODY talks since Byron's time, about the Isles of Greece, and yet not many realise what a peculiar feature they form in the history, physical, intellectual, and moral, of the Greek world Of course we mean by Greece that complex of coasts and seas which reaches from Corfu to Cyprus, and from Navarino to the Hellespont Even the best bit of the mainland, which holds Sparta and Argos, and Olympia, is all but an island, and was always called the island of Pelops—Peloponnesus The first contrast which strikes the traveller coming from Italy, from Africa, or from Syria into the Greek seas, is the broken character of the coast line, and the perpetual emerging of these islands The long reaches of the Italian side from Rimini to Otranto, from Otranto to Crotone show not a single island now—two or three insignificant rocks that once stood out to the mouth of Mt Garganus have disappeared beneath the waves The coast of Syria from Beirout round to Alexandria does not show indentation enough to make even a harbour and the coasts of Africa are proverbially inhospitable whereas every turn of the Greek coasts shows nooks and creeks and shelter behind rocks and picturesque views There is no such thing as long flat dull patches of land in those seas every island is a rugged mountain or range of mountains standing boldly into the sky This is a fact which the map does not convey but which every student of Greece is bound to remember

Coming from the south the first important is the great southern wall of Crete with its tops glittering in snow which frowns upon the sailor, and warns him that this great island has nothing to do with Africa but turns its back upon the south and stretches its headlands and shows its harbours towards the northern isles It is quite natural that as civilisation came up from warmer climates, from Phœnicia and from Egypt Crete was the first seat of empire over Greek waters, though the splendour and the justice of the reign of Minos belong to mythical times, and the theoretical excellences of Cretan legislation did not save the island from being a sort of compendium of the turbulence, the isolation, the jealousy, which

marked the Greek politics, and always made the whole weak, while the parts were so strong. The island which Plato and Aristotle quoted for specimens of *Eunomia*, or good regulations, has been ever since the chosen home of mercenaries, of pirates, and of social disorder.

But long before even Minos of Crete was thought of, there was life and culture of some kind in other islands, of which strange evidences have been discovered in our own day. On the straight course from Crete to the heart of Greece there lies the group of islands of which Santorin and Therasia are the chief, which really are the separated slopes of a great volcano, which had its vast crater, some five miles in diameter, in the centre, while the inner coasts of the islands are its precipitous walls, with the outer coasts sloping towards the water. They are, in fact, the slopes of lava and ashes which the great volcano threw out before the days of history.

When the quays and piers of the Suez Canal were being constructed, the volcanic stuff of these slopes was found so suitable for the work, as to be brought away in great shiploads. Deep under the lava were found prehistoric dwellings, a sort of antediluvian Pompeii, with some ornaments of gold, flint and bone weapons, and various household tools, with the skeletons of men. And no doubt these remains belong to a race anterior to those which occupied all the archipelago in the earliest days we know of. They came and went—Phœnicians and Pelasgians, Ionians and Carians, Slavs and Turks—but the people of the stone age at Santorin are the oldest, and distinct from them all. There was an eruption there in classical times also (about 190 B.C.), for Strabo mentions that for four days the sea boiled up and fire rose into the sea, and that the daring Rhodians, who were the first who ventured to approach it, found a new island, of which they took possession by founding a temple to Poseidon. There are rumours also of volcanic action in the old legends about Delos, the Holy Island among them, which had once floated about without fixed site, but was anchored in the midst of the Ægean at the birth of Apollo and Artemis. I think it well to quote the history of the more recent eruptions from Mr. Theodore Bent's excellent book on the "Cyclades," the only recent English book which is really serviceable to teach ordinary readers the details of the subject.

"The next eruption about which we have any information seems to have increased Old Burnt Island by a cape, now called St. Nicholas, about the year 60 A.D., according to George of Syngelos. And in the old chronology of Theophanes there is reference to another, in 726 A.D., in the reign of Leo the Isaurian, when they saw the sea boil like a furnace, and thick vapours came out of it, and pumice stone covered the sea far and wide, and a rock appeared which united itself with the Old Burnt Island.

"About an eruption in 1457, when a portion of the Old Burnt Island detached itself and was engulfed in the sea with a great noise, the only authority we have is a Latin inscription in the Church of the Jesuits, in honour of the then Duke Francis Crispi II., in the old fortress capital of Santorin called Scaros.

"About the appearance of Little Burnt Island in 1573 we have better authority, for the Jesuit Father Richard gives us an account of it as follows:—'There are many old men in Santorin who say they saw an island formed near ours in the middle of the sea, and that it was called Little Burnt Island.'

"But for the terrible eruption in 1650, we have ample information.

"Father Richard's account is written in Greek verse, and tells us all they suffered during that awful time. In 1649 such terrible earthquakes shook Santorin that the inhabitants seriously thought of abandoning their island. In March, 1650, these grew worse, and huge detached blocks rolled down into the sea, killing people on their way. Clouds of thick vapour and flames were seen to issue out of the sea at the spot where the island eventually appeared, accompanied by a fearful stench, and the sea turned green; but it was not till September 28 that the volcano burst forth with a fearful noise, and a new island appeared whilst the people were in church praying for deliverance and mercy. So great was the noise that it was heard as far as the Dardanelles, and in Chios they thought a naval engagement was taking place. At the neighbouring island of Ios a wave fifteen yards high rose, and a Turkish fleet off Keos was driven against the coast. For a whole day and night the inhabitants of Santorin were enveloped in such thick sulphurous smoke that they could not see the sun. Gold, silver, picture frames all turned black. Many were blinded and all suffered from their eyes; fifty people died of these noxious vapours and a thousand animals were asphyxiated. A boat was returning from Amorgos, and chanced to pass through this gas; it was found floating a few days afterwards with all hands on board dead. Even when the worst was over, and the inhabitants ran down to the shore to see what had happened, many of the most venturesome were asphyxiated. But what puzzled the people most was that some of those asphyxiated people revived just as their friends were mourning for them and preparing for the funeral, so that the priest had to return home with his stole and his cross unused.

"The next eruption was in 1707, when New Burnt Island appeared in the centre of the basin by the side of the Old and the Little. We are indebted for an account of this to an Italian MS. written by Mr. Delenda, then the English consular agent at Santorin. He tells us that on May 2 (old style) there was an earthquake; on the 12th, at two in the morning, a rock like a ship in distress appeared, which they went to look at in boats, but were terrified to find it only a rock. Some of the bravest, after an hour's deliberation, and enticed by the oysters and shellfish thereon, ventured to land. At length the sea became mixed with sulphurous vapours, and the rock grew in size, and on June 30 around it the sea became as white as milk, and all

fish in the Inferno the smoke and flames now issued out of the sea and much damage was done to the vines and the inhabitants suffered daily the horrid rumbling noises and violent concussions of earthquakes while the volcanic mists were shot into the air with less and less force and frequency until the humours of the volcano were exhausted but it was not really at rest for six years from its first commencement In 1706 Father Tarillon who also wrote a veritable account of this eruption and some other ecclesiastics ventured into the mist and were nearly stifled by the heat the water was boiling all round them and when they got back they found that the heat of the water had taken all the pitch off their boat

'Nothing happened to this mysterious workshop of Vulcan until January 1866 when scientific men from all nations hurried to Santorin to witness the great phenomenon It does not however, appear to have been so terrible in its effects as its predecessors there were the fiery bombs, three newborn islands appeared, one of which was called George I after the king, they grew in size day by day until they attached themselves to the New Burnt Island, and thereby lost their identity The sea was green the water hot, sulphurous smoke covered the towns and villages which were in the line of wind and great inconvenience was caused thereby Naturally terrible fears visited everyone, and all were eager to flee, the convent school despatched its pupils and the richer inhabitants fled But Santorin is a rich and prosperous island nowhere in Greece do grapes grow so well as here So mankind ever trusting in the lengthened pauses between each convulsion, returned to a life of contentment and security, even though it is over one of the most terrible of known craters'

But wherever we turn through the Ægean, there are history and legend entwined—temples, remains of cities, folklore that reaches back to primitive times When I was at Athens a couple of years ago, I saw a steamer in the Piræus being crowded to suffocation by pilgrims The veils of an unfortunate mad woman who was being dragged

on board and bound down with ropes like a wild beast, led me at once to conjecture the nature of the expedition. They were some of the thousands who go annually to the *Panagia* (fair, pattern, feast) of Tino. The modern feast has been described by Mr. Bent.

"The narrow pier, the harbour, the windows, the balconies, the roofs of the houses encircling the harbour were darkened by an endless crowd. We could not turn when once drawn into the crush; scarcely could I move my hand as we were borne involuntarily through the little agora towards the broad street which led directly to the temple. The whole scene before us was like a dazzling dream—costumes, nationalities without end. The men for the most part wore baggy, loose trousers of blue glazed calico—*βρακία*, as they call them—all full of luggage dangling between their legs; a red sash kept these up; a loose embroidered waistcoat covered their shirt, and a fez, placed sidewise, was on their heads. Greeks always adopt the costume of the country wherever they go. There is hardly any trace of ancient dress; Turkish, Albanian, Russian costumes meet at Tenos every year with Greeks inside.

"Our ears were assailed by a perpetual din; not only the shops, but even many of the private houses had been turned into wine shops, and had vegetable stalls in front of them, the owners having retired into a back room and given up their best apartments to the strangers. Down by the quay most of the commodities for sale were eatables, baskets of fish, bread, olives, caviare. Then there were cookshops redolent of savoury dishes, which were being fried on charcoal fires; barbers' shops, the haunts of perpetual gossip; and all the way up to the temple were small open-air stalls, from behind which the cries were almost deafening, and containing pyramids of *κουλουρι*, almonds, and cans of Kalvas. Next came articles of apparel, men's hats, secondhand clothes, curious illustrations of the Russo-Turkish war, in which the Turks were invariably being severely punished, black and chestnut-coloured beads (*κομβολόγια*), metal phylacteries, bone crosses, small tin phials for the holy oil, and bigger ones for the holy water. All was one prolonged din as we ascended the hill.

"Then there were funny peep-shows; a mechanical hare dressed like a coachman, and moving his ears and head: and many pilgrims invested their ten lepta (one penny) to have their fortunes told by doves, which have been trained to put their beaks into a wooden box and to draw out coloured papers on which fortunes were printed, after the fashion of our crackers. I farried some time near these winged Pythians, and one event amused me much: a middle-aged man and his wife consulted the oracle; they got a paper, but could not read it, so the proprietor of the doves volunteered to do so, and read as follow: 'Your only fault is that you are slightly addicted to drink, and when drunk you tyrannise over your wife, who is better than you. To be happy you must abandon this vice.' The bystanders laughed and the old man blushed and led his wife on. Perhaps the Pythian oracle had spoken true.

"Further on a blind beggar was sitting and singing in a dull, melancholy dirge, and shaking his box for alms, like Homer did, I dare say. This long street is a perfect medley of chaplets, knives, games, crosses, sweets, fresh fruits, linen, holy pictures, ornaments, cooking utensils—everything, in fact, to supply the appetite, religious and carnal, of the pilgrims, many of whom bivouac on the hillside to avoid the extortion of the town. Tenos is celebrated for its rogues on these occasions. fifty of them I saw shipped off at once to Syra jail, and amongst the modern Greek islanders 'a Tenote' is a by-word for laziness. In this feast week money for the rest of the year must be made: they cook for their guests, they lay open their houses to them, and they extort money, just as the inhabitants of ancient Delos used to do hundreds of years ago.

"The church on the hill-side looked beautifully clean and fresh, being built of white marble from the quarries at the north of the island. A handsome marble staircase led up to the entrance, into which several old columns are introduced, which were brought from one of the temples on Delos again to serve for a similar purpose. Beneath the church the

vaults were teeming with pilgrims, for here is the *ἄβατος*, the holy of holies, where the miracle-working picture was found. Around the courtyard, which covers above an acre, were receptacles for the human beings here assembled. Under the dome of the entrance, and about the courtyard, the goods sold were all religious, and the stalls of the *εἰκονο*-sellers were a perfect gallery of quaint pictures. The silversmiths here were driving a rattling trade, selling silver legs, arms, eyes, houses, hearts, steamers,

cows, as tributes of thankfulness to be hung in the church by some pilgrim whose safety from disaster came under any of these heads."

Recent excavations at Epidaurus and Athens have shown that this offering of images of the limb affected was a common practice at least at temples of Æsculapius

"They sold their wares just like Demetrius the silversmith sold his to the worshippers at the temple

The Coast of Kos

of Diana at Ephesus. Through all this crowd the superintendents press with candles and offerings, some carry young babies, still unbaptized, that they may be expressly consecrated to the Madonna, and at the baptismal ceremony here, which even first succeeds in snatching the baby from the priest after its immersion, becomes a difficult matter to see the struggle between two children for the holy water. Not unfrequently you can trace the wrath left by a slap, pinch, or kick into the other baby's face, outwatch the baby which candles are given to the Madonna, the first child.

Close to the entrance stood a well which was presented by an Effendi or Turkish Madonna, and in my expressive ignorance I supposed this I was told that many Turks believe in the efficacy of her miracles and come to be healed.

Friday was the great day of the feast, and on the eve of the event the forty-five thousand pilgrims were wrought up to the highest pitch of excitement crowds flocked to the church which it was scarcely possible to enter. Three commissaries sat at desks close to the door collecting the offerings of the faithful; my friend asked us to sit by his side for a time and watch the haul—jewellery, embroidery, silver ornaments, bread, cakes of beeswax, money of all nations—nothing seemed to come amiss. The money was consigned to coffers beneath the desks, and men were in attendance with baskets to carry off the bulkier articles in return for their offerings each person received a candle which he lighted and during the burning of this he supposed himself more subject to receive benefit from the healing exhalations which they say rise from the vaults below by means of marble gratings.

"Twenty thousand pounds, my friend told me, was considered below the average sum realised at one of these feasts, when all the cheating was done, for of course there is much of this, and the post of commissary is one keenly contested for. The priests grow rich, and so do the inhabitants of Tenos; yet after all they do a great deal of good with their £20,000. Orphanages and charities of various sorts are maintained out of the proceeds of the Panegyris at Tenos."

But the assembly is as old as the days before Christ, not to speak of Christian saints. For what does Strabo say, writing in the reign of Tiberius? 'Tenos (it all times an insignificant island) has a small town upon it, but a great temple of Poseidon (Neptune) in the harbour outside the city, well worth a visit, in which great feasting rooms have been built which are evidence that a great crowd of their neighbours come together to join in their sacrifice to Poseidon. The habit was old in Strabo's day, it is fresh and alive to-day. Slaves and Turks and Corsairs have not been able to extinguish the meeting, nay not even has the passage from Polytheism to Christianity, a far more momentous change, been able to destroy it. They have changed the name of their patron from Poseidon to Mary, and that is all.

But how are rapid changes possible in a society that is separated into small island communities, which do not hear from one another, or from the outside world, oftener than once a month! It is in these Greek islands as it is in the Greek mountains of the Peloponnesus. The European traveller who cannot breakfast without his newspaper, lapses without effort and without regret into another kind of life, where splendid nature and still more splendid history fill the mind, and the most thrilling moments of politics, which he has left behind him as he left his steamer, fade out into indifference. Perhaps when he emerges again from these happy retreats, he finds ministries fallen, wars declared, great men dead—a whole

chapter of contemporary history to be overtaken. And he wonders how content and happy he was without it all, and how the little societies, in the glens and islands where he roamed, live on without hearing more than a stray echo, a stale allusion, absorbed as they are in their daily work, and perhaps once a year heated beyond the political temperature of any important society by the contest for a parish honour, the post of demarch, or of deputy to the Greek Parliament. In fact, Mr. Bent tells us that the latter interest is of no consequence to the remote islanders; Athens and its Parliament are as far from them as the Congress of the United States is from Englishmen; so all their loves and hates are expended upon the local elections, which occur every three years, when there is often blood spilt, and always bitter quarrelling. Here then is the old autonomic or Home Rule instinct of the Greek in its purity, and this it is which has always parcelled out Greece politically, as nature has parcelled it out geographically.

It is grievous to learn from the same authority what I had myself noted in my wanderings—that in spite of this insularity the old rich costumes are giving way to the vulgarest European tawdriness. The rich old costumes are coming, or have come, to be regarded as ridiculous by the islanders, and are only put on to please a stranger, or by way of a joke. In another generation or two, the curious traveller will be unable to find them. Those that have gold and lace upon them will be bought up by Jew dealers, who have been for years scouring the Ægean like the Corsairs of old. The rest will be torn up, or thrown away. It is just the same thing in Peloponnesus. The men, who are the great dandies all through Greece, still don their Albanian costumes in Sparta and Megalopolis, if they have not seen the world. But among the rich scarlet and white of this splendid dress, you see the really fashionable man, the M.P. or local magnate, in a black dress coat, and a chimney-pot hat, perhaps with a grey plaid wrapped about his shoulders. And this hideously dressed person is looked up to as the glass of fashion by the people around him, whose national dress gives them that dignity of mien and of manners which always accompanies a rich costume. So it is with the Arcadians. About Mount Parnassus and its neighbouring Alps, you will still find the women dressed on holydays in colours and styles quaint and beautiful to behold. In Peloponnesus gaudy arsenic green, magenta and purples of the most nauseous hue are worn in ill-made dresses copied from the Bavarian court taste of twenty years ago. To see such people, on a Greek island, in the midst of Mediterranean blue, dancing a national dance with its curious spiral form, is like seeing a beautiful engraving daubed over with water-colours by an experimenting child.

But all this while we have been gossiping about coasts and islands, and have given no clue to what we may call the labyrinths of the question. The ordinary reader can hardly be expected to have all the various names in his head, or care following us through any intricate history. We shall endeavour, therefore, to put all the details before him in a few large groups.

Two great islands, Crete (Candia), of which we have spoken, and Eubœa (Negropont), stand apart, almost too large and important to rank with the other islands. Eubœa, indeed, may be called a peninsula like the Peloponnesus, for to cross from the main land at Chalcis is almost as easy as to cross the isthmus at Corinth. And as there have been constant attempts to turn the Peloponnesus into a real island, so there have been constant attempts to bridge the strait at Chalcis, and make the great island part of the continent of Ionia. Laying aside, then, these two great tracts of land, there is another series of important islands, probably the foremost group in ancient history, which lies close to the Asiatic coast, and which now belongs to Turkey, though all the traditions, the population, the language of the islands are strictly Greek. The main chain, encompassed with hundreds of rocky islets, more or less inhabited, consists of Rhodes, Kos, Samos, Chios, Lesbos—continuations, so to speak, of the mountain chains of the coast, but protected from land invasion by arms of the sea. The ancient history of each of these islands would make a long and interesting chapter. Every one has heard of the Colossus of Rhodes, which did not stand for a century, and yet how few have heard of the commercial code of Rhodes, which was adopted as the law of mercantile shipp[illegible] by the Romans, and lasted late into [illegible] Empire. Most people know that the Co[illegible] was overthrown by an earthquake, but few have learned that the public credit of Rhodes was established beyond question by the same earthquake, seeing that all the kings and free cities of the civilised world at once contributed great gifts which far exceeded the limits of charity, through dread of a financial

panic and of a cosmopolitan bankruptcy, if the Rhodian banks stopped payment.* But if I enter upon Rhodian affairs there will be no room for any other island in this article. And, indeed, the Turkish possession makes them somewhat foreign to any modern treatment of Greek subjects, so much so that most of us who visit Greece regard them as beyond the scope of our journeying. I will only remind the reader before passing on that as Rhodes of old, so Chios in recent days has been the scene of terrible earthquakes. I forget how many people the Turks massacred there in the terrible war of 1822; but I do not suppose that even Turks could rival the earthquake some seven years ago, when three thousand people were destroyed, and a whole monastery (luckily without the monks) is said to have hopped off its high promontory into the sea.

The Cyclades, which are essentially and properly Greek islands, may be divided into three groups—a central one round Naxos (which is the largest and most fruitful of them all), lined on the west by a distinct string of islands, which is really the prolongation of Attica, and joined to Eubœa on the north by a third series of huge stepping-stones, which are a similar prolongation of the Eubœan chain into the Ægean. This great complex of mountains rising from the sea does not include the islands close to the Greek coast, of which Ægina, Salamis, Hydra, Poros, and Spezza have quite a different history from that of the Cyclades. There remains the Western or Ionian group, to which Cerigo has been joined in modern politics. I will say a word about each of these groups in turn.

The stepping-stone between the Rhodian or Asiatic group, of old called *Sporades*, and the Cyclades of the mid-Ægean, is Astypalæa, an island probably less visited and known than any, and of which Strabo tells the curious story, of peculiar interest nowadays, that the inhabitants were so afflicted with a plague of hares—probably he means rabbits †—as to send and consult the oracle of Delphi what they were to do. The oracle gave them the very obvious answer, to keep dogs and take to hunting, and so they killed six thousand in no time.

Perhaps Naxos is most remarkable in history for not being remarkable. It is full of richness and fertility; it has mountains and forests, good land and marble quarries, and yet till it was made a mediæval duchy by Frankish adventurers it plays no part in Greek history. A few sculptors hail from it, but no great literary or political man. No stirring scene, like the revival of the Athenian democracy at Samos, no brilliant society like that of Sappho and Alcæus at Lesbos, is ever reported from Naxos. Mr. Bent, who spent some time there, says the fertility of the soil has made the people lazy, and bare rocks like those of Therasia and Syra put to shame the rich uplands of the stagnant heart of the Cyclades. Almost the same thing may be said of the only other island which rivals Naxos in size and fertility—I mean Andros. It has certain resemblances to Naxos, particularly in being divided by a central mountain ridge into two parts, which are very distinct in climate, vegetation, and at Andros even in population, as the Albanians have occupied the north-west part of Andros, perhaps here only in the Cyclades. But how rarely do we hear of Andros in Greek history! No literary man that I can remember, no politician hails from Andros, not even the early sculptors that came from Naxos can be paralleled by any Andriote worthy.

How different is the neighbouring Paros! First the home of the storm-tossed Archilochus, whose poetry stood next to Homer's in all Greek estimation; then the scene of Miltiades' failure and disgrace, which the glories of Marathon did not cover; then the most profitable of all the group to Athens from its rich quarries, and consequent industries—even now Paros is one of the most stirring of the islands. But here, as elsewhere, the wants of men have made away with the natural covering of the islands, and where there once were ample forests there is now bare and barren rock. This is, indeed, the character of all the Greek seaboard. Everywhere the view from your ship, however varied, however beautiful, however majestic in outline, always presents rocky coasts, on which nothing seems to grow. You must enter some very land-locked bay, like that of Troezen, to find vegetation along the shore. And so the illustration from the west coast of Corfu will suit a hundred places in the Greek islands. The neighbouring Antiparos is just as bleak, but has its treasure underground, in the shape of a wonderful grotto, which the ancients seem never to notice, but of which Mr. Bent has given a very striking description.

* The reader will find this matter discussed in my "Greek Life and Thought," &c., pp. 346—369.

† I say rabbits, because they were undoubtedly once a plague in the western lands of southern Europe. Strabo elsewhere mentions this, and says that the Balearic islanders applied to Rome for some other place of settlement, as they were eaten out of their islands by rabbits.

The entrance to the grotto is about four miles from the village and is a curious semicircular hole, about 100 feet long by 60 high, at the top of a hill, just under 1 000 feet above the sea-level, gigantic stalactites guard the entrance, lifelike and terrible. How the natives look upon this cave—καταφυγι, as they call it a name common to most caves into which you descend (καταφευγω) for refuge—with superstitious awe and before entering it many think it desirable to let off a gun so as to drive away any ghosts or hobgoblins that may be about. In one corner of the entrance is a little church dedicated to St John the Theologian where they hold a panegyris once a year and where shepherds sleep occasionally and hear strange noises rising out of the cave which terrify them exceedingly for this cave they, as one of the entrances to Hades. A herdsman who chanced to be with us asserted that he and another man once passed the night in this church and heard great stones falling on the roof, they went out but saw nothing yet all night the stones went on falling on the roof, so that they could get no sleep, and passed their time in crossing themselves and praying to St John. Personally I felt much more as if I was about to enter the grotto of Thetis on the day of the marriage of Peleus so much for associations—under different mental impressions they vary exceedingly.

"Just inside the entrance is a walled-off enclosure where some hundreds or so young kids were bleating and sporting. Just over the entrance wreaths of wild capers and other aromatic shrubs hung grace-

The so-called landing place of the Cyprian Aphrodite, Cerigo.

fully down. It is indeed a wild enchanting spot. It must have been well known to the ancients though no mention of it is made for there is an incision on one of the stalactites from which a tablet has been removed and on a rock to the left is an old inscription beginning thus Ενθ Κατεβαινε οιτε ἀλδοι, and then what appeared to be a list of names. this was all the trace of antiquity we could see inside there was none and I should much doubt if any ancient Greek, unless he was one of the deities of Olympus ever ventured to enter this yawning abyss.

"Now we were ready to descend after going down a gentle slope for some thirty feet we reached an aperture four or five feet across, and here our difficulties began, and ropes had to be brought into requisition. It is not the pleasantest of all sensations to be dangling in the air over an abyss, the depth of which you cannot measure by the uncertain light of your torch, and to be solely dependent on your ability in holding a rope which is tied to a stalactite for your safety. Down, down we went descending three difficult places by ropes and twice by ladders until we were safely landed in a perfect sea of stalactites and stalagmites of dazzling beauty. We had brought with us a large quantity of dried brushwood (φρυγανα) with which to kindle a light, and by this means we were able to penetrate with our eyes the labyrinth of sparkling chambers. No wonder the amorous Greek recognises in this cave the palace of his unearthly Nereids and deities belonging to another world. no wonder they tell stories of strange singings and dancings which are heard to be going on below. the shadows cast around us by our torches as we descended were enough to create all sorts of ideas in superstitious minds.

"Here and there holes were pointed out to us which, said one of our men, no human being, to his know-

ledge had ever penetrated being too narrow but a tradition exists that a goat put in here in about two hours time will turn up at a small church dedicated to the archangel Michael We heard exactly the same story about the cave at Thermia so we did not give it credence and certainly did not intend to test the veracity thereof

"This vast hall, which we had now reached right in the heart of the mountain is seven hundred and twenty feet long six hundred and seventy eight wide, and three hundred and sixty high and resembles some lovely cathedral sparkling with gems the dome of which is supported by elegant pillars of exquisite workmanship Stalactites surround the edifice like statues of saints in niches and stalactites in a wreath crown and remind one of an organ It is

The Citadel of Corgo

not surprising that the idea of sanctity was suggested to the minds of the first modern travellers who descended here At one end of this vast temple sort of (ff) stalactites is a natural sanctuary with a ready-made altar and at the end of it is a sort of pyramid which looks as if it were made of cauliflowers of marble Two pillars in front of it were broken off by M de Nointel to serve as a table for the celebration of his midnight mass in 1673; the base of the pyramid are carved the following words —

Hic ipse Christus adfuit
Ejus natali die in hac nocte celebrato
MDCLXXIII

This huge stalagmite is twenty-four feet high and twenty feet in diameter at its base and beside it are rows of smaller stalactites, white and sparkling in the fitful light

'M de Nointel was the French ambassador at the Porte and a great archæologist, who travelled about and enriched the Paris museums in days when priceless gems were to be had for the trouble of taking Out of some strange caprice he chose to pass three Christmas holidays in this grotto, accompanied by five hundred persons—his domestics, merchants, corsairs, timid natives who were bribed by largesses —any, in fact, who were willing to follow him

e being a most impressive sight, that in the bowels of the earth. A thousand of yellow wax and four hundred light and day illuminated the place, and men posted in every available space, on stalactites and in crevices all the way to the entrance, gave notice by the waving of their handkerchiefs one to the other of the moment of the elevation of the host, and as the given signal explosives were let off at the entrance of the cavern, and trumpets sounded, to herald the event to the world."

(To be concluded next month.)

WHIPPING THE CAT.

By HUGH HALIBURTON.

TIME was, and not so long ago, when whipping the cat was a widely established custom in broad Scotland, habitually indulged in by a certain class of people of all shades of respectability, even by elders of the Kirk, and entirely approved of, nay, encouraged by rural society everywhere. Indeed it has not yet quite died out, but the practice of it is now altogether confined to regions, or rather nooks, remote from the centres of civilisation, or inaccessible if near. The universal decay of the custom, and its all but universal disuse, afford no evidence that we have grown more sensitively humane than were our forefathers, for whipping the cat was a proceeding in no respect more cruel, whether from malice or more thoughtlessness, than hanging the crane. Many an innocently joyous party have assembled to hang the crane, and many a worthy man has actually spent his lifetime in whipping the cat.

It is time to inform the bewildered reader that "whipping the cat" was the popular name for a particular mode of pursuing certain industrial callings. The expression was principally, and perhaps primarily, used of tailors; and where the practice still lingers in outlying corners of the country the chance of the practitioner being a knight of the needle is as ten to one. But Snip, though its most devoted and persistent follower, had no right of patent in the method. Such other craftsmen as shoemakers, saddlers, and joiners occasionally "whipped the cat" in the prosecution of their various arts. Quite recently we even heard a remarkable paraphrase of the expression applied to the conduct of a dissenting minister, whose income was the subject of rustic conversation. The reverend gentleman, it appeared, had been superannuated, with an allowance from his congregation which every one seemed to consider parsimoniously small. A tailor—there was no mistaking his profession—sought to qualify the general commiseration by hastily observing, "But look what he makes by flogging pouss!" and went on to reveal the fabulous sums which the old gentleman earned in the pulpits of his beneficed brethren.

"Whipping the cat," or more enigmatically "flogging pouss,"—it is of tailors we must be understood to speak,—was simply a practice of going from farm-town to farm-town, even from cottar-house to cottar-house, and there working for, and meanwhile messing and lodging with, the inmates. It was doing work for people at their houses. But, while this is what the expression practically meant, it must be owned it flings no light upon the metaphor or its applicability to the action which it was supposed to resemble. How was the peripatetic prosecution of a handicraft, in any view of it, comparable to whipping the cat? And what precisely did the term "whipping" in that connection mean? "Whipping" nowadays has two meanings, the relation of which to each other it is not difficult to make out. The primary meaning is, of course, plain unpoetical flagellation, or beating. Then, as the power to beat implies some kind of superiority in the possessor, to whip may convey the idea of being superior to, or of excelling. Thus, when the Yankee boasted that his country could whip creation, he meant that it was superior to the rest of creation. But this analysis does not help our speculation much, entangled as it is with the difficulty of the cat. Did the metaphor refer to the tailor's agility in leaping from house to house as superior to that of Tom on a predatory excursion? Or was the reference to the domestication of the tailor as supplanting that of Tabby, and driving her from the fireside? We venture these theories in despair, having no other to offer; and neither of them is satisfactory.

There was no exclusive season for whipping the cat: it went on more or less briskly all the year round. It was, however, most actively pursued for a short while in the spring, and for a longer period at what

country people called "the back end"—that is, the indeterminate and fluctuating interval on the confines of both autumn and winter. Winter, too, was a busy time. New "haps" and wraps, and the stitching and patching of old ones, were needed to keep out the winter's cold, and in spring some attention to appearance—in the way of light vests, fine ribbons, and fancy buttons—was looked for. The finer art of the tailor was therefore called into use in the spring months, while his heavy and coarser work was in preparing for winter, and keeping his clients from its "icy fangs" when it had come. The tailor's services in the scattered homesteads of his district were bespoken long before they were actually required, and day and date were determined and booked weeks and weeks in advance. The best "booking" on many a farm was the herdboy's memory, who anticipated with lively interest the promised, and sometimes sorely-needed, suit of corduroys or velveteens, which only the tailor's visit could realise. Sartor was expected to keep his engagements to the day, and if possible, to the very hour. He had in general a long list of them, which, as a rule, he scrupulously took in the order due to priority of engagement. His customers, calculating on his coming, made their arrangements for his accommodation accordingly, kept themselves from time to time advised of his wheresabouts, and commonly knew at what particular house he was, or would be, at any given time. In this way they kept Snip true to his covenants. He could not evade his promise without scandalizing a whole community. It was not he only and his next customer that knew of his movements: the whole countryside followed him in all his wanderings, and with jealous eyes tracked him from bank to brae like a badger.

A sad calamity, more than parochial in its consequences, was the death or disappearance of the tailor when the season of making and mending was at its height. His disappearance, like an eclipse, might be total or partial, and could be traced to a variety of causes. The cause might be permanent migration from the neighbourhood, or periodical dissipation, or the rare phenomenon of a strike. For instance, a forsaken or less favoured region coveted a tailor of acknowledged repute, who was secretly approached, tempted with alluring promises, and surreptitiously translated from the midst of engagements and an area of disappointed and perhaps shivering customers. A call to the minister was scarcely of more moment to the parish than was the abstraction of the tailor. Or the tailor, frail man, had fits of "barley-fever," disastrous enough when they occurred regularly, though in that case they could in a measure be provided against, or, at least, allowed for in a customer's calculations, but terribly aggravating to respectable but ragged people when they broke out at unexpected and critical times. So long as his "drouth" lasted, nothing minatory or persuasive would induce the tailor to lift steel or lay seam. Drinking and draught-playing consumed the solid day. Fighting and drinking disquieted the night and the neighbourhood. Meanwhile the sleeveless coat lay untouched in the corner, or the one-legged trousers hung disregarded on the nail. The interlude, which was not without its comic aspects, usually terminated in a bout with the blue devils of a drunkard's creation—from which Snip emerged pale and repentant, with a squeamish stomach and not seldom piously disposed. The minimum of a month's reformation of conduct, combined with steady industry, might then be counted on, and eagerly was the period of his sobriety utilised. With respect to strikes, they were, happily rare. When they did occur they formed epochs. Surely everybody has heard of the famous strike of the three tailors of Selkirkshire in the year one of the running century. Behold, the incidents of its progress are written in the chronicles of Christopher North, the Ettrick shepherd being recorder:—

"The tailor at Yarrow Ford, without havin' shown ony symptoms o' the phoby the nicht afore, no mornin' at sax o'clock—*struck!* 'Twas just at the dawn o' the season o' tailors, when a' ower the Forest there begins the makin' o' new claes an' the repairin' o' auld—the maist critical time o' the haill year. At sax he struck, an' by nine it was kent frae Selkirk to the Grey Mare's Tail. A' at ance, frae ordinar claes only but mairrage-shoots an' [illegible] were at a dead staun. A' the folk i' the Forest kent at ance that it was impossible decently to get either mairred or buried. For, wad ye believe't, the maist body was aff ower the hills, an' bat (*bid*) Watty o' Ettrick Pen! Of coorse he struck; an' in his turn aff by a short cut to the Loohs, an' bat Bi Bourhope, wha loupit frae the buird like a [illegible] an' flang the guse i' the fire, swearin' by the [illegible] as he flourished them roun' his head, an' then stuck them into the ase-hole (*ash-pit*), that a' mankind micht thenceforth gang nakit for him, up to the airm-pits in snaw! . . . Never was there sic a terrible treee (*trio*)! Three decenter tailor lads, a week afore, ye micht hae searched for in vain ower the wide warld. The strike changed them into demons. They cursed, they swore, they drank, they danced, they focht—first wi' whatever folk happened to fa' in wi' them on the struvaig (*in their idle wanderings*)—an' then, castin' oot amang theirsels, wi'

ane anither, till they had a' three blank een—an' skeean noses! . . . . An' hoo fared the Forest? No weel! Some folk, wi' a strang prejudice against it, began tailorin' for theirsels, but the result was baith rideeculous an' painfu', an' in no case had nearly proved fatal. It's a kittle (*difficult*) airt cuttin' oot. Dandy o' Dryhope, in breeks o' his ain gettin' up, rashly daured to ford the Yarrow, but they gruppit him sae ticht at the cleavin' that he could mak' nae head againe' the watter, comin' down gey strang, an' he was swoopit aff his feet an' flahed oot mair like a bundle o' claes than a man! . . . But a' things yearthly hae an end, an' sae had the strike—though the tailors didna return to their wark till the langest day."

A country tailor's professional bounds were in some cases of considerable extent, wider even than the doctor's. The inhabitants were not, of course, "thirled" to any particular tailor, as they used to be to a district mill, or as farmers engage to support a local blacksmith with their custom; but they could not always help themselves, and were very much at the tailor's mercy. The two qualifications they most desiderated in their tailor were residence in the district, and along with satisfactory workmanship, fair charges. It may well be imagined that in requiring good workmanship—"good trade," as it was curiously called—attention was directed rather to durable stitching than to elegant cutting. But even rustics had their ideas of a good cut and a becoming fit, such as they were; they had a standard of their own, and created a fashion in which they found comfort.

Whipping the cat, like angling, was in the generality of cases a solitary pursuit. But here and there a knot of tailors might erst have been encountered peregrinating the hill paths from one farm-town to another, or socially domiciled in the commodious kitchen of some substantial yeoman or franklin. The fraternity, readily known from the resident rustic by the outward crook and elasticity of their legs in walking, if by no other sign of figure and deportment, would include the master tailor and possibly as many as three journeymen and an apprentice. A master, a journeyman, and an apprentice were, however, more commonly to be met, and formed a more harmonious company. In very hilly and moory tracts, where a length of whaup-haunted wilderness separated homestead from homestead, the little company of travelling tailors would sometimes be allowed the use of shaltics, or long-tailed colts, to convey them to their next anchorage,—"then came each actor on his ass;" but whipping the cat on horseback was rare enough to be regarded as a novelty even among those who most frequently witnessed it, and there was always a good deal of rustic badinage at the mounted tailors' expense, both on their departure from one station and on their arrival at another. They rode leaning either too far back or too far forward—the former attitude indicating a dash of bravado which sometimes brought its exhibitor to the recruiting sergeant, the latter manifesting an excessive timidity which, careless of appearances, was concerned only with safety. There was a good deal of swagger among the younger tailors, but the older ones were douce, and rode, like Chaucer's ship-man, on the rouncey, round-backed, and "as they could." They carried, of course, their tools with them, and when their journeys between place and place were long and on foot, the weight of one or two of their trade implements pressed heavily but especially irritantly on the shoulders of the apprentice. For to his lot, by immemorial tradition, fell the transport of Ned, *alias* the Goose, which, being interpreted, signified the large smoothing iron. His too was the lay-board, a wooden instrument shaped in outline like a boot-jack, used by the "craft" for pressing sleeve and other seams upon, under the aforesaid smoothing iron. These were carried in a sack, as a pig is carried, and galled the shoulder-blades of the sumpter tyro-tailor most unmercifully. As a consequence he was continually shifting his burden from the one shoulder to the other, or indulging in a rest and a revengeful exclamation among the gowans in the rear of his party. Master and man meanwhile tripped jauntily along in advance, with the air of the pilgrim who preferred his penitentiary peas boiled. They were little encumbered with the weight of the remaining tools, which consisted only of shears, thimbles, needles, and a store of threads. The division of their tools in transit was a standing joke among tailors. So much so that it furnished the ordinary words of reveillé. Thus the master-tailor's early salutation to his satellites on summoning them in the course of a cat-whipping expedition to "fresh woods and pastures new," was formally couched in the cheerful cry, which penetrated to their attic—"Up, lads! it's a fine morning! Tak' ye the guse an' the law-buird. I'll bring a' the rest o' the tewels mysel'!" As a rule the tailor was not a cloth-merchant. The material upon which he operated was waiting him at the house which employed him. It had either been purchased at some shop in the nearest market town, or got by barter from some wandering "packie,"—as the pedlar was called. "Cabbaging" was a vice

which tailors were believed to inherit with the original sin, but it was not easy to cabbage, i.e. pilfer portions of the customers' cloth, to any finally remunerative extent during a "pouss-flogging" tour. It was more conveniently accomplished *in statiris*,—that is to say, when the tailor was at home, and the stuff was brought to him there.

During his professional perambulations the tailor was paid, not by the amount of work done by him, but by the length of time expended upon it. The common rate at which his time was assessed in the early part of the century was eighteenpence a day, with bed and board in addition. He insisted upon being well-lodged at night. No barn or outhouse, such as served a gaberlunzie, for him. Snip had a soul above straw with a blanket spread over it, and bargained for the accommodation of a box-bed or four-poster; at the worst a shakedown before the gathered fire. If, as once happened, according to the old song, "he fell through the bed, thimbles an' a'," it was doubtless from excess of desire on the host's part to treat him with a dignity answerable to his wishes, even to the ruin of the venerable relic to which he was at nightfall assigned. As for fare, he lived like a fighting cock. He sat down to a breakfast of ham and eggs with tea, dear though the Chinese leaf then was, and expected a repetition of the same for the afternoon meal. He reckoned himself of a social rank at least equal to that of his employer, even if he were a bonnet-laird, and a cut above the farmer who from custom or economy was content to blunt his appetite in a bowl of porridge. We have heard indeed of a tailor who was surprised into acceptance of a smoking brose-caup for breakfast in an Ochil farmhouse, and who whistled away his chagrin in the faith of a good dinner that would make amends, till, mid-day bringing him only a renewal of the morning's fare, he lost all patience, and, stopping his work and his whistling, demanded of the mistress whether she took him for a mavis that she offered him nothing but crowdie? But it was seldom that the tailor's *menu* was not to his liking. He was even of influence sufficient to change the established hour of dining in a farm-town so as to make it square with his custom or convenience. Like fashionable people the tailor dined later than was the normal habit of the farm community, and the farm community during his residence in their midst adapted their hunger to his ways. The pot which contained the constituents of dinner was raised by means of the black crook-shell to a higher link of the kitchen "swey," or crane, than was in ordinary use, with the effect of putting back the boiling till the tailor's appetite was ready for gratification. Indeed one of the links on the crane-chain depending over the kitchen fire was known as the tailor's link, and to this day when dinner is late in a farm-town, the cook is apprised of her remissness with the mild censure which these words imply, "Ye've surely keepit the pat on the tailor's link the day!" The tailor was on most intimate terms with the goodwife, and many a confidential crack they had alone together over the afternoon tea. Not only had he edifying talk on the subject of dress, female as well as male, but he carried news as a cadger carried eggs. He was of course a great gossip, and he was consciously possessed of that power which lodges with the man who has knowledge of the secrets of a countryside. His mode of life and the nature of his work not only permitted but positively compelled his accumulation of family histories. He had sharp eyes to see, a glib tongue to ask, and his light and sedentary occupation allowed him leisure of mind to think. He perambulated the country collecting news and disseminating it with modifications now merely rhetorical, now rather malicious. Like the author of evil, he went to and fro on the earth and walked up and down in it. He was flattered and "made o'," here to induce him to hide the seamy side of a life with which he had become acquainted, there to induce him to reveal it. The hospitality which he generally experienced he could thus in a manner have enforced. No goodwife could afford to fall out with him, for no goodwife could afford to set his opinion at defiance. Rivalry, secret or avowed, was great among farmers' wives in household matters, and the tailor, locomotive among the households, was like a fox with a firebrand among reputations. His tongue could be as sharp as his bodkin. A joiner or other craftsman whipping the cat had no such influence or importance, for the simple reason that he was not an inmate-guest like the tailor. The joiner knew the fact well, and could ill brook the sense of his inferiority which it seemed to carry with it. We knew an honest wheelwright, of a calm disposition by nature, who once "let out" upon the whole fraternity of tailors in a way that astonished us. He was himself whipping the cat at a farm, and "putting up" with the farm fare uncomplainingly, swallowing his porridge night and morning with-

out a murmur, till an itinerant tailor came on the scene. The commotion made by Snip's advent roused a very demon of jealousy in the wheelwright's bosom. "That crackit fraction o' a cratur'—for he was a' thrawn east an' wast like an izzat—pat the haill toun aboot to serve him!" How the circumstance of the tailor being a cripple should have increased his ire was not quite transparent. It would have been hazardous to point out to him that the tailor was an artist in cloth, and that the heavy meal of porridge which suited the labours of a wheelwright could not have been worked off so easily on crossed legs and by fingering a needle.

The tailor's stay at any place was of course largely determined by the number of male members in the household. He stayed as long as there was work for him. The period varied from a day to "an eight days." As he was paid by the day his hours were a matter of some consideration. They extended from eight in the morning till six or, in some localities, eight in the evening. Besides the three intervals for diet he had discretionary powers for stretching his legs. During his working hours he was accommodated in the kitchen, usually a roomy apartment, or "ben" the house—that is, in the best room of a cottage. He sat *sate more* on a table-top. Perched occasionally on the narrow disk of a round "claw-table," he gave quite a picturesque effect to the room, looking like an Indian idol set up for worship, or a nodding Chinese mandarin. It was a schoolboy's trick, but dangerous and therefore rarely practised, to withdraw the pin of the table on which the tailor was squatted. The game was christened "Up goes froggie!" The game, it may be added, only began *after* froggie had gone up. It sometimes continued long after that! In the winter evenings, beautifully called in Scotland "the forenights," the tailor and his men were in all their glory atop of a large square table stationed against the long wall of the farm kitchen. Opposite them was the blazing hearth-fire which flooded hole and beam within and above the four corners with light. But candles were also provided for the tailors, one between every two of them. Field and outhouse work were over, and indoor domestic work was well over too. The maids were at leisure, and the ploughmen dropped in to look at the tailors, and to listen and laugh at the queer stories they were sure to tell. Then was the opportunity of the tailors. More than any craft, perhaps, they had an instinct for startling and astounding and showing off. There was in their words, too, a sententious smartness which greatly tickled the ear of Jock Upoland. Their speech and air and gestures were as good as a play to him. He roared with delight even when the sarcasm was pointed at himself, or the story told at his expense. Of bulkier body than Snip, and of infinitely less individuality of mind, he seemed like a great genial Brobdingnagian glowering with all his eyes at the martial antics of Gulliver. If any envy of Snip's superiority of address arose in his mind it was quickly swamped by the recollection that he lived in an entirely different world, which rarely met Snips, or by the consciousness of possessing greater physical strength. When he felt the touch of Snip's satire he would rest content with the revenge of referring to him as "a nacket," "steck," "prick-the-loose"—something, in short, that belittled him, or was supposed to caricature his industry. It was the ploughman's interest, however, to keep sweet with the tailor when the latter had him professionally in hand. His attractions as a beau depended materially upon the goodwill of the tailor; nay, his success as a wooer, and therefore the whole of his future happiness, lay to a large extent in the tailor's art. Jock was a striking figure when, under favourable sartorial auspices, and with health, youth, and fine May weather in easy auxiliary attendance, he assumed the part which, according to Shakespeare, we all pass through, of "braw wooer," and stalked "down the lang glen" to see his jo. His faultless fawn-coloured corduroys caught him at the knees and fell loose about his ankles, a knot of blue and red ribbons danced above his calves, and mother o' pearl glanced lavishly about his fetlocks. His waistcoat was of crimson plush, and twinkled with rows of starry white buttons, while his short jacket of mole-black or snuff-brown velveteen showed in front and at sleeve-band another display of pearls, but of larger size—large and lustrous as moons. His broad blue bonnet surmounted brows of more than regal happiness, and was adorned with a rosette and a whip of gaily-coloured streamers, that rustled in his left lug like the cap-wing of Mercury. Now all this bravery was the result of the tailor's art. He could make it, he could mar it, he could altogether withhold it. Our picture of Jock's equipment as a wooer is complete when we have put a song in his mouth, a book of ballads in his right hand, and a brass-bound whip under his left arm.

Besides the fun and joking, chat and

story in the long winter fore-nights, there would be now and again what Burns in ploughman's phrase calls "a hearty yokin' at sang aboot." Every tailor could sing, and his songs—those, namely, which celebrated his craft—were invariably characterized by a briak cheerfulness of both sentiment and tune. A pretty popular class-song of his commenced:—

"Wat ye hoo the wars began,
Benjamin Jo, my dear?
Wat ye hoo the wars began?—
Cast threeds away!"

When it came to the ploughman's turn to sing, a contrast was usually presented. The ploughman too had his jocular and humoursome songs, which he bawled out with an energy that would well have illustrated the mode of keeping the sun of the ten commandments required by the catechism. With full throat and from a whole heart he roared till kebbars shook and girdle rang, and perhaps a saturnine-visaged shargar of a tailor would problematically suggest that "a stane was surely in that cuddy's lug." But as a rule the ploughman's song was tender, even tearful, of sentiment, with wonderful touches of true pathos and poetry making themselves felt in unexpected places, and set to a simple plaintive air which awoke the imagination and haunted the memory. The cause of such a preference of songs by the ploughman was somewhat puzzling to any one who philosophised on the subject; it seemed so little in harmony with his vigorous body and healthy, heavy work. Probably those plaintive songs were complementary to his essentially joyous disposition; and an instinct for them as for some novelty was possibly created and developed by the voice of something sad, that creeps in mysterious undertone even through the glad sounds of nature. Early brought face to face with nature, and kept continuously in her changeful presence, the young ploughman soon perceives—

"The wail o' autumn wun's,
O' trees, an' seas, and settin' suns,
O' melancholy munlun' whuss
And hillside sulsess,
And e'en the greetin' voice that runs
Through Nature's gladness."

To this day, anywhere in Lowland Scotland between the braes of Angus and the hills of Galloway, if a solitary ploughman, old or young, is overheard whistling or singing to himself down the new-drawn furrow, the likelihood is that the tune is the "Flooers o' the Forest" or the "Bonnie Hoose o' Airlie," or some such mournful melody. At social gatherings he is more influenced by the spirit of good-fellowship, though even then the notes of sadness, so seldom heard in his speech, will escape from him in song. There was no such depth, or at least display of feeling in tailors, considered as a class.

The itinerant tailor was the theme of many a rustic song, composed at his expense and sung in his absence. Amatory escapades, to which he was rather prone, from a nature peculiarly susceptible to female charms, were a favourite subject of those compositions. A fair representative of this class of songs began:—

"The tailor cam' to cloot the claes,—
Sae a' ran fellow'
He fillid the house wae fu' o' flaes,
Daff-an-doo an' daff-an-doo,
He fillid the house wae fu' o' flaes,
Daff-an-doo, and dillow!

"The lassie sat nyont the fire
An' sunkit on her Willie,
An' she was a' his heart's desire,
Daff-an-doo, an' daff-an-doo,
O she was a' his heart's desire,
Daff-an-doo an' dilly!"

Sometimes his adventures were judged to be of sufficient interest to merit the dignity of prose—always greater than that of verse in rural districts—and to receive a place in chap-book literature. Thus "Lippard the Tailor," the hero of a marvellous "cauf bed," was the title of a popular chap-book story about fifty years ago, as well known along the whole range of the Sidlaws, Ochils, and Campsie Fells as "The Foundling of Dumbarney," or the "Wast Mill Whistler," or "Green Sleeves o' Bamawnie," or "Wise Willie and Witty Eppie," or "The Hind," or "The King and the Cobbler," or a hundred others, coarse but humorous, now forgotten.

But the days of itinerant tailoring are numbered. Readier means of communication between places far apart have superseded his slow and not always certain mode of progress. A wider knowledge of the fashions in dress has made the people among whom he whilom found his clientelage too critical for the support of his art or the composure of his mind. The farmer would now regard him with unkindly eye as a vagrant or "gangrel body," to be warned into the highway, or at best referred to a crevice of the barn till daybreak. Even the frugal cottar would refuse the cheap offer of his services. Jock knows him no more; he carries his body to the market-town to the measurement of a scientific tailor, and receives his apparel (from which pearls have vanished) with the dispatch that characterizes the delivery of the Parcels Post.

The Farm Home from the Cricket Field

THE CHURCH FARMERS.

The Story of a Good Work

By J. B. MARSH, Author of "The Story of Harecourt," etc.

THE Boys' Farm Home is the title of a little colony first established at East Barnet, Herts, twenty-seven years ago by Colonel W. J. Gallum and others for the education of destitute boys unconvicted of crime, and carried on up to the present time under the Colonel's superintendence, with such results as have made it one of the most remarkable Industrial Schools in the kingdom. It is now governed by a committee (president the Bishop of St. Albans) who have appointed as their honorary superintendent and treasurer the founder of the Home. His residence is within a stone's throw of the farm, and he together with his wife takes a very active part in superintendence, mingling with the lads in all their employments, directing and applauding them in all their amusement. The aim at its start was to restore to destitute lads all the characteristics of a real home—a genuine Christian training by a master and matron who should be to the boys as a father and mother, and the training of them up so as to become industrious and useful members of society. How completely this wish has been realised can very inadequately be set forth in an article. Beginning with four lads the Home now contains eighty-eight, while the colonies, the United States, India, China, and other distant countries, have been enriched by the settlement of young farmers trained at the "Farm Home." The buildings stand upon a pretty rolling hill, close to the church of St. Mary the Virgin, and this proximity to the church caused the land belonging to the estate to be known as Church Farm. Hence the name given to the lads of "Church Farmers," a designation which forms a rallying cry in far distant lands. At first many difficulties attended the experiment, but in time these were overcome, and ever since 1869, when the present Head Master was appointed, real success has cheered the managers. They do not see their farming succeed financially any more than other English farmers, but they

do see it succeed morally, by being the means of improvement more or less to every boy that has come under their care. The good result of fresh air, regular work, and plenty of food and recreation—not to mention the higher influence of the life and character of their employers—is apparent in the very looks of the boys.

Life and Drum

Colonel Gillum is a tall, soldierly man, his white hair and long white beard setting off a face of singularly mild appearance, with grey eyes, which seem able not only to take in everything going on around, but also to read the characters of those with whom he converses. The Colonel left his right leg in the trenches before Sebastopol, and its place is supplied by a wooden one. As he stumps about the farm he looks—barring the wooden member—the hero he is, and the lads regard him with a feeling akin to that which Gordon's little Gravesend waifs entertained for him. If the Colonel wants this or that the lads fly to get it, the Colonel's wishes are sacred commands, and the Colonel's words are remembered and recited whenever two Church Farmers chance, in after years, to meet.

The influence of Mrs. Gillum is apparent in the manners the boys exhibit at all times; in their devotion to their teachers and masters, their affection for each other, their ministrations to those more destitute than themselves, and in the deep love expressed in letters from all parts of the world. In one respect this Farm Home is remarkable beyond all other Homes, and that is in the connection maintained with the lads after they go away. This part of the work is wholly the creation of Mrs. Gillum, and in order to foster it a printed sheet called "A Flying Leaf from Church Farm," is forwarded to every "old boy" once a year. This contains the names and addresses of every "boy" who has written, together with extracts from their letters, and short addresses from Colonel, or Mrs. Gillum, Mr. Bowden, the master, and other officers. The "Leaf" for December, 1886, contained the names and addresses of a hundred and twenty-eight "old boys," some in New Zealand, others in Australia, Queensland, Ontario, Quebec, River Darling, New South Wales, Egypt, Cyprus, and Italy; while others were serving on board H.M. ships in various quarters of the world. One writes: "I often wish that I was one of the present boys when I go to work and when I leave off at night, as the Boys' Home for the boys is their happiest time of all their lives." Another in Italy says, "It is a great treat to be out here between two tongues; the family talk French at table, and then there are the Italians; they talk so much that people can't help learning it—at least if they didn't it must be because they don't listen."

Haymaking.

A lad in Sydney writes: "There are a lot of freethinkers or infidels here . . . I tell them, when I am on an argument with them, 'Supposing,' says I, 'that there was no eternity, still religion is good for your health,

In the Bakehouse.

and without health this life is of no consequence.'" From Woolongabba, Queensland, comes this memory: "Tell Colonel I often think about the times we used to play chess together."

The engraving of the farm-house shows the additions made to it from time to time as necessity arose and means were forthcoming. These comprise a laundry, tailors' and shoemakers' shops, dormitories, and sick-room—happily very rarely tenanted. Behind the maypole is the new school-room, built in 1876; and next to that, on the left, is the school-house, built in 1868; on the left is the play-room, built in 1881; and in the extreme right the church of St. Mary the Virgin, the lych-gate to whose churchyard is given with our initial letter.

In front of the house is a small garden, full, at the time of our visit, of roses, and the view of the whole is taken from the cricket-ground where, all the year round, the lads practise cricket and win renown from local clubs, or play at football with tremendous energy.

The farm is freehold, vested in the hands of trustees, one of whom is of course Colonel Gillum himself. It consists of forty-eight acres of grass, arable, market-garden, farm-yard, and boys' play-ground. The farm is the only property which the "Boys' Farm Home" possesses. The office of Honorary Treasurer is therefore no sinecure, as he has to collect the sum of about £1,400 a year for maintaining the institution.

The chief officers of the Home are a master and matron. For fifteen years Mr. and Mrs. Bowden occupied these respective positions with great credit to themselves and with infinite advantage to the boys; but at the close of 1885 Mrs. Bowden died, and the estimation in which she was held is proved by the fact that a sum of money was at once raised "by former inmates" and "other friends," the interest of which is devoted "to the encouragement of fidelity and diligence among Church Farm boys." A brass tablet affixed to the wall in the school-room records the fact of Mrs. Bowden's decease with a touching reference to her devotion, and above hangs a life-size portrait of the deceased.

The inmates are received from ten years of age, and they remain until they are sixteen, when their education and training are finished. All pass through a regular course, both with regard to schooling and work. At first they are taught to sew, darn, and make their own shirts; they are then advanced to the tailors' shop or the shoemakers' bench. The wood-shed gives them the opportunity of handling tools, and forms at the same time some help to the Home.

The farm stock at the present time consists of twelve cows in milk, one bull, and fifteen heifers; there are ten horses and colts, a Shetland pony, and thirty pigs of all ages. There are also five carts and waggons which are constantly employed upon the farm or in transacting business in the neighbourhood; and the entire management of all these animals is left to the boys under the direction of a farm bailiff and two labourers. One of the merriest scenes in the routine of work is that of hay-making.

An admirable "time table" varies instruction in school with farm work and play—band practice being included in the "play." The boys rise at 5.30, attend school until 7·45, when breakfast is served. Play follows until 9. Work goes on in the house and on the farm until 10. Then from 10 to 12 there is school for the milk boys, house boys, and cowhouse boys; the others continuing at their several trades, or at work on the farm. At noon those who have been engaged in active work return to school, joining those already there, when studies continue until 1. At that hour dinner is served, and the boys play until 2. Then until 5 work is resumed in the house and on the farm. Gymnastics,

drill, or band practice are allowed for one hour. On a preceding page we give portraits of two distinguished members of the band, whose names need not be mentioned. At 6 supper is served, the play is resumed until 8, then prayers are read, and the lads are in bed shortly before 9. There is some alteration made in the order of study and work in very hot weather. This table has been found to work admirably, the constant change keeping the lads keenly interested in the study or work on hand.

The farm labour varies from gardening, watercress cultivation, mushroom growing, to all kinds of labour in the field; the care of the stock, including their feeding and breeding; milking, making butter, baking, cooking, selling the farm produce, and the keeping and collection of accounts. In every department the lads exhibit great industry, an infinite love for the live stock, and much affection for each other.

Boys of a suitable age go into the shoemakers' shop, where they first learn to cobble boots for the inmates; and afterwards are taught how to make good strong boots for themselves. When they become expert at the work they are allowed to mend shoes for the people resident in the neighbourhood; and an excellent little business has gradually grown up with mutual satisfaction to the lads and their customers.

The little shoemaker, whose portrait we give, is one of the two step-sons of a private in the 24th, who fell at Isandlana. He was a great favourite amongst his companions, because of his good temper and lovable disposition. No task ever exhausted his patience or put him into a bad temper. He is now on a farm at O'Appelle, Canada, near a settlement formed by the Church Colonisation Society. In a letter received from him describing his journey, which involved many discomforts and great hardships —as it was undertaken in winter—B—— tells how the train got blocked with snow, how the passengers got out to walk to the nearest station, how many turned back because of the severe cold, and how he would not return, but pushed ahead until he reached the station with all his fingers suffering from frost bite. Not a word of complaining appears throughout, and his happy face is seen —by those who knew him—between the lines. Finally he gives a description of the farm where he is located—a square mile of land, with a creek of water passing all through it. There are six horses, two ponies, eight cows, four calves, two pigs, sixty chickens, and "two to do all the work, but we get plenty of porridge down our necks which enables us to keep our heads upright." Such is the stuff of which the "Church Farmers" are composed; and there can be little wonder that, when they emigrate, the colonists are reported to bid against each other to secure their services.

When Mr. Young, who founded Livingstonia in the heart of Africa, visited the farm he was specially delighted to find the lads were taught to make their own shirts; and he told them how he had often been obliged to make his own thread from the wild cotton, and use a thorn for a needle. Our artist has furnished a sketch illustrating a first lesson in shirt-making.

As the Home is now certified as an Industrial School it is annually visited by one of her Majesty's inspectors; of his last visit the inspector reported, "I seldom see so many intelligent boys in one school at any one time. They are well provided for in all respects, and are carefully and thoughtfully managed." The result of his examination was that 34 passed in Standard VI., 14 in Standard V., 8 in Standard IV., 12 in Standard III., 6 in Standard II., and 6 in Standard I. Besides this, twenty-one boys were examined

Cobbler Blizzard.

in the principles of agriculture, and all of them passed, one receiving a first-class certificate. Such a result is the best testimony to the admirable administration of this interesting colony.

One of the greatest enjoyments which the boys have is the fife-and-drum band, and there is no music rolls over the pleasant hills of that locality which is so highly thought of as the stirring strains of this martial band. Many of the youngest quickly develop a taste for music, and the height of their ambition is gained when they are allowed to play a flute solo at some concert. Their letters from abroad frequently contain allusions to their playing in public, showing with what interest they carry on the musical education commenced at the Home.

Mention has been made of the death of Mrs. Bowden, who was a most efficient nurse. The present matron is now assisted to a certain extent by one of her daughters, respectfully called by the lads "Miss Mary," a bright, intelligent, and clever girl still in her teens, who appears to have inherited her mother's medical and surgical knowledge. The lads tell marvellous tales of the cures effected by her lotions and method of bandaging. Upon one occasion, as the cattle were being driven through the yard, a cow trod upon the leg of a boar, which, stinging with the pain, sprang up and ripped open the leg of the offending animal with its tusk. There was instantly a great commotion; some of the lads tackled the angry boar, and others, seeing the blood flowing down the cow's leg, scampered off for Miss Mary's bandages. In a few seconds Miss Mary was seen, her hair flying behind her, an arm full of bandages, racing to the yard where the lads with blanched faces were trying vainly to stop the flow of blood. But Miss Mary knew what to do, and helped one of the masters to stay the flow and bandage the injured leg. She spoke gentle words to the poor animal as she did so, and undoubtedly aided to save its life. Until the cow was thoroughly convalescent it was caressed and petted by all the lads. A striking feature indeed in the administration of the colony is the gentle treatment which all the live stock receive at the hands of the farmers.

Once a year, upon Whit Monday, there is a standing invitation to all Old Boys to meet at the Farm Home, and a festival is held consisting of games, a concert, and substantial entertainment to all comers. Then the Old Boys from far and near troop home and tell tales of their adventures at home and abroad since they left. A game at cricket is the leading feature of the festival, in which the "Present" Boys do their best to beat the old ones; and this is followed by a concert, at which very fair solos are given by the resident lads; and occasionally an "Old Boy" with his flute gives proof that he has not neglected the musical training he received.

The Tailors' Room.

The Flying Leaf communicates to the boys far distant the leading events of that day. Mrs Gillum writes, "We had eighty visitors," and of these fifty were Old Boys. Amongst those present there came "Coleshill with his wife and baby," "W. Staples with Mrs. Staples and baby," "T. Thompson with Mrs. Thompson and the little boy." But all the year round the Old Boys drop in at the Home to renew old associations. It is recorded that "in September T. Long, who had scarcely been heard of for six years, came and paid a pleasant visit." Long had entered business in the "smoked haddock" line, and presented the Master with some very fine ones

This little colony has already manufactured a history of its own, and boasts of "Old Boys" who have fallen on behalf of

their country in foreign battles. Harry Mortlock enlisted into the 24th Regiment, became a corporal, and fell at Isandlana, January 22, 1879. On that same day there fell a soldier named Bishop, whose step-sons have been received into the Home. Henry Dearman enlisted into the Royal Marines, became a sergeant, and was despatched to Suakin during the campaign, where he died of fever, December 16, 1884, in his twenty-fourth year. His letters breathed a noble spirit of endurance, and he only told of difficulties, hardships, and sufferings to make light of them. There are now two Arab knives in the little museum, sent by him to his wife, and presented by her as a memorial of her husband. The spirit infused into the lads during their training is not dissipated when they leave, and a pleasant story is told of Dearman before he went abroad. The Marines were lying at Chatham, when one day he met in the streets a not much more than half-witted lad who had been at the Home with him. This lad had just returned from "hopping," with a face burned almost black, and not a farthing in his pocket. Dearman took him to his own quarters, fed him, and, failing to find employment for him, wrote to the Colonel on his behalf, and he was shipped off to Australia, where he is now doing well.

Shirt-making.

Many of the boys enter service in England as stable-boys, carters, or under-gardeners, and of all of them the most gratifying reports are made to Colonel and Mrs. Gillum, by whose self-denial and Christian labours there has been located on the pleasant hills of East Barnet one of the most successful training homes in this country.

A SABBATH MORNING IN THE HIGHLANDS.

By the late NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

WHAT holy calm! the mountains are asleep,
Wrapp'd in the sun-mist, through which heaven-born gleams
Kiss their old foreheads, till they smile in dreams
Of their young life when, rising from the deep,
Baptised by God, they shared man's sinless days—
Dreams, too, of restoration, when shall cease
Creation's groans in universal peace,
And harmonies of universal praise!
But hark! from yonder glen the kirk-bell rings,
Where lambs at play 'midst purple heather bleat,
And larks make glad the air, while shepherds meet
To worship Christ. Good Lord! Thy world now sings
The hymn, that louder yet shall fill the sky,
Of "Peace on earth, glory to God on high."

CUILCHENNA, *June*, 1866.

ON THE CULTURE OF THE SENSES.

By JEAN INGELOW.

IV.—HEARING.

AS a general rule, "seeing is believing." Sometimes hearing is not. The ear cannot be trusted implicitly. "The ear hath phantoms as the vision hath," but the phantoms of sound are far the most common. How frequently after a day's voyage in a steamship people hear for hours after the throb of the engine, as they say, "in their heads!" But this is fancy. Granted. But we do hear it.

So, waking in the night far from a town but near a railway-station, the train may be heard stopping, then going on, and the sound getting fainter and fainter till it is almost impossible to believe that it is really heard. Then some trifle attracts the attention and the sound is gone. No! it is not; there it is again. And for a few moments there is no deciding whether this is an echo in the mind (or rather the ear) of the former sound or a fresh train becoming audible. In another instant it comes to nothing, or else the new train rushes up.

Many years ago, when there were more shepherds than there are now on the Wiltshire downs, it was commonly known that most of these men always knew when the guns were being fired at Portsmouth. Portsmouth is due south of this somewhat elevated range of bare downs, and fully forty miles from them. The aged vicar of a village thereabouts used to say that he frequently heard them during his youth and middle age when once the sound had been pointed out to him. He would not have known what it was himself. It was somewhat like the distant shooting out of stones from a cart, or the remote rumbling of thunder, but it was not very like either. And when the shepherds had called his attention to it, he had sat down with them and listened, and discovered how regularly it was timed, or what bursts there were of it, till his reason had been quite convinced that it could be nothing else. Perhaps the Portsmouth guns can be heard even better there now than formerly, for some of them are much heavier; but it is only an experienced ear to which the sound has any significance.

There are places also about thirty miles north of Plymouth, in which the sound of guns is audible.

This old clergyman lived six miles from Marlborough. One of his neighbours, whose parish was about a mile nearer, has often verified the shepherd's story, and felt an interest in it. He had not taken it for an isolated fact, but had proceeded to make observations as to what else he could hear. He must certainly have had a keen as well as a trained sense of hearing. He often said that when the London coach came into Marlborough (which was in the dead of the night) he could, if it was a still night, hear it advancing up the hill on which Marlborough stands, and he could hear it stop at the principal inn to change horses—four horses, of course—and then for a considerable distance he could hear it go on again. This was before the days of railroads, in the old coaching times.

The ear is more trusty in catching a new sound than in letting an old one go; and the slightly sharp noise of horses' hoofs is more distinctive than the duller rumble of a distant train. The greatest proof of fine hearing in this case was the first catching the sound of the oncoming coach.

It is a matter of universal observation that sounds are better heard in the night. The breaking of waves on the coast, or a waterfall, scarcely noticed at noon, will at night be loud enough to disturb a light sleeper. But no solid reasons, only the fancied ones, that at night there are no other noises to interfere, and that we have nothing else to do but to listen, are commonly given as accounting for the fact.

The voice of the nightingale is certainly far louder, sweeter, and more impressive in the night. So is the humming of insects. Baron Humboldt appears to have first suggested a real reason for this curious fact. "When he first heard the noise of the great cataract of the Orinoco, in the plain which surrounds the mission to the Apures, his attention was particularly called to it. He was of opinion that the noise was three times greater in the night than in the day." "He was led to ascribe the diminution of the sound during the day to the presence of the sun, which influences the propagation and intensity of sounds, by opposing to them currents of air of different densities, and partial undulations of the atmosphere, produced by unequal heating of different parts of the ground. In this way the wave of sound is broken down into different parts, which arrive at the ear at different times."

It should have been mentioned that the

Portsmouth guns were chiefly heard when the shepherds were sitting or lying on the downs, thus bringing their ears near to the earth, which, as well as water, is a better conductor of sound than air.

This may easily be perceived when a gun is fired at sea. If it is far off, the sight being our quickest sense, sees a flash before anything is heard, and there is time to stoop almost to a level with the surface of the sea, when the ear will receive the report of the gun carried by water, and after that another and fainter report will be heard, which has come by the air.

We can do a great deal to cultivate the ear, as these instances of hearing by knowledge, observation, and experience are intended to point out. But we can do nothing to alter the pitch or extend the range of sounds which the tympanum can receive. In other words, the ear may have the advantage of great keenness of perception, may hear sounds extremely small, distant, and faint, and yet be always deaf to any noise, however loud and near, if it is lower or higher in pitch than the tympanum is made for.

Various experiments which have been made show that about the lowest, or what in a musical instrument would be called the deepest bass sound, consists of twelve and a half undulations in the second, and the highest or most acute of rather more than six thousand.

It should be remembered that human ears have not all the same compass. A party of young people, all with excellent hearing, may go into the meadows, and some will hear the shrill note of the common grasshopper, and some will not hear it even faintly, but simply hear nothing at all.

Dr. Wollaston, a great authority on this subject, believes that "human hearing never extends more than a note or two above the cry of the common *Gryllus campestris*." The word "cry" is not correct, as the insect does not make the sound with the voice, but with a little saw-like scraper at its side. He gives a scale of sounds which he found to be inaudible to some ears. He found that some people could not hear the cry of the bat, nor the chirp of the house-cricket, nor the chirping of sparrows, which is four octaves above F in the middle of the pianoforte. Not to be able to hear this last note he considers to be very rare. He believes the whole range of human hearing to be compressed between the deepest notes of the organ and the highest known cries of insects, including fully nine octaves, the whole of which are distinctly audible to most ears.

His expression, "the *highest known* cries" of insects, suggests a curious thought. There are very few insects who have to our ears any cry at all; the humming that we hear is not made with the voice but with the wings. But insects, as well as birds and even quadrupeds, are often seen, especially the latter, apparently communicating with one another, when they are evidently *to us* silent. For instance ants, when they meet, lay their antennæ across one another; but this may be no more than shaking hands, as with us; they may also be able to talk. There may, in fact, be no *dumb animals*. Only their voices may be out of the range of our ears.

It must be supposed that small creatures, including quadrupeds, hear sounds much more acute than are audible to us, but none of the lower notes of our scale. This is, perhaps, the case with cats and dogs, who can obviously communicate with one another, coming so close as almost to touch noses, but making no sound audible to us. Thus there is not such a confusion of noises as there would be otherwise. The vast difference of pitch heard by different great tribes of creatures causes us and them to have, so to speak, the world to ourselves.

On the other hand, horses are known to hear what we cannot hear (and this is probably at the lower end of our range). Many superstitious fancies have gathered round this undoubted fact. One singular proof of it was given before the late earthquake along the shores of the Mediterranean. The horses for a couple of days before exhibited every symptom of abject fear. Some few could not be made to stir from their stables. Some were unmanageable in harness, would stop on the road and shake with terror. When the deep rumbling noise and awful roaring was first heard by us, which was only a few seconds before the earth began to quake, their fright reached a climax, but did not change its character. Is it not highly probable that they had for many hours previously heard premonitory noises deeper than the deepest earth-groaning that we can perceive, and may there not frequently, and specially at night, be subterranean sounds audible to them which cause them to sweat and tremble, but which their masters never hear at all? But we must leave these speculations, which demand more space than can be given here.

If it is agreed that man has seven senses, we must take the liberty to divide the sense of hearing into two—that ordinary hearing which all have, and what we call "an ear

for music." We may at least say of the disabilities of the ear what is not true of like defects of the eye. The colour-blind cannot be cured; but the tone-deaf in most cases can. I define want of ear in this sense to be want of power to match a sound, whether the vibrating note of a musical instrument or the tone and sound of a voice in speaking. A child who "wants ear" should be exercised to notice and repeat precisely every inflection of every word said by a teacher. One who before teaching could hardly discern the difference between "God save the Queen" and "Caller Herrin'," can be taught to discriminate between them, by careful training can be made to hear the difference between a sharp and a flat note, and then in time and by patience can be taught to sing in tune, and even with a certain degree of taste; whether it is worth while to bestow so much trouble to secure less than one born with a good ear has with no trouble at all, is another matter.

But what comes universally home to us is not the trifling defect of having no joy in tune, no power to sing, and no talent for music, but that more common sign of the same defect in children which makes their ears unable to match the common sounds of speech correctly, and causes them frequently to let slip certain letters out of their talk, and never observe their absence.

"Language," as Max Müller says, "has no independent, substantial existence. Language exists in man; *it lives in being spoken;* it dies with each word that is pronounced, and is no longer heard." He also maintains that "phonetic decay of language is not the result of mere accident; it is governed by definite laws."

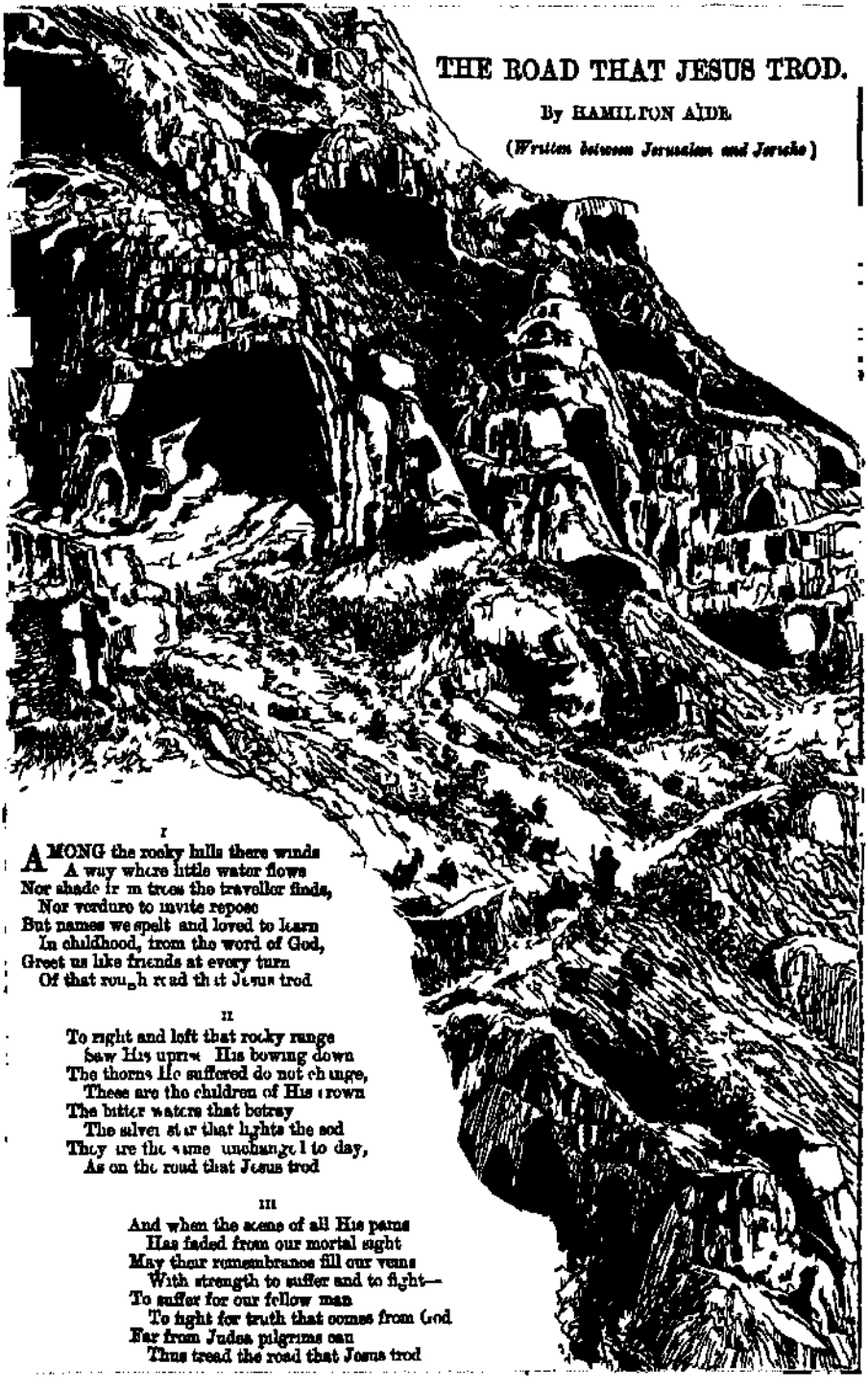
Our greatest possession must needs change. Literature is the strongest power we have to arrest it on its way and hold it back, so long as may be. We have, however, much more power over the *phonetic* than over the *dialectic* changes of language, and though there is no doubt that even the "authorised version of the Bible," "The Pilgrim's Progress," the works of Shakespeare, which we are constantly reading, will one day be no more "understanded of the people," we need not for a long time to come let go any of the letters of our alphabet, either for want of culture or for want of ear.

The two letters that are in danger with English people are the aspirate (the letter *h*) and the trilling letter *r*. The Scotch suffer very little from the tendency to over-soften, misplace, or omit these letters.

It is probable that about three hundred years ago, when Shakespeare wrote, the letter *h* still held its proper place; for though he is fond of putting all sorts of uncouth dialects and countrified talk into the mouths of his characters, none of them are ridiculed for this peculiarity, that one which we now dislike and think more unpleasant than any other. It is absurd to call this omission of *h* mere want of culture. It has hardly anything to do with culture; some great authors and men in high places and of wide reading have it. It is partly idleness, but mainly want of ear. It will, I believe, be found on observation that people who spoke well in youth frequently begin to drop the aspirate as they grow older; they will not be at the trouble of it. To put it in where not required comes under a very different degree of delinquency. It is want of culture, but it *must* also be want of ear.

There are some parts of England where, if you go into a village school and ask the children the difference between *O* and *Ho*, you will not be able at first to make them hear any difference at all. And then when it has been explained to them how the aspirate is formed and what its name means, till they have begun to hear it and take an interest in it, they will in their zeal certainly bestow it, till duly corrected, in the wrong places.

There is no sign so sure as this, that the position of a letter has become doubtful, and that its rights are forgotten. It ought to make us attentive to what is going on as regards the letter *r*. We English generally soften the *trill* too much, so much, indeed, that unless the word begins with an *r* it is almost inaudible. But, as if to make all fair, some of the truly uncultivated put it in between two vowels—as thus, "Emmar and Edward," "an umbrellar in the rain." This is happily a local defect, perhaps almost confined to London and its neighbourhood. It will in all probability disappear, as the interchange of *w* and *v* has very nearly done within the last quarter of a century. But the old grievance of the north against the south, the constant feud with us as to our nearly ignoring the *h* in such words as *what, which, where*, cannot be spoken of so hopefully. The language, or any dialect of it, cannot go back to an earlier pronunciation when, as Professor Max Müller says, writing of another peculiarity, "it is difficult to say whether the *tongue* is at fault or the *ear*." The ear can be reasoned with, but the tongue is a lazy as well as "an unruly member."



THE ROAD THAT JESUS TROD.

By HAMILTON AÏDE.

(*Written between Jerusalem and Jericho*)

I

AMONG the rocky hills there winds
A way where little water flows
Nor shade from trees the traveller finds,
Nor verdure to invite repose
But names we spelt and loved to learn
In childhood, from the word of God,
Greet us like friends at every turn
Of that rough road that Jesus trod

II

To right and left that rocky range
Saw His uprise His bowing down
The thorns He suffered do not change,
These are the children of His crown
The bitter waters that betray
The silver star that lights the sod
They are the same unchanged to day,
As on the road that Jesus trod

III

And when the scene of all His pains
Has faded from our mortal sight
May their remembrance fill our veins
With strength to suffer and to fight—
To suffer for our fellow man
To fight for truth that comes from God
Far from Judea pilgrims can
Thus tread the road that Jesus trod

DARWINISM AS A PHILOSOPHY.

By the DUKE OF ARGYLL.

THIRD PAPER.

DARWIN'S mind was probably inaccessible to much of the argument referred to at the close of the preceding paper, as urged by Professor Fleeming Jenkin from the mechanical point of view. But parts of it made upon him a profound impression. With his usual candour he confessed its force :—

"I was blind," he says in a letter to Mr. Wallace,* "and thought that single variations might be preserved much oftener than I now see is possible or probable." The confession is important, so far as it goes, because it touches the keystone of the whole hypothesis, namely, the notion that species have arisen slowly out of the gradual accumulation of slight and individual variations happening fortuitously to give some slight advantage to the creature in which it fortuitously arose.

For this, and nothing else than this—with all its confused and multitudinous elements of unregulated contingency—constitutes the Darwinian hypothesis. Professor Huxley has given us a definition † of the "quintessence" of Darwin's theory. But his definition veils, as far as it can possibly be veiled, the characteristic element of fortuity. Mr. Herbert Spencer, however, who is a greater authority upon a question of ideas, has given to this element its true place in his recent analysis of natural selection ; ‡ and in his rejection or abandonment of this phrase as representing any definite or adequate physical cause, he pointedly insists that whatever agencies may be included in the phrase natural selection, can only have worked "under subjection."§ It was the same element of fortuity, and of consequent confusion in Natural Selection, which revolted the mind of another eminent man of science—one whose disciplined intellect was accustomed to deal with clear conceptions, and with definite reasoning, as the only tolerable instruments in physical research—the late Sir John Herschel. When Darwin heard that the great astronomer had spoken of the origin of species by natural selection as "the higgledy-piggledy theory," he felt the report as "a great blow."

Epithets of this kind are generally expressions of feeling rather than definitions of opinion. They are seldom the results of close intellectual analysis. Sometimes the sense of humour, sometimes sentiments of repugnance, are the sources from which they come. But in the case of Sir John Herschel's epithet no happier phrase could have been found for the results of the purest reasoning. This world of ours, with all the beauty and order it contains, is due, so far as prevailing physical conditions are concerned, to one great centre of heat and light. Our interpretations of that world can only reflect its beauty and its order in so far as they are governed by the same analogy, and are grouped round some central idea which is in harmony with, and can irradiate the whole. The characteristic speciality of the Darwinian hypothesis is, that it groups the phenomena of organic life round no centre which has either a breath of warmth or a ray of light. At the very best its centre is a dark spot—a mere negation. But it is far worse than this. The central idea *is* not merely a negation in refusing to recognise an agency which is not fully known. The theory, as conceived by Darwin, is a negation in the sense of consciously and deliberately excluding much that can be clearly seen and known as involved in, and inseparable from, the phenomena with which it deals. Its centre is not only a dark spot, in the sense in which all ultimate problems are dark to us, but it is a spot artificially darkened by the careful exclusion of intelligible and perfectly attainable intellectual perceptions. It is a centre of fortuity and confusion. In this consists the force and justice of Sir John Herschel's epigram that it is a "higgledy-piggledy theory." Physical forces under no control, tendencies under no direction, combinations not resulting from any foresight, correlations not determined by any pre-arrangement—such are the potent elements of confusion which are seated on the throne of organic nature under the hypothesis of Darwin.

And if this be denied, then most fortunately we have one most remarkable passage in a letter from Darwin which clinches the proof of the sense in which he understood his own theory, and which at the same time helps us to see an almost mathematical demonstration of its fallacy. Lyell struggled hard to accommodate and reconcile as much

* "Life," vol. ii., p. 107.
† P. 196.
‡ *Nineteenth Century*, April, 1886, pp. 575, 581-582.
§ *Nineteenth Century*, May, 1886, p. 768.

as he could of Darwin's ideas with those instinctive interpretations of nature which recognise in its order the effects of Mind. One of its innumerable and insuperable indications is in the facts of growth. These facts are peculiar to organic life. It is only by a loose analogy that we apply the word growth to inanimate or inorganic things. Crystals do not grow in the same sense in which organisms grow. The chemical forces cannot build up a living organism; they can only group atoms and molecules on the principle of combination and aggregation. In organisms the chemical forces are indeed seen to be at work; but they are also visibly at work "under subjection." That which we know as life is the master under whom they serve. Protein—the simplest substance in all animal bodies—is a chemical combination of certain elements. But it is a combination never effected except by life. In the living protein a constructive power resides. Its work is the elaboration of infinitely complicated structure out of that which begins with being structureless and homogeneous. It works up the material in which it is embodied, not into forms geometrical or crystalline, such as are common in the mineral kingdom—but into forms which, every one of them, are to have a function. When they have themselves been made, they are destined to make other things, to elaborate other substances, to do work which cannot be done until they have been completed. Thus the whole principle of organic growth lies in the future. It is not only the making of something which is to be, but it is the construction of something which is itself to be the maker of other things; or, in other words, of something which is to discharge a function. Thus the whole process is one which regards the future. Every organic germ is therefore in its own nature a promise and a prophecy. It is impossible to define it—that is, faithfully to describe what we see and know it to be—without laying stress on this essential element of its relation to the future. "The great characteristic of the germ," says Professor Huxley, "is not so much what it is, but what it may, under suitable conditions, become."* The word "may" must here be translated into "will" or "must." The contingent element "may" can refer only to contingencies which may destroy the germ altogether, and so defeat its future. But in itself every organic germ develops with certainty along lines of most complicated and intricate structure for work which lies in the future, and for adaptations of which that structure is the promise and the prophecy.

All this needs no other evidence than a faithful description of the facts we see. But one part of that evidence comes from a witness who never lies. In the high courts of natural knowledge Language needs no oath to be administered as a pledge of her veracity. She records what the Mind—her master—sees with automatic fidelity and truth. It would be well if "thinkers" thought more of the profound but unconscious metaphysics of human speech. What do we mean by "organic" life? What is an "organ"? It is the Greek word for an "implement." Instinctively men have always seen in every member of a living body nothing but an implement. In the construction of every implement the future dominates over its nature and its form. "Apparatus" is another word, taken from the Latin tongue, which expresses the same idea, and the same governing relation of all living structures to the future in which they are to serve. Of necessity the same idea must predominate, and indeed must, if possible, be more and more supreme as we go back in time, and as we try to think of "germs" which are supposed to have included in their future not only species, but all existing living things.

Accordingly Lyell seized upon this idea as giving a higher interpretation to development or evolution, and ventured to speak of prophetic germs. But Darwin at once declared war against it. One of the most certain, and even demonstrable of all physical truths, not coming within the range of mathematical calculation, seemed a very enemy to him. He knew too well what he himself meant, and he knew too well by a sort of instinct what was involved in any language savouring of purpose or design. And so he summed up his answer to Lyell in these remarkable words:—"To admit prophetic germs is tantamount to rejecting the theory of Natural Selection."

And so it is. We may be very sure which of the two ideas will gain the day. Prophetic germs are of the very essence of development and of evolution—when all that is in this conception is allowed to speak. The whole world is full of prophetic germs; and not only the world as it is now, but the world as it has been, in so far as its records are accessible to us. The surface of the living earth is covered with them. The old dead rocks are full of them. So is that great and wide sea which teems with creatures born of endless trans-

* "Science and Culture," p. 283.

formations, in every one of which the processes of the present are preparations for the functions of the future. No theory which conflicts with this idea can stand for a moment in the light of nature. Dark and unknown as to a great extent the methods of creation must be confessed to be, we have the clearest evidence that they have been conducted along advancing lines preparatory and prophetic, just as we see and know that each individual organism is now actually conducted from the embryo to the adult, along definite lines of adaptation to future function. The same men who refuse to see or to confess this in argument are, nevertheless, compelled to record it as the verdict of their own consciousness in the use of speech. No man has ever used more freely the language of design than Darwin. It forms the warp and the woof of all his most striking descriptions. His books on Orchids and on vegetable variations are especially rich in applications of the language of contrivance, which he was too clear-sighted not to see, and too simple-minded not to clothe frankly in the words which his intellect recognised as the only possible words fitted to express the facts. "Exquisite contrivance" and other phrases of like import are continually in his mouth. The sense of adaptation of present processes to future use, as the dominating and directing agency in all organic growth, breathes through his language in every variety of form. This, that, and the other happens "in order that" some consequence may follow, either for the better discharge of function or for the better avoidance of some foreseen and foreguarded danger. We may well forgive Darwin his fortuitous philosophy for the sake of the splendid observations and reports which confound it to its face. If he had been able to put that philosophy into formal propositions they would take their place with those conclusions of Euclid which are rejected under the well-known formula of *q. e. a.*, "quod est absurdum." Order, indeed, may come out of chaos, and has come out of it, if chaos be regarded as a seeming and a temporary condition. But that order of infinite reasonableness and beauty should come out of chaos considered as a blind agent of accident and confusion is a contradiction in thought.

It is indeed a good idea in all reasoning to remember constantly the limits of our knowledge. But it is a bad idea—the very worst, perhaps, of all intellectual faults—to shut our eyes, of set purpose, against the seeing of that which is clearly to be seen. It is for the purpose of doing this the more effectually—for the purpose of silencing our instinctive use of words full of the ideas of purpose and design—that the agnostic school has been busy of late years in building up a know-nothing vocabulary of their own. The principle on which it is framed is the principle of coining words that are not merely vague and ambiguous, but that are intentionally framed to exclude ideas of a certain class. Thus, for example, in order to avoid the suggestion of prophetic germs, in order to exclude from embryology the visible element of progress in construction for the discharge of function, the word "differentiation" has been invented. The intellectual vice of it lies in this, that it wilfully confounds the abstract idea of difference with the very definite idea of specialisation. It is equally applicable to the differentiation which takes place in death, dissolution, and decay, and to that very different kind of differentiation which consists in the building up, and shaping, and directing the ineffable structure of the living body. Such tricks of language cannot be too severely denounced as caricatures of philosophy, as sins against light and knowledge. In politics what would be thought of employing a reporter to eviscerate some great speech or argument of all its noblest passages and of all its highest teaching? Yet this would be a venial offence indeed compared with the offence of misreporting or suppressing the conceptions which, as testified by our own consciousness, are spoken to us from the Throne of Nature.

As to Darwin himself no such charge can be made against him. He was perfectly simple-minded and sincere—as truthful to his own intellect as he was to others. But it is useless to speak of him as a philosopher. With touching, and sometimes with a plaintive candour, he tells us that he was incapable of pursuing any train of abstract thought. On this very subject of fortuity—the reign of what doctors call "Amentia" in nature—Darwin has been specially open-minded. "I grieve to say," he writes to Asa Gray, "that I cannot honestly go as far as you do about design. I am conscious that I am in an utterly hopeless muddle. I cannot think that the world as we see it is the result of chance, and yet I cannot look at each separate thing as the result of design."* The reasoning is this: an arrow cannot have been made to wound, because we cannot think of it as made expressly to inflict each particular wound it makes. Teeth were not made

* "Life," vol. ii., p. 363.

to bite or chew, because we cannot think of them as made to bite one particular bit of food. A flint implement cannot be recognised as such, because we cannot think it was designed to break a particular bone or a particular cake of ice. Well might Darwin say that he felt "in an utterly hopeless muddle." His powers of reasoning in all regions of abstract thought had long been laid asleep. He confesses that many faculties he once possessed, even in a considerable degree, had latterly become lethargic or insensible. They had fallen into atrophy through disuse. This is perfectly intelligible. It is the whole secret of his peculiar hypothesis. He was a man of one mechanical idea, which took exclusive possession of his mind. For many successive years he was absorbed in it, and all phenomena were seen by him in no other light than that which could be found in its vague and loose analogies. The result has been what might have been expected. In spite of the fanatical enthusiasm and apostleship of those who saw in it nothing but its bearing against the Reign of Mind in nature, in spite of the wide support it derives from the general idea of development or evolution in all departments of thought, the special Darwinian hypothesis is visibly breaking down. Lyell never accepted it except under reserves which, as we have seen, Darwin himself considered to be absolutely destructive of its very essence. Dr. Asa Gray, its earliest and ablest exponent in the New World, was still more conservative of the older philosophy in his interpretation of it. Professor Huxley has not only always refused to burn his bridges, but in each new utterance is always careful to lay down new causeways of retreat across the bogs—or, as he calls them, the weaknesses—of Natural Selection. Above all, Mr. Herbert Spencer, the second father of the hypothesis, has lately opened upon its essential formulæ the fire of a most destructive criticism. Specialists in various departments of natural history are now constantly recording facts and observations which cannot be crammed into the narrow moulds of the Darwinian idea. More important still—these specialists are plucking up courage to express their doubts and to confront the impositions of authority which has been to some extent established against all heretics on Darwinian teaching. Of this, there has just appeared a signal example in the beautiful monograph on the Snipes and Plovers of the world by Mr. Seebohm, a very distinguished ornithologist. His chapter on the "Evolution of Birds" goes to the root of the matter in attacking the possibility of fortuitous variations being a solution of any difficulty. He lays down broadly the necessity of admitting that very element of pre-arranged adaptation of which Darwin says that it reduces his own special hypothesis "to rubbish." It does not destroy, however, the general idea of modification by descent as one of the subordinate agencies in the creative work. It leaves untouched everything that is really valuable in Darwin's observations. It fills with their true and only legitimate meaning the teleological words and phrases which he was perpetually using, which indeed he could not help using, but which his philosophy would reduce to empty and deceptive forms. We can take all his facts, enjoy all his observations, and accept much of his language, without giving the smallest heed to the fortuitous theory by which he would account for the wonderful wealth of adaptive purpose in the phenomena of organic life. Any real light which he has thrown on this will not be lost. His analysis of method, like the analysis of the spectrum, will only reveal to us more clearly the inconceivable combinations which constitute the one "white light"—the one great splendour of Design. It will lend itself to strengthen, instead of being employed to assail, that conviction which led the great naturalist, Agassiz, to reject Darwin's theory—the conviction, namely, "that life has all the wealth of endowment of the most comprehensive mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of physical phenomena." * No other conviction is possible, or even intelligible. It has been best expressed by the great Jew of Tarsus: "For the invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things which are seen, even his eternal power and Godhead."

* In a letter to myself. I have dealt with the whole of this subject in a systematic form in my "Unity of Nature." J. Murray, London.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.—PHYLLIS'S MISTAKE.

PALE yellow autumn sunshine, an exhilarating yet not chilly atmosphere, ushered in the morning of the first battue. Waiting for the sportsmen, the two girls stood on the terrace caressing the dogs. They had tacitly set a seal upon whatever of sadness sought to obtrude itself upon their thoughts, and looked and felt as blythe as any maidens possessed of youth and beauty could wish to be. It was not long before the rattle of a dog-cart announced the advent of Mr. Danby.

"Driving tandem, I declare!" exclaimed Nancy. "A regular Pegasus flying on the wings of——"

Phyllis laid her hand on her friend's lips.

"You naughty girl, hush! here is Sir Bernard. Please don't," she added, beseechingly; and Nancy forbore, her unfinished remark, however, bringing a most becoming blush to Phyllis's cheek when the young Squire accosted her, which he probably construed in his own favour, while it brought a frown to Sir Bernard's forehead. Vainly Danby protested that he had already breakfasted, that eye and hand and Purdy's best were all in good form, his host was inexorable, and dragged him off, insisting that he must want something after his early drive—not without getting a Roland for his Oliver as it proved. Danby glanced back, arresting his companion's steps.

"By Jove, Maxwell, she is thoroughbred and no mistake!"

"What, your new bay mare?"

Danby nearly doubled himself up with laughter.

"No, man alive! are you blind and living in the same house with her too? Do you think she would run well in double harness, eh?"

Even through his ruddy complexion he was seen to colour. Sir Bernard felt horribly inclined to knock him down for his impudence. His St. Cecilia spoken of in horsey parlance! He looked back in spite of himself. She was sitting on the edge of the marble basin, dabbling her fingers in the water, holding up her hand to watch the crystal drops as they fell. Then the curve of the lips broke into an irrepressible smile, and the dark lashes were raised in an upward glance. Sir Bernard turned abruptly.

"Come, Danby, I wish Harry Morgan would arrive; we are to meet Harman's party on the east boundary."

As the two re-issued with Miss Dallas, they found young Morgan talking to the girls, and this new advent distracting their host's attention, Mr. Danby contrived to say to Phyllis,

"You are going to be kind enough to bring us our luncheon, I hear, Miss Trevylian."

"Yes, but we only deposit it. Just as you are beginning to feel the cravings of hunger, you will find a repast spread under some tree, or in the hollow of a dyke, as if the Brownies had been busy."

"I shall contrive to get a glimpse of them at work. Where is it to be? Do tell me."

But Phyllis only laughed,

"I shall leave that to your ingenuity to discover."

The phaeton, with the two girls and the lunch, duly arrived at the appointed spot. Men were in waiting to carry the hampers. Phyllis gave the reins to the groom, and she and Nan began to lay out the edibles. They discovered a nice sheltered nook where not far off a streamlet gurgled—nature's wine-cooler; and while they waited a moment to survey their handiwork, a sharp report near made them start.

"Mr. Danby warning the fairies of his approach," said Nan.

"Oh, I hope not; let us get away before he comes."

But just as they were jumping the ditch into the rutty cart road, a sportsman appeared, swinging along with an assured air, his blue eye dancing with suppressed mirth.

"It is Sir Bernard!" exclaimed Phyllis, her heart giving a reactionary throb.

"Would you like to see some sport, Miss Greatorex? I am to be—stop, stand behind me and there will be no danger."

His words were addressed to Nancy, but his hand was ready to assist Phyllis, who was poised on the top of the bank.

The girls stood almost breathlessly. It was Phyllis's first experience, and though certainly not of a bloodthirsty disposition, she could not but admire the wonderful precision with which Sir Bernard brought down his bird (a good sportsman kills, not maims), and joined in the general laugh when, in the excitement of the moment, a youthful beater shouted, "Rabbit overhead!"

"The girls stood almost breathlessly. It was Phyllis's first experience."

Desultory shots here and there at last told that the beat was over, and Sir Bernard, still addressing Nancy, said laughingly,

"I wonder whether Danby has seen his lunch in a mirage; he was very anxious to be placed on the left flank, so I let him have his way."

Phyllis stooped hastily to caress the cocker that had returned triumphantly from the chase after a runner.

"I think it was very shabby of you," said Nan; "the poor man may be shooting at random from sheer faintness."

Phyllis raised herself—

"I don't think we should keep the ponies waiting any longer. I suppose it is quite safe for us to go, Sir Bernard?"

And before he could stop her, she had walked swiftly down to the road, while he followed more leisurely with Nan. She was seated in the phaeton by the time they arrived. Sir Bernard handed Nancy in, who called out as they left,

"Tell Mr. Danby the sprites have been too much for him after all."

Phyllis glanced inquiringly at her friend several times during their homeward drive. She looked so bright, and her eyes had such a sparkle that Phyllis caught the infection, and it became Nan's turn to wonder, for when they reached home Phyllis sang all over the house, and to her intense astonishment burst suddenly out into "The Wedding March" on the organ. She little guessed the thoughts that were outrunning the player's fingers.

"This then is the reason why Nancy hoped Jack's love for her was a thing of the past, not on account of failing health, but that a new love was supplanting the old." So she pictured the bride stronger and lovelier for the happiness that would be hers, and Sir Bernard content as well as happy when he had no longer to wait. Perhaps if Jack really cared for her, Phyllis, she might try to return it, to make up for Nancy's loss, and they would be so happy, living near each other. Oh! it was a delightful vista that she looked down, but what suddenly blurred it? She hastily put up her hands; she was actually crying. People did cry for joy she knew, but she had always thought it a species of hysteria. Her fingers touched the keys again; she did not continue "The Wedding March," broken off so abruptly, but wandered into "Er der herrlichste von allen."

A pair of arms stole softly round her.

"Phyllis, you are flattering Mr. Danby."

"Nan, I was not thinking of him."

"Phyl, you are mysterious; of whom, then?"

"That quite impossible *he!*" She rose off her seat, the tell-tale drops in her eyes, and faced Sir Bernard, who had evidently been standing beside Nan.

"I had accepted the omen of the first piece you played, Miss Trevylian; but you broke off so suddenly, I wondered who had forbidden the banns."

Phyllis gazed from one to the other, then smiled.

"It must have been 'the priest and bridegroom wait the bride,' and——"

"That not impossible she 'was o'er the border and awa wi' Jock o' Hazeldean.' Was that what you meant to imply?"

She shook her head. "No. I heard her footstep on the threshold." Kissing Nan tenderly, she softly disengaged her clasp, and left the two alone.

Sir Bernard and Miss Greatorex stared at each other. The expression in Phyllis's face had been unmistakable. Nancy felt herself growing hot, but thought it best to take the bull by the horns.

"Some one has blundered," she said with a humorous glance at her companion, who stood *planté là*, dumb with amazement.

"What does she think?" he managed to blurt out.

"That you are in love with me," and Nan's laugh rippled like wavelets across the dusky silence of the Hall.

"But I hope, Miss Greatorex—you—I—" he was actually losing his self-possession.

"Sir Bernard"—her frank eyes were raised to his with a sweet earnestness—"I love Phyllis and I like you. I know her better than you do, and of this I am certain, she has a very modest opinion of her own merits, and any gentle attentions you pay her she puts down to your chivalrous fear lest she should feel slighted owing to her dependent position. If I can be of any service, let me be your friend as I am hers." She held out her hand; he took it almost humbly.

"Miss Greatorex, I was fool enough to think that, because I had overcome a certain prejudice she had against me, the fortress was taken. I find I have not even entered the outworks."

"It is not given to everybody to say 'veni, vidi, vici,'" said Nan.

"How did you guess my secret?"

"I have always led such a quiet, introspective life, Sir Bernard, that it is easier for me to see than for those who are blinded by the dust of a more hurried existence."

"And you think I may win?" He seemed for a time to have lost all his self-reliance.

"'Tout est possible à celui qui sait attendre.' Shall I disabuse her mind, or leave her to find out her mistake?"

"Let it stand, Miss Greatorex. So long as I have no rival, I can afford to wait. I am not afraid of Danby." He threw his head back with his old self-confident air, but with that tender smile flickering over his face, which so wonderfully sweetened its expression.

Nancy looked at him. "Do you know you are very conceited? you deserve to get a few rebuffs. Don't imagine your victory is to be a walk over the course."

He glanced laughingly down. "You must not be too hard upon me. What have I done to-day? I only checkmated Danby and got nothing for my pains. He was so grumpy all the afternoon, and shot so wildly that he endangered the lives of the beaters. I shall let him have a little running to-morrow to see what he makes of it."

"Supposing he were successful after all?" queried Nan.

She almost repented the speech, he looked as if she had struck him. "If he were, she could not be 'St. Cecilia.' 'Aut Cæsar, aut nullus' is my motto;" then more lightly, "'If she be not fair to me, what care I how fair she be?'" He took Nan's hand, "Thank you, Miss Greatorex, it has done me good to let a ray of light into the recesses of my heart. One does not know the depth of one's own feelings till they are probed, and now, *au revoir* at dinner."

The second day's *battue* was turned into an excuse for a picnic. Lunch was laid in the "Temple." The Mackintoshes and Dot were invited, and Captain Harman brought his sister to spend the day at Castlemount and return with him in the evening. Miss Dallas was *chaperon*. It was rather far for her to walk, so she was conveyed up in a little chaise, built expressly for the narrow paths, and drawn by a well-groomed pet donkey. Phyllis guided him, allowing the guests to walk on ahead.

Miss Harman was a girl men never mentioned without the epithet "awfully jolly" being coupled with her name. She was perfectly straightforward, honest, and kindly, tall and dashing, with rather a loud voice and masculine manner. She always sported a tight-fitting jacket, short serge dress, and a billycock hat. Boots that looked as if they knew how to get over turnips. She toned down a little in London drawing-rooms, but always declared she hated it, and directly she got into the country went a ten-mile walk to feel less like a spider in a web. Phyllis could hear her tell the others,

"What else is one expected to do in society but catch flies? If it isn't a matrimonial fly, it is the gad-fly of gossip or scandal, or a dragon-fly that is lionised for a short time, and if a blue-bottler is stupid enough to get itself entangled, by jove! the excitement." Miss Letitia was not shocked at this rough and ready style of conversation. Miss Harman was the daughter of a lord!

When the party arrived at the "Temple" Phyllis unfastened the donkey's traces and fed him with pieces of bread.

Miss Harman, who was watching her, detached herself brusquely from Letitia, and abruptly said, "What is your opinion of donkeys in general, Miss Trevylian?"

Phyllis laughed amusedly. "I am not acquainted with donkeys in general, only this one in particular."

"You are luckier than most then; I have been brayed in a mortar pretty often, I wonder I am not pulp."

"Perhaps you had nothing at hand to stop the force of the pestle."

"Bread, do you mean? Nothing so sensible or satisfying would have the desired effect. But joking apart, I must confess that donkeys are nicer in the country than in town. Whether there is more room for them to bray, so that one is not so deafened, or the change of coat has something to do with it, but the donkey who in town does not seem possessed of two ideas develops into quite an agreeable creature in the country, and the bray becomes a mild cachinnation."

"I have the advantage over you in this it seems, I am purely a country mouse, never having stayed in a city in my life."

"No, really? I hope we shall know something more of each other, Miss Trevylian. I rather like your cut."

"You are very kind, Miss Harman, but I never leave Miss Dallas."

"Oh, we shall see about that; but here are the sportsmen!" Catching Phyllis by the arm, she dragged her off at a run.

Captain Harman and Mr. Danby were in front. The latter immediately appropriated Phyllis. "How could you be so cruel as to run away yesterday, Miss Trevylian? Maxwell misled me, whether purposely or not, I don't know; do you?"

He tried to look into her eyes. She raised them, a smile lurking in the corners of her mouth.

"Why should you think I know any of his reasons? It is not likely he would confide them to me." Mr. Danby's face cleared—she was apparently quite unconcerned. "How am I to be sure? he is such a lucky dog, he can see you whenever he likes." Phyllis laughed mirthfully—it struck her as somewhat comic that her presence should be considered of so much value. "Now that is really unkind to laugh."

"Forgive my country manners, Mr. Danby. I am so unused to pretty speeches that I have not a repartee ready."

"If you understand by a pretty speech anything that is not meant, mine hardly comes under the category, for I was not joking."

He looked so unusually grave that Phyllis began to feel uncomfortable, she knew she was blushing. Oh, if Miss Letitia or anybody would take him off her hands! but no one came to the rescue, so she looked straight before her, saying, "There is a great deal in the element of novelty, you have not seen me very often."

"You underrate yourself very much or think me very fickle." He vainly tried to make her look at him: the dark lashes drooped over the soft cheeks, whose heightened colour alone revealed that she understood the drift of his words; but whether they displeased, or were utterly indifferent to her, her manner gave him no clue, nor was there time to solve the doubt, for they were joined by the rest and soon the business of feeding absorbed that of lovemaking. The clatter of knives and forks, the chatter of tongues and popping of corks prevented any one noticing the young squire's abstraction, or remarking that he even toyed with the *pâté de foie gras en aspic*, with which he had somewhat liberally supplied himself, hoping that it at least might tempt his truant appetite. Captain Harman suddenly observed his unusual silence and called out, "I say, Danby, you were not in form to-day. I saw Maxwell wipe your eye once or twice; seedy, eh?"

"Seedy! No, the sun was so confoundedly in my eyes." Danby was generally so good-tempered, that the tone of the reply was quite sharp for him. His friend stared, then tried to smooth him down. "I dare say you'll do better this afternoon; some of the ladies are going to share our dangers. My sister I know is dying to handle a gun."

Danby turned with quite a radiant countenance to Phyllis, next whom he had contrived to find a seat.

"Is that really the case? You'll come with me, won't you? I am not a reckless shot, you'll not be afraid?"

"Oh, no but I shall not remain, as I go back with Miss Dallas."

His face fell.

"Don't you think she would let you stay if I asked her?"

"No, thank you; I would rather not: the ladies would muster too strongly. I fear the sport might be interfered with." She glanced up with a smile.

"Then if you have no objection, I will walk home with you; for if I shoot as badly as I did this morning, I shall not be missed. Miss Harman can take my gun."

"Please don't." She looked dismayed at the prospect. "I could not think of depriving you of your pleasure."

"Then stay."

She shook her head "See, they are getting ready to start; and, passing round the opposite side of the table, which was now vacated, she went to where the donkey was tethered.

She left him wondering whether it were simplicity or artfulness that made her appear to value his attentions so little; he felt piqued. Why, most girls in her position, knowing him to be eligible, would have risen to his fly at once; or, to reverse the simile, would have been only too delighted to land so pretty a fish.

Perhaps she had been engaged to some fellow before coming to Castlemount. The idea annoyed him. He would stay for the shoot after all, and pump Maxwell as to his chances.

CHAPTER XV.—FRIEND OR LOVER?

A SUDDEN change was noticeable in Sir Bernard's manner that evening, a certain disquiet alternating with an absence of mind, foreign to his nature; for Phyllis thought it must be absence of mind that made him appear to watch her every movement, yet seem distrait when she addressed him. Not till the following day, however, after their visitors had left, did he give her any clue. Somewhat to her surprise, he asked more formally than was his wont if he might have a few minutes' conversation with her in the library, and he kept up this forced air of stiffness mingled with embarrassment as he said, "I must apologise, Miss Trevylian, for the question I am about to ask; you can of course refuse to answer it if you choose, but I assure you that—that had it not been forced upon me as a test of friendship, nothing would have induced me to undertake the mission

with which I am entrusted. If your reply to my question be in the affirmative, the rest can remain unsaid."

Phyllis bowed slightly; she had not noticed that Sir Bernard remained standing, nor had thought of offering her a chair; he seemed anxious for the whole thing to be over.

"Had you contracted any nearer ties before coming to Castlemount?"

Seeing a look of bewilderment steal into her face, he added hurriedly,

"I mean, are you engaged to be married?"

Phyllis drew up her slight figure, and the flash in her eyes betokened some resentment; but Sir Bernard looked so thoroughly annoyed and uncomfortable, that the feeling died away instantly, and her answer was given in a low but firm tone,

"No, I am not."

"In that case I must fulfil my promise. I don't know whether you are aware that you have inspired Mr. Danby with such an admiration for you, coupled with a certain diffidence regarding his powers of persuasion, that he begged me to plead for him, to ask whether, when you are better acquainted, you could return the affection he bears you, and to that end, though he does not wish to hurry your decision, he asks that you would give him the opportunity of knowing you more intimately in the hope of ultimately winning you. I need not I think specify his various qualifications, his position, wealth——"

Sir Bernard paused, for a ripple of laughter trembled across the girl's lips. Without lifting her eyes she said,

"Faint heart never won fair lady. Mr. Danby would have had more satisfaction if he had asked me himself."

"Then you might have thought favourably of his suit?"

Sir Bernard spoke as if suffocated from beneath the ruin of the fairy palace he had reared. Phyllis looked up startled. He had swiftly pulled himself together, but the bronze of his cheek had paled, and there was a glow of pain in the eyes that sought hers, as if pleading for a denial. Phyllis felt the floor slipping from under her, mechanically she grasped a chair for support. What was her decision to Sir Bernard? It seemed hours since he had spoken, waiting her answer with a stillness of expectancy that half terrified her. She roused herself with an effort.

"You misunderstand me. I should have been able to say no, with much more decision than you. Mr. Danby may affect to misunderstand you, to think you have not done your best for him, and not take my refusal as final, which it is. Will you kindly thank him, and say I feel honoured by his preference, but I shall never care for him sufficiently to marry him?"

She turned to the door and closed it swiftly behind her as if glad to escape. Sir Bernard stood staring at the piece of carpet on which she had been standing, seeing nothing but the look of surprise, almost of fear, that had looked out of her eyes when his face had so nearly betrayed him. Why would she not understand him? He stretched his arms out.

"St. Cecilia, St. Cecilia, why could you not have said, 'Speak for yourself, Bernard!'"

But far from saying this she withdrew herself from his notice, wrapping herself in her old reserve, while he cursed his folly for not having put his look into speech.

An invitation from Lord Glynedon to Sir Bernard to join his week's shooting party, coupled with a note from Miss Harman, asking Miss Dallas and Phyllis to the Grange for the last night of his stay, came quite as a relief to all. Sir Bernard felt a short separation would be good for both, and when they met it would be in a mixed company which would take off the edge of any embarrassment, and he could judge whether she were glad to see him, or had missed him.

Phyllis felt it right to tell Miss Dallas of Mr. Danby's offer, but gave no indication that she was conscious of her change of manner towards Sir Bernard; and as "Mamsell" never forced confidences, she waited for time to unravel it, distressed though she was that any cloud should come between "her boy" and Phyllis.

"I am glad of the invitation for your sake, Phyllis; a glimpse into a different kind of existence than our quiet life will be good for you," she said, in her kindly, unselfish fashion.

Very pleasant it was, after the ten-mile drive accomplished in drizzling rain, to be ushered into the richly furnished boudoir at the Grange. They were met and welcomed by Miss Harman with all the warmth of her impulsive but sterling nature. She did the honours as Lady Glynedon was an invalid. Phyllis felt she had entered upon a new world as she surveyed the elegantly dressed women seated round the fire, sipping their tea and chatting. The conversation flowed

upon the latest country-house gossip and the shreds of town talk, upon the autumn operatic and theatrical season, and on certain birds of passage on their way to and from the Continent. How Miss Malcolm had been jilted, serving her right for having flirted so abominably with Major Cressy, and how Lady Mary Minster had caught the best match of the year. The victim had never singed his wings in the rush of dissipation, but had evidently succumbed to sentimental rusticating.

Phyllis recalled Miss Harman's simile of flies and the bluebottler, and listened with an amused smile, utterly unconscious of the curious glances cast in the direction of the distinguished-looking girl, who sat so statuesque, that except for a slight play of feature, she might have been regarded as too immobile.

"Who is your classic friend?" whispered Lady Algernon Tracy, a young, brilliant-looking woman, to Miss Harman.

"I really can't tell you. I only know she lives with Miss Dallas in the hybrid capacity of lady companion and adopted child. I took a fancy to her. I never bother my head about people's genealogical tree, if personally they please me. Although she looks cold and stately, she is quite an *ingénue*, and has never been in a city in her life."

"Charming!" cried her ladyship. "I must cultivate her. I have been dying for a new sensation."

"Thank goodness!" interrupted Miss Harman, "here are the men. I am sure you are all getting bored. Tea and *chiffons* become monotonous."

Phyllis felt the colour fly to her face when she saw Mr. Danby amongst the rest. She had not expected to meet him so soon, but he did not seem to feel bashful, for he went up to her at once, expressing his pleasure at seeing her again. He evidently had not taken her answer as final. Sir Bernard appeared in no hurry to greet her, he lingered by his cousin, asking some questions; then crossed the room and shook her hand. He held it a moment longer than perhaps was absolutely necessary, looking in her face quite wistfully, as if to see whether they were to be on their friendly footing again. His warm, gentle clasp always gave Phyllis a sense of protection and restfulness; it came upon her with even greater force than usual, for unconsciously she had missed it during his absence, so that never had he been favoured with such a sweet smile and glance of pleased content. It almost upset his self-possession. He could battle with her coldness, her tenderness disarmed him. There were so many sharp eyes near, Danby's amongst them, that he could not trust himself to remain by her, so he turned away, his heart aflame, and his head not nearly so cool as usual.

But society demands an outward semblance of pleasure in executing its behests, irrespective of its members' feelings, so the Baronet went and did the agreeable, laughed and talked, and had a sparring match with Lady Algernon, the while the palm of his hand still tingled where soft fingers had lain, and the whole room seemed to whisper, "Phyllis." Though where he sat he could not even see her, she was ever present to his inner self as—

> "Music, when soft voices die,
> Vibrates on the memory."

He began to feel some compassion for Danby, who stood with a most lackadaisical air, utterly unsuited to his ruddy countenance. Phyllis felt the young squire was watching her, looking so dreadfully sentimental that she felt inclined to laugh; she could not associate his love with anything tragic, but his ever-increasing gloom made her fancy herself quite guilty. It was a relief when the dressing-bell sounded and the guests dispersed.

When Miss Dallas, leaning on Phyllis's arm, entered the drawing-room, Lady Algernon touched Sir Bernard lightly.

"I call that perfectly idyllic; what a lucky man you are to have such an impersonation of youth and age always with you!"

Without answering save with a quick glance at the pair, Sir Bernard rose and led Miss Dallas to a comfortable seat near his friend.

"Margaret, I want you to know Lady Tracy."

"My dear Miss Dallas," said the lady, with a mischievous glance in her bright dark eyes, "you will know me in five minutes; I am horribly shallow, but being blessed with a certain amount of mother wit, I have not been found out yet. Your kinsman declares he prefers streams where he can see the pebbles shining, to deep, dark pools."

Miss Dallas smiled.

"There are lakes, are there not, very deep, yet perfectly transparent, as if a light stole along the bottom as well as illumined the surface?"

Miss Dallas knew Sir Bernard was looking at Phyllis, who stood a little distance off, the centre of a group of which Miss Harman was the moving spirit. She was dressed

in white crêpe which flowed round her in soft folds, no ornaments save the string of pearls. Not a girl to be overlooked in a crowded London reception; here, every one asked, "Who is she?" Sir Bernard's pride was thoroughly satisfied; she made her mark as simple Phyllis Trevylian, what would she not do as—his wife? His wife! The words came upon him with a new and beautiful meaning. He listened but heard little of the conversation between Lady Algernon and Miss Dallas, until he was roused by his host asking him to take her ladyship in to dinner.

Phyllis shot a glance of dismay at Mamsell when she found herself delegated to Mr. Danby. Miss Harman, being in ignorance of the circumstances, had purposely put them together; she had noticed the young Squire's attentions at Castlemount, and fancied Miss Trevylian would be more at home with him than with a perfect stranger. Phyllis tried all sorts of relevant and irrelevant topics, but Mr. Danby would rise to none. At last he took advantage of a sudden hubbub of conversation to say—

"Miss Trevylian, am I really to believe your answer final?"

"I hoped Sir Bernard would have made it clear to you," she replied, keeping her eyes fixed on her plate.

"So he did, but I thought perhaps he had not made it clear to *you*. It is not always safe to trust such a mission to another, but somehow I felt"—

He stopped abruptly, for there had come one of those unaccountable lulls which is said to herald the advent of an angel, but which makes nervous people start at the sound of their own voices, that in the prevailing noise they had imagined to be delicately modulated; but which in the sudden stillness appear to be trumpeting forth a well-meant, though possibly idiotic, remark, for the benefit of the whole company. Sir Bernard would have given anything to jump across and pitch Danby neck and crop under the table, for he was perfectly certain, from the expression in Phyllis's face, that he was recurring to the tabooed subject. Lady Algernon noticed the direction of his glance.

"Miss Trevylian and her cavalier don't seem to be getting on; he might know that it is not good for digestion to touch upon serious topics during dinner."

Sir Bernard replied almost savagely, "He's an ass!"

She looked slyly up at him, "Are you sure Miss Trevylian thinks so?"

"She looks bored," said he brusquely.

"How very *distingué* she is," continued her ladyship. "She would make a sensation in London; it is a pity she should be 'born to blush unseen.'"

"I don't think she is; she will no doubt be transplanted some day."

"Miss Trevylian looks cold, but I could fancy men losing their heads and their hearts about her; especially if they could light a glow in those wonderful eyes of hers, then she would be a woman for whom an Orpheus could cry, 'Che fare senza Eurydice?'"

"Your simile, Lady Algernon, hardly fits. Miss Trevylian gives me the impression of having more force of character than Eurydice could have had; she lacked faith, and by her cowardice deprived her lover of his well-deserved heaven. Why could she not believe in his power to lead her up to the light?"

"But is it not the case that you men would rather go to Hades for a weak loving woman than for one of stronger fibre? Orpheus preferred to live in shadow with Eurydice than in light without her. Wherein lay her power? Surely, that she embodied light to him."

"Yes; was not that just what she was to him, light through the darkness in which he had groped so long?" His reply was, however, more a sequence to his own thought than to Lady Algernon's words; the possibility of loss had come upon him with a sudden chill. "*Di nuovo* is nothing if one has not to add *per sempre*. *There* lies the sting. One moment more, we shall be out in the sunshine—we turn a backward glance, the lovely vision is gone—nothing left to us but the shadow; *that* lingers always, and a sigh that vibrates on our heart-strings to the end."

He spoke with a suppressed passion that astonished her ladyship. She had been accustomed to see him with a half-sarcastic, half-*débonnair* manner, touching things lightly, brushing the surface, or if he went deeper, laughing at himself afterwards.

"Who is your master now, Sir Bernard?" she asked.

"*Apropos* of what?"

"Of love."

"I thought you had been." He was his old self again.

"I only showed you the door; you have entered the portals since then."

"Have I? Love is blind, they say; my eyes are wide open, I know."

"Blind to faults, open to excellences, but"—and Lady Algernon put on a most inno-

cent air—"Eurydice does not look as if she had any faults."

Sir Bernard smiled mischievously. "Does your ladyship think I wear my heart upon my sleeve for daws to peck at? *Pas si bête.*"

She pouted her pretty lips. "That is too bad; you should not poke fun at my black and white dress, I assure you, though I may look like a jackdaw—it is for an uncle of Algy's, you know; I can hold my tongue, nor do I betray a friend."

He looked down at her affectionately. "I know it, Laure." Then he laughed; he was not going to be caught in a sentimental vein again. "Forgive me, but I feel like Mr. Toots. There are chords."

Unfortunately that glance was intercepted by Phyllis and Mr. Danby; the latter, who secretly thought Sir Bernard at the bottom of his rejection, entertained a grudge he was not sorry to pay off.

"How Maxwell always flirts with Lady Algernon! I wonder her husband is not jealous."

"Has Sir Bernard known her a long time?"

"For some years, and really at one time they began to be talked about. Men have no right to dangle after married women; I suppose they think it is safer, their intentions can't be asked; it is not honest and above board."

Mr. Danby was working himself into a state of righteous indignation, as if to emphasise his own straightforward conduct regarding Phyllis. She felt herself growing cold, a sense of oppression stealing over her. What was she amongst these people, of different standing, education, and rearing? That brilliant woman Sir Bernard was—she would not use the word *flirting* even to herself—paying attention to, how different from any she had seen! The jewels flashing on her neck and hair were not brighter than the vivacious sparkle in her eyes; there was a subdued air of natural coquetry about her which was quite a revelation to Phyllis. She began to wonder whether Lord Algernon would like to see his wife flirting—the word did not seem to come amiss when applied to the lady—with a handsome man like Sir Bernard. She turned to Mr. Danby.

"Lady Tracy's husband is not here, is he?"

"Oh, no, not he; he is always flying off somewhere, yachting; but, you see, her ladyship consoles herself." He gave a significant glance at the two.

Phyllis looked distressed; she could not blame the lady without, by implication, including Sir Bernard in the censure, and yet she wished he were not aiding and abetting. What would Nancy say? she was so simple and truthful. Slowly she let her gaze wander to Sir Bernard's face and found that he was watching her with a grave look of inquiry, as if trying to unravel her thoughts. Her lips parted slightly in their sweetest curve. How silly she was to take things so seriously! why should he not be attached to one he had known so long? In his world he was accustomed to be charming to women, it was a sort of pretty play. She wished she had a little more of what was called small talk, badinage; perhaps she was a little too serious for her age. What would he think if he knew she had been judging him even in thought? So she dismissed her doubts, and did not suffer Mr. Danby's glumness to interfere with her pleasure. After dinner Lady Algernon fulfilled her intention of cultivating Eurydice, as she persisted in calling Phyllis, so when Bernard Maxwell, who was one of the first men to join the ladies, entered, she beckoned him over.

"Miss Trevylian and I have been making friends; we find that though we are totally different we are very much alike."

"Propound me the riddle—I am in a lotus-eating mood."

He looked it as he lounged between the woman he admired and the girl he loved: the former with just sufficient piquancy to give zest to his enjoyment, the latter with a subtle essence which brought a memory of sweet things past and of hopes to be fulfilled, like

> "Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
> Live within the sense they quicken."

He had not felt so happy for many a day as he did that night.

Her ladyship explained her meaning thus—"You see, if two people go on parallel lines, they are not likely to come together."

"Mathematically correct, Lady Laure."

"So Miss Trevylian and I started at opposite ends, and were just meeting in the middle when you came."

"And formed the connecting link," interrupted he.

"Here comes Miss Harman to disconnect," said her ladyship, with a little *moue*. "What a bother! Which of us is she going to attack? It strikes me we represent the music of the party. It sometimes is a bore to have a talent that way, one is always dragged up at the wrong time."

She settled herself more cosily in her chair as her friend came up.

"Now, Lady Laure," said Miss Harman, "you need not be so wicked as to look extra comfortable when I want you to sacrifice yourself for once."

"For once! Am I not always on the sacrificial altar?"

She looked up appealingly.

"You may be, but I often notice a ram in a convenient thicket when you are."

"I hope you are not alluding to me, Miss Harman," said Sir Bernard, elevating his eyebrows. "In this case I refuse to suffer vicariously."

He glanced mischievously at her ladyship.

"Everybody is perfectly content, Harriet, they will wish I had not interrupted them. You know I will be *listened to*; I am inexorable on that point, however conceited it may appear."

"Nonsense, Laure, you know it is a treat to hear you play, and if one or two old fogies button-hole each other, you must forgive them. *Nolo episcopari* is only fishing for a compliment. Take her to the piano, Sir Bernard."

CHAP. XVI.—MR. DANBY COMES A CROPPER.

"By Jove, there's a *rara avis*, a woman who knows how to walk!"

This exclamation, *en parenthèse*, was caused by the sight of Phyllis crossing the room to thank Lady Algernon and to beg for the music's continuance. Her ladyship would not be persuaded, but asked Sir Bernard to sing.

"I am going to sing from Gluck's 'Orfeo,'" he answered, with a lurking smile as he seated himself.

"*Che faro senza Euridice!*" With startling pathos the words rang out, and Phyllis felt the tears rising to her eyes. It was always a song that affected her strangely, but as Sir Bernard sang, the wail of despairing love thrilled her with its hopeless anguish. She could not speak nor move. It haunted her like Poe's raven, "Never, never more."

Lady Tracy's voice seemed to come from far away—

"Miss Trevylian, do sing something, please."

She looked up instinctively to Sir Bernard.

"Won't you?" was the smiling rejoinder. "Lady Algernon will play the accompaniment to Gounod's 'Barcarola' if you will do it with me."

"Delighted," said her ladyship, and began a prelude.

Phyllis felt that she had no option, though she knew herself entrapped into doing what she had said she never would—sing duets with him before strangers. It was, however, received with such applause that she was persuaded to join in another, and then Sir Bernard sang a solo, requesting her to accompany him. As a rule he preferred doing this for himself, but on this occasion seemed determined to keep her near.

Now to Mr. Danby all this was as a sudden thaw coming upon the "frozen winter of his discontent," threatening to burst the frail dyke which kept the waters of his wrath and envy from overflowing. How many quiet social evenings of friendly intercourse did those duets not represent! Sir Bernard was richer than he, and had a handle to his name. Why should she be different from other girls and not bid for the highest! What was ever present to her eyes must have a greater value than what she gathered from hearsay. She had never seen his home. What a fool he had been not to have waited a little and urged his suit himself! However, this could be remedied before she went. By hook or by crook, he would see her alone. With this valiant intention he went to bed, but for once sleep forsook him, while he balanced in his mind what he should say and how he should say it, working himself into a feeling of horrible jealousy. He was certain Sir Bernard had been a traitor in the camp.

The fates were more propitious to him than he could have expected, or, as it turned out, could have wished, for if he had reached the lowest deep of despair, he had yet to plumb the lower deep of self-disgust. On the following morning Miss Harman took Phyllis a tour of inspection through the gardens and greenhouses. While passing through the last the hostess was called away, but told Phyllis not to hurry, as the Adiantums were well worth inspection. Mr. Danby, who had been dogging their seized his opportunity, and as Miss man disappeared at one door he ent by the other. A look of annoyance flashed across Phyllis's face, which angered him. Had it been the Baronet, he thought, her expression would have been different. His tone was not at all that of a lover suing for what he holds most dear, but that of a man who feels he has been unjustly deprived of what he had every right to expect.

"I am sorry if my presence is a source of vexation to you, Miss Trevylian, but I cannot let you go away without claiming to be heard."

Phyllis stood calmly before him, as if on her defence, not haughty in the cold paleness

of her face, looking as unmoved as if it were not a great honour to be wooed by a Danby of Dene.

This destroyed his last remnant of self-control. The worst of a weakly good-natured man is, that being so long accustomed to ride with a snaffle-bridle, when his temper does threaten to bolt with him he has forgotten the use of the curb. He seized her hand.

"Phyllis, what am I that you should look like that? Did he tell you that I loved you and wanted you to be my wife? or was he a traitor, and just let you think I was playing with you, as he is doing?"

She stood paralyzed a moment, too much astonished to speak. Then she freed her hand, and gazing at him with half-frightened, half-defiant eyes, exclaimed—

"How dare you!"

He seemed perfectly reckless.

"I dare—and more than that. What did he say to you? Did he speak on my behalf or on his own?"

"Let me pass," she gasped.

"No, not till you have answered my question." And he stood in front of her. "I will know whether he betrayed me as Miles Standish was betrayed, and whether you said to him, 'Speak for yourself, Bernard.'"

Phyllis grew rosy red, then deadly pale, but, in a voice that scarcely faltered, she replied—

"What I said was this. That I felt honoured by your preference, but could not love you sufficiently to marry you. I now retract those words."

Danby stared at her, as proudly raising her head, her voice grew clearer and more telling.

"I do *not* feel honoured by your preference, but rather ashamed that a man so little of a gentleman should dare to address words of love to me."

She turned her back upon him, and without hastening her steps, went out by the opposite entrance.

She kept up her cold dignified carriage till she was out of his sight, then she felt herself trembling, and the tears rose to her eyes. She quickened her pace, hoping to reach the house without observation, but on turning a corner in the shrubbery, she came face to face with Miss Dallas and Sir Bernard. There was no time to recover herself.

"Child, what is the matter?" Mamsell stretched her hand out, "You are shaking all over."

Phyllis tried to speak, but the words failed—only a tremor crossed her lips, while her tears brimmed over. Sir Bernard placed her arm in his, saying gently, "There is a seat near, come and rest a moment."

She looked up gratefully and trustfully, but Mr. Danby's words still rang in her ears, and a conscious flush mantled her cheek as she met Sir Bernard's glance. She rallied her self-possession and withdrew her arm, while the childish, troubled look left her face.

"I am all right, thank you. I have had a little annoyance, that is all. I will go to my room for a short time. Don't be distressed, Miss Dallas." And with a faint smile she left them.

"I believe that man Danby is at the bottom of it, Bernard."

Her cousin muttered no complimentary epithet. Miss Dallas looked up at him.

"My boy, there is a shadow between Phyllis and you. What is it?"

He tried to answer cheerfully, but it was rather a failure.

"Nothing but what will lift, Margaret, if I have patience to wait. Danby rather forced my hand, and 'St. Cecilia' has wrapped herself in a mantle of reserve, not knowing how far I am to be trusted."

The shadow remained upon his face for some time, in spite of Lady Algernon's attempts to dissipate it. He had felt the slight recoil Phyllis gave when her hand touched his arm Could it be possible that Danby had tried to blacken his character to her out of jealousy? That he could not do so with truth he knew, for few men had lived more stainless lives than he. Save to one woman his conduct had always been a mixture of chivalry and frank sincerity. He had gained from Lady Maxwell a certain womanliness of disposition, not at all allied, as some hold, to weakness. He was strong in his friendships, firm in his affections—strength and tenderness closely connected, like a vein of gold in the rough quartz. A flirt perhaps he was, or rather had been; though he was no great admirer of the same failing in the other sex, yet he had never deceived any one into believing him in earnest. Several would fain have made him so, but hitherto he had passed scathless. He never allowed women to fall below themselves before him; to him they always showed the best side of their character, and though he might be sceptical as to its reality, he never let them see but that he thought them pure and true and amiable; and so to

please him they tried to put on an outward show of virtues they might not possess. Bernard Maxwell had always been seeking his ideal, but though he had known many excellent, many beautiful women—both high-born and in the aristocracy of wealth—yet never had one so fitted into the niche he had prepared as Phyllis. Her sweet dignity satisfied his refined taste; her calm judgment was a foil to his more impulsive, passionate nature; her love of music was a bond of sympathy; her unselfishness and her unconsciousness of her own graces made him feel her to be good. He knew, too, that her heart lay like an unused instrument, and he longed to lay his fingers on the strings and draw out the melody that slept within the chords—to feel that he and he only knew the keynote to its harmony. And now she doubted him and might perhaps shrink from him!

He watched her furtively when she joined the party at lunch. She had quite recovered herself and kept a perfectly unmoved countenance when it was announced that Mr. Danby had driven off. "As if," Miss Harman laughingly remarked, "pursued by the furies of Orestes." Phyllis felt that Lady Tracy sent a half-questioning glance in her direction, slightly elevating her eyebrows, but even this brought no sign of self-consciousness. Her ladyship began to take quite an interest in "Eurydice"—this last sign of *savoir faire* in one unaccustomed to the ways of society increased her admiration. She fancied here was a girl who could carry out the famous saying, "La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas." She bade her adieu with unfeigned regret, heightened perhaps by the intuitive knowledge that through Phyllis, she had lost her *preux chevalier*. Miss Dallas gave her an invitation to visit Castlemount whenever she was in that neighbourhood again, which invitation she accepted with characteristic frankness.

"Come! of course I will, whenever you like to ask me, for I foresee that Sir Bernard will get thoroughly spoilt, and will want some one to tell him wholesome truths. When you do," she continued, turning to him, "send for me."

"You must come before then, Lady Laure, or you will never see Castlemount."

This last shaft was launched as he sprang into the carriage after the ladies. She made no answer, but as the barouche rolled away turned back into the hall, humming softly "Che fare senza Eurydice!"

Phyllis seemed quite to have forgotten her morning's vexation, and was entirely at her ease with Sir Bernard. She had thrown aside Mr. Danby's words as malicious and untrue. She was very staunch in her beliefs, and she believed in Sir Bernard as one willing to be her friend, taking an interest in her for his cousin's sake; so she settled herself comfortably in the corner of the roomy equipage, saying with a sigh of content: "Isn't it nice just to be by ourselves, Mamsell?"

"Didn't you enjoy yourself, dear?"

"Oh, yes; but I feel as if I had seen and done as much in one night as in years of my old life. I am afraid I was not born to be a swell. It is pleasant as a sort of treat, but I think I should like our quiet Castlemount life better for a continuance."

"Do you know you have quite captivated Lady Algernon, Miss Trevylian?"

Phyllis shook her head as if to negative the statement, saying, "How pretty she is!"

"Very fascinating, yes; very amiable and warm-hearted under a certain worldly veneer, which one can very soon see through."

"How is it she is so much away from her husband?" asked Phyllis timidly.

"How did you know she was?" A slight line came between his eyebrows.

"I understood they were not often together." She spoke deprecatingly.

"Your informant is mistaken; Lady Algernon is devoted to her husband and he to her. She is a bad sailor, so does not often accompany him in his yachting excursions; but she often goes to meet him by land. When he is at home they are rarely apart. Was any one detracting her to you, and through her *me*? I saw something of that in your eyes last night. Do not believe all that you hear, Miss Trevylian." There was a tinge of reproach in his tone.

A vivid blush crimsoned her cheek as she replied half playfully. "You will make me afraid of you again if you show such power in reading my thoughts."

"Then you plead guilty to having so judged. Did you think I was flirting horribly with her ladyship?"

Miss Dallas came to the rescue.

"Bernard, so you were."

In parrying this home-thrust Phyllis was spared any reply, nor did she take much part in the conversation that flowed intermittently between her companions; she sat with dreamy, contemplative eye, feeling that the drive had been all too short. The day after their return home was the 22nd of November, a date that had no special mean-

ing for Phyllis, so that she was greatly surprised to find a large package addressed to herself awaiting her in the boudoir. She surveyed it curiously, turning it over, as if from the outside she could guess what it contained.

"It is not an infernal machine, Miss Trevylian, it will not explode," said Sir Bernard, with a look of anticipated pleasure in his eyes.

Eagerly she unfastened the wrappers and an exclamation of delight escaped her, as she opened the handsomely bound volume and saw the beautiful engravings, ancient and modern representations of St. Cecilia—the frontispiece, Frank Dicksee's "Harmony"—which it contained; also a sketch of her life interspersed with musical arrangements for the organ. She looked up with shining eyes. "Oh, Mamsell, how splendid!"

"My dear, I have nothing to do with it. What does the title-page say?"

Phyllis turned back and read, "To St. Cecilia of Castlemount, on her fête day, from Bernard Maxwell."

In a moment a shadow stole over her face. Mr. Danby's words had left their sting. Ought she to accept a present from him? Her voice and glance were troubled as she said shyly, "Thank you very much, Sir Bernard, you are very kind, but," she closed the book. "I——"

He interrupted her gravely. "Please accept it as an acknowledgment from the Lord of the Manor of your gratuitous services as organist and the interest you have taken in his people."

"Thank you," she said again simply, and her face cleared; but Sir Bernard ate his breakfast in silence; all the pleasure he had expected to derive from his gift was dashed.

Phyllis felt her heart hot. Had it not been for those cruel insinuations she could have received it as a mark of his kindly interest in her, but now she must more sharply define the distance between the master and his cousin's companion.

After breakfast, while she was arranging the flowers in the boudoir, she heard the dog-cart pass and at the same moment Sir Bernard entered. "I have come to say good-bye, Miss Trevylian; I am off to town for a few days." He retained her hand while he said, "When am I to be allowed to give you any pleasure without being obliged to receive exact payment in so much work done as an equivalent? Be content to remain my creditor for a short time longer—some day I shall ask you for principal and interest—*then* you may repay me." His clasp tightened and without waiting for an answer he was gone.

Phyllis stood where he had left her, without moving, statuesque, save for the rapid changes of expression in her face. A blush stole slowly into her cheek and remained there, while a smile flickered like sun rays through quivering leaves across her mouth, tremulous yet full of light. Gradually it faded away, leaving the features almost colder for the warmth that had suffused them. How absurd of her to imagine that Sir Bernard's words meant anything but that she might give him help in overcoming Nancy's scruples about her delicacy being a bar to marriage! She gave herself a mental scolding. What had she been dreaming? "What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba?" she said half aloud, with a little laugh and shake of the head.

Miss Dallas opened the door. "What amuses you, child?"

"Only myself, Mamsell;" then she bethought herself of a letter she had received by the morning's post, but which her present and Sir Bernard's hasty departure had put out of her mind. It was from Jack. The opening grieved her, and the end—well, she hardly knew whether she were annoyed or could laugh at it as she had done at the foolish temerity of her own thoughts. It began:—

"So Jack is forgotten after all! At least I gather as much from your silence. Could you not have found time to let me see the smallest specimen of your handwriting? if you only knew how I wearied for it, but each post only brought the news, Phyllis has forgotten." Then he went on to more general topics, his studies and amusements, concluding with a blending of sweetness and acidity, a mixture of blue and yellow suggestive of the green-eyed monster. "You see what a long screed, as Miss Dallas calls it, I am giving you, but while I write I don't feel so far away, and that, at least during its perusal, I am in your thoughts. Sir Bernard is making an unusually long stay at home; there must surely be some great attraction at Castlemount to win him from his love of wandering."

As she folded the letter, she said to herself wearily, "Between them they will drive me away;" then with a spark of the quiet determination not lacking in her character, she pressed her foot more firmly on the floor, "They *shall* not, let them say what they will!"

And at that moment Mr. Danby was saying a good deal more than she would have liked to hear. His expression had been like Ahab's "Hast thou found me, oh my enemy?" when, on being somewhat unceremoniously pitchforked into a first-class smoking carriage, he discovered Sir Bernard to be the only other occupant, comfortably ensconced in the farther corner. He cursed his luck that he had neither newspaper nor book, behind which to entrench himself; having reached the station just as the train was on the point of starting, there had been no time to procure either; his only resource was to hunt in every pocket, but the right one, for his cigar case, responding gruffly to Sir Bernard's pleasant "Good morning, Danby."

Had it been one of his vices, which it was not, Sir Bernard might have thought his companion had been drinking, so blear-eyed and cross-grained did he look; the fact being that he was thoroughly ashamed of himself, but too self-opinionated to confess it even to himself—and to have run across the author of his humiliation in his then mood was the last thing he could have desired. Sir Bernard waited for the soothing influence of the "pernicious weed" to have its effect before making any further advances, but a sudden execration, louder than one would have thought the occasion could possibly have warranted, drew his attention once more to his companion.

The reason was easily discoverable; Mr. Danby's silver match-box was—empty! This is exasperating to the most amiable of men; in fact it may safely be asserted that no smoker, unless in the first flush of a love affair and in his mistress's presence, could make the discovery with any pretence to equanimity.

"Let me give you a light," said Sir Bernard blandly. Danby glared at him, but could not resist the offer. Smoking would give him an excuse for silence; but now that the ice was once broken, the Baronet was not going to let him off so easily. Taking a seat nearer to him, he said,

"I hope, Danby, you bear me no malice regarding that affair of Miss Trevylian's. I can assure you I did my best to put your suit in as favourable a light as I could, but she gave so decided a negative to your proposal, that I begged you to take it as final, which I fancy you did not."

"No," replied his companion fiercely. "How was I to be sure that you had not given a garbled version? You might be in love with her yourself and shirk it. When I heard you singing together, I felt what a pull you had over me."

"My dear fellow, you tilt at windmills. Because one sings with a lady, one is not bound to be in love with her; besides, she could have given you no reason to insult her."

"Insult her! Who told you that I had?"

"Miss Trevylian's face was sufficient evidence, and your hurried departure made me guess something unpleasant had passed between you; and I fear, Danby——" Sir Bernard looked hard at the other. "What did you say about me?"

"About you?" Danby looked uncomfortable.

"Yes; Miss Trevylian's manner to me has changed, and you are responsible; of that I am convinced. I thought better of you than to imagine you would be so un-English as to strike below the belt."

Danby winced. This accusation hit him hard. He was tremendously insular, and to be accused of doing anything un-English was galling to his pride; but whether he was really smoking the pipe of peace, and believed in Bernard Maxwell's sincerity, or whether he had found the process of tearing a passion to tatters somewhat enervating, love-making hitherto not having been in his line, he was gradually regaining his naturally boyish good-nature, and made sheepish advances towards reconciliation.

"Don't be too hard on a fellow, Maxwell. A man in love, you know, is not quite responsible, and I thought of the courtship of Miles Standish."

"Did you think she had said, 'Speak for yourself, John!'" A tender smile curved his lips. Then the remembrance of the way in which his present had been received threw a shadow across his face; but lest he should betray his feelings, he continued lightly, "Miss Trevylian did not do me the honour. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out; so I daresay you will find some one glad to be Mrs. Danby of Dene, and a few good runs with the Hartshire hounds will soon patch up the broken remnants of your heart."

Danby laughed. "Well, I daresay a bachelor's life is the best. I might get a wife who objected to my hunting four days a week. At any rate, horses are not so expensive, as far as I can judge;" and so philosophically Mr. Danby dismissed the subject, feeling less sore at having failed in a tilt with Hymen than if he had blundered a fence in a good jumping country.

SOME COLLEGE AND CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

By the REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

II.

IT may be difficult for a greybeard to apprehend the situation, but somehow there seems to be less "fun" among undergraduates than there was (is their world growing sadder?) and surely the fierceness of their amusement has abated. "Athletics" indeed were not so very long ago comparatively unrecognised. There was plenty of foot-ball, cricket, riding, and rowing, but if a man jumped over a six-barred gate he was not "honourably mentioned" in all the leading journals the next morning. Nevertheless, "Town" and "Gown" battles, in my time, were so serious that, after one prolonged campaign, a special assize was held at Cambridge to try offenders, and the judge had a thick stick and a bent poker laid on a table before him as witnesses to the hard hitting that had come to pass.

But if this university is less boisterous it shows other phases of force, especially in the production of Girton and Newnham. We do not yet realise the revolution which has taken place, or rather the new action which has been set up, of late years in the way of university extension, and it will go on, whatever attitude may be taken by the successors of those who were counted as the wisest among their rulers when the new world first offered to draw near to the old universities. Instead of trusting to the contagious grace and force of education, instead of hailing any possible contact whereby the coming race might be leavened with the virtue of the past, the mind of too many dominant Dons has been to drive the stranger from their doors. Look, for instance, at the Great Eastern Line. That railway shuns the city as if it had the plague; and even now the same mood of apprehension which kept a new-fangled station at more than "arm's" length from the consecrated college has not died out. A sample of it is seen in the fact that Girton students are obliged to travel miles in order to attend a lecture in the university to which they belong. I don't wonder, however, at old gentlemen rubbing their eyes on seeing the Senate House galleries full of girl undergraduates. I well remember one occasion when I went up to vote for some extension of their privileges. It was to the effect that they might not merely be examined, but also classed. There was a thick fringe of young ladies aloft, leaning on their elbows and looking down at us. Many of them wore flapped Rubens (I think they are so called) hats which looked like very battered university caps, and thus suggested that atmosphere of commentary which is associated with freespoken youth. But, however excited, these young ladies were as quiet as mice. Everybody was in a serious mood. An insistent earnestness excluded all sense of humour. One of the best known promoters of women's rights was, on that occasion, talking solemnly to myself about the importance of securing a favourable vote; and on my saying "Yes; good thing for girls to know their places," wagged his chin and remarked (with a perfectly grave, monosyllabic, and innocent face) "Truly." I blushed to think of my unappreciated irreverence. Of course the situation was serious. It was the dawn of an unknown day. And there was something to be said on both sides of the question. Nevertheless, on looking at the possible risks involved in this educational revolution, I cannot believe that its promoters need apprehend any unseemliness or froward behaviour on the part of female students. A "fast" girl will be an impossibility, *i.e.* as a student at Cambridge. The fear, perhaps, on the contrary, is that she may become too prim and conventionally self-restrained. Some little time ago I went over the famous Wellesley University or College, near Boston, Massachusetts, when there were upwards of five hundred young women keeping term. They came from the uttermost parts of the earth as well as from distant States, but I seemed never to have heard such profound silence as that which brooded over this multitude of girls. The institution was in full blast, but even the hum of industry was not audible. The educational machinery was noiseless. If a kitten had sneezed you would have heard it over the whole place.

Perhaps the most pregnant university mood is seen, not so much in the admission of women resident undergraduates, and the classing of them after examination (which must surely before long lead to their reception of degrees), as in the various forms of "university extension," whereby classes are held by professors at an increasing number of provincial centres, and feelers are sent out to apply university tests to those who have been anyhow taught. But why should there

not be a multiplication of means in or near the universities themselves for the teaching of "out-college" men? At present these avail themselves of the old lodging accommodation in the town. And this, not having been constructed with any eye to educational purposes, is therefore often not only otherwise unsuitable, but costly. Why should not houses be erected like, say, "Peabody Buildings," with simple sumptuary laws and adequate provision, for the lodgment of poor students attending university lectures? Distance is nothing now. Perhaps the peculiar and strong social flavour of the place (which it largely receives from public schools, but which is of more recent growth than many academical conservatives would like to admit) would be somewhat diluted by a flood of non-college students. "University extension," however, is in the air, and the mood of collegiate exclusiveness must look after itself.

III.

To pass from collegiate to some early clerical experience, I wonder whether men of other professions make as many mistakes as some clergymen do when (though carefully trained and honestly devoted) they begin their work. They are mostly received with a spirit of kindness and forbearance, which is the less gratifying to the recipient if he reflects that his good friends and hearers qualify their acceptance of his sermons by a belief that their better knowledge will correct any ignorance he may show. They are not equally ready to consult a young doctor. But then his errors are likely to be sooner realised than those of the ecclesiastical neophyte, and a serious medical mistake may cause the immediate intervention of the coroner. The parson may indeed be "sat upon" to his discomfiture, but those who try him are patients, not officials. They are the sheep who judge the young shepherd. One (reported to be very black) tried me, fresh from the university and the seat of a theological college. He was a cobbler, but known better as a (so-called) "infidel." In all righteous sincerity, my pouch filled with the last patent ecclesiastical cartridges, I called on him, and, like a young soldier, opened fire at long range. But we soon came to close quarters, and I got such a mauling as taught me something beyond what I had learnt from the orthodox theologian I had been reading with at Chichester. My black sheep—this unaccredited shoe-mending examiner—in the presence, moreover, of several full-grown lambs who happened to be browsing in that corner of the fold, so dissected and routed me, that when (inside out) I walked away down the little path between the gooseberry bushes that led from his door to the garden gate, and heard him firing his last shots (civilly enough), I felt—well, as if the bishop had made a mistake, and ordained a boy about ten years old. I entirely forget what the tough, honest, freethinking cobbler said, except that it was distinctly unpleasant and humiliating. But I have often since wished that every parish had such a permanent official, if it were only to teach pious and conceited young ministers a more excellent way of joining issue with a sceptic than that of aggressive proselytism.

Should a clergyman ever "doctor" his sheep? Surely he should look on the physician as a fellow-minister, but should he ever try to heal the sick with his own hands? I say "Yes." He should at any rate know what to do in cases of sudden illness or accident. An early charge given to the Apostles was "Heal the sick." No doubt the subdivision of professions, and the need which exists for the protection of the public from unauthorised practitioners, forbid a clergyman to combine the offices of a physician and a priest, but he should know what to do in an emergency. And for this purpose I should like every deacon to "walk" some hospital for awhile, and expect him to pass a satisfactory examination in simple surgery and sanitary science. Anyhow, he should attend an "ambulance class." A "little knowledge" is not a "dangerous thing;" when an artery has been cut or nature has received a sudden shock, and the doctor cannot be had. The remedy must then be quick. Once when I had taken some hundreds of children out for their "school treat," and we were all playing in the grounds of the house to which we had gone, a boy started down hill with a heavy iron roller. It got the mastery over and finally squashed him (who was on its wrong side) against a wall. I was sent for, and found him lying on the ground, white, limp, and seemingly pulseless. But an immediate and strong dose of brandy set that boy on his legs at once, and instead of being killed, he ate as good a tea as the best of them within an hour. A dose does not, however, always fulfil the intentions of the patient. One day I was hurriedly summoned to a woman who had "poisoned herself" in a church porch. I didn't in the least know what to do, so I called a passing constable, who eventually had her before the magis-

trate for attempted suicide. It appeared that (being determined to die) she had applied at a chemist for some prussic acid, which she called "oil of almonds." He sold her a large bottle of hair oil. This (having repaired to a church porch as a safe and consecrated spot) she uncorked and slowly swallowed. No wonder she felt bad. But it was an ignominious disillusion gravely to look death in the face and then find herself in charge of a constable, convicted of having drunk half a pint of Rowland's Macassar. I had smelt the empty bottle (with surprise at its greasy perfume), and then, as the poor creature was not insensible (though she sat huddled up and was gurgling unpleasantly), attempted no diagnosis of the disaster, but, as I have said, summoned the nearest policeman. In this case the medical skill of the clergyman was not needed, and yet in many places it is as valuable to him as it is to the traveller. What touching faith is placed in the latter, especially if he be a white man, among dark skins! I remember once anointing the eyes of some Bedouins in the desert with sulphate of zinc. They submitted to my smearing fingers not only with grateful obeisance, but with such perfect confidence that I had great difficulty in persuading a poor fellow who crawled up with a broken leg that my little bottle of white salve could do nothing for him. How piteous is suffering, and yet how very little could the best doctor have done for this crippled Arab, whose limb was long past being set! One thought of the many "halt and maimed" who are mentioned in the gospel histories. I gave my man some "backshish," and he dragged himself away. After all, indeed, how limited is the power of all our science and skill, however favourable the occasion for its exercise may be! The most excellent knowledge is the conviction that the sufferer can obtain relief only by helping nature. The drug itself does not "cure the disease;" but if it be a stimulant, or otherwise energetic in its action, merely gives a lift to the man's own hesitating power, or, if a narcotic, dulls the pain, which would banish the divine restorer, sleep. And yet there is an ugly side to all this wisdom, for most of the physic which a man swallows or medical treatment which he adopts, goes only to correct the excesses in labour, pleasure, meat and drink which he might have avoided, or to dull his sorrow for the mistakes he has made. Science is excellent; but we must admit that sometimes it breeds offence. When a tippler is persuaded that a box of pills will correct the immediately unpleasant effects of a bottle of brandy, the bliss of ignorance might be more honoured than it is. Of all self-indulgent fools, commend me not to a learned, but to a crafty and sagacious one, who knows best how to disarm the immediate Nemesis of indulgence.

In recalling the observation and experience of some years, there is nothing more perplexing than pain. What is it? Who feels it? Is there any possibility of comparison between sufferers? Some time ago a little girl had a tooth drawn at a dental hospital. The operator was so pleased with her courage that he gave her a penny. Next morning she presented herself, hoping to empty her mouth at the same price. However toothless, she could have immediately enjoyed the filling of it with "suckers." The flesh as well as the heart knoweth its own bitterness. Bodies as well as souls may be unfeeling. We all know the story of the big beetle which an entomologist had pinned to a card in the company of a dozen smaller ones. Supposing them to be killed he had shut down the lid of his box and gone to bed. Next morning he found that the big one had lifted his pin out, and (still impaled) had gone round and eaten all his brethren in captivity who had not strength to wrench themselves free. But if it is difficult to estimate another's pain, how hard it is to understand why a narcotic, which removes it from one man, does not touch (except perhaps to increase) it in another. Take subcutaneous injection of morphia. A pointed steel syringe, no bigger than a needle, is pushed under the skin, and a few drops of the deadening fluid are squirted in. No one knows how it will affect his individuality. Once, when in sleepless agony from sciatica, my doctor said, "I shall try morphia." The operation was painless. I wondered what was going to happen. In six minutes (I had my watch in my hand) there came round about me (so it seemed) a mysterious atmosphere of peace. This passed into rapture. I saw a fresh meaning in the word "ecstasy." I grew "light," not "light-headed," for I remained intensely conscious of the whole procedure. I was lifted up. I floated into another world. The pain, which had been acute, vanished away, and was succeeded by an excess of pleasure. Then I went to bed, slept like an infant, and woke to find no sense of suffering nor aftertaste of nausea. I urged a tortured friend of mine to try morphia in this form. He did, but only to be subjected to additional agony for hours. As for me, I felt that the world had revealed inconceiv-

able resources, and on my doctor giving me a magic squirt, and saying that if the pain returned I might repeat the simple operation myself, I walked about feeling that I had a Miracle in my pocket. I performed it, I think, four times, till the enemy was wholly routed. But I do not wonder at the repeated yielding of a weak will to the temptation of such a delicious charm, and am not surprised at some physicians having to treat many patients exhausted by uncontrolled indulgence in its enjoyment.

I began all this by asking how far the parson should learn, and be justified in using, the art of cure. But, whatever the answer, he should know how to face an epidemic, with some knowledge of the sanitary laws of life which are divine, and not merely add to the number of his services in church. I shall not soon forget a severe cholera season in London. I had just reached Switzerland when a copy of the *Times*, which followed me, announced the somewhat sudden appearance of the plague in town. Some floating prospect of a few ascents had already made me begin to look for my snow legs in a day's walk to the Col of the Theodule and back from the Riffel. But as there was infinitely more interest in a sanitary campaign than in any mountain tour I hurried back, and had a lively battle with cholera for some six weeks. We had no "outbreak" in our parish. Eight imported cases were snuffed out or isolated before further mischief was done. The first two, I remember, came from Bow, and both sufferers died. I was taken to task afterwards for seeing their clothes burnt myself. How curious it is to watch a panic, and (while it lasts) how immediately people obey any one who chooses to give orders! I myself had no officially medical authority whatever, but on my serving every household with printed sanitary instructions, and sending a member of a self-constituted committee (also armed with quite unauthorised print) to see whether they were attended to, the whole place seemed to pluck up heart. I was roundly abused when the danger had passed, and people began to think about what they had done. But, for all that, the drains had been properly trapped, water-supply looked to, dirty back-yard limewashed, &c., &c., and though much good was probably undone by subsequent carelessness, it had been done, for once at least, past repentance. Talking of panics, I fancy we can never test their effect. For instance, it is not unlikely that some people are buried alive during a fatal epidemic. I remember one young woman, Sarah ——, who was reckoned to be dead from cholera. She was laid out ready for the grim collecting cart to call from the undertakers, when a neighbour came in and lamented over her. "And is poor Sarah really dead?" she cried. "Well," said her mother, "she is, and she will soon be fetched away; but if you can do anything you may do it." Acting on this permission, the practical neighbour set about rubbing Sarah profusely with mustard. Sarah sat up, stung into renovated life, and so far recovered as to marry; and I myself christened four or five of her children in the course of the next few years. Another man (he was a potman) lay *in extremis*. A doctor was called in who said, "Turn him on his face and I will put a thick strip of flannel soaked in spirits of wine down his spine. We will see what that will do." A sister brought a store of flannel, the doctor soaked it in spirit, and prepared to apply it as he proposed. First, however, he placed the soaking mess in a heap (almost as big as a small hassock) in the middle of his back. Meanwhile the sister leant forward with a candle (it was night) and accidentally set the hassock on fire. This woke the potman up; and not very long ago the doctor told me he had seen him in a street near the Oxford Circus. It is a great mistake, when you are surrounded by Asiatic cholera, to make a marked change in your ordinary diet. The chief thing is—especially for those whose business brings them into contact with sufferers—never to eat with unwashed hands, to avoid air most likely to be contaminated by floating germs of the pestilence, such as that which makes a draught from the patient's bed, and to be very careful about the water drunk. Water is now proved to be a frequent vehicle of mischief, and no infusion of spirits has any effect upon the minute seeds of cholera which it may contain.

The sparkling rills which flash through some ill-drained towns may be deadly instruments of death. I remember, years ago, while staying in the Salt Lake City, being struck with what seemed to me needless mortality (especially among children), and having it in some measure accounted for by those bright gutter brooklets, for Mormons are professedly teetotallers. But the severest disciples of Brigham Young (then alive and dominant) did not always confine themselves to water. One day, since I was staying in a house where wine was strictly prohibited, I went to a "Gentile" store for a bottle. It called itself sherry, but I hardly tasted it,

since, on returning with my purchase, I met a very conspicuous Mormon, one of Brigham Young's right-hand men. Says he, "What have you got there?" "Some sherry," I replied. Then he looked round to see that he was well out of public earshot, and said, "I'll come to your room and drink it." This he did, from the tumbler on my wash-hand-stand. Fact. It did not, however, look well for an apostle, and one, too, who had been a distinguished and successful missionary in Europe; but he knew that I would not peach. Possibly it would have been as much as my life was worth to have done so, had I been so inclined—but of course I was not.

I might say, by the way, that there has all along been much misapprehension about the social and political position of the Mormon. He is not properly a polygamist. The staunch disciples of Smith, the original prophet, have always publicly and bitterly protested against "plural marriage." I remember that they used to hold crowded meetings against it in the Salt Lake City nearly twenty years ago. Will the present polygamist submit to the central authority which now proposes their "disestablishment and disendowment," or fight? The "ecclesiastical" rule of the polygamist "apostle" is so intrusive and severe that I fancy many who now secretly groan under it would not be sorry to see the backs of their present masters broken. Anyhow, a resentment of their reign is no new thing among the Mormons themselves.

MODERN BEE-KEEPING.

By R. CAMPER DAY.

FROM the time when Virgil wrote the treatise in verse on practical bee-keeping, which is known as the "Fourth Georgic," the science of apiculture remained unprogressive for eighteen centuries. No material additions were made to our knowledge of the subject until after the middle of the last century. This neglect was no doubt due to the extreme difficulty of making observations upon the habits of bees. Apart from the fact that bees are armed with formidable stings, and are ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of their homes, they live, as every one knows, in jealously-sealed hives or hollow trees, with one small opening, filling the whole available space with closely-packed comb, which they will only build in the dark. If a hive be lifted up and turned over for inspection, the quiet domestic operations of the inhabitants cease at once, and a violent agitation takes place, which is continued until long after the hive is restored to its proper position. The difficulty is not overcome by making a hive with glass windows; such openings only enable the observer to see one side of the nearest comb, or rather the backs of the bees with which it is crowded. It is not surprising, therefore, that the science of apiculture should have remained stagnant so long, and that people should have been content to leave their bees undisturbed in straw hives, save only when by the primitive and barbarous method of suffocation by the fumes of burning sulphur they destroyed an entire swarm in order to obtain the honey.

The last fifty years have amply compensated for past neglect by the enormous progress which has been made in our acquaintance with this extremely interesting study. The anatomy of the bees themselves, whether queens, drones, or workers, has been minutely investigated under the microscope; the old straw hive, or "skep," has been abandoned in favour of the wooden "bar-framed" hive with moveable combs; instead of suffocating his bees, the bee-master merely takes out one or more combs, brushes off the bees, extracts the honey, and replaces the combs to be refilled. It has been discovered that the most vindictive bees may be subjugated and made perfectly tractable by blowing among them a few whiffs of brown-paper smoke, or the vapour of creosote, or by touching the tops of the combs with a feather dipped in carbolic acid. The bee-keeper, instead of leaving his hives undisturbed until the autumn, is for ever opening them, manipulating the combs, increasing or diminishing the space, feeding the bees, or extracting the honey; the bees, instead of having to make their own wax, at a vast expenditure of time and labour, have sheets of wax provided for them in which the rhomboidal bases of the cells are ready-stamped by machinery; and the net result is that the annual yield of honey from each hive is from five to ten times as great as under the

old system, with the further advantage that the lives of the bees need never be sacrificed. No bee-keeper, in a favourable part of the country, is nowadays content with a harvest of less than a hundred pounds from each hive, and even in the suburbs of London as much as forty or fifty pounds per hive may be realised.

Why, then, is the army of bee-keepers so small? The price of honey is not so high as it was, but it is still possible in most country districts to sell it at a shilling a pound; and as the original cost of a bar-framed hive stocked with bees, together with all the necessary appliances in the shape of comb-foundation, smoker, veil, extractor, and so forth, need not exceed £3 at a liberal estimate, it will be seen that modern bee-keeping offers to amateurs the agreeable inducement of a handsome profit; and it is much to be regretted that in spite of the praiseworthy efforts made by the British Bee-keepers' Association the advantages of bee-keeping as now practised are not more widely known among the poorer classes. It is true that cottagers as a rule have not much spare time, but it is wonderful how little time need be taken up in attending properly to a hive. Five or six hours a month in the summer season, and five or six minutes a week at certain periods of the spring and autumn, should be ample; and a man's circumstances must be very unusual if neither he nor any member of his family can find this little leisure. In every poor man's garden there is room for a beehive; the flowers of the field produce a store of nectar plentiful enough to supply (without any appreciable competition) at least a hundred times as many hives as are now in existence; and apart from the pecuniary profit, the study of bees yields a peculiar pleasure of its own, opening up revelation after revelation of minute wonders in endless succession.

The advance in bee knowledge, which has been accompanied by so many improvements in apiculture, began with the observation of the insects outside the hives, the dissection of dead bees, and the study of their anatomy. The first man to throw a flood of light upon the doings of bees inside the hive was, strange to say, a blind man. Unable to see for himself, François Huber conducted his ingenious series of experiments by the aid of a faithful servant named Burnens. He constructed a hive of which a good idea can be obtained by taking twelve shallow wooden boxes, each about the size of a volume of GOOD WORDS, and removing the top and bottom of each. The wooden parallelograms, or "frames," thus acquired (each of which is intended to hold one honeycomb), should then be stood up on their sides, like a row of books, and fitted together so as to form a cube-shaped box; and, finally, the bottoms of two of the shallow boxes should be used to close up the ends. Huber's "frames" were hinged together, so that they could be opened out like the leaves of a book.

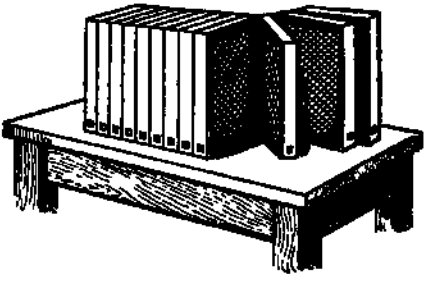


Fig. 1.—Huber's leaf-hive.*

The facilities for examination afforded by such an arrangement, though considerable, were far from perfect. Bees have a habit of sealing up all cracks and interstices in the walls of their hives with a resinous substance termed "propolis," which they collect from the buds and bark of trees, and so tightly would the frames be glued together in such a hive as we have described that they would have to be forcibly prised open whenever an inspection was made. The result would be that the hive and its contents would be jarred—a thing above all others to be avoided by the observer, because nothing irritates and excites the bees so much as a shaking or a jarring of the hive. The credit of originating the idea of separable combs rests with Huber; but notwithstanding his assertion that his peculiar hives could be opened without difficulty and without much jolting, it cannot be doubted that the modern hives are immensely improved in these respects.

In the modern bar-frame hive the frames are rectangular, like Huber's, but the top bar of each frame is made about two inches longer than the bottom bar, so that the top bar has two projecting ends (Fig. 2). The frames, instead of being hinged together, are placed side by side, but without touching one another, in a hive just large enough to hold them, and the projecting ends of the top bars rest on the sides of the hive

* The little square hole at the bottom corner of each leaf is either stopped with a plug or used as an entrance for the bees.

(*Fig. 3*). A piece of stout cloth is laid over the tops of the frames to confine the bees, and the whole is covered by a moveable roof to keep out the wet. When it is desired to examine the hive, the roof is removed and the cloth quietly peeled off. The bee-keeper can then lift out the frames one by one by taking the projecting ends between his fingers and thumbs. If the operation is gently performed, and all shaking or jarring is scrupulously avoided, the bees will be perfectly quiet. An expert will examine hive after hive in this manner, unprotected by veil or gloves, without irritating a single bee. Some bees are naturally more savage than others, and have to be quieted with a little smoke or carbolic acid. But the secret of success in the manipulation of bar-frames lies in quietness and gentleness, and the avoidance of all darting motions of the hands. Until the bar-framed hive was introduced it was not possible to examine the interior or extract honey without jolting; but the prevention of jolting is by no means the only or the chief merit of the new system. Its chief merit lies in the fact that, each comb being separate, any given comb can be removed and all the combs can be rearranged and transposed at the will of the operator. When the comb in one of the frames is full of honey the bees have merely to be brushed off as softly as possible with a feather, and the cappings of the cells pared off with a carving-knife, and the honey can then be got out by a machine invented for the purpose, called an "extractor," in which the frame is made to revolve rapidly, so that the honey is thrown out by centrifugal force.

The improvements which have rendered the interior of the hive so accessible, and the certainty of obtaining a splendid harvest of honey at a small outlay, would still appeal in vain to amateurs if there were no means of avoiding the risk of being stung. The effects of stings vary with different constitutions. While some people are scarcely troubled at all, others suffer great pain. The swelling and irritation sometimes last for days, and

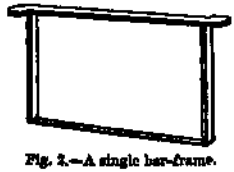


Fig. 2.—A single bar-frame.

cases are on record in which stings have even proved fatal. It is essential, therefore, that a complete protection of some kind should be provided. Such protection is afforded by

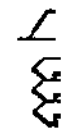


Fig. 3.—Modern double-walled bar-frame hive.*

the veil and gloves, but not without corresponding drawbacks. The veil interferes with the sight and breath, and the gloves, which must be thick, are a serious impediment in delicate operations. Fortunately, a substance has recently been discovered, known as "methyl salicylate," which renders them both unnecessary. A few drops of this oily liquid rubbed over the face and hands make it almost impossible for the bees to sting. The microscope has revealed the existence of two little palpi or feelers, which stand sentinel on either side of the sting of the bee. When a bee is about to sting, these palpi are the first to come into contact with the surface which is attacked, and they convey to the bee, by reflex action, the intelligence that that surface is "stingable" or otherwise. And as the effect of the methyl salicylate is to convey to the bee, through the palpi, the false impression that the skin is a wooden or dead surface, the sting, instead of being inserted, is involuntarily withheld. The eminent aparian, Mr. Cheshire, to whom the discovery is due, in order to test the efficacy of the antidote, took some pains to irritate a particularly vindictive hive of bees until they darted against his hands "like pellets from a pop-gun;" yet he only received one sting.

To Mr. Cheshire is also due the credit of discovering a remedy for, and removing all doubt as to the nature and origin of the terrible disease known as "foul-brood," which was formerly thought to be incurable. Until

* The hive is viewed from above. Three frames are shown in position, together with a division board, or "dummy," which should be placed immediately in rear of the last frame. The space between the inner and outer walls of the hive is usually packed with corn-dust.

quite lately, a hive attacked by foul-brood was supposed to be doomed to speedy extinction; and fortunate was the bee-keeper who succeeded in preventing it from spreading to all his hives in turn. The approved remedy was to destroy the infected bees and burn the hive and its belongings. That the disease is contagious has long been known. Its origin has now been traced to a microscopic organism of the bacterian type (*Bacillus alvei*). Attempts have been made to combat it by fumigating the hives with the fumes of salicylic acid, but this method is cumbrous, and has seldom been attended with complete success. Mr. Cheshire recommends the use of absolute phenol. This substance should be dissolved in the usual bee-food, consisting of sugar boiled in water in the proportion of a pound of sugar to rather more than half a pint of water; and the mixture should be poured into the cells of the diseased combs. All the remedies which have been suggested, phenol, carbolic acid, camphor, and salicylic acid, are powerful antiseptics, and all have in some cases proved efficacious, but phenol has so far produced the most satisfactory results. In the few recorded instances in which it has failed there is reason to believe either that the directions for its use were not properly attended to, or else that the ravages of the disease had been allowed to proceed so far, from neglect, that a recovery could not reasonably be expected.

From among the many other discoveries which have helped to revolutionize bee-keeping we will select two only—the prevention of swarming and the introduction of foreign breeds. The importance of being able to control the swarming propensities of bees cannot be overestimated. In most districts the honey-flow, that is the period during which honey is gathered in sufficiently large quantities to admit of the surplus being stored, lasts only a few weeks. The hope and aim of the bee-keeper should be to manage his bees in such a manner as to make each colony as strong as possible during the honey-flow, for if just at this critical juncture a swarm is given off, the population remaining in the hive will be too weak in numbers to gather in a satisfactory harvest. No absolutely infallible method of preventing this calamity has been established, for when once the bees are possessed of the swarming fever nothing will stop them, but several plans have been suggested which reduce the risk to a minimum; and the simplest is to give the bees plenty of ventilation and plenty of room. In the breeding season the rate at which the colony multiplies is extraordinarily rapid. A few weeks will suffice to double a population of 35,000. Just at this time the bee-keeper should keep adding frames of empty comb or foundation at intervals, so that the bees never feel cramped for space, and the heat of the hive is never raised to fever pitch.

The question of swarming brings us to the consideration of the varieties of foreign bees which have lately been introduced into the country, all of which are more addicted to swarming than our native race. The first arrival was the Italian or Ligurian bee, imported from the north of Italy by Mr. Woodbury in 1859. It is smaller than the common black bee, and has three golden rings round the abdomen. It is extremely prolific, mild in disposition, and an active honey-gatherer. The Syrian and Cyprian bees, introduced in 1882 by Mr. Benton, and considered by some authorities to be the handsomest of all the domestic bees, are also remarkably prolific, and very energetic foragers. Unlike the Ligurians, they possess a resentful temper; and they are singular in being the only race which cannot be subjugated by smoke. The mildest of all the foreign varieties are those known as Carniolans. They are so gentle that they can be managed without either veil or smoke, but it is unfortunate that they are excessively addicted to swarming, even more so than the Ligurians and Cyprians. This is the principal fault of the foreign bees, but in other respects they are so superior to the black bee that their importation should on the whole be considered a great boon to bee-keepers.

Although on the whole a great advance has been made in apiculture, a study of the *British Bee-keeper's Journal* for the last two years reveals the fact that much still remains to be done. That the science has arrived at a stage from which avenues of improvement open themselves in all directions is evident from the fact that in matters of detail there is a singular want of unanimity among its exponents. On almost every point rival theorists are fiercely at variance. The champions of the Ligurians, Carniolans, or Syrians will not listen patiently to the slightest detraction from the merits of their favourites. The advocates of salicylic acid laugh to scorn the champions of phenol or camphor. If by any mischance a hive becomes queenless, and it is necessary to introduce a new queen, the puzzled amateur is confronted by conflicting recommendations as to the proper course to be adopted. If he desires to establish a new

hive, and wishes to obtain the best possible kind, he finds himself in doubt between the "combination" system, the "storifying" system, the Stewarton principle, the Heddon principle, and many others, between which, after all, there is very little to choose. When it becomes necessary to feed the bees he is distracted by the advocates of dry-sugar-feeding on the one hand and syrup-feeding on the other. A typical question which has raised the most vehement discord is the use of reversible frames. The bees construct the comb in such a manner that the mouth of the cell is a little higher than the base. There is a downward and inward slope, so that when the honey is put in it will not readily flow out. If the comb be placed upside down the bees, it is said, will take out the honey and store it afresh in another part of the hive; and advantage is taken of this to induce the bees to fill certain square boxes (technically known as "sections" and placed on the tops of the frames) with honey intended to be sold "in the comb." But whether there is on the whole any gain, whether the bees really will remove the honey, and whether there are not serious drawbacks, all these points are keenly disputed. Again, let us suppose that an amateur has surmounted all his difficulties, and has sent a sample of his honey to compete for a prize at a show. On inquiring what are the points of good honey he finds that no two judges are precisely agreed. One says that the honey should be liquid; another prefers it granulated. One likes a "creamy-white" colour, another "pale-straw," and a third "light-amber." In the matter of flavour, as might naturally be supposed, there are still wider disagreements, due to the differences of individual tastes.

In estimating the significance of these disputes, and the reality of the progress which is being made in our knowledge of bees, it is necessary to discriminate between bee-keeping as an art and the study of bees as a science. In the art many points may fairly be open to dispute, but in the science every point must be decided by the weight of evidence, and false theories must immediately give way as soon as proof of their falsity is brought forward. Over the natural history of bees there is no such wrangling as the art of bee-culture appears to provoke. The number of inquirers is legion, and our knowledge of the subject advances steadily from point to point. The last few years have witnessed the downfall of many traditional errors. For example, the supposition that the bee is intelligent has been disproved by Sir John Lubbock, who has shown that no animal is so rigidly regulated in all its doings by instinct. Again, it was long supposed that the queen bee was the ruler of the hive, commanding her subjects autocratically, and even dispensing justice. Some writers have said that she is attended by a small circle of bees (the number has been fixed at twelve, and they have been called the Twelve Apostles), and that these bees always stand in a ring round the queen, facing inwards, to ward off intruders. The queen has now, however, been stripped of all the attributes of majesty, and appears as a simple mother-bee, with her functions strictly limited to the laying of eggs. It is true that wherever she goes the bees nearest to her turn towards her, and offer food from their tongues; but false that she is followed about by a body of attendants. Errors have likewise been exposed with regard to the alleged mathematical accuracy of the cell-shape, the construction of the queen's cocoon, the function of the honey-mouth in the bee's stomach, the action of the bee's tongue, the use of the antennæ-scraper in the fore-leg, the changing of their skin by the larvæ, the nature of honeydew, and many other points which cannot here be enumerated.

However much they may differ in other matters, all bee-keepers will agree that bee-keeping is a most fascinating pursuit. An old French writer, De Gélieu, once remarked, that he had never met a bee-keeper who loved his bees moderately; they were all enthusiastic devotees. Certain it is that a beehive is a little kingdom filled with the most astonishing marvels. The study of it is endless. If it is a source of pride and of gain to its possessor, it is above all a wonder of wonders to the naturalist. So exquisite is the mechanism of a bee's organs and muscles, so varied and complicated, so mysterious and well-nigh inexplicable are its instincts, and so faithfully and beautifully does it perform its appointed work, that we can think of no branch of science the study of which is better calculated to arouse an inquirer to enthusiasm.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR MAY.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"Lead us not into temptation."—I.

Read Deut. viii. 1—6; Heb. xii. 1—13.

ARE we, then, to believe that our Father in heaven leads His children into temptation? The Bible boldly answers "Yes," and gives instances from Abraham to Christ, and from Job to St. Paul, which illustrate the fact. Our knowledge of life amply confirms the assertion.

But to gain a true understanding of this answer, we must realise the object for which *temptations* are appointed by God. A person may be tempted by another either for the purpose of making him fall or for the purpose of moral education. The first of these kinds of temptation we call seduction; in this way the devil tempts, and every wicked man or woman tempts. It was to prevent our attributing temptation to God in this sense—as Jews and Christians have sometimes attributed it—that St. James wrote, "Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man."

There were doubtless people then, as there are now, who thus blamed God. They might have twisted a text here and there, to give countenance to their belief. Or they might have sought proof elsewhere, and have asked, "Why have I been born with these passions? and why have my circumstances been so ordered as to expose me to temptations that have proved too much for me? If God is good, as you tell me, and if He is omnipotent as well as good, why have I not been saved from these evils?" So might many a poor child in the city slums reason, in whom the hereditary stamp of wicked tendencies seems formulated in the shape of the skull and in every feature of the countenance, and whose education from his mother's breast, whose very milk was drenched with alcohol, up to the last wild outburst of crime and debauchery, has been one long curse. May not such a man justly blame God that he had been so tried, without almost a chance of escape? But in such an extreme case we can without hesitation apply St. James's words, "God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth He any man." Circumstances are not laws. No man is left without a witness as to right and wrong, and each one is judged according to the opportunities he has had, not according to what he never possessed. Circumstances may be made stepping-stones leading upward. God does not tempt in order to ruin.

But there is another sense in which God does tempt, but it is for the purpose of moral education. Discipline implies trial, but it is trial whose end is perfection. Trials and temptations are in this light equivalent, for they prove, and in proving they educate. It was thus that Abraham was tempted, and his faith was deepened even when a thousand voices might have urged him to disobey. It was thus that Israel was led forty years in the wilderness, that through difficulties and privations they might learn how man does not live by bread alone, but by all that God appoints. And it was thus that Jesus was led into the wilderness, and His life became one long trial of sonship. "Though He were a Son, yet He learned obedience by the things which He suffered." Such temptations were the result of more than a divine permission; Christ received them as given Him by His Father. In so far as they brought solicitations to evil they had a Satanic side, but in so far as they were disciplinary they were divine.

We may thus perceive how, in the ordering of our lot in life, we may expect circumstances which try us, the tendency of which, if we are faithful, is to make us morally stronger and better; while they have, on the other hand, a side full of evil enticement, whereby, through the lusts and passions of our own wicked nature, or through the solicitudes of the devil, or of bad men and bad women, the trial which ought to have proved beneficial becomes the occasion of our fall. Every man is tempted in this evil sense "when he is led away of his own lust and enticed."

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Lead us not into temptation."—II.

Read Gen. xxii. 1—18; Matth. iv. 1—11.

But if the purpose of God, in educating us through temptation, is beneficent, it may be asked, Why, then, should we pray, "Lead us not into temptation"? Why not utter the braver request, "Lead us into the thick of the battle"? Do not spare such trials. Whatever the path may be, if it only brings to the highest places in Thy kingdom, lead Thou us on!"

Although these utterances may appear noble, they belong to the Stoic or fanatic, and are not the natural and filial prayer of those who realise their danger and their weakness. The Stoic might characterize the agony of Christ in Gethsemane as cowardice; we have learned to see in it the truest bravery. The Stoic may imagine it would have been more heroic to have boldly demanded the cup in order to drink it off to its very dregs. But to us the "agony and bloody sweat" seem infinitely grander, as expressing the loathing with which that holy Soul was shrinking from spiritual suffering while, in calm resignation, He said, "Father, not my will, but thine be done." There is surely greater filial obedience in such agonised acceptance of the will of God than if there had been rash self-confidence demanding the trial, with the assertion of perfect ability to bear it.

And so, too, this petition, "Lead us not into temptation," is the prayer of true consecration—ready to follow, while dreading with a natural and humble dread our power to bear the trial. Such a spirit gives the best guarantee for success. Who does not understand this union of willingness with fear? Who that has ever stood on the brink of some great crisis in life, when he knew that a terrible strain would be put upon principle, does not know the perfect harmony between the desire to accept the will of God and the struggle against the hard path which His will appoints? Even when we know that the trial may prove ultimately rich in blessing we cannot help shrinking from it, and like children cry for help against our weakness. "Father, if it be possible, lead us not into this trial, nevertheless Thy will be done." When we leave theories and come to the actual experiences of men, we have no difficulty in recognising how a complete acknowledgment of the wisdom and beneficence of the Divine discipline can be joined with the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation."

We have said that temptations are part of our probationary discipline, testing, and so strengthening, principle. No one can tell what principle really means until it has been tried. It was by trial that the faith of Abraham, and the patience of Job, and the obedience of Christ were learned and deepened as well as manifested. But we must not misunderstand the word "probation," as if it implied the proving of how much any one can stand, as an engineer tries the strength of a chain by the greatness of the strain it can bear. Nothing can be more dishonouring than to attach such a meaning to the trials appointed by God, and to imagine Him watching—shall one say it?—as a detective might watch for a symptom of failure. And yet this is the horrible representation sometimes given of His ways, apportioning an eternal heaven or an eternal hell according to the successes or failures that sum up a series of such "tests." This is the reverse of the Scriptural conception of probation, which is essentially educative. In this light all circumstances rightly used become powers to strengthen us in what is good. It is not to see whether we fail or not that God deals with us, but in order to purify and bless. This education by trial is universal. There is no place, no condition of life which is exempt from its influence. Christ was tempted on the pinnacle of the Temple as well as in the solitude of the desert. Judas was one of the twelve even as St. John was one of the twelve. Great wealth is as full of danger as great poverty. The happy medium of comfort without extremes often tends to a stagnant calm visited by no vital breeze of salutary difficulty. Robust health may bring a coarse confidence, and a bed of sickness does not make sanctity easy. The busy man has his snares as well as the idle. Pulpit and pew have each their peculiar temptations. There may be circumstances which accumulate trial, as there are crises and hours in life of peculiar difficulty. But it is cowardly to cry out against our circumstances, or against the age we live in, and to fancy that faith was easier long ago; or to draw back our neck from the yoke of our own every-day duty, imagining that under some other kind of yoke we would be better men. It is not the race given another you have to run, but the race which has been set before you, and you may be sure that it will prove the best possible. It is by this one, and not another, God would educate you. Look at Christ. All the circumstances of life were against Him. He was as really tried as the poorest and weakest mortal on earth is tried, and His strength was just that which the poorest and weakest may possess, for it was the strength of One who was willing to have no strength at all in Himself, but to be simply as a child, accepting what His Father appointed. His was the grandeur of obedience and complete dependence. He "emptied" Himself of every resource but the will of the Father, and was made "perfect by suffering." That cross is our guide to victory and its pledge. "In hoc signo prevalebis."

But there may be some who imagine their difficulties are greater than any we have

described. A man may say, "No one knows how terrible my fight is, and with what strong crying and tears I have battled for victory; and, after all, it seems in vain. Alas! for the tyranny of evil habits, for the solicitations of evil companions, and for the network of evil surroundings which encompass me! There is no use in my trying, for I have tried and failed." And yet, dreadful as these experiences may be, it is not too much to say that these very circumstances may prove to be the most beneficial. For there is a salutary influence in the increased suffering which habit imposes on those who have hitherto yielded to its power, but who are seeking now to resist it. The struggle may be painful as purgatory, but like purgatory, it is for purging away. Safety may be "plucked from this nettle danger." Not that any one should dare to risk temptations that can by possibility be avoided. Our Lord is very strict when He tells us to pluck out the right eye or to cut off the right hand which causes us to offend, rather than make shipwreck of the soul; and the cutting off a companion whose influence is bad, or the separating oneself from an environment which is morally corrupt, may sometimes be as difficult as literal obedience to such a command. The necessity, however, is obvious. Temptations which come to us in the way of duty must be viewed in a different light, for as we meet them we can take comfort from the assurance that He who leads us in the path of life will, "with the temptation make a way of escape." He will give us grace according to our day, and will not suffer those who trust and obey Him to be tempted "more than they can bear."

THIRD SUNDAY.

"Deliver us from evil."—I.

Read Is. lviii. 1—11; St. Matth. xxv. 31 to end.

The translation in the Revised Version, "Deliver us from the evil one," does not make any substantial alteration in the meaning of the petition; but, whether from familiarity, or from the more general character of the expression, we prefer the old rendering.

In one light it is a cry of sorrow, in another it is the utterance of a glorious hope.

Usually some such cry comes first in our own prayers. It is the last of all the petitions in the prayer our Lord has taught us. We feel the immediate presence of sin, and the longing for deliverance naturally finds earliest expression; but it was different with Christ. Although no one felt sin as He felt it or came so completely under a sense of the burthen which weighs upon humanity, yet He knew as we cannot know that it is not evil but goodness which is eternal. We live under the clouds and mists of earth, and feel as if they were dominant, but His Spirit dwelt in the light of God, and was able to see earth in its due proportion. And so He lays the foundation of His great prayer on the strong rock of abiding righteousness. It begins by lifting our thoughts away from ourselves to the Father in heaven—to His name, and kingdom, and will; and it ends by telling us that His are the kingdom, the power, and the glory. He would thus give us courage, assuring us that it is not the devil, but God who reigns for ever and ever. This valley of earth, which is so often filled with the shadows of death, is not the whole universe. Christ therefore did not place evil first, as if it were our master. He enthrones God, and in Him He gives us confidence that sin shall not have dominion over us.

The prayer "Deliver us from evil" may refer either (1) to the evils which affect humanity, or (2) to those which burden the individual conscience.

(1) "Deliver us from evil" has been the cry of humanity in all ages, expressed in many a social struggle, and in many a war, as well as in prayer to God. The history of civilisation has been the narrative of the long battle waged by the race for deliverance from the great army of selfish wrongs, the tyrannies, and unnumbered sufferings under which it has been crushed. Sometimes the evils of the world seem so great that we are tempted to lose faith in any deliverance, and to accept them as inevitable. When the moral instincts become blunted, or when the disappointments of loving toil produce despair, then we are disposed to adopt any degrading philosophy that would teach us to leave things alone, while it sneers at the enterprise of the missionary and philanthropist. "Such things have been," they say, "and such they will always be. You cannot alter them. Drunkenness, no doubt, runs riot, and the poor lie fallen beneath the social wheel, and dishonesty and scoundrelism are rampant. Be it so! The world can never be a Utopia. Why trouble yourself? Eat, drink, and make merry." And then selfishness closes its doors and holds its revels, and things are allowed to go on till the cry for deliverance becomes the cry for revolution, and the earth shakes to the tread of the thousands who sing their "*Ça ira*" to the startling and confusion of all such cynical dreamers.

Or it may be that the wrongs and sufferings of humanity, to which they had turned a deaf ear, are brought near to themselves in another manner. Commercial ruin overwhelms the house of Dives, and plunges it into the poverty it had hitherto regarded from afar. Then it knows perforce what the selfishness of the world means. Or, still more terribly, one of their own dear circle sinks before their eyes into the horrible whirlpool of pollution, and they are forced to gaze, face to face, upon sights of human shame and wickedness until they know as they never knew before, that there can be no saying of "Peace! Peace!" to any evil, and that they and all men have to do with the sin of the world.

But there is surely another and better way of learning that we must all take part in the great battle against wrong, and join heart and soul in the prayer of our common humanity, "Deliver us from evil." That better way is through the Spirit of holy love, which keeps not itself aloof from the brother man, however low his place or however sinful his condition. As, in short, we share the Spirit of the Master, we will share His sorrow over the world. We will also come to share His grand hope of redemption, believing that those wrongs ought not to be there, for that they are against the will of the Father. The prayer "Deliver us from evil" will then become the battle-cry of coming victory. For the life of Christ was an unceasing warfare against disease, sorrow, pride, and selfishness. It was the assertion of a divine order in the midst of the devil's disorder. Every miracle He wrought was the "sign" of a kingdom of righteousness, and peace, and joy. It was thus that He "rebuked" disease and evil spirits, as if they were enemies. And it was to carry on this work of healing in society that He inspired His Church with His own Spirit of holy love and sent it forth into the world. And so it is that He teaches us to pray "Deliver us from evil," not deliver "me;" but He places us in the ranks, alongside of the suffering and miserable, and the very worst of our brothers and sisters, and makes us feel our oneness; that we have to do with one another; that the evil is ours as well as theirs; that we must be united in the cry for deliverance, and united also with all who pray this prayer, in the work of delivering man from the devil and every evil.

It is a true saying of a living statesman that the two greatest and worthiest spheres of human interest are religion and politics, because they both have to do with the amelioration of the evils of the world. There is no nobler work than thus to be a fellow-worker with God in His kingdom. And we may be thankful that politicians are daily recognising more fully the true mission of their science, and that religion is also becoming broader in its aims and more like Christ, Who vindicated the sacredness of things which ecclesiastics have so often termed secular. Religion is learning the spiritual value of every lesson taught by the sociologist, sanitarian, and physiologist. It is learning that it has to do more than to tell this man and that how he may be safe when he dies, for that its function is essentially to save society from the evils under which it groans, and in the name of God the Father to bring to it that complete redemption, of which the life and death of Jesus Christ were at once the highest expression, as they form also the only sure instrument for its accomplishment.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"Deliver us from evil."—II.

Read Psalm li.; St. Matth. xv. 1-20.

This petition includes the cry of the individual soul seeking deliverance from its own sin, as well as the cry of humanity to which our attention was directed in the previous Reading. Indeed there is no more contemptible creature than the man whose eyes are on the ends of the earth, while he overlooks the evils of his own heart or of his own home. He is worse than the selfish religionist. Christ calls him a hypocrite who is for ever trying to pull out the mote from a brother's eye and neglects the beam that is in his own. Such are they who shout for all kinds of public reform, but forget the reformation of their own lives and of their own homes, which are emphatically the matters for which they are primarily responsible. Nay, the key to the right understanding of the evils and difficulties of others is to be found in a true appreciation of our own. We cannot well bear the burdens of others till we have been taught how each man "must bear his own burden."

It is easy enough to pray this petition in word. We have all said it to God from our infancy, "Deliver us from evil;" but when we reflect on it we may be astounded at our insincerity, for we are met with the plain question, Do you wish to be delivered from your evil—not from the consequences of the evil, but from the evil itself? Do you wish to be delivered from your selfishness and to be made loving and self-sacrificing? Do you wish to be delivered from your greed and

from that spirit which resists every demand on your money or your time as if it were an inroad on your rights? Is it that you really desire God to make you generous, so that when you are asked to give what imposes some sacrifice in order to aid this mission or charity, you do not resent the request as an intrusion but meet it gladly? Do you wish to be made pure and humble and considerate, or, to put it in one word, do you wish to be made like Christ?

It is certainly a mockery to pray to God to deliver us from such evils if we mean quite the opposite, and all the while intend to go on as we have always done, imagining that we have satisfied the claims of religion because we have joined in the service during which this prayer has been said.

On the other hand, if we are in earnest, and if God who searches the heart sees that we are in truth fighting against sin, recognising it as our enemy, then however sorely we may be pressed, we can and ought to use this petition not only as the intense expression of our wants, but with a glorious confidence, assured that He will deliver us. It may sometimes appear a desperate battle; we may be tempted to think that there is no use in our trying to gain the victory, for we have tried so often and have so often failed; but we must remember in such moments that true deliverance is never given as an immediate or speedy result. If we are willing to be taught and led by God, He will teach us and educate us and deliver us; but this cannot be done at once, nor will it be accomplished without our being fellow-workers with Him in our own salvation.

When David prayed "Create in me a clean heart," the answer came by means of a long and severe education. Nathan indeed pronounced at once the blessed word of pardon, but the cleansing of that soul from all sympathy with evil was through a fearful experience. When St. John and St. James desired high places in the kingdom of Christ their prayer was granted, but it was through trials which they had never anticipated. St. Peter was also saved from the self-confidence which so often betrayed him, but it was through a process which in humbling that rash soul worked in him perfect self-forgetfulness and obedience. "When thou wast young thou girdedst thyself and walkedst whither thou wouldst; but when thou shalt be old, thou shalt stretch forth thy hands, and another shall gird thee and carry thee whither thou wouldst not." And it is thus that God will answer our "Deliver us from evil" if we pray it sincerely. He grants immediate forgiveness, but the deliverance of the soul, which is another word for sanctity, is never accomplished at once, and yet accomplished it certainly shall be if we surrender ourselves to the guidance of His perfect will.

Jesus Christ would never have taught us so to pray if there was no deliverance possible. The prayer is, therefore, itself a pledge of victory. He who has begun the good work in us by giving us the desire for freedom will certainly perfect that work if we will only follow on whore He leads us. He will "perfect that which concerns us." The refusal to believe this fully will not only hinder its accomplishment, but is at the outset a token of a deeper unbelief. There are worse Atheists than those who usually take that name; for that is Atheism which is without faith in God as being able and willing to deliver us from all evil, and which would make the struggles of Christian life aimless as a whirligig of atoms, like

> "The dust that rises up,
> And is lightly laid again."

There is often much of this Atheism in our practical Christianity. We see it in our want of faith in the victory of the good; we can trace it in every suspicion of evil being somehow eternal and that we need not try to be its conquerors. Such unbelief would be justifiable only on the supposition that there is no God and that Christ has lived and died in vain. But when we pray this prayer, "Our Father, which art in heaven, Thy kingdom come," we are expressing our belief in One mightier than the devil and all his works—in One Whose is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever and ever, and Who will deliver us and all men if we are willing to be His children and to be taught and educated by Him. As we grasp the grace that is in our Lord Jesus Christ—surrendering ourselves to that which we thus grasp—then surely "sin shall not have dominion over us." We have to realise that the contest which is given to each of us is part of the great battle of God, and that He is with us in it.

> "Thrice blest is he to whom is given
> The instinct that can tell
> That God is on the field, when He
> Is most invisible.
>
> "Blest, too, is he who can divine
> Where real right doth lie,
> And dare to take the side that seems
> Wrong to man's blindfold eye.
>
> "For right is right, since God is God,
> And right the day must win;
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—DRIFTING.

WHEN the laird, as Miss Dallas liked to call her boy, came back, he found his cousin and her companion inundated with work. Flannel of various shades was cut into unintelligible shapes, and piles of wool of every hue were gradually developing into comforters and mittens. Phyllis was so busy sorting out the things that she could hardly shake hands with him; but when after dinner he joined them in the boudoir, and found them still busy, he summarily took the wool away and cleared a space in front of Phyllis, saying as he did so—

"Your devotion to the tenantry must not come into competition with that to the laird, Miss Trevylian. I have been away for a week and now I want you to sing to me."

"Oh, but the things will never be finished, Sir Bernard."

"I don't care. Charity begins at home. I do not see why I should be left out in the cold because a certain number of children require mufflers."

Phyllis looked up laughing and blushing. That she was pleased to have him back was evident. There was a sweet contented air about her, and her laugh as melodious as a bird's trill. She seemed quite happy to be ordered by him, preferring him as master, so he thought, to either friend or lover. But he was glad to see her bright, frank face, anything being better than the distant, half-suspicious look it sometimes wore. So long as he treated her in an off-hand, *bon camarade* manner she was willing to do his behests and please him to the best of her ability. Whenever he advanced she retreated, if he stood still she made a step forward. He could have laughed had he not been so thoroughly in earnest. He could not see the end of it; it seemed ignominious for him to temporise so long. As he sat listening to her singing he made up his mind that by the New Year he would know his fate. He rose and joined her at the piano.

"Now for some duets, Miss Trevylian."

"Please sing alone, Sir Bernard; it is a much greater treat."

"For you perhaps, but not for me."

Then she said hurriedly—

"Shall I play the accompaniment?"

"I will." He seated himself on the music-stool.

"We only want Nancy here to perfect it. The trios will get quite rusty again. Her voice blends so well with yours."

"Will you allow me to be satisfied with my present company?" said Sir Bernard, smiling. "Too many sweet things at a time might cloy. Is Miss Greatorex keeping well?"

Phyllis became grave. "Dr. White is anxious for her to winter abroad, but she will not hear of it. Our Christmas festivities would not seem complete without her, would they?"

Sir Bernard saw she was still harping upon this string. Cost what it might he must break it, so he quietly replied,

"She would be a great loss, no doubt, especially to you, as you are such friends, but the cause would be the saddest, and if her illness really became serious the effect upon her father would be terrible; he idolises her. It is fortunate she has contracted no dearer ties. I can fancy nothing more sad than for a man to see the girl he loves wasting away, with no power to save. There used to be a talk of Jack Markham and her, but I suppose that was only gossip."

"But you don't think Nan will die!"

With blanched cheek and dilated eyes Phyllis looked at Sir Bernard, so startled and distressed that he almost regretted his speech, so he toned it down a little.

"I hope not, Miss Trevylian, for the Squire's sake; but she should take every precaution. Her mother died of consumption. You should persuade her not to oppose the doctor's wishes; he is not an alarmist, and one has no right to throw one's life away. Falkland is too damp and relaxing, and this promises to be a raw winter."

"But it would seem as if I thought there was danger if I used my influence. No, no! you must not say Nan is dying!"

"I have not said so. Forgive me for wounding you. I only said she should not disdain precautions."

"But would you not have more power than I to persuade her?"

I? Certainly not. I know her but slightly, and to mention it to her father might after all only frighten him unnecessarily. She need not go till after the New Year if you are so very anxious for her to be one of us."

Phyllis at first had been too much shocked

to notice how entirely Sir Bernard had put himself out of the question as having any interest further than that of an ordinary acquaintance in Nan's presence or absence, but now it came on her like a blow, shattering her ideal fancies. Without a moment's thought she said—

"Would it so entirely be a matter of indifference to you?"

He looked at her earnestly. "Indifference? No. Who could see one so young and fair exiled, suffering, perhaps dying, unmoved; but the feeling would be compassion, nothing more."

"I beg your pardon," she said hastily. How very impertinent he must have thought her, she fancied.

"It is well, Miss Trevylian, that any such misconception should be cleared away. You will perhaps understand me better in future. Now for music to chase away these sombre prognostications. We will picture Miss Greatorex recovered, somebody's happy wife, and the delight of her father's old age. Come, 'St. Cecilia,' don't let me think I have saddened you."

That evening was like many others that followed, for though during the day it was not much Sir Bernard saw of Phyllis, except the waves of her dark hair and the tips of her fingers as she bent busily over her work, the after-dinner hours he claimed as his own.

How perilously sweet they were becoming to her she did not realise, she only knew she was happy, that the whole of the day seemed but a refrain of the evening's harmony, and that the dull level grey of the winter seemed impregnated with a light that required no sun to kindle it. She felt herself encompassed with a quiet, unassuming care, a gentle watchfulness, very unobtrusive, but that had become the very essence of her life. Whither she was drifting she had no conception, all she felt only seemed to say how good Sir Bernard was, how she had misjudged him; he could not have been cruel at any time without strong provocation. She no doubt was a bad woman, that Madame de Marcie. He must have been justified in his action. She little knew how these thoughts coloured her looks and ways to him. Her eyes brightened at his approach, and her manner became full of winning gentleness, as if anxious to make up for any doubts she might have had.

Sir Bernard found an intense pleasure in watching her half-shy advances. He preserved the same frank, masterful attitude, luring her on to an apparent state of friendship, till he saw he had become necessary to her, when he could drop the mask.

At last Christmas drew near, and Phyllis was at the Rectory helping Dot to finish and sort some presents for the poor when, unannounced, Jack entered. His sister flew up to him and gave him a good hug. He embraced her affectionately, but his eyes looked over her shoulder to Phyllis, who advanced in her sweet, gracious fashion. What was the indefinable something about her that made him feel she was not the same Phyllis he had last seen? She met him frankly, with no shyness or reserve. He wished there had been. A pleased smile of welcome she gave him as he took her hand, but no blush or downward glance betokened any knowledge that his every feature shone with delight at meeting her.

"Jack, old fellow," remarked Dot, after surveying him critically; "you look fagged. Have you been dissipating or grinding too much, or setting your heart up as a target again?"

"Dot, one would think I lived at the sign of the Weathercock."

"Der Wind spielt mit der Wetterfahne auf meines Liebchens Haus," hummed she mischievously as her brother turned to Phyllis, saying—

"You would not endorse the accusation, I hope."

"I have not known you long enough to prove you, Jack. I am not sure that 'If you could not kiss the lips that you loved' you might not 'the lips that were near.'"

"Phyllis, you don't really think that!" The reproachful tone banished the spirit of raillery in which she had tried to meet him. Dreading a sentimental vein, she answered gently,

"Jack, I was only joking."

"Don't you coddle him, Phyllis," said saucy Dot; "he is the most inconstant of beings. From a wee boy in frocks he has been the devoted slave of somebody."

Fortunately at this juncture Mr. and Mrs. Markham entered, for Jack was in no mood for sparring.

Phyllis managed to slip away, as she thought, unperceived, but she had scarcely gained the lodge gates when she heard footsteps behind, and Jack, almost breathless, joined her.

"I could not let you walk—home," he was going to say, but that word he did not like her to associate with Castlemount, so he substituted—"back alone. Why were you in such a hurry?"

"I thought you would have so much to say to your parents, and it is already growing dusk."

"You don't object to my being escort?" he asked gloomily.

"No; I am glad." An awkward pause ensued, for Jack stalked along by her side like the ghost of some Byronic "Childe Harold." Nothing but the most commonplace remarks would come into her mind in disjointed fashion. "You are just in time to help us with the church decorations. I shall be down early to-morrow, Jack. Cartloads of evergreens are being cut in the wood and shrubberies. You received your invitation to the dance?"

At this Jack brightened. "Yes; you will give me the first waltz, Phyllis?"

"Are you so afraid that I shall be monopolised?" she asked gaily. "I shall be nobody that night, and"—making him a little curtsey—"at your service."

"How happy you look, Phyllis! there is something different about you; I don't know what exactly." His glance was quite pathetic in its wistful appeal.

"Is there? I think I am looking forward to the next ten days. I feel like coming out, you know; I have been so quiet all my life that what others would think nothing of is to me quite dissipation; and besides, Nan is so much better, and is to spend a day or two with us next week."

"What made you send me such a cool, formal letter, Phyllis?" asked Jack suddenly.

"Did I? I am sorry if you thought so."

The sound of wheels broke abruptly upon their conversation. The dog-cart, driven rapidly, came up and stopped short. How Phyllis welcomed the familiar voice!

"Miss Trevylian, is that you? Oh, Markham is with you; that's all right." Sir Bernard stooped and shook Jack's hand. "Glad to see you; your people are coming on Thursday to back me up at the tenants' dinner; you will be of the party, of course. I need not send a formal invitation. There will be dancing afterwards, so we shall be the better of your help. Now, Miss Trevylian, I will drive you home."

He stretched out his hand to her. Jack hoped she would say she preferred to walk, but he little knew how thankful Phyllis was for the Baronet's intervention.

She accepted his invitation with alacrity, and sprang lightly up, calling out in parting, "I will be at the church as early as I can, Jack."

It was not the shadow of the increasing darkness that rested on Jack's face, as he watched the careful way in which, even for the short distance, she was wrapped up. The very bend of Sir Bernard's head towards her seemed to have something of tenderness in it. Poor Jack felt very forlorn as he turned homeward, as if he had tumbled into the slough of despond, with very little prospect of being pulled out at the right side. He was only three-and twenty, and when one is young the flesh is more tender and the knife seems to cut deeper. Though the wound be more easily healed, the momentary pang is sharper. He felt, as Mr. Danby had done, what a pull Sir Bernard had over him. And yet Phyllis was not one to marry save for love, and surely she had cared something for him before *he* came. He was slightly consoled to think that she had not been too much occupied with her companion to turn round and wave her hand as the trap disappeared. At any rate he would see more of her the next day; they could work together.

But, alas, for human anticipations! Letitia Mackintosh appeared first on the scene, and kept Jack dangling after her, trying to get up a flirtation with him; but finding her efforts unavailing, played with him as a cat does with a mouse. She perfectly well knew in search of whom his eyes were always wandering to the door. So she said maliciously, "You are not back a bit too soon, Mr. Jack. Things have been going on well in a certain quarter during your absence."

Jack was on the point of somewhat haughtily asking her what she meant, when Sir Bernard and Phyllis entered.

"*Together*, you see," whispered poor Jack's tormenter; but she narrowly escaped a good shaking for her speech; she forgot that, poised on a ladder, she was at the mercy of the supporter. Jack let go his hold so abruptly that Miss Letitia nearly lost her balance. As it was she swayed, and had to catch hold of the nearest rung. Very spiteful she looked as the Baronet made his way to her, giving Jack a chance of escape, of which he was not slow to avail himself.

Dot and Jack were soon busy at the pulpit, while Phyllis, seated in an adjoining pew, was making tiny wreaths for the panels. Dot was the busiest, for her brother had to go down so often to see how Phyllis's work was progressing, and to select suitable sprays, until Sir Bernard came up. Seating himself by Phyllis he asked, "What is your special portion of the church to be decorated with, Miss Trevylian?"

I am thinking of the text, 'There was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God,' to be sewed on cardboard in holly and ivy berries, and sprays of ivy for the flourishes of the letters."

"I will draw it for you; you will do it at home, I suppose?"

Again that word "home." Jack could have gnashed his teeth. Her answer, given with a sweet upward glance, made him nearly knock the head off a nail he was driving in.

His sister looked merrily at him. "Who have you under that hammer, Jack? Some one's pericranium is suffering."

Phyllis, unconscious of the storm raging so near, was saying, "If you do not mind sacrificing your evening, I should like to do it to-night."

"Very well; while I am designing, you can be preparing the materials. We must not mind losing the sound of our own voices for once."

"Perhaps we shall hear the angels singing instead." Very softly it was spoken.

"Peace on earth, good will towards men. 'St. Cecilia,' the message will not be in vain for us, do you think?"

He was answered first by the clear shining of her eyes; then she said, "The other wording has a deeper meaning, 'Peace to men of good will.' Peace outside us is not of much use if we are in unrest." Her lips parted, and very tenderly she sang, "Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling." The sound of Jack's hammer fell very faintly, until Sir Bernard joined in a second under his breath. Then there was a sudden clatter; Jack had dropped his tools, and himself after them.

"I beg your pardon, Phyllis," he exclaimed, as he rose with flushed face; "do go on."

But the spell was broken, and her work being finished she left her place, and soon the party dispersed for luncheon: Phyllis to the Rectory, Sir Bernard back to Castlemount, to keep Miss Dallas company.

Brightly the lights of the Castle shone out on Christmas Eve. Outside, it was a still, murky night, but within, the old house resounded with noise and merriment. In the servants' quarters the olfactory nerves were tickled with the flavour of gastronomic juices, and the ears were saluted with the scraping sound of forms being pushed back, followed by ringing cheers. Sir Bernard and his party had just entered. He looked round, and for a moment his memory went back ten years, when he had stood there and uttered his maiden speech on his coming of age. A larger, more brilliant company had been the on-lookers: his mother, worn and pale, but with tears of joy and pride in her eyes, as she gazed on her son; his father, handsome but unsympathetic; and—that other. He gave a start; he almost thought he heard that wonderfully sweet siren voice; but it was only Phyllis saying something in an aside to Dot; and as he glanced at her he knew the past was dead, and that his mother was no longer first in his thoughts; but this knowledge could not wrong her who had taught him to value all that was true and pure and lovely in woman; and had he not chosen one worthy to be that mother's successor?

There was a sudden hush as the master began to speak, which he did in a simple, unaffected way.

"My friends," he began, "I hope you have done full justice to the Christmas fare which Mrs. Hawkins has had much pleasure in preparing for you. It is long—my own fault, I know—but the fact remains that it is some years since you and I, as landlord and tenants, have stood face to face. It is not always in these days, when class is set against class, that an absentee landlord can return and meet with so cordial a welcome and hear of so few grievances. I am sure I am indebted to Mr. Rogers for keeping things so smooth between us, and to the good sense and industry of yourselves. I hope in the future to be more among you, for however able an agent may be, there is nothing like personal knowledge to strengthen ties and prevent misunderstandings. If ever such should arise, you will always find that Bernard Maxwell is ready to meet you halfway. I wish you all a merry Christmas, and trust that the New Year may leave us as it finds us, with words of peace and good will ringing in our ears."

There was great thumping on the table till Mr. Rogers rose and briefly acknowledged Sir Bernard's mention of himself.

Then the oldest tenant, a miller, got on his legs, a somewhat laborious proceeding, from slight nervousness and a tendency to obesity. He began with a comprehensive bow. "Sir Bernard; ladies!" He looked towards the Castlemount party on being nudged in that direction by his spouse. Then came a full stop, as if waiting for the internal machinery to be wound up; but when he was fairly started he did very well. There was a ring of sincerity in his voice; not as if he had set himself to make a speech.

"It is more than fifty years since me and my father before me have lived at Skene Weir. We have seen good years and bad years, but never a bad landlord."—("Hear, hear," from some of the older men.)—"The Maxwells may have been wild and foolish, but they was always just and never hard: always ready to meet a man half-way, as Sir Bernard said. I am glad to hear he is going to live among us again. It is quite natural for young men to like to have their fling." This part of the speech met with general assent from the younger members of the party, Sir Bernard smilingly giving an encouraging "Hear!" but "Skene," as he was generally called, was not going to let them off so easily. Looking round, he continued: "But there is a time for pleasure and a time for dooty, as Solomon says; and now Sir Bernard can't do better than settle among us; and if he can find a wife like his mother—Lady Maxwell, sir," he turned to the laird again, "will never be forgotten by any of us;" a murmur of assent was heard—"we shall welcome her, and I'm sure she will never regret making Castlemount her home. Before I sit down, in the name of my fellow-tenants, I must wish you and Miss Dallas, who has been a kind and generous friend, every blessing. Next year another may stand in my place; I am not so young as I was; but old Skene will say to the end of his days, 'God bless the Maxwells!'" He sat down amid tremendous applause.

Sir Bernard replied with evident emotion, thanking them in Miss Dallas's name and his own for their kindly feelings towards himself and his family, more especially for the warm manner in which his mother's name had been received. "I only wish," he added, "that I had hitherto lived worthy of so true an example, but I trust in the future to justify the good opinion you have of the Maxwells." An irrepressible smile broke over his face. "I thank Mr. Cargill, of Skene Weir, for his advice regarding my selection of a wife. I can assure him I have not the smallest intention of remaining a bachelor, and I only hope that next Christmas Eve will find him as hale and hearty as now, to drink in a bumper the health of the Lady of Castlemount."

At this some knowing looks were exchanged, the young people at once jumping to the conclusion that Sir Bernard was already engaged. Jack stole a glance at Phyllis, who was listening to the speeches with great interest, but she only seemed pleased and sympathetic, not at all self-conscious, so he felt relieved. This was supposed to be the end of the proceedings, but a farmer rose, saying he did not think they should disperse without wishing the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Markham all the good things of the season.

"If they had been fortunate in their landlord they might say the same of their Rector. Few villages could declare as they, that there was not one Dissenter among them, and why?" He looked round triumphantly, as if he alone had made the discovery. "No one wanted to leave the church of their fathers, for the Rector did his duty like a man; they felt he was one of them; many was the day they had played cricket together. They liked him because he was *thorough*; he did not let them play a bad game, any more than he allowed them to use a bad word. Out of the pulpit and in it he tried to keep them up to the mark. He thought there was not a cottage in all Castleton where the Rector was not looked upon as a friend. As to the 'little Missus,' as they all called her, he dared say she knew it"—Mrs. Markham nodded and smiled—"all they could say was, as old Skene had said of the Maxwells, 'God bless her!'"

Mrs. Markham's bright eyes clouded over, for she knew the speaker was thinking of a little grave where lay the motherless child that had died in her arms, the link of kindly sympathy between the farmer and the Rector's wife; and her husband certainly expressed her feelings when he said,

"My dear people, my wife could tell you much better than I how much we appreciate your kindness, but I know she has a lump in her throat, if I may judge her sensations by my own. For five-and-twenty years we have stood together in storm and sunshine. Thank God, the storms have been but few, and we ask nothing better than to spend the remaining portion of our lives among you as long as strength is given us to do our duty, and now"—the Rector looked at his audience with earnest affectionateness—"I want you to give us a silver wedding present that I shall value even more than that which your generous thoughtfulness devised last summer, and that is a *proof* that we have not laboured among you in vain. There is a man at the present moment expiating a sin, but no punishment that his fellow-men can inflict is as hard to bear as his remorse which is apt to lead him to despair, and despair rarely leads to repentance of a saving nature. Some would say, when he has paid the penalty of his crime, if you think him worth troubling about provide him with means to

emigrate; start him in a new world; but, my friends, this man's salvation lies in a newly filled grave: you see the cross in the churchyard yonder marked with the ever-encouraging prayer, 'Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.' Now will you help us to save this sinner? Let him that is without sin cast the first stone. Will you let him live in the shadow of that cross till by the mercy of God he is brought to its foot a saved soul? I ask you, if you are sincere in your professions of regard for the minister and his wife, not to rob them of one jewel in the crowns they hope to lay at their Master's feet, for this man's soul God has delivered to us, and He will ask us, 'Where is thy brother, thy brother who had not thy advantages, who had germs of good in him, the good my spirit planted, but which your Pharisaism uprooted by the devil's help?' My friends, I want you to hold out a kindly hand, not rudely, harshly, to tear aside the bandages with which the good Physician has bound up the wounds, lest the stricken one should bleed to death, not to undo the swaddling bands that enclose this shivering new-born soul, but by bringing the milk of human kindness to sustain, the touch of sympathy to heal and comfort, warming and clothing this new life with the glow of a divine love, with the raiment of the Christian graces. I plead with you for Gaffer Derring; he has sinned much, he has suffered much; but I feel sure if you will not destroy the germ of good rooted in that silent grave, he will love much, because much forgiven." There was a murmur and an answering thrill among the assembled men and women; they had rarely seen their Rector so much moved, so impassioned in his pleading. Seeing the impression he had made, he continued, "I would not have you do it for reward, but I would have you remember the words, 'Sick and in prison, and ye visited me'—not physical ill-health, not bolts and bars, and solid masonry, for stone walls do not a prison make, so long as the unfettered soul can soar beyond and above them, but moral sickness, the cruel slavery of sin, these constitute still more a living death, an awful bondage, and to be the nursing fathers and the nursing mothers of such poor captive souls will bring us the highest guerdon, beyond all human recognition or praise, the 'Well done, good and faithful servant.' My friends, you will give me the proof I ask?"

There was perfect silence for a moment after the Rector ceased speaking, then came a murmur of "We'll do our best, sir; we won't throw up anything agin him, but let him start fair."

"Thank you, my people; my wife and I will try and make it easy for you, and my dear pupil, your landlord, has kindly promised to find him some employment on the estate by which he may gain an honest living. Three cheers for Sir Bernard."

Then there was a general shaking of hands and expression of mutual good wishes, terminating the first part of the proceedings—Sir Bernard leading Miss Dallas, the others following to the ball-room, where the younger members of the different families awaited them. The ladies seated themselves on a dais erected at one end while the host and Jack mingled with the dancers. Dot's feet were tingling to join. Seeing her eager face Sir Bernard went up.

"Miss Markham, they are playing a capital waltz, will you take a turn?"

Dot was only too delighted. Jack immediately followed suit with Phyllis, and Mr. Rogers, catching the infection, actually summoned up courage to ask the Rector's wife. She at first declared she had forgotten how, but she did not require much persuasion, and soon was footing it as deftly as the rest, much to their admiration. Miss Dallas vowed she would like to get up and show them how to dance a reel; their dancing sadly lacked *go*, and the want of the bagpipes was a real deprivation; there was a great lack of originality in the Southron terpsichorean art; but in spite of all, she looked well pleased, and her eyes melted into tenderness as she watched her boy; never had he looked so lighthearted. Soon the ladies retired, the gentlemen remaining some time longer. It was nearly midnight before the Markhams left. After seeing them off, Miss Dallas stood leaning on Sir Bernard's arm, listening to the church bells ushering in the Christmas morn; no word was spoken till Mansell said softly,

"This time next year, Bernard, your wife may be beside you; a Maxwell never fails of his purpose."

He gently stroked the soft, withered hand, and his eyes sought Phyllis; but she had crept quietly away, and through the great hall stole "The Agnus Dei."

Phyllis dreamt that night that Sir Bernard had brought home his bride, and woke to find her pillow wet with tears.

CHAPTER XVIII.—SIR BERNARD DEMANDS PAYMENT.

"My first Christmas Day for some years with my boy, but not the last, I hope," said

Miss Dallas, leaning affectionately on her young kinsman's arm, Phyllis on her other side. The three were pacing up and down the terrace after morning service, and though the day was not suggestive even of winter, much less of Christmas tide, for a mild greyness was the dominant tone, yet there was no lack of cheerfulness in the hearts of the trio.

"Never alone again, Margaret, I trust," said Sir Bernard.

"I am content with you—and Phyllis," responded she.

"Yes; we could not do without St. Cecilia, could we?"

Phyllis laughed gaily. "I am afraid you will not get rid of me unless you send me away, because when you bring home the bride you spoke of, Mamsell will want me, won't you?"

"In any case, dear child."

"My wife would not quarrel with 'St. Cecilia,' I am sure, Miss Trevylian," said Sir Bernard, smiling.

Phyllis shook her head, and a slight twinge of pain, had she chosen to analyse she might have called it jealousy, woke in her heart; but she threw it aside, she would allow nothing to disturb her content. Mamsell's child, Sir Bernard's friend, what more could she desire? She felt to be learning what her lonely childhood had been unable to teach—how to enjoy in the active as well as the passive mood.

Nancy was not slow to see the change in her friend, and realised better than Phyllis the source of this sudden upspringing of happiness, and in her unselfish heart rejoiced that Sir Bernard would not have long to wait. And, not to cloud her brightness, she concealed the inroads that most insidious of all diseases had made upon her frame; the slight hectic upon her cheek only enhanced her fragile beauty, and apparently in high spirits she accompanied Phyllis to her room to suggest any improvements or alterations in the girl's modest wardrobe that the approaching dance might necessitate.

"Why, Phyllis," exclaimed Nan on entering, "you've been getting a new frock for the occasion!"

Billowy folds of muslin covered the bed, which, on being pulled aside by Nan—Phyllis was too much surprised to bear any active part—revealed the shimmer of yellow satin merveilleux and the rich purples of varied heart's-ease.

"Phyl, here's a note."

"Read it, dear." And Nancy read aloud, with little sparks of light in her eyes that might have stood for notes of admiration—

"Accept this ball dress, dear child, as a New Year's gift, and wear it to-morrow night. I hope the flowers will please you; Bernard selected them when he was in town. If any alteration be required, Maple can easily manage it in the time.—Your loving 'Mamsell.'"

Phyllis sat down and looked at Nancy.

"Nan, how good they are! Don't you think it is too handsome for me? People will think I want to show off."

"Nonsense, Phyl. Come, put it on." She spread the skirt out temptingly. "It will suit you to perfection."

Phyllis was gently stroking the velvet surface of the flowers, with a very tender, humble expression on her face.

Nan could read an immensity of love and gratitude to those whose thought of her stirred the very depths of her heart. Kissing her, she said, coaxingly,

"Dear, put it on."

So Phyllis was arrayed. Some slight alteration was needed that the maid could easily accomplish. Then, disrobing, she sought Miss Dallas. She put her arms round the old lady's neck.

"Mamsell, you wish to spoil me. It is lovely, only far too gorgeous for me. I shall be grander than some of the company."

"Never mind, child; I want you to shine. It becomes you."

"Perfectly, Nancy says. The flowers are so natural."

"Ah! Bernard has good taste," said his cousin with an air of conviction. "I had patterns sent of materials, and he declared that heart's-ease, and heart's-ease only, would be have with that shade of yellow. He insisted on selecting them himself; so you see, naughty child, although you received his present in that *farouche* manner, he still thought of you that day he left so hurriedly."

Phyllis looked down. "I can never thank him enough."

For two whole days there was hammering, and banging, and trampling of feet; everything looked chaos, but when the evening came, and the girls went down early to see that all was right, they could hardly believe their eyes. The entire terrace, with its fountains and parterres, in which flowers had temporarily been bedded, was covered in with a delicately-striped tent. Chinese lanterns and coloured lamps were festooned in charming designs. The gravel walks were boarded over and covered with cloth. Bowers of

evergreens were built in nooks and seated for two. The boudoir and music-room were also arranged for conversation and the great hall for promenade. The drawing-room was the ball-room. When the girls found their way thither, Sir Bernard and Mr. Greatorex were walking up and down. Nancy took her father off on a tour of inspection, as Sir Bernard turned swiftly and surveyed Phyllis. She stood before him waiting for his verdict. As he did not speak, she raised her eyes. His face was eloquent with admiration. Certainly the dress enhanced her beauty. The little excitement had tinged her cheek with rose, and the velvet-leaved heart's-ease lay softly on the rich waves of her dark hair. He stooped, and taking her gloved hand kissed it, saying, "Accept my homage, St. Cecilia."

A warm colour suffused her face. "Then you are satisfied, Sir Bernard?"

"Perfectly." There was a dangerous tenderness speaking in his eyes. "But you have no fan."

"No; mine did not suit the dress."

"Excuse me a moment," he said hastily. He was gone for some minutes. When he returned he produced the desired object. "Will you use this to-night? it was my mother's." He handed her an old-fashioned, exquisitely mounted Louis XV. fan.

"Sir Bernard, supposing it were broken!"

"I have no fear. And if it were, it could be mended, which cannot be said of everything."

Her eyes drooped beneath his gaze. Nothing he had ever done had touched her as this mark of his belief in her. With an irresistible impulse, she stretched out her hand to him, while her lustrous eyes looked at him half regretfully. "Ah! you are determined to make me bankrupt. I shall never have the wherewithal to pay."

He clasped her fingers impetuously, then hurriedly let go his hold. Miss Dallas with her guests was entering. For once in his life he wished his cousin anywhere short of the Antipodes. Soon the company began to arrive. Large parties came from the Grange, and with the Harmans. The whole county had been invited; Jack had some college friends at the Rectory, and Mr. Danby brought himself and a considerable male contingent. When he saw Phyllis and was badgered by his friends asking who she was, he had alternate hot and cold fits, love and hatred fighting for the mastery, but seeing her indifference he tried to emulate it, succeeding fairly well, finding Letitia Mackintosh's nicely insinuated flatteries very soothing to his wounded feelings. There was not a doubt that Phyllis was the Belle. Sir Bernard was constantly being requested to introduce her, which he did with an amused sense of Phyllis's surprise at the sensation she created. His dances were safe enough, as he had taken care to inscribe his hieroglyphics on her card. Jack, too, was not forgotten. She kept the first waltz for him. He would have put his name down half-a-dozen times if she had allowed him, but she would only give him a second one quite late in the evening. She was a little afraid of him; there was a suppressed passion in his look and voice, an unhinged air that made her dread what would come of it if they sat out much together; so she kept in the most frequented part, where he could say nothing but what all the world might hear. She could see he chafed at it, which only strengthened her resolve. At last Sir Bernard's turn came. As they floated round the room, Phyllis was conscious of an exquisite sense of being held and shielded. She was just resting; her own volition seemed to be given up to him. Sometimes his clasp tightened when he feared a collision, but she knew herself steered gently and safely. She felt the beating of his heart and the tender glance of his eyes as they sought hers; the bend of his head was like a mute caress. Was she dreaming or awake? Like Endymion, her love for him lay beautiful in a moonlit sleep, unconsciously deepened and sweetened by the devotion which hovered over her. Her heart slumbered, and joy seemed unable to wake it, and pain, that prober of secrets, seemed far away. When the dance came to an end he inquired, "You are enjoying yourself?"

"Oh, so much!"

"And the fan is not broken?"

"No; I am taking great care of it."

Of such trivial things people will talk when their hearts are on their lips and must be kept back. It was not in a crowd, or where they might be disturbed, that Bernard Maxwell could speak; but before leaving her he said, "I wish our next dance to come punctually at twelve o'clock, so although the number on your card corresponds to an earlier time you will know it is an extra. The band have their instructions. I wish 'St. Cecilia' to welcome the New Year with me, for the luck of Castlemount. You will not forget?"

She answered him with a smiling "No," wondering a little what he meant, for she knew nothing of the fanciful scene to be enacted.

A few minutes before midnight dancing was stopped, and the whole company trooped into the hall, headed by their host and his partner. At the first stroke of twelve, heavy feet were heard descending the stairs, the turret-door opened, and Father Time, dressed in typical garb, with scythe and hour-glass, appeared, escorting the Old Year, a decrepid aged man borne down with the weight of a heavy load upon his back. Behind him came sable-robed figures bearing urns full of ashes and rotten fruits, followed by others dressed in grey, carrying faded rose-leaves that still emitted a sweet perfume. They all advanced with slow steps through the groups, while Willie Wharton played a plaintive march on the organ. Father Time opened one half of the great door, and the Old Year with his attendants went noiselessly out. At the last stroke of the hour he flung open both portals, and a fairy-like boy entered carrying a torch. His companions were children dressed in pure white, in their hands large cornucopia brimming over with flowers; but these only concealed the contents. Girls went round to the gentlemen and boys to the ladies requesting them to take of what the New Year had in store. Inside were gifts, from *bonbonnières* to cigar-cases. When the circle was completed Father Time handed Sir Bernard a massive loving-cup. First, he sprinkled some drops on the New Year's torch: libations to the memory of the Old Year. The band struck up "Here's to the year that's awa'," the children joining in chorus and scattering the flowers while the goblet passed round. Then, to the accompaniment of three ringing cheers, Father Time led the youthful year the way the old had come. There was great speculation as to who Father Time was, nor was it till shortly after, when the rugged form of the Rev. Mr. Markham was discovered talking to Miss Dallas, that his identity was revealed. To those who knew him, Charlie Bennet as the New Year had not been difficult to find out.

After the interlude dancing was renewed with greater zest, and Jack's second waltz came. Eagerly he sought Phyllis, but did not seem inclined to dance much, for after the first round he complained of the heat and crush, and hurried her off to the music-room, which he had noticed was never much occupied. He found her a comfortable seat, and drew another for himself opposite. He did not speak at once, but surveyed her wistfully. Phyllis saw what was coming, so the sooner it was over the better. She said gently, "Jack, is anything troubling you?" A little tremor passed through him; he had longed for this hour, and yet when her clear, calm gaze met his he felt that she was far away from him—that he was worshipping some distant star shining in a different hemisphere, and yet he rushed to his fate. He had declared to himself so often that to be loved by Phyllis was the one thing worth living for—that he had really come to believe it; the first sight of her had bewitched him, but whether it were his senses and his admiration of the beautiful or his heart that was touched he had never inquired. How much of glorification of self lies at the root of most love it were hard to know. Not "To think that she should have chosen me!" but "What excellent taste she has in thus endorsing my choice of her!" Jack had never once doubted the desirability of the match, nor of his fitness to make Phyllis an excellent husband; but as he gazed at her all his pretensions dwindled away, he felt only Jack Markham. What had he done to distinguish himself? What had he to offer this girl, who, though nobody, yet looked fit to reign a queen. Before her quiet dignity, older than her years, he felt an impetuous boy, but his jealousy of Sir Bernard came uppermost, and the desire to win, innate in every Englishman's breast, made him determined to try his luck.

"Phyllis, I love you, that is what troubles me. Ever since we parted I have thought how I could tell you, though I felt you must know it, for I never concealed what you were to me. Phyllis, you do love me a little, in spite of your coldness and stiffness, which has nearly driven me mad." He clasped her hand—"Phyllis, speak!"

"Jack, I can say nothing you would wish to hear; the love I bear you is not the love you seek. I once fancied it might be, but I was undeceived long ago. Oh, Jack, why could you not be content? I would not lose my brother, for that you are to me."

"Phyllis, with you I feel I can strive and work, without you I am stranded. Is the old love all dead?"

"That love could not die, for it never existed. I deceived myself and perhaps you. Forgive me, Jack." Very pitiful and pleading she looked, but her firm disavowal of ever having really cared for him was galling.

"Phyllis, you are cruel. You *did* love me till *he* came between us."

"*He*—who?" All the queenliness came back to her. Haughtily she rose, as if to leave him, but Jack detained her.

Almost humbly he spoke. "Phyllis, if I

thought he honestly loved you, I would go away where I should not see, and would not mar your happiness, but it makes me wild to hear people say——" He paused, for a scared, pained look came into her face.

"Jack, what do they say?"

"Oh, never mind, nothing nice; but I could spare it you if I had only the right to tell them you are mine. Phyllis, come to me." He held both her hands, but she quickly disengaged them, saying,

"Jack, if you are the gentleman I take you to be, you will tell me what is said. I cannot guard against an assault I do not see."

Jack could have bitten his tongue out for his thoughtless impetuosity. He still remained silent.

She stood proudly before him. "If you do not tell me I will go to Miss Letitia; she will have scant hesitation in giving me the information."

"Did you appeal to me, Miss Trevylian?" said an acrid voice.

Jack started guiltily, but Phyllis drew herself together; with tightly clasped hands she faced Letitia Mackintosh, who looked quite innocent of having overheard a word of the conversation.

Jack said hastily, "Never mind, Phyllis, it will only annoy you. I was a fool."

"Nay, you have said too much or too little. Miss Mackintosh, what is it people are saying of me?"

A malicious smile crossed Letitia's thin lips. She had this proud girl in her power and could humiliate her too before her lover. With a half-patronising air she replied: "Well, I think it but right that you should know. You have not seen much of the world, and so lay yourself open to be talked about."

"I!"

"Yes, *you*. Lots of people get talked about, you know, who, I daresay are innocent of meaning any harm."

Phyllis felt on tenter-hooks, but with quiet dignity she said, "Will you come to the point, please? What have I done?"

"Well, the idea is that Sir Bernard is staying so long because he finds his cousin's companion entertaining, helping to pass the time that used to hang heavy on his hands when at Castlemount; and that *she* stays to try and gain a husband, angling for one who would not think of marrying beneath him, and who is well known to be a lady's man and a flirt."

She spoke every word with evident enjoyment, like a specimen hunter gloating over some new discovery in the beetle tribe, the prospect of sticking a pin into it being not the least part of the pleasure.

Phyllis grew deadly pale, then turned appealingly to Jack. She neither expected nor wished justice from Letitia. "And you believed it!"

"By Heaven, no! Do I not think you the most perfect thing in womanhood?"

"And yet you could not save me this humiliation."

This was her only reproach. Bewildered and stunned she could have cried aloud for Sir Bernard. Had he not always helped her? The cruelest thought was she could never look to him for assistance again. Where was the "shield" of a spotless life Mamsell had spoken of? It had been powerless to save her from the envenomed darts of envy. Then her sense of right asserted itself. Very cold and proud she looked as she spoke.

"Miss Mackintosh, you have shown me the tree of good and evil, the serpent scandal coiled round its branches, and jealousy lying at its roots. The fruit is bitter, but it cannot poison, for I hold the antidote of truth. The accusation is false, and you know it."

Jack offered her his arm. "Let me take you back, Phyllis."

"No, thank you, I would be alone;" and she left the room. Jack immediately turned his back upon Miss Letitia, and marched away in disgusted silence. Letitia wondered whether she had triumphed after all. At any rate she was left on the field, so she supposed she had gained the honours of war.

Phyllis, pacing up and down her turret chamber, felt her brain going round. "What had that girl said? Just the same as Mr. Danby. He—was there after all but one he in the world for her?—he was playing with her. All his kindness assumed to win a smile and blush, for the pleasure of feeling he could command her. No doubt it was amusing to have some one to sing with and to make the old house more cheerful. Then she looked down upon her fan, his mother's; and he had lent it to her! She sank upon her knees, while a moan, as of some stricken creature, escaped her. Now she knew the truth. She loved him! With flushed face and beating heart she confessed it all to herself at last. She loved him; she, poor Phyllis Trevylian, felt that to do anything for him, to see him even, had been the source of the joyousness that had pervaded her being. Now she must go away, and that

'She spoke every word with evident enjoyment

directly. Sir Bernard had been so kind to her; it was his goodness of heart, not any intention of leading her on, that had prompted his gentleness. She would believe nothing against him. Suddenly she remembered she had another dance with him. She could not go through with it. Perhaps he was at supper. She went down-stairs and found Miss Dallas.

"Mamsell, I feel rather tired. I should like to go to bed; do you mind?" Her looks emphasized her words.

"Dear child, you are not accustomed to excitement, but the best dances are yet to come, the room being clearer."

"I would rather go."

"You don't look quite well, so I will make your apologies to your partners."

"Thank you." She stole softly to her room, not to sleep, but to think how she could tell Miss Dallas and yet keep her secret. She heard the rattle of the departing carriages and the dying strains of the music, as she sat crouched in front of her fire. When she thought Miss Dallas would be coming up, she rose, stood a moment by the dressing-table, touching the wreath tenderly, then with a swift, passionate motion, she lifted it to her lips. He had remembered her, even when she must have annoyed him. She crept into bed lest Mamsell should hear her, but lay with wide-open, weary eyes till the grey dawn stole in, then she slept an uneasy, fitful sleep. It did not last long, and hastily rising, she dressed and went out for a walk; it seemed as if physical exhaustion might cast out the heart-pain.

None of the family or household got up very early, so Phyllis was not missed, save by Sir Bernard, who fancied his coffee tasted very insipid without her hand to pour it out; he never doubted but that she was sleeping off the effects of the previous night's fatigue. She had over-tired herself. Nancy and her father left about noon, and Phyllis only appeared in time to see them off. She had regained her quiet self-possession, but dark rings were under her eyes, and her mouth had a drawn look of pain about it. Sir Bernard asked no questions, nor alluded to her sudden departure from the ball-room, but he watched her with a tender, troubled glance. What had happened? fatigue was not responsible for that expression.

She escaped as quickly as she could and sought Miss Dallas, who was resting in the turret chamber. The old lady held her at arm's length.

"Child, something is wrong."

The girl's lips trembled, but she did not give way. "Yes, Mamsell, something that compels me to leave you."

"Leave me! Then indeed it must be serious. Sit down and tell me the reason."

But Phyllis was too restless for a sitting posture.

"Of course, if it puts you to any inconvenience, I will try to stay a few days, but if you can spare me, I should like to go at once. You do not need me so much now that Sir Bernard is at home." Her voice faltered at the mention of his name, but steadied itself directly.

"Has your sudden determination anything to do with Bernard?" asked Miss Dallas, anxiously.

Phyllis felt the blood rush to her face. "Sir Bernard knows nothing of my intention."

"Then will you tell him? I think he will find a solution for this extraordinary change."

"I would rather you told him," she replied simply; "he could alter nothing."

"At any rate, my dear, I hope you will not act rashly. You are sheltered here, Phyllis, why do you wish to brave the stormy world outside?"

This nearly broke her down.

"I wish it! It breaks my heart." She threw her arms round the old lady's neck, pressed her cheek to hers, then hurriedly left the room. All her thought was to avoid Sir Bernard, so she crossed the terrace, which was still covered in, and found her way to the "Temple." From thence she could take a last fond look of Castlemount. Gazing upon the old place, the memory of all the happiness she had known there, culminating in the perfect joy and content of the last few months, crowded upon her mind. Eve's lamentation found an echo in her heart, "Must I leave thee, paradise?" Cold and cheerless the sky above her, but it seemed in keeping with her feelings. She had not missed the actual sun before, the light upon her pathway had come from another source; now a veil had descended, and shut out all the glory, she stood alone in darkness. She could see no more for the rising tears; turning swiftly with a suppressed sob, she found Sir Bernard was close behind her. Escape him, she could not.

"I have been searching for you," he said, looking at her as she thought pityingly. She made a strong effort to recover her self-control, but before she could speak, he continued, "Miss Trevylian, what has occurred within

the last few hours to make you wish to leave us? You had no such intention, I presume, when we welcomed in the New Year together." His eyes scanned her face eagerly.

"I cannot explain," she replied, in a half-choked voice, "but I must go."

"Will nothing bribe you to stay?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Do you remember that you are still my debtor? You said you had the will, prove it. I exact my payment. I ask you to stay."

She glanced up hurriedly. "I dare not! Oh, Sir Bernard. You would not ask me if you knew."

He made a step forward, speaking in tender, pleading tones, that thrilled her to the very soul, yet in his old masterful way, that had always given her courage. "But I do ask you, nay, I demand principal and interest. Phyllis stay with me, my most precious possession—my wife."

She gave a little startled cry, then with bent head murmured, "I am not worthy."

He took her unresisting hand. "Phyllis, listen to me, and then judge who is the richer, you or I. I came home beggared in faith, hope, love. You have them here to bestow." He clasped her hand upon his breast. "I can give you wealth and a title, but what are they compared to all that makes life worth living? Give me yourself, and, I am a king; without you, I am a beggar indeed. Phyllis, stay with me."

She crept into his outstretched arms and rested there like a tired child. He had to bend his head to hear her whispered words, "I will stay."

"My St. Cecilia, won!" his voice was jubilant.

"Not St. Cecilia, only Phyllis," she said softly.

"Do you know that word *only* contains my world? My darling, what could have made you dream I would let you go? Did you think so little of me as to imagine I meant nothing by all my apparent thought and care of you? You were longer in loving me than I you." He gently lifted the bowed head.

"I do not know," she answered, with tremulous lips. "I think I did always, but I only found how much last night; it seemed too good to be true. That was one reason why I wished to go away; I could not trust myself when I knew what your *friendship* meant to me."

He looked tenderly at her. "Phyllis, to think I can call you so! You are terribly worn and tired. Come home. Your home now. St. Cecilia of Castlemount."

He turned to lead her down the hill, but she paused abruptly. "You never thought as others did, that I stayed on to win you, seeking to marry you for your position?"

His eyes flashed angrily. "Who dared to insinuate such a thing?"

"Then you believe it could not be true." Pleadingly she gazed up at him.

He gave no answer, but took her into his arms again, and tried the mute language of the lips to still the pain that brooded on her face. "What am I to do to bring the colour back into these pale cheeks? Will this, and this?" he kissed them softly.

"I shall soon be well, Sir Bernard."

"Sir!" He spoke with reproachful tenderness. "Am I to call you Miss Trevylian? I will if you wish it."

"Oh, no, no; always Phyllis to you."

"Then remember if ever you call me *Sir* again, this is the penalty." He stooped and kissed her lips. The roses came and stayed for a time, but sheer exhaustion made them fade. Joy and sorrow, and now again the sudden bewilderment of a greater happiness, made her feel stunned. Her head drooped faintly.

"What a pity one cannot live upon love, Phyllis! You look as if you had been feeding upon lilies. I have a notion that it is long past lunch time and Margaret will be starving, and sending to Gretna Green in search of us. I rushed out of the room as if on a voyage of discovery to the moon, when she told me of your intention. Come, dearest, or must I carry you?"

Miss Dallas was waiting in a state of nervous anxiety. She did not know how much her heart had been set upon the marriage of her boy to Phyllis, till this strange misunderstanding. She heard footsteps and the door opened. Sir Bernard's face appeared.

"Oh, my dear, where is she?" exclaimed Mamsell.

"Here cousin, come to account for herself." He led her up to the old lady.

"Margaret, I have brought you back—my wife."

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTS.

By PROFESSOR J. R. SEELEY, Author of "The Expansion of England," etc.

1588—Spanish Armada; 1688—Revolution; and now 1888! These numerical coincidences have a certain influence upon all minds. Often there is nothing in them, and indeed it would be difficult to deduce any serious conclusion from the fact that in English history two successive eighty-eights brought occurrences of the first magnitude, especially as in the next century the spell appeared to be broken; for what happened in 1788? But some little fillip is needed to set the thinking apparatus in motion, and such coincidences serve this purpose. The laws of nature are but uniformities, and it is therefore a true instinct which leads us to take note of uniformities, even though the most obvious uniformities may easily prove, on examination, to be merely superficial and accidental. In the worst case some amusement may be derived from detecting the emptiness of them, but more commonly they prove to be not quite empty, or at least while we explode the "mere coincidence" we discover something lying near it which is better worth attention.

Perhaps, however, when we compare together 1588 and 1688 the first discovery we make is that the coincidence is more, not less, striking than it appeared at first sight. For our first impression certainly is that the expedition of the Armada and the glorious Revolution are events which resemble each other in nothing but being great and memorable. The latter seems to belong to our own peculiar parliamentary tradition, to that delightful series of occurrences which has led to our present unique form of government; the former belongs to the foreign department, which we have all agreed to neglect; it has to do with those very uncivilised things, which we trust we have done with for ever—war and battle. But when we look again we find after all that there is some resemblance. In 1588 a fleet came against England; a fleet came against England in 1688. In 1588 the invading fleet could not effect a landing; it encountered foul weather, and also met with rough treatment from Sir Francis Drake and his fellows; it was dispersed and destroyed. In 1688 the fleet effected a landing, and the king of England was not able to resist the invaders; London was occupied by a foreign army of some 14,000 men, the king fled, and the leader of this successful invasion was raised to the English throne.

It would appear then, if we may play with chronological coincidences, that the eighty-eights in English history not only bring great events, but more particularly they bring foreign invasions!

Of course it would be the most egregious trifling if I should represent the Revolution of 1688 as simply a successful foreign invasion of England. But I seriously think that such a view would be scarcely less absurdly one-sided than the popular view, which regards that event as simply English. How much we hear of the indomitable love of liberty, and at the same time of the masterly moderation which the English displayed in 1688, when they expelled their tyrant without shedding blood, asserted their right with sufficient energy but without extravagance, and went as far as the crisis required, but resolutely refrained from going a step further! And yet the most whiggish eulogist of 1688 will admit that William himself was the author of that Revolution, and that no Englishman can pretend even to divide the honour of it with him. It is proper, no doubt, that in English history Englishmen should be chiefly considered; but let us not be led by this principle to misrepresent great events. In every part of our history, it seems to me, we suppose ourselves to be far more independent of other nations, far more isolated and self-contained, than we really are. But in the case of the Revolution we push this obstinate insularity to an extreme. When our island is actually flooded with foreign armies, when the Dutch Stadtholder is shipped over to England at the expense of the Dutch people, when he mounts the English throne, when he wins the battle of the Boyne with an army of which almost all the principal officers and half the rank and file are foreign, we quietly remark that it is dangerous for a sovereign to provoke the English people too far, that their temper is loyal and averse to extremes, but that when religion and liberty are at stake they will at last rise in their might, and then the revolutions they make are all the more triumphant and irresistible for the slow deliberation and good-natured moderation with which in the hour of trial their manly decision is tempered!

In most of our revolutions influences from the Continent have been at work, influences which we are too much in the habit of overlooking. Still these have for the most part

been secondary. It is peculiar to the Revolution of 1688 that continental influences predominate in it so enormously. It is not enough to say that the Continent furnished the instruments, the army and the leader of which England, disposed to make a revolution, availed herself. It would be nearer the truth to say that England was not disposed, and did not intend, to make a revolution, but that for the purposes of the Continent it was necessary that there should be a revolution in England, and a revolution in England accordingly took place.

War had just broken out on the Continent between Louis XIV. and the Germanic Powers. The critical moment for Europe had arrived. Louis, whose ascendancy had been steadily growing since 1672, had reached maturity in 1678 through the Treaty of Nimeguen, and had taken a tinge of religious persecution at the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, struck at this moment the blow which Europe had been long expecting. It was to be feared that in this new aggression he would be backed by England. In 1672 this very combination had been witnessed. Louis XIV. and Charles II. had made a joint attack on the great Protestant Republic. And now England as well as France had a Catholic Government. The Catholic bigotry of James had succeeded to the Catholicising tendency of Charles. The tension was much greater, the crisis much nearer, the issue much more momentous, than in 1672. In the former war Louis alone, after England had withdrawn, had proved more than a match for the European coalition. He was now stronger than ever, stronger by Strasburg and Luxemburg, and Germany was weakened by a war with the Turk. But the prospect would indeed be gloomy for Europe if the Bourbon should be aided this time by his cousin, the Stuart-Bourbon, the Catholic King of France by the Catholic King of England.

And therefore in the councils of the European Coalition it was decided that a revolution must take place in England. Accordingly a revolution did take place, and in this revolution Continental leaders and Continental armies directed the movements and fought the battles of the English people in England and in Ireland. The result answered all the expectations of the Coalition. Never had a war measure such triumphant success. England was not only torn from the alliance of France, but carried over to the side of the Coalition, and she played from that time the part of one of the leading belligerents in the European war. It was a new part for England, which for some generations had been but slightly and occasionally entangled in the complications of the Continent. And the new position thus assumed by England altered the whole European game. Louis did not begin at once to suffer defeat, but he ceased to triumph. The war dragged on through several years, but long before the Treaty of Ryswick was signed the French Government had become convinced that it was overmatched. It might still be a match, or more than a match, for the old Coalition of the former war, but when that Coalition was reinforced by England the scale of France began to seem the lighter. And thus the constitutional Revolution in England was at the same time an international revolution in Europe. In this consists the glory of 1688. The stroke that saved England, saved at the same time Europe, from Popery and arbitrary power.

These considerations surely bring the two eighty-eights nearer together. Nothing can be less true than that 1588 is an event in the foreign department, 1688 an event of home politics. Both alike mark the crisis or turning-point in a grand European struggle. In both years alike the eyes of foreign statesmen were fixed upon England, and it seemed as if the destiny of mankind were to be decided here; as if this country were for the moment, in the poetical phrase of Coleridge, "an inisled Ararat, upon which the ark of the hope of Europe and of civilisation rested."

It is true that in 1588 there was no revolution in government, no development which interests constitutionalists; but then it is also true of the Revolution of 1688, that to Europe in general, and to some of the principal leaders, the constitutional aspect of it seemed the least interesting; as indeed we know that William himself desired nothing less than to see the power of the Crown diminished—that William himself, whose name by a kind of irony of fate has become identified with popular liberty, was regarded in his own country as a man of tyrannic instincts.

The real founder of one of the strongest and sternest of modern monarchies, the Great Elector, Frederick William of Hohenzollern, died on May 10th, 1688, that is, at the moment when William was preparing his English expedition. The Great Elector had been one of the earliest to take up the cause of Europe against Louis. He had, indeed, seemed to despair after the Treaty of Nimeguen, but

the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes had roused him again. He was closely connected with the House of Orange, and, like William himself, had all his life represented the principle of authority in home politics. As he tolerated no parliamentary opposition in his own states, he was not likely to feel any strong sympathy with the parliamentary resistance to James II., yet at the moment of his death his mind seemed to brood intensely upon the great event which was to be expected in England. It was remarked that three evenings before his death, when he was asked for the watchword, he gave "London," and the evening after, "Amsterdam."

There is a further consideration which brings 1588 and 1688 still nearer together. That both dates mark a foreign invasion might be called a conceit that can only serve to bring out more clearly the radical unlikeness of the two events. For the invasion of Philip II. was hostile, the invasion of William friendly; the Spaniard would crush England, the Dutchman would set us free. The one would fasten upon us a yoke of tyranny, the other would break our yoke.

But it was not William only who invaded us in the latter crisis. In the great rekindling of religious discord which followed the Revocation of the Edict, the continental war overflowed into our island, and we were invaded not by one side only, but by both. French troops were sent to Ireland, so that at the Boyne the army of James, as well as the army of William, consisted in a considerable part of foreigners. But we must take account not only of the armies which actually landed, not only of the invasion which took place, but also of that which was intended, for in 1588 too, if we speak accurately, there was not actually an invasion, for the invasion failed, but only a formidable threat of invasion. Now after 1688 also England was threatened again with hostile invasion, and the menace lasted a long time, if it was not at any one moment quite so terrible as in 1588.

If England entered with energy into the European Coalition against Louis, this was not owing to the persuasions of the Coalition, but to the hostile policy of Louis. The ground of the war which we now waged was the help rendered by Louis to James II. And it was indeed a serious matter for England that the most powerful monarchy in the world should refuse to acknowledge the government which England had chosen. No attack so direct or dangerous had been made for a long time upon her independence; no such attack, indeed, since the days of Philip II. and of the Armada. We had reason to expect a French invasion undertaken in concert with the English Jacobites, and perhaps favoured by the Tories in some moment of misgiving and reaction—that is, an invasion of the most formidable character. It can scarcely be said that England had yet begun to rule the seas, and we know that she was but beginning to acknowledge the necessity of a standing army. France was far above England as a military state, and reckoned equal, if not superior, to England as a maritime power. Here, then, was a position created by the events of 1688 very similar to that which had been witnessed in 1588. And, indeed, the victory of La Hogue does stand out as a turning point in English naval history very similar to the repulse of the Armada.

We began by slighting, as a mere coincidence, that exact correspondence between the great date of the sixteenth century, 1588, and that of the seventeenth, 1688. And yet, on examination, the events which mark those two years appear to resemble each other considerably more than is generally supposed. But if this resemblance should induce us to surmise that, after all, there may be some cycle in English history, which would have the effect that foreign invasions are to be looked for in an eighty-eight, an objection will occur at once, which at first sight may seem most effectually to refute any such theory. Between the eighty-eight now current and those eighty-eights of foreign invasions, there occurs the eighty-eight of the eighteenth century, 1788; now certainly that year did not witness a foreign invasion, nor, indeed, any other very momentous event in English history.

This is certainly true, and of course the notion of some magic virtue in the numbers eighty-eight is too fantastic to deserve a serious refutation. We might still, however, surmise that the coincidence points to a certain regularity in English history, by which a crisis of a certain kind comes round, if not precisely, yet roughly, at intervals of a hundred years. We have lately learned to think that revolution in France comes round at intervals of about eighteen years, and Mr. Stanley Jevons tried, not only to establish but to explain by a physical cause, the regular recurrence of commercial panics. A regular recurrence of foreign invasions is not intrinsically more inadmissible than a regular recurrence of revolution or commercial panic. And in this amended form the theory will be found to be not only not

refuted, but perhaps to be strongly supported, by the example of the eighteenth century. It is true that there was no foreign invasion in 1788; but French troops sailed for Ireland in 1796, French troops actually landed in Ireland in 1798, and from 1800 to 1805 the danger to which England was exposed from foreign invasion was greater than either in the days of La Hogue or in those of the Armada.

Statisticians are fond of astonishing us by pointing out numerical regularity where we should naturally expect nothing of the kind in suicides, in letters posted without an address, &c., &c. Compared with such marvellous uniformities as these, a certain amount of regularity in historical events is easy to admit, and the correspondence between the period which embraces the closing years of the eighteenth century with the opening years of the nineteenth and the same decades of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries is so remarkable, that it altogether outweighs the want of correspondence between the years 1788 and 1688. Every one has remarked the general resemblance between our struggle with Louis XIV. and our struggle with Napoleon, between the Coalition guided by William III. and that guided by Pitt, between the campaigns of Marlborough and those of Wellington. But perhaps we seldom remark either how close the correspondence is, or how a chronological correspondence accompanies the correspondence of events.

In both cases there were two wars between England and France, of which the earlier was indecisive, and ended in a pacification which proved to be a mere truce, in one case the Peace of Ryswick, in the other the Peace of Amiens: but in both cases the second war was decisive. In both cases too the second war was longer than the first.

In both cases there was an invasion of Ireland in the first war. In both cases there was a Peninsular War, which formed a part of the second war. In both cases we fought in the Low Countries unsuccessfully or indecisively during the first war, but triumphantly in the second war.

In both cases we had Austria and, in the main, Prussia for allies.

But now observe the chronological correspondence.

In both cases the first war belongs chiefly to the last decade of a century, and the second war to the first decade of the next century. In the former case the first war covers the period 1689—1697, in the latter 1793—1802; the second war covers in the former case the period 1702—1713, in the latter case 1803—1815.

It will be observed that this correspondence, though it does not strike the attention so strongly, is yet much closer and more interesting than that correspondence which we considered before between the latter years of the seventeenth and sixteenth centuries. In the war with Spain there was no doubleness, no short truce between two conflicts; and moreover that war was almost exclusively naval. Moreover, it was a war with Spain, whereas in the eighteenth and seventeenth centuries alike our chief enemy was France.

But between the Spanish invasion and the first French invasion there is one grand point of resemblance, which may perhaps be held to outweigh those numerous but smaller correspondences between the invasion threatened by Louis XIV. and that attempted by Revolutionary France. Philip II. and Louis XIV. alike represented Catholicism; Napoleon, however he too might play with the name of Catholicism, represented assuredly a wholly different spiritual principle.

I point to these correspondences and these examples of periodicity in history rather with a view of arousing curiosity than with any design of satisfying it. I throw out questions; the answers to them would require more space than I have here at my disposal. But it is not in itself very surprising that successive periods in English history should present large general resemblances, for the course of it is determined by large and fixed physical conditions. In particular, war with France naturally has the same standing position in English history as war with Persia in Greek or war with Carthage in Roman history. War with Spain is less natural, but in the centuries succeeding the discovery of the New World, when once Spain had established her monopoly of the ocean and absorbed Portugal, a standing struggle between the three Atlantic states was produced of necessity by the geographical position of those states. But if once we acknowledge that fixed physical causes may produce such large historical effects, may give such regularity to the successive centuries of our state, the inquiry begins to assume a practical and momentous character, for we begin to ask, Will such wars recur again, or has anything happened to thwart the operation of those fixed causes?

1888 is upon us! We are not superstitious. We remember that nothing very particular

happened in 1788. But we remember also that soon after 1788 there began a period of international convulsions, and for England the period of her hardest trial, and that this struggle was in many respects a kind of repetition of a struggle that had begun in 1688, and in its large features also a repetition of another struggle that had raged in 1588. Is then another period of convulsions due?

I made out a good deal of resemblance between the event of 1688 and that of 1588. But if we try to explain all these periodical struggles by the operation of a standing cause, and allege as such a cause the competition of the Atlantic States for the New World, some grave difficulties at once present themselves. We considered above in what way the struggle of 1688 began. We did not find that the New World had anything to do with it. We saw the Germanic Powers alarmed by the aggressions of Louis XIV., and apprehensive that in these aggressions he might obtain the assistance of his cousin, James II. And again, if England, after the expulsion of James, found herself drawn into the whirlpool of European politics, from which she could not for a century afterwards succeed in extricating herself, the New World had nothing to do with this. The ground of war was wholly different; it was the interference of Louis XIV. in behalf first of James II. and afterwards of his son.

Yes, it was against Popery and arbitrary power that England went to war in 1688. And in 1588 was not the issue identical? We fought in the one case against the champion of the Inquisition, and in the other against the author of the dragonnades. Our cause was wholly different when we fought against the Revolution and against Napoleon. It would be wholly different, we may be sure, if we should be called upon to fight again.

What then becomes of the fancy of a standing cause producing at regular intervals war between England and France or Spain?

Well, in the earlier case, when our enemy was Spain, we can see that the war, which began in religion and was waged in the name of religion, turned insensibly into a war of trade. Our enemy owned infinite rich possessions, which he was wholly unable to protect. Accordingly it was discovered that no industry in the world was so remunerative as war with Spain. By war with Spain both England and Holland made their fortunes, and grew to be great commercial and colonising States. Insensibly the Spanish question changes its character. At first we stand on the defensive and fight for our religion, but soon we find ourselves fighting for the riches of the New World. In Raleigh we see the enemy of Spain passing into the founder of colonies and the promoter of trade. Later we see Cromwell attack Spain in an open spirit of conquest. And in the war of 1739 the Spanish question has become exclusively a question of trade.

In the period of Louis XIV. it is true that our first war with France, that which followed the Revolution of 1688, grew entirely out of European causes. But there was a second war, which began in 1702, and which is much more important, because it determined our international position throughout the eighteenth century. Now in this war France and Spain are close allies, and the main question at issue is the New World, or, in the language of the time, trade. It was feared that the accession of a Bourbon to the throne of Spain would have the effect of replacing the Spanish monopoly of the New World, which had long been on the decline, by a new monopoly, fresh and vigorous, of the House of Bourbon—that is, of France and Spain together. A kind of Bourbon Zollverein was apprehended.

The Grand Alliance, by which this scheme was frustrated, determined the course of European history in the eighteenth century. And thus it is rather 1702 than 1688 that marks the commencement of the serious struggle. In 1688, no doubt, England was drawn for the first time into grand foreign wars, but yet our war of 1689—1697, though the victory of La Hogue belongs to it, looks somewhat isolated in our history. It is unlike the wars both before it and after it, which mark the stages in the development of our trade-empire. No doubt, regarded as a prelude, or war of preparation, it was most fortunate for us, for it gave us a settled government, a standing army, and a system of war finance. The other war, however—that which began in 1702—is not a struggle with Popery and arbitrary power; it is a struggle with a great commercial rival.

Both against Spain then, and against France, our conflict, though it began in differences of religion, gradually assumed the character of a struggle for the New World. And thus it appears that, after all, those wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were not so different from the great wars with the Revolution and Napoleon. A standing cause is at work throughout: this is the drift of commerce, out of which a trade-empire takes shape. The main difference is

that, in the earlier wars, our Empire is in embryo or in infancy, inferior or not superior to the rival Empires, whereas in the latter half of the eighteenth century it has surpassed all its rivals, and is exposed to the attacks of a jealous maritime coalition, directed at last by Napoleon. Thus the more we consider the subject, the more regularity and uniformity do we discover in the international history of England. That numerical coincidence which formed our starting point seems not wholly accidental, but to be at least an indication of a uniformity which lies deeper. And thus we are led to ask, What about the period upon which we enter in this year 1888, which is the fourth eighty-eight since the discovery of the New World?

What was England in relation to the New World at the time of the Armada, again at the time of William III., again at the time of the French Revolution? And what is she now?

At the first date she had but a bare footing in the New World at Newfoundland. Spain, since her annexation of Portugal in 1580, had a supremacy, at least nominal, over the whole planet such as had never been witnessed before, and such as she retained scarcely more than half a century. The New World was Spanish, and nothing as yet even faintly indicated that it would one day be predominantly English.

In the time of William the New World is divided between the western states of Europe, and no one of them as yet decidedly predominates in it. England has a few West Indian islands, and a fringe of settlements along the east coast of North America; she has also some commercial factories in the East. But she has no predominance; and in that period the European state which displayed in the New World the greatest activity, ambition, and genius was not England but France.

At the time of the French Revolution the colonial greatness of France has suffered downfall, and England has a maritime and, so far, a colonial predominance. But this seems likely to prove only momentary, for all her principal colonies have seceded and set up for themselves. Her colonial territory is still small—smaller, indeed, than it was, and she has lost her faith in colonies. Captain Cook has surveyed the ground of a new empire in the south, and we have begun to send convicts to Australia; but what Englishman since the American War can take any interest in colonisation?

And now, in the fourth eighty-eight, what is our relation to the New World? The unparalleled wars of the first part of this period, and then the unparalleled development of the Victorian half-century, have produced a change difficult to estimate and most difficult to realise. The British realm has become enormous. It is similar in more extent to that universal Spanish Empire with which we struggled in the first eighty-eight; in solidity and vitality it is incomparably greater.

I shall not add another description to the many which have lately appeared of this wonderful political phenomenon. The question here is of war and foreign invasion. And certainly a large State is not less but more assailable and vulnerable than a small one.

The case of Spain illustrated this. Not only the Spanish galleons but the Spanish Empire itself was in some sense the weaker for being so large. It takes very little study of history to learn that the strength of a state is by no means in proportion to the extent of its territory; history, indeed, might almost seem to prove that there is an inverse proportion between them. See how vainly the Roman Emperors strove to defend that enormous frontier. In like manner, both in the time of Elizabeth and in that of Marlborough, the weakness of the Spanish Empire lay precisely in its vast extent, which exposed it to attack in so many quarters at once.

In this respect, then, England is in the fourth eighty-eight what Spain was in the first; she is the Power whose territory is everywhere, and who therefore may be attacked everywhere. And she finds herself in this condition now for the first time. In the Napoleonic period she was not thus assailable, for though she had then a great trade and a great maritime power, she had not yet acquired a very extensive colonial territory.

And thus our enormous growth, our development, makes us not more safe, but in some respects much less safe, from foreign invasion. The danger has indeed changed its character. We are not now merely afraid that our island may be invaded, for England has in fact ceased to be an island. It was not mainly by invading Spain that the enemies of the Spanish power overwhelmed it in the seventeenth century. Cromwell invaded it in Jamaica, Richelieu in Portugal, Louis XIV. in the Low Countries and Franche Comté. In like manner, if in the coming period England is invaded, it will perhaps be in Australia, or in the Punjab, or on the Canadian frontier. This is the danger

now, a danger to which in former periods we were not exposed. It is the danger which makes our military and naval men so anxious, which attracts the attention of foreign military writers such as Otto Wachs. In a paper like this the question at issue cannot be answered, but it may be stated. We seem till lately to have been almost unaware of the existence of our empire; now at length the greatness and wonderfulness of it come home to us. But the new revelation has, as it were, two chapters. After the chapter which tells us of the enormous greatness of the empire in itself comes another chapter which considers this empire in its relation to foreign Powers. In past eighty-eights our island was threatened; if now by some mysterious periodicity new international convulsions are to commence, it is not our island, but our empire, not Great Britain, but Greater Britain, that will be exposed to invasion.

The points to be considered are such as these.

The weakness of large empires consists mainly in the disproportion between territory and population. The French settlements in North America were scattered over three thousand miles, yet New France fell before the decisive blow dealt by Wolfe, because it was almost empty of Frenchmen. For the same reason it was perhaps mainly by an accident that the Spanish colonial empire escaped in the same period a similar collapse. In this respect our empire is incomparably stronger than those colonial Powers which rose and fell so rapidly and easily in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. There is no comparison between the present Australia or the present Canada, with a population counted at least by millions, a population of energetic and free self-governing Englishmen, and those communities wanting in numbers, wanting for the most part in liberty. We may lack as yet organization for military purposes, but no one can doubt at least that there are men enough in the empire to defend it.

Another weakness of large empires consists in a long vulnerable frontier. This was the weakness of the Roman empire. Our empire is on the whole remarkably free from it. Greater Britain for the most part is protected, like Great Britain itself, by the sea. But India has a frontier which begins to be threatened by Russia, and the Canadian Dominion has an immensely long frontier towards the United States, which, however, is not to be regarded as an ordinary foreign Power. To this want of neighbours our empire is indebted for that long peaceful infancy which it has enjoyed under the Victorian sceptre. But another age may come, as India already feels. It will come all the sooner because the great European Powers begin more and more to wish for colonial expansion.

But an empire consisting of islands and island continents is of course particularly exposed to naval attack. We have been slow to realise this, because we have enjoyed an undisputed naval supremacy so long; but the conditions of naval warfare have been in the last age entirely transformed. Steam, which does so much to hold together such a scattered empire, introduces at the same time new difficulties into the defence of it. Everything in naval war has become uncertain, incalculable. We can make no use of the experience of our fathers, who were disturbed by no cares about coaling-stations. In 1588 English seamanship triumphed for the first time over the great naval Power of the age; and this is a lesson to us that a change of dynasty sometimes takes place in the sovereignty of the sea.

Then there is the question of food supply. Our connexion with our colonies has become much more intimate and vital than in former times. England is now to her colonies much what the town is to the country round it. She is the mart and the factory, her colonies are the land. The town cannot live without the country, and the country can scarcely live without the town; each is dependent on the other. In former times no such relation existed between the parts of the empire. Napoleon perceived, indeed, that the wealth of England was drawn from external sources, that it depended mainly upon her commercial connexion with the Continent, and he tried to starve his enemy by breaking that connection. Hence his gigantic commercial system, founded on the just reflexion that English greatness had something artificial about it. If coming convulsions should throw up a new Napoleon, he would perhaps devise a blockade still more gigantic for an end somewhat different; he would try to interrupt, not our trade with the Continent, the source of our wealth, but the supply of food for our people in its passage across the sea, the source of our very existence! What a blockade would that be!

These considerations give us a glimpse of dangers which are as exceptional as is the greatness of our empire. But the internal decay which brought the Spanish empire

to such speedy ruin, the mental indolence, the want of population, the economic incapacity, are certainly not visible in the English. If we fail, it will not be from want of shrewdness and energy, but perhaps from not bringing those qualities to bear on the question with sufficient promptitude. We have the besetting sin of practical people—we are impatient of questions which are large, and therefore seem to us vague. Certainly the two grand questions which open before us as soon as we regard the empire as a whole, that of imperial defence and that of emigration, are vast enough. But they are not on that account unworthy of the attention of practical people. In particular, imperial defence is as important and urgent an affair as the insurance of his own life or house can be to any individual. And, indeed, our preference for humbler and more obvious questions is not so unreasoning as quite to blind us to this. Our misgivings about the navy begin to grow unappeasable; our minds begin to admit the Colonies and the Empire among subjects of habitual, serious, anxious thought. The Imperial Federation League does not find reason to complain that it preaches to deaf ears, even though it has to confess that it can offer for the present no practical scheme.

There is progress; but perhaps there ought to be more rapid progress. Of all nations we are the most sluggish to admit the idea of danger, owing, no doubt, to our long habit of insular security. On this subject we labour under a sort of helpless imbecility of conception. Multitudes among us, otherwise enlightened, seriously argue that it is absurd that we should keep up such an expensive army and navy when, see! no one thinks of attacking us; as if that fact were not at least partly due to our keeping up an army and navy! And the recklessness with which so many of our leading public men have lately attacked the very principle of law and government, as if to attempt to punish crime were much more criminal than to commit it; this recklessness could only spring up in a community which has almost forgotten that there are dangers—supreme dangers—against which we can only be protected by obedience to law.

Some of these dangers are internal, but the most obvious of all just at this moment is the international danger, the gigantic discords, the gigantic armies! It is only too easy to imagine circumstances which might cause the storm to burst over *us*, and yet surely we are very slow, very languid, in even beginning to organize the vast forces at our command. Our empire, as we have seen, is no mere lifeless appendage, as was that of Spain. It is full of life and fresh vigour, its interests are closely concerned with our own, and it is also full of loyalty. And therefore, though in any coming convulsion England would stand before the world for the first time in the condition of old Spain—that is, as a boundless oceanic empire—yet she need have no reason to expect to share the fate of Spain, for here is a mass informed with true vitality! *This* empire is capable of helping itself, if only it makes itself ready in time!

JOY IN SORROW.

JOYOUS clouds were riding
In the open blue;
Rooks were fondly chiding
As they homeward flew;
Gentle winds were playing
On the laughing lea;
All the world was Maying,
Frolicsome with glee.
When I bade my spirit join the merry throng,
All the poet within me broke into a song.

Can the heart be heavy
'Neath this living blue?
Shall the hours levy
Sorrow as their due?
Shall the exultation
Of the teeming earth
End in desolation,
An untimely birth?
Nay, my spirit answered, such a doubt were wrong,
As the poet within me broke into a song.

Now the clouds are stormy,
And the heaven grieves;
Whirling down before me
Fall the withered leaves;
All the rooks are swaying
To and fro bereft,
All the world's decaying,
Not a joy is left;
Then I let my spirit sadly drift along—
Could the poet within me break into a song?

Spirit, is it reason
Thus to live by mood,
Changing with the season,
Good when it is good?
Do the earth's songs falter?
Do its joys grow dim?
Still, God cannot alter—
Songs should spring from Him.
Then the joy in sorrow struck me clear and strong,
All the poet within me broke into a song.

E. P. HOSMER.

STUDIES FROM LIFE.

By GRANT ALLEN.

II.—THE HEAD-SPUR OF THE DESERT.

ISIT as I write by an open Moorish window on an African hillside and look out on a little vista of bright green valley with short sloping sides cut deep like a gorge in a manor spur thrown out by the great subsiding main range of the Atlas Mountains. Though it is in the mid-t of December and the snow to-day gleams white upon the summits of the distant Djurjura we are warm enough here in all conscience on the southward slope of the beautiful green Sahel that stretches with successive low vertebræ gradually from the haunted sand-desert and the sun is pouring in with almost tropical splendour at the open-latticed windows of our Moorish villa. I lift my eyes from my paper on moment as I write and gaze out through the pretty ornament of the half-circle chamber where I sit framed part of the work of the Arab projection and those open bars that block opposite for the well as the string-course of hortative Arab texts harem of the old run round as a border between frieze and dado attest the entrance as to the present day. In the foreground the from the Koran that aloes the luscious perfume of Japanese medlars fills the garden is gay with geraniums glow behind the huge stems of the its original use and air and mandarin oranges gleam gold in the sunshine among their own exquisite dark masses of clear-cut foliage. But behind them all etched out distinctly against the red soil of the hill at the back a single date-palm the glory of the villa raises its stately head in proud disdain high over the lesser and less beautiful trees towards the cloudless expanse of an African heaven.

It is a lovely sight, that graceful old palm-tree with its tall stem marked stage after stage by the clipped leaf-stalks of former years at the angles of whose sheaths bright yellow blossoms grow out luxuriantly from the trunk itself and clothe the bare bole of the ragged base with half parasitic verdure and hanging sprays of flowers. At the summit a broad rosette of long feathery branches waves backward and forward with exquisite

movement in the desert breeze. Branches we call them in every-day language, because they are so long and large and much subdivided, but in reality they are only very big and deep-cut leaves, what seems the branch being in fact the midrib, and what look like separate waving masses of foliage being really the minor segments or leaflets of the one great subdivided blade. Now, as chance would have it, I was looking out for a text for my lay sermon this sunny morning; and, lo, the text comes ready to my hand! Living here, as I do at present, in the land of dates, what better subject could I choose for my discourse than this beautiful and useful African date-palm?

A caravan of camels winds slowly, as I gaze, down the roadside opposite, headed by an Arab in a red burnous, and laden with bags of dates from the oases. The men of Sahara are bringing their sole wealth for barter to town. Let us see by what sort of labour they obtain it, and what strangely-constituted tree it is that yields it them.

If you plant a date-stone in a suitable situation on the borders of the desert—by a stream of water, or at least in damp sand, *bien entendu*, for denizen of Sahara as it is by nature, your date-palm exacts an abundant water supply—it will soon germinate, under favourable conditions, and send up a shoot of something the same sort as a blade of wheat, for the palms all belong by origin to the great order of the monocotyledons or one-seed-leaved plants, which includes also the grasses, cereals, orchids, and lilies. But the Arabs do not generally grow their date-palms from seed, and for this reason. The species is bi-sexual; it has male and female flowers on different trees; and as the male plants produce no fruit but only pollen for impregnating the embryo dates borne by their sister trees, they are comparatively useless, save in very small numbers, as I shall explain hereafter in due order. Hence the cultivators of dates usually propagate the palms by suckers taken from the root of a female tree, as such suckers always follow the sex of the mothers, whereas in the case of seedlings the sower can never be sure whether he will get a fruit-bearing or a pollen bearing individual. In the wild state, however, the date is, of course, propagated from seed, like everything else; and as it is the wild plant that always gives us the key to the real use and meaning of every part, we will suppose our palm here took origin (as I do not doubt was really the case) from a date-stone dropped here at random by some fruit-eating bird, or cast aside by some Arab wayfarer, like our camel-drivers opposite, on his road from the desert.

As the palm grows and gathers strength each day from the African sun, it acquires in time its distinctive branch-like and segmented leaves. But its growth, nevertheless, is to the very end extremely lily-like; it produces but a single undivided stem, and never branches out like the true trees—the oaks and the ashes—of the type familiar to us in northern climates. One can best understand its mode of growth by thinking of it as similar in principle to the yucca lilies, or "Adam's needles," so commonly grown in English hot-houses. Like them, it has a single stem, from every side of which spread the long leaves; like them, it has a round head of branching foliage; and like them, too, it has a bunch of thick-set lily like flowers, answering part for part the one to the other.

But the leaves of the date-palm, instead of being long, narrow, and blade-like, as is the case with most lilies and grasses, are divided into numerous beautiful segments, arranged (like the separate barbs of a feather) on each side of the stout mid-rib. This is a common form of leaf in palms, and its origin and use admit, I think, of very little doubt to a careful observer. Low palms, like the common fan-palm, so often seen in conservatories and drawing-rooms, have their leaves united at least as far as the middle of the fan-shaped blade, and fringed or tagged by ribbon-like segments at the border only. But taller palms, which have to stand the brunt of desert winds, like the date-tree, or of sea-breezes, like the cocos-nut, or of upland tempests, like the mountain-cabbage palm, almost always have their leaves divided into segments, and for a reason which it is easy enough to discover by analogy elsewhere. Bananas, for example, which in the wild state inhabit lowland jungles, have broad foliage, familiar to most of us in great conservatories; but when planted for food on windy hill-sides, as they are over yonder round the cottages on the slope, the breeze tears their broad blade to rags and tatters, and often uproots them bodily in tempestuous weather by its tropical violence. Under such conditions, it pays the tall palms better to provide beforehand against such a contingency by breaking up their leaves into feathery segments, arranged, as the botanists say in their crabbed dialect, pinnately, on either side the thick and woody mid-rib. Natural selection has best preserved in the long run those taller palms that tended most to this natural economy by division of the leaves into numerous leaflets.

Many of the little ornamental palmy shrubs, cultivated in pots as window plants in English drawing-rooms, beautifully exhibit the gradual transition from the simple blade to the pinnate arrangement of many segments. The earliest leaves in such cases are somewhat like those of a tulip or of Indian corn; but as the plant grows older, the leaves gradually bifurcate at the top, and then, producing at first several united segments, finally divide altogether down to the very mid-rib, so as exactly to reproduce the type of the date-palm. Here, as it were, we catch nature herself in the very act of progressive evolution.

The suckers which our Arab friends take from the base of the female tree produce fruit in about eight years, but are not in their full bearing prime till about twenty-five years from their first planting. Seedlings, however, take very much longer to attain maturity, as they do not start in life with a

A Female Flowering Branch

rich store of material already laid by for their use by the mother plant as the suckers do The palm flowers in April, its blossoms are numerous small and inconspicuous, lilies in type, but enclosed in a large sheath or spathe (like jonquils or garlic), from which the ripe dates finally protrude The male flowers have each six petals (or three sepals and three petals, to be quite strictly accurate, for I fear Smelfungus with his critical spectacles even here in Africa), inside which hangs a whorl of stamens with their tiny pollen bags The female flowers have also small petals but no stamens their centre being occupied instead by the rudiment or foreshadowing of the imbedded fruit In order for this to swell and grow into a perfect date the ovary must be fertilised by pollen from the barren blossoms In the wild state fertilisation is of course, brought about by bees flies and other friendly insects which visit the flowers in search of food and drink, and carry the pollen unconsciously on their bodies from one plant to the next they visit

The reason for this division of the pollen and the fruit on separate trees is to be found, no doubt in the universal need in nature for cross fertilisation It is a known principle in biology that perpetual inter breeding, whether of plants or animals produces in the end feeble offspring and that the frequent introduction of "fresh blood, as we commonly say, conduces to the health and strength of the species Hence, any peculiarity which tends to insure the fertilisation of flowers on one plant by pollen brought from the stamens of another is sure to be favoured in the struggle for life, and to be reproduced by survival of the fittest in future generations Originally, we may feel pretty sure, every palm blossom contained within itself both stamens and fruitlets, as the flowers of a few simple species of palm still do, but in process of time the stamens of certain trees became abortive, thus making the flowers female only, while the fruitlets of other trees withered into nothing, thus making their blossoms into males alone In

this way cross-fertilisation became a physical certainty, as each fruit was necessarily impregnated by pollen brought on the hairy bodies of insects from neighbouring palm-trees.

The Arabs, however, do not trust to the casual mercies of insects alone for setting and fructifying their precious date-crop. It is to them a matter of too much moment to be thus left to chance or to the caprice of a beetle. When they plant a grove, they take care to include in it one or two male palms (if there are no wild ones already growing in the neighbourhood), and when the flowering season comes, they send a boy up these male trees, to cut off the entire spatheful of pollen-bearing flowers. They then swarm up the fertile trees by the aid of the bases of the old leaf-stalks, and hang a portion of the male blossoming branches within each of the expectant fruit bearing spathes. The wind and the insects do the rest. The young dat fructified by the pollen, begin at once to swell, and hang out at last in a big bunch, not unlike the pendant bunches of bana nas one sees so often at an English fruiterer's, though of course on a very much smaller scale. The long clusters weigh from twenty to forty pounds each, and a single palm produces in a season as much as two hundredweight of good fruit.

Palm-leaf.

From the point of view of man, with his selfish conceptions, the use of the date is to serve merely as human food stuff. But from the point of view of the tree itself its use is something quite different—to serve as seed for the reproduction of the date palm species. For this object, it consists of two distinct portions, both having reference to its normal animal surroundings, but one of them attractive, the other repellent. The date, in fact, if I may venture to personify it, wants to be eaten; but the stone wants if possible to escape that painful fate. In other words, it is because the outer half of the fruit is sweet and nutritious, while the inner half is enclosed in a hard nut shell, that the date palm has become the one universal monarch of the desert. For just as insects are carriers of pollen, so are birds and mammals carriers and dispersers of seeds and nuts. In the case of the date, it is no doubt the common tailless Barbary monkey who has mainly performed the function of planter and propagator, though birds have also in all probability largely aided in the work of seed-sowing. The monkey can readily climb the slender stem, and after eating the soft and pulpy external portion, he throws away the stone or carries it off with him in his cheeks, leaving many after-

Palm-tree in Blossom.

wards in suitable spots where they are likely to germinate under favourable circumstances. Of course, he flings away many uselessly on the bare sands of the open desert, where they will have little chance of succeeding in life; but on the whole, as he himself mainly frequents the oases and the neighbourhood of the water-courses, he is most likely to scatter the seeds in the very spots where the special conditions of palm-tree existence are best realised in all their fulness. Evolutionists will have it that the pulpy fruit and hard protective stone of the date have been developed in the course of long ages by natural selection thus acting through the medium of the monkeys and the general environment; those dates having the best chance of survival which enticed their four-handed allies by a bribe of sweet food to aid in their dispersal, while at the same time they enclosed the actual seed itself in a hard shell, sufficiently tough to defy the teeth even of their treacherous nut-cracking carriers.

The date-palm has been evolved, apparently, in and for the Sahara alone. It

never thrives far away from the desert. And yet, by a strange contradiction in nature, it absolutely requires an abundant water-supply. It stands, the Arab proverb truly says, "with its feet in the water and its head in the scorching fires of heaven." Without it the desert would be quite uninhabitable, and the oases themselves would have no existence. Syria and Algeria are the most northerly points at which it will ripen its fruit to perfection; and even here on the Mediterranean slope of Africa, it grows with difficulty anywhere north of the Atlas range. But in the desert itself, it lives and thrives and prospers wonderfully. The great peculiarity which fits it so well for Saharan life lies in the fact that it can grow in pure sand alone, and content itself with water so briny and alkaline as to destroy all other forms of vegetation. Hence it will flourish by the salt lakes and wadys of the great desert, affording shade with its boughs where all else around bakes and swelters in the full eye of an African sun, and subsisting upon a sandy soil and a brackish water which would kill any less hardy and specially adapted type of tree or herb by their utter barrenness.

In the Souf, just beyond the blue mountains on the horizon yonder, the oases are for the most part artificially produced. The water there lies close below the surface, but a bed of gypsum overspreads the moist sandy stratum, and forms a wide waste of crystalline desert. When the industrious Arabs of that curious district wish to plant a date-grove, therefore, they remove the entire crust of gleaming white sulphate, and plant their palms in a hollow of the water-bearing bed beneath. The green tops of the trees rise, as they grow, some yards above the level, thus forming excavated orchards like ants' nests, with a dome of green as their sole visible symptom in the surrounding country.

But in the Sahara at large, where the date-palm first originated by natural means, it grows for the most part beside the Bahrs and wadys, as well as by the dry watercourses, whose pools retain a little moisture throughout the year from the annual inundation when the winter snow first melts on the high plateaux. At Biskra the people irrigate the roots of each palm-tree separately; and in the old days, when the Arabs of that great oasis refused to pay their taxes, the Turks, whose fort commanded the water-supply, used to cut off the stream and compel them to obedience. Here the date-palm lives in all its glory, not only supplying the inhabitants with food for themselves, but also with merchandise as a means of exchange with the outer world of Europe and Africa. Dates for home consumption are both dirty and poor; those for exportation are better-preserved and picked specimens. The desert as we know it—oases, caravans, Arabs, and everything—is all rendered possible only by the existence of that patient, sand-loving, brine-enduring tree. What the camel is among beasts of burden, that in fact the date-palm is in the vegetable world.

It isn't only for the dates, however, that the date-palm is valued; it acts, so to speak, as the "universal provider" for all the wants, good, bad, or indifferent, of the Arabs of the desert who live upon its produce. The stately trunks, rising forty-five feet into the sweltering air, and bending but not breaking before the fierce cyclones that sweep in full force across the level reaches of the Sahara, are planted so close together in the groves that they afford a very dense shade; and in the sub-tropical garden thus formed, wherever irrigation with fresh water is possible, other kinds of fruits and vegetables can be cultivated with success in the better oases. The natural life of the palm is a couple of centuries; but as soon as it has about attained its hundredth year it ceases to bear so well as before, and it is then shortly cut down for the sake of the timber. For a while, however, before this last act of its life, its juice is tapped to make palm-wine, from which, again, a spirit can be distilled by those degenerate Arabs who are not over-strict in their faithful observance of the Prophet's prohibition of alcoholic stimulant. And, indeed, you cannot live long among Mahommedans without seeing that the sons of Islam do frequently, as a matter of fact, indulge in something rather stronger than their proper coffee. The "cabbage" or growing-bud of the tree is also eaten as a fresh vegetable; and the wood forms the only sort of timber known to the oases. The trunk is necessarily so pliable, to endure the winds of the desert, that the beams made of it can bear very little weight; so the Arab cabins are unavoidably both very small and very low; the short scantling of the native wood, indeed, even on the sea-board hills, determined long since the smallness of the rooms in Moorish houses throughout all North Africa. Finally, the roots of the palm are used for making fences, the leaves are employed as a thatch for the huts, and the fibres supply the children of the desert with

mats, baskets, ropes, and sacking. The very dates on their way to market are packed in bales of their own fibre.

In short, the Arab of Sahara lives upon the date-palm. I have called it his bread-stuff, but it is far more than that alone. He eats it, he drinks from it, he lives under it, he burns it, he buys with it whatever he needs from other regions. It is his all, his estate, his heritage, his banker. He invests his money by planting a date-grove; he provides for his children by leaving them the good-will of the well and the palm-trees. No more wonderful case of adaptation exists in the world. The date-tree lives where nothing else would live, and cannot live itself where everything else can. The salamander of trees, it requires the burning heat of the desert; and even there it drinks by preference water which no other tree would so much as tolerate. "Adaptation to the environment" can go no farther.

An Arrangement in Chimneys.

A VENETIAN IDYLL.

By WILLIAM SHARP.

THEY were pleasant rooms, those which my friend and I shared in Venice early last summer. Situated as they were at the eastern extremity of the Traghetto San Gregorio, the windows to the front looked out on all the life and beauty of the Grand Canal and almost straight across to Salviati's well-known establishment, while at the same time the house was entered by a closed courtyard opening off the quiet Rio. It is true that not infrequently in the evenings loud voices and laughter and shrill cries were heard; for, as the name discloses, the Traghetto was one of those stations where gondoliers await their customers, and any one who has lived in Venice will realise at once that the poetic silence universally supposed to characterize the widowed queen of the Adriatic is a hollow delusion if in the neighbourhood there be a gondola station. The men have also a habit, convenient for themselves, but hardly so agreeable to inoffensive outsiders, ignorant even of the cause of dispute, of quarrelling from opposite banks of a canal, whence any amount of ferocious vituperation can be hurled with perfect safety, for nearly all disputes in Venice are settled by energy of language and strength of lungs instead of by blow or knife-thrust. But, after all, such occasional noisiness was more than balanced by our otherwise delightful situation. Almost ever since our arrival in the ever-new and ever-beautiful city we had employed the same gondolier,

by name Alessandro Luigi Tremazzi (as we afterwards learned, for at first he was known to us only by his familiar appellation Luigi), and had ultimately engaged his exclusive services for a month at the moderate rate of four and a half lire a day; and it was this Luigi who, early one morning, towards the end of last May, brought us our coffee and asked what were the immediate orders of the signori. We had felt, even before perceiving the fact, that a scirocco was blowing, or rather that what wind there was came from the dry and burning south, and before Luigi had come to us we had debated for some time whether to spend the first part of the day with Tintoretto and Titian or to sail northward to Torcello, so as on our return to see Venice and the lagoons in the beautiful silver and amethyst veil of a scirocco sunset. The result of our debate had been the choice of the latter course. So we gave our orders accordingly, dispatched our rolls and coffee and fruit, and before long found ourselves installed in the roomy gondola which we had told Luigi to direct first to the Lido, so that we might have a swim before starting in earnest on our journey. As we passed San Giorgio on the right, and found the Lion of St. Mark's and the Doge's Palace on our left giving place to the busy Riva degli Schiavoni, we noticed that the little wind there was seemed to be decreasing, so much so as to promise to fail altogether ere long, so we determined to wait till after our bathe before deciding finally as to Torcello; for we could not in fairness ask Luigi to take us such a distance during the prostrating and thundery heat of a windless scirocco day, more especially as the trip is at all times considered to be one necessitating two gondoliers. We had been at Torcello more than once with Luigi alone, and with his entire concurrence, but on these occasions the days had been fresh or cloudy and calm, the fatigue of gondoliering consequently having been minimised. As we neared Sant Elisabetta (or "the Lido," as this part of the Lido of Malamacco is now, even by the Venetians themselves, invariably called) the flagging breeze seemed to regain a little of its energy, and though neither the sky above nor the lagoon waters beneath had anything of that wonderful azure transparency so characteristic of them at most other times, yet they had a far-away pale blue that was almost as lovely. Right alongside the gondola, indeed, the water had a dull greenish hue, chiefly imparted to it by the masses of green trailing sea-hair which the morning tide waved up from the shallow depths. Leaving Luigi and our boat in the little harbour we strolled across the island, and in ten minutes felt the sea-wind on our faces, and saw before us the Adriatic sparkling away into seemingly illimitable distance, leagues beyond leagues of moving blue, relieved only by a white crest here and there, a snowy gull sweeping suddenly in its flight, and some half-dozen widely dispersed fishing-boats endeavouring to make the most of the wind that at intervals puffed out their orange, brick-red, or saffron-hued sails.

Endlessly beautiful as was this view we soon deserted it for the Stabilimento, whence, after a long and delightful swim in the salt and buoyant waves, we joined Luigi, and, having noticed a deepening of the blue to the south, soon left Sant Elisabetta behind us, intent now upon reaching Torcello. As we passed the green promontory of the Public Gardens we heard Luigi make some remark about the weather, but his meaning escaped us, and it was not till we were close upon San Michele that he spoke again. Meanwhile, as we had neared this island graveyard, we had been watching an exquisite silveriness permeate the already hazy atmosphere to the north and west, till at last it seemed as if a veil of thinnest gossamer had been invisibly spun from below and above, an aerially transparent veil that caused every distant object or outline upon which we looked to seem as though beheld in a mirage. So, in what might have been unreal vision, we saw the Venetian district of Canarreggio and the dim islands of the lagoons to the south of Mestre; and even Murano before us lost some of its unsightliness, and seemed soft as in the glow of late afternoon. But while we were silently watching this visible scirocco-breath we heard Luigi's second interruption, a politely-worded hint that it would not be an agreeable day for the signori to proceed to Torcello; and on asking him wherefore, he told us that it would be exceptionally close and thundery till the afternoon, and that then a storm of more or less severity would probably break out. Knowing from experience how weather-wise our gondolier was we at once gave up the idea of going farther north, and, after a few mutual suggestions, finally agreed to return homeward, but to disembark at San Nicoletto and have our luncheon and afternoon smoke under the shadowy acacias at that most beautiful, though least known, part of the Lido. In less than an hour we had landed, and, when sitting in the cool and

exquisitely fragrant acacia shade, we felt by no means disappointed at the enforced change in our plans. While lazily smoking after our light lunch, and as lazily looking out upon the metallic grey-blue of the lagoons beyond us, or listening to the humming of the wild bees among the innumerable white clusters overhead, one of us asked Luigi to tell us a story, true or legendary, as he preferred. Our gondolier himself looked worthy of being the hero of some Venetian romance. Tall and strong, but lithe rather than largely built, with wavy masses of black hair curling over his sun-tanned forehead and down upon his brown neck, with dark grey eyes that were at once indolent and fiery in their expression, and with a pleasant smile lingering always about his mouth, he bore his thirty years so well and with such unconscious grace that neither painter nor romancist could have found a better model amongst the gondoliers of Venice or the fisherfolk of Chioggia.

He laughingly replied to our request, that he could sing the songs of his craft, but that he was not a good story-teller, and moreover remembered nothing that could interest the signore; but when my friend suggested to him to tell us something about himself, if this were not asking too much, he blushed slightly as though with gratified pleasure, adding immediately that, if it would please us to hear, he would tell us how he won and married the pretty wife whom he had taken us to visit the other day.

Throwing himself in an easy posture in the acacia shade beside us, Luigi remained silent for a few moments, and then began in his soft and sibilant Venetian the following narration, which, however, does not pretend to follow with exactness his own phraseology.

"I don't think the heroes of stories, even in stories related by the chief actors themselves, are possessed of only one name, so, though to every one I am known only as Luigi, I may begin by saying that I am the only son of my dead father Giovan' Andrea, and that my own name in full is Alessandro Luigi Tremazzi. I was christened Alessandro after my father's father, and Luigi after my maternal grandfather, but was always called by the former name until my sixth or seventh year, when my father began to invariably address me as Luigi—a change that I afterwards discovered to be due to an act of shameful treachery on the part of his bosom friend, Alessandro Dà Ru, after whom I had been named in common with my father's father. I only mention this because Dà Ru's son, Matteo, with whom my father forbade me ever to play or even to speak, turns up again in my narrative, and there's always more than one traitor in a traitor's nest. However, things went on with us, sometimes well and sometimes ill, till my twenty-fifth year. At this time my father owned two gondolas, one quite new, and the other considerably dilapidated by many years' use; and as strangers generally prefer a young and active to an old man it generally happened that I took up my station at the piazzetta with the new gondola, while my father did ferry or 'barca' duty with the other at a Traghetto near the Rio di S. Vito, opposite the Giudecca. Between us we managed to get along without getting into debt, though, owing to the old man's mania for investing his money in lotteries and other speculations of like uncertainty, it was little that, even in the busy spring and autumn seasons, we were able to put aside, and this little certainly never survived a winter. If the money had not gone in this fashion we should have been very well-to-do indeed, for at an average of from six to eight lire a day between us throughout the year, we would have been better off than nine out of every ten of our neighbours, having no one to share or depend upon our profits. About this time my father died, the doctor saying it was from eating too much ripe melon, and the parish priest declaring that it was a sign of divine displeasure at old Tremazzi's not having been to mass for a year come Corpus Christi. My father had been a rather hard and taciturn man, but I missed him sorely at first; however, the poor must work however much they grieve, and moreover my life had just become filled with a new and absorbing interest. For some weeks before my father's death I had regularly gone every leisure half-hour to a small café on the Riva degli Schiavoni, not because I specially wanted either coffee or iced orange-water, but because it was next door to the tiny rope-shop of old Salvatore Agujani. You may be sure I did not spend my soldi at the café simply to look at the interior of a rope-seller's shop, nor even for the pleasure of occasionally conversing a little with white-haired Salvatore himself; but Signor Agujani had a grand-daughter who lived with him, and who frequently was to be seen in the little shop itself.

"It is not for me, signori, to say too much about the beauty of 'La Biondina,' as many of the neighbours called her, seeing that she

is now my wife, but you have seen her yourselves, and can therefore judge if she does not deserve to be known as 'Zena la Bionda.' You saw how golden-fair her hair is, how dark blue are her eyes, how white her beautiful neck and delicate hands, how joyous her laughter; but you can't guess how much fairer she seems to me when I come home at nights for my fried fish and macaroni, to see her sitting beside me and laughing at our baby's frantic efforts to reach me. But I am getting on too fast, and giving you the sequel before I have done with the commencement.

"When my father was buried yonder in San Michele, I found myself possessor of the two boats. I sold the old one, almost useless as a gondola, to an acquaintance who was content to get through life with such profits as the ownership of a 'barca' could bring in; and with the proceeds, and what little money there was lying by, I paid off all debts, and began the world on my own account with my nearly new gondola, which I rechristened *La Biondina*.

"By this time, I ought to say, there was an unworded understanding between Zena and myself, and I well remember the day when I first took her to see the change in my boat's name. It was the Festa of Corpus Christi, and I had determined on two things when I rose at sunrise: first, that I should keep the day as a holiday; and secondly that, if possible, I should get a definite answer from Zena, whether for good or ill, before lying down to rest again. Punctually at seven o'clock I was at the Riva degli Schiavoni, and wishing good morning to old Salvatore; and while still speaking Zena came out, looking lovelier than any flower you can see here on the Lido; then the three of us went off to the Piazza to see the grand procession, and to get blessed by the Cardinal Archbishop in St. Mark's; and throughout the rest of the day we met and talked with acquaintances, and idled and ate ices like the rich *forestieri* themselves. After sundown, when all Venice that could afford it was on the water, every one eager to see the hundreds of gondolas flitting to and fro upon the Grand Canal, or clustering by the score round the huge illuminated barge filled with musicians, and to witness the beautiful fireworks shooting up endlessly all along the banks from the end of the Schiavoni to the Rialto and the station at the extreme north-west, we too went out on the canal in my gondola—for though I could have let it that evening for so large a sum as ten lire, I swear that fifty would not have made me forego the pleasure of taking Zena out to see the end of the great Festa as it can only be seen aright. As we came along the Piazzetta her grandfather turned to speak to some friend, so I had time to take her down to the boat itself, and managed to swing the prow of the latter aside, so as to show Zena the name freshly painted on the narrow bulwark. When she saw *La Biondina* written there she blushed as red as a rose, and then asked me coquettishly what had made me change its name from *La Bella Esperanza*; whereupon I replied that to own 'La Biondina' *was* my 'Bell' Esperanza;' and here she blushed again more vividly than before. Knowing I might not have another opportunity that night, I stooped forward and whispered, 'Zena, carissima, I love you with all my heart; do you think you will ever love me enough in return to be my wife?' and to my delight and joy she breathed rather than said, 'I have loved you always, Luigi.' Ah! the happiness of that night. I shall never forget it; and you may be sure, signori, that we looked more at one another than at the fireworks or the innumerable gondolas filled with gaily dressed *forestieri*, and listened more eagerly to each other's lightest word than to the music which continuously was swept up and down the Grand Canal by the soft night wind. I said to myself that it seemed all too good to be true, but I little guessed that my light thought was to be followed by a sad reality.

"I said nothing that night to old Agujani, and even in parting with Zena nought passed between us but an ardent hand-pressure and a loving glance into each other's eyes. When I got home I could not sleep for a long time, I felt so happy; but at last I fell into a sound doze; not, however, into a dreamless one, for twice ere morning I dreamt that I was a little boy again, and that my father was telling me never again to play or speak with Matteo, the son of Alessandro Dà Ru, adding the proverb I had so often heard him muttering between his teeth, 'There's always more than one traitor in a traitor's nest.'

"When I woke it was with such lightness of heart as I suppose the larks have on a cloudless April morning. Before mid-day, however, all my joy had vanished, or at any rate had been sorely damped, for, you must know, I was officially informed that I was a navy conscript. In other words, notice was given me that I must without delay join one of the King's ships

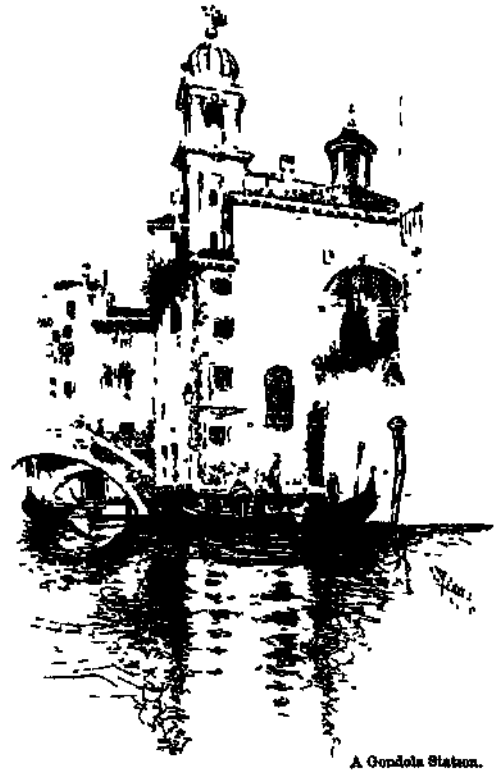
of war for a term of three years. As you may imagine, this was a sad blow to my ardent hopes; but I had no way of escape, firstly, because I had no mother or children dependent on me and was also in good health; and secondly, because I could not afford to pay for a substitute, even if the authorities would have permitted my doing so. There was nothing for it but to store up my gondola for the three years, or else to sell it, and then to settle matters and depart. This doesn't, perhaps, seem much to do, and of course many of my friends and acquaintances have undergone similar experiences; but yet I can tell you my heart was sore indeed when I broke the news to poor Zena. She took it bravely, however, and assured me with tears in her eyes that three years would soon pass; that she should write often, and that she would never swerve from her pledged fealty to me; persuading me also to say nothing about our engagement to her grandfather, because the latter would be sure to object to her being bound down through three years of absence on my part.

"Well, signori, I need not dwell upon what were sad enough days to Zena and myself, but the long and short of it is that in less than a week after the official intimation I was on board the *Umberto*. You may be sure Livorno seemed a poor enough place to me after Venice, and that the life of a man-of war's

A Water Gate.

man was anything but a welcome exchange from the honourable freedom of a gondolier—a gondolier moreover who owned his boat. But I mustn't weary you with details as to how these three years went by, save that sometimes we were stationed at Livorno, sometimes at Spezzia, again at Tunis or at Alexandria, but never once at Venice; though on one occasion my heart beat high when I heard it rumoured that the *Principe Umberto* had been ordered to Trieste, for then I knew that if I could get a couple of days' leave I should be able to get across to Venice and have a glimpse of my sweetheart; however, nothing came of this rumour, and when we left Corfu we steered south-westward and not towards the north. I should have told you before this that when I joined my ship I found two or three acquaintances amongst the conscripts, but on the night of my arrival only one known face met my gaze—the face of Matteo Dà Ru. I had seen little or nothing of my former playmate for several years past, as old Dà Ru had left his home in the Giudecca some five years before my father's death and joined the fishing fraternity at Chioggia, which, as you know, signori, is some thirty miles to the south of this. Distance as well as local prejudices continue to keep the inhabitants of the northern and southern lagoons apart, even, as in the Giudecca itself, intermarriage with a

man or woman of the town proper is not approved of. But though Matteo and I had met seldom of recent years, we knew each other well, and I could not but have a kindly feeling to an acquaintance encountered under such circumstances—one, moreover, whom I had known since we were little boys together. Yet curiously enough I experienced what was nearly a feeling of repulsion when we embraced one another with friendly salutations, just as if I heard again my old father telling me to have nothing to do with kith or kin of Alessandro Dà Ru and muttering his proverb about traitors. Although I guessed by this time what it was that had come between my father and his friend, I no longer thought it fitting I should renounce the latter's son for a crime of which he was wholly guiltless, and so it came about that, although we never became friends in the true sense of the word, we came to like each other well enough to be decidedly friendly acquaintances. All this time, of course, I heard at more or less regular intervals from Zena, letters always welcome, because they told me she was well and happy. It is true these letters were not written by herself, yet though the penmanship was that of old Antonio Barucci, the public letter-writer who sits at the right-hand corner of the Campo di Santa Maria Formoso, to me they were the same as though she had written them, both because I knew the words were hers, and because, I am ashamed to say, I couldn't at that time read handwriting myself. I may say now, signori, that both Zena and myself not only read but write fairly well, but at the time I am speaking of I had always to call in assistance to get through my sweetheart's notes, and to indite my own in return. I had found a trustworthy confidant in Gian' Battista, the boatswain's mate, and during the greater part of my time this good friend acted the part of reader and secretary for me, and never once betrayed my sweetheart's name to my comrades. About three months before the close of my time we were stationed at Spezzia, and while here I, in common with Matteo Dà Ru and half-a-dozen others, was drafted off to the gunboat *La Fiamma*, the crew of the latter requiring reinforcement owing to the extra trouble smugglers from the French and North African coasts had given of late. There had for more than a year past been a growing coolness between Matteo and myself—a coolness that had arisen without any definite cause, but strong enough to prevent my making him a confidant in my affairs and hopes. But one night, when we were together in the same watch, I determined to tell him about Zena and myself, having so resolved on account of no longer having my friend Gian' Battista at hand to help me with my correspondence, and knowing that I ought soon to hear from Venice, as I had sent a letter there soon after we arrived in the Gulf of Spezzia. For four months past I had had no news of my sweetheart, but I knew this was no fault of hers, as I felt certain she had written to such addresses as I had given her before the sudden departure of the *Umberto* for the west; but during this period we had been to Monte Video, returning by the coasts of Morocco, and finally by



A Gondola Station.

those of Algeria and Tunis, and it was not surprising that Zena's letters should have persistently wandered astray between such widely apart places as Corfu, Alexandria, Messina, Gibraltar, Monte Video, and the North African stations. None the less I was eager for even a scrap of news, and longed till another day should bring me the reply to my last letter. By this time I could read a little, though only slowly and with difficulty, yet I hoped to make out Zena's letter by myself, or at any rate to do so after it had once been read over to me by a friend.

"In an emergency one cannot always be particular, and thus it was I came to confide in Matteo. As I said, we were one evening together in the same watch; we had been talking about our term, which would shortly expire, and about what we would do when we got our final discharges.

"'My father would like me to join him in his fishery business at Chioggia,' said Matteo; 'but I have no intention of doing so. I have my gondola safely stored up, and will try to get my old place at the Piazzetta again. Then perhaps I will get a wife, and have a comfortable home, after all this jumbling about in the western seas.'

"'Oh, then,' I replied, 'you are thinking of marrying, are you? Come, come, my friend, a man doesn't generally do that in earnest unless he has some one in view. Why did you never say anything of this to me before?'

"'For the same reason, I suppose,' answered Matteo, 'that you never confided in me. Do you think I am blind that I never saw you writing letters (or rather getting Gian' Battista to do them for you) regularly whenever we were anywhere in port? I knew your father was dead, and I didn't suppose you wrote so often to Francesco, or Tito, or Paolo or any other of our fellow-gondoliers.'

"'Tell me this, then,' I said laughingly. 'Is your sweetheart dark or fair? Mine is as fair as a May day is to a December night. I'll swear she is the most beautiful *biondina* in all Italy.'

"'Is she so very fair,' asked Matteo with sudden eagerness—'is she so very fair? I'll lay you a day's wage, *amico mio*, that she is not the equal of the girl I love! Come, tell me her name, and it may be that some friend here knows the girls, and so can decide as to which is the fairer.'

"'No, no,' I said, 'I asked you first. Tell me the name of your sweetheart, and I'll tell you mine.'

"'Not so; but if you like, we'll toss for it. "Heads" to tell first.'

"'Agreed!'

"Whereupon Matteo flung six soldi into the air, four of which came down 'heads' upward, so that it was I who had to disclose my secret first.

"'*Altro!* she is called La Biondina, because she is so fair and beautiful, by those who know her well; Zena la Bionda by others; Signorina Zena Agujani by strangers and customers who call at her grandfather's shop in the Riva degli Schiavoni. *Ecco mia biondina!*'

"Just then I heard the officer of the watch call out something sharply to some one forward, and turned my head to listen; but hearing no sound of any kind from Matteo, I looked round again, and was startled to see his face ghastly pale and his dead-black eyes glittering with what looked to me like uncontrolled hate.

"'What's the matter, Matteo,' I cried, 'and why do you look at me thus?'

"He did not reply at first, but kept his eyes fixed on me with the same strange expression; then he stammered something about not feeling well, and that I was to take no notice of it. He said it was a return of the same complaint he used to suffer from occasionally after being out most of the night with the fishing-boats, a kind of cramp in the stomach. This fully accounted to me for his ghastly look, though at first I had been startled into vague alarm.

"'Are you better now?' I asked; but before he answered he stepped closer into the dark shadow that stretched between us and the foremast, just as though he were anxious that I should not again see his face. If this was his intention he succeeded, for all I could make out was the dim outline of his figure. It was one of those moonless nights when even the light of the stars seems only sufficient to let us know how dark it is.

"'Yes, yes; I am all right now. And have you been engaged to Zena Agujani all this time? Has she promised to marry you, or is there simply an understanding between you? Does old Salvatore know how matters stand?'

"'One question at a time, my friend,' I said; 'besides, you forget you have not yet fulfilled your part of the agreement. What is the name of your *bella bionda;* is she of Venice or Chioggia?'

"'Oh, I was only joking, Luigi. I was in love for a time with a golden-haired girl from Trieste, who lived with her uncle at

Fusina; but she had too fiery a tongue for me, and the last I heard of her was that she had married Piero Carelli, the lemon merchant at Mestre. I don't believe in blondes, *amico mio*; I never yet heard of one who was true to both lover and husband.'

"'Didn't you, Matteo? or is your opinion not based on the simple fact of your sweetheart's having preferred good-tempered Piero Carelli to a somewhat surly Chioggian fisherman?'

"I had been foolishly provoked at Matteo's remarks about *biondas* in general, and I fully expected my answering sneer would have roused his quick and passionate temper; but to my surprise he said with unexpected eagerness—

"'Come, Luigi *caro*, don't let us quarrel about a trifle. Here's all health and long life and prosperity to you and your Zena!'

"'You must surely know her by sight,' I said to Matteo; 'for there's hardly a gondolier on the Riva who wouldn't know whom you meant by *La Biondina*.'

"He didn't reply for a moment or two, and when he spoke it was in a somewhat strained voice.

"'I think I know who you mean. She is beautiful without doubt. But I'm not on speaking terms with old Salvatore, for some five or six years ago he used language in public about my father for which I have never forgiven him. He may thank his grey hairs he hasn't had the feel of a knife between his ribs before this.'

"I knew this was dangerous ground, so I began at once to talk about the delights of getting away from shipboard and of being free once more. Before long our watch was up, and I, at any rate, was not long in falling fast asleep. For some reason I can't explain, my first thought, when I awoke, was connected with what Matteo had been saying about blondes. I laughed at myself for my folly, but do what I would, a vague uneasiness took possession of me, and I began to think that it was, after all, very strange I had not heard from Zena for so long. I remembered now, what I had merely chuckled at in my sleeve before, that in the last letter I had received my sweetheart had mentioned her grandfather's having urged her to marry Filippo Faccioli, a middle-aged and very well-to-do ship-chandler, who had a flourishing business on the Fondamenta del Ponte Longo, in the Giudecca, and who had offered, in a conversation with old Salvatore, to take her with or without dowry. The moment this recollection flashed across my mind I indignantly put it aside again, as I knew Zena too well to suppose she would marry any man, however rich, while she loved another. Nevertheless, I felt uncomfortable all day, all the more as the expected letter had not arrived. In the afternoon I was down below mending some clothes, and did not notice a government cutter come alongside, but in less than half an hour thereafter I heard the word 'letters' spoken by some one, and you may imagine I bundled up quick enough. Most of the letters had been distributed by the time I got to the quarter-deck, but at last my name was called out, and I stepped forward and received my precious note, retiring with it at once to the quietest spot I could find.

"I had not till then realised how much Matteo's malicious sneer had affected me, but now the reaction of a glad certainty was so great that the tears were in my eyes, and my hands trembled as I opened the envelope. At this moment I heard Matteo's voice behind me whispering, 'Well, good news, I hope?' and on the impulse I handed the note to him, begging him to read it out to me, as I couldn't spell through it quick enough for my impatience. He took it without a word, and began, 'Dear Luigi,' and then abruptly stopped, and seemed to be glancing through the rest of the letter.

"'Well,' said I, 'seeing that that letter is addressed to me, I think you might as well read it aloud instead of perusing it from beginning to end by yourself.'

"'Don't be angry, Luigi *caro*,' he replied; 'there is bad news in it, old friend, I am sorry to say.'

"'In heaven's name what is it?' I cried out with sudden pain. 'Is there anything wrong with Zena?'

"'Do you remember my idle words about blondes last night?' Matteo replied in a quick low tone; and then seeing the expression of agony I felt must be in my face, he added, 'See, *caro* Luigi, a lance-thrust is a painful thing, but it is better than the setting-in of a disease; be a man, and bear what many another has had to bear before you. I'll read you the girl's note:—

"DEAR LUIGI,—I know this letter will bring you a great disappointment. I wouldn't have minded it so much if I thought you had consoled yourself for my absence in any of the ports you have been visiting, but as you swear in your last letter that you have been true to me all along, I believe you.

"It's not my fault, Luigi, that a rich neighbour has fallen in love with me, but such is the case, and my grandfather has insisted on my accepting him. He told me that he had lost everything in the world by an unfortunate speculation, and that if not for

my own sake, at least for his, I must not refuse this splendid chance. I didn't tell him I expected you home again before long, as this would just have irritated him to no good end. And to be quite honest, Luigi, I must tell you that for some time past I have doubted if I were fitted for you, and if we would be happy. I am afraid not, and this gives me more courage in writing to tell you that, before you receive this letter, I shall be married to our rich neighbour, whose name I will not give you in case you should curse him in your anger.

"Try to forgive me, dear Luigi, and believe that I am acting for the best

"Still your friend I sign myself for the last time, "ZENA AGUJANI"'

"While this letter was being read to me I felt as if the vessel was sinking under my feet, and then as if every drop in my body was surging round my heart or throbbing in my temples. A blind flood of fury suddenly overcame me, and snatching the letter from Matteo's hands I cursed her as a heartless jilt and hypocrite, and then rushed away to the foc's'le, where I threw myself upon my back, to spend the most agonising hours I had ever experienced.

"After what seemed to me weeks of misery I rose, and with trembling hands wrote out in my crabbed letters the following brief note:—

'To Zena Agujani

'You will never hear from me again

'LUIGI TREMAZZI'

"This I likewise myself addressed to 'La gentilezza signorina Zena Agujani, al'casa del Signor Salvatore Agujani, Riva degli Schiavoni, 134, Venezia.'

"Next morning this letter went on its way, and as I saw the post-bag handed over the side of the *Fiamma*, I felt as if all the happiness of my life went with it also.

"Before being summoned again on deck for my watch, a sudden suspicion flashed across me about Matteo. His conduct was strange the night before, and even during the agony of hearing Zena's letter read, I remembered its having vaguely struck me that a peculiar expression, almost of mocking triumph, gleamed upon my comrade's face. Quick as thought I pulled out the letter and slowly spelt it out, but every word from 'Dear Luigi' down to 'Zena Agujani' was just as Matteo had read. My suspicion vanished almost as swiftly as it had arisen, and when I went on deck I was able to disguise my state of feelings even from him. Before we turned in again, I told him that of course everything was over between Zena and myself, and that the one request of him I had to make was that he was never to mention her name to me again.

"'I promise,' he said; 'but first let me ask you if you have destroyed her letter? I would if I were you. You'll never forget her treachery as long as you have it with you.'

"When I told him that I had not and did not mean to destroy the letter, I saw him biting his lips as though repressing some hasty exclamation; but he said no more, then or later. Before coming on deck I had buried the cruel note at the bottom of my box, because though I would not destroy it, I could not bear to carry it about with me. I slept little during that night, and as the dim morning light began to steal in, I lay with half-closed eyes, drowsily thinking of my ruined hopes and of my acute misery; but while thus

Inside the Gate.

thinking, my eyes, unconsciously to myself, kept watching one of my comrades, who seemed to be looking for his clothes near where my own were laid. The man suddenly looked up, and instinctively I almost wholly closed my eyes, but in a few moments slightly raised them again, and perceived that the man was Matteo, and that he was feeling in the pockets not of his own clothes but of mine. Something in his stealthy movements made me suspicious, but after a moment's hesitation I sprang from my bunk and asked him what he was doing with my things. I noticed that his first instinct was to snatch the knife from the belt that lay alongside, but the next moment he turned and stammered out,

"'What do you mean?' adding immediately, 'Oh, I beg your pardon; I see these are your things; I thought they were mine; I wanted to get out a piece of baccy I left in one of the pockets last night.'

"With that he turned away at once, and though I could say nothing more, it struck me as strange that any one innocent of any underhand transaction should have been so startled, and should have stammered out so vague excuses with so white a face. Even then it struck me that Matteo, if nothing worse, must surely be a coward.

"Well, signori, time went by, and at last the day came when a lot of us got our official discharges, duly signed and attested, and were allowed to get ashore at Spezzia, free men once more, Matteo and myself being among this fortunate band.

"*Ecco!* The great day had come at last, but instead of being overcome with joy, I wandered about the little town and along the shores of the bay, sobbing every now and again with my bitter disappointment. I felt half inclined to voluntarily go to sea again, and it was considerably past midnight before I decided to return to Venice; but on inquiry I discovered that the night train for Pisa and Florence had gone, and that I should have to wait some hours. Even miserable hours—which the good God keep from you, signori—pass somehow, and in due time I found myself at Pisa, then at Bologna, and finally in the mail train for Venice. I heard some one in the carriage saying he wished he could have left Florence the day before, so as to have spent the whole of Corpus Christi with his friends, and by that I knew that this day of miserable return was the great Festa, the same on which, three years ago, I had asked Zena to plight me her troth. Well, signori, to make a short ending to what I'm afraid has been over long a story, I arrived once more in Venice, between four and five in the afternoon, on the day of Corpus Christi. A curious fancy took me when I got out at this station; instead of going to look out for a room for myself I left my box at the station, and, having jumped into a gondola, told its owner to row me to the Fondamenta del Ponte Longo, on the Giudecca. When the gondola slid alongside a deserted-looking traghetto thereupon, I told the man to wait, and then walked slowly along the bank till I came to the shop of Faccioli, the ship-chandler, whom I had never doubted to be the man who had stolen my love away from me. While standing near the house and casting sidelong glances up at its windows, a cripple hobbled up to me and begged for a soldo in the Virgin's name, but before paying any heed to his request I asked him (though I knew it well) who lived in the house beside us.

"'Why, Signor Faccioli, of course, the rich ship-chandler.'

"'Ah!' I added, 'then I suppose you often see him and his signora come in and out?'

"'You are thinking of the wrong man, signor captain,' replied the cripple obsequiously; 'the excellent Filippo Faccioli has no wife, though report has it that he wanted to marry a golden-haired child, who is granddaughter to old Salvatore Agujani, who is a ——'

"Without waiting to hear any more I flung a half-dozen soldi and centesimi to the astonished beggar, and, as soon as I had regained the boat, told the gondolier to take me over at once to the Riva degli Schiavoni. As we shot along the wide lagoon, with the Dogana di Mare on the left and the Isle of St. George on the right, a hundred different thoughts coursed through my mind. If Zena hadn't married Signor Faccioli, whom had she married? or was she married at all? or was it that death had prevented her from wedding wealthy Filippo? Or had she jilted him even as she had done me? and so on, over and over again. When I landed near the Piazzetta, I walked straight toward the well-known little shop, but just as I neared it, I met an acquaintance, who told me (after some inquiries about myself which I was forced to answer) that he had just seen old Agujani on the Piazza listening to the band that was amusing every one till it was dark enough for the fireworks and the water-music to begin. I asked him as calmly as I could if 'La Biondina' was with her grandfather, and he replied he felt sure she was;

'for you don't catch a pretty girl staying at home on the eve of Corpus Christi.'

"I left him then, and his assurances having given me courage, I went up right to the door of the old shop. I don't know why I wanted to see it again, but any way I did so want; nor do I know why it was I didn't think the door would in all probability be locked, but here again I didn't think anything of the kind. With my heart in my mouth, so to speak, I turned the handle and looked in. Some one looked up and uttered a short cry. It was Zena.

"The next moment she was in my arms, sobbing and kissing me by turns, and I doing pretty much the same thing. Before a happy minute was out, however, she sprang back from me, and, with tears still glittering in her eyes, asked me suddenly what I meant by writing that she would never hear from me again.

"'Here I've been sobbing my life away because of your cruel message! What does it mean, Luigi? Tell me at once—are you married—have you promised any other girl? What is it?—tell me quick!'

"I stammered out, 'Why, look here, Zena, it's I that want to know what you mean by writing me such a horrible letter?'

"'What letter?' she asked in evident surprise.

"'This one,' I said, as I took it from my pocket and showed it to her, and then slowly read it out from beginning to end.

"'And you believe I wrote that?' was all she said.

"In a moment I had her in my arms again and begged her to forgive me; but she said she would not till this matter was cleared up. So I began and told her all about it, but just as I was describing how I went, immediately after my arrival in Venice, to look at the house of Signor Faccioli, she cried out—

"'Why, I know who's played you this cruel trick—it was Matteo Dà Ru!'

"'What on earth makes you think so?' I asked, already half convinced.

"'Well, he must have come from Spezzia by an earlier train than you did, for this morning he came to see my grandfather and immediately afterwards implored me to give him my troth, swearing that he had loved me for five years past. He begged for my love so passionately that I was a little frightened, so I put on an appearance of anger and said scornfully that I would never wed him, even if I were free and he were not the son of Alessandro Dà Ru. Seeing I was in earnest, he suddenly drew himself up and left the room; but as he did so, I caught a glimpse of his pale face almost smiling, and I heard him muttering, 'Well, I've had my revenge.'

"*Ecco, signori!* there's my story. I needn't tell you much more.

"We soon made all up between us again, and in less than a month Zena la Bionda and myself were married. Old Salvatore dowered her handsomely, and with the profits of my own gondola in addition, we are able to have all we want.

"Eh! what? you want to know what about that letter, and what about Matteo? Well, we took the letter that had caused so much trouble and sorrow to old Antonio Baruccio, the public scribe. He emphatically denied that it was in his handwriting, and he suddenly convinced us by showing beyond doubt (what I never thought of comparing) that the writing on the envelope and in the letter were decidedly different. We made him a confidant in the affair, and it was he who probably found the true solution when he declared that Matteo must have had the letter ready beforehand, and managed to exchange it for the true one when I handed him the letter to read. 'It was a very different note that I wrote last from the Signorina's dictation,' added old Baruccio with a sly laugh. Thereafter I sent Matteo a note to his father's house at Chioggia, and in that note I told him I had found out his treachery, and that he had better keep out of my way for some time to come. I added that I had kept the forged letter, and intended handing it over to the police. I got no answer to this note; but a few days later I heard that he had joined *La Bella Bianca*, a merchant-ship trading between Livorno and San Francisco, and that he intended to settle down either in the latter place or in Melbourne, where, amongst the small Italian colony, he had a well-to-do cousin. Anyway, he disappeared from this neighbourhood, and we have heard or seen nothing of him since.

"We are very happy, *signori*, and if our little baby-girl (whom we named Gioja, because of the joy she brought us) grows up to be as fair a woman as her mother, I hope when her time comes that no 'Matteo' will come between her and her lover, to make their waiting perilous and hard to bear."

Thus Luigi finished his Venetian Idyll. We waited an hour or two longer under the cool and shadowy acacias of San Nicoletto; and then within about half an hour of sunset we left the Lido and sailed homeward past the

desolate Jewish cemetery, where the dishonoured gravestones lie broken and half sunk amongst the nettles and scarlet poppies that grow upon the barren sand. As the prow of the gondola pointed straight between the Isola di San Giorgio and the Punta Motta, we saw Venice as she is not often seen, except in the sultry heats of late July or August. To the west, between Fusina and Mestre, the sky was of a black-purple, with a long broad band of orange-gold running through it; nearer, overhead, flakes and curdled drifts of fiery crimson clouds spread out their fringed edges like red sea-weed torn and serrated by a furious tide; and over and beyond Venice itself great masses of cloud, tinged with lurid purplish russet and vivid bronze, slowly mounted upward and intermingled. Erelong we lost sight of this stormy splendour, for only a small portion of the sky was visible before us as we shot past the noble pile of the Salute.

We had hardly drawn up at our Traghetto before a vivid flash of lightning seemed to dart in a long level line right from San Stefano past La Fenice, followed immediately by a wild crash of thunder. How the rain came down thereafter! It was as though a flood was whirling earthwards in deluging spray. Sitting comfortably drinking our coffee we felt glad that our friend Luigi had a cosy home to take shelter in, and, to tell the truth, we rather envied him the greeting he was sure to get from Zena la Bionda and the crowing welcome of the little Gioja.

THE ISLES OF GREECE.

By J. P. MAHAFFY, Author of "Social Life in Greece," etc.

SECOND PAPER.

ALTHOUGH the central group of the Cyclades would seem entitled to the primacy—Naxos from its size and richness, Thera from its wine, Paros, Ios, Amorgos, each from their old celebrity in producing men of letters;* and almost all from their precious marbles and at one time from their fine timber—yet the centre of the Cyclades always lay at another point, at the south point of the group which reaches down from Eubœa; and strange to say, this centre has always been determined not by natural but by artificial causes. Delos was all through classical history the acknowledged eye of the Cyclades—a small desert island situated between larger and richer neighbours; but the sanctity of its temples, and perhaps the very insignificance of its territory, made it a neutral and suitable centre for the confederation of islanders, who sanctified it by legends, offerings, and a memorable temple. It may be said that for centuries Delos and Delphi were rivals for the dignity of being the religious metropolis of the Greek world. Strange to say, as this religious importance of Delphi had been originally a consequence of its political convenience, so it became afterwards the cause of its commercial greatness. In Roman times, especially after the humiliation of Rhodes and the ruin of Corinth, the harbour and market of Delos became the real centre of the Ægean trade. What had once been the scene of the purest Greek devotion, the worship of Apollo, became the mart for the most hideous of traffics, that of human merchandise; nor were the slaves of those days wretched savages of inferior type, but prisoners of war, kidnapped peasants or travellers, honest citizens ruined by the cruel rapacity of Roman money-lenders. So the whole western world of Italy and Sicily was filled with slaves equal or better than their masters in breeding and culture, and this is the key to those terrible slave-wars which devastated the Roman dominions in the decadence of the Republic.

Delos is now a mass of ruins. Not even shepherds dwell there, and its native desolation is enhanced by the artificial aid of the excavator. For let the reader who longs to see the Roman Forum, or Mycenæ, or Troy, as recovered from their oblivion by modern research, lay it to heart that when he gets there the first thing that will strike him is the horrid ugliness of excavations. Heaps of rubbish lying here and there, fragments of broken pillars, stray capitals, battered scraps of sculpture, mud or dust all around and about them, and that peculiar untidiness of the rubbish or dust-heap which always marks the refuse of human industry, and never the waste of nature. The stones of the old buildings are bereft of all colour and beauty, and however deeply interesting and

* Paros produced Archilochus and Ennus; Amorgos the satirical Semonides; Ios was claimed to be Homer's tomb, and therefore must have possessed an old school of epic poets, or writers.

Pala as seen from the Citadel of Cranæ.

instructive to the archæologist, are seldom if ever tolerable to the visitor, who expects to see some suggestion of ancient beauty. "How different is the hand of Nature! Whether in northern abbey or southern fane, no sooner are the monuments of human patience and of human pride abandoned and forgotten, than nature takes them into her gentle care, covers them with ivy, with lichen and with moss, plants shrubs about them, and sows them with countless flowers. And thus, when a later age repents the ingratitude of its forerunners, and turns with new piety to atone for generations of forgetfulness, nature's mantle has concealed from harm that else had been destroyed, and covered the remainder with such beauty that we can hardly conceive these triumphs of human art more lovely in their old perfection than in their modern solitude and decay."*

But if Delos be now a scene of death, where no one lands but the scientific ghoul, who goes to prey upon the tomb of whilome splendour, it was once the very place where death was not admitted, and whence the dying were carried to the neighbouring ness, the cemetery of Delos. And if death sometimes surprised their watchful ness, at least no sound of lamentation durst ever be heard within these precincts of holy joy, about the shrine of the ever-youthful and ever-glorious Apollo. This Greek horror of death and its circumstances is curiously illustrated by the fact that, at the closely adjacent island, Mykonos, the most extravagant lamentations of a professional kind are still in use. I think it very likely that the wealth of the old Delians, and the custom of burying their dead away from home, gave rise to a professional class of mourners, and that the death-wails of Mykonos, which Mr. Bent has so graphically described, probably date from classical times.

But we must hurry on. Strange to say, the centre of the Cyclades has only moved a few miles off, to another insignificant island; and stranger still, the commercial supremacy of Syra in our day is also due to its being a religious asylum, where the French kings and the Popes protected their Roman Catholic subjects, under the care of a Latin bishop. This it is which made Syra rich and prosperous when the other islands were languishing under the Turk. So now Syra is, as Delos was, a port only second to the Piræus in the Greek waters. The religious interest

* "Rambles and Studies in Greece," p. 322.

of both Delos and Syra are now long separated from the commercial, and in our day it has taken up its place on the closely neighbouring island of Tenos, to which reference has already been made. So, then, the fact remains that the centre of the Cyclades, as regards human history, has never varied many miles from the same spot, and has always, though moving from island to island, adhered obstinately to its first determination by the old Ionians in the dawn of history.

Let us pass to the next group, the prolongation of Attica, which reaches down to Melos, and which includes many important islands. As I said before, size is no criterion in the Cyclades. Of this group the first and last, Keos and Melos, are far the most remarkable; the first celebrated of old for the refinement of its manners, for its care of education, and for its general respectability. Even now it

Samos as seen from the West.

(Zea) is probably the pleasantest of all the group to live in. It still possesses great oak forests, and a good deal of comfort in the way of decent houses. People are scattered through the farms, and not all gathered in filthy villages, as is usually the case. The mainland is near, and the traveller feels he can escape any day into Attica. The whole scenery of Eubœa and of Greece from the isthmus to Athens is stretched out before him, so that we need not wonder at the good repute and comforts of Keos. As regards produce, the *miltos*, or red stone, with which the Athenians daubed their ships in old times, came from this land. Now they only export the cups of acorns, and feed great herds of swine on the

stands high in all these honourable distinctions. Melos, on the other hand, is rather celebrated for its misfortunes — war in Athenian days, pestilence in our own. Keos

berry. There was a moment during the war of independence when Keos might have become the capital of the islands, when the Chiote refugees proposed to settle there. The island has an excellent harbour, and there is plenty of good lead. But the Keotes, who from old were rather famed for good laws than for ambition, refused the offer. Strabo says that in old days people above sixty (especially single women) committed suicide to avoid troubling their relations. What a generous view for old people to take!

The next island, Siphnos, is quite different. It is flat, ugly, and bare. But it possesses hot springs, which are gradually coming into repute as baths, and will make money for the islanders, who have lost their mulberry-trees and olives by the violence of pirates and the neglect and poverty of their own people. Almost all the valuable timber —and how valuable it is in those lands!— has been cut down for fuel. The adjoining and still more barren rocks of Gyaros and Seriphos were used in Roman days for the prisons of noble exiles, so that great Roman nobles languished out their lives gazing round upon these islands. Siphnos was once celebrated for its gold mines, and has an interesting mediæval history, too long and intricate for this article, which has left some Venetian traces in words and in customs. Indeed, all through the islands there are the same kind of mediæval remains — great towns and ruined castles upon cliffs—that meet us in Peloponnesus. But they almost all date from somewhat later days, when the Venetians ruled in these waters. Even the little Kimolos has its celebrated potter's clay, which was known in the days when pottery was indeed one of the fine arts. Melos also, as well as Keos, might have been the capital of the Cyclades. It has a splendid harbour, and is still frequently a meeting-place for ships of war. But it has been visited by pestilences in recent years, as bad as the wars which devastated it in Athenian days. It is now oftener in people's mouths than any other Cyclad island, on account of the famous Venus (Aphrodite) found there in 1822, the Venus of *Milo*, which the ignorant generally imagine to be the name of the sculptor.

The result of our whole survey of the Cyclades is this: there is the most extraordinary variety in these islands. While they can all, with proper culture and care, be brought to produce oil, wine, oranges, lemons, and other southern fruits, individual islands have their peculiarities, especially mineral, which only require capital and enterprise to produce great wealth. They have been so long handed over to rapine without and recklessness within that it is a wonder so much population and industry still remains. Smaller and more barren islands nearer the shore have had better chances. Look at Ægina, which all through classical Greek history played a first-rate part, as an independent power, as an outlet of Athenian population, as the home of commerce, the patron of lyric poetry, of sculpture, the scene of the earliest Greek coinage, still the site of one of the noblest ruins among Greek temples. As far as commerce goes, the same kind of position was maintained by the little rock of Hydra, which you sail along, wondering at its barren sides, till suddenly you look through a mouth not more than thirty yards wide into a strange little semicircular harbour, with all the houses rising above it like the seats of an ancient theatre. These people were the richest in Greece under the Turks. They lived by bold seamanship, and by long voyages as traders, and owned all the opposite coast, which they covered with forests of olives, oranges, and lemons. Spezza close by did the same kind of thing, and proved once again what has been shown by history many times, that people of energy on a rocky island, and therefore either secure from invasion or not worth a naval expedition to attack them, can make themselves masters of other people's wealth by successful trading, and can acquire even an empire abroad while they have no territory to support them at home. Many other islands in the Ægean were also the nests of successful corsairs, and in the Middle Ages of duchies founded by adventurers; but these ill-gotten gains vanished as they arose, and now there is no collection of islands within the limits of Europe that takes less part in modern history.

When we leave the Ægean, and coast round towards the south of Greece, we find the islands smaller and scarcer. Off the south point there is indeed one considerable tract of land—Corigo, the ancient Cythera—which has come into notice by being counted, strangely enough, one of the Ionian islands ceded to England early in this century; and so the visitor finds roads, and lighthouses, and a fort, such as he will seek in vain among the lands not subject to a great European Power. We gave in our last number a cut of the most striking point—an ancient fortress of Hellenic construction, but renewed by the Venetians, and only of late fallen

Homer's School.

into ruins. Dr. Schliemann has just been making researches in this island, and we may soon expect to hear some news of the antiquities, which are evident enough on the very surface. It was once a Phœnician island, particularly well suited to the traffic in the murex, from which they made their blood-red dye, which they called purple, and which the Spartans also affected very much in their military dresses. It had a famous temple of Venus;* and the whole island was in Strabo's day the property of one man, the chief citizen of Sparta. But in history it is not interesting. In picturesqueness it is second to few of the islands, seeing that it commands not only fine views of the snowy peaks of Crete afar, but all the great ranges of the Laconian mountains.

But let us coast westward and northward, along the ancient Messene and Pylos, where there is a long stretch with no inhabited island, and no island with a name in history, save the block of rock that bars the harbour of Navarino. This has at least been witness to two great fights: the one in the Peloponnesian war, when a Spartan division was caught on the island by an Athenian fleet, and after a long blockade either killed or forced to surrender. The other was the famous battle of Navarino in 1829, which

* This is probably the temple Dr. Schliemann has been recently examining. We gave last month a cut of the alleged first landing-place of the Phœnicians with their Venus (Astarte), which is close to the site of the temple.

decided that the Egyptian troops should not crush the exhausted patriots of Greece, and led to the reappearance of Greece among the nations of Europe. But, as I have said elsewhere,* Greece is turned eastward, and holds out no stepping-stones to lead the way to Italy. The Western or Ionian Sea was always strange to the southern Greeks and islanders, and it is not till we have gone the circuit of Peloponnesus, and are opposite the Gulf of Olympia, that we descry the most southern of the great north-eastern group of Ionian islands, which have a history of their own, and are, as it were, an outlying province of Greek life, lying along semi-Greek or even barbarous coasts, and in early times regarded—at least Corfu was—as an outlying province of Hellenedom. Zante is a lovely island, full of olive-trees, vines, and oranges, well-cultivated ever since the English occupation, and rich in wells of naphtha and petroleum.

It is delightful to wander along the eastern side of the island, which has a gentle slope rising from the sea separated by a ravine from the rocky mountains within. The eye ranges from the mountains of Peloponnesus, of which Erymanthus and Chelmos are the highest visible, but the heights of Arcadia, especially Lycæon, no less remarkable, to the entrance of the Gulf of Patras, and round to the giant tops of Ætolia, and then to the northern islands of the group. The sea is here lively with steamers, and with those picturesque feluccas which raise their great lateen sails like birds essaying to rise from the water. The harbour of Catacolo, on the coast opposite, is the main inlet of goods to Pyrgos and Eastern Peloponnesus, and now has a railway to feed it.

If Zante has beauty and fertility to recommend it, as usual its natural resources produced nothing in the way of human genius. A great many mongrel Levantines who infest all Eastern Europe as clever dragomans, interpreters, &c., come from Zante. Italian is spoken there, as it is in the other Ionian islands, and intercourse with English soldiers and their ways has taught the people what it is to make the most of rich and innocent foreigners. All these things are true in a still greater degree of Corfu, which stands alone, far the northernmost and most important of the group. But the intermediate islands, St. Maura, Cephalonia, and Ithaca, are not so advanced in the art of trading upon men. So far as the delicate currant-grape will grow, they share with the coast from Patras and Corinth (from which currants have their name) the valuable trade in this peculiar kind of raisin, which is a positive necessity to all the mighty race over the world who celebrate their Christmas with plum-pudding. But these currant-grapes (*staphides* is the present name) are very delicate, and will not thrive beyond the southern slopes of Cephalonia. But this island and Ithaca rise to 4,500 feet above the sea, so that the northern slopes cannot enjoy much sun, and present quite a different aspect from the warmer side. This it is which makes all these islands so various in climate and vegetation, and consequently such valuable health resorts, were they properly civilised. For though so *various*, they are not at all *variable* in climate. I well remember this contrast of north and south slopes being forced upon me as I was riding through the great Langada gorge, on my way from Sparta to Messene; while the slope looking south was (in March) covered with vegetation and beautiful flowers, the opposite side was still in black winter and patched with snow.*

The great island of Cephalonia, with its high mountains, forests, snows, and deep bays, was also once the property (practically) of a Roman scoundrel, exiled for extortion, who settled there and treated the whole population as his serfs. A very great man, the Norman Robert Guiscard, was buried there in 1085 A.D. The harbour is still called Viskardo. On another page we give a view of Palæ as seen from Crane—two of its principal towns. Elsewhere is a view of Samæ as seen from the west. Appended are specimens of the two kinds of buildings common in good Greek walls, and called polygonal and ashlar, or more vaguely Pelasgic and Hellenic. The former is of course an adaptation from the rudest kind of all, the Cyclopean, which does not cut the stones, but fit them together as well as may be, by mere selection. There are cases of polygonal masonry so beautifully cut and fitted, that they rank justly among the best Hellenic work, but in general the square stonework is later and more perfect than the irregular joinings. Specimens of both are still to be found in many of the islands.

The rugged and lofty Ithaca cannot be mentioned without suggesting poetry the loftiest and controversies the most rugged in classical literature. The present features of the island will not fit to Homer's description. They would not fit even in Strabo's day. But

* "Rambles and Studies in Greece," p. 2.

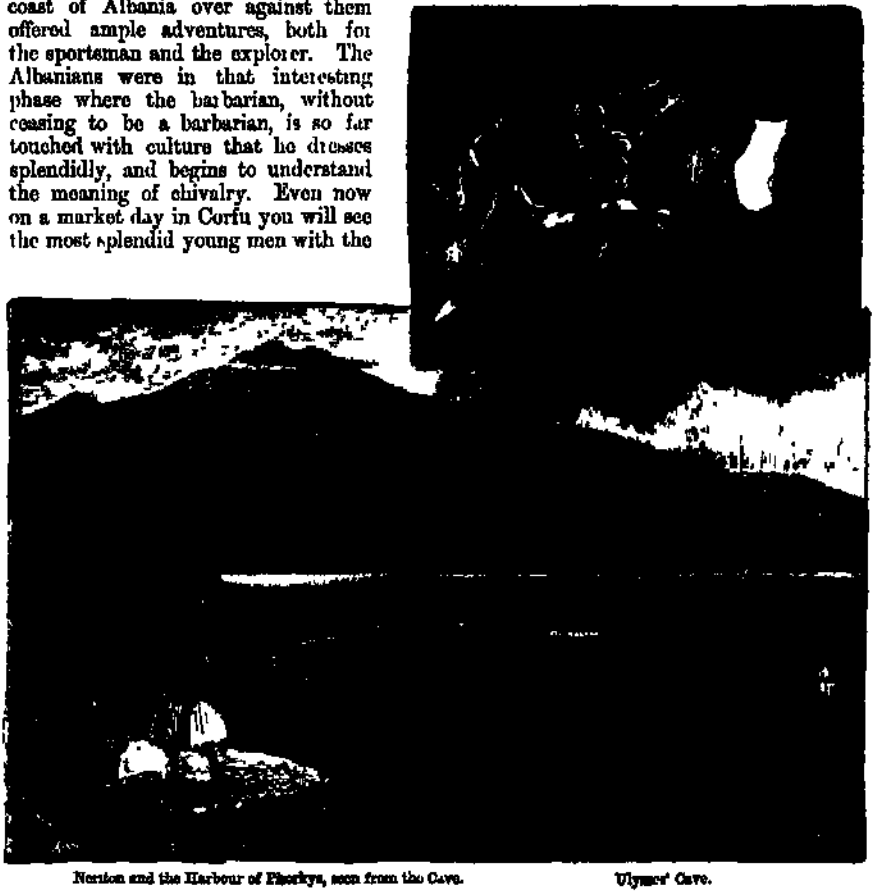
* "Rambles and Studies in Greece," p. 386.

that devout admirer and follower of the great poet, to whom he referred as the source of all human wisdom, and whose work he regarded as positively inspired, though he confesses the fact, opines that it is more probable earthquakes have altered the face of Ithaca, than that Homer could be false or mistaken. And there are still devout travellers who go searching for the caves and palaces and farms which appear in that immortal novel in verse—the Odyssey. Let the reader decide as he chooses. One thing is certain, that the natural picturesqueness of the place will reward him for any researches he makes, even should he unhappily come in the end to some sceptical conclusions. The people still show the scenes of Ulysses's adventures, and have added a very picturesque feature, the *school of Homer*, where the matchless poet was believed to have composed his poetry. This apparently old Pelasgian shrine or place of worship is given in one of our illustrations. The various spots implied in the narrative of Homer have been forced to accommodate themselves to the best approximation nature condescended to supply, and so the credulous tourist can trace out for himself all that even Strabo could not identify. Not that there were not in his day plenty of professional *cicerони*, and moreover plenty of tourists, especially the rich and ignorant Romans,

The Rocky Cliff and Wall of Arethusa

who paid their money to be shown all the sights, and paid result fees.

Like most travellers who visit Greece, we may conclude with Corfu, in many respects the fairest island of all, and certainly the most accessible and comfortable owing to the British occupation of this century. It was then the favourite quarter for our troops. Not only had they a lovely climate and a fair country to dwell in, but the great coast of Albania over against them offered ample adventures, both for the sportsman and the explorer. The Albanians were in that interesting phase where the barbarian, without ceasing to be a barbarian, is so far touched with culture that he dresses splendidly, and begins to understand the meaning of chivalry. Even now on a market day in Corfu you will see the most splendid young men with the tight cap and shock of hair so beautiful in Masaccio's youths, standing in the pose of kings, and criticising the arms offered for sale in booths. These are the Albanians who depend upon Corfu for their supplies. The most recent phase of Corfu shows us the land question in much the same condition as it is in Ireland—a number of land-owners remaining since the English rule



Nerton and the Harbour of Phaeikya, seen from the Cave. Ulysses' Cave.

assailed by the landless classes, whose votes, being politically useful, are bought by constant limitations and partial confiscations of landlord rights; while, on the other hand, the Government dare not commit itself to formal spoliation of the richer classes. All the mercantile people lament the departure of the English, but when I went about through the island, I could not find any real regrets in the body of the inhabitants, though the roads are decaying, the fortresses dismantled, and a vast amount of employment has naturally ceased. Still the dignity of being Greek and sending deputies to the Athenian Parliament seems to make up for a good deal, especially with the prospect of compensation for the loss of foreign money by confiscation of the larger estates. The

THE WATER-CARRIER

(*Tan C. H. Clarke Sprague Pearce* Salon 1883 *By permission of G. Schaus Esq.*)

island is rich too in antiquities. There is the famous lion, which figures in all the books on Greek art, and the inscription on the tomb of Menecrates close by the town. Much still remains to be done, even though many treasures found their way to England with the Woodhouse collection, the result of years of intelligent buying by our consul there. So also there are precious things in Lord Lovelace's possession which must have come from Corfu as far back as Byron's days, and I myself saw there two Locrian inscriptions on bronze of the highest value, which are still to be acquired by some museum where they can be seen and studied.

But apart from all these interests, to which we may add the shops full of old embroidery and lace, gathered from the islands by the Jews, no one can land at Corfu without being impressed with its beauty in such a way that he thinks of nought else. It differs so completely from Italy; it has such a peculiar colour, such variety of outline and of prospect, such sun and at the same time such freshness, that the traveller at once feels himself in a new kind of world, and so to him the Greek islands have a charm which nothing can efface. What must it have been in Roman days when they were all cultivated, wooded, civilised; when even the barren islets like Gyaros were peopled with noble exiles, only too glad to extend refined hospitality to any visitor; when splendid temples, statues, and walls adorned even the small towns which studded the Ionian and the Cyclad islands. These days, alas! are gone. The traveller who goes beyond Corfu, Zante, or Syra, is an explorer, who must submit to many hardships and put up with many disappointments. He must speak colloquial Greek; he must be able to eat anything and sleep anywhere unless he sails in his own yacht, and has his hotel on board. To do this is well-nigh to live in an earthly Paradise, but even to face toil and discomfort for the sake of the splendid beauty, the myriad variety, and the endless interests of these islands is a very enviable lot, which too few of us have enjoyed.

Meeting of Menelaus and Ulysses. (*From a Vase.*)

THE WATER-CARRIER.

By ROBERT RICHARDSON, B.A.

WHENEVER I crossed at morn or eve
From the village under the hill,
The ridge where the poplars, picket-wise,
Stood guard round the silent mill,

I watched a peasant-maid pass down
The flower-starred meadow-alley,
In either hand a pitcher brown,
To the well-head in the valley.

Her girlish face had a woodland grace—
The tender Breton skies
Were not more restful and serene
Than her unclouded eyes;

And clear at dawn from the dewy lawn
Her voice rose sweet and strong;
The lark that heard was a gladder bird
For listening to her song.

Again at dusk the maiden stood,
Beneath the opening stars,
At the well's green rim in the twilight dim,
And filled her brimming jars.

Content and sweet from day to day,
Untaught of fear or wrong,
She gladdened her heart, and yours, alway
With the words of her old French song.

No guerdon here save that which falls
From service meetly done—
To see the task begun at dawn
Complete ere set of sun.

In daily prayer for daily needs
Her heart to God is given;
Knowing no piteous war of creeds,
But one clear path to Heaven.

Oh, maiden of the happy eyes,
And fearless, tranquil brow,
God keep thee ever pure and strong
And beautiful as now.

And send thee, girl, a lover kind
Without love's bitter smart,
Who'll wear so bright and sweet a flower
Close folded to his heart.

ON JUDGING OTHERS.

By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, LL.D.

"Judge not, that ye be not judged."—Matthew vii. 1.

OF all the texts of Scripture that are most directly applicable to the common business of life, this is the one, so far as my experience goes, which is most habitually disregarded, and in not a few cases systematically flung overboard. It would be difficult indeed to say what sort of men, and what class of men, are most addicted to this sin, or, perhaps, let us rather say weakness, of false judgment—for a just judgment is in many cases so difficult that it almost appears to be beyond the reach of our poor humanity, as, indeed, Goethe says somewhere, that only God is just. To severe and harsh judgments, strong men, like Carlyle, are even more prone than weak men; for conscious weakness often leads to silence, or at least to modesty, while strength in the confidence of power and the luxury of self-assertion is apt to run riot in a favourite direction, and turn a deaf ear to a cause which is presumed to have nothing to say for itself because it seems too weak to resist. For this reason the most difficult achievements of constructive genius are often more easy to the producer than a calm and impartial critical survey; for while genius shapes its own laws, which it can always find at home, judgment must submit to gather its materials from various quarters, and to temper its conclusions by a number of considerations outside the judge. Hence even in courts of law and amongst trained lawyers judicial minds of fine quality are rare; but in common life a judicial attitude, always necessary for the recognition of truth, is vastly more difficult; for in this region passions and prejudices and personal regards of all kinds habitually act in such a way as to make every man a partisan in cases where he assumes to be a judge.

In order to get approximately some idea of the wide circle of human opinion commanded by this utterance of the great teacher we shall now attempt to classify a few of the most prolific sources of false judgments with regard to our neighbour under separate heads; and first let us take uncharitable judgments tainted with error by the element of AGE. In young men judgment is necessarily a rare virtue for two reasons. The young man, in the first place, is eager to assert himself; having been obliged in long years of pupilage to listen to others, he is now proud to think that others may have occasion to listen to him; and to attain this position he must have opinions, and he must give them forth. This eagerness to assert himself necessarily makes him either altogether wrong, or only partially right; for correct judgment always implies self-abnegation, an attitude of calm negativeness for the various and often contrary elements that go to make a correct judgment and a kindly consideration of their merits. But a young man who will have opinions is apt to be one-sided, violent, despotic and bigoted. Again, even when gifted with all modesty, the young man at his start in life can have no living experience of the great facts of the social world. Hence his wisdom would be to cultivate silence systematically, according to the old Pythagorean discipline, for seven years; and after the manner of a sponge learn to take in a great deal before he begins to give out; but he will not do this, and so is constrained to give forth all sorts of hasty ebullitions, untempered crudities, and windy inflations in a style which makes the angels weep.

Perhaps it may be a necessary evil that the young man should give vent to a great deal of this crude stuff in his unripe years; so be it; but let him be content with speaking it and eschew printing. Unripe opinions have no more business to be published than sour apples to be eaten. The debating societies in the Universities, and those local literary associations now so common, are the proper arena for the intellectual gladiatorship of ambitious juvenility. Of course, old men have their faults too, but it is in a different direction. If they do not grow in toleration and in sympathetic appreciation as they advance in years, they have lived in vain. Their

besetting sin might rather lie in an easy indifference than in a hasty condemnation; and if, on the contrary, their dogmatism in some cases becomes more violent with their years, they ought to know that what in green youth might be looked on justly as a very pardonable weakness, in their ripe years can only be regarded as an unreasonable impertinence.

Again, there is a large class of false judgments proceeding naturally from the fundamental difference of SEX. Men are apt to judge severely and harshly from the dominance of a one-sided energy, and from a general lack of kindly sympathy; women, on the contrary, are apt to judge unjustly from a surcharge of emotional sensibility, because their instinct of preference in one direction begets, or rather implies, an instinct of aversion in the opposite direction. And if they love more ardently, they hate more intensely than men; strong love and strong hatred being equally unfavourable to a just appreciation. Let no man, therefore, be surprised if women, notwithstanding their decided superiority to the male sex in all kindly instincts and tender emotions, nevertheless are, or appear to be, sometimes less charitable in their judgments than men. A woman will condemn where a man will excuse, not because she is less inclined to forgive, but because she is too keenly sensitive to be cool. Her indignation at real or imaginary offences makes her the prosecutor, where she assumes to be a judge.

Let us now endeavour to lay our finger on some more general ground of uncharitable judgments, applicable equally to all ages and all sexes. The postulate of all true judgment is the loyal recognition of something opposite to yourself; and this recognition has its root in the opening of the spiritual eye to the great and wonderful mystery that the world as a whole, and whatever asserts itself normally and healthily in the world, is a balance of antagonistic forces. Whoever knows this, knows that he must expect to find something contrary to himself in every person and thing with which he has to do in the world, and finding this as a necessary element in a divinely constituted order of things, he must learn to acknowledge it reverently, even in that which is most inimical to his dearest self; he must learn to appreciate it, and weigh it, and take a complete and honest account of it in all its parts, and in all its relations to the world and to himself; for thus and thus only is he prepared to give a reasonable judgment about it.

But here we must enter a caveat. The recognition of truth in contraries does not imply indifference to right and wrong. The principle of antagonism when recognised in practice as necessary for the formation of a true judgment, proceeds not from indifference to essential distinctions, but from a comprehensive appreciation of all varieties. Take an example from the arts. In architecture a building may be essentially dirty in its material, unreasonable in its structure, incongruous in its parts, inadequate for its purpose, unfit for its situation, unmeaning and impotent in its expression. Such an edifice is absolutely to be condemned; it has no more right to be there in a world of real and reasonable harmonies, than emptiness of any kind has a right to dress itself in the mask of fulness, or two and two to assert themselves equal to five. But various, and in purpose and expression contrary, forms or types of architecture have a right to exist in the world of masonic art, and will be acknowledged by any catholic judge of the productions of that art. Egyptian architecture is in some respects antagonistic to Greek, and Greek is altogether antagonistic to Gothic. So in morals and literature Luther and Leighton, John Knox and Fenelon, Æschylus and Aristophanes, Goethe and Schiller, Robert Burns and Walter Scott; all these contraries God loves to have in His world, and you must learn to love them too in books, and, what is of more consequence, in daily life, unless you wish to make an idol of your own special predilections, and to shut out from your consideration all the wealth of various existence which God has created for giving our small finitudes some taste of his infinite perfection.

This recognition of contraries, impossible in the general case to youth, is the proper business of manhood; and, though confessedly difficult, would be oftener attained if people, as they advance in years, would train themselves, instead of keeping out of the way of their contraries, rather to court the company of their antagonists and carry off a living impression of their characteristic virtues. There are few persons, certainly no classes of persons, so destitute of attractiveness as they are figured by those who keep out of all sympathy with them. If it is distance in certain cases that lends enchantment to the view, it is only a near approach and a close regard that can reveal those beauties of individual character, that like certain lovely flowers are wont to peep graciously out of the chinks of a harsh rock. To moral judgments,

as to moral conduct, we may apply the well-known words of Robert Burns—

> "The heart aye's
> The part aye,
> That makes us right or wrang"

So to judge rightly we must love largely, learn to do that in the course of daily life which Shakespeare did in the world of art, turn our imagination, inspired by loving sympathy to art, towards our fellow-beings as a pure mirror which gives back every object that falls upon it, with its native features and hues, not tinged or tainted with any subjective colours from the reflecting medium. And here, perhaps, we see why so many good people in the so-called religious world are not particularly remarkable for the charity of their judgments. It is their imagination that is at fault, not their heart; they love strongly, but their capacity of loving is confined to a narrow range; they have not imagination strong enough to transport them into a foreign situation; and so, like persons who shut their doors against all comers but a select body of their kinship and cousinship, they grow up complacently in a very innocent but not always very amiable sort of self-containedness.

The difficulty of following out this divine precept in practice being acknowledged, it will now be profitable to cast a glance at one or two of the manifestations of disregard of it which parade themselves with most observation in the world; and here, in the first place, we are struck with the phenomenon that people generally are much more [illegible]en to note the faults and to condemn views of their neighbours than to con- their failings and to appreciate their [illegible]es. This is directly the opposite of what ought to do, and what a very wise woman, the mother of the poet Goethe, regularly did. "I never bemoralise any one," said she; "I always seek out the good that is in them, and leave what is bad to Him who made mankind, and knows how to round off the angles."* The commonness of the opposite uncharitable habit of dealing with our neighbours is not to be denied. But it would be very far from the truth to imagine that in the general case this proceeds from malice and ill-nature. In many cases it is merely the natural and unavoidable result of contrast; as, for example, when a fair maid has a fine set of teeth, which of course, as Shakespeare has it, she has the wit to know; and in society she happens to meet another fair maid who looks a perfect beauty till she opens her mouth, and then displays a set of cutters and grinders which call loudly for substitution from the armoury of the dentist; in this case the fault is so obtrusive and the contrast so flattering, that it is impossible to prevent the unfavourable judgment from arising in the heart, and as occasion may offer, finding vent in the tongue of the gratified beholder. So in a hundred other cases, not only does a natural and healthy consciousness of our own good points lead us instinctively to note the want of them in others, but the fault which we observe will in many cases be so conspicuous as to force itself on general notice, while the quiet and unobtrusive virtues belonging to the unfortunate mark of our criticism are ignored. If a Socrates walking the streets of Athens has a snub nose or goggle-eyes, a thousand persons will note it at a glance who have no opportunity and, likely enough, no capacity of appreciating the wisdom that flows from the mouth of that wisest of Attic men. So, also, if he has the misfortune to have a loud-tongued lady for his yoke-fellow, every fool in wise Athens will be sure to know it. In the same way, if a wise Weimarian court-bard makes a foolish marriage, the whole little German town will ring with it, and by-and-by the whole of Europe. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid; and great faults in great men are commented on, not only because they often lie more on the surface than their virtues, but because they excite people's curiosity, and make them stare, like the spots in the sun, which are curiously noted, not because people prefer darkness to light, but because it seems a strange and incongruous thing that such a glorious luminary should have any darkness in it at all. It must be acknowledged, however, that in the moral world this observation of dark spots in great fountains of light is not always so innocent, and must be indulged in with a special watch over its procedure. From the discovery of a few spots in the rounded sphere of any bright excellence which we admire, the proper lesson is simply the enforcement of the great fact of the frailty of our common nature, from which not even the top specimens of the race are exempted. But if in observing, and in all likelihood over-colouring and magnifying these defects, we take occasion to feed our own conceit by dwelling on our freedom from vices we may have had no temptation to indulge in, and our possession of virtues which are perhaps little better than mere natural amiabilities, we

* Lewes, "Life of Goethe," i. 12.

are doing a great injustice to those whom we condemn, and brewing an evil opiate for ourselves on the principle that the sins of the saints are the consolations of the sinners. Therefore, if we will judge our neighbours—which in nine cases out of ten we had better not—let us do it always by the rule of Schiller, which enjoins us to judge ourselves severely and our brother leniently. And above all things, before we condemn, let us examine ourselves seriously, whether our eagerness to discover a vice may not arise from our incapacity to know a virtue, and whether the fault which we condemn in others, and the excellence which we admire in ourselves, may not be equally imaginary.

The only other class of false judgments which we shall notice now is what may be called professional, what Lord Bacon, in his fanciful language, calls the idols of the tribe; that is a class of delusions or inadequate conceptions of truth received into the mind from the habit of looking at things from a professional point of view. Not a few persons grow to manhood in this habit from constitutional temper, venerable tradition, and early nurture of a few pet ideas current in particular circles; but the enslaving power of these idols is chiefly manifest in the peculiar way of looking at things which the daily practice of a life-long profession is apt to engender. Of the three so-called learned professions, the Law is the most engrossing, and therefore the most apt to create a habit of looking at things not from the universally human but from the specially legal point of view. The Law is also not unfrequently the most artificial of all the professions; for, though laws are founded on natural justice, they are often at the best only a loose attempt to realise justice by a process as intricate as it is conventional. Law is, moreover, for the need of society impressed with a character of permanency, which gives it the appearance of a sort of natural necessity; and so in the hands of its practitioners it is made to assume an importance which can belong only to the natural right of which it is the inadequate exponent; and herein lies the source of habitual false judgment in the mere lawyer. With him to break the law is to sin against the right; and to be wrong in the process of asserting your right is to lose all claim to the right. Hence the sweeping condemnation with which the mere professional lawyer comes down on all those rude assertions of natural right which Nature is constantly making, sometimes in a mild enough sort of a way, in order, as it were, to remind the lawyer of the temporary and mutable character of those arbitrary, and, it may be, inequitable regulations which the practice of his profession leads him to stamp with an authoritative permanency. Every lawyer is by the necessity of his position more or less a formalist; and to break through his forms is to misprise his profession and to insult himself. Hence, in his estimation, the most innocent person may sometimes come to be regarded as the greatest culprit; and in times of social transition the prisons may be filled, and the scaffolds peopled, with the most virtuous members of the community.

So, and perhaps even more emphatically, with the theologian: for speaking as the herald or messenger of God to men, he may be apt to confound his own interpretation of the message with the message itself, and to stamp with the name of the Infinite Wisdom every shallow conceit, petty passion, silly prejudice, or even mere matter of personal interest that has sprung out of one of the narrowest of human brains. Hence the want of candour too often found in clerical judgments, and the theological fury which has followed innocent opinions on speculative points with the hatred which appertains only to the greatest crimes. If the fever of unchastened zeal has in this way led many excellent members of the clerical profession into a tyranny of the spiritual element in man over the body, the medical profession, from the phase of our complex nature with which it has to deal, more readily falls into the opposite vice of materialism, and the false judgments which such a one-sided view of human nature naturally induces. If the theologian has sometimes fathered the devil with pious sorrows, which have their origin in bad air or vicious cookery, the medical attendant not less frequently has disturbed our internal machinery by fretful drugs when he ought to have composed our minds by spiritual advice. He treats our ailments as he may haply judge our characters, by that part of our double nature to which he has devoted special study and which falls habitually under his view.

These slight remarks would swell into a treatise if we were to follow out in detail all the partial, and therefore false judgments that are apt to be engendered by the unvaried practice of particular professions. An amusing instance of this I remember to have read in the case of a celebrated engineer, who,

when examined before a Committee of the House of Commons, was asked by one of the members what he thought was the use of rivers; he gravely replied to make canals! Judgments of this kind crop up everywhere; and in all habitual occupations the man is in danger of being usurped by the profession; and a judgment, valid only for the special class of circumstances out of which it grew, receives a universal application which makes it ridiculous. Thus the military man, as the moral contrary of the lawyer or the diplomatist, and trained to deal in blows as they with words, is naturally impatient of all qualifications that may divert the direction or weaken the effect of the blow; and he will hastily condemn as weakness all those attempts at a peaceful compromise which cool judgment or kindly sympathy may have suggested. The mercantile man, again, in his dealings with his fellow-men, and in the tone of his social philosophy, is apt to merge all higher considerations in the simple word *pay*; forgetting that money-payment is to be looked for only in strictly commercial transactions, and that beauty, and love, and a free field of intelligent and beneficent action are in themselves a payment far above any good that money can either create or calculate. The literary mind, again, and the scientific present an antagonism almost as strong as that between the utilitarian economist and the man who delights in the luxe. of æsthetic decoration or philanthropic diffusion. While the mere scientist from his point of view inclines to reject as unworthy of regard all fields of intellectual exercise that are not capable of exact measurement or curious dissection, the literary man, in his passion for vivid portraiture and passionate march of things, will as naturally be led to overlook and to ignore that underlying stratum of nicely calculated and cunningly concatenated facts on which the fabric of the universe reposes. Only a great mind, such as appears once in a thousand years, can, like Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, at once strike the heart of Europe with the thrilling touches of his lyre and act as an acknowledged pioneer to the most original naturalist of the day in the microscopic interpretation of the processes of vegetable and animal life. The poet and the critic in the same way are a sort of natural enemies and hard to be reconciled—though here, again, Goethe stands out as a singular exception—the maker of verses rejecting as a presumptuous impertinence what he ought to accept as a friendly suggestion, and the judge of verses foolishly ambitious, as Jeffrey showed himself in reviewing Wordsworth, to measure the endless variety and curious spontaneity of Nature by the fashionable sentiment of the hour or the dogmatic limitations of a school. But if the professional critic is in danger of prostituting his judicial function to the service of local prejudice, the professed political scribe and partisan writer is of all men the most hopelessly sold to false judgments, and the most incapable of exercising his vocation under the humanising influence of the Evangelical text which is now before us. The love of power, indeed, is such a strong passion, and leads to such weighty results, that, as we may signally see in the case of a contested election, it will poison the blood, deaden the conscience, and distort the vision to a degree equalled only by the most extreme cases of priestly bigotry and religious persecution. And those persons whose habitual practice it is to advocate the cause of a political party, if they do not watch and pray, and write, so to speak, on their knees, will be in danger of falling into the habit of systematically exaggerating the faults of their opponents and the virtues of their friends—a state of mind exactly the reverse of that which is produced by the habitual presidency of our divine text in the soul. Nay more, without a special guard on the tongue they may easily slide into a style of habitual misrepresentation, trumping up from superficial observation and hasty report charges against honest men which are just as true as may be deliberately coined for the purpose of stratagem in war; and even more than this, in order to defend these misrepresentations and slanders of all kinds in which they deal, and at the same time preserve their authority with a facile-minded public, they are obliged to assume the infallible and to wriggle out of their false position by some petty subterfuge; and then, of course, morally there is no hope for them; for as the confession of sin is the beginning of holiness, so the confession of error is the portal of truth: and the man who will never admit that he is in the wrong, but conceits himself in all his utterances to be an oracle and a god, has sold himself formally to the Father of Lies, and with the Father of Lies he must

TASTE.

By JEAN INGELOW.

WE now come to a sense not easy to write of: Taste, the tasting sense, which was meant to divide with smell the task of deciding what was fit for food. This is at once the most despised and the most pampered; the least trustworthy of all our senses, and the most trusted. The art of cooking, the habit of eating too much, and the neglect of any true study of it, together with the practice of taking the food too hot, and thus making dull the palate, have reduced this sense so low that it hardly conveys to us any intelligent knowledge of what is eaten, whether it is nutritious or merely palatable, wholesome or almost a poison.

Taste is not, as sight or hearing, simply less good than of old, for there is distortion as well as deterioration, and both are hereditary. Children are born with an actual liking for certain deadly berries and noxious sweetmeats. Scarcely a year passes that some are not poisoned or made very ill by eating the berries of the bitter-sweet or woody-nightshade (*Solanum dulcamara*). The berries of this plant are scarlet, and it is possible that they may attract by their likeness to many wholesome fruits that are red; but the garden nightshade, which has black berries, children sometimes eat, and these have no beauty to recommend them.

The *mezereum*, one of the *Daphne* tribe, has scarlet berries, which are highly poisonous. Children find nothing in their flavour that repels them, nor in the berries of the mountain ash, or rowan-tree.

The true deadly nightshade (*Belladonna*), called dwale, mourning (a corruption of the French word *deuil*), is the most poisonous of them all. This plant has black fruit, which is nearly as large as a cherry.

But taste, though an untrusty, is a very obedient sense; we are easily, as it is called, *set against things*. What has been called "nasty" and "horrid" by a mother or teacher will soon be really disliked by a child, and if carefully drawn and coloured pictures of these plants and some others were shown to children in infant schools, and they were told stories of how these berries were so horrid that even the hungry birds could not eat them, and how they made poor little children very ill and burned their mouths, they would soon dislike them.

"Don't they look nasty and slippery?" was said by a lady to some children of the berries on twigs of *mezereum*. "And they feel soft," she went on; "how disgusting!" *Slippery* is not a very expressive or disgusting epithet, but the children looked at the berries with strong disfavour, and not one of them would put out a finger to touch them and verify her words.

But though taste does not now warn against poisons, it does in childhood prove a great inducement to eat what is wholesome. Children, as a rule, like milk, sweet fruits, and farinaceous food, while highly flavoured dishes and the fat of meat disgust them.

It is only when half starved that children like fat, as may easily be seen in places where dinners are given to the poor. A fat joint growing cold in the dish, and a quantity of dripping encrusting the gravy, will be very attractive to them; they will, if allowed, dip bits of bread into the greasy stuff and eat them with avidity. "But this is all right," as a medical friend once explained to some ladies who were giving such dinners; "let them have as much fat as they wish for; the constitution craves it, and the natural distaste is overpowered. They have been ill, but let them get plump and well, and they will no more eat it than your children will."

It is commonly said that the British people are the worst cooks in Europe, or even in the civilised and half-civilised world. We have very little notion how to make our food palatable, and our list of useful condiments is extremely short. Among the poor it is restricted to sugar, salt, and vinegar. There is hardly anything with which we do not all use either sugar or salt. Sugar in an unusual degree, and salt so much more than others, that the hotel-keepers at health resorts in the south of Europe often say that salt being heavily taxed, and therefore dear with them, the English ought to pay something extra for it, for they consume more than all their other inmates put together.

The quantity of sweet jam and sweet cakes eaten in Great Britain is out of all proportion to what other nations consume, excepting indeed the United States, where, in the name of sauce ("sass"), they eat jam at all meals and in large quantities.

Nothing is more curious than the way in which, according to the common proverb, tastes differ, the tastes of nations as well as individuals. In many parts of the East and South they let milk stand till it is sour before

drinking it; they find the slight acid flavour agreeable. Nothing is more odious to us than the taste of stale fish, yet in many parts of the North of Europe they habitually keep their fish till it is almost putrid, just as we often keep game, mutton, and venison. On the other hand, while we take care to have our milk fresh, we, as a rule, like cheese best when it is mouldy; in fact, far on its way to decay. "Improved," the cheesemongers call it. The cottar's wife in Burns's beautiful poem presses on her daughter's lover "her weel-hain'd kebbuck fell," meaning sharp in flavour from decay. Even new milk and cream cheeses are kept till they are high. One of these, "slip-coat cheese," takes its name from the custom of keeping it till it is ready to slip out of the skin.

In a sketch so slight as this, which concerns mainly the flavours of food, such matters as nutritive qualities, price, quantity required, and cooking, can enter only by sufferance, to explain how we might profit if we would cultivate the sense of taste.

The following qualities then are absolutely necessary for the nourishment of human creatures:—We must have nitrogenous food, and this may be either animal or vegetable, or both. Cooked meat, fish, milk, cheese, also wheat, oatmeal, rice, maize, and all vegetables of the cabbage, kale, parsnip, and broccoli kinds, contain large quantities of nitrogen.

We must have a certain amount of fat, animal or vegetable, such as suet, butter, or olive oil. We require about as much starchy and saccharine food as will weigh the same as the nitrogenous and the fatty together. Potatoes contain a large amount of starch, the gluten of bread still more. Sweet fruits of all kinds, fresh and dried, sugar, &c., are the saccharine foods. There must be some slight mineral constituents also in our food, but we need not as a rule consider that, while in health, as we eat so much salt.

But now, when the very great difference in price is taken into consideration between one kind of food and another, why is it, if the nitrogenous vegetable is as good as the nitrogenous animal diet, that so many people will not eat the former if they can help it? This is simply because they do not like the taste of it; nothing has been done to make it palatable. "In some parts of Scotland," says a great authority, "the farm labourers, who work very hard and are fine strong men, live mainly on oatmeal and milk; and a ploughman's allowance is daily two and a half pounds of oatmeal and one pint of milk." Taking the cost of oatmeal at threepence per pound, and of milk at twopence per pint, the cost is about ninepence halfpenny per day. But in England oatmeal is not liked by the poor. No one who has not been brought up on porridge can eat it, much less live on it. The same is true of that valuable root the parsnip.

About forty years ago a great landowner offered every cottager on his estate as large a plot of ground gratis as he would cultivate parsnips on for the use of his own family. He was to eat them and teach his children to eat them. The landlord explained what a great amount of saccharine matter parsnips contain, and that they would grow so thickly in the bed as almost to touch each other. The people accepted the ground, grew parsnips, and boiled them, the children soon tired of them, the parents could not bear them. They said the taste of them was too strong and they were only used to mild tasted things, such as cabbage, with their bread and tea and bacon. So they gave back the plots of ground. There was no one to make experiments in cooking, so as to give the roots variety of flavour. The attempt failed. It is the same with oatmeal; nothing has been done to make this valuable food agreeable. In fact, some of the most truly wholesome and cheap kinds of food are so much disliked by the very poor that they would rather go without than eat them!

How much would not that woman, or that guild of women, deserve of their country, who, after much study and many experiments, could produce, among other dishes, sweet oatmeal puddings and savoury oatmeal soup, so cheap and so extremely nice, that the poor, old and young, would be delighted with them? Various spices would have to be used, of course; dried fruits and many kinds of vegetables, for the flavouring should be various, and the unpopular materials should be disguised.

But to spend one's time, it might be said, in pampering the appetites of dainty children and parents, who will not eat plain food, can that be a duty in these days, when there is so much to be done in teaching the young, nursing the sick, evangelizing the poor?

Well, perhaps it is not "one's duty," but it might chance to be the *pleasure* of some who do not aspire to what others think more worthy work. And after all, if, whether we eat or drink, or help others to eat and drink, it is to be "all to the glory of God," with "that clause," as George Herbert says, she who only stones raisins or seasons a pudding "makes that and the action fine."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

I REACHED London in the grey of a dismal morning, and, carrying my portmanteau with me, made my way on foot through the silent streets towards Pole's chambers. So far as I remember to have noted, nothing whatever in the aspect of the court was changed, and yet somehow all was changed. A difference had fallen upon everything, and the place had that look of unfamiliar familiarity which is the most damping and disheartening of all aspects to one who revisits old and well-remembered scenes.

The court was quiet and deserted, as was natural at that early hour. The gatekeeper slumbered in his sentry-box, outside the iron gate, and I passed through the door which led to Pole's rooms unnoticed. I could read through the half gloom of the passage the white letters in which his name was inscribed upon the black paint of the door, and I stood indeterminately, not venturing to disturb the silence. I had spent a sleepless night and had been unhappy enough all the journey through. It was no light or pleasant task to have laid upon oneself—the task of pulling one's dearest friend's house of happiness down about his ears.

I set my portmanteau down stealthily, and sat down upon it for a time, resolved to wait. There was no use in disturbing Pole, no need to hasten the delivery of the dreadful intelligence I carried. But by-and-by the singing silence of the staircase, the creaking noise the old stairs made under the tread of invisible feet, and the uneasiness of my own mind got the better of me and made my continued watch there almost an impossibility. I stole down-stairs quietly, like a thief, to look at the door of my own old chambers. An oblong streak of black paint, fresher than the rest, obliterated my name, and over it was painted that of W. Whitehouse. I shall never in the least know why, but I figured W. Whitehouse as a man in spatterdashes and a light waistcoat. He wore a white hat with a black band, and looked fast and rakish. In the absurdest vague way in the world this visionary Whitehouse seemed to double the depressing influences which already rested upon me, and I stole silently down the court again, and went back into Holborn. Signs of life were already visible there, and the few passers-by had such an interest as one feels for strangers when living in a village. Everything was comfortless: the long unbroken perspective of the streets, the white sky, the smokeless chimneys, the closed windows of shops, like dead eyes with weights upon them to keep the eyelids down. I was in a mood wretched enough to be fantastic, and weary enough to be irresponsible in fantasy.

I stood at a late coffee-stall and drank a cup of coffee, and then went back to the outside of Pole's door. I waited there until I fell into a little dreamy doze, and was awakened by the laundress, who came clanking up-stairs with a broom and pail. She stared to see me, and I felt ashamed of being detected, as if I had been bound on some foolish or dishonourable enterprise.

"La! Mr. Denham," said the laundress, "whatever are you a-doing here, sir?"

I told her I had not cared to disturb Pole at so early an hour, and was waiting for a more seasonable time to arrive.

"Mr. Pole, sir," she said, "Mr. Pole is in the country. The gate-porter's got his address, and sends his letters to him regular."

This was a respite, after a fashion, and to a very slight degree I was unreasonably lifted by it. The news had none the less to be told because of it, but the disclosure was delayed. If it had been anyhow possible to delay it altogether it would have taken a dreadful weight from my mind, but that of course was altogether out of the question. I determined to quarter myself upon Pole in his absence; and the laundress having admitted me to his rooms I made my toilet there, and then sat down to think out what I should do. I thought it out so successfully that in five minutes I fell fast asleep. It was high noon when I awoke, cramped from my strained posture in the arm-chair. My mind was cleared and strengthened by these few hours of repose, however; and when I had ascertained from the gate-keeper who was on duty for the day, that Pole was staying at Worborough Court, my own way lay quite plainly before me. I found that there was no train for the West of England until six

o'clock, and since my only opportunity of seeing Clara had to be taken before that hour arrived, I started for Cromwell Terrace.

Apart from my discovery I should have had nothing but good news and high hope to carry with me, but that discovery gave its own miserable colour to everything in my mind. I made a resolute endeavour to look bright and cheerful, and determined that I would express nothing but the most hopeful sentiments. It would be quite early enough for Mary Delamere to know that this shadow had fallen upon her way when I could no longer hide the knowledge from her. At present she lived in a happy blindness, and though she must needs soon be rudely awakened to the truth, I was glad of every minute's delay.

It appeared afterwards that Mrs. Grantley, Mary Delamere, and Clara were together at the moment when my arrival was announced, and that Clara was at once for flying to meet me, but that mamma laid restraining orders upon her. The elder lady came in alone and received me, as I fancied, with a rather icy kindness.

"I hope, Mr. Denham," she said, "that you have not been dissipating in Paris. You are not looking so well as you were when you left London."

I tried to answer this implied accusation lightly, and feeling that the attempt was a dismal failure began to look awkward and probably a little guilty. She shook her head at me severely, and said she was assured that I had been keeping abominable hours. I answered that I had travelled from Paris without pause, and was a little tired by the journey. She shook her head once more with a doubtful aspect, and drew her lips to an expression which announced plainly that I was a melancholy example. This was so bad a beginning that I was spurred to make amendment for it, and I entered upon an account of my labours and successes, which by-and-by became enthusiastic and carried some conviction with it. She relaxed a little, and after a quarter of an hour's talk, observing doubtless my frequent and eager glances towards the door, she sailed away and despatched Clara to me.

Clara was not long in remarking that I was somehow changed and depressed. She, unlike mamma, was confident that my sustained and heroic efforts in the cause of love and letters were answerable for my altered appearance. I must have been a poor dissembler, for in spite of all that I could do she found me out in the first five minutes, and was convinced that something dreadful had befallen me.

"You can't deny it, John," she said, looking at me with frightened eyes, and holding one of my hands in both her own. "Tell me what it is. You wicked boy! you have somehow been getting into trouble."

That at least I could and did deny with a clear conscience. I painted my own prospects in the rosiest tints, and did my painting with so hang-dog an air that she would have been less shrewd than I knew her to be if I had succeeded in deceiving her.

"It is of no use to pretend with me," she told me. "You are the worst actor I ever saw in my life. There is something on your mind. I insist either that you shall lay your hand upon your heart and declare solemnly that you have nothing in the world to be annoyed or disturbed about, or that you shall tell me what it is."

She said this with an admirable air of lightness and vivacity, but her eyes were troubled, and she was very serious beneath her pretence of comedy. I yielded so far as to tell her that I had very disturbing intelligence, though it in no way concerned my personal affairs.

"In no way?" she demanded. "If it doesn't concern you in any way, why should you be disturbed by it?"

"It concerns me only," I replied, "inasmuch as it must make others whom I value dearly very unhappy."

Thereupon I began to feel that it was a dreadful thing to find myself in the act of wishing that the news of anybody's death should be confirmed, or regretting that the intelligence should be disproved. Yet there was no disguising it. In all honesty the news of that wretched woman's death had brought relief to everybody concerned with her, and the certainty that the news was false would be the most dreadful blow that could possibly be inflicted upon two innocent people, who had never wished her harm or tried to wrong her. The common sense of the position was as clear as daylight, but the sentiment natural to the circumstances hung a veil before it.

"You are bound to hear the news," I said gloomily at last, "and my only reason for not telling it now is that I see no good in forestalling trouble for some one else who would be sure to hear it from you."

"Who do you mean?" she asked me.

"Promise me," I said, "that you will keep the news to yourself, and that you will show no sign of it to anybody in this house."

"In this house?" she repeated. I nodded in answer, and she seizing my arm nervously with both hands, looked at me for a second or two in an alarmed perplexity. "You have bad news for Mary," she said then, with eyes suddenly widened with terror. "You have heard something about Mr. Pole. What is the matter with him?"

"His wife," I answered, "is alive. I saw her the night before last in Paris."

Clara sprang to her feet with clasped hands, and a cry of dismay and terror. Before the words had well left my lips I had seen the handle of the door turn, and before I could make a sign to repress the ejaculation which burst from her lips the door opened and the surprised face of Mary Delamere appeared at the entrance to the room. Clara heard the opening door, and turning, made an impetuous movement towards her friend.

"What is it?" cried Miss Delamere, advancing swiftly. Clara and I stood miserably silent before her, looking helplessly one at the other. Some sort of explanation was unescapable.

"I am the bearer of strange news," I said. "Clara was startled by it."

To say that Clara was startled was but feebly to describe her condition. She had grown deathly pale, and so trembled from head to foot that she could hardly stand. Mary set an arm about her waist, and led her to an arm-chair, and there knelt beside her.

"Give me a glass of water, Mr. Denham," she said quietly. "There is a carafe on the sideboard."

I obeyed her, and Clara sipped the proffered water and dropped a tear or two into the tumbler. Then she handed the glass to me with an appearance of recovering her composure, and suddenly crowned my misery by bursting into tears with her arms about Mary's neck.

"I think you had better leave us for a moment, Mr. Denham," said Miss Delamere, looking round upon me with a glance of keen inquiry.

"No!" cried Clara. "You mustn't go away, John. You must stay here. I was surprised and shaken at first, but I am better now." She composed herself by an obvious effort and, embracing Mary anew, begged her to leave the room for a minute or two. "John," she said, "has brought very strange news indeed, if it should prove to be true. But it is not yet proved to be true, and I am not going to distress those who love me for what may be only a fancy. Go away, dear, for a little while, and let me find out whether I really have anything to be afraid of. You need not look that way at John, Mary." She tried to say this with an air of merriment, which threatened for a moment to result in hysteria. "It is no fault of his, even if the thing is true."

She threw her arms about Miss Delamere again, and embraced her almost convulsively. Then she half led and half pushed her from the room, and closing the door, turned towards me with a white but resolute face.

"What do you know?" she asked, twining her fingers hard together. "Tell me what you know."

I told her in as few words as I could find of my visit to MacIlray, my encounter with Mrs. Pole upon the staircase, and of her manner at the dinner-table. She was deeply impressed at first, but when I mentioned my own bewilderment at the change of name the woman had adopted, and at the complete purity of her French accent, I could see Clara's face brightening.

"You have been frightened by a resemblance," she said.

"No," I answered, "the thing is only too certain." And I went on to tell of MacIlray's identification of the little Jew solicitor. Her face fell again, and I saw that she shared my own certainty, though she strove to combat it. She was evidently resolved to be calm and strong, though in spite of herself her voice trembled as she spoke.

"What are you going to do?" she asked.

"I am going," I answered, "in the first place to telegraph to Paris to say that my return to morrow is impossible. Next, I am going down by the six-o'clock train to Exeter. I shall wire to Pole to meet me there. I shall tell him the story, and leave him to act upon it as he may see fit."

"I suppose," she said, "he will see fit to go to Paris, but that woman, if she is really Mrs. Pole, is not likely to be in the same house when you get there. Wire to your friend Mr. MacIlray, and tell him to have her movements watched. She would be at least as certain to know you as you were to know her. You did not disguise yourself by speaking an unexpected language."

Now I had done nothing but chase up and down in my own mind the sensible, necessary, and practical things to do, and yet it had never occurred to me to think that the woman on whose identification everything depended might choose to com-

plicate our difficulties by evading inquiry. Yet, directly the thought was suggested to me I saw that there was nothing more certain in the world. The chances against her lying there waiting to be caught were a million to one. I was for starting at once to repair my stupidity as far as possible by a telegram to MacIlray when Clara bade me wait a moment, and rang the bell.

"We will see Mary together before you go," she said, with a self-possession which did her infinite credit in my eyes. "She will be less likely to be alarmed or disturbed if she knows that we have come to an understanding to do something, and if we seem to put a bold front upon the matter. A day or two is not much, John, but I should value a day or two's ignorance if you and I were going to be parted."

The maid, appearing in answer to the bell, was instructed to summon Miss Delamere, and a minute later Mary entered the room. Clara, who was by this time quite mistress of herself, relieved me of the task of explanation.

"We have talked things over," she began, with her arm about the other's waist, and looking at her with a smiling, mournful tenderness. "John has brought very serious and surprising news, but we are not yet certain that it is true. We can know all about it if we exercise a little patience; and he is going to make inquiries."

"If the news is bad news, dear," said Miss Delamere, "I hope it may be contradicted. If it is very bad news I am sure you bear it bravely, and I am sure you will bear it bravely, even should it prove to be true."

"I should never bear trouble so well as you would," Clara answered. There was a meaning in her words for her and me which could hardly be expected to reach Miss Delamere's mind. "We must dismiss all thought of this," Clara continued, "until we hear decisively; and you must promise not to ask any questions about it until I speak of it again."

The promise was given, and, as I knew afterwards, was kept, though one hears occasionally of feminine curiosity, and there was probably enough here to excite it to considerable activity. I took my leave almost at once, and went off to dispatch my telegrams. I delayed my message to Pole until I could lay hands upon a Bradshaw, and could find in its pages the name of an hotel in Exeter. I found what I wanted at an old-fashioned tavern where I made a pretence of dining. Then I sent off my message, making it as urgent as I could without expressing Pole's actual concern in the affair, and took the evening express.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was dusk already within the limits of the station, but the train glided into a new day outside, and the autumn sunlight was clear and beautiful. Once beyond the line of houses, and rushing through the peaceful fields, I surrendered myself to the contemplation of the scenery with that curious indifference which I suppose everybody has experienced at times of mental tension or trouble. I remember that when, years before this story opened, I was awaiting news of my mother, who lay in the room above me, hovering between life and death, my whole heart and thoughts were concentrated on the effort to set a flower-jar in the exact middle of the window-sill it stood on. Nothing in the world seemed to me so important as a mathematical accuracy in that poor achievement. As I rode westward I recalled that episode in my history, and likened my present condition of mind to my feelings of that hour, so that I was able to know that I was less indifferent than I felt. There was a gorgeous sunset, which gilded all the fields and made the face of one of my fellow-passengers glow like hot metal, burnished. Then the night came down. My fellow-travellers left me midway in the journey, and I tried to compose myself for sleep. This I soon discovered to be an absolute impossibility. The jolting of the carriage and the rolling of wheels took up all manner of senseless and irritating refrains, and sang them over and over again until I was sick and angry. One in particular, the chorus of a song supposed by the general populace to be comic, and in reality not more or less idiotic than a hundred others of its kind which I have known before and since, insisted on returning with such a perseverance as no cheering, enlightening thought, or any fancy anyhow reasonable and human, has displayed since the world began—"Slap, bang! here we are again." I tried to remember and to repeat verses, and before I had travelled through the first four lines of Poe's "Raven," Slap, bang! there we were again, there we were again, there we were again; slap, bang! there we were again; what jolly dogs were we. I got out my note-book, and tried to study its pages by the light of the sickly yellow lamp, but the oil washed to and fro in the dirty glass basin and made the very flame wink to that abominable tune and those unmeaning words. The wheels ground them out remorselessly, and

the carriage creaked and rattled, and complained all over. For we always were so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh! so jolly, oh! we always were so jolly, oh! what jolly dogs were we. I gave up trying to do anything, and travelled on to Exeter in a dumb and anguished resignation to that brutal melody.

I hardly knew whether I was shocked or relieved to find Pole standing on the platform at two o'clock in the morning to receive me. He was ordinarily very cool about his demonstrations of friendship, but he shook me by the hand with what was, for him, an unwonted show of warmth, and clawed me affectionately by the shoulder. At our first encounter his face was in the light, and mine in the dark, and I could see a marked difference in him. He had grown quite handsome in this last three months, and a look of settled, strong serenity had taken the place of the stern air of self-control which had been used to characterize him. He had brought a fly with him from the hotel, and laying hold of my portmanteau he carried it out of the station, and set it down on the front seat of the vehicle. We mounted, and the man rumbled away.

"I am glad to see you, old chap," said Pole cheerily, clapping his hand upon my knee. "I suppose you have been having fine times in Paris."

It was evident that he suspected nothing unusual as yet. I could see that he supposed me to have run down to Exeter simply for the pleasure of spending an hour or two in his society.

"I was out when your telegram came," he went on when I had answered his last question with some commonplace, "but I got in an hour after it was delivered, and found that I just had time to catch the up-train. So, guessing that you wouldn't have a great deal of time to spare—your last letter told me that—I thought it best to run up at once, and catch you on arrival. When have you to get back again?"

"As soon as possible," I told him. "I exceeded my leave to come down here."

"Then," said he, "if you're not too tired, we'll make a sober night of it, and have a good long satisfactory jaw. You can sleep going up by train to-morrow. I've been on the point of making a dash over to look at you half-a-dozen times, but, what with the poor old fellow down at Worborough and a certain affair that holds me in London when I get a chance to go there, I've missed doing it."

My arrival seemed to have put him in unusually high spirits. His voice was changed, and had a ring of jollity in it I had never heard before. It cut me to the heart to think of the message I had to deliver to him, and for the moment I recoiled before my own enterprise with a complete cowardice. My cowardice was so complete, indeed, that I did at one moment actually resolve not to deliver my tidings at all in person, but to go away and write them. This abject condition did not endure long, however, and by the time at which the hotel was reached I had recovered my courage.

"I have taken a sitting-room," said Pole cheerily, "and there's a bit of a cold spread laid out there in case you're hungry. Carry the portmanteau to this gentleman's room, John, and then, so far as we are concerned, you can go to bed."

He led the way up-stairs to a cheerful apartment, where candles burned upon the table and the mantelpiece, and a small fire glowed upon the hearth.

"Would you like a wash first?" he demanded, laying both hands upon my shoulders. For the first time he saw my face clearly, and he looked at me with a sudden anxiety. "Jack, old man, what's the matter with you? You're looking quite ill, and worn, and miserable. What is it? No ill luck, I hope."

I could scarcely speak, and I do not know to this hour in what words I broke the news. I can see his ghastly face, of mingled incredulity and horror, clearly—as clearly as I saw it then.

"You're mad, Denham!" he said. "I saw her grave. You were with me when Goldsmith brought the certificate of her death."

It was, I told him, a most wicked and abominable plot. What means had been employed I could only guess at, but the object of the cheat was clear. His wife had effaced herself for the time to trap him into marrying again, and then to make his life a burden, as she had promised in my hearing. Goldsmith had entered into the scheme, as I surmised, partly from hatred, and partly in the hope of levying black-mail. I set the narrative of my discovery before him clearly, and told him of MacIlray's memory of Goldsmith's visit.

"There is but one thing," I said, "which seems to go against her identity. She speaks French as only a Frenchwoman might be supposed to speak it."

"She spoke nothing else," he answered, "until she was twelve years of age. She was born in Paris."

When the first shock of my intelligence

was over, he had taken one of his old lounging poses in a corner of the apartment, with his hands thrust deep into his pockets and one foot thrown across the other. He listened with bent head to all I had to say, and when I ceased to speak looked up at me.

"Well," he said, with an odd laugh, "I suppose it's true. It's like my luck. You'd better have a glass of wine, Denham. You're a bit knocked up, old man."

He lounged over to the table on which the supper was laid out, with its white napkins and glittering electroplate, and there uncorked a bottle. He filled two wine-glasses, and held one out towards me. My shaking hand spilt half its contents on the carpet, but he drained his own, and, sitting down, drew a cigar-case from his pocket, and, having lit a cigar, sat smoking with apparent tranquillity, inspecting the ash of the tobacco and the texture of the cigar as if his judgment on its quality were a matter of some importance. Recalling once more my own youthful experience at the time of my mother's illness and its renewal of that very night, I knew so well what that seeming indifference covered, that it looked heartbreaking to me.

"For Heaven's sake, Pole," I besought him, "don't take it that way."

I think I was half beside myself with pity, and a foolish, unavailing remorse that it was I who had struck this blow.

"My dear boy," he said, "it's got to be taken. I must take it how I can."

I sat watching him in an unhappy silence whilst he smoked, and seemed to take no note of anything. When the cigar had dwindled to a mere stump he threw it into the fire-place, and sauntered up and down the room, pausing here and there to inspect the prints upon the wall. Twice he laughed to himself, with a mockery which was dreadful to hear, a bitter, mirthless chuckle of half-a-dozen notes.

"Suppose," he said at last, "that I don't believe this story, Denham? There's more than one Jew named Goldsmith in the world."

"You can't act," I answered, "as if you didn't believe it."

"No, no, no," he said, as if he were repelling some uninteresting and commonplace stupidity. "I can't act as if I didn't believe it. But all the same, I won't believe it till I know. You're going back to Paris?"

"Yes," I said, "I must get back as soon as possible. I should have been on my way now if I had not been obliged to see you."

"Well," he answered calmly, "it couldn't have been a very pleasant task for you, and I'm very much obliged to you. I'll go to Paris with you, and we'll look into things. There's an up express at eight. We'll take it together."

I had not formed any conception of the manner in which he would receive the news. I could hardly have conceived him as accepting anything unless with self-possession and like a man, but the spectacle of his extreme quietude was harder to endure than any outbreak from a man of softer fibre would have been. We sat the remnant of the night through, keeping silence for the most part, though sometimes Pole would open an indifferent theme, and talk upon it for a moment or two. When sounds about the house assured us that the servants were astir, he rang the bell. The candles had burned down in their sockets, and the morning light already stole in greyly upon our haggard faces, on the unmoved dish covers and the grey ashes of the extinguished fire. The waiter, who appeared in morning *négligé*, stared at us in a faint wonder. Pole wrote out a telegram, gave the waiter instructions to remove the untasted meal, and ordered breakfast. His message was addressed to Lord Worborough, and stated simply that I had brought news of prime importance which took him away for a day or two. We filled up the time of waiting for breakfast in our separate bedrooms. I was not conscious of any wish to sleep, but a cold bath removed a good deal of the fatigue which naturally lay upon me, and dissipated for the time a heavy headache, which had felt to me like a part of Pole's unhappiness.

Neither of us ate much when the breakfast came, and the time drawled on wearily, the very ticking of the clock seeming to have slowed down on purpose to retard our departure. The express sauntered idly Londonwards—nothing could have seemed quick enough to my unreasoning impatience. There was no delivery beyond, no relief nor hope to hasten to. Yet if I had had wings as swift as meditation I could not have gone faster than I desired.

Pole, who had supplied himself with necessities for the night only, went to his own chambers, and there packed a portmanteau. He was fond of having everything which appertained to his own personal requirements, fine and rich, and he got together all his pretty trifles with a mechanical precision. We dined at a restaurant, and took the evening train. In my own case nature asserted

herself after all the fatigue I had undergone, and I slept uneasily most of the way to Dover, and again after the passage of the channel. Whenever my slumbers broke I opened my eyes to see Pole sitting opposite to me grave and impassive. The old, hard look was back upon his face, and was intensified tenfold. He looked as if he were going to lead a forlorn hope, or to be hanged, and was determined to take the inevitable without a sign. He was in all my waking thoughts, and in all my dreams. I fell over scores of yawning precipices on that mournful journey, but never once without Pole having fallen over the edge before me, or his falling with me, or his cry, as he followed, startling me to a waking knowledge scarcely more endurable than my dreams.

Reaching Paris, we repaired at once to the Boulevard Haussmann, and there, leaving our portmanteaux in the fiacre at the door, we mounted to MacIlray's room. I had told Pole of my message to him, and my fear lest Mrs. Pole should have vanished in the certainty that I had recognised her, and we had decided to visit MacIlray first of all. That good Scot was already up and half attired, pottering about his room in dressing gown and slippers. He recognised Pole at once from a portrait of him he had seen in my possession, and said as much with an amiable cordiality.

"You got the message I sent to you by wire?" I asked.

"Ay," he said, "I got it; but I got it an hour too late. The birdie's flown, lad."

I glanced at Pole and saw, by his face, that he accepted this as strong confirmation of my story, though I knew well enough that at the bottom of his mind the story had no need of confirmation. He drew a leathern portfolio of rather unusual size from his pocket, and from this produced two or three photographs. The photographer's art had not reached to anything like its present excellence of delicacy, but the likeness in these sun-pictures, though a little hard, was unmistakable.

"Two identifications," said Pole quietly, "are stronger than one. Is that the lady Mr. Denham believed himself to recognise?"

"The verra woman," MacIlray declared, when he had found and polished his gold-rimmed spectacles. "There's no mistake in the world about that. The likeness would just hang her. I suppose," he added, with a manner which robbed his speech of its apparent brusquerie, "I suppose, sir, ye'll be the unhappy husband. Denham named no names, but ye're always on his tongue, and he said she was the wife of his dearest friend, so that I was inclined to suppose 'twas you." There he fell into a little reverie over the photographs as they lay upon the table. He rubbed his red hair fretfully until it stood up everywhere, and came to his unvarying conclusion, "Ay, ay, Denham! Ay, ay, man! Ay, ay!" It was spoken with a tone of profound melancholy, but he brightened into eagerness a moment later. "I hope," he said, "that I've done the right thing. These police in Paris are just demons, and if once they get hold of a thing they'll worry you to death about it. I evitated them, and went to a first-rate *maison de confiance* within an hour and a half of the lady having left the house; and I've one other bit of news for you. I found this—" he rummaged in his coat-pockets, and by-and-by produced a telegram, dated from London, addressed to Madame Damal, and bearing these words only, "*Partez sans délai pour Lyons.*" "She dropped that upon the table," he said, "and left it behind her."

"That," said Pole, taking it up and letting it flutter back to the table, "is nothing but a blind. If she leaves word in that way that she has gone to Lyons, Lyons is the one place in the world she will not go to."

CHAPTER XXII.

We found, upon inquiry, that the private agent employed by MacIlray had already been at work to some effect. Knowing the precise hour at which Mrs. Pole had left the house, and having a fairly accurate description of her personal appearance and attire from MacIlray, he had had little difficulty in finding the driver who had transported her and her luggage to the Gare de Lyons. The driver remembered the lady perfectly well for one or two reasons. In the first place, she was strikingly dressed in a mephistophelian mixture of black and scarlet; in the second place the *cocher* seemed to have an eye for a handsome woman, and described his fare as "fièrement belle;" finally, her curious proceedings at the station had excited his wonder. At the moment of his arrival there a train had just discharged its passengers, and the man had lingered in the hope of picking up a new fare. He saw the lady whose luggage he had just assisted in dismounting from his own vehicle in the act of chartering another fiacre. He saw the luggage placed upon the roof, and heard the lady's order to be driven to the Gare de l'Est.

The agent, being supplied with the photographs, sought the driver a second time, and Pole and I accompanied him. The man recognised the face at once. That was undoubtedly the lady he had driven. Pole, who looked less interested either than the driver or myself, less interested even than the agent, held out one of the photographs for the coachman's observation, and bade him look at it attentively. Was it not possible, he asked, just possible that he had been misled by a strong likeness? The man shook his head.

"If I were to tell you," said Pole, "that this lady is dead and buried, what should you say?"

"Nothing at all," the coachman answered; "I do not permit myself to say impolite things."

"You would not believe it?"

"Assuredly I should not believe it."

Pole fee'd the man for the trouble he had given him, and then, having surrendered the portrait to the agent for his assistance, he went away to the hotel he had chosen for himself, and left me to the pursuit of my ordinary avocations. I am free to confess that MacIlray and I consumed a good deal of the office time that day and for some days afterwards in the discussion of this surprising topic.

"He's a cool hand, yon," said MacIlray, referring to Pole. "I was at a loss with the man to begin with. He's one of those people that would like you to think they've a cannon-ball in their bosoms instead of a heart, but it's my openion that he's a trifle more feeling than he'd have ye thenk him. There's a kyind o' man that has just a savage idea of pairsonal degnity, and that lives in a house with every window close-shuttered. I'm not sure that there isn't the wildest sort o' high-jenks going on within doors, for all so quiet as the house may look on the outside."

I told him that this was very much my own opinion, and indeed that I knew Pole to be a man of very profound and sensitive feeling.

"The lady has the pull of him there very distinctly," said the Scot. "Not that she hasn't her feelings too, but she makes a luxury of them. A real flaming quarrel to a pairson of that desposition is nothing less than a Heaven-sent blessing. I wish the poor young gentleman well through with the business." It's a mighty petty to see a fine straight-grown young fellow like yon in such a strait."

MacIlray took the story, so far as he was allowed to know it, very much to heart, and his contemplative "Ay, ay, Denham" grew much more frequent than of old, and took a mournful and almost despondent tone.

Pole had given me no invitation to join him, and I took it for granted that he would have preferred to be alone. I did my best to keep away from him, and for one whole day succeeded. At the end of that time I could wait no longer for a message from him, and I went to see him. He had taken apartments high up in a big hotel of the newer fashion, and when I entered his room he was seated, pen in hand, at a table by the window. He glanced at me across his shoulder and bade me wait a minute or two whilst he finished his letter. I sat down at the opposite side of the table and could see his face clearly. It was stern and composedly set, but, unless I was much mistaken, there were signs in it of a recent surrender to his troubles. A handkerchief lay upon the table near his hand. It was much crumpled and very moist, and I drew my own conclusions from the evidence which it and his eyes afforded.

I heard the rapid scrawl of his signature following on the more deliberately written text, and he looked up at me.

"That's over," he said, laying a sheet of blotting-paper upon the letter, and smoothing it with a resolute and heavy hand.

I did not answer him in words, and when he had folded the letter and enveloped and addressed it, he tossed it across the table to where I sat. I saw that it was addressed to Delamere, and I could guess at once the nature of its contents, and the emotions Pole had endured in writing it.

Neither of us said anything of this, however, and each was certain that the other understood.

"The agent was here," said Pole, "a couple of hours ago. He came to tell me that he had been to the Gare de l'Est with the photograph, and had made inquiries there. He found a booking clerk who remembered to have given her a ticket, but unfortunately he was not able to recall the place for which she started. The man proposes now to take the line, station by station, to show the photograph everywhere, and make inquiries until he lights upon her."

"Is there," I asked him, "any lingering doubt in your mind which makes you pursue this chase?"

"I don't know," he answered, with an air of great weariness, "that I should care to

call it a doubt. As a matter of fact I don't suppose I have any doubt about the matter. But there's a sort of fantastic fancy that I may be chasing a phantom. It is just strong enough to keep me going till I find her. It is not strong enough to keep me here, for I am going back to-night. I was coming round to your place to say good-bye before starting."

"Are you going back to Worborough?" I asked, chiefly for the sake of saying something.

"I am going back to London first," he answered in a tone of weary boredom. Then he straightened himself, and added, in a changed voice, "I am going to see Mr. Goldsmith."

What there was in the tone, or what I saw in his face to inspire me with so incredible and so wild a fancy as shot into my mind at that moment, I should find it difficult, if not impossible, to tell. If that mad imagination did him wrong, as I do now most sincerely believe it did, it has at least long since been confessed and forgiven.

"For what purpose?" I asked him, speaking as calmly as I could, though I knew that my voice trembled.

He did not answer me, but took two or three paces up and down the room.

"Pole," I said, laying a hand upon his arm. He turned and looked at me. "If," I continued, "if you go to see that man, I go with you. You shall not visit him alone."

"Very well," he said. "You can come if you please. I supposed you had your work to see to."

"I can arrange for that," I answered. "There are more important things than that in the world; and you shan't see Goldsmith alone just now if I can help it."

"Very well," he answered me again; "you shall have your own way."

He looked at me with a strange smile, more mournful and more tender than any human expression I can remember to have seen.

"What is the good," I asked him, "of going to Goldsmith at all? What purpose do you propose to serve? If he is in the cheat at all—and we are as certain that he is as we can be of anything—you will only put your wife upon her guard, and make your discovery of her more difficult. Look the whole thing in the face: What is her motive for running away from Paris? Fear of you?"

"No," said Pole, "she is not afraid of me, nor of anything."

"She has been seen once," I continued, "and has gone away in the hope that by her complete disappearance she might delude you into the belief that I had been mistaken. I can trace the workings of her mind as clearly as if they were the action of my own. She argues that the wish is father to the thought. She knows you had the solidest grounds for believing her dead, and she thinks that in a while, with the passage of time, you will bring yourself to believe my certainty a mere suspicion, and so will fall into the hideous trap she set for you."

"Does it matter what she thinks?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; "it obviously matters much. If she knows that you are absolutely certain of her existence she knows that she has no purpose to serve further, and if you desire to find her for the satisfaction of that lingering doubt you spoke of you will do it far more easily by not giving her warning than by giving it."

"I mean to see Goldsmith all the same," Pole answered.

"In that case," I told him, "I shall go at once to MacIlray and make arrangements for another day or two of absence."

"That's agreed upon," said Pole. "I would as soon have you for a looker-on as anybody."

It was agreed that I should call upon him in time to catch the northward express, and so, for a time, we parted. I found MacIlray at the office and told him of my purpose.

"Ye're a verra reasonable youth," said he, when I had made my statement, "and I'll suppose that ye have a reason for this. But there's two three things to be looked after, and I'm thenking they'll be getting a little wild in London. They seem to have less appreciation of my leterary style than I honestly think I desairve, and they'll be missing that compact hand o' yours. Ye'd best give the chief a look-up in town and offer an explanation."

I promised to take that duty upon myself, and was making ready to go away when he crossed the room with an air of mystery and understanding.

"I've been taking," said he, "a sempathetic look round, and for the space o' some ten seconds I've been mentally occupying your friend's position. I'm of openion that if I were in his place, I'd be sorely tempted nine-tenths to slay that blagyard lettle Jew creature. Keep an eye on your friend, Denham. He's a bit of a volcano. He's tall enough to wear ice on the top of him, but

that's no argument against the existence of the fire below."

I told MacIlray that it was precisely this reflection and no other which had persuaded me to accompany Pole to London. Hearing this, he shook me warmly by the hand.

"There's a heap o' wesdom abroad," he said, "but there's a wonderful small amount of it finds its way into the British jury-box. It's honest human nature to give a fellow like that sore bones, but it might go unduly hard with the man that ded it. Ye're on an honest errand, and ye're a decent lad, Denham, and I'll just do my best in your absence."

There is nothing to tell of the return journey to London, except that Pole's manner throughout it kept that mad inquietude of which I have spoken alive and active. We went straight to his own chambers, and there refreshed ourselves, and at about eleven o'clock Pole began to draw on his gloves, and announced his intention of starting forthwith to visit Mr. Goldsmith.

On one of the walls of his bedroom a series of brass-headed nails had been driven in to form a rack for a considerable collection of walking-sticks, hunting-crops, and riding-whips. Pole, lounging up to this with the thumbs of his gloved hands stuck into his pockets, surveyed the collection with a critical eye. By-and-by he selected, and laid upon the sitting-room table, a whip with a handle of twisted whalebone and a loaded head of silver. As he stood passing a brush about his hat I took hold of this weapon and balanced it in my hand. Pole looked at me with a face of no expression, and without saying anything to him I took back the whip and put it in its original place. Pole, setting his hat nonchalantly on the back of his head, sauntered after me and took it down again. Looking me full in the face with that same marked absence of any legible expression, he lowered it firmly and slowly towards the table and finally deposited it there with a bang. I laid hands upon it once more.

"There's no knowing," I said, balancing it anew, "what damage this thing might do in the hands of a strong and angry man."

A second time I placed it on the rack, and for the third time he took it down.

"Now," he said, "if you are ready we will go and see Goldsmith."

CHAPTER XXIII.

As everybody knows, it is easily possible to be mightily fond of a man, and yet to be angry with him. I was angrier with Pole than I had ever been in my life with anybody, and I walked by his side in hot indignation at his obstinacy. If he could have employed the whip he carried for Mr. Goldsmith's benefit without danger to himself it is quite likely I might have felt differently about the matter. A mere flogging would have been slight punishment for Goldsmith's rascally offence, and I could even have taken some righteous pleasure in knowing that it was to be administered. It was quite natural that Pole should wish to administer it; but it was no part of my business to stand by and allow him to get into new trouble. Even if he failed to regret the flogging itself, he was certain to regret its consequences. Perhaps at the bottom of my heart I was as anxious that Goldsmith should suffer as Pole himself was, and the very knowledge that he could not get his deserts without bringing more suffering to the man he had tried so vilely to injure, helped to increase my anger.

We marched side by side down Holborn towards Goldsmith's offices in Ely Place, without a word on either side. An outer door was open, and a dapper little City man was in the act of exchanging a final word with a clerk, and half blocked up the doorway. Pole, who had got a yard ahead of me, set this personage on one side without apology and walked past him, I following. There were two other people in the room, and one of them with a pen behind his ear made a step or two forward as we entered. Pole, without paying any heed to him, went straight to a door marked "Private," turned the handle, and entered the further room. I still kept at his heels, and was in time to see the start of amazement with which Goldsmith half arose from the chair he sat in. I had no sooner entered than Pole slammed to the door, turned the key, withdrew it, and put it in his pocket. I took advantage of the time afforded me by this movement to place myself between the two.

Goldsmith went very white, and those jetty little eyes of his glanced hither and thither in a rapid, unavailing search for a way of retreat.

"What do you mead by this?" he demanded. "That's a very curious way of entering a business office, Bister Pole."

"Yes," said Pole; "it's a curious way of entering a business office, Mr. Goldsmith. But it's a curious sort of creature that keeps the office, and I have a curious little bit of business to transact with him."

There was a tone of relishing badinage in Pole's voice, but there was no suspicion of humour in his look, and what with the bantering tone and the sternness of the gaze he encountered, Mr. Goldsmith saw such excellent reasons for fear that he turned paler still, and his hands began to tremble visibly.

"I don't understand you," he responded nervously.

"I think you partly understand me," Pole answered in the same mocking voice. "I think we shall understand each other very thoroughly before long."

The offered prospect of a perfect understanding was evidently unpleasant to Goldsmith. He must have known perfectly well that there was no way of retreat for him, but the jetty little eyes went on seeking for one all the same. He made a great effort to pull himself together, and partially succeeded.

"Have the goodness to explain yourself," he said.

There was a big ruler lying on the desk, and his hand reached out furtively towards it. Before I had a chance to move Pole made a swift step forward and possessed himself of Goldsmith's defensive weapon. I was afraid that the promised understanding was coming about precipitately, but Pole merely dropped the ruler into a waste-paper basket out of Goldsmith's reach, and then seated himself.

"When my friend, Mr. Denham, here," Pole began, "had the distinguished honour of crossing the Channel in your company, you told him, as I learn, that you were on your way to see a client in Paris."

Goldsmith must have known pretty well already what was coming, and he was pale enough in all conscience already. But at this opening of the case against him, such colour as his face still had, deserted it, and his moist and pulpy lips took a bluish tinge.

"You described that client as a lady. You said that she would one day occupy a high position, and make a noise in the world. I suppose that you are already aware that Mr. Denham met that client of yours four days ago?"

"How should I know that?" asked Goldsmith. "And if I did know it, what is there id that to make a row about?"

The manner of his inquiry was utterly unsuccessful, and it was evident that he knew as much.

"Now," Pole continued, "since you visited your client personally, it is only reasonable to presume that you were aware of her identity."

"What are you trying to talk about?" cried Goldsmith, with a wretched attempt to look surprised and puzzled. "Of course I've been aware of her identity. I got a letter from her only yesterday. I don't know what business it is of yours, or what you come here and talk about her for."

As often happens, the sound of the little scoundrel's voice seemed to lend him courage, and I fancy he saw a glimmer of hope that the lines of his defence might shield him after all if he were only allowed to get behind them. His shaking hands made a search amongst a little heap of documents, pigeon-holed in one of the compartments of the knee-table at which he sat. He produced one of the papers with a frightened, blustering flourish, and slapped it on the table as if he would have said that that alone would clear him of any possible aspersion.

"There's the letter," he said; "it's got nothing to do with you so far as I know, but you can look at it if you like."

Pole extended his hand as if asking for the document, and I, standing between him and the table, passed it to him, and slightly changing my posture, was able to read it with him. It ran thus:—

"LYONS, 64, RUE DE LA RÉGENCE.

"DEAR SIR,—During few days my adresse will be as here above. I myself have found forced to quit Paris, and am myself here established. Behold me absent of my documents of affairs, and it must that you wait my return for a fifteen of days. Agree, dear sir, my salutations regretful for the pain I give you,

"MARIE DAMAL."

"That's the kind of stuff she writes," cried Goldsmith, as Pole handed the letter back to me. "She picks the words out of the dictionary."

"This document, Mr. Goldsmith," said Pole, "is of no interest to me. It is not in my wife's handwriting."

At this Goldsmith gave a great start, and tried hard to feign amazement.

"I say, Bister Dedhah," he said, appealing to me, "if he's like that you ought to have him taken care of. It isn't very likely to look like your wife's handwriting. It's quite enough that there should have been such a surprising personal likeness between them. D'yo think it's that"—he appealed to me again—"that's turned him queer? Has he seen the lady?"

"I myself," I answered, impatient alike of

Pole's savage banter and Goldsmith's shuffling, "I myself saw Mrs. Pole alive on Monday last in Paris, and dined at the same table with her."

"Well, upod my word," cried Mr. Goldsmith, with a very creditable assumption of amazement this time, though his success was achieved too late to be of much service to him; "the pair of you are mad together. There's a likedess, I admit that there's a likedess, but it ain't so strong as that comes to, not by long chalks."

"Very well, Mr. Goldsmith," said Pole, "I will tell you what you shall do. You shall put yourself in my charge from this moment, you shall conduct me into the presence of this client of yours, and you shall be so watched that you shall have no opportunity of warning her of our arrival. If your statement is true I will pay you your own claim for wasted time, and for expenses."

This proposal made Goldsmith more uncomfortable than ever, but he affected to treat it as a mere piece of madness.

"I'm not going gallivanting off to France on a fool's errad with a couple of madmen," he declared. "I've got my business to see to, and I'm going to see to it."

"My good Goldsmith," said Pole, with a cruel suavity, "I will give you my cheque for five hundred pounds at this moment. It will be honoured on your return."

"What a piece of nodsense!" cried Goldsmith. "What do I want to rob you of five hundred pounds for? There's the lady's address, 64, Roo de la Regedce, Lyods. Go and make a call on her."

"You won't earn five hundred pounds so easily?" asked Pole.

"No!" shouted Goldsmith. "I won't be bothered any more with such a pack of foolery. Go and see the lady. Go and see her."

"Will you earn five hundred pounds," Pole asked, "by a ten-minutes' drive in a cab?"

He drew from his pocket a copy of the photographic portrait he had left with the agent in Paris, and held it up before Goldsmith.

"No, I won't," snarled Goldsmith, without waiting to hear what might be proposed to him. "I won't have anything to do with you."

"I think it possible," Pole said, in the same unrelenting quiet voice, "that we may have much to do with each other by-and-by. I offer you five hundred pounds if you will drive with me to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and declare that this is a portrait of the dying woman whom you identified there as Adelaide Pole. Will you earn the money?"

Goldsmith returned no answer this time, but his breath grew thick and husky, and his glance darted hither and thither in a panic-stricken renewal of his search for a way of escape. There were curious, dry-looking little flecks of foam upon his lips, and his hands no longer merely trembled. They shook like those of a man with the palsy. Pole returned the photograph to his pocket, and rose to his feet, buttoning his coat as he did so. He held the whip tightly clenched in his right hand meanwhile, and the little Jew cowered in his seat before him. I put myself between the two, and looked Pole in the face.

"This man," I said, "has done you too great a wrong to be paid for in this way. You shall not put yourself in the wrong if I can help it."

"Let me get by, Jack," he said in a tone of quiet commonplace.

"If you will have a little reason," I answered him, "you will know what must come of this. If you lay violent hands upon this pitiful little rascal here, you disgrace yourself publicly. You can't keep out of the exposure some names that are sacred to you."

"Let me get by," he said.

"I will not let you get by," I answered. "I am too much your friend."

"You don't want to quarrel with me, Denham?"

"Not I; but you shall only do this mad and useless thing by making me unable to prevent it."

During this contention, Goldsmith had risen and stolen to the waste-paper basket, where he secured the big ruler. Then he entrenched himself behind an arm-chair in a corner, and stood to watch the progress of events with a natural and excusable anxiety.

"Wait a moment," Pole said, with an odd gleam at me, half-humorous, half-mournful, and altogether affectionate. "Perhaps you and I may arrive at a compromise, old fellow. I don't want to make this visit altogether profitless, and I have a proposal to make. I am going to ask Mr. Goldsmith my wife's real whereabouts. If he will give me that I will let him off so far as this goes, and if he will not, I shall ask your indulgence whilst I flog him till he does."

I think there is nothing so tragic in this world that it can altogether exclude the element of humour. The whole of this business was tragic and bitter enough, but if I had had to change places with Goldsmith for it, I could not have saved myself from laughter at the sight of his countenance, when I acceded to Pole's proposal.

"Yes," I said, "I consent to that, because I know he is not the sort of man to take a thrashing for anybody's sake."

The little man in the corner had obviously experienced a beautiful relief at my interposition. But now he fell into a state of terror altogether abject.

"I shall take it fightig," he quavered from behind his arm-chair, and made a paralytic show with the big ruler. "I ain't goig to be knocked about and not retaliate. You can't expect that, Bister Pole, now can you? I put it to you. You can't expect me not to retaliate."

"You pledge yourself, Denham," said Pole, "not to interfere between this fellow and myself if he refuses me an answer."

"Certainly," I replied; "if he refuses the answer I leave him in your hands."

At this response Goldsmith gave an exasperated little whine, and snatched the arm-chair closer.

"Now, Mr. Goldsmith," said Pole, sternly advancing upon him, "you know what I want. Will you give it to me peacefully, or shall I be compelled to thrash it out of you?"

"How should I know what you want?" Goldsmith asked, watching Pole's riding whip with comfortlessly expectant eye.

"I want you to give me my wife's address."

"Her address," said the wretched Hebrew, "is at Kedsal Greed."

"Come from behind that chair," said Pole, with a sudden sternness. "Take a seat at your table. Take this pen. Write the address upon that envelope. I give you sixty seconds. If it is not done by that time you shall take the consequences."

He drew out his watch, and looked at it fixedly, his right hand swishing the riding-whip up and down with a threatening and disturbing sound.

"Fifteen seconds," he said, after what had seemed a much longer pause. Then, after a pause, which seemed even longer, "Thirty seconds." Goldsmith dipped the pen, and groaned. "Forty seconds," said Pole. Goldsmith groaned again, and the pen began to travel rapidly.

The address was written, and Pole, taking it from the table, read, "Madame Damal, 26, Rue Racine, Quartier de l'Odéon, Paris." He pressed it on the blotting-pad which lay upon the table, and placed it in his pocket-book.

"And now," he said, "you know better than I to what penalties you have made yourself liable by joining in this conspiracy. Your safest way will be to put me in possession of the whole plot and its purpose."

Goldsmith seemed to realise this, and in a while he began a confused and intricate narrative, which being unravelled and plainly told, amounted to this: On a certain day, between four and five months earlier, Mrs. Pole had witnessed a street accident. She had followed the woman who was injured to the hospital, and had there professed to identify her as Adelaide Pole. She had given a false name and address, and had come at once to Goldsmith to inform him of the move she had made, and to tell him its purpose. The woman was, beyond doubt, fatally injured, and the hospital surgeons gave no hope of her recovery. Mrs. Pole induced Goldsmith to assist in the pretended identification, and it was he who had found money for the funeral expenses. He had, since that time, supported his fellow-conspirator, in the belief that Pole would remarry, and that they would then be able to black-mail him to almost any extent. Mrs. Pole's object was mainly to be revenged upon her husband. Goldsmith professed to have been more than half frightened into the transaction by her threats.

"She's got ad awful temper, Bister Pole," he said. "She's an extremely violedt person. You know she is. I wouldn't live with such a woman for the world. I can sympathise with you, sir, I can indeed."

"I will not decide at present," Pole answered, disregarding, not unnaturally, this novel sentiment of Mr. Goldsmith's. "I may take criminal proceedings against both of you."

"Oh," cried Goldsmith, "I hope that better coudsels may prevail with you."

"If," Pole pursued, "you give one sign to my wife of my knowledge of her whereabouts, I shall enter on those proceedings at once. You understand that I make no promise of refraining from them in any case. I only warn you that any communication from you to my wife will precipitate matters."

Goldsmith was so thoroughly cowed by this time that the warning seemed unnecessary.

"I've washed my hands of the whole business," he exclaimed. "I'll have no more to do with it. I'd never have put a finger to it if you hadn't chucked me idto the river. But look here now, Bister Pole. You look at it, Bister Dedhab. Suppose anybody chucked either one of you idto the river and you got a chance to land him one on a dark night three months after, and if you thought it was quite safe to do it, do you think you'd let the chance go by? I put it to you, gentlebed. I put it to you as hodourable and high-minded men."

Pole unlocked the door, and we left this query unanswered.

When we came upon the street, with the clerks in Mr. Goldsmith's employ staring after us, as well they might, he passed his arm through mine, and gave a little friendly pressure.

"I'm very much obliged, Denham. You have saved me from a very grave folly."

THE WAYSIDE REST.

By CHARLOTTE BAIN.

HUSH! let no wandering wind
  Invade the silence of our wayside bower!
No cruel chance unkind
  Cloud the blue heaven of a happy hour!

Grant us Thy peace, Lord, now,
  With brooding bird and crooning honeybee,
Under the blissful bough
  Where blossom blushes on the apple tree!

Solace our world-worn eyes
  With those quaint toys of Thine that please us best
Our childhood's grand surprise,
  The old soft wonder of the new-built nest!

Through the dim budding woods
  Alight with primroses, lead Thou the way,
Show us Thy downy broods
  Around the hen—Thy silly lambs at play!

Bid Hope's glad anthem float
  Thro' the dim chambers of the harassed brain,
Sweeter than thrush's note
  In leafy covert after summer rain.

Let Joy peep shyly in,
  Fresh from the meadows, dewy-footed, fair,
A flower-crowned fairykin
  With buttercups as yellow as her hair!

Soft! how the moments pass
  In this sweet nook as we sit dreaming on!
The dew is off the grass,
  But we have caught it—now we must be gone!

So, shouldering our load,
  Cheered by a draught from Thy perennial spring,
Thy pilgrims take the road—
  The long white road—and, as we travel, sing!

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JUNE.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

"For thine is the kingdom and the power."

Read Psalm cxiv.; 1 Cor. xv. 19—28.

ALL writers are agreed that external authority is against the retention of the doxology. And yet the internal evidence is so strong, that some believe it to have been a liturgical reading so common in the days of Christ as to have been omitted at first from the text, because too well known to require formal introduction. Such a supposition is at least sufficient to prove how much the doxology has been felt to be in harmony with the rest of the Lord's Prayer. The ideas are undoubtedly scriptural and most valuable in this connection.

It seems natural that the prayer should end in a doxology. The outburst of praise at the end is the efflorescing of the previous petitions into worship. As a conclusion it forms a grand echo and seal to all that went before. The prayer begins with the longing that the kingdom of the Father should come, that His name should be hallowed, and His will done; it ends with the joyful assertion, "Thine is the kingdom and power and glory, for ever and ever."

We are thereby taught the true function of praise as the instinctive utterance of the

heart when it is full of love to God, because seeing His goodness. It is only as we have entered into the spirit of the previous petitions, only as we have sincerely desired the glorifying of His great name, only as we have learned to be dependent on Him as children, and to be forgiving towards others as He also forgives us, and know that He educates us, and disciplines us, and delivers us from evil, that we can with great joy utter the ascription of glory. There is nothing grander, more courageous and helpful than such praise. When men sing aloud and with glad hearts to God they are truly strong.

(1.) "Thine is the kingdom." It is therefore not ours or the devil's. Thank God it is not! There are those in the present day who would treat as obsolete the acknowledgment of God as King in any real sense over men and nations. This is a modern tendency, for in all ages and countries a belief in some divine Power has ever been recognised as the foundation of all authority; and however superstitious such a creed may have sometimes been, it seems surely worthier than the arrogance which would exclude Deity from the public confession of a nation. Society must always be founded on some belief. It has been well said, "If we refuse to say, 'Thine is the kingdom,' it can only be by substituting some other formula." And when that formula practically takes the shape "ours is the kingdom, and our wills constitute the only authority," the people may soon give it an interpretation its first propounders never intended. Self-will is next of kin to selfishness, and the will of a majority, if taught to recognise no other foundation for law than itself, if taught that obedience to the will of God is a worn-out belief, may become in an incredibly short time the most destructive of all forces. The authority of God cannot be touched without affecting the society which dares publicly to abjure it.

But nothing that man can do will by any possibility alter the fact: "Thine is the kingdom." "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The devil at the Temptation, when he showed to Christ as in a moment of time "all the kingdoms of this world and the glory of them," said, "All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me." There was a sense in which that was true. There are kingdoms of much power to be gained through unscrupulous wickedness, with a certain kind of splendour, wealth, and genius. There is such a glory as that of Nero, or Sardanapalus, or Buonaparte. If we equally worship selfishness we may gain, according to our capacity, similar rewards. But that is not the kingdom that abideth for ever. The kingdom of God moves on, making the very wrath of man to praise him. It is not the devil, but God who shall reign for ever and ever. Order, not disorder, is supreme. Law, not confusion, is eternal. We may therefore rejoice as we say, "Thine, O Father, is the kingdom, and thy will shall be done on earth as it is in heaven."

(2.) "Thine is the power." We are again met by the consciousness of what appears to be other powers. This age is full of the achievements of man's genius. Domain after domain has been conquered. Like a god man rules over the earth, making the lightning his messenger and defying the tempest with his mighty engines. And yet, whose are those powers which are thus wielded? The power of man is but the result of his submission to the power of God, and using His laws by obeying them. It is God's electricity which flashes the message from continent to continent. It is God's fire, stored for ages in the coal, which drives the steamer through the hurricane.

We have yet to learn that it is by a like submission to God that we can obtain similar victories in the social and moral world. For it is only by the power of the divine law of love, and by obedience to the highest claims of righteousness, forgiveness, and brotherhood, that we shall get power to make the kingdoms of the world the kingdom of the Lord.

The Church has tried nearly every kind of power, except the divine powers that are revealed in this prayer. Selfishness, ambition, quarrelling, and party spirit have been tried, and what has been the result? Look at Christendom! it is as yet unchristianised. Look at commerce! it is the struggle for survival of the fittest, leaving a fearful wreckage in its path. Look at ecclesiasticism! it is a witness for feuds and separation instead of brotherhood. What might there not be accomplished if Christians were to act as the man of science acts when he studies God's laws and uses them in obedience? It would surely be a hopeful change if the Church of God were thus to carry into actual life the divine laws of self-sacrifice, of humbleness, love, forgiveness, and mercy, and were to arm itself with the powers described in the Sermon on the Mount and in St. Paul's description of the value of

charity. As far as these powers have hitherto been tried they have never failed, and it has yet to be seen whether the promise shall not be literally fulfilled that the saints shall truly possess the earth, through the self-forgetful use of God's divine power of holy love and of inflexible righteousness.

SECOND SUNDAY.

"Thine is . . . . the glory for ever and ever. Amen."

Read Daniel vii. 13—20; Revelation xxi. 1—8.

The end of all creation is the glory of God—for the word means the manifestation of what God is and His recognition by the intelligent universe. The earth is thus said to be full of the glory of God, because there is manifested in nature and in history His Eternal Power and Godhead—His wisdom, mercy and righteousness. And the statement that His shall be the glory for ever and ever is a magnificent declaration, for it links the kingdom and the power which are His with the divine purpose of revealing through them the all-holy and all-loving name of our Father in heaven, in a never-ending progression. Whatever there may be of natural evolution, there is nothing so grand as this conception of a divine manifestation and the evolution of a fuller and fuller apprehension of God.

We are lifted here to a very high and sublime point of view. If we have learned that there is a divine kingdom within which we and all things are even now; that the universe is not a haphazard affair, but that it is under the will of God for ever and ever; that no creature can divert or withstand the mighty "intent" for which all things have been made and are being governed; that the devil and his angels cannot destroy the fulfilment of the glorious destiny towards which creation is moving; then may we sing with full hearts, in the face of every kind of pessimism, the glad old Psalm—"The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice."

And when we know that His is "the glory for ever and ever" we can think of almighty and inscrutable power, not as a terror, but as the instrument of the highest good-will towards creation. We are not sufficiently alive to the magnificence of the foundation on which our hopes rest. Were it otherwise, how frightful would existence become! Can we even imagine the possibility of the opposite being true? Can we conceive irresistible power being in the hands of a wicked, instead of a loving and holy Being? To picture a universe governed by omnipotent cruelty or omnipotent caprice would be to invest life with the horror of a nightmare. And it is nothing less than such a nightmare which those would have us accept who tell us that, for aught we know, our existence has no guide or purpose. The ghastly dream of Jean Paul Richter, when he suggests the horror were the news to go forth that God was dead, and that there was now no King, no Father, no end towards which our destinies were being shaped—is practically the awful reality which many of the modern "fools" who "say in their hearts that there is no God" would have us believe. But we turn from such terrors with fresh joy as we repeat this doxology, and looking up to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, can say, "Thine, O Father, is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, for ever and ever." For we are taught that the use of Infinite Power will be for the endless advance of goodness and for the glorifying of that Father whom we adore, and for the manifestation of His wisdom, love and truth. We gain a new sense of the grandeur of existence and can thank God that He has made us to be sharers of such a future. When we thus know Him we can look calmly forth on the problems which at present we cannot solve; on the mysteries of life and death; on the confusions that for a time seem to disappoint our hopes, and on the various changes—the retreats as well as the advances—which often characterize the long campaign between good and evil. Because all are in His hand, we can peacefully contemplate the vast material forces which surround us, of which science speaks, and before which we are helpless. "Hallelujah! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

And in token of this our confidence we say "Amen." We must also connect it with every petition uttered in the prayer. The "Amen" becomes then the majestic assent of the Church of God, as well as the humble assent of every believer in the Father, to the truth and the hope which the Lord's prayer sets forth.

With that "Amen" uttered in our own hearts let us conclude these brief meditations on a prayer which may well appear to embrace everything that is needful for our guidance. He who can pray it in spirit and in truth, and who in any measure can *live* the prayer towards his Father in heaven and his brother-man on earth, has learned the essence of all religion.

THIRD SUNDAY.

ON REJOICING WITH TREMBLING.—I.

"Rejoice with trembling."—Psalm ii. 11.

Read Psalm xcvii.; John xvi. 20-33.

There is a Psalm which begins, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice," and there is another whose first word is "The Lord reigneth, let the people tremble." They each represent the double aspect in which God manifests Himself—at one time in storm and earthquake, at another in summer loveliness and beauty—and both are aspects of the one love, which now purifies and now nourishes. So have we felt standing beside an alpine glacier, where the ice-river melts, and the soil is moist with the ooze of the loosened waters. Looking upward, nothing was visible but the grandeur and desolation of majestic crags furrowed by age and storm, of long sheets of snow, and of the untrodden wildernesses of perpetual winter. The overwhelming sublimity seemed worthy of omnipotence, and mortality, crushed by a sense of its frailty, was ready to exclaim, "What is man that thou shouldest visit him?" But when, under the awe of such thoughts, the eye was turned to the ground, lo! there was at our feet such a blush of wild flowers, blue and golden, shedding their tender fragrance even at the very edge of the eternal snow, and all tended by the same hand that had shattered the hills and poured forth the streams, that fear was turned into joy. While Power cried "Tremble," Love answered "Rejoice," and both voices are true.

It is the will of God that we should rejoice. He commands us to do so, and if we have no joy, it is because we are hindered from within. Outward circumstances may forbid happiness, but they do not necessarily prevent joy; for happiness springs from things external to us, joy from what we are. The spiritual joy into which we are called may be distinguished from the unconscious gladness of which nature itself sometimes appears so full that we can speak of the "mountains breaking forth into singing," and of the "hills clapping their hands," and of the "multitude of isles rejoicing" as they rise out of the splendour of the seas. This, however, is really the reflection only of man's appreciation of God in nature. We transfer to earth what our own souls feel. "Ours is her wedding garment, ours her shroud." In like manner there is the joy of innocence, which, pure as it is, cannot reach the force of that joy which is attained although we have a knowledge of evil as well as good. The joy of children is beautiful, and so also was the joy of Adam and Eve when, unreflecting as children, they lived simply obedient. But how different are all such forms of joy from that of Christ, for example, when He said, "My joy no man taketh from me," and that at a time when every external circumstance contributed some element of suffering! And the kind of joy into which we are called must be one that can be possessed by us, although we also may carry a load of sad experiences and be conscious of much that speaks of sadness.

The fact that God commands us to rejoice indicates not only the possibility of our doing so, but that He has furnished us with that which ought to produce joy. No one indeed can rejoice in obedience to a command, as little as they can love a person because ordered to do so. Joy must arise naturally, and from the apprehension of things which are joy-giving; and when we are told to rejoice it must be in consequence of our having received the elements necessary for gladness.

It is not necessary to specify here what these elements are. In our previous Readings on the Lord's Prayer we have considered various aspects of God's dealings with us, and of our relationship to Him, which, if duly received, should kindle a joy that the world cannot give and cannot take away. These are quite consistent with, and may include every lower form of joy, whether arising from the circumstances of life or from the pursuits of science, and art, and industry. When we are Christ's all things become truly ours, whether "the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come." There are also joy-giving facts, as when we realise the living Christ our Redeemer, helper, guide, and friend. And there are joy-giving truths, which we reach in proportion as our knowledge of God becomes deepened, and increased measures of His "unsearchable riches" are revealed. As we apprehend more and more what is the good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God, we are led further into that fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ, which St. Paul describes when he speaks of "a height, and depth, and length, and breadth" in the love of God that "passeth knowledge." It is this enlightened confidence which imparts the peace of Christ even in the hour of sorest trial and sorrow. Experience of the divine goodness, spiritual insight and fellowship with the mind of Christ, enable even the most distressed to say with

peace, if not with triumph, "I know Him whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him against that day." And so he can cast himself on God, and wait with sweet assurance upon His Word, rejoicing even in tribulation.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

ON REJOICING WITH TREMBLING.—II.

"Rejoice with trembling"—Psalm ii. 11.

Read Isaiah xii.; Revelation i. 10–20.

Trembling may appear a strange concomitant of joy, but instead of there being any contradiction, such a mingling of awe with our gladness is at once a token of its depth and a security for its permanence. There is indeed a certain trembling in all joy when it is very profound. When our cup is fullest we are often most conscious of a certain sadness. Thus is it that persons sometimes burst into tears when surprised by sudden and unexpected gladness. There is a kind of pain connected with all our deepest emotions, and trembling is often the accompaniment of our noblest achievements either in thought or in deed. This is more than the effect of reaction. It arises rather from the consciousness, more or less avowed, that there is One who has given us that which makes us glad, that it is not our doing alone. There is something in such moments which make us "tremble like a guilty thing surprised," for we feel we are in the presence of Another from Whom has come down this "good and perfect gift."

But there are several reasons which make this mingling of trembling with joy peculiarly appropriate in religion.

(1.) It betokens reverence. Flippancy is of all characteristics the most offensive when dealing with the solemn mysteries which ever surround religious truths. The glib assurance with which certain types of character can chatter on matters into which even angels may pause to gaze, is surely a sign of thoughtlessness or ignorance. No one who reflects much on life, death, or eternity, or who realises the difficulties which weigh, if not on their own minds, yet on the minds of others who may be as earnest as themselves, can indulge either in flippancy or cynicism. This trembling of the reverent spirit does not, however, spring from terror, but from a holy awe, which is akin to that which leads the seraphim to veil their faces as they adore.

(2.) It is a safeguard against sin. "Stand in awe and sin not" carries a wise principle to enforce a needful advice. The best pledge of success, as it is also the proper characteristic of healthy Christianity, is the combination of humility with hope, and of a self-emptying fear with a loving and grateful confidence. Spasmodic raptures are generally followed by dangerous reactions. As extreme nervous excitability is the sign of a weak physical life, no less is it a symptom of a shallow spiritual life, rapidly exhausting itself. The best preservative against its influence is the calming influence of great reverence leading to watchfulness.

(3.) Another cause for mingling our joy with trembling lies in the necessary discipline which must be expected in Christian life. "What son is he Whom the Father chasteneth not?" He will lead us nearer Himself if we truly seek it, but it will be by the same trying path as all they have trod who through "much tribulation" have entered the kingdom of heaven. If we would share the joy of the Lord we must be prepared to carry His cross, to drink of the cup He has drunk, and to be baptized with His baptism. The loftiest joy often grows only on the ruins of what the world calls happiness. We are "not to think it strange concerning the fiery trial that is to try us, as if some strange thing happened to us." Such trial is not strange, but only what we must expect if we are to be educated in obedience, trust, and consecration.

(4.) Nevertheless "the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace." We have each some form of joy which is peculiarly ours. The world has its joy, and society, business, intellect, taste have their joy also; and there is no form of pure joy which these can bestow that God, "Who gives us all things richly to enjoy," forbids us to possess. And yet how fragile are they each and all, except we have that kind of life which was in Christ, and which links the temporary with the eternal. The "good things" of a life built on circumstances are never permanent. He alone that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

"Rejoice in the Lord and be glad, ye righteous, and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart;" "Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice with trembling."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE days and the weeks went by, and winter was back again. I heard but little of the people with whom this history concerns itself. I had bidden good-bye to Pole sorrowfully and reluctantly, and had returned to my duties in Paris, leaving him to go back to Worborough, to tend the last days of an old man who had been nearly all his life a stranger, and to abandon the dead and buried hopes which lay behind him in London. It is never a useful or an admirable thing to rave against the unescapable. The common-sense of the proverb is final, and the last word which is to be spoken on that question lies in its curt jingle—what can't be cured must be endured. Endured it has to be, after one fashion or another, and Pole took his share of the inevitable, to my thinking, like a hero. It is a common cant of opinion, as often falsified as justified by fact, that the men and women who take misfortune or joy most calmly taste the bitterness of the one or the sweetness of the other with a fulness of suffering or pleasure unknown to the more expansive and explosive sort. I have always combated this judgment, perhaps because I am myself a rather expansive kind of person, but I know that in Pole's case it would have found as strong a confirmation as a general theory can gather from a single instance. He said nothing, and he felt the more. Words would have eased him if he could have brought himself to speak, but he was one of those who have to break before they can bend, and any revelation of his own feelings would have been too terrible. He wrote me now and again, simply and briefly, and his letters made no allusion to the past. They spoke of Lord Worborough's failing health oftener than of anything. I never knew, as a matter of actual fact, but I was fairly certain that Pole had told him of the plot his wife had laid. I daresay the discomfort of this knowledge weighed considerably upon the old man's enfeebled spirits. These letters of Pole's, with their monotonous news of a monotonous life, were infinitely mournful to me, and Clara's communications by-and-by became, for various reasons, almost as disquieting. One lies before me now, the foreign letter paper discoloured at the folds and edges, and the ink grey with old age. I transcribe a part of it here, promising that it reached me within a day or two after my parting with Pole and my return to Paris.

"The whole household," Clara wrote, "has been so unhappy for the last few days that I really have been unable to find the heart to write to you. Mr. Delamere himself is miserable enough, but for him I can only have a very modified sort of pity. It is only natural to suppose that he feels a great deal disappointed, but he has dealt in nothing but table eloquence all his life, and anything which brings him a new subject for it seems to be welcome, more or less. I am sick of variations on the Vanity of Human Wishes, played in the major key, played in the minor key, played with both hands, played with one hand tied up behind him. The man is exasperating beyond endurance, and he treats his daughter's nerves—I say nothing of mine, because they don't matter, and he has no great reason to consider them—as if they were an instrument constructed for no other earthly purpose than to show what tunes he can play upon them. I have broken out once about it to Mary, literally because I could not help it, and have pained her so much, poor thing, that I spent a whole night in crying, and am a horrid, red-eyed spectre at this moment, with a swollen nose. If he were anybody but Mary's father I should say something to him which would shake him out of his hateful self-complacency for a day or two.

"I suppose you know that Mr. Pole wrote a letter relating your strange discovery in Paris to Mr. Delamere. It came whilst we were at the breakfast table, and all in the highest spirits. We had been out late the night before, and were late at breakfast, the letter coming by the second post. Mr. Delamere's reception of it was really and seriously tragic, and if he had not talked my sympathies to sleep since then, and talked every nerve of our minds into absolute rawness, I should have still been sorry for him. As it is, I should have left the house but for Mary. The thing that weighs upon her mind most of all is the silly fancy that it is sinful in her to think of Mr. Pole now that she knows that his wife is still alive, as if it were her fault that that wicked and abominable plot was made, or as if one could turn the whole

current of one's thoughts in an hour. She does not say much, even to me, but she suffers dreadfully. She has quite lost the sense of taste, and I have read of that somewhere as being a sign of mental suffering, or, at least as going with it very often, especially in girls. I don't know why girls especially should be made to suffer as they are, but they really do seem to get the worst of it.

"Mr. Pole had given her a number of beautiful presents, and one of the first things she did after the news was to pack them all up together to send back to him. Mr. Delamere dropped the letter on the table when he had read it, and blurted out the truth at once, though one of the servants was in the room. Mary went as white as a ghost, but she said nothing at all, and when she went up to her own room I had to help her. If she had cried or given way at all I should have liked it better, but she was so stony about it that she really frightened me. She began in a while to creep about the room and gather the presents into a little heap.

"I have had to stop writing, for it has made me cry to think about it. I have been crying, off and on, for days past, and now anything sets me going. Then sometimes at the silliest thing in the world, I giggle until I cry again for very shame at my own cruelty and heartlessness. But I don't want to write about Me, and Me gets into everything, though I do try every hour to be more like Mary. She is a downright angel. She never thinks of herself, or talks of herself at all. All her thought and care is to save other people from sorrow and trouble, whilst, as for me--but there is Me again. I would tear up this sheet and begin a new one, only that would be a sort of hypocrisy. I shall leave it so that you may see what I really am. I don't want to *seem* better than I am, but I want, oh *I do* want, to *be* better.

"I wouldn't tell anybody else these things for the world, because they seem too sacred to be talked about. But she kissed the bracelets and the rings, and the little watch he gave her—she kissed everything as she put it down on the dressing-table, and every time she gave a pitiful little moan as if her heart were breaking. And all the while she never shed one tear. It was really awful to look at her, and I had not the courage to speak a word. I don't believe she knew that I was there.

"You won't think me flippant or unfeeling for writing these things to *you*, darling. They seem to be the measure of something I feel inside myself, and that, I think, is the real reason why I write them."

I know that at the time I read a great deal into this simple narrative which no other reader could have found there, and I know that, after this lapse of years, I still read into it the knowledge of the generous, tender, loyal little creature who penned the lines. I am not in the least ashamed to own that I cried in reading the lines my sweetheart had cried over in writing. As for poor old Pole, my heart used pretty constantly to ache about him in those days. I have given up forming lofty estimates of new acquaintances on insufficient provocation, but I am glad to have had a friend in youth whom I could scarcely find a flaw in. It is a good thing for a lad to have a human idol if he choose a strong and honest nature for his worship, and though I am writing of myself I have no fear in proclaiming that this same youthful faculty for hero-worship is as good and gracious a sign in a young fellow as any I know how to look for.

Things went on in a dull and uneventful way for some months, until, as I have said already, the winter was round upon us in its course once more. I got then another letter from Clara, which brought strange news indeed. It was in searching for this that I lighted upon the one I have just transcribed. The first sentence of this new letter struck me like a blow. The very place from which it was dated had an unfamiliar look to me.

"Grantley Holme, Cheshire.

"My Dear John, - The Delamere household has broken up, after the strangest and most unexpected scenes, and mamma has taken me to the house of my uncle, Major Grantley. You have often heard me speak of him. For quite a month it was evident that there was something in the air. I was unable to guess its meaning, but I saw it and felt it constantly. First of all there was some trouble between Mr. Delamere and Mary. She had resolved to join a sisterhood belonging to the Church of St. Mildred She often spoke to me about it, and I thought it on many grounds a very excellent idea. It is one of those common-sense, good sisterhoods where the sisters devote themselves simply to nursing the sick poor, and generally helping the poor to be good and happy. She spoke about her wish to Mr. Delamere, but he made such eyebrows over it, and became so very wordy about the Degradation

of the Social Ideal by Contact with Common Things, that she relinquished her own ideal at once, as she always did, if that grand Sultan did not immediately and entirely approve of it. I am sure the work would have done her good, and would have given her an object in life. I believe the great Turk's main objection was to the costume, though I am sure that Mary would look perfection in it, and the white, though it would be a shame to hide such beautiful hair as hers, would put a little colour into her pale complexion, by contrast. To hear Mr. Delamere talk about art and costume, you would think that at least he would have been able to understand that. I am *not* trivial, as you think I am. I am only showing you what a hollow mockery Mr. Delamere is, even where he is supposed to know something.

"Mary gave up the idea, and instead of going out and getting new interests in life, and gladdening the hearts of the poor, and doing good to hundreds with her sweet ways, she had to stop and mope at home under the ceaseless cataract of æsthetic and philosophical chatter from the Turk. Oh, I am glad to be away from it, and to know that Mary is away from it.

"But I have something more serious than all this to write about. The servants grew actually impertinent, and once when Mr. Delamere ordered the cook up-stairs to complain of something in his majestic way, the woman jeered at him, quite openly. I expected the dining-room floor to open and let her down into the basement, but it did nothing of the kind. Mr. Delamere at once gave her a month's notice, and the cook said, 'Give me my money for the last six months, and I'll go this instant minute.'

"'You shall have a cheque at once,' said Mr. Delamere, but the cook snapped her fingers at him, and put her hands upon her hips. I had no idea that she could be so impolite and vulgar, for I had always thought her a rather superior woman for her station.

"'You'd better send it to the bank and have it cashed first,' she said. 'I don't want a two-mile walk through the mud for nothink.'

"Mr. Delamere ordered her from the room, and she went away, declaring that she would have her money or her money's worth before she left the house, even if she had to take it out of him. I suppose she meant to say that she would rob him.

"Mr. Jones was present at this dreadful exposure, and, would you believe it, he has not once been near the house since then. I am very glad to learn from mamma that it was arranged between herself and Mr. Delamere all along that my maintenance should be paid for. She says that the arrangement was on a very liberal scale, and as mamma is not stingy in such matters, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I was a help rather than a burden to the household in that respect.

"Very soon after this I began to see a dreadful man about the house, and I did not at all understand who he could be. I think he lived down stairs, but he was very often in the hall, looking strangely suspicious, as if he thought that I had something about me that did not belong to me. He called Mr. Delamere 'Governor,' and at first I thought he might be a humble member of the Moral Tone Association. Mamma, however, says that he must have been a bailiff- and a bailiff is an officer of the law, though I am sure he did not look like one. I always thought that his clothes looked as if they must have been drowned at one time in their history, his hat and boots particularly. The servants were more impertinent and inattentive than ever during this man's presence in the house, and Mr. Delamere was so depressed that he did not even lecture. Mary was unwell at the time the man came, and did not see him until the morning he went away.

"Mr. Delamere spent every hour of the day, except from dinner-time onwards, out of the house, and spoke in the morning very hopefully of having business in the city. He came home at night much downcast, and sat a long while alone in the dining room after dinner.

"When Mary recovered from her cold and came down-stairs I was with her, and she saw the man in the hall. She asked him what he wanted, and the man seemed abashed, and scraped his feet on the oil-cloth. Mr. Delamere came out of the dining-room and told him that he had better go down-stairs. Mary was frightened, and I am quite sure that she understood the meaning of the man's presence. Up to this time I did not. But when I saw her so alarmed it unhinged my own nerves a little. After breakfast, which passed off very silently and sadly, Mr. Delamere said that he wished to speak to Mary alone. I went into the library and stayed there, reading all the morning. Mr. Delamere went out, and shortly afterwards the postman came. The parlour-maid came into the library without knocking and threw a letter on to the table so unceremoniously

that it skimmed right over the smooth leather and fell on the side I was sitting, at my feet. The girl bounced out and slammed the door behind her, making a sort of defiant inarticulate noise as she went. I should describe it as a snort. You can have no conception of the extreme discourtesy of all the servants at this time.

"Well, I picked up the letter, and in doing that it turned out that I was the innocent cause of all the unpleasantness which followed. I am quite certain now that if I had known what was going to happen I should have been justified in doing what I really did in ignorance, and I think that when you come to know everything you will applaud Mary's conduct as highly as I do. I saw at once that the letter came from Mr. Pole. Nobody who has ever seen that pike-and-sabre handwriting of his, with those dogged looking crosses to the t's, could ever mistake it for anyone else's. It was addressed to Mr. Delamere from Worborough Court, for I saw the seal and the postmark. I went back to my reading and tried to think no more about it, though I wondered very much what it contained.

"When Mr. Delamere came home again only an hour later, he looked really wretched, and, in spite of my dislike, I could not help feeling sorry for him. I showed him the letter, and at the sight of it his face changed in a startling way. He was so agitated that he could scarcely open the envelope. He went to the window to read the letter and came back radiant. I never saw so great and rapid a change in a face. He ran out of the room and down the hall, and in a second or two I heard the hall-door open and close noisily behind him.

"Then came my real indiscretion. I am as glad of it as I should be if I had known everything. In fact I am a great deal more glad, for I am almost certain that I should not have had the courage to do my duty. I ran up-stairs to Mary, and I hugged and kissed her, and danced about her like a mad thing, until she insisted on knowing what had changed me so. Then I told her what had happened, and you may guess my surprise when she took it all gravely and solemnly, and seemed even to be made more sad and thoughtful by it. We had luncheon by ourselves, or rather we sat down to it, for I don't think anything was eaten, and, an hour later, Mr. Delamere came in, smiling all over, and as majestically condescending as ever. For quite a long time he had fallen from his old magnificent manner, and had been going about as if somebody had suddenly convinced him that he was an ordinary person. His clothes seemed to have changed. I can hardly describe to you the difference there was in him. He had not been in the house five minutes when the humble member of the Moral Tone Association went away by the area steps. Mamma conjectures that he was dismissed, paid. Shortly afterwards Mr. Delamere held a conclave with the servants, who were all beautifully admonished, and also paid.

"While this was going on in the library Mary and I were in the dining-room. She was more agitated than I had ever seen her during the whole of her troubles, and once or twice she clutched me nervously, and I could feel that she was trembling all over. I did not understand what was going on in the next room until later, but Mary evidently understood it all. About five minutes after the servants had gone down she got up trembling, and went out of the room. I could hear her voice and Mr. Delamere's, and I could tell that he was angry. That mellow voice of his can grow very sharp and sour, it seems, and he soared into as high a treble as an angry woman's.

"I sat in the dining room, and felt more and more uncomfortable whilst he scolded; and I grew so angry at the tone he took, though I could not hear the words, that I was actually fighting against a temptation to go in between them, when Mary came into the dining room, and her father followed her. His face was red with anger, and he was puffing from having talked so much and so rapidly. I think that of the two Mary was the more angry, and she looked at her father when he spoke with an expression which surprised me, it was so full of scorn. He went striding up and down the room, stopping every now and again in a jerky and undignified way to tell her that she was ungrateful, or that he stood amazed. You know his phrase; he always 'stands amazed' when people differ from him in opinion. He has been standing amazed more or less ever since I have known him. But he was too angry to be smooth and lordly about it, as he generally is.

"At last he said, growing more and more angry because she would not answer him, 'And *you* pretend to feel humiliated? You? I accepted the humiliation for your sake. Do you suppose it has cost me nothing to subdue my pride and ask a favour at this man's hands?' Mary had taken up a newspaper which lay upon the table, and was

making a pretence to read it, when Mr. Delamere actually snatched it from her hands. 'Listen to me,' he said; 'I will not endure these airs of disrespect.' Mary looked at him, and said quite quietly that there was nothing more to speak of between them, and that they did not understand each other. Then she left the room, and he positively made a dash at the door to stop her. But I stood between them, and he stood so very much amazed to see me assert myself in that way that he stopped stock still and allowed her to go.

"Of course I understood everything by this time. Mr. Delamere had been borrowing money from Mr. Pole. Can you imagine anything like it under the circumstances?

"And now I have told you everything except the close of the whole business, and that, I think, I told you at the beginning of my letter. Mary sent for me, and told me that she was compelled to leave home. She said nothing about the cause, and of course, knowing what I did, I could not venture to ask her any questions. She asked me to wire to mamma at once. I did so, and mamma came up to town next morning in a state of great astonishment, and took me away. She begged Mary to accompany us, but it was of no use to try to persuade her. She said she had plans of her own. What they are I do not know, but she has a little fortune of her own, which belonged to her mother, and brings her in not more than a hundred pounds a year, poor thing. I am certain that out of this she means to pay back to Mr. Pole the money her father borrowed from him. Then I think she will join the sisterhood, but that will be a very different affair for her now, especially if Mr. Pole's loan was a large one, and she has to impoverish herself to pay it.

"I have told mamma what I am going to write down now. She says it *is* a most indelicate and unladylike proposition for a girl to make, and that I have no right to allude to such things. But if other people care to be so exquisite about their own delicacy, when they can do good by sacrificing a little of it, I *don't*. The proposition, my dear John, is this. You are to work your very best and hardest, and to get as soon as possible into a position to make a home of your own. Then I suppose you will marry a certain undeserving young person whom you profess to be very, very much attached to; that young person will have her own money, and be quite rich when she is married, and she and you will make the darlingest and best girl in the world come and live with us. That doesn't sound quite grammatical, but I think it says what I mean. The Grand Turk may think what he pleases, and may shower his cataracts of drizzle on anybody he can find. Think of Mary Delamere, of all girls in the world, living on bread bought with borrowed money, and that money belonging to Mr. Pole!"

Then came certain lines which concern myself alone, and then, in a hastily written postscript, followed this:—

"I was on the point of sending this to the post, when mamma came in with the news of poor old Lord Worborough's death. She had found it in *The Times*, where there was a short article about his career. We had all looked at the paper, and none of us had noticed it until then. So now Mr. Pole is Lord Worborough, and a millionaire, and the owner of I don't know how many thousands of acres. Poor young man! I am afraid that neither his title nor his millions will make him very happy."

CHAPTER XXV.

A DAY or two after the receipt of this intelligence came a black-edged letter from Pole, dated from Worborough Court, the envelope and letter-paper marked with a coronet. It simply repeated the news with which everybody had now grown familiar, and gave no hint of its writer's future intentions. There I am wrong. One clear hint it gave, in what I thought a very friendly and pleasing fashion. The brief epistle was signed "Walter;" and I understood from this that, though Pole no longer had a use for his old familiar name, he was indisposed to fall upon me with the unfamiliar title, which must needs have stared at me rather forlornly from the paper. It is rather hard to *become* suddenly rich and distinguished, and to retain one's poor and undistinguished friends. They are likely to be on the look-out for airs of coldness, and will be ready to read signs of hauteur everywhere. So the wealthy and ennobled has, if he wants to retain their friendship, to be a little warmer, a little more intimate and friendly, than of old.

After a lapse of two or three weeks my old friend came unexpectedly to Paris, and found me out there. I had changed my quarters, and had taken a pair of rooms in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, in which, at the house of dead-and-gone M. Terre, Thackeray ate his *bouillabaisse* and drank

the famous Burgundy "with yellow seal." I took my coffee there of a morning, and dined upon the streets, as the cheerless, unhomelike, and most aptly descriptive phrase expresses it. Pole—I can find no other name for him, except for the back of an envelope or in conversation with others, unto this day—was of course in mourning, and looked somehow statelier than of old, as if his responsibilities had laid a hand upon his shoulder. He was as far from taking airs as it is easily conceivable that a man should be, but his new position marked him, to my mind, though in a way not easily definable. His face brightened delightfully as I jumped up to meet him, and he shook hands with great cordiality. The animation of his manner did not last, however, and when we had settled down into talk I saw that his face was careworn, and so colourless as even to look unhealthy.

When we had chatted for half an hour or so he fell into a little quiet, and, as I guessed, was rather gravely turning over some speculation in his mind.

"I've been in Cheshire," he said, looking up at me suddenly. "There's some land there which the poor old man wanted to buy for sentimental reasons. I called at Grantley Holme. Do you know of such a place?"

I answered that I was aware of its existence, and he smiled. His smile had always been a pleasant thing to see, but now that his face had fallen to so settled an expression of melancholy it was brighter than ever: a transient gleam of sunshine breaking through dark clouds.

"I had a talk," he went on, "with Mrs. Grantley, in the course of which your name was mentioned. She made a little pretence at first of regret for your engagement, but she soon threw that up, and began to show that she was quite proud of you. The book's a hit, Jack, and deserves to be. I saw a couple of columns in *The Times* about it, and I'm told there is to be an article in *The Quarterly*. But that's all apart from what I was going to say. I had a talk, not only with the old lady, but with the young one; about that"—he threw a letter on the table.—"Read it."

I took the letter, a business-looking document, and found that it was addressed to Lord Worborough by a firm of London solicitors. They desired to know the amount in which Mr. Delamere stood indebted to his lordship, and stated that they were instructed to pay it without delay.

"I shouldn't show you this," he went on, "if I had not had that talk with Miss Grantley. She was in the house when Miss Delamere left it, and she confessed to me that she had told you the whole history."

I found Clara's letter, and read it aloud to him, with certain omissions, and he listened calmly and attentively.

"Well now," he said, "since you know all this, I suppose you can guess pretty clearly at whose instigation that letter was written?"

I answered that it was evidently written at the instigation of Miss Delamere.

He tried to speak of her as he would have spoken of anybody who was indifferent to him, and was so far successful that a stranger would have noticed nothing.

"Yes," he said, "it was written at the instigation of Miss Delamere. I felt myself justified in making inquiries, and I have learned that she has three thousand in the three per cents. She and her trustee are empowered to use this if they act jointly. The trustee is Robert Foljambe, a cousin of her mother's. He has three or four times refused, even at Miss Delamere's urging, to put this money under her father's control. I have been to see him since I received this letter. I was with him, in fact, the day before yesterday. He wants to refund what Delamere borrowed, and I told him that for the time being, until I could take advice about it, I should decline to give him any particulars."

"How much," I asked, "did Delamere borrow? Don't answer me unless you meant to tell me."

"I meant to tell you," Pole answered, "because the amount happens to be the vital part of the whole affair. He borrowed just three thousand pounds. If it had not been for Lord Worborough's death it would have crippled me to lend it. I did not and I could not count on that, but I got the money, and I let him have it."

"And what did you think of him?" I asked.

"Oh," he replied, "it would take a good deal to change my opinion of Mr. Delamere. Foljambe," he added, "is as honourable a man as you can find, but he's as poor as a rat, and has seven children, all girls. If he could, I believe he would pay the money for Miss Delamere's sake, but that's out of the question. Now, I want your advice in the matter. What am I to do?"

I dare say there are people to whom this may appear a very simple problem, but I found it one of the utmost difficulty. It

seemed, on the one hand, that it would be an altogether shameful and brutal thing on the part of a millionaire under any pressure in the world, to take the last penny of the woman he loved. Put in that way, the thing looked preposterous and incredible. It was unthinkable, impossible. It was out of the question. Then, on the other hand, Mary Delamere was smarting under as bitter a humiliation as a woman of high spirit could be called upon to endure. To her, I could see plainly, it would be ten times more terrible to face Pole's refusal of the money than to endure the poverty its payment would entail upon her. She would carry the sting of that humiliation always, unless her offer were accepted. It looked impossible that a high-minded man should insult her by its refusal. The old Greeks, who were fond of foolish puzzles, had one which posed this question:—When the irresistible meets the impregnable, what happens? It is easy enough to respond that the irresistible ceases to be irresistible when it meets the impregnable, and that the impregnable ceases to be the impregnable when assaulted by the irresistible. But here, for once in my life's history, I seemed to be set in sight of the two, and was likely, I began to think, to have a bad time of it between them. How should I counsel Pole to insult the one creature he held most dear in the world? How could I counsel him to reduce her to poverty?

I got an inspiration on a sudden, and thought I saw a way of evading the difficulty.

"Clearly," I said, "you can't take the money, and clearly, you have actually got to take it."

"That is a brutal exhibition of the actual facts," said Pole. "I have seen those two contradictory positives staring me in the face ever since I got this letter."

"Very well," I said, "you must do neither, and do both. Delamere is not a very lofty person, and he will be glad to exchange his daughter's contempt for his own. As I judge him, he won't greatly mind despising himself, and will very strongly object to any other living creature taking the same line."

"My judgment goes with yours," Pole answered. "What do you propose to do?"

"Imprimis, you don't want the money? It can make no difference in the world to you to have or not to have it?"

"No difference in the world."

"Well," I continued, feeling vicariously ashamed for the specious piece of meanness I was plotting for another man's performance, "Delamere cannot in all probability have spent the whole of the sum he borrowed. Give him your cheque for a thousand pounds. Make him draw a cheque payable to you for the same amount against it. Let him forward that to Miss Delamere with instructions to send it on to you through her lawyers. Then, in three months' time, send him five hundred to be employed in the same way, and so on until the whole debt is paid. It's a fraud, but it's a pious fraud, and so far as I see, it's the only way out of the difficulty. You can complete your share of it by writing to the lawyers and saying that the debt is in rapid process of repayment, and can leave Delamere to such gentlemanly, dignified, and high-spirited flourishes as his nature craves."

"Denham!" cried Pole, "you are a rogue of genius. What might you have done if you had devoted that splendid intelligence for fraud to the purpose for which it was bestowed upon you?" He had brightened at my plan, but his face fell suddenly.

"What is it?" I asked him.

"You have forgotten one thing," he returned. "The good man earns no money. He toils not, neither does he spin. If we excite Miss Delamere's suspicions the fraud is useless."

"He must be made to spin," I answered. "He is a great draw as a lecturer. Let him lecture to his soul's content. He will flourish about that too, and perhaps be able to restore Miss Delamere's good opinion of him—though that would be a fraud with a vengeance."

"She would be the happier for it," Pole said, with a reflective melancholy in his voice. "She would be the happier for it. She has need of somebody to believe in. I think I can manage Delamere," he continued. "Of course he'll pretend that he's going to pay me afterwards, and if he likes to salve his conscience that way I can make no objection. Of course it wasn't very lofty in him to want to borrow the money from me, and I wish he could have kept it from Miss Delamere's knowledge. We must do our best to rehabilitate him in her eyes."

In this manner our plan was laid, and though I have had more than a score of years in which to reflect upon it, I cannot say that I have even yet arrived at any definite conclusions about its moral aspect so far as we two were concerned. Pole, who was staying at Meurice's Hotel, asked me to

go there and dine with him, and since it was a Saturday, and therefore a journalistic holiday, I consented. After dinner we concocted a letter to Delamere, setting the facts of the case before him with a frankness which I fancied he was likely to find distasteful. This done, Pole wrote a short letter to the lawyers, saying simply that the amount of Mr. Delamere's indebtedness to him was three thousand pounds, adding that he thoroughly appreciated the motives which dictated the inquiry, and that he sincerely hoped that no action whatever would result from his response to it. The letter to Delamere enclosed a cheque for a thousand pounds.

Thackeray has accustomed everybody with the slightest turn for self examination to an irritating, tolerably constant inquiry as to whether he is, or is not, a snob. Was I ever so little of a snob, I wonder, when I caught myself admiring the pike-and-sabre signature and the bluntly written "One thousand pounds," and did I, or did I not, feel a British flush of pride in the reflection that my closest friend was a peer of the realm and a millionaire? I know I can honestly say that I valued Pole himself neither less nor more because of these qualifications. But if I had a mind to be honest I might plead guilty to a little better appreciation of myself because of them. I can blush now to remember what I thought about what the waiters might think about me, when I dined in such intimacy of companionship with the wealthy Lord Worborough. But I was hardly five-and-twenty, and I can find excuses for myself.

After dinner we drew up our chairs beside the log fire and had a long and unrestrained talk. There was a hard black frost upon the ground without, and a high wind was blowing, so that there was comfort in the very spluttering of the wood, and the warm glow was grateful. I asked what news there was of his wife, and he told me simply that he had taken matters into his own hands. He had written to her at the address Goldsmith had given, telling her that her plot had been discovered, and that hereafter, in order to keep her within his knowledge, he should send her allowance in a weekly cheque. He had placed no control upon her movements, but had left her to choose what habitat she pleased. As for Goldsmith, Pole had left that worthy to digest his own reflections, and make what he could of his losses. The little Jew had maintained his fellow-conspirator from the time of her supposed death until the date of her discovery, and was probably some hundred and fifty pounds out of pocket as the result of his nefarious scheme.

"I don't think it likely," said Pole, "that he will proceed either against my wife or me for the recovery of the money." He added that he had received no word of answer, but that the cheques had been presented and bore his wife's signature. "And now, Jack," he went on, "I have something to say that concerns you personally. Poor old Worborough took a prodigious liking to you, and he and I talked about you a good deal in the last month or two of his lifetime. He stood very high with his party, and had considerable influence. He proposed to me that he should use it in your behalf, and before he died he had got things in train. In four months' time an appointment will be open for your acceptance. If you don't care to take it you can have a second choice a month later. Number one is a sinecure, or thereabouts. It will bring you in fifteen hundred pounds a year, confine you to London whilst Parliament is sitting, bring you a pension after sixteen years of *dolce far niente*, and it opens up no avenue to distinction. Number two takes half the salary and, say, roughly, a thousand times the labour. It opens the way to almost any ambition. There's no political difference to hold you back, and you can have which you please."

I thanked him warmly, and told him, what I knew very well, that though he charged the old lord with these benevolent intentions towards myself, it was he who had inspired them.

"Well," he said, with one of his rare, bright smiles, "I didn't let the fire go out for want of fuel. Which do you go for, the fifteen hundred with nothing to do, or the hard work and the eight hundred? Don't be in a hurry to play Quixote, Jack. If you were a fiery young politician eager for a chance you might be tempted by the smaller salary and the wider field of ambition. If you choose that, you will have little time for literary labours, and by and-by, in all probability, you'll get rapt away from them altogether. In the other case you have a chance that falls to few men of following your own bent and doing your own work in the world."

That was a very delightful prospect, and the bait looked tempting, but I recalled certain burning prose passages of my own which, to my infinite pride and delight, had found their way into the columns of the

Beamleigh Weekly Banner some half-dozen years before. In these early effusions I had been most savagely satirical and denunciatory about the wicked and contemptible idlers who fattened on the life blood of the starving poor. I had been amazingly in earnest. One gets amazingly in earnest at the age of eighteen or nineteen, and wonders later in life at the pother one made in those enthusiastic days, and the sound and fury. I told Pole, with an ingenuous blush, of the attitude I had taken with regard to this question.

"Well, my boy," he answered, "your past deeds may rise against you, and some future demagogue in his first pair of trousers may scathe you by a reproduction of your own fervour in the columns of that same journal. It has a world-wide circulation, I believe."

I answered that it might be world-wide for all I knew, but that the circulation in my day was limited to some two hundred copies.

"In that case," Pole responded, "the inhabitants of the whole planet may not yet be infected with these radical notions. Slip into the berth, Denham, and be snug there before the storm evoked by your own utterances shall burst upon your head."

I wanted time and chance to think. I had no taste or liking for active politics, and I had a conscientious objection to the acceptance of public money without an equivalent being given for it. I was conscious that this objection had lost greatly in force within the last half-hour. I began to feel that if another man had accepted that tempting sinecure I should have been very mild in my condemnation of him. I even began to think that if the imaginary other man had great ideas boiling in his head which for want of time and ease would be lost to the world, he would be, after a fashion, criminal in refusing the position. The acceptance of a sinecure grew infinitely less objectionable in aspect than it had ever seemed before.

"I can see where your thoughts are travelling," said Pole, evincing less penetration than he commonly displayed. "Don't be foolish, Denham. Take the chance that comes to you, and accept things as they are. The world is very much out of joint, I dare say, but the cursed spite, as Hamlet calls it, only comes in when the man who wasn't made for any such adventure thinks that he was born to set it right. There the post stands, waiting to be filled. Somebody will have it, as like as not a fellow infinitely less worthy than yourself. Nobody will get it as the reward of private merit or public virtue; and in plain English, if my advice has any weight with you, you're an ass if you throw it over. Take it, and marry your sweetheart, and settle down and write your books in comfort. You think you'd be doing more of your duty if you took the worse berth of the two? Vain dog! What will your political efforts do for the country? Some fellow made for the rough and tumble of politics will take it and make it a stepping stone to fortune, and have a baronetcy. You're not cut out for that kind of life. Come, the berth's going, going, going—"

"Gone!" I said.

If I had any conscientious qualms about that sinecure after this acceptance of it, I smothered them as remorselessly as the wicked Richard smothered the tender little innocents in the Tower. I dare say other men have had similar scruples on like occasions, and have prescribed just the same murderous remedy for their own disquiet. There are men in the world who would have risen in hot indignation against such a proposal as I accepted. I have heard them say so. I have a sort of memory that I said something to that effect myself in the columns of the *Beamleigh Weekly Banner*. I am not the hero of this narrative, and even if my acceptance of the position offered to me were unheroic I came down on to the plain, level highway of life into excellent company, and found quite a crowd of good fellows there before me.

CHAPTER XXVI.

I LOST but little time in letting my English chief know of the surprising good fortune which, by Pole's kindness, had overtaken me, and I soon found myself liberated from my post in Paris. MacIlray, I am inclined to think, regarded me with a kind of awe from the moment at which I announced to him the news of my social advancement. When one day Lord Worborough's black-edged visiting card found its way to those lofty offices in the Rue de la Paix, the good Scot retired to a little apartment of his own and there furbished himself with hair brushes and clothes brush, and then returning, possessed himself of a pair of gloves. He had evidently an idea of putting them on in order to receive a peer of his native realm in befitting state, but Pole entering before he could put this purpose into execution he stowed them away in his coat tail pockets, and offered his congratulations on the nobleman's accession to wealth and title with an almost hysteric alacrity and effusion. Awaking to the fact that Pole had

not come up-stairs on horseback, was accompanied by no herald bearing a coat-of-arms, and was, in fact, in no way changed from the rather sad-mannered, simple gentleman he knew already, he grew more sober in demeanour.

"I had a kyind of fear upon me," he told me afterwards, "that the lad would be transmogrified out of knowledge, and he's not the least bit altered. Ah'm thenkin' that ef any magical power laid a hold upon me and made a millionaire and a loard o' me, I'd just be a spectacle for goads and men. I'll be thankful to them to leave me in my native obscurity. I'm best where I am."

He showed a tendency to alter his demeanour towards myself, and falling shortly after this speech into one of his accustomed reveries, and emerging from it with his customary "Ay, ay!" he checked himself at the habitual "lad," and substituted for it "Mr. Denham." I laughed at first, but I soon found out that MacIlray meant no more by this than to intimate that if I were not prepared under my own changed conditions to continue on the old familiar terms he was prepared to abandon them. I do not suppose for a moment that he formulated this to himself, but he felt it all the same and acted upon it, until his Scottish sense of independence was assuaged by the certainty that no overwhelming sense of my own grandeur had run away with me.

When I finally bade good-bye to my Paris duties he was extremely warm and friendly.

"Ye're a very fine, unaffected pair o' lads, the both o' ye," he said. "I'm not looking forward to a dwalling in the tents of prences for my own part, nor to set down with the great ones o' the airth. I'd be clean spoiled if I had a notion of it, I know very well that I would. And you two, that are younger in the warld's ways than I am, are just as natural as death, though ye stand there with all your blushing honours thick upon ye."

As a matter of fact I had no mean inward idea of the worldly importance which the possession of that wicked sinecure would confer upon me, and if I did not crow about it, it was only because I was restrained by the fact that the post was gained by no merit of my own.

I say I had lost no time in conveying information to my chief, but there was one person to whom I wrote even earlier. I had no sooner left Pole on that memorable, unforgettable evening than I fell to work to construct the terms of a letter to Mrs. Grantley. I rehearsed the letter all the way home, and wrote it immediately on reaching my chambers. Before I could get away from Paris, or my successor was appointed, I received a letter of congratulation from mamma, who withdrew all objection to my suit, and assured me that she had never entertained any but such as were prompted by the consideration of my youth and the limited character of my worldly prospects. She exhorted me to new efforts in my new calling, and seemed to think that I had undertaken what might have been an eighth labour for Hercules.

My first business was to see the chief of my department, to whom I carried a letter of introduction from Pole. He was a genial old gentleman with a courtesy title, and he had been a life-long friend of the late Lord Worborough. He was very kind in his manner, and he talked about my duties, which were to be within reach of two subordinate personages between the hours of eleven and three for five days in the week and six months of the year. The duties of these subordinates were to be within reach of their subordinates from ten till four. My chief's duty was, in an easy-minded and unsettled way, to be in reach of me. I praise the bridge that carried me over. It was a pleasant office, and mockery apart, there was just enough work to do in it to prevent one from feeling like an actual impostor. I learned this afterwards, but for the moment my one desire was to get down to Grantley Holme and claim Clara. We corresponded every day. We wrote reams of letters, but the consolations of the post are but a poor substitute for the actual presence of your sweetheart, and I made all possible haste to join her.

I went down to Cheshire, and came back in a day or two, accompanied by Mrs. Grantley and the Major, a soldierly and gallant gentleman, and Clara. The three took up their abode at an hotel, and I lived in Pole's chambers. We spent days in house-hunting, and having found a perfect little jewel of an establishment, we spent weeks, and very happy weeks they were, in the search and purchase of furniture. Both Clara and I were resolved not to give ourselves into the hands of the demon upholsterer, and, with due regard to the sentiments of mamma, who had excellent taste, we pleased ourselves in the decoration of our home.

It had been decided that our marriage should take place when the house was ready. There were one or two good reasons for this dispatch, and there was nothing whatever to

be urged against it. Naturally enough, I was eager for it, and I urged with some tact, as I flattered myself, that my duties would begin in three months' time, and I should have no chance of a honeymoon for at least six months further. Why not utilise the time now in hand?

"You give me credit for no motherly desire to retain my daughter," said Mrs. Grantley.

I said nothing of the fact that my charming future mother-in-law had already managed to live without her daughter for a full year and a half, but Clara supplied the omission. The conflicts of mother and daughter amused me often, but I had sense enough to avoid participation in them, and they always said the keenest and plainest things to each other, with an amiable good-humour and mutual understanding.

The Major had hired a carriage, and one day we all drove eastward to the Strand. At the top of one of the riverward-running streets the carriage halted.

"We will call for you in half an hour," said Mrs. Grantley; and Clara, tapping my hand with a gloved forefinger, motioned to me to alight. I rose to obey, but I suppose I looked inquiry, for Mrs. Grantley demanded to know if I had not been told where I was wanted to go.

"Not yet," said Clara, and, the word being given to the coachman, the carriage rolled away. Clara passed a hand through my arm, and led me down the street, towards the river.

"We are going to see Mary Delamere," she said. "I have been here three times already. Your duty, if you please, is to act like a good *fiancé*, and second all my proposals."

I promised that I would do so, not being greatly in the dark as to what they were likely to be. The street was not inviting to look at. It wore an air of middle-class respectability grown sordid, and no house-painter seemed to have visited it for half a generation. But behold, on a sudden there gleamed upon us a house of mellow newness, with the neatest and whitest of curtains and blinds, and door-knob and knocker of burnished brass, so refulgent with constant polish that they might have been taken for gold. The snowy doorsteps cried aloud with a voice of reproach to the whole neighbourhood. I rapped, with the highly polished little brass knocker, at Clara's bidding, and in a minute, with a smiling, rosy-cheeked alacrity, a girl of eighteen, or thereabouts, in the costume of a *religieuse*, opened the door. She greeted Clara pleasantly, as if they were already known to each other, but regarded me somewhat shyly and doubtfully, as if the intrusion of the male element were a thing unheard of in her experience of the place, and not to be too kindly looked upon as an experiment. Clara asked for Sister Constance, and the small nun-like personage led us into a fresh-looking, sparely furnished apartment of infinite order and cleanliness.

"Who is Sister Constance?" I asked when we were left alone here for awhile.

"Sister Constance," Clara answered, "is Mary Constance Delamere."

I asked, in some consternation, if she had taken the veil, but a smiling shake of the head was the only answer I received, for at that moment a large and motherly woman in conventual garb sailed into the room like a breeze. She also was known to Clara, and exchanged friendly greetings with her.

"Sister Constance," she said, "will be here in a moment or two."

She invited us to be seated, and said something about the weather, so brightly and breezily that the air of the room seemed the fresher for it. Mary Delamere came in almost directly, and submitted to be hugged and kissed by Clara, who received her with a voluble and tender vehemence, whilst the elder lady looked on smiling. I had had a sort of general notion that all human emotions, except for a kind of tranquil, cold pity for human troubles in general, were left out of doors; but the elderly lady smiled as if she were well pleased, and Sister Constance endured and returned the caresses lavished upon her in precisely her old manner. If it is not profane to say it, the garb of this harmless and helpful society became her very much indeed. Her pale looks were warmed a little by their neighbourhood with the contrasting black and white. She greeted me in a friendly fashion, and we all four sat down to talk together.

"The Sister Superior," said Clara glibly, indicating the elderly lady by a little bow, "knows already why we are here, and will have no objection to the proposal I am going to make. Mr. Denham is also aware of it, and has adopted it with the enthusiasm which might have been expected from him. We shall be at home and settled down in eight weeks' time." She blushed at this, delightfully to my thinking, and Sister Constance and the Sister Superior smiled like an average brace of ladies well pleased, and looked no more like their costume than a country June like a London November.

"You can carry on your good work," Clara continued, "without let or hindrance. Mr. Denham knows all about the London poor. He is quite an authority now about their condition, and he can tell you that there are crowds of them in our neighbourhood, and that there is hardly anybody to look after them. You will be able to work amongst them, and so far as my own duties will allow me"—she was more matronly here than her own mother—"I shall be charmed to take a part in your work. Besides that, John will be engaged in his new duties. Mr. Denham," she explained to the Sister Superior, "has accepted an appointment under Government – from eleven to three. That is to say, that from half-past ten to half-past three I shall be alone, and I want to know what I am to do with all those dreary hours if you won't come and help me to pass them profitably. There are some people," she addressed the Superior once more, "who might perhaps tell you that I am frivolous. I shall always deny that. But even if it were true, it would only be an additional argument why Mary should come to me."

"We think your offer very generous and affectionate," said the Superior in her own crisp yet motherly fashion; "and for my part I like you very much for it, my dear. It remains for Sister Constance herself to decide."

"I shan't, I can't, and I won't be happy without her," said Clara. "If Mr. Denham will speak his mind he will say precisely what I do."

I spoke my mind warmly, and said with truth that I should be sincerely grateful to Miss Delamere if she would do what Clara asked her. The "Sister Constance" stuck somehow on my tongue, and I could not rid myself of a slight but irreverent impatience of it. The elderly lady looked towards her, awaiting her decision

"You know, dear," Mary began, "that if I refuse, it is not because——"

"But you shall not refuse," cried Clara, with a face and voice of dismay. "I shall think it an absolute cruelty if you refuse."

"You see, dear," Mary answered gently, "you must see, that I cannot consent to become a burden upon you——"

"A burden upon me," Clara answered, spreading her hands abroad and turning on the Superior with a look of resignation to unmeasured wrong. "Did you ever hear anything like that?" the gesture said. "I actually lived," she continued with excellent hypocrisy, "in Miss Delamere's house for the greater part of two years, and now she refuses to live in mine. I shall think it cruel if you dream of refusing me," she added, turning anew to Mary, "I shall think it unfriendly. I shall never believe again that you care for me at all. It's of no use," she was back at the Superior again, "to talk to Sister Constance of her own happiness or her own welfare. Those are quite absurd considerations to her mind. And she has been housekeeping all her life and I have had no experience. There are a thousand things I want to learn, and she will leave me to kill my husband with rheumatic fever through unaired linen, or poison him with an indigestion." There was a cold tragedy in this announcement which might have touched the most obdurate heart. Mary was evidently anxious to speak, and had already made two or three movements in that direction; but Clara would not permit her to be heard. "I am willing," she went on, "to leave it all in the hands of the Sister Superior. You are not so undisciplined and so hardened in your own opinions that you will refuse to follow her advice. I am sure that she will support my petition."

The artful young person, as it afterwards appeared, had arranged with the Sister Superior beforehand. That motherly, good creature smiled, and answered that, really, she thought that Sister Constance could hardly be better employed. The matter was, of course, entirely for her own consideration. But—The pause and the gesture were alike significant.

"If I could be useful to you," Mary began—

"Useful!" cried Clara. "You'll be invaluable. Oh, thank you, darling." She ran at her with impetuous haste, and laid hold of both her hands. "I never thought you could refuse, but you don't know what a load you have lifted from my mind."

"But," began Mary, smiling, "I haven't promised."

"There!" cried Clara, piteously. "It's all to begin over again. You *have* promised—" with a sudden new vivacity. "You have! You have!" Then turning brokenly to me, "Now, John, has she not promised?"

Since the Sister Superior had expressed her opinion upon the matter I had hardly regarded the situation as being doubtful. She interposed again at this point, and carried the day for the petitioners.

"Suppose," she said, "that you give your friend the benefit of your experience for half a year. You need not lay aside the work

you have taken to heart. You will be doing a good action I am sure."

Clara poured out thanks upon her ally, and new entreaties upon Mary. I joined my own, and just as the Major's carriage rumbled over the cobbled pavement to the door, the treaty was concluded.

Certain telegraphic signs passed between Clara and her mother before the carriage had borne us back to the Strand, and the elder lady was evidently almost as much gratified as the younger. She had her daughter's interests at heart, but she was quite willing that so excellent a mistress as Mary Delamere should save her the trouble of initiating Clara into the details of housekeeping. For my part I was in my own way as satisfied as either. If I had had my world to choose from, and to search for a friend and companion to my wife that was to be, I should have chosen Mary Delamere. To have absolutely what you would have chosen is a fortunate thing, and I reckoned myself and Clara very happy in this matter.

In due course, the banns being already put up, the guests were invited, and we two young people got married, and went away for a six weeks' sojourn in Elysium. We spent our moon and a half of honey in the Riviera, and then came back to settle down in smoky London with Mary Delamere as my wife's companion.

HENRY DAVID THOREAU.

By FRANCIS H. UNDERWOOD.

IF one could imagine a taciturn woodman poring over Plato, Virgil, the English classics, and the sacred books of the East—a labourer in mean attire, living on coarse bread and water, and keeping a voluminous journal of observations on plants and animals—an habitual railer against society, religion, and law, with a tender heart for children, woodchucks, ducks, and fishes—an abolitionist who went to jail rather than pay a poll-tax of eight shillings, because levied by a State that belonged to a union that tolerated slavery in other States, yet who scoffed at philanthropy and scorned reformers, and who boasted and practised pure egotism (or selfishness) as his rule of life—in such an animated paradox there would be an idea of Thoreau.

His paternal ancestor came from the island of Jersey about the middle of the last century. His grandmother was Scotch. The name has no longer a French pronunciation in the United States. He was born in Concord, July 12, 1817, and such was his native and acquired vigour that, if he had not foolishly exposed himself to all weathers, to excessive fatigue, and to needless privations, he might have been living to-day. His father was a dull, thriftless man, always in debt; his mother was a proud, ambitious woman, who determined that Henry should be educated, and worked hard to bring it about. He was a fair scholar, but not remarkable, neither during his brief preparation in Concord or afterward in Harvard College. He entered at the age of sixteen, according to the unwise custom of those days, quite too young to receive the benefit of a collegiate training. In youth his manners were awkward if not clownish, and he was frequently the butt of his livelier associates. His baptismal names were David Henry, but later he signed himself "Henry D." After his graduation in 1837 he set up a private school in Concord in company with his brother; but it was not successful; his attainments were more than sufficient, but he had neither the personal appearance nor the tact to inspire respect in boys. His pupils made fun of him, as his class-mates had done, and after the death of his brother the school was given up. Then Emerson befriended him, took him into his own house, where he lived two or three years, and afterwards procured for him a situation as tutor near New York.

There is no question that Thoreau had an original and powerful mind, though with many "eccentric motions," as one might say of a machine; but neither he nor any other progressive man of that day in Massachusetts could escape the solar influence of Emerson, which made planets of all lesser orbs. Thoreau had read in his great friend's library, steeped himself in his thoughts, and caught his tone, his deliberate accent, and manner, so that whether he spoke or wrote the imitation was ludicrous and exasperating. Lowell, in his "Fable for Critics," published in 1848, sketched him in these lines:—

"There comes ——, for instance, to see him 's rare sport,
Tread in Emerson's steps with legs painfully short;
How he jumps, how he stumps, and gets red in the face,
To keep step with the my-tagogun's natural pace!"

Thoreau's mother was one day rather un-

kindly reminded by a visitor of the resemblance, patent to all Concord. "Yes," calmly replied the proud woman, "Mr. Emerson *does* write like my son!"

Thoreau was not tall, but active, spare, and wiry. He had dark-brown hair, a light complexion made swarthy by exposure, a very prominent nose, light-blue eyes, with the inscrutable look of a half-tamed Indian, recently addicted to clothing. He could smile upon the few whom he loved or liked, but was cold and forbidding to those who, he fancied, did not appreciate him. His habitual answer was, "No!" and he seldom gave a hand-grasp to any. His mouth was rather full in youth, and his lips retained an infantile, lisping appearance; but later in life, when he wore a full, tawny beard, this amiable weakness was concealed. As his beard was seldom trimmed and rarely softened by brushing, as he preferred the cheapest clothing and had a rooted aversion to boot-blacking, he always looked untidy. His brief, decisive speech allowed scant play for courtesy, except to a few, and to children, who were all fond of him, because he could always show them beauty and strangeness in the common facts of nature. In spite of his austere manner, his voice had an agreeable tone, and in his early days his talk was full of quips and pleasantries. He loved poetry, or the kernel of it, but his regard for poets was confined to those long dead, excepting Ellery Channing, of Concord, whom he often mentions. He worshipped philosophy, the more abstruse the better, but would have nothing to do with living philosophers, excepting Alcott, the talker, and Emerson, who had unconsciously moulded him. He quoted Plato, Confucius, Moses, and Menu, but he held to the light revealed to Thoreau.

As a boy he was quiet and shy, and as time went on his reserve increased, so that he seldom talked unless sure of a sympathetic listener. If there was disagreement or discussion he became silent; if withstood, he withdrew; his conceit and turbulence were confided to his journals; he was, however, never convinced by any argument. Full of faith in himself, he was regardless of all social and political considerations.

In his youth he could be very agreeable, and was especially so to the children of Emerson, who loved him dearly, and who to this day cherish his memory with affection. He had a love affair, strange as it may appear, but his passion was not reciprocated, and this doubtless tended after awhile to make him more morose and solitary. There are a few traces of this in his journals (1840-2).

One of the most beautiful of Emerson's sketches is that of Thoreau, written just after his death; a sketch wholly in the vein of a friend who sees and notes chiefly the traits which he had loved. There were two Thoreaus, and Emerson, who lived in an upper realm, knew only the spiritual Thoreau. The educated people of Concord came to appreciate the genius of their wayward townsman, and to be tolerant of his vagaries; but respect for him hardly percolated down to the lower orders. Thoreau himself well knew this. In his journal he says,

> "There is some advantage in being the humblest, cheapest, least dignified man in the village, so that the very stable-boy shall despise you. Methinks I enjoy that advantage to an unusual extent. There is many a coarsely well-meaning fellow, who knows only the skin of me, who addresses me familiarly by my Christian name. I get the whole good of him, and lose nothing myself."

The position of such a man in Concord, noted for its intellectual an refined society, must have been at least equivocal; and, in spite of his original and splendid genius, there must have been a feeling akin to pity, as in Scotland for a "natural," in view of his sordid appearance and his eccentricities.

One might suppose from his scorn of mankind that the opinion of the world mattered little to him, yet in his journals, which began with his youth and continued all his life, he is anxious to exhibit or explain himself to the innermost. His observations, opinions, comments, feelings, and habits are recorded minutely, as if his experiences were to become the world's most precious inheritance. As the lover thinks his heart has felt a thrill that never shook the breast of another, so Thoreau thought that no one before him had seen the sunrise, or the opening of water-lilies, or heard by day the song of the wood-thrush, or by night the hooting of owls. And this was almost true. He loved nature with fervent and constant passion.

When he went in search of blossoms he consulted his notes of former years—his floral almanac—and found that on such a day was due the anemone, or the cypripedium, or the cardinal flower. He knew the "at homes" of all these shy dames, and never failed to make his call at the right time. No feathered creature could conceal its nest from this tireless watcher. If he heard a bi singing, a bittern booming, or a wild-goose *honking*, he had his ready field telescope instead of a murderous gun; and he studied

all winged creatures with admirable patience, so that he came to know them, their forms, colours, habits, and tricks of motion without depriving his dearest friends of life. He was patient of cold and hunger, rain and snow, and could find his way through forests by night as by day. His best road to the desired point was always the straightest, whether it crossed field, mountain, or swamp; the highways trod by others he seldom travelled. He was so wary, so collected, and could be so motionless, that birds and beasts came to regard him without fear, as a part of the landscape. He killed no creature other than fish, except when famished, and never so long as he had meal. After a time he had conscientious scruples about fishing.

Yes, he passionately loved nature, but wild nature. His sympathies were with the savage as against the white man, and with wild beasts against tame. He deplored the extinction of bears, wolves, and foxes. He loved rebel weeds rather than orderly crops, and the blossoms of the woods and swamps more than the pride of the garden. He was so sternly set against luxury that he reprobated vehicles and horseback riding, holding that man is independent only on his own feet. He favoured human toil in the fields—only a precious little of it—instead of the enforced labour of animals. If you will allow that every discovery and invention which saves labour, increases comfort, and assures man's dominion over wild nature is an injury or a crime, and that the most universal scholar should be as rude and naked (metaphorically speaking) as an Algonquin, you will be ready to accept Thoreau as your guide. If you accept him, you will have a feast for eyes and ears, and revelations for sense and soul, that you will scarcely find elsewhere described in English literature. His journals, which form the basis of all his elaborated books, are so many "instantaneous negatives" of a great variety of the most delicate, most unexpected, and most delightful aspects of life in its pristine conditions. In this quality their merit is absolute and incomparable. Of the other matters which cumber and sometimes overweigh the rare results of his observations we are bound to give some account in what follows.

The excursion afterwards described in "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" was made in 1839, two years after graduation, when Thoreau was twenty-two, and was published in 1849. It was a week's excursion with at least eight years of comment, reminding us of the saying of a Boston lady in regard to the title of her husband's book. She said it should have been "'Six months in Italy' and Four Years at Home." It is seldom that so slender a line of adventure has such a weight of varied learning strung upon it. The "Week" begins on Saturday, and the seven divisions are called by the names of the days in order, so that each appears to have cost at least a year's labour. The account of the uneventful voyage is necessarily slight; the real substance of the book is drawn from his wide reading, mixed according to no obvious plan, with his observations on nature, on human life, society, literature, &c. The ordinary citations are from authors whose names are familiar to readers of Emerson. Thoreau knew them as well, perhaps, as his illustrious master, but the everlasting display of quotation, with or without reason, affects us like the sight of a shop whose stock is all in the doorway and window. There are two authors who have been conspicuously successful in serving a *mince-meat* of ancient learning, cohesive and unCloying—Montaigne and Burton. One can but admire the learning and industry of Thoreau, but if a dish of classic "collops" is desired, it is better in "The Anatomy of Melancholy." And besides, Thoreau has what Burton has not, an unequalled store of pictures of earth, water, and sky; and when one is reading of some song-bird or rare flower, an untimely change to the occult or crabbed wisdom of a Hindu sage gives a shock.

Another and a large part of the book is filled with "poems," some selected, but oftener original. He had spontaneous poetical perceptions and feelings, and the essence of his thought was often poetry; but he had no "faculty," no sense of proportion, measure, or melody; and his verses are dreary—a task to all but admiring friends. There is intellectual power and reach, but the power of an admirable prose-writer who has deceived himself as to the fact of inspiration. Not content with a large supply of his own verse and a good number of selected fragments (generally enigmatic nuts to crack), he has introduced, one hardly knows why, some literal but crude and shambling translations of Anacreon. Here is a short specimen of his verse, not the best, and perhaps not the worst, but fairly characteristic of his manner:—

> "The western wind came lumbering in,
> Bearing a faint Pacific din,
> Our evening mail, prompt at the call
> Of its Postmaster General:

Laden with news from Californ',
Whate'er transpired hath since morn,
How wags the world by brier and brake
From hence to Athabaska Lake."

With a day's progress we have the brief itinerary, early legends of the towns on the bank, and of the Indians, some evanescent glimpses of the fauna and flora, a translation from the Persian, a scrap of a Robin Hood ballad, some sentences from Chinese or Indian philosophers, mention of Homer or Euripides, a hint from Sir Thomas Browne, a swinging buffet on the cheeks of law or religion, a dissertation on literary style (opinionated and "cranky," but always entertaining), and so forth, till his stock is sampled; and then for the next day there is a repetition *da capo*. As to his opinions there is never any doubt *at the time;* but his fondness for emphasis and paradox lead him into absurd inconsistencies. One would think his violence a mere trick to gain attention, and he allows himself (in this his first book) a brutality of phrase unusual among scholars in our day. This is his comment on his imprisonment for not paying his poll-tax:—

"It is not to be forgotten that, while the law holds fast the thief and the murderer, it lets itself go loose. When I have not paid the tax which the State demanded for that protectum which I did not want, itself has robbed me; when I have asserted the liberty it presumed to declare, itself has imprisoned me."

Here we see the original Anarchist or Nihilist—in a Pickwickian sense. Alcott was touched by the same whimsical madness, as was another dweller in Concord, an Englishman, whose name the Concord jailer has forgotten, and all three were locked up about the same time for the same reason. But Thoreau errs when he says the State robbed *him*. If there was robbery it was done upon the venerable Samuel Hoar, who, in pity to the family, paid Thoreau's tax bill the day after his seclusion. The life of the Esquimaux, who have neither laws nor rulers, but allow every one to do as he likes, would have suited Thoreau and Alcott admirably. In no other region on this planet could one be free from the rule of law and the grip of the tax-collector.

A few sentences will exhibit Thoreau's attitude toward Christianity more justly than any summary.

"I am not sure but I should betake myself in extremities to the liberal divinities of Greece, rather than to my country's God. Jehovah, though with us he has acquired new attributes, is more absolute and unapproachable, but hardly more divine, than Jove. He is not so much of a gentleman, not so gracious and catholic; he does not exert so intimate and genial an influence on nature as many a god of the Greeks."

"Really, there is no infidelity now-a-days so great as that which prays, and keeps the Sabbath, and rebuilds the churches."

"The Church is a sort of hospital for men's souls, and as full of quackery as the hospital for their bodies."

After these and similar extravagances—in which we cannot believe him half so blasphemous as such words would imply coming from a less hare-brained man of maturer years—he goes tripping off to Oneisicratus, Pythagoras, Chateaubriand, the *Antigone* of Sophocles, the style of Sir Walter Raleigh, the Hindu scriptures, or what not, and disports himself in tossing about the learning, thought, and sentiment of the ages. And this kind of harvesting, without order or method, by the deftness and airiness with which it is done, has often a singular charm. The thought appears perennially fresh. The diction is faultless; and if the occasional angry spurts against "institutions" could be eliminated and the "poetry" judiciously weeded, there would be left a volume which would be ruined for his illuminated worshippers, but would be a lasting pleasure to common folks.

The offences pointed out seem to be primarily against good taste or decency. It is not probable that Thoreau was such a terrible fellow as his words would indicate. Something may be pardoned to one whose nature revolted at the grim visage of Puritan theology, and something more to an abolitionist who saw that the American church at the time was the unblushing apologist and defender of African slavery. Many a man who had been nurtured in the Church said, "If it is Christian to buy and sell men, then count me for an infidel!" But for plain people—like myself and the Editor of Good Words, for instance—it is tiresome to meet in all the "days" of this memorable "week" anathemas against the State, sneers at "business," respectability, and decent clothing, praises of corn-bread and ready-made five dollar suits, skits at reforms and contempt for reformers, eulogy for the indolent, passionless, heavenly Contemplation of the Orient, and scoffs for the earth-born, restless Action of the Occident. Nothing in modern life is as he would have it.

The "Week" was widely talked about, but not widely read at first; its irreverence, its shell-heaps of quotation, its coldly intellectual and unmelodious verse, and the bristling irritation manifested towards every New

England custom, precept and prejudice, were sufficient drawbacks. But this volume, though containing the most objectionable things Thoreau has written, is in many respects the most remarkable of his works—mainly, perhaps, because it has the flavour of first fruits. Passing over some contributions to the *Dial*, relatively unimportant, this was his first sally into the field of literature, and it shows the exquisite susceptibilities of a young and eager explorer. And in a certain way it is a specimen or model of all his works. In other volumes he records additional observations, but in none of them, excepting "Walden," is there such sustained interest. He never went deeper into Nature, never cared for purely scientific treatment of any subject, and he always continued to mingle quotation, poem, and objurgation as in his early books.

While writing of English style Thoreau is interesting, even when we may not agree with him. Hawthorne has testified that the daily hard work at Brook Farm unfitted him for intellectual labour at night. Poet and romancer though he was, he was no brighter than any other ploughman when he dozed before the fire after the day's toil. And this is the experience of all the writers I have ever met. But Thoreau says :—

"If he" (the scholar) "has worked hard from morning till night . . . the few hasty lines which at evening record his day's experience will be more musical and true than his freest but idle fancy could have furnished. . . . The scholar may be sure that he writes the tougher truth for the calluses on his palms. . . . We are often struck by the force and precision of style to which hard-working men, unpractised in writing, easily attain when required to make the effort."

Well-sounding phrases, but in fact mere rubbish; and all of Thoreau's own experience was the other way. Intending to become an author, he got the best education he could at the leading university, and then devoted himself to the study of literature, and to practice in writing with an ardour seldom witnessed in any age.

In one of his paradoxical fits Thoreau exclaimed, in commenting on the Laws of Manu, "Give me a sentence which no intelligence can understand!" Plenty of such apparent absurdities are in his pages; but the reader after a while learns to accept them for what they are worth, and to put up with an extravagance that attests such vigour.

He renounced society, business, and amusements, and lived upon little, so as to have five-sixths of his time free for his chosen pursuits. He never read a novel. He made voluminous journals, and then toiled over what he had written, elaborated the sentences, and sought to heighten their effects by all the devices known to rhetorical art. And yet he would pose like a hard-handed labourer, innocent of literary graces!

This is but a specimen of his habitual perversity, or rather of his habit of letting a theory or a notion run away with him. Though all the literary art in the world cannot make a great writer, still the great genius will find and will have the literary training that is to give him the power of adequate expression.

Thoreau's father made lead pencils, and the son gave his help for a time, but at length having made what was pronounced a perfect specimen, he declared he would do no more. As he was an accurate mathematician, with other important faculties, he was a skilful surveyor of land, and got occasional employment to run the lines of farms—enough for his simple needs. When necessary he would chop wood or perform other manual labour. He knew all the lands, especially the woods and swamps, far better than their owners did.

Intending to seclude himself more completely, so as to have time for his studies, he built a cabin in 1845 on the shore of Walden Pond, about two miles from Concord Village, and lived there somewhat more than two years. He gives a minute account of outlay and result, and probably never was philosopher so cheaply sheltered and fed. The cabin cost a little less than £6. He raised the first year a crop of beans, potatoes, &c., in the light, sandy soil, and estimated his profit at about 35s. By his labour abroad during the year he earned a little less than £3. His food for the fifty-two weeks cost 35s., and he apologises for his "guilt." He foots up his total expenses for the year at a little over £12, including the cost of the cabin and his clothes; his receipts were £7, leaving £5 deficit to be carried over. His experiences are instructive and amusing, and his methods of cooking and table service, upon which he is frank, would astonish a French *artiste*. He had, however, many a substantial meal with his mother and with Emerson. The important fact he states is this, that for five years he maintained himself by the labour of his hands, and found that by working about six weeks in the year he could meet all the expenses of frugal living. We may not all wish to assimilate our style of living to that of a savage, but the lesson of Thoreau's life is one to be pon-

dered. How large a portion of our income and of our precious time is devoted to superfluous "wants," leaving us bankrupt in regard to our intellectual and spiritual interests!

As a protest against society and as an assertion of human independence by isolation, the hermitage of Thoreau was a ludicrous mistake. As Lowell says—

"The tub of Diogenes had a sounder bottom. Thoreau's experiment actually presupposed all that complicated civilisation which it theoretically abjured. He squatted on another man's land; he borrowed an axe; his boards, his nails, his bricks, his mortar, his books, his lamp, his fishhooks, his plough, his hoe, all turn State's evidence against him as an accomplice in the sin of that artificial civilisation which rendered it possible that a person such as Henry D. Thoreau should exist at all."*

At the Hermitage, besides continuing his journal, he probably worked upon the "Week," which appeared four years later. He received a few visitors now and then—Ellery Channing and Alcott, who came often, and Emerson and Hawthorne, who came rarely. The hospitality of the cabin was limited to conversation. For Alcott he testifies an enthusiasm never shown for any other—certainly not for Emerson, to whom he owed everything. Alcott, according to Thoreau, is "A true friend of man; almost the only friend of human progress. . . . He is perhaps the sanest man and has the fewest crotchets of any I chance to know. . . . Great Looker! Great Expecter! to converse with whom was a New England Night's Entertainment." Whom Thoreau declares to be the sanest man with fewest crotchets, we naturally expect to find mad as a March hare; and though Alcott was a glorious talker, he was the least practical of all the strange brood that appeared during the exciting times of the Transcendental movement. The account of his intellectual vagaries, though amusing, would be long.

The humour of Thoreau is reserved and grim, yet evidently he must have written some passages with a chuckle; as where he records of himself, "For many years I was self-appointed inspector of snow-storms and rain-storms," . . . "surveyor of forest-paths and all across-lot routes." . . . "I have looked after the wild stock of the town, which gave a faithful herdsman a great deal of trouble by leaping fences." He pooh-poohs the projected ocean cable, saying that the first important news received, probably, would be that the Princess Adelaide has the whooping-cough.

He is scornful towards the railways, preferring to go a-foot; and towards the Post Office as a distributor of gossip, for *he* had never received but one or two letters in his life that were worth the postage. He declares that "trade curses everything it handles; and, though you trade in messages from heaven, the curse of trade attaches to the business." He belabours "the saints" and has a whack at the hymn-books; ridicules philanthropy and disparages architecture. "To what end, I pray, is so much stone hammered? In Arcadia, when I was there, I did not see any hammering stone." Wealth enslaves its possessor. "Men are not so much the keepers of herds as herds are the keepers of men."

But the tone of "Walden," though bitter now and then, is more agreeable than that of the "Week;" and in "Walden" the divisions do not represent "days" but topics. The chapters upon the scenery and manners of his wild realm and its denizens, and those upon literature, have been evidently carefully studied; and there are passages, which for simple beauty and suggestiveness, may be put beside the writing of any writer upon nature and art. There is no note-book of naturalist comparable to this; only it will always be observed that in the literary chapters, in the main line of thought, he instinctively—unconsciously, perhaps—follows Emerson. This is seen in "Reading" and in "Solitude;" it is seen also in many thoughts by the way - as when he says that he "owns the landscape," that he has put a man's farm in "rhyme," has "fairly impounded it, milked it, skimmed it, and got all the cream." That is only a humorous variation of a sentence of Emerson in "Nature."

Here are a few passages upon the sights and sounds around Walden.

"The night-hawk circled overhead in the sunny afternoon, like a mote in the eye, or in heaven's eye, falling from time to time with a swoop, and a sound as if the heavens were rent, torn at last to very rags and tatters, and yet a seamless cope remained;—small imps that fill the air and lay their eggs on the ground, on bare sand or rock on the tops of hills, where few have found them;—graceful and slender like ripples caught up from the pond, as leaves are raised by the wind to float in the heavens; such kindredship is in Nature. The hawk is aerial brother of the wave which he sails over and surveys: those his perfect, air-inflated wings answering to the elemental, unfledged pinions of the sea."

"When other birds are still the screech-owls take up the strain, like mourning women their ancient u-lu-lu. Their dismal scream is truly Ben Jonsonian. . . . It is no honest and blunt tu-whit tu-who of the poets, but, without jesting, a most solemn graveyard ditty, the mutual consolations of suicide lovers remembering the pangs and delights

* "Among my Books."

of supernal love in the infernal groves. Yet I love

tearful side of music, the regrets and sighs that would fain be sung."

"In such a day, in September or October, Walden is a perfect forest mirror, set round with stones as precious to my eye as if fewer or rarer. Nothing so fair, so pure, and at the same time so large, as a lake, perchance, lies on the surface of the earth. Sky water. It needs no fence. Nations come and go without defiling it. It is a mirror which no stone can crack, whose quicksilver will never wear off, whose gilding Nature constantly repairs; no storms, no dust, can dim its surface ever fresh—a mirror in which all impurity presented to it sinks, swept and dusted by the sun's hazy brush,—this the light dust-cloth,—which retains no breath that is breathed on it, but sends its own to float as clouds high above its surface, and be reflected in its bosom still."

"Sometimes I rambled to pine-groves, standing like temples, or like fleets at sea, full-rigged, with wavy boughs, and rippling with light, so soft and green and shady that the Druids would have forsaken their oaks to worship in them."

One trait of Thoreau's nature comes out in "Walden." An Irishman, John Field, lived not far distant, a plodding ignorant man, deplorably poor, and at odds with fate. Thoreau, an expert fisherman, one day took Field on the pond in his boat, and had all the "luck;" Field caught two fish only, while Thoreau had a fine string. Thoreau knew that Field and his family actually wanted food, but he went his way to his cabin with the abundance of fish, having bestowed on his dull comrade only good advice and lessons of philosophy. Thoreau was not hard-hearted, but it never occurred to him that he was under any moral obligation to bear another's burdens. This, apparently, was at the root of his dislike for "philanthropy," and for reforms and reformers. His duties, like his studies and pursuits, began and ended in himself.

As certain artists make fresh and vivid outdoor sketches, which are dull and formalised when "composed" afterwards in academic pictures, so Thoreau in his journals has noted appearances in nature with an eager and felicitous touch which is scarcely ever fully preserved in the after-written books. In the books the sentences are more flowing; the literary art is conspicuous; but it is in the original impressions, though in short paragraphs, or even in hints and fragments, that we perceive the indescribable bloom. I must glean some "bits" from the journal entitled "Summer."

It is not all scenery, as he says:—

"This may be a calendar of the ebbs and flows of the soul, and on these sheets, as a beach, the waves may cast up pearls and seaweed."

Nothing escapes him, "The pincushion galls on the young white-oaks" catch his eye, "coarse, woolly, white, spotted with bright red or crimson on the exposed side." Then, as every fact in nature has its similitude in the world of thought, he wonders that an abnormal thing

"Should be made so beautiful, as if it were the flower of the tree,—that a disease, an excrescence, should prove, perchance, the greatest beauty, as the tear of the pearl: beautiful scarlet sins though they may be. . . . As in many a character, many a poet, we see that beauty exhibited in a gall which was meant to have bloomed in a flower, unchecked."

He is moved by the song of the wood-thrush, in which, he says,

"Though heard at noon, there is the liquid coolness of things drawn from the bottom of springs. . . . The thrush's voice alone declares the immortal wealth and vigour that is in the forest. Here is a bird in whose strain the story is told. Whenever a man hears it he is young, and Nature is in her spring."

Thoreau is content that other people may toil if they will or must: for himself he will have none of it.

"The clink of the smith's hammer sounds feebly over the roofs, and the wind is sighing gently as if dreaming of chequered days. The farmer is ploughing in yonder field, craftsmen are busy in the shops, the trader stands behind the counter, and all works go steadily forward. But I will have nothing to do, will tell Fortune that I play no games with her, and she may reach me in my Asia of serenity and indolence, if she can."

His fine sense detects the "fugacious, universal fragrances of the meadows and woods! odours rightly mingled!" The arbor vitæ reminds him of the scent of strawberry; the pines, birches, maples, ferns, &c., all have their own. In the pond he sees through the crystal water the circles of sand which the bream make for a home. He follows the spotted tortoise to its hole, and finds the horned pout in her dark pool leading and brooding over her myriad progeny. The rabbits come furtively and partake of his maize, and the squirrels for him go through their *poses* and their coquettish pranks, as eager to be admired, he thinks, as rustic lasses at a ball. To give specimens is hopeless. I will quote one passage more, a moralising on the colour of grey. He is approaching Monadnock (on foot, of course), a grand pyramidal mountain in New Hampshire.

"Almost without interruption we had the mountain in sight before us,—its sublime grey mass, that antique, brownish grey, Ararat colour. Probably these crests of the earth are for the most part of one colour in all lands—that grey colour of antiquity which Nature loves, the colour of unpainted wood,

weather stain, time stain; not glaring nor gaudy; the colour of all roofs, the colour of all things that endure, the colour that wears well; colour of Egyptian ruins, of mummies, and all antiquity, baked in the sun, done brown,—not scarlet, like the crest of the bragging cock, but that hard, enduring grey, a terrene sky colour, solidified air with a tinge of earth."

Thoreau's works number ten volumes, only the first two of which were collected in his lifetime; "Walden," "A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers," "Excursions in Field and Forest," "The Maine Woods," "Cape Cod," "Letters to Various Persons," "A Yankee in Canada," "Early Spring in Massachusetts," "Summer," and "Winter;" the last two being selections from his journals by his literary executor, H. G. O. Blake.

It is said by those who knew him best that he was in his soul profoundly religious, and that the passionate utterances which gave such a shock to Christian readers were directed rather to the ancient theological *garb* of matters of faith, rather than to the substance of divine thought and knowledge.

He died among his relatives, of a gradual decline, in 1862, and is buried in Sleepy Hollow Cemetery. Two biographies have appeared in the United States, one by W. Ellery Channing, his friend, the poet, the other by F. B. Sanborn. I am told that one has been written in this country, but I have not seen it. The facts for this brief sketch, so far as they concern Thoreau, the man, have been derived from new, and at the same time trustworthy, sources.

The interest in his books has steadily grown, and of late years many other writers have followed his footsteps in the woods and fields. But no one has rivalled Thoreau; the native power and fertility of his mind, his sturdy independence and originality, his keen perception of nature, and of the poetry of nature, the extent of his reading, and the delightful qualities of his style, combine to render him the ablest and most attractive of the writers of this century upon his chosen themes. He must be an author among ten thousand for whom so much has to be ignored or tolerated, and who yet is everywhere read with delight, in spite of passages on which some pitying angel should have dropped a tear.

LOSS AND GAIN.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country side adorning;
But whilst I grieved, behold!—the East grew red
With morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go,
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her;
But whilst I murmured at her absence, lo!—
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies;
But whilst for these I pined my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendships than which none had once seemed nearer;
But whilst I wept I found a newer friend
And dearer.

And thus I learned old pleasures are estranged
Only that something better may be given;
Until at last we find this Earth exchanged
For Heaven.

ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER.

AMONG THE BIRDS—IN SUMMER

AMONG THE BIRDS.

By CHARLES DIXON, Author of "Rural Bird-Life," etc.

III.—IN SUMMER.

BIRD-LIFE endows a northern summer with much of its fairest charm. The quiet, dreamy beauty of our English woods and fields is now imbued with a sense of joyous life. We miss much of the unusual activity which prevailed in spring; the crush of vernal melody is spent, and the music, if more universal, is toned down and softened by the voices of little songsters from across the sea. The loud powerful notes of the thrushes are now varied with the voices of the warblers, and the harsher cries are mellowed by the call of the cuckoo and the murmur of the turtle dove. In that delicously sweet debatable time when summer seems striving for supremacy with spring — the waning days of May—the latest of our migratory birds appear. One of the most noteworthy is the turtle dove—perhaps the latest of all our summer migrants. It loves the cover of the deepest woods, is shy and timid, yet garrulous enough during the early days of summer when love and courtship are in progress. Another bird of summer is the swift. It arrives here in May, and is one of the first to leave us in autumn. Summer is the season chosen by most of the migratory birds for nesting duties, when insect life is abundant.

It may perhaps be as well to take a hurried peep at the domestic arrangements of some of our commoner birds, ere visiting the nests of those in remoter districts. Wherever our fancy leads us we are sure to meet with their curious and beautiful abodes. In the sides of railway cuttings, or in sand-pits and quarries, and in the steep banks of rivers, dozens of small holes may often be seen. These are the sand-martins' colonies. This little brown and white bird is the most soberly arrayed of the British swallows, with none of their metallic brilliancy, yet its habits are most interesting. These sand martins return unerringly every season to the old familiar sand-bank to take possession of their holes, or to tunnel new ones. The burrows are bored in the sand for a depth of several feet, and at the end of the passage a slight nest is made of dry grass and a few feathers, in which the four or five pearly-white eggs are laid. The holes slope gradually upwards to provide for drainage, and many of them are very crooked, especially if big stones are encountered during the operation of boring. In many cases the little architects will abandon their half-finished burrow should any such obstacle be met with. The illustration

at the head of the present article happily depicts a busy colony of these pretty birds.

In the orchard trees, especially those trained along the wall, or in a chink of the bark of some rugged elm or oak, we may often find the nest of the spotted flycatcher, a beautiful little structure made of grass and moss, and roots, cemented with spiders' webs, and lined with wool, hair, and feathers, in which the female lays her half-dozen greenish-blue eggs thickly marbled with brown. In early summer the redstart, too, is busy bringing up its brood in a nest in some hollow stump or in a crevice of a wall, its delicate blue and spotless eggs being exceptionally beautiful objects. In the tangled hedges and amongst the luxuriant growth of vegetation in the woods and by the side of the trout-streams our delicate summer warblers are busy bringing up their broods—noisy whitethroats, dulcet blackcaps, shy garden warblers, and sedge birds; and where the bushes and brambles are thickest the skulking grasshopper warbler builds its nest, and chants its monotonous song at all hours of the day and night. The late-breeding greenfinches are busy now in the shrubberies, and the lesser redpoles' charming little nest may also be sought in our northern hedges, or in the plantations of young larches near the moors.

During our summer rambles we meet with many little feathered strangers. Among the hedges the garrulous little whitethroat takes his short, hurried flights before us, singing lustily as he goes; and every now and then the cuckoo's gladsome notes sound full and clear from the woods. Very hawk-like in appearance this latter bird may often be seen flying from tree to tree, uttering a chuckling kind of cry. The hens are busy now, prying about in all likely places in search of a nest in which to lay their alien eggs. Along the quiet reaches of the stream or round the margin of the lake we are certain to meet with the common sandpiper or summer snipe, a little wading bird that retires to the muddy coasts of South Africa during winter, visiting our northern waters to rear its young. It runs daintily along the shore, or even perches on a boulder in the stream, making its slight nest under a little bush near the water, in which it lays four pear-shaped eggs, creamy buff, spotted with dark brown and grey. In the pastures where the lazy cattle are grazing or standing in the cool shade of the spreading trees, impatiently lashing their tails or turning their heads from side to side to rid themselves of trouble-

we are sure to find the dapper little yellow wagtail. The nest is made under the shelter of yonder hedgerow, and the parent birds come hither to catch the insects. See how daintily they run about among the grazing cows close to their very mouth, busy in search of food. High up in the blue sky the swifts are darting up and down, screaming as they fly, whilst in the lower atmosphere the swallows and house martins are coursing to and fro, twittering to each other in their joy. Round and round the cattle they fly, swooping under the branches, busily ridding the poor tormented animals of their insect pests. The tree pipit now sings rapturously, and all day long the sky-lark warbles in the highest air. Now and then you may chance to come upon a brood of young partridges and their parents, especially in the quiet corners of the fields near the gateways where the ant-hills are often seen. It is a pretty sight to watch these active little creatures following their parents; but as the wandering hawk crosses the sky their ever-watchful mother gathers her brood together with a warning cry, and shelters them beneath her wings. Amongst the corn, which is now just shooting into ear, the quails are nesting; whilst in the woods the broods of young pheasants are rapidly advancing to maturity under the keeper's jealous care. Whichever way we chance to turn, birds are sure to be seen; but it is interesting to notice how quickly they disappear at the approach of the heavy thunder showers. As soon as the first warning drops patter heavily on the broad leaves, bird after bird seeks shelter amongst the densest foliage, and rarely a bird ventures forth until the heavy rain has ceased. Sometimes, however, the swallows and the martins keep the air, and career about in the drenching rain without any inconvenience. Their dense, glossy plumage seems impervious to the water; they flit about all indifferent to the storm, as our next illustration very aptly shows. But as soon as the rain has ceased, and the sun shines brightly forth again, the birds hop out from their retreats and burst into song. All is gladness once more, and the parched, thirsty earth, and dusty, drooping vegetation are full of refreshing fragrance.

On the quiet pools whose margins are fringed with a dense bed of flags and rushes the water-hen finds a home congenial to its taste. This bird may often be seen walking about the short grass near the water, to which it instantly retires when alarmed. It makes its bulky nest amongst the rushes, often a floating structure, placed many yards

from shore, but sometimes in the coarse vegetation on the banks. It often rears as many as three broods in the season, and our illustration represents a summer family of these birds, hatched when the vegetation round the pool is most luxuriant. The chicks are covered with down as black as jet, and are able to swim and dive almost immediately after they leave the egg. The water-hen is a careful mother, and leads her numerous family about the pool, searching for food. The little creatures often rest on the broad leaves of the water-lily, and may sometimes be seen chasing an insect across a floating leaf. Water-hens often perch in trees, and swim and dive with admirable grace and quickness, although their feet are not webbed, or even lobed, like those of the coot. It is by no means a shy bird, and may frequently be seen swimming with its brood in the little stream that drains the Serpentine in Hyde Park, not a stone's-throw from the busy "Row," in the height of a London season. Still keeping to the water-side, we are pretty sure to meet with the reed-warbler, another of our summer migrants. This bird loves to frequent the reed-beds and osier-thickets, and is so skulking in its habits that it is rarely seen, and only betrays its presence by its song. By using the greatest caution in parting the reeds you may perchance be fortunate enough to see the little brown musician clinging to the swaying reed; but the most casual search will reward you with a sight of the nest. It is suspended on three or four reed-stems several feet above the water, as our artist has shown, and is wafted about by every breeze that blows. Built of coarse dry grass, fine roots, and a few scraps of moss, lined with finer grass, and sometimes a little vegetable down; it is made rather deep, probably to prevent the eggs or young from being pitched out during high winds. The eggs are four or five in number, bluish green, spotted and blotched with greenish brown and grey. Reed-warblers are very quarrelsome little birds, and each pair takes possession of some particular part of the reeds or osiers, from which they drive all intruders. This interesting bird sings incessantly through the early summer, not only in the daytime but frequently all through the night, joining with the sedge-warbler and the nightingale in making the few short hours of darkness about the summer solstice resonant with melody.

The hay meadows are a favourite haunt of many interesting birds. Where the grass grows thickest the shy and timid landrail skulks, or runs to and fro through the herbage in quest of food, uttering his harsh, loud cry at intervals. He is a watchful, wary creature, and is far more often heard than seen. The whinchat is another bird of the meadows, making its nest amongst the grass. It sits on the tall stems of herbage, uttering its peculiar cry of *u-tic, u-tic-tic*, at intervals. It is often seen near the pool of water where the cattle drink, and may frequently be observed sitting on the newly cut swathes or the haycocks, disturbed but little by the noise of the mowing-machine. Blackbirds and thrushes love the meadow-grass, and search amongst it for snails and worms, especially in early morning and at dusk, when the dew is lying thickly on the herbage. The skylark usually makes its nests in these fields, and may be watched soaring upwards from them in one long warbling spiral to the zenith. The swallows glide up and down across the wavy grass, their dark metallic plumage glowing in the sunshine; and the kestrel often beats over them in quest of food. This pretty hawk lives almost entirely on field mice and insects, and no place is so favourable for these creatures as the grass meadows. The house sparrow and the greenfinch frequent them, to feed on the seeds of the grasses until the corn is ripe enough to be attacked. When night steals softly over the meadows and the ghost-swift moths drone lazily from stem to stem, the nightjar wakes up and leaves his day retreat amongst the bracken to hunt up and down in quest of food. You may know him by his churring cry, like the rattle of machinery. He is not shy, and will fly to and fro before you, seizing the cockchafers and big moths that happen to be passing. Another bird most active at night is the landrail; his loud and monotonous *crake-crake* sounding through all the hours of darkness. From field to field he passes, calling all the time, his voice now sounding startlingly clear and distinct, anon faint and remote, as the wary bird speeds quickly through the grass, or the gentle breezes of a summer night bring the sound towards you or carry it away. At dusk the barn owl leaves the church tower or the ivied ruin, and the tawny owl quits his nest in the hollow tree, both bent on capturing the mice and frogs that sport about amongst the herbage.

Summer time among the sea birds is full of equal interest. During our spring rambles we visited several of their famous breeding places. Now let us borrow Icarian wings

and visit the noble bird bazaars of St. Kilda, a group of small islands, some fifty miles from the most westerly of the Hebrides. The only breeding place in the British seas of the fulmar petrel is situated here, and the main colony of these birds stands unrivalled in its wonderful interest. It is situated on the face of a stupendous precipice which rises some twelve hundred feet sheer up from the restless Atlantic. The birds are now busy bringing up their young. Their single egg is laid in the late spring, in a slight apology for a nest, and is white, rough, and chalky in texture, and smells strongly of musk. What pen can do justice to such a noble scene as this? The entire face of this awful cliff is one moving mass of birds. On every little grassy platform, on every ledge, and on every projection, the fulmars cluster in one busy, active throng. Whenever they are disturbed from the rocks the scene is most impressively grand; the vast seething clouds of birds darkening the air, and seeming as though they would descend *en masse* and literally overwhelm us by the sheer force of their countless numbers. But little noise is heard, save the rushing sound made by the myriad wings, for the fulmar is a very silent bird, and never utters a note of protest when its home is invaded. The fulmar is jealously

guarded by the natives of St. Kilda; it pays their rent and supplies them with food and oil. The eggs are taken in vast quantities every spring, and in the late summer months the great event of the year at St. Kilda takes place, when the fulmar harvest is gathered. The young birds are taken just before they are able to fly, and as many old ones as possible are knocked down or snared. For days St. Kilda is literally buried in dead fulmars; the whole population of some seventy souls talk of nothing else, gather nothing else, and the musky smell from the birds and feathers is almost overpowering to a stranger. Several other very interesting birds also make these islands their home. One of these is the Manx shearwater, a species of petrel that breeds on one of the islets in such numbers as to literally undermine it; the bird making its nest at the end of a long burrow, in which it lays a single white egg. Unlike the fulmar, it is very noisy, especially at night, and when its breeding places are intruded upon by man. The fork-tailed petrel and the stormy petrel also breed in the St. Kilda group, making their nests in disused puffins' burrows. Their single egg is white sprinkled with reddish brown in a zone round the larger end. All these petrels are nocturnal in their habits, and at dusk may be seen

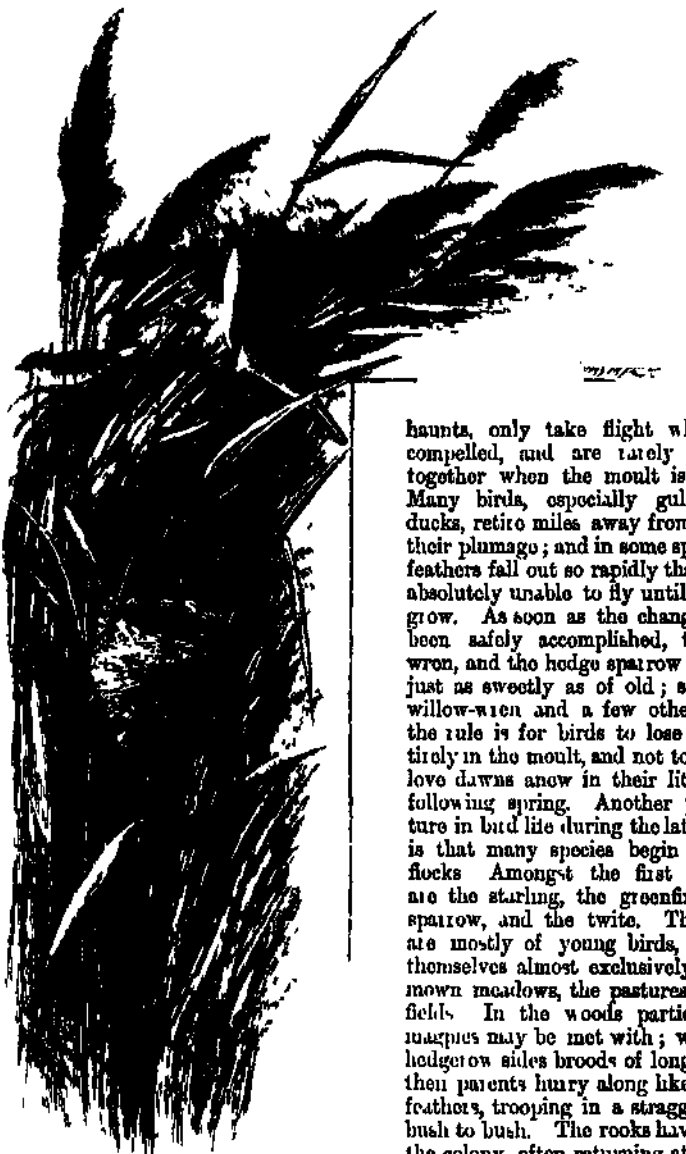
hurrying off from their holes to the sea, where they hold high carnival amongst the ocean waves, searching every crest and every hollow for their food.

On the moors and mountains the birds are busy bringing up their broods. The young ring ouzels can almost fly, and the meadow pipits and linnets, whose nests we visited in spring, have safely reared their families, and in many cases are engaged with a second brood. The young grouse are rapidly reaching maturity, and on the highest mountains the broods of ptarmigan run off and conceal themselves amongst the stones and lichens as we approach. The plovers and the snipes and wild ducks are all full of family cares, intensely anxious for

The Water-hen.

their helpless offspring, and indulging in a hundred cunning artifices to lure us from them. Here and there we may chance to come across a young cuckoo being fed in a most conscientious manner by its foster parents, the meadow pipits. Hard at work indeed are the little birds obliged to keep to feed the greedy impostor, already three or four times as big as his generous providers. The nests of our little friends the siskins and the twites are packed full of hungry youngsters. On the sea-shore the young gulls and terns, like balls of brown and yellow down, are ever clamouring to their parents for sustenance.

Bird-life in summer undergoes many important changes, which the careful observer will not fail to notice. Most striking fact of all, especially amongst singing-birds, is their loss of voice. In the middle of summer the song of the thrush and the blackbird is visibly on the wane; and as the days go by most of the songsters that made the early springtide glad with their voices will warble less and less frequently, until by the



The Reed-warbler

middle of July their music is hushed until after the autumnal equinox. As a rule, birds do not sing so freely during the time the young are being reared; and once that duty is safely over they cease all attempts at music, and prepare for their annual change of dress. The birds that breed earliest in spring are naturally the first to moult. No bird sings during this trying period of its life. They love to skulk amongst the densest parts of their haunts, only take flight when absolutely compelled, and are rarely seen for days together when the moult is at its height. Many birds, especially gulls, geese, and ducks, retire miles away from land to moult their plumage; and in some species the wing-feathers fall out so rapidly that the birds are absolutely unable to fly until the new quills grow. As soon as the change of dress has been safely accomplished, the robin, the wren, and the hedge sparrow begin to warble just as sweetly as of old; so, too, do the willow-wren and a few other species; but the rule is for birds to lose their song entirely in the moult, and not to regain it until love dawns anew in their little breasts the following spring. Another prominent feature in bird life during the late summer days is that many species begin to gather into flocks. Amongst the first to be so seen are the starling, the greenfinch, the house sparrow, and the twite. These gatherings are mostly of young birds, which confine themselves almost exclusively to the newly-mown meadows, the pastures, and the corn-fields. In the woods parties of jays and magpies may be met with; whilst down the hedgerow sides broods of long-tailed tits and their parents hurry along like little balls of feathers, trooping in a straggling train from bush to bush. The rooks have long deserted the colony, often returning at night to sleep, but visiting the distant pastures during the day. The swallows still warble at intervals as they flit across the fields and over the water, many of the young birds making attempts at song. These birds do not moult until they reach their winter quarters in South Africa, leaving us in autumn in their worn and abraded plumage.

Dreamland in History

By the Very Rev.
H. DONALD M. SPENCE, D D,
Dean of Gloucester.

FIRST PAPER.

WHAT a changed life is mine, from one of the busiest quarters of the greatest city in the world to an old cathedral city—from London to Gloucester; for ten long work-filled years vicar of a great metropolitan parish, and now chief custodian of one of those great religious houses, grey with years, perfect in beauty, which form one of the glories of our storied England!

But for a vicar of St. Pancras to sit in the seat of the old abbots of Gloucester involves a changed life, not merely new surroundings.

It was not an unhappy life by any means, that old restless St. Pancras time. It is all over now, successes and failures, sadnesses and joys. Those bright Sundays, those long walks through the Sunday-schools, literally miles of scholars. Ah me! how I have loved them—those schools—but they belong now to a past storied with happy memories.

Then those evenings at the grand church, quaint and charming in its ugliness, but beautiful in its rows and rows of worshippers; Sunday after Sunday to meet nigh two thousand men and women gathered together in the Even-tide to serve God those bright, sunny, tiring days are over and gone, and St. Pancras, its vast schools, its bright church, its many devoted friends, is now only a memory, but a very happy one.

How can the new strange future be made beautiful before God? useful to the neighbours? That's the problem now before me.

* * * * * *

I was in the solemn cloisters alone one golden summer evening—the cloister walk, reckoned among cloisters the most lovely in England, scarcely altered, save being more beautiful in its grey decay, from the days when the third Edward reigned in England. I was walking in this still and quiet cloister-walk, and I looked up at the cathedral tower, rising over the high roof of the nave, and the yet higher roof of the choir, crowning

all the lesser pinnacles clustering round in strange beautiful confusion; the whole massive pile glowing with a pale red in the sunset, and then gradually fading into a silvery bluish grey. As I looked on the fair sight, I remembered a question which a child once put to me, "How long has it taken to build it all!" We talk of five or ten years as a long time, but men, now long forgotten, were building, planning, altering, adding to, beautifying this minster of ours for five hundred long eventful years. Some of it was designed and finished when Edward the Confessor was king. Earl Harold, son of Godwin, had no doubt walked and prayed in that quiet crypt church beneath the choir, before the luckless day when he coveted and took a crown instead of his mighty earl's coronet.

Norman William, whom we call the Conqueror, lived here much, and doubtless helped to build it. His famous Doomsday Book was planned in the chapter-room leading out of this old cloister walk. William Rufus lay sick in the old Benedictine House of Gloucester, when he forced the pastoral staff of Canterbury into the unwilling hand of the holy scholar Anselm—Anselm whom he came to hate so bitterly, but who, had the Red King chosen, would have been his friend and counsellor, who would have saved him from that awful death and the unblessed grave which was the Red King's fate.

It was in the Benedictine House of Gloucester that the strange scene round what seemed to be King William Rufus's dying bed took place, that first Sunday in Lent, 1093, when bishops, nobles, and monks stood in the sick man's chamber, and besought him, amongst other deeds of reparation, to nominate an occupant to the arch-see of Canterbury, which had been long vacant, and its great revenues and powers had been seized on by the King.

Among the crowd which stood by the King was a poor Norman monk named Anselm, of Bec, of great reputation for piety and learning, for whom the King had frequently expressed great dislike; to the surprise of all present, King William raised himself slightly on his bed, told the courtiers that he had chosen Anselm for archbishop. The scene that followed the unexpected announcement was a strange one. The monk Anselm earnestly and pertinaciously refused the proffered honour. He asserted he was unfit, ineligible; nothing would move him to accept the dignity.

The curious scene by the King's bedside lasted a long while; at last a pastoral staff was brought to Rufus. The unwilling monk was hurried to the bed where the King was lying. Anselm clenched his fist, and would not open it to receive the staff. The bishop who stood by forced the reluctant fingers open, and placing the pastoral staff within them, held the monk's hand firm, and then hurrying him into the adjoining minster, chaunted over the new archbishop the "Te Deum," and thus Anselm strangely and sorrowfully commenced his great and stormy reign over the Church in England.

It was in the same holy House of Gloucester that the wicked William Rufus kept in solemn state his last Christmas festival, A.D. 1099, wearing his crown and kingly robes.

Only some six months later the solemn crypt of the cathedral, but little changed today from what it was in those far-back times, probably furnished to the monk of Gloucester the sombre imagery of the vision in which he saw the immediate death of the hated King.

It was in the same minster church of Gloucester, the August of the same year (A.D. 1100), that Abbot Fulchard, of Shrewsbury, preached on the miseries of England, and predicted the manner of the King's death in terms so precise and clear, it seemed as though he knew something beforehand of the tragedy of which, in less than three short days, the New Forest was to be the silent witness.

The preacher's words as delivered in the Gloucester Cathedral pulpit were, "The Lord God will overthrow with a terrible convulsion the mountains of Gilboa (referring to King Saul's death). The anger of the Lord will no longer spare transgressors. . . . The bow of divine wrath is bent against the reprobate, and the swift arrow is taken from the quiver to inflict wounds. Quickly will this be done." Abbot Serlo, of Gloucester, sent a special messenger at once to his friend and frequent guest then in the New Forest, to relate the strange and awful portents of the sermon or the dream, perhaps of both, in the hope that the Red King would repent while for him time was. William Rufus received the messenger and the message of Serlo, of Gloucester, but only mocked. The words were spoken on August 1, the Festival of St. Peter, by the preacher in Gloucester Cathedral. Two days later, on the 3rd of August, Rufus was found stretched on the ground within the walls of the ruined church just below the Malwood Castle, a fair scene in the New Forest well loved by the wild Red King—was found by Robert Fitzhamon, Lord of Gloucester, and

another noble, in the agonies of death, transpierced by the shaft of a Norman arbalist, the blood gurgling in his throat. The dying king tried in vain to speak, but no word was caught by his faithful friends, who tried to pray with him, but in vain.

William Rufus lies in the choir of Winchester Cathedral with the old West Saxon kings, but for the murdered William no bells tolled, no alms were given; for the repose of the soul of the dead Rufus no prayers were offered. Men thought for *him* that prayers were hopeless.

The slab that covered the sad disfigured corpse of what was once King of England bore no name, no crown, no verse of Scripture. There was an awful eloquence in the strange unbroken silence of the tomb in Winchester.

One King of England after the other made Gloucester Abbey their home; now it was the scene of a royal coronation; now it became a royal tomb. Parliaments were held here; stately festal seasons were often kept at Gloucester, not only by Anglo-Saxon, but by Norman monarchs. It was a very favourite home of the royal Plantagenets.

From Edward the Confessor's days successive generations o. monks kept pulling down and building up, devising pillars and arches, raising tall roofs, planning gardens and cloisters, making the loved House of God in Gloucester more and more rich with beautiful sculptured fancies. And so the grand old prayer-house on which I was gazing on that golden summer evening slowly grew. It was the result of no one architect's fancy; it was no design even of one generation; it was, with its lovely confusion of style and order of architecture, with its curious and quaint conceits, with its delicate and exquisite sculptured lacework, it was the outcome

of five hundred years of patient, loving thought on the part of kings and princes, of scholars and artists, of men of action and men of prayer. No wonder such a building is inimitable.

* * * *

There is only one description of figure-tomb really permissible. It is when the image of the dead lies in quiet repose; a standing figure, a kneeling knight or churchman, even a sitting form is a mistake. It is certainly unnatural, undignified, positively painful to the beholder, but the sculptured form of a recumbent figure suggests rest,

repose, sleep, a peaceful waiting till the morning of the great awakening. The hands folded as though in prayer, the restful upturned face, the reposeful expression on the lips seemingly ready to break into a smile of quiet happiness. All this speaks of death, as a Christian loves to think of it. It tells of a trustful waiting for a solemn yet a joyful surprise.

Near what was once the high-altar of the Abbey of Gloucester, still the sacred spot where the Church of England carries out with her true simple rites her Master's dying charge, is a stately royal tomb, with a graceful and elaborately carved canopy of fretted stone—one of the most beautiful tombs in the world. Within this shrine lies a sleeping

figure, robed and crowned. The face—the touching legend tells us it is a portrait—the face strangely winning and attractive, though perhaps somewhat weak in character and undecided, but singularly peaceful and beautiful in its setting of long wavy hair. The face of one men and women would admire and even love; and seeing that to the rare beauty was added kingly rank, it was the face of one men would readily die for, and I dare say not a few did in those stormy turbulent days when that sad king reigned in England.

Beneath that stately tomb with the fair crowned effigy rests the unhappy man known in history as Edward II. He was no stranger in the halls of the great religious house of Gloucester. Years before the tragedy which closed his life, when his father was king of England, Prince Edward was dining in the Abbot's hall of the Monastery of Gloucester, pictures of the kings, his ancestors, adorned the walls of the guest chamber. The Prince, in the course of the banquet, turned to his host the Abbot, and asked him, half in joke half in earnest, if the monks would ever give him, the Prince, a place among his royal forefathers. The grave Abbot Thoky of Gloucester answered—were the words of Abbot Thoky a prophecy? - that he hoped one day to have him, Prince Edward, in the abbey, but in a nobler place than in a mere guest chamber.

Neither prince nor monk thought, in that high day of feasting, that for long centuries, hard by the high-altar of the Abbey, only a few yards away, the Prince's sculptured effigy, wearing royal robes and a kingly crown, would mark the place of sepulchre of a murdered King of England. The Abbot's reply was curiously fulfilled. The side of the high-altar of the great minster church of the Monastery verily was a nobler place for the Prince's effigy to rest in than the dining-hall of the Monastery.

Gloucester owes much of the glory and beauty of its stately Cathedral to the pious daring of this same Abbot Thoky. When long years after the scene in the Abbot's hall, the body of the murdered King Edward II. lay unhonoured and deserted in that gloomy chamber of the keep of Berkeley Castle, some sixteen or seventeen miles distant from Gloucester, several of the great religious houses in the neighbourhood declined to give a grave to the dead king. These not very brave monks of Bristol, Kingswood, and Malmesbury thought that by granting sepulture to the poor remains of the hapless uncrowned Edward they would expose themselves to the ill-will of the dead man's wife, the wicked Queen Isabella, who was exercising for the time sovereign power in the land.

By a happy inspiration, different from his brethren of Bristol, Kingswood, and Malmesbury, Abbot Thoky of Gloucester tossed aside all cowardly fears and boldly begged the body of the murdered king. The brave old monk of Gloucester too was not minded to do this pious loyal deed privily in a corner; but with a goodly retinue, in his own carriage adorned with the arms of his own stately abbey, Abbot Thoky sent to Berkeley Castle, and with pomp and ceremony fetched the corpse of poor murdered Edward home to Gloucester.

It was a brave, manly, pious act—this of the old Gloucester abbot. But when they did this noble bit of work, neither monks nor abbot dreamed of the extraordinary rich guerdon which their loved minster church would in coming days receive for their brave and beautiful act of tender chivalry.

The minster had not long to wait before it received its splendid recompense for the good deed done by its abbot. For the dead king's son, whom we know as Edward III., took speedy and sharp vengeance on his father's betrayers and murderers. Then, over the murdered king's remains, he built, near the high-altar, the graceful tomb which, after five and a half centuries, we still gaze at with wondering admiration. Edward III. was not content with simply building a stately tomb to his father's memory, he honoured with rare honour the monastery and its minster church, which, in spite of grave danger, had not forgotten the reverence due to a fallen king.

But royal favour was only a very little portion of the rich reward which the Abbey of Gloucester received for its brave act of loving charity.

With one of those sudden revulsions of feeling not uncommon in the story of a people, England turned round and began to honour with singular devotion the memory of its once despised and persecuted King Edward.

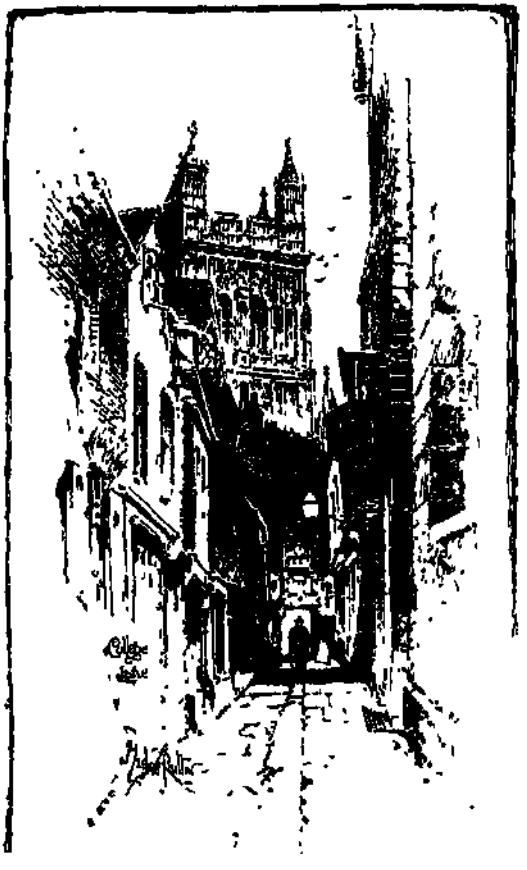
It was a singular and almost inexplicable cult, this reverence for the murdered Edward II. Soon after the accession of his son, Edward III., crowds of pilgrims, consisting of all sorts and conditions of men and women, came to visit and pray over the Gloucester shrine where the remains of the dead king rested.

Some, perhaps, came thinking thus to pay court to the reigning sovereign; some because they felt that a bitter wrong had been done, and they who doubtless had shouted approval when Edward was shut up in his doleful prison at Berkeley, now came to the tomb-side and offered rich gifts as a kind of tardy reparation. Some came to Gloucester out of a hope to win the favour of the reigning king, some to propitiate the shade of the dead, some from curiosity, some possibly the greater number -because they believed the dead Edward, king and martyr, could somehow help them and make prosperous and happy their homes.

Miracles were reported to have been worked in that stately aisle where the new and splendid canopy had arisen over the white effigy of the persecuted sovereign.

The Abbey treasury grew rich—very rich —with the pilgrims' gifts. These pilgrims kept crowding in ever-increasing numbers to the shrine, and the strange adoration of the murdered Edward grew more and more popular.

Two years after that memorable day when he brought the dishonoured remains of King Edward II. to Gloucester, and laid them with all reverence close to the high-altar of the proud minster church of his monastery, Abbot Thoky, now an old man and worn out with thought and care, resigned the oversight of his great religious house to younger and more vigorous hands.



John Wigmore, a notable name in the annals, not only of Gloucester but of famous artist monks, succeeded to the charge of a grim old Norman minster church dating from the days of Edward the Confessor, Harold, and the Conqueror. The great church of the Severn Lands, when John Wigmore became Abbot of Gloucester, possessed grandeur, solidity, massiveness; in its general design there was plainness, almost austerity. It had been built in rude and stormy days after the fashion somewhat of a fortress; the walls were of enormous thickness, pierced with round, arched windows of no great size, but of considerable depth. The massive pillars and low, round aisles, stood grey and solemn, suggestive of vast power and of unshaken duration. It breathed, did the old Norman minster which Abbot Wigmore found in Gloucester, awe and solemnity; but it was wanting altogether in that exquisite grace and tender beauty which in the more splendid mediæval cathedrals inspire a higher devotion.

When Wigmore became abbot of the old Norman pile of Gloucester he found himself in a different position from that occupied by any of his predecessors. Loyal Gloucester stood high in favour with King Edward III., and higher still in the estimation of the English people. The pious

act of his predecessor, Abbot Thokey, in bringing, with all reverence and honour, the body of the murdered king, was looked upon by the many as a national act of reparation for a great national crime, and Abbot Wigmore's great Benedictine House of Gloucester enjoyed now not merely a high position in popular estimation, but, owing to this popular estimation, what it had never possessed before, an overflowing treasury, for the crowds of pilgrims visiting day by day King Edward's shrine left behind them substantial tokens of their visit in the shape of more or less costly offerings.

The monk was often a great architect. Those glorious sacred piles men wonder at and admire with so deep an admiration—mighty piles which grew up in so many

centres of Europe from the eleventh to the fifteenth century—were largely the fruit of the monk's hand and brain.

The cloister life seems to have been peculiarly adapted to the architect's craft. The cloister of the Middle Ages produced, it is true, famous historians, true poets, philosophers, lawyers, doctors, statesmen, and certainly not a few of rarely gifted painters. But the cloister was not the solitary field where these various masters in their several crafts flourished. In architecture, however, during that long period which men roughly call the Middle Ages, the monk was surely the first, and not only was he the first architect of his own day, but in succeeding days he has held the first place. The great monkish masterpieces in architecture are still the schools whither resort for instruction, suggestion, inspiration, the foremost in the craft of architects. These old masterpieces, none dream of surpassing; our generation, with all its boasted progress in science and in art, deems itself happy if it can, with fair success, imitate those matchless buildings.

High among these inimitable works ranks the great Church of the Severn Lands, the Cathedral of Gloucester.

John Wigmore, who became abbot of the old Norman minster some two years after King Edward II. was laid to rest hard by the minster's great altar, was no doubt one of these great monk-architects. He entered on his high office at a fortunate time; his abbey stood, as we have seen, high in royal favour, his treasury was overflowing with gold, and the revenue arising from the pilgrims to the shrine of the murdered Edward was increasing year by year.

The old Norman minster church was large enough and to spare; its strong foundations, its thick and massy walls, its mighty columns would endure for ages. There was evidently no occasion to rebuild or to enlarge it. But the stern plainness, the grave simplicity, the severe grandeur of the noble pile misliked Abbot Wigmore and the architect monks of his day. The Norman cathedral, built some two and a half or three centuries earlier, might almost seem to have been built for warlike or defensive purposes. The builders of Abbot Serlo and of the days of Edward the Confessor were evidently impressed with the dangers of the stormy age in which they lived, and built as though an invasion of Vikings, of unchristianised Northmen or Danes, had to be guarded against. The general impression of a great Norman abbey was that a fortress church rose up before you. Hence the great square central tower with battlements, like the donjon or keep of a castle: we see some of these characteristic features at Peterborough and at Tewkesbury. Hence too the narrow apertures for light, scarcely more than perforations in the massive walls.

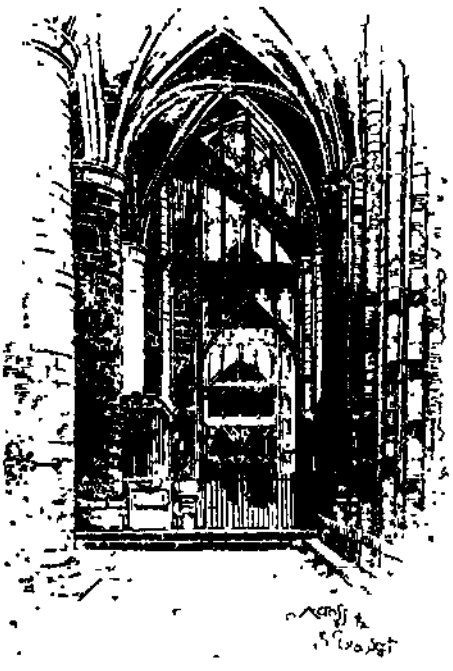
But these old stormy times were now long past. Christian churches now cast their shadows over those deep blue fiords of Norway and Denmark whence the war ships of the Vikings used to sail on their expedition of plunder among the towns and villages of England and Normandy. There was no need in the days of the strong rule of the third Edward for these church fortresses. So Wigmore determined to carry out what had been long dreamed of in his quiet cloisters, and to reclothe with a new strange beauty the aisles and choir of his great minster church.

He would devise a new order in architecture, would reclothe, so to speak, the mighty stones of Serlo's minster. It was a gigantic undertaking, but Wigmore had ample means at his command to carry it out.

He began his master-work in the vast south transept, in the great south arm of the cross in the old Norman abbey. It was a bold and daring work, and must have cost, besides vast thought, enormous labour. The whole of the old work was curiously and deftly refaced and covered with panelling of richly carved stone. The new (it is now five hundred years old), beautiful stone-work, well-nigh as fresh as on the day of its completion, looks as though it were nailed on to the original Norman walls and columns and aisles; it may be compared to a mighty stone veil thrown over walls and pillars and across arches; the little apertures in the massy walls were changed into great and stately windows; the few old ornaments, always picturesque in their rugged simplicity, were preserved by the unerring taste of these fourteenth-century monk-builders, and curiously and skilfully were weaved into the new and more elaborate designs.

Six years sufficed for the completion of this first part of a vast work. In six years, with a practically bottomless purse, the south transept of the old Gloucester minster, according to Abbot Wigmore's plans, was completed. The date was A.D. 1335, in which year the first finished Perpendicular piece of work in England left the monk-workmen's hands.

It was a daring conception, but strangely beautiful—so beautiful that it not only



emboldened the Gloucester monks to go on with their curious design of entirely remodelling their grand old Norman minster, but it positively gave a new impulse to English architecture, and the Gloucester design was imitated and elaborated in other great churches and abbeys in our land.

We will go on with our story of how Gloucester put on the rest of its splendid and glorious robe of stone in another chapter.

* * * *

Sometimes in the late eventide, when all is still and quiet, when strangers and attendants are gone, when the great church is half-veiled, half-revealed in the tender grace of the long drawn-out soft, summer twilight, I go into that south transept, with its veil of carved stone, tossed over the stern grave Norman work, and gaze on the awful beauty which these workmen, dead and forgotten for more than five hundred years, called into being. Then I think I begin to see something of what Wigmore and his monks had in their minds when they piled their charmed stones one on the other, in beautiful confusion as it seems, but really with studied order. I begin to see something of those heavenward aspirations of these monk-architects, whom the Divine and perfect Architect lodged during those long ages—men are pleased to call dark,—in those quiet peaceful homes of prayer and thought termed monasteries.

THE LARK.

I HEAR the lark to-day; he sings
  Against a hazy April cloud—
The glorious little soul with wings!
  Who sings so sweet and clear and loud,
That all the fields that lie around
Seem tingling with melodious sound.

I see him not, nor do I care
  To strain with upward view the sight
Enough for me to know the air
  Is full of his intense delight.
I stand, nor do I care to miss
One falling rapture of his bliss.

He sings; the snow is on the hill,
  And over hedge and tree is seen,
When spring has wander'd at her will,
  A prophecy of misty green,
In which a bud or two displays
A soft desire for summer days.

But he—he knows that thus to pipe
  Brings on the summer that shall be,
That all his perfect song is ripe
  To wake the grass and touch the tree,
Until the toying day-wind weaves
A web of universal leaves.

All this he knows, and hence his song
  Throbs with the joy of what it brings;
And being hid himself among
  The folding of the clouds he sings,
Knowing full well his song will be
The deeper for its mystery.

Thou poet of heaven, for of this earth
  We deem thee not: I stand to-day
With all the ripple of thy mirth
  Around, and driving thoughts away,
Hearing thy glorious music fall
In one continuous madrigal.

And as I listen in this mood
  I leap to feel thy minstrel strain
Draw the street-fever from the blood,
  The city from the weary brain,
Till I am left such boon to bless,
Full of unthinking happiness.

ALEXANDER ANDERSON

THE ROBBERS OF THE ROCKIES.

By J. CAMERON LEES, D.D.

FROM time to time there have appeared accounts in the American newspapers of the robbery of railway trains. These robberies have generally taken place in remote and outlying parts of the States, into which the railway system has but lately penetrated. For a train to be what the Americans call "held up," was, during the last year, rather a frequent occurrence, and the process of "holding up" was done in a manner so skilful as to be generally attended with success. There were cases reported in which the robbers got the worst of it, but they too often made good their escape, not only with their lives, but with considerable booty, leaving the train they had plundered to go on its way minus its mails and the passengers stripped of their money and valuables. Last November, on my way from San Francisco to New York, the train in which I crossed the Rocky Mountains fell into the hands of these marauding gentlemen; and as my experiences may be interesting I venture to give them here, though they may not be so startling as those of some other travellers who have fallen among thieves.

I left Salt Lake City on the forenoon of a beautiful day in the fall of the year, and after skirting the river "Jordan" and the "Lake of Tiberias," names which the Mormons have transferred from Palestine to their own territory, the train began to enter a wild and rugged country, and to cross the great mountain rampart by which the plain of the Salt Lake is environed. All the afternoon we slowly ascended, and it was evening before we reached the Castle Gate, formed by two enormous steep rocky walls, between which the railway passes. There were a good many carriages in the train, and the "Pullman" in which I travelled had about twenty passengers. We were very sociable and time passed quickly. As soon as it was dark the berths on each side of the car were made up by the negro attendant, the heavy curtains drawn, and we all went to bed. I

had been sleeping soundly when I was wakened at two in the morning by the train being brought suddenly to a stand-still. Being in the lower berth I had the advantage of having a window to look out of. I drew up the blind, a bright moon was shining and every object outside was perfectly clear and distinct. The place looked wild and lonely enough. Huge boulders of rock were strewn about, and the hillsides rose seamed and bare. As there was no railway station visible, and the train showed no sign of going on, I became convinced that something was wrong and wakened my travelling companion in the opposite berth. As he was partially dressed he said he would go and see "what was up," and made his way to the open platform of the car. On his appearing outside, he was asked by a man standing near the track, what he wanted. He replied that he merely wished to know what had stopped the train, when he received the not very reassuring answer, emphasized by a gun pointed at him, "Go back, you ——, or I'll drill a hole through you."

The occupants of the car were now wide-awake, and popping their heads out from behind the curtains of their berths, discussed the situation in a lively manner. It was now evident that we were "held up," and the conversation turned on what was likely to be the upshot. I was particularly struck by the good-humour with which every one seemed to regard the occurrence. It apparently was regarded by them as a very amusing experience, and by none more than by the ladies of our party, who joined freely in the conversation. No one could at all have imagined that they were expecting every moment a summons to march out in *déshabille* and take their stand in a row on the railway bank. Shouts of laughter abounded as one Yankee after another made dry observations as to what was likely to happen, and how the robbers would make hay of the beds while we stood shivering in the moonlight. Amid the merriment, however, there was evidently an effort by the passengers to make their money as safe as circumstances would permit. From all parts of the compartment there resounded the clink of coin. One person opposite me put his watch into a boot.

"Where have you put your money?" I heard a passenger in the next berth say to another.

"I have ripped up my mattress and put it there."

"Put it all in?"

"Yaas."

"Well then, I guess you had better take some out. Them boys knows you warn't travelling this line without a cent."

Then there was more clinking heard, as a reasonable sum was transferred from the mattress to the owner's purse. From an opposite berth I saw a lady emerge, robed in a dressing-gown. She marched down the compartment to the door, where there stood a large tin cistern for holding iced water. The lid of this she lifted and dropped in some hundred dollars. Replacing the lid she went back to her couch triumphantly.

"Guess they won't look there," she said to me as she passed by.

A long thin man, who was by profession a "drummer," or commercial traveller, now said he would "pull on his pants and go out and prospect." In a few minutes he returned, and, standing in the doorway, gave forth his information for the benefit of the company.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "the state of matters is this. They are now in the mail-car, trying to force the safe, and when they've done, we may expect the pleasure of their company here." So saying he made a graceful bow and retired.

The black attendant then locked the doors at each end of the car and went to bed.

"I'se hopes," he said, "they get enough to content them without a-coming here—plenty of shiners in dat safe."

Looking out of the window again I saw a curious sight. By the side of the truck stood the engine-driver and two others in a row with their hands up above their heads. They appeared like so many boys at school. I saw no one else, but a stout middle-aged man in a huge cow-boy hat, with a gun in his hand. He looked like a well-to-do farmer. While I was watching, the engine-driver and his mates got up on the train, the engine gave a sharp snort, and to our great astonishment on we went. Sambo, the attendant, rushed out, and said we were fairly off. We passed the camp fire, beside which the robbers had waited for our arrival, and some logs of wood which had been laid across the track. The "drummer" now valiantly emerged on the platform armed with a shot gun which he said was loaded with swan shot.

"I see one of them there behind that big stone," he cried; "guess I'll give him a stringing up."

The other passengers would not allow him to fire.

"They have got Lancaster rifles, you fool," said one roughly, "and they'll go

popping off sixteen shots apiece at the cars, and one of them maybe 'll go through your darned old head." So the "drummer" restrained himself.

At the first station we stopped and the telegraph was set to work sending the news of what had happened up and down the line. We then got information as to what had really occurred. The engine-driver had seen a light set on the middle of the track. This was the usual signal to stop, and he pulled up. He found five men, dressed like cow-boys, and with blackened faces, waiting for him, who told him and his mates to come down and hold up their hands. Each of the robbers carried pistols and a rifle. Having placed a guard over the three men they proceeded to the mail car. This they left in a state of inexpressible confusion. Mail bags were ripped up, letters and newspapers lay scattered about. The bags, I think thirty-six in number, containing registered letters they took possession of. They then went to the car where the safe was kept, and ordered the man inside to open it. He had rolled all the heavy baggage against the door, and was slow in obeying their command. They told him to be quick or it would be worse for him. On entering, one of the robbers presented a pistol at his head, and told him to open the safe. He said he could not do that as it opened by an arrangement of letters composing a word. The word had been telegraphed on ahead, and he did not know it.

"I'll give you ten minutes," said the other, "and if you don't open it, guess you'll have to die."

When the ten minutes had elapsed he was going to execute his threat, but one of his comrades interfered saying, he believed the man was telling the truth. They then worked at the safe for some time, but after many attempts had to give up hopes of opening it. Afterwards they held a consultation as to whether they should go through the cars, but decided there were too many passengers for them to cope with. Going down to the track they removed two logs of wood they had placed across the rails.

"Get up," said the leader politely to the engine-driver. "Now you may go on—good-night!"

Their whole booty was thus only the mail bags with the registered letters, the value of which it was impossible to tell. They did not even take the watches and money of the engine-driver and his comrades. The object of their expedition had evidently been the safe, which contained a considerable amount of gold.

In the smoking compartment of the train, I listened to a lively discussion as to the likelihood of the robbers being caught. The general opinion was that "the sheriff would nab them," though one "guessed they would skip out of that territory pretty quick."

"You see, stranger," said a fine open-faced man, from San Francisco, who from the number of the wild adventures he related we called "the Scalper," "Uncle Sam don't care a dime for you and me being robbed, but it's a cussedly different thing, touching the mails. You bet! they'll be nabbed." I asked him whether if they had come to our car, there would have been any resistance.

"Guess," he said, taking out of his pocket a neat little pistol, "there 'ud be some shootin' goin' on around. I wouldn't give them my money without pulling on them."

Then followed some Californian yarns, well worthy of Mayne Reid, how a train had lately been stopped at Kansas, how the guard shot four robbers, and the rest fled. The State gave him one thousand dollars and the company two thousand.

"He has now changed his trade," added the narrator.

"What for?" I inquired.

"Oh, he has been on the drunk ever since," was the reply, given as gravely as if "being on the drunk" was a well-known and honourable profession.

Then the "drummer" told how at Bucharest, he had waked one night, and found a man at work on the lock of his trunk, and getting out his pistol, had shot him through the arm, and disabled him. And a ranche-man, out West, from near Los Angelos, had a curious story, how the only time he was ever out without his pistol, he had been robbed. After a series of similar tales, a grave man, who had been silently smoking his cigar, struck in.

"Well boys," he said, "I'm glad them robbers got none of our plunder. But don't you go, any of you, and take the blood of a fellow-crittur. It's an awful thing to do sure-ly. There was a friend of mine onst shot a man. He saw him put his hand behind his back, and thought he was going to draw, and pulled on him. The sheriff was after him, and he came up to my ranche, and I kept him dark, I did. But he was miserable. He said he could always hear the groans of the dying man. He saw him staring at him awful with all his eyes when

he lay down in bed. He didn't live long after that. It's my opinion that business killed him. Don't you, boys, go and take the life of a fellow crittur if you can help it!"

So ended my adventure in the Rocky Mountains. I may add that I never heard while in America whether the robbers were captured. I do not know yet whether they are still at large. I saw, however, in a telegram lately that a train on the same line had been "held up," and "that the robbers had got off with a rich booty." Possibly they were my old friends of the Rockies still pursuing their calling.

ARTISTS I HAVE KNOWN.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

I.—FREDERICK WALKER, A.R.A.

(From Photo by Mayer & Mandl and Polyblank, 1863.)

MUSING on the incidents of a more than usually busy life, spent from early boyhood amongst draughtsmen and artists, a painful impression arises by recalling the number of those who have passed away before achieving the promise of their genius. Quite a cluster of men who appeared between 1860—70—80 have already, at the bidding of death, laid their pencils down, full early for their renown to become established beyond the immediate circle of their friends, and of whom only brief and fugitive notices remain to indicate the manner of men they were and the character of the work they did. The names of Walker, Pinwell, Eltze, J. M. Lawless, Cecil Lawson, Paul Gray, C. H. Bennett, and Randolph Caldecott, are amongst those who "finished their work" all too soon for the advance of that art to which they were devoted, and whose memorials are contained in the fleeting literature to which their contributions added grace and value. These men appeared at a time which gave promise of a great art revival; they were contemporaneous with Leighton, Millais, Herkomer, Holman Hunt, Leech, Tenniel, Keene, Fildes, and Du Maurier; the first fruits of whose pencils appeared in *Once a Week*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, and the *Sunday Magazine*. Five years later the *Graphic* appeared, December 4, 1869, and the pages of this popular journal were enriched with the earliest as well as the best productions of these artists. Now, amongst the pages of those periodicals, the art student must search for the first signs of those new departures identified with certain of the names mentioned.

Thus, with regard to Walker, whose work only covered a period of sixteen years, from 1859 to 1875, yet of whom it was said, he "made a school in wood designing, and in water-colour," the progress of his art must be sought for in the pages of *Once a Week*, the *Cornhill Magazine*, and *Good Words*.

Tom Taylor tells the story of Walker's introduction to *Once a Week*, in his preface to the catalogue of his works exhibited in 1876 at Deschamp's Gallery, New Bond Street: "A nervous, timid, boyish aspirant for employment as a draughtsman on wood"—Walker was then in his nineteenth year—"called on the editor of *Once a Week*, with specimens of his work."

Walker was the son of an artistic designer of jewellery, and was born in Marylebone, May 26, 1840. He was first sent to the North London Collegiate School, Camden Town, where he was always making drawings, and this gift was greatly encouraged by his mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. At an early age he went

Denis Duval and his Mother
From "Denis Duval."

His second drawing appeared in *Once a Week*, February 18, 1860, to a story entitled "Peasant Proprietorship," and before the year closed his drawings in that periodical numbered twenty-four. In 1861, *Once a Week* contained twenty-nine illustrations from his pencil, in 1862 only twenty appeared, and in 1863 his last, to a little poem entitled "After Ten Years."

In the *Cornhill* the growth of Walker's power can be clearly traced in his illustrations to Thackeray's stories, "Philip and his Adventures on his Way through the World" and "Denis Duval." The illustrations to "Lovel the Widower," "The Roundabout Papers," and the first part of "Philip," were from designs by Thackeray drawn on paper, which had to be re-drawn on wood before being engraved. It was very difficult to please Thackeray, because he did not like his sketches altered in the least, yet in many instances his drawings had to be improved.

to business in the office of an architect and surveyor, but soon gave that up, and began to study the antiques in the British Museum. He was also a member of "Dagger" Leigh's art classes, in Newman Street, and was afterwards admitted to the Academy classes, but did not distinguish himself. For a period of about two years he found employment in Mr Whymper's service; and before the expiration of his term there sought a more extended sphere as a master draughtsman.

His first illustration appeared January 14, 1860, in *Everybody's Journal*, to a story by Edmond About, entitled "The Round of Wrong." The figure extracted from this picture (at the end of article) contains indications of some of those excellencies which afterwards made him famous.

In 1861 Thackeray was writing "Philip," and Walker was induced to work from some of the sketches. His first drawing for the story was called "Old Fogies," and appeared March, 1861. Thackeray was greatly pleased, and Walker continued copying the drawings for several months; then he appealed to Thackeray to be allowed to make his own designs. Thackeray's permission was obtained by Mr. George Smith, and Walker's first original illustration appeared May, 1861, entitled "Nurse and Doctor." The result was very gratifying. Thackeray was delighted, and introduced Walker to all his acquaintances and friends, by whom he was greatly flattered. One of the illustrations, "Philip in Church," Walker afterwards painted in water colours, 17 inches by 14 inches, for which he received about

thirty guineas, and this picture was lately resold for £577 10s.

Walker continued to illustrate Thackeray's stories, and some of his best work is in "Denis Duval," the story unfinished at Thackeray's death in 1863.

The last of his drawings for this story we give on opposite page, by kind permission of Mr. George Smith. After having been captured and taken on board the *Serapis*, Denis was allowed to go ashore at Deal, where his mother awaited him at the "Blue Anchor." "How my mother's eyes kindled with kindness as she saw me!" says Denis. "The good soul insisted on dressing my hair with her own hands, and tied it in a smart queue with a black ribbon." This is the incident chosen by the artist for illustration.

In 1864 Walker illustrated the story of "Oswald Cray," by Mrs Henry Wood, which appeared in *Good Words*, and the picture on p. 476 is an excellent specimen of his work at that period of his career.

About 1863 Walker joined the Langham Sketching Club, composed entirely of artists. One rule of this club was that the members should at their ordinary meeting, in turn, name a subject to be illustrated by those

The Two Catherines.
From "The Village on the Cliff."

present. An hour and a half was the time allotted for the work, which might be executed in pencil, chalk, Indian ink, or colours. One sketch lying before me by Walker is "The Convalescent," the subject on one particular evening; it measures six inches by four inches, and contains three figures drawn in Indian ink. The convalescent herself is seated in an old-fashioned high-back chair near a window, and her maid has just admitted a coy little fellow who carries in his hand a bouquet. This is a specimen of Walker's best style and most charming manner.

In 1864 Walker was elected a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours; in 1866 he received the medal of the Society of Arts; the bronze medal at Paris in 1867; and in 1871 he was elected honorary member of the Belgian Society of Painters in Water Colours.

The first work which he exhibited at the Royal Academy was "The Lost Path," in 1863, an engraving of which appeared in the *Graphic*, December 25, 1869. This was followed in 1867 by "The Bathers," which sold at Christie's a year or two ago for 2,500 guineas. In 1868 he exhibited at the

Academy "The Vagrants," in 1869 "The Old Gate," and in 1870 "The Plough." In January, 1871, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy.

At a sale of pictures in Christie's rooms a year ago, seven of his pictures were purchased by Messrs. Agnew. These were, "Wayfarers," £735, "Spring," £2,000, "Summer," £525, "Autumn," £1,050, "Fisherman and Gillie," £756, and a gipsy woman at a fire from the "Vagrants," £126. No greater proof could be furnished of the estimation in which the deceased artist's works are now held.

In working out the minutest detail Walker was painfully conscientious. This was even shown in the backgrounds of his illustrations, most of which were drawn on the blocks from nature, the majority of them being scenes at Cookham or in the immediate vicinity.

He was always very anxious over the engraving of his drawings. A facsimile of a letter (given on opposite page), one amongst many received from him, refers to his drawing, "The Two Catherines," for Miss Thackeray's "The Village on the Cliff," and illustrates his scrupulous care in this way. On page 473 we give the illustration referred to by permission of Mr. Smith. Of the two Catherines, Miss Thackeray says, "My little person is only Miss George, a poor little twenty year old governess, part worried, part puzzled, part sad, and part happy too, for mere youth and good spirits. You can see it all in her round face, which brightens, changes, smiles and saddens many times a day."

Walker made two drawings only for *Punch*. The first appeared in the Almanack for 1865, and represented a charming company of nymphs and their friends in the sea. The text describes the scene as a "New Bathing Company, Limited. Specimens of Costume to be worn by the Shareholders." A lighter has been converted into a floating bathing establishment. The central figure is Neptune, who holds a trident in his right hand; and amongst the company is one who wears a whelk coquettishly set on her head, and carries in her hand an escallop-shell fan. Others wear head-gear made of a limpet, a plaice, and a gurnet.

The second drawing appeared in *Punch* August 21st, 1869, and represented "Captain Jinks (of the *Selfish*) and his Friends enjoying themselves on the River." A common fishing-boat has been fitted up with a clumsy engine, and Captain Jinks stands beside the stoker—a man with satanic face, with right hand extended directing the course. The Captain is of the shop-walker type, and his five friends who sit in the bows smoking are counter-skippers. The boat cuts the water in such a way as to drive a wave to each shore, the effect of which is admirably shown by three incidents —an artist in a punt rushes to catch his easel which is falling into the water; a skiff is overturned, the oarsman falling into the waves; while a man with a face of exquisite restfulness sits on the river-side, rod in hand, waiting, until the *Selfish* Captain and his caddish crew have passed, to resume fishing.

Walker was correctly described by Tom Taylor as a "nervous, timid, sensitive young fellow, frail and small of body, and feverish of temperament." He never was wholly satisfied with his own work; always seeing something which he wished to amend. "There is hardly a trace of gaiety," says Tom Taylor, "in his work, but an infinity of sad sweet suggestiveness. His pictures are poems. . . . He influenced all his contemporaries not already established in their styles."

In a criticism of his work which appeared in the *Times*, June 8, 1875, after his death, the writer said, "He needed but a short technical training to discover for himself the laws of effect in this special branch of the artist's craft"—drawing on wood—"which resting on the sure foundation of an appreciation of light and shade at once most strong and subtle, were combined in him, with an ineffable grace, an exquisitely delicate feeling of the mutual relations of human form and expression, and of both these to colour, and the imaginative feeling which guides the combination of figures and their background, be it landscape, interior, or architecture and scenery combined, so as to make all the elements of a piece work to one and the same effect."

"S. C." in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July, 1875, indicates many of the characteristics of Walker in the course of a very appreciative notice.

"Only space fails, one would like to speak of some of his infinitely refined and lovely way of painting garden flowers and foliage, a lady watering her borders; another lady, beautiful exceedingly, sitting on a mound at the foot of the sun-dial in an old Scotch garden. Or of the style and beauty which he knew how to put into common things. . . . Or, what is important, the great and immediate influence his art had upon his contemporaries; and how, both in water-colour and drawing for the wood-engraver he has been virtually the founder of a school. Or, what

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My dear Sir

I returned last Evening I have been expensively expediting a sight of the proof which I do think most admirably cut - the large one beyond my most sanguine patron. There are one or two trifling matters that might be just looked to. The little Governess head :-

The line I have marked in Dots to be taken away, making the 'back hair' more clearly defined

There was a little dot in front of her upper lip that I have removed & the lines on the throat too dark

The child behind her has some straggling hair which I have removed - I have thinned the line of the boys cheek which sticks out too much - The hand of the lady (at the door) on the childs back has too black a line round it and I have carried some light under the table & softened the edge of the table cloth -

Many thanks for the pains you have taken

I am, My dear Sir
Very truly yrs
Fred[k] Walker

is a larger matter still, of the range and variety of sentiment which his work covered. This has not been sufficiently acknowledged. . . . He was a great fisherman. One day a friend had sent him an account of a heavy fish he had caught and an invitation to join the party. The reply is a drawing, quite brilliant and masterly, of the 'Temptations of Saint Anthony Walker!' He kneels in a long gown and hood upon a hassock, the tonsured likeness of himself, admirably humorous, painting and, as it were, doing penance at his easel. The tempter presents himself in the form of a huge and grinning Highland gillie with his rod, who rises from a water all ringed over with the leaping of salmon; the air is full of salmon, they leap and curl; drawn as only one who knew them well could draw them, and one of them thrusts his insidious nozzle between the very bars of the easel. . . . Do not think there is any reason to suppose he had reached or approached the fulness of his powers. Scarcely any painter ever has reached them at thirty-five. And his methods hitherto had been always experimental, always rather uncertain, both in oil and water-colour, and showing the hand of one who was continually feeling after something

"See, dears, here are two silver pencil-cases. They were both your Uncle Richard's."

From "Oswald Cray."

greater than he could yet do. No man was ever more disinterested in the pursuit of his ideal. . . . His conceptions would grow gradually from small beginnings; not one of his large designs, but there exists for it a number of sketches, attempts, commencements, improved ideas. He was in the habit of altering, effacing, repainting as he went along, often almost despairing and giving up. . . . In the street, in the country, on the river, among the antiques, everywhere, he was always stopping, watching, receiving, and combining impressions; and in the studio his chief work lay in giving shape to the images that had formed themselves in that ever active laboratory of his brain. He was poignantly sensitive to all kinds of impressions, as well as to those of the lovely looks of human beings and aspects of the world which he has put on record for us. . . . One felt towards him almost as towards a woman or child, because of his small stature, his delicate hands and feet, and quick emotions, as well as because of a look there was in his eyes like the wistful and liquid looks of children."

Walker was one of the first men to introduce brush work into his drawings on wood. By using a half-dry brush he gave texture to the line he was drawing; his work

THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER.

From the Picture by Walter Gay. *Salon*, 1882.

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was bold and effective rather than elaborate. With a few lines he could produce all that he wanted to express; and every line was full of character.

For the benefit of his health he spent the latter part of 1873 in Algeria, returning in the spring of 1874. Unfortunately from this he derived no permanent benefit, for upon his return he suffered severely in the throat and chest. The spring of 1875 witnessed a temporary improvement in his health, but he died on June 4th in the same year. He was at the time upon a fishing excursion near St. Fillan's, Perthshire, and was buried on the Tuesday following at Cookham Church, in the same grave with a brother and his mother. A memorial to the deceased artist in the form of a medallion portrait was executed by Mr. H. H. Armstead as a labour of love, and erected to his memory in the church.

To the character of the disease from which he suffered was probably owing Walker's restless dissatisfaction with his own drawings, and the "sad sweet suggestiveness" with which he endowed his work.

From "Everybody's Journal."

THE OLD KNIFE-GRINDER.

"STILL at thy glass, thou dawdling lass!
Still fiddling with thy gown!
Get hooked, I say, the quickest way,
And bring my bandbox down.
I'll change my cap—by some good hap,
Here's Nathan come to town.
Well worth the fee those scissors be;
They've served me long and leal."
And whirr, gurr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

"There's packs of jacks and idle quacks
That make a vast parade,
But saw and jag for all their brag,
Or leave you ne'er a blade.
At twice the price I'd have 'em nice,
And Nathan knows his trade."
She ties the ribbon round her chin,
She gives her hair a feel;
And whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

There's hauling down of handles brown,
There's searching drawer and box,
And all the street's a fuss of feet,
A fluttering of frocks;
But calm he stands, with watchful hands,
Correct and orthodox.
He pauses now to test the edge,
Then presses, sole and heel;
And whirr, gurr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

Horn specs repose across his nose;
His nightcap gives a grace;
He takes the blade from wife or maid
With grave decisive face;
While light the steel his fingers feel,
And diagnose the case.
He names the charge in final tone,
Admitting no appeal;
And whirr, gurr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

What secrets deep his head must keep,
What sights his eyes have met!
For squire and dame his service claim,
And people grander yet—
The Queen confides to none besides
Her best white-handled set.
But not a word of all he knows
Those close-set lips reveal;
As whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

Come scissors slight and shears of might,
Come knives of every strain;
The tweezers nip, the pincers grip,
The hammer beats amain;
Down, 'neath the toes the treadle goes,
The wheel spins round again.
"There, dame, the blade's as good as new—
I trow, 'twill carve the meal!"
So, whirr, girr, whirrilek,
Round goes the wheel.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

JONAH.

A Bible Study.

By the late CHARLES READE, D.C.L., Author of "It's Never too Late to Mend," etc.

JONAH, the son of Amittai, figures amongst the prophetical writers, but he was not one; he was only a seer, like Nathan, Elijah, Elisha, the prophet that came out of Judah, and many others. Like them, his inspiration was occasional, but taught him something of the mind of God (Jonah iv. 1). His other predictions are lost for want of a chronicler, but a master-hand has recorded his great prophecy and the strange events that preceded and followed it. This little Hebrew seer suddenly received a grand and startling commission—to go to the banks of the Tigris and threaten the oldest, largest, and wickedest city in the world with speedy destruction for its sins. That still, small voice, which no mortal had ever defied, thrilled Jonah's ear. "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry against it; for their wickedness is come up before me."

Here was an honour for a petty seer. His betters would have received it with pious exultation. Samuel, or Nathan, Elijah, Elisha, John the Baptist, or Paul, would have risen like lions, and gone forth with strong faith and pious pride to thunder against great Nineveh. But this strange man received the order silently, and silently evaded it. He did not hang his head and object like poor crushed Moses, when the hot patriotism of his youth had been cooled into apathy by exile, family ties, and forty years' intercourse with Midianitish bullocks. Jonah received the divine command, quietly turned his back upon it, and on Nineveh, fled to the seaport Joppa, and sailed in a ship for distant Tarshish.

So imperfect was his inspiration at this time that he thought the hand of the God that he served could not reach him on a foreign sea.

They got into blue water, and such was his confidence that he told the ship's company he was flying from the tutelary God of Palestine. His hearers, no more enlightened than himself, received his communication with no misgivings.

But presently a mighty tempest from the Lord fell upon the sea, and the ship was in mortal danger. The mariners were terrified, and cried every man to his God, and, not trusting too much to that, threw the cargo overboard. But there was one man who did not share their apprehensions. He went quietly to sleep, and neither the roaring sea, the whistling wind, nor the poor, creaking, labouring ship disturbed him. And of all the people whose lives were in such peril, who was this one calm sleeper?

It was Jonah.

But the shipmaster came to him, and shook him, and insisted on his calling on his God. But lo! the peril increased, and from the suddenness and violence of the storm, they began to suspect the anger of the gods against some person in that doomed vessel. So they cast lots to learn who was the culprit, and the lot fell on Jonah. Then they questioned him as to his country and occupation, hoping, somehow or other, to gather how he had offended heaven.

Then Jonah, who now realised his folly and the narrow views he had taken of Him who is omnipresent and almighty, replied, "I am an Hebrew; and I fear the Lord, the God of heaven, *who hath made the sea and the dry land.*"

Then the quaking mariners remembered he had told them he was flying from his God; and now behold that God, by his own confession, was not a local divinity, but the creator of sea and land.

Connecting this new revelation with the sudden tempest and their increasing peril, the men were in mortal fear, and put a terrible question to Jonah:—"What shall we do to you to save our own lives?"

Then Jonah, faulty as his character was, shone out like the sun. No shirking; no craven subterfuges. He looked them in the face and said—

"What you must do is, lay hold on me, and cast me into the sea, so shall the sea be calm to you; for I know that for my sake this great tempest is upon you."

Thus did Jonah show himself a prophet and a man. Though terror-stricken, murderous eyes glared on him, and the fearful sea yawned and raged for him, he was so true and so just that he delivered his own doom unflinchingly.

Nobility begets nobility; and the partners of his peril could not bear to sacrifice a man in whom they saw no evil, but on the contrary justice, heroism, and self-sacrifice. The poor, honest fellows said, "Anything but that," and chose rather to be wrecked on shore. Their ship, after all, was but a galley lightened of its cargo, so they got out their long oars and made a gallant effort to row their trireme ashore, and there leave her bones, but save their own lives and that self-sacrificing hero. This was not to be. Sixty hands labouring at those oars could not prevail against the one hand that hurled the raging sea at that labouring galley and drove her from the land.

Then these doomed men resigned themselves to the will of Jonah's God. They cried to him most pathetically, "We beseech thee, O Lord, we beseech thee, let us not perish for this man's life." And on the other hand, they begged that if Jonah was innocent his blood might not be laid on them, since they had done all they could to learn the divine will. And when they had so prayed, they took up Jonah and cast him into the sea.

No doubt, as that pale but unflinching face went down without a cry or murmur, they looked on awhile with horror and misgiving; but not for long; the sea subsided as if by magic. The waves were calmed, the wind abated, the vessel was saved. The rescued mariners worshipped the God of Jonah.

To his late companions Jonah was lost for ever. But God chastises his rebellious servants—not destroys them. Some monster of the deep was sent to that ship's side, and swallowed up Jonah as he sank.

It was a terrible punishment. Think of it! For all these things are skimmed so superficially that they never really come home to the mind, least of all to the mind that is bent on preaching doctrines and not on comprehending facts. The man found himself in a place cold as death and dark as pitch; no room to move hand or foot. After the first shock of utter amazement, the sliminess, the smell, the water rushing through the fish's gills, must have told him where he was. Oh, then conceive his horror! So he was not to die in the sea and there an end; but to lie in the belly of a great fish till he rotted away; or to be brought up within range of the creature's teeth and gnawed away piecemeal and digested in fragments.

Take my word for it, the poor wretch passed many hours of agony, expecting a slow death of torment, and would have given the world to be vomited into the raging sea and perish by drowning—a mild and common death.

But as the hours rolled on and death came no nearer, he began to hope a little, and to repent more and more. The man was soon crushed into that state of self-abasement and penitence, out of which a forgiving God often raises his faulty servants to great honour and happiness. He prayed to God out of the fish's belly, and said—

"I cried by reason of mine affliction unto the Lord, and he heard me; out of the belly of hell cried I, and thou heardest my voice.

"For thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas; and the floods compassed me about: all thy billows and thy waves passed over me.

"Then I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet I will look again toward thy holy temple.

"The waters compassed me about, even to the soul: the depth closed me round about, the weeds were wrapped about my head.

"I went down to the bottoms of the mountains; the earth with her bars was about me for ever: yet hast thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.

"When my soul fainted within me I remembered the Lord: and my prayer came in unto thee, into thine holy temple.

"I will sacrifice unto thee with the voice of thanksgiving: I will pay that that I have vowed. Salvation is of the Lord.

"And the Lord spake unto the fish, and it vomited out Jonah upon the dry land."

Who was now the happiest man in all the world? Why this forgiven sinner; this punished, humbled, rewarded rebel.

To him life was ten times sweeter; the sunshine, the shelly beach, the purple sea, with its myriad dimples and prismatic hues, ten times more lovely than to other men.

Lazarus was happy returning from the grave to his beloved Master, and his darling sisters that wept on his neck for joy.

Happy was the widow's only son, whom the Master, mighty yet tender, delivered with His own hand from his coffin to his bereaved mother, wild with amazement and maternal love. But both these men came back from the neutral state of mere unconsciousness to daylight and the joys of life.

Not so Jonah. He had been buried alive, and came back from the sickening horror of a living tomb, from a darkness and a death that he felt, to the warm bright sunshine, the glittering sand painted with radiant shells, the purple sea smiling myriad dimples and rainbowed with prismatic hues.

Whilst he gazed at these things with a rapture they had never yet created in him, and poured out his soul in gratitude, there came to him once more the still, small voice of his Master, clear, silvery, dispassionate, and divinely beautiful.

"Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and preach unto it the preaching that I bid thee."

Jonah now obeyed with alacrity and went to Nineveh, strong in his divine commission.

Nineveh having perished about two centuries before Herodotus visited the Tigris, we have no better authority as to its size and population than the words of the Book of Jonah. We may, however, rely on the universal tradition that it was a city of vast size and magnificence, and three days' journey in circuit by Jewish computation, or 480 Greek stadia, which two measurements agree, being 60 English miles.

It was a brilliant and luxurious city, at the head of the world in general magnificence and in the fine arts.

A rude Hebrew seer came from a country inferior in every mental quality but knowledge of God, and threatened this magnificent city with destruction in forty days, if the people did not repent their sins and turn to the true God.

The thing to be expected was that the townspeople would laugh at him for a day or two, and then drag him through their gutters, or whip him through the streets with his prophecy pinned to his back in cuneiform letters.

But Jonah, inspired by God, and being, so to speak, a prophet raised from the dead to do a great work, preached with supernatural power, and bowed these Assyrian hearts from the throne to the cabin. The king of Nineveh, the greatest monarch of the day, rose up from his throne at the preaching of Jonah, laid his royal robe in the dust and sat on the ground in sackcloth and ashes, a picture of lowly penitence, and an example which all his people followed. They fasted, not by halves, but to the confines of torture. They tasted neither food nor drink, and they kept food and drink from their herds, their flocks, and their beasts of burden. They covered themselves and their cattle with sackcloth; they abstained from the sins that Jonah had denounced, and cried for mercy to the God of this Boanerges. Then God saw, pardoned and spared.

Here was a triumph for Jonah—alone, and with no human help, he had terrified and converted the greatest city in the world. Even egotism, if humanised by benevolence, could have found gratification in this. But poor Jonah was all egotism. A witty Frenchman has defined an egotist as a character who will burn down another man's house to cook himself two eggs. Jonah was quite up to the mark of this definition. He would have burned down a populous and penitent city to enjoy his one egg, the *amour propre* of a seer.

He was sore displeased, and complained to the Lord. He even said—though I cannot say I *quite* believe him—that this was the only reason why he had fled to Tarshish. He knew his prophecy would prove an empty menace, for said he, "I know that thou art a gracious God, and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repentest thee of the evil. *I wish I was dead.*"

Now if any one of us had been allowed to speak for God we should have come down on this egotist like a sledge-hammer.

What! do you cast in God's teeth that quality by which alone you have yourself escaped destruction? Return then to the belly of that shark, and there, in the darkness of your eyes let light visit your soul blinded by egotism.

Come now—shall penitent Jonah and penitent Nineveh be destroyed for their repented sins; or shall both be saved, and God be consistent, though man, Jonah included, is not?

But God never talks like that. He is better than man at man's best. Man forgives, but remembers, and sometimes even alludes. God, when He forgives, obliterates. It is so throughout the sacred books, and although neither the Hebrew writers nor

any other writers can comprehend or describe the infinite God, yet they all reveal this fragment of His infinite nature with a consistency that bears the stamp of truth and excludes the idea of invention.

When Jonah stood by the sea-side saved from death, God did not say to him "See what comes of resisting my will!" He obliterated what He had forgiven and merely repeated his command about Nineveh without an unkind word. And now that His wayward servant reproached Him with His weakness in forgiving penitent Chaldeans, He only said to him, with more than maternal sweetness, "Doest thou well to be angry?" This did not melt the angry Jonah. He turned his back on the city, which he hated for not fulfilling his prediction punctually. He went out into the fields and sat down to see whether God would really be so cruel as to mortify Jonah and save 600,000 people, not one of whom was Jonah.

God pitied His servant exposed to the mid day heat, and prepared a gourd to comfort his aching head, and afterwards instruct his heart.

Then Jonah enjoyed great happiness. All the day he looked upon a wonder of nature. A lovely gourd came up from the ground, growing slowly but perceptibly, and reared and expanded its huge succulent leaves till they formed a thick canopy over the head of the favoured prophet.

Then Jonah rejoiced in the impenetrable shade of this lovely plant, and began to be half reconciled to the prolonged existence of Nineveh.

Then the gourd entered on its second office. The Almighty had planted a worm in the gourd, and the worm was enabled to destroy it as rapidly as it had grown.

Then did the sun and the hot wind beat on Jonah's head, and he cried once more, as our foolish women do when things go wrong,

"I wish I was dead."

Then God said to Jonah, tenderly, "Doest thou well to be angry?"

Ungracious Jonah replied, roughly, "I do well to be angry, even unto death."

Then came the still, small voice, sweet yet clear, gentle yet mighty and penetrating, which no patriarch but Jonah ever resisted so long; and even he must yield to it at last.

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night: And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left; and also much cattle?"

Now if the reader of Jonah is curious to know whether he left Nineveh as great an egotist as he entered it I can only give him one man's opinion, but it is not a hasty one. In the first place the Omniscient is not to be defeated; why should Jonah's egotism resist Him to the end, any more than Jonah's flight baffled Him for more than a day or two?

Primâ facie, the Almighty must conquer the heart of Jonah, since He knows the way to every heart.

Starting from this safe position, I ask myself why so faulty a man as Jonah was so honoured? Clearly it was not because of his rebellious spirit, nor his egotism; but in spite of them.

Probably he was a man of pure life and morals; certainly he was the soul of truth. Why should not the God of truth select as a vehicle of prophecy the brave, truthful man, who facing desperate men with the sea raging on him at his back could say, "The truth is you must take me up and fling me into the sea; for with my just execution the storm will abate."

Jonah did not write the book; but he must have communicated the facts and the main particulars of the dialogue.

Now no *unconverted* egotist tells a tale so fairly throughout, and the concluding dialogue so thoroughly against himself, as it is done in this book. You read this dialogue between God and a man; and the writer is a man. A man yourself, you are shocked at the man, and you bless God.

Moreover he has given God the last word and the best. Now, no unconverted egotist ever did that, nor ever will. The unconverted egotist is to be found in a thousand autobiographies, catch him giving an opponent the last word, or the best.

I have little doubt therefore that Jonah went home a converted egotist, and that when he came to think quietly over it all he yielded to divine instruction, and that his character kept improving to the last day of his life.

Of course I reject the conventional theory that Jonah being a prophet, had no personal weakness under his skin, and wished penitent Nineveh to be destroyed only because he feared for his own nation if it was left standing. If he foresaw the captivity at all, he must have known that the danger was to be from Babylon, after Nineveh had been

centuries extinct. Long after Jonah, Nahum threatened Nineveh, but did not fear it.

These skimmers forget that, if Jonah was faultless, God must have been imperfect, since God and he were in direct opposition; and that not once, but twice. The book of Jonah is generally underrated; one reason is, it is judged by commentators, who have never tried to tell an immortal story, so they underrate a man immeasurably their superior, since the able narrator is above the able commentator, and high as heaven above the conventional commentator, who is mad after types, and who follows his predecessors, who follow theirs, "ut anser trahit anserem."

The truth is that "Jonah" is the most beautiful story ever written in so small a compass.

Now in writing it is condensation that declares the master; verbosity and garrulity have their day, but only hot-pressed narratives live for ever. The book of Jonah is in forty-eight verses, or one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight English words.

Now take one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words in our current narratives, how far do they carry you? Why ten to one you get to nothing at all but chatter, chatter, chatter. Even in those close models, "Robinson Crusoe," the "Vicar of Wakefield," "Candide," "Rasselas," one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words do not carry the reader far; yet in the one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words of Jonah you have a wealth of incident, and all the dialogue needed to carry on the grand and varied action. You have also character, not stationary, but growing just as Jonah's grew, and a plot that would bear volumes, yet worked out without haste or crudity in one thousand three hundred and twenty-eight words.

Then there is another thing. Only the great artists of the pen hit upon the perfect proportions of dialogue and narrative. With nineteen story-tellers out of twenty there is a weary excess of dialogue. Nor are all the sacred narratives so nicely proportioned as Jonah. In Job the narrative is so short as to be crude and uninteresting compared with the events handled, and the dialogue is excessive, and in some places false, since similar sentiments and even similar words are given to different speakers. In the Apocrypha, "Judith" and Tobit are literally massacred by verbosity and bungling; not so, however, in "Susannah and the Elders"—that is a masterpiece as far as it goes.

To my mind, speaking merely as an artist, the Acts of the Apostles eclipses all human narratives,

> "Stellas exortus uti Æthereus sol;"

and in the Old Testament, Genesis, Samuel, Jonah, and Ruth stand pre-eminent, and Jonah above sweet Ruth by the greater weight of the facts and the introduction of the Deity. And oh, the blindness of conventional critics, groping Hebrew records not for pearls of fact, but pebbles of dogma! They have failed to observe that the God of Jonah is the God of the New Testament. Yet it is so, and this great book connects the two Bibles, instead of contrasting them and sore perplexing every honest mind with a changeable Deity.

No doubt the God of the New Testament can be found, or heavenly glimpses of Him, in the Hebrew prophets. But how about the historians? The truculent writers of Joshua, Judges, and Samuel have surely now and then coloured the unchangeable God from their own minds and their own state of civilisation.

The Book of Jonah is not a book of prophecy, but just as much a history as Samuel; yet in the history of Jonah, written long before Isaiah, God is the God of the New Testament; the God we all hope to find in this world and the next.

Were there no other reason, every Christian may well cling to the Book of Jonah. As to the leading miracle which staggers some people who receive other miracles, these men are surely inconsistent. There can be no scale of the miraculous. To infinite power it is no easier to pick up a pin than to stop all the planets in their courses for a time and then send them on again.

Say there never was a miracle and never will be, and I differ but cannot confute you. Deny the creation and the possibility of a recreation or resurrection. Call David a fool for saying, "It is He that hath made us and not we ourselves," and [illegible] a wise man for suggesting that, on the contrary, molecules created themselves without a miracle, and we made ourselves out of molecules without a miracle; and although your theory contradicts experience as much, and staggers credulity more, than any miracle that has ever been ascribed by Christians or Jews to infinite power, I admit it is consistent, though droll.

But once grant the creation of a hundred thousand suns and a million planets, though we never in our short span saw one created; grant the creation of men, lions, fleas, and

sea anemones, though all such creations are contrary to our experience; and it is a little too childish to draw back and say that our Creator and re-Creator is only the Lord of flesh, and that fish are beyond His control.

Clearly, infinite power can create a new fish in Jewish waters, or dispatch an old fish in the millionth of a second from the Pacific to the shores of Palestine.

Now to go from power to wisdom, is this miracle a childish one? does it smack of human invention?

What were the objects to be gained by it? A rebellious servant was to be crushed into submission, yet not destroyed. He was to feel the brief agony of death by drowning, then to be laid in a horrible dark prison till he repented, then to be restored to the world in a fit state of mind and body to take a long journey and threaten the greatest city in the world.

Tackle all those difficulties, effect all those just and wise objects, invent your own miracle, and perhaps when you compare it with Jonah's, you will think very highly of the latter, and not so highly of the noble army of skimmers, who have discredited and sneered at a record they have never tried hard to comprehend.

"Facit judicat qui parum considerat."

CARAVAN LIFE FOR PLEASURE AND HEALTH.

By GORDON STABLES, M.D., R.N. ("The Gentleman Gipsy").

"IT is just the sort of way I should like to travel."

"Why, your mode of life must be perfectly idyllic."

These and similar remarks have been made to me wherever I have gone, in towns, villages, or rural hamlets, and all through the length and breadth of England and Scotland. The size and general appearance of my caravan have excited a good deal of curiosity, and I would have been wanting in courtesy had I not invariably permitted people to see the internal economy of "The Wanderer" as well as my external arrangements.

I may say then that I have been very much interviewed indeed on the road, and by all kinds and conditions of men—and women. But the questions asked of me, as to my mode of life, have invariably been of the same nature, so much so that not only has their monotony tired me, but I could answer them all in my sleep. This short paper then is, in a great measure, based upon these questions, for I cannot have a better criterion as to what ought to interest the generality of readers.

I began caravan life in the spring of 1885, but my house on wheels was planned and on the stocks many months before. At first I thought of buying a caravan from some gipsy people. I soon abandoned that idea; it is one that no person should entertain who does not wish to be introduced to strange bed-fellows. But I heard of a caravan to be sold that had belonged to a baronet. "Surely," I thought, "this is just the thing."

I went with Mr. Hutchison, of the *Boy's Own Paper*, to inspect it. Horror! He must have been a baronet without a soul. A huge bed and a huge coal-burning stove formed the principal articles of furniture. The bed was at the back; the sheets dirty and the blankets all awry, just as the man had left them; a few pictures of actresses and caricatures of the *demi-monde* class were on the walls, and the whole place reeked with the odour of stale tobacco.

It was immediately after this that I determined to build for myself. And so carefully were my plans made out, and so strictly were they adhered to, that I have met no one yet who can suggest improvements. Except that she is very large and long—about twenty feet—and built of mahogany, the external view of "The Wanderer" gives little notion of the comfort and elegance inside.

"Something between a Pullman car and the saloon of a yacht." These are the words in which a lady described the caravan the other day. "But surely," she added, "you had some one to assist in the arrangement of your curtains, mirror, brackets, flower stands, and nicknacks?"

"My wife."

"I thought so."

Well, as this lady interviewer—an American, by the way—gave me a very thorough and complete sifting, I may as well put down some of her questions and my own straightforward answers.

"Does your wife never travel with you?"

"She comes for a few weeks at a time, about the beginning or end of a cruise, bringing one or two of the younger children. She enjoys it very much. But it is not every lady who would."

"Why?"

"Because in going for an outing or summer holiday, ladies, as a rule, do not like a lonely life; they like to 'see things,' as they call it. Forests and glens, and woods and wilds generally, are not so much to their taste as city sights, shop windows, and new-fangled dresses."

"You do not go much into towns then?"

"I avoid them all I can. I generally manage it so that the mid-day halt for baiting and doing shopping falls in a town or city. Even then it is not pleasant. There is the never-absent crowd, universally polite and civil, of course, but the less educated portion just as universally curious. They will even lift themselves up by the window-sill to stare inside. Sometimes this crowd has amounted to several hundreds ,and the street has been blocked."

"Have policemen then asked you to move on?"

"No, never. It is their duty to move the crowd on, not me with my horses, tired perhaps, hungry and fagged by the heat. The kindness I have received from the force during my tours has been unremitting, and given me a higher opinion of policemen than ever I had before. When lying on road-sides by night, as at times I must, or in lonesome meadows, I have been often offered a police sentry, and though I have invariably declined, men have been sent, through the goodness of an inspector or superintendent, to 'give an eye to the caravan' during the night."

"Have you ever been attacked?"

"No, and seldom molested even by drunk people. You notice that I carry revolvers, and my navy sword. I've never had occasion to handle either in a business way, though it is well to be provided."

"But you must have money in the caravan?"

"I cannot get along without that. I telegraph to my banker for supplies and he sends postal orders to any town I may name. These are easily carried and are useful everywhere, though in many out-lying districts the orders presented by me in payment of my stabling-bill, were the first the good folks had ever seen."

"You have a very noble Newfoundland there?"

"He is the Champion Hurricane Bob, and is better far than fifty revolvers. He looks upon the caravan as his own, and it is a treat to hear his low, deep, and ominous growl if a footstep comes anywhere near us at night. A more faithful friend never lived."

"Where does he sleep at night?"

"From the top of the verandah-like covering of the broad coupé out there, where I recline or sit during the day, there depends at night a huge sheet of Willesden canvas. This is tied under the coupé; we thus have an additional room. This is Hurricane Bob's sleeping chamber, and his master's bath-room every morning. On the driver's seat the valet places a bucket of water every night with the sponge and towels. That is the bath. When ablutions are over and I am dressed, then down goes the sheet, the coupé is wiped and tidied, and rugs and plaids neatly arranged for the day."

"You sleep on the sofa yourself, I suppose?"

"Yes; a hair mattress is placed thereon every night at nine o'clock, and the bed made up, the blankets, pillows, and sheets being kept in one of the lockers under the sofa. The beds themselves, my valet's and mine, are put in water-proof bags and placed on the roof under Willesden canvas."

"Your valet sleeps in the after compartment?"

"Yes, there are the folding doors that can be carried open during day, and the curtains are drawn at night. Thus I have my privacy and he has his. We retire to rest early, and are always astir shortly after six."

"You are pleased with your valet?"

"I never wish a better. The valets I had in previous tours were very worthy young men, but both somewhat slow and forgetful. To be told once how to do a thing is enough for my present factotum."

"I saw your advertisement in a London daily for a valet. It was amusing."

"It was not meant to be amusing. It was inserted in sober earnest. But some of the would-be comic papers had their little joke over it. The advertisement ran thus—

"'Third cruise of *The Wanderer*. Valet wanted. Height about 5 feet 8 inches. Character irreproachable. Must be able to read, write, and ride either bicycle or tricycle, and be able to play fiddle, clarionet or flute. Must neither drink, smoke nor snore.'

"Yes, it reads strange, but it is sensible. You see the valet's bed lies athwart ships, so a giant would have been awkward. A good character is indispensable, because during my temporary absence on tricycle trips, the charge of the caravan devolves on him as my first officer. He has to read to me at times, and keep his own log of the roads, weather, &c. Music is a blessing in a caravan. You notice our two violins, the

guitar, and the small harmonium. Many a dull wet evening do they help to while away. Wells, my man, who is really rated secretary, is an accomplished violinist, and a fairly good cook. Given a bivouac in a quiet tree-shaded meadow, a good dinner, with music to follow, a gentleman-gipsy feels he needs but little else here below

"The tricycle is the tender to the great caravan. This my man rides on ahead with in country roads, being most careful to see that the way is clear at the corners of narrow lanes. In towns and villages he rides behind, to prevent school-board children from clinging like bees to the rear of the carriage.

"The tricycle comes in handy in many ways too numerous to mention, especially in making little tours 'cross country, and down narrow lanes where the caravan dared not be ventured.

"As to drinking, that speaks for itself. Smoking in the saloon would ruin the curtains; and as to snoring, for a light sleeper to have a snorer in the after-cabin, with only the bulk-head between, would be anything but pleasant."

"The coachman?"

"I've been as fortunate with my coachmen as with my valets. They, however, are on board wages and sleep and eat on shore, except on Sundays, when coachee is usually invited to dinner on the grass, in rear of the caravan. A little kindly sociality like this is never thrown away on a good servant. A coachman who drank more than enough would be an objectionable character, he would be peevish of a morning and harsh with his horses. This would assuredly lead to unpleasantness with the captain, and for the time being we would be all at sixes and sevens. Yet the temptation a coachman has to drink is very great; he eats in taprooms and every one wants to stand treat.

"When I have any of my family on board all the space is needed, and then the valet also sleeps on shore, or at times I dispense with him and do my own valeting. But this is fatiguing. Both servants sign articles for the whole cruise before starting, just as sailors do before going to sea. The advantage of this is apparent enough."

"You have two good horses?"

"Yes, and have had them for three years. Nor have they ever been sick or sorry. They are stabled every night and most carefully and well fed. It is the greatest mistake in the world turning horses out, while you are on the road. They are the moving power, and must be kept hard and up to the mark. Oats, beans, and a modicum of hay or chaff alone can do that."

"I suppose you seldom go at more than a walking pace?"

"On the contrary we nearly always canter. This is how it is: on level roads we trot; we walk down hills and up long hills, resting now and then on the roller if need be, but short steep pitches we rush, Russian style, at a wild gallop, and rest at the top. This is the only way to get up a pitch. Although the caravan weighs nearly two tons, still on a rolling give-and-take road, like that between Brighton and Rottingdean, we should pass every cab on the path, and leave them far behind us. Our quickest record for speed this year was four miles in twenty-one minutes. Our longest day's record was twenty-seven miles, and this through some of the wildest passes and highest spurs of the Grampian mountains."

"But you find the roads trying at times?"

"We do. In the forest of Dean, for example, the hills are heart-breaking and dangerous. It was all we could do at times to get up, and all we could do to stagger down with one wheel locked by skid and safety chain. The roads this year were very much cut up by the excessive drought. It was like driving on a shingly sea-beach."

"How about the weather?"

"We encounter all kinds of it, but are always in the dry. Thunder-storms, rain-storms, and worse than all, dust storms in mining districts: we face everything except gales of wind. When it blows big guns, we must seek for shelter to escape being blown over."

"What do you do then?"

"Nothing, only dine and read and play. You observe my little book-case contains only fairy editions of the poets, including the works of the prose-poet and true naturalist John Burroughs."

"Might you not take with you a gun, fishing-tackle and a canoe?"

"One might, but this would necessitate staying a day or two at different places, and you would not see so much of the country."

"How far do you reckon to travel each season?"

"On an average between ten and twelve hundred miles."

"With the exception of bad roads and terrible hills have you any other difficulties to contend with?"

"Not now, because I am used to the roads. At first there was the daily anxiety connected with the finding of a comfortable pitch

or bivouac. I think I have reduced caravan travelling to an art, and I will tell you my plan. But first let me read you a sentence or two from an article by a clergyman who is new to the road, just to show how 'pitching' should not be done.

"'Our first night's camp,' he says, 'was on an exquisitely beautiful waste of heather and gorse-clad sand-hills, flanked by deep woods. We drew up in a charming retreat, turned our horses loose, and spread the cloth for a rustic meal. Then some people came up and bade us pack up our goods and be off, as the lord of the manor would have no caravans on his land. Already the evening gloom was gathering round the landscape and it was quite time our tired children were laid at rest. Thus, on our first day, we had a reminder that even the wild open land of England is not free for a night's lodging when this is sought by a homeless, wandering Englishman.'

"Certainly the open lands of England are not free to nomads and gipsies. Nor do I blame the lords of the manors. For your real Romany Rye are a careless and not over cleanly race. They smash trees for fuel, they will fire the grass, the heather, or the gorse, and they do not leave their camp-site in either a sanitary or a sightly condition.

"But *I* find no difficulty, and although I would rather lie by the roadside than invade even a waste, I am never refused a camp. My plan is this then—having done a fair day's journey, say fourteen or fifteen miles, I call a halt at the entrance to some village, mount the cycle, and ride leisurely on. I enter an inn where there is stabling. I do not give myself the airs of a gentleman-four-in-hand, but ask for hostler or landlord and have a look at the stables. If they suit I quickly ask the charge for two horses for the night including hay, but not oats, as these I carry. Making the bargain beforehand insures pleasantness *minus* imposition next morning. Then comes the question from me, 'Have you a nice level hard meadow?' If he has not and you have a pleasant face on you, ten to one he knows someone who has exactly the place, and with the hospitality of a true Briton he will at once dispatch his little boy or little girl, or even go himself, so that your bivouac is speedily secured, and in ten minutes' time your servant is cooking dinner while you rest on the sofa and read."

"Your bivouacs must at times be very pleasant?"

"I must be silent on that subject. If I once commenced to tell you of my meadow life, I would not know where to leave off."

"How do you arrange about cooking? Do you sometimes dine on shore as you call it?"

"Neither my valet nor I ever eat or sleep beyond our wooden walls unless it be on the grass. We live plainly and, *ergo*, wholesomely. We have always good appetites on the road. My valet does the cooking. Yonder in the pantry stands the Rippingille oil-stove. No, it does not smell. It heats the caravan, but that soon cools down again when we open doors and ports. Besides, in fine weather we cook on the grass. We breakfast at seven, take luncheon during the mid-day halt, and dine in the evening. We sometimes have beer; but as often as not tea, coffee, or cocoatina takes the place of it. On the road ginger-ale is a good drink; so is water with oatmeal, cold tea, and the essence of coffee with cold filtered water. We do not starve, I assure you. In hilly countries we generally have *two* breakfasts, one lunch, one dinner, and something before turning in.

"A hammock to hang out of doors and a tent are pleasant accessories.

"Our meat-safe hangs under the caravan, with buckets, oil-can, the dog's dishes, a spade, the ladder, shutters, and the steps."

"Do you ever meet ordinary gipsy people?"

"Very often. And most civil and obliging they are, and never fail to give one good hints about the roads."

"You have some difficulty in finding your way sometimes?"

"Yes, and I have often been lost. I have road-books and guide-books, a map for every county, and three for Yorks. But the best of books and even maps are at times misleading. The finger-posts are handy when you can find them, and when they are not too dilapidated. So the amateur gipsy must never be backward in asking his way, and he should not only write the information in his note-book, but if possible sketch it.

"Still, one must be careful whom he trusts. Little boys and girls are as a rule misguiding, and women folks misleading. Policemen and farm-servants labour under the disadvantage of not apparently knowing their right hand from their left. At all events, if one of these is facing you while he speaks, it is his own right he is thinking about, not yours. The best people to ask the way of are gipsies, carters, brewers' draymen, and butchers. If, while you are talking to any of these, the man's eye beams with ready intelligence he may be trusted. If he hesi-

tates in the least let him go. After telling me the road, I've known a fellow scratch his poll and remark, 'Coome to think on't now, sur, there be a better road than that.' The only road a joskin like this is sure to know is the road to his mouth."

"Is caravanning suitable for children?"

"Eminently so. It does one's heart real good to see the way they enjoy the constant change of scene and the variety of incidents continually cropping up. A boy will learn more of life in three months on the road than he would in years at school. Morally and physically speaking, caravanning is capable of making a man of your son."

"You look upon it, then, as the only real way of travelling in this country for pleasure?"

"Certainly it is, if you want to see the scenery and mix with the rural, the wayside, and the canal population."

"Wouldn't a four-in-hand or drag do as well?"

"Oh, no, because you would find an entire lack of sleeping accommodation at the very places you wish to put up at, and you should then have either to wend your way back to some town, or go farther on in search of a hotel."

"The scenery in this country you consider very charming?"

"I must pause before I answer you. Charming it is in all conscience; but you have to analyse it before you can understand wherein the charm lies. I think it is as much in its peacefulness, quiet, and innocence, if I dare use the word, as anything else. You must be beyond the hearing of the shriek of the railway whistle, and roar of trains, before you can really enjoy it. And this you nearly always are in a caravan. Civilisation must be some distance behind you. You must feel yourself back in the Middle Ages, as it were, among a primitive people, with primitive houses and cottages, and rustic gardens. Why, I've known a neatly trimmed hedge on the roadside, or the sight of a factory stalk rising above a wood, spoil the effect of a splendid view. But in travelling as I do, every turn of the road brings you a different scene, and every day that dawns changes the character of the scenery. Then in this country we have all kinds of it—the tree-scapes are always a sight, whether flat, as in the Midlands, or rising over rolling hills, as on the banks of the romantic Wye. Castles and ruins we have in abundance; wide stretches of wild, solemn moorland, as in higher Yorks; Northumbria has a character of its own; so have the classic banks of Twood, the seashores wherever we go, and the dark, frowning glory of our Scottish Highlands. Oh, I do assure you that to the ordinary race-a-day tourist Britain is virtually an unexplored country."

"And the effects upon the health of such tours as you make?"

"Are worth all the medicine ever made. I attribute this to the regularity of life one is obliged to adopt, to the pure air, the exercise, the plain living, but, above all, to the entire freedom from care and worry and the actual happiness one enjoys. I myself never made adipose tissue, as doctors call it. I am a literary man and work exceedingly hard during winter and spring, generally doing a little extra to pay for my summer holiday. Well, by the month of April I feel as flabby as a baby; but I am as hard as the mainstay of a line-of-battle ship before I am six weeks a gipsy. And my men the same; we all get hard and brown and tough on the road."

"Well, I am so much obliged; you have given me quite a deal of novel information."

"There are a thousand things I have not told you."

"May I ask you one final question? Is yours an expensive mode of travelling?"

"No; the first outlay—that for caravan and horses—is the chief expense."

"Good day then, and thanks."

"Good day."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XIX.—"THERE'S MANY A SLIP."

PHYLLIS knelt down in front of the old lady, who, placing her hand upon the girl's head, blessed her in tender tones. Then she stretched it out to her "boy."

"My bairn, you have won her; keep her as the apple of your eye, and let your love be as a shield to her from all harm and sorrow."

He pressed her hand. Speech was scarcely possible to him, but his eyes, as they rested

on the kneeling figure, told what she was to him. At last he said,

"Margaret, is lunch not ready? Phyllis is faint and weary."

"Poor child! Yes, it is in the next room. The bell sounded some time ago."

Sir Bernard stooped and lifted Phyllis. She glanced up with a smile. Then all the long hours of vigil and suppressed feeling broke out into a passion of tears. She clung to him, while he soothed her with tender words and caresses. Then he laid her on the couch and divested her of her wraps.

"Lie still and I will bring you what you wish."

"I am all right. I could not think—"

"Yes, you could." He laid his hand on her shoulder. "You are mine now, 'St. Cecilia.' I can be a tyrant, as you will see."

Her smile had something of its old charm as she replied,

"Is love ever tyrannical?"

He bent down and kissed the fair face.

"I thought that was only a penalty under certain conditions," she said, laughing and blushing.

"I shall have to make a claim for sins of omission as well as commission; and besides, it is more expressive than mere words. You should not look so irresistible."

"Bernard," interrupted a voice, "it is all very well for you, but you forget Phyllis is exhausted," and Mansell stood behind him with a plate of chicken and a glass of wine.

"Margaret, I apologise, but we might have a sort of *al fresco* repast in here."

He placed a small table by the sofa, wheeled up a chair for Miss Dallas, then went and fetched the requisites for lunch, dismissing Hawkins, who was quite bewildered by the unusual unpunctuality and general topsiturviness of the household atmosphere.

What a delightful meal that was! Sir Bernard was in overflowing spirits, rattling on about the events of the previous evening, all the while surreptitiously supplying Phyllis with the most tempting delicacies he could find, until she had laughingly to cry him mercy, declaring that though she might not have supped or breakfasted, she had not developed the appetite of a cormorant. At last, leaning back in his chair, he contemplated her gravely.

"I have one piece of news that I fear will prevent such an enormity. An admirer of yours has gone over to the enemy. I believe Miss Letitia laid siege so artfully to Danby's heart that it has been caught at the rebound. Poor fellow! how dreadfully jealous he was of me."

Phyllis's eyes flashed a spark of annoyance, as they always did when Mr. Danby's name was mentioned,

"He was very rude at the Harman's."

"What did he say?" asked "Grannie."

"He wanted to know whether, when Sir Bernard—"

"Miss Trevylian—I beg your pardon."

She turned towards him with a sort of shy desperation—

"Whether, when *you* proposed for him, I had said, 'Speak for yourself, Bernard.'"

"What impertinence!" cried the old lady.

Her cousin smiled.

"That is what I longed for you to say."

Phyllis blushed.

"How you bewildered me! If you had spoken I do not know but that you might have taken me by storm."

"If I had thought that, I would not have held my peace; but you looked afraid of me."

"Afraid, did I? I was afraid to trust the evidence of my senses, and fearful of myself."

"Oh, thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

She touched his hand with a sweet penitent air. He raised hers and kissed it.

"I thought it was Nancy. I felt like a traitor to her."

"Miss Greatorex was more clear-sighted, and wished me God speed."

"Did she? Dear Nan! But by-the-bye, did Jack stay to the end of the evening?"

The mention of Nan had brought him back to her mind. She felt a certain compunction in allowing her own happiness to obliterate the remembrance of his trouble.

"Jack? No," said Miss Dallas. "What became of him, Bernard?"

"I only saw him for a moment, frantically searching for his hat and coat, of which he seemed to have lost the number. That was about half-past one. The time you disappeared, Phyllis."

Sir Bernard looked at her as if he thought the two circumstances had some connection.

Phyllis sighed, "Poor old fellow!"

"Does he require your sympathy?"

"He made himself and me very miserable."

"I was dreadfully afraid at one time," interrupted Miss Dallas, "that you cared something for him, Phyllis, and I guessed Bernard's intentions long ago."

"You wise cousin! Here comes Hawkins. He has not seen such an informal meal before."

When the room was restored to order, Miss Dallas rose.

"I am going to take a siesta, Phyllis; you should do the same."

"Phyllis,"—Sir Bernard lingered lovingly over the name—"Phyllis can take hers here. I don't want to lose sight of her just yet."

Deftly he arranged the cushions on the sofa. Many a time he had done it for his mother.

"Now go to sleep; I have some letters to write, and will not disturb you."

She took the hand that rested on her head and laid her cheek on it, then pressed it softly with her lips. He bent down,

"Very nice, as far as it goes, but I should prefer it elsewhere."

She kept her face concealed a moment, but at his whispered "St. Cecilia" she lifted it, and, like a butterfly's wing, her kiss *effleurait ses lèvres*. She received double payment, and then was left to rest. He sat facing her, and every time he lifted his head he found her watching him with a wistful loving gaze. He left his place, and took a low seat by her side.

"Do you know you are very disobedient. You are supposed to be sleeping, and you only look at me. Have I changed so much within the last few hours?"

"Yes, to me. I am afraid to go to sleep, lest when I wake I shall find it has been a dream; and, besides, it is pleasant to feel I have the right to look at you."

"Had you not that always?"

"Not in the same way."

A smile lit up her face. He laid his hand over her eyes.

"Naughty child, you have all the rest of your life to do it in; will not that satisfy you?"

She drew his hand down.

"I will be good, only sit where I can't see you."

"No, I shall not; I shall stay where I am. I am in no humour for writing; I constantly find myself making a big P or C."

When Miss Dallas returned she found the room dark save for the firelight, which in sudden flashes illumined "St. Cecilia's" restful face, and brought out the threads of gold in her "boy's" hair. His head had sunk upon the arm that encircled her waist. They were both sound asleep. And Margaret Dallas sat and watched them with folded hands and sweet intentness, letting her thoughts

> "Dwell with the living past, so living, yet so dead"

Surely, although invisible, unfelt, it was

> "The mother's kiss upon the sleeper's brow,"

that made her boy look so young, so free from care—the boy she had known beside her Marion's knee in

> "The days so far removed, yet, oh, so near,
> So full of precious memories dear."

And Mamsell was content. She could now sing "Nunc Dimittis" with a joyful heart.

The next morning, when Phyllis entered the boudoir it seemed quite strange to be met with a kiss and loving greeting, and to be waited on with gentle assiduity. A little of her old shyness had returned. She found herself several times on the point of saying Sir Bernard, but always pulled up, substituting *you*, or leaving a little blank or suggestive pause to be filled up *ad libitum*.

"I find I must give you something to remind you of our new relationship, which you seem inclined to forget." He took her left hand and slowly, as if he liked the process, slipped a half-hoop diamond ring, in old-fashioned setting, on the third finger.

"It is a family jewel, Phyllis. I would not give you my mother's; it did not bring much happiness."

She raised her eyes to his face that were tremulous with unspoken love and thanks. Then the same look of humility stole over her that Nancy had seen.

"Bernard,"—sweetly the name was syllabled—"I am but the beggar-maid, and you my king. I have nothing to give *you*, only love."

"I am glad," he said simply; and then, half-playfully, "you are my patron saint, and even kings must bow before the hierarchy of Heaven. But come, I want to show my wife. Will you ride this morning? We will go to the Rectory and to Falkland."

She answered softly, as if asking a favour,

"Bernard, would you mind keeping it quiet—from strangers, I mean? of course not from the Markhams or Nancy, but I do not feel as if I could bear the cold, prying outsiders to mingle their congratulations with those of sincere friends."

"But, dearest, it must be known soon; the servants have found it out, you may be sure."

"But their gossip will not be believed, and I want you all to myself for a little while."

"Don't you wish to triumph over Miss

Letitia? And besides, these," touching the flashing stones, "tell their own tale."

She looked at the diamonds lovingly, and rested her forehead on them. Then, as if the thought they embodied were too precious to be spoken of, she passed over to the first part of the sentence.

"Why should I? She could not, from her standpoint, conceive of Sir Bernard Maxwell stooping to look at, except for passing amusement, his cousin's companion."

"Stooping, do you call it? I think a star has deigned to come down to me; but what was Jack saying to distress you? Was he at the bottom of your grief? Did the foolish boy really aspire to my 'St. Cecilia'? Plucky, to say the least of it."

"He fancied I had cared for him before you came, but indeed I never did, except as a brother. You will be gentle to him, Bernard, although he may be apt to resent your success."

"We will go and see whether he has developed any suicidal mania. He looked fit to do anything desperate on New Year's Eve. But he is young. He will soon get over it. Do not vex yourself."

"Ah, but the momentary pain is sharp. If I had said *no* to you, would you have got over it soon?"

He held her tightly.

"If you had I should have gone and hanged myself, I think."

"And yet," she said, half reproachfully, "you cannot sympathise with Jack."

"Yes, I do, awfully; and, to prove it, I will go and express my regret to him that I cannot give you up. If you will get on your habit I will order the horses, and we will go straight to the Rectory."

There they found the members of the family had lost something of their usual gaiety. The conversation was first upon the dance; then, hesitatingly, Phyllis asked after Jack. Dot replied, with a pout,

"He is gone; he would not even stay for the New Year."

The tears rose to Phyllis's eyes. She bent forward to Mrs. Markham, and, in affectionate undertones, said,

"I feel almost ungrateful. I am so sorry; you will not love *me* the less, I hope, you, my first friend."

"I, my dear?" replied the little woman, kissing her lovingly. "I should have been glad if it could have been, but Jack is impetuous."

The two seemed to have settled down for a confidential chat, but Sir Bernard startled them by suddenly saying, "Phyllis, the horses are champing outside and I have not yet introduced my wife. Mrs. Markham, what do you think of her?" He laid his hand on the girl's shoulder as she sat in a low chair by the fire.

Joy stretched out her hands to both.

"I can't tell you how pleased I am. I always expected and hoped it. I do indeed congratulate you."

Dot looked gleefully from one to the other, then made a rush at Phyllis and embraced her.

"Oh, you charming Lady of Castlemount! It is splendid; now Phyllis will stay with us always." And Dot relieved her feelings by giving a little pirouette. "Sir Bernard, aren't you glad you came home?"

"It was evidently Kismet. You know the ballad, how one fled over the mountains, Love, as he thought, behind him, but he could not escape, for it lay close to his heart; how he tore the strings from his zither, thinking it might be concealed there, while it nestled in his hand, and then he went home and Love was sitting by his hearth. I fancy he gave in then as I did."

Dot laughed merrily. "I don't wonder, if Love were like Phyllis."

"Neither do I," said he with a humorous glance at "St. Cecilia," who was trying to appear grave as if she did not hear the compliments, but the curve of her lips broke into a smile as she said softly, ignoring Sir Bernard,

"Dot, don't you think it was only a cricket after all?"

Dot clapped her hands.

"Oh you dear, humble thing! Sir Bernard, imagine Phyllis as Love disguised in the garb of a cricket! Why, I am a cricket, always chirruping, but Phyllis! What is Phyllis, Sir Bernard?"

His look was exclusively for Phyllis, his words for Dot.

"The lost chord of my life."

The bright brown eyes glistened with full appreciation. Then when the riders were fairly off, she gave Mrs. Markham a hug.

"Oh, mother, it would be perfect if Jack were here."

Very earnest and loving were Nancy's congratulations.

"You did not need my help," she said to Sir Bernard.

There was a warm glow in his eyes as he replied,

"Do you hear the footsteps of the bride, Miss Greatorex?"

"I fear I shall not see her unless you can wait for our return. We are going abroad after all. Dr. White has worked upon my father's fears till he has made up his mind to start at once for the Riviera."

"I hope you will not be long away, Miss Greatorex, for I know some one would hardly think herself properly married unless you were there to see the ceremony performed; and I am of too impatient a disposition to wait long."

Nancy tried to answer gaily, but the tears came.

"Dear Phyllis, write as often as you can; it seems like death to me to leave Falkland and all the dear ones."

Phyllis kept her promise, and weekly letters went to and from Castlemount and Cannes, where the Squire and his daughter settled. Phyllis herself did not know how, though not stated in so many words, her epistles were permeated with the happiness that overflowed her heart. It seemed as if before she had not known what living meant. Watched over and cared for, the delight of Bernard Maxwell's eyes, his every word and action prompted by thought of her, she was walking in the full sunshine of a summer day instead of the cold grey of a winter dawn, developing her capacity for loving which had lain dormant until she came to Castlemount. A bud with half-disclosed charms is lovely; how much more so when the deep rich tints of the inmost petals are revealed and the perfume exhaled from the very core of its being! Her mirth was more girlish, and the grave, abstracted look that at one time so often visited her face was rarely if ever seen. She very seldom went to the village except on her errands to the poor, for she fancied the very happiness in her face and mien would betray her. She and Sir Bernard rode almost daily, but in the least frequented parts or within the Castlemount bounds.

"Home and 'St. Cecilia,' I want no wider range now," he said once when they had ridden to Harden Point. He had dismounted and stood leaning against the crutch of Bayard's saddle. "Phyllis, do you know that day we came here, when you placed your hand in mine, I vowed that I should have the right to clasp it as now, or never see Castlemount again?"

She sat gazing over the widespreading landscape. Softly she answered,

"Bernard, do you think we are too happy? I have nothing in the world to wish for."

"I have," he replied with a smile. "I want my wife."

A shimmer of light flashed across the liquid depths of her eyes, responsive to his words, but an indefinable shadow rested on her, an undercurrent of sadness in her tone.

"Before I saw you I felt content and as if in a haven of quiet, closed in and sheltered, with no aspiration beyond; but now a boundless realm seems to have opened out, boundless as love, yet narrow as if focussed to reveal only one object at a time. It seems terrible that the loss of one thing should have the power to blot out the sunshine from God's world, but so it would be if anything parted us. I feel sometimes that I love you better than the dear Lord who died for me, and that like Francesca di Rimini, the presence of the beloved would make the inner circle of torment endurable when heaven would be purgatory without. Bernard, scold me for being wicked, I who dared to sit in judgment on you."

"Scold you for letting me know the greatness of your love! Dearest, as water rises to its own level, so the love that is God-given, as yours is to me, must return to its source. The crystal clearness of the divine spring can never utterly be fouled though it go far down into the valley. Love, I look into your face and thank God for bringing me this pure rill of joy to ripple by my side. Love is life! There is no wrong in it when love is God. Do you think our lives have hitherto been so blest that a little extra happiness is begrudged? Yours has been colourless, mine often relieved by dark shadows. Phyllis, why do you speak of parting? What can part us? Dear one, the grey winter is depressing you; when am I to carry you off to summer climes?"

"Bernard, we must wait for Nancy."

"I declare," he said laughingly, as he remounted Selim, "I shall have to take you to her if she keeps me too long. What is the limit of my patience, do you think?"

"The limit of your love," she replied tenderly.

At the same moment that they turned to descend the hill, Miss Dallas was receiving visitors—General Mackintosh and his second daughter. The latter was more gushing than usual, the reason being soon made clear.

"Lettie has some news for you, my dear madam."

"Oh, papa! I don't know how to tell it. You are the first person to know, Miss Dallas. I am engaged to be married. Guess who to?"

She blushingly drooped her head and gave a little gurgling simper.

"It is not a very difficult riddle," said the old lady, smiling. "Mr. Danby is, I suppose, the happy man."

"You seem to have known more about it than I did," remarked the General. "I must confess Letitia has not done badly for herself; he has a tidy little property, eh?"

He looked as he felt, proud of his daughter's conquest.

"And I was so jealous of Miss Trevylian," put in she, "and George—that's Mr. Danby, you know—declares he never really cared for her, only like all young men enjoyed a flirtation. Very naughty of him, was it not?"

Mamsell would have given much to be able to enlighten her on the subject, but Phyllis had to be considered.

Letitia was so proud of her position as bride-elect that she felt quite annoyed that Phyllis was not present to be dragged in the wake of her triumphal car, so she condescended to inquire after her.

"I have not seen Miss Trevylian for ages, except at church; she does not gad about as much as she used to do."

"No," replied Miss Dallas; "she has been otherwise occupied. She is now out riding with Sir Bernard."

Letitia elevated her eyebrows, and with a short laugh exclaimed, "What an indulgent mistress you are! Miss Trevylian must thank her stars for having found such an easy situation; it is all play and no work. I quite envy her."

Miss Dallas was spared a reply, for at that moment steps were heard on the terrace. Letitia, who was seated near the French window, looked up. What she saw nearly took her breath away.

Sir Bernard and Phyllis were walking up in riding dress; his arm was passed through his companion's, in whose uplifted face love and trust were plainly revealed. There was a look of mutual confidence and understanding between the pair not to be misunderstood.

Letitia stared at Miss Dallas. "Then it is true what has been rumoured in the village!"

"What?" said the old lady with a somewhat malicious smile.

"Why that Sir Bernard was engaged to Miss Trevylian."

"You had better ask him."

When Phyllis discovered the visitors she would have liked to run away; but her lover kept a gentle but firm hold of her, ushering her into the boudoir with perfect *sangfroid*. While they were shaking hands Miss Dallas said, "There is quite a sound of wedding bells in the air, Bernard. Miss Dallas has come to tell us of her engagement to Mr. Danby."

"But, oh, Sir Bernard!" exclaimed the young lady with several notes of exclamation in her voice and face, "I hear the same of you."

"That I am engaged to Mr. Danby? Not that I am aware of."

"Now, don't laugh at me; you know what I mean."

"Where did you get your information, may I ask?"

"It is quite the gossip of the place. I did not believe it; but——"

"You have changed your opinion?"

"Yes, this minute." She looked doubtfully from one to the other.

"Miss Mackintosh, rumour for once has not lied. Miss Trevylian has done me the honour of consenting to be the future mistress of Castlemount. But I am forgetting to congratulate you. When is the happy event coming off?"

"In a few weeks. George and I have nothing to wait for, and long engagements are a bore; one can't be on one's best manners for months."

Sir Bernard glanced down at Phyllis, on the back of whose chair he was leaning, and he thought how impossible such a speech would have been from her. He only replied with the slightest tinge of sarcasm, "There is such a thing as inconstancy."

"Oh, no fear of that; we are both too well satisfied with our bargain. I suppose you will not be long in following our example?"

"Miss Trevylian wishes to wait till Miss Greatorex returns."

"Goodness me! Why, she won't be home till May. You're evidently not afraid of a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," she remarked to Phyllis. "Men are slippery things."

"Have I ever shown any eel-like propensities, Miss Letitia? It is too bad of you to blacken my character by such insinuations. Miss Trevylian might believe you."

"If Miss Trevylian is wise she will ask no questions; I would never trust any man farther than I could see him. But come along, General; we have made quite a visitation."

She bade adieu to Phyllis with great unction; she had been dismayed at first, remembering their last meeting; but as Phyllis did not seem inclined to resent her conduct on that night, she was not going to

abate a jot of the friendliness she began to feel for Lady Maxwell. Castlemount was a house worth visiting. She little guessed that the cold, quiet girl whom she was willing to patronise had made up her mind that Mrs. Danby of Dene should only be received on the stiffest and rarest occasions. So Letitia was all that was charming to Phyllis, though behind her back she did hint that she was a sly minx, and had played her cards well.

When they were gone Sir Bernard said playfully,

"Are you scared at the prospect, 'St. Cecilia'!—tied for life to one of a sex whose vanity is only exceeded by their inconstancy."

She laughed and sighed almost simultaneously. "Poor Mr. Danby! I wish she were not such a bird of ill omen."

"He deserves his fate. Imagine bidding for a gem of the first water, and then being content with a Brummagem imitation!"

"It is fortunate we have not all the same taste, Bernard."

"Dearest heart, I should not be surprised or jealous if all the world fell in love with my wife." He stood softly stroking her silky hair. Her hat was off, and her head rested against the cushioned back of the seat. She was always touched by the way he said "my wife," as if all the sweetness and contentment were centred in those two words.

A slight tinge of amusement coloured her next speech. "Are you not afraid to look forward to that consummation? I shall perhaps put off my company manners, and what you imagined to be satin turn out buckram. I think it is very good of me to give you a chance of finding me out before it is too late."

He bent fondly down to her. "Phyllis, I love you better now than I did a month ago, when you promised to stay with me. I am going to emulate the man whose wife was the most beautiful thing in the world to him to the end of his days."

"She must have been a woman of a thousand."

"Or he, a man?"

"I think very often, however much a woman may prize a man's love, she does not know how to keep it."

"You will be saved a good deal of exertion on that score. You have only to be yourself."

She raised her laughing eyes, from which the previous shadow seemed entirely to have fled; but that evening she asked him to sing from *Orpheus*.

"No, I cannot now," he said, "I am too happy. I could not brook even the spectre of separation to loom in the distance. *Per sempre*." He threw his head back as if to shake off the dreadful thought. "That is the wail of despair, it is not for us who have hope. I'll sing thee songs of Araby instead," he continued, and seated himself at the piano.

Phyllis felt that tears were perilously near the brink, the shadow was returning. Try what she might, she could not rid herself of the idea, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip." She knew it was absurd, but that her happiness was too perfect to last came with a sense of oppression. She did not let Sir Bernard see that anything troubled her, for he would have laughed it to scorn, or suggested that the most effectual way to bell the cat would be to encircle it with a wedding ring. Before she went to sleep that night, she had almost made up her mind to tell him that she would waive her desire for Nancy's presence if he wished it. And the morning light, though it dispelled her morbid fancies, did not lessen her resolve. Very shyly she approached the subject, as they stood together before the fire in the library. She went close to him as if to hide her face.

"Bernard, if you would rather not wait for Nancy," she glanced up timidly, with heightened colour.

"Yes; what then?"

His blue eyes wore an amused yet touched look; he would not help her, but held her with a loving clasp.

"I do not mind; we could go to her."

Then her face disappeared altogether as if half frightened at the suggestion.

"St. Cecilia, you have her spirit of self-sacrifice. Nay, I can wait a little longer."

He lifted her head and made her look at him.

"Dearest, if that momentous question, 'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' be answered in May, I will take you away to the Italian lakes, and let you see how the flowers bloom and the water gleams sometimes aqua marine, deepening into emerald and peacock blue, reflecting the vine-clad hills with their background of snowy peaks."

"Bernard, it will be lovely! I only wish I understood Italian."

"My dear child, I will provide you with one word that will take you a long way,

Questa. When you are on board a lake steamer, you are almost sure to see an elderly old-maidish looking person, with an inquisitive nose, surmounted by glasses, and in her left hand a Baedeker. Going up to the captain or his deputy just as he is in the act of speaking through the tube to the engineer, she runs one finger along the line to be quite certain she has got hold of the name, Baedeker is closely written in places, then pointing in the direction she imagines to be correct, says interrogatively, 'E questa Lavono,' or 'Baveno,' as the case may be. The captain is courteous and replies in the affirmative, so she goes off, nodding her head sapiently at her friend, generally a stouter, less wiry looking person, and addressing her long before she reaches her seat, announces for everybody's benefit, 'Yes, he says it is. I was sure I was right.'"

Phyllis laughed at him.

"Bernard, how absurd you are! I fear that would not be of much use to me. If I indicated the place and said the name, that would be enough."

"Exactly; but you would not get the reputation of knowing Italian. I assure you," he continued with mock gravity, "*Questa* will carry you a long way."

Then abruptly his mood changed, he drew her to a seat by his side.

"What a blessing to feel I can take you anywhere, with no one to interfere! To have you all to myself, with no fear that you had backward longings for those left behind, or they for you! Selfish, am I not? but it is a joy to me to think no one has a right to you but me."

"I do not wish any one else now, but I remember when I was a child and saw others with their parents or brothers and sisters, I envied them, especially their mother."

"You do not remember her at all, Phyllis?"

She shook her head sadly.

"Were you called after her?"

"No; her name was Gwendoline."

Sir Bernard gave a slight recoil.

"I am glad yours is not."

"Why? It is pretty."

"Because—but never mind; it is no use recalling an old bitterness that you have sweetened."

But the spectre of a dead past, all unseen by the occupants, was entering the room. Bernard Maxwell, like Orpheus, had looked back.

"Love," Phyllis whispered, "would you like to see her picture? I have a small painting of her, done when she was a girl, before her marriage. My aunt gave it me when she was dying, telling me to keep it sacred; it is not framed and it might be damaged by being exposed, so I have had it locked up, taking peeps at it sometimes. I felt I could not bear to have it criticised; it was my father's work, he was a good amateur. I have always meant to show it to 'Mamsell,' but whenever I have lifted the handkerchief that covers it, it seemed to be somehow uncovering the dead, and I left it in its place, but you are my second self, would you like to see it? She must have been very lovely."

"Like her daughter," he said fondly.

"No, not at all like me; I am a Trevylian."

Quickly she went on her errand, and Bernard Maxwell waited, unconscious of the spectre that stood at his elbow, the ghost of his revenge. If he had but known what she was bringing, he would have blotted out his eyesight rather than have beheld it, but he had looked back!

CHAPTER XX.—ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

Smilingly, Phyllis returned, and going up to Sir Bernard passed her arm through his as she held out the portrait. He took it. It was an able likeness, well drawn, and evidently executed by a loving hand. Just a face and bust. A very beautiful face. Sparkling, *riante*, *mignonne*, clear brown eyes, and rich chestnut hair. Phyllis waited for some expression of admiration, but none came, only the muscles of the arm she held grew rigid, then a shudder ran through Sir Bernard's frame. She lifted her head, and instinctively dropped her clasp. He was gazing at the painting as if turned to stone, then a look of loathing and repulsion crossed his features as though a serpent had crawled out of the canvas. The girl stood mute, she could not speak, there was a tightening at her heart. She made no motion to stop him, when mechanically he advanced to the table, laid down the portrait and, without looking at her, said hoarsely,

"Do you know who that is?"

She tried to answer firmly, but the words died away in a scarcely audible murmur,

"My mother, Gwendoline Trevylian."

"She may have been that when she was innocent, but I knew her as Gwendoline de Marcie."

The name seemed forced from him against

his will. In another moment Phyllis was left alone.

She remained motionless, paralysed. What was this that had come to her? Not until the door had closed on him, and she heard his retreating footsteps, did the sense of desolation wake her to a knowledge of what had happened. Then she sprang forward.

"Bernard, come back!"

The bitter wail was unanswered, and for the first time in her life, Phyllis fainted away.

She was lying on the floor pale and senseless when Miss Dallas entered. With an exclamation the old lady stooped and with some difficulty drew the prostrate figure up to the couch, bathing her forehead with eau de Cologne, the only restorative she had at hand. Slowly and painfully the girl recovered. Opening her eyes, she met "Mamsell's" anxious, pitiful gaze. She shivered and put her hand over her face.

"Dear, why did you not let me die?"

"Child, what is it? You are ill."

"No, only heart sick. See, on the table, perhaps he is mistaken."

Miss Dallas rose and lifted the picture. Phyllis watched her eagerly. There was evidently no mistake. Miss Dallas started.

"Where did he get this?"

"It is not his, it is mine. That is my mother!"

The stunned look disappeared, and the shuddering cry escaped,

"He cursed her!"

Miss Dallas went back and laid the girl's head on her lap, stroking with tender hands the piteous, upturned face.

"Mamsell, comfort me, tell me it is a nightmare, that I am delirious or mad, anything but that I am her child, and Bernard lost to me!"

"Phyllis, he is surely not going to visit her sins on you! Oh, no; my boy could not be so cruel."

"Dear, the look on his face, shall I ever forget it? No, *her* daughter can never be Lady Maxwell, he would not wish it."

"But he *shall* not sacrifice his own future and yours for an old hatred. I must go and find him."

Very indignant the old lady looked; anything like injustice was more hateful to her even than republican principles. But Sir Bernard was not to be found. He had gone out, saddled Selim and ridden off, at first leisurely, as without sense of volition, then faster, until the canter broke into a gallop, as the horse was sent in the direction of the downs. Bernard Maxwell, like his father, always sought distraction in exercise from any overmastering passion. But fly as he might, the spectre of the past kept pace with him, looming larger and larger as if to grapple with him. One thought obtruded itself,—had she known it all the time, and kept it back till she felt her power over him assured? Away with the black suggestion, it came like a temptation of the devil, to drive away all his belief in goodness; but were she stainless as snow—oh, God, that other!

Faster and still faster he rode; he could not breathe, he must have air, the spectre had got him by the throat. At length he reached the high ground where sea and land stretched in an illimitable line. He drew bridle and dismounting flung himself on the turf, while his horse stood beside him with panting sides, snuffing and whinnying as if sharing his master's distress. Then he rose, and flinging his arms round Selim's neck, sobbed with tears that come to a man but once in a life-time. Gwendoline de Marcie's daughter! It rang in his ears, it paralysed his senses. His Phyllis!

"St. Cecilia!" he cried aloud. "Oh, what have I done to deserve this?"

And his cousin watched and listened, and Phyllis lay apathetic and still, refusing food.

"No, dear, it would choke me."

Then as she saw the tears in the old lady's eyes, she said,

"You do not hate me, Mamsell?"

"I! child; how can you ask me? Does it matter to me *who* you are, when I know *what* you are?"

"You are very good," was the sad reply.

"Phyllis, don't look so hopeless; Bernard, when he comes to himself, will take you back to his heart."

The girl started up.

"Mamsell, do you think I would consent to be so taken?"

She rose and paced the room, then stood before her friend.

"Do you not see that things can never be the same? Two ruined lives part us, his mother's and mine. She may not be dead" (her eyes glowed with their terrible earnestness), "and I must search for her. She may be saved yet; and whose is the duty, if not her child's?"

Miss Dallas looked at her. She had drawn herself up to her full height, with a gaze that seemed to see through and beyond the four walls; she raised her eyes upwards and with clasped hands said,

"Oh, God, help me to find her."

The door opened and Hawkins, with an astonished air, handed Phyllis a note.

"From Sir Bernard, miss."

"Then he is home?" queried Miss Dallas. "I will go to him."

The old servant looked embarrassed.

"If you please, ma'am, the master wished me to say that he was busy, and did not wish to be disturbed."

The old lady bit her lips and watched Phyllis while she read. It was very short.

"Phyllis, I write to you, for I dare not look upon your face, at least not yet. When I saw that portrait and knew that, though she was your mother, I could not say, 'Mea culpa,' but still felt that mine had been a righteous vengeance, what could I say to you, her daughter? Oh, Phyllis! my 'St. Cecilia,' for you will ever be that to me, forgive me if you can; think of me with some pity, for am I not the most miserable of beings? I am going to try and exorcise this demon of the past which haunts me and obscures your fair, pure image. Stay with Margaret and comfort her. Good-bye, my love, my love, I feel as if I were writing with my heart's blood.

"Yours,
"BERNARD."

Phyllis looked up.

"He is going away."

"Not altogether, child! You must not let him, he does not know what he is about. How can you stand there like a marble statue, instead of doing something?"

She sighed wearily.

"It is of no use. Read what he says."

The old lady seized upon the one ray of hope in it.

"But it is only for a time; the shock was great no doubt, but it will pass, he loves you all the same."

"Miss Dallas, you forget," there was a slight accent of dignified reproach in her words, "she was my mother whatever her faults. If she destroyed his, I have a right to ask him, what has he done with mine? She disappeared, but in what way? How could she live, she to whom you say admiration was as the breath of life. She may have been driven to despair and," the girl's voice sank to a horrified whisper, "perhaps, died by her own hand! No; two lives stand between us. There is no hope. He bids me stay here, but I cannot, I must find her."

Miss Dallas saw the passionate determination in her face, and knew it must be so, but she would not part from her without an effort.

"Child, do not leave me; bereft of you both what am I? We will advertise for information regarding her. Where can you go, without a clue to her whereabouts? Wait until we have tried this means."

She drew Phyllis towards her. If she would only weep or give some expression to her anguish, but that cold, steadfast mask she wore, with far-away eyes that glowed like a consuming fire, seemed a living torture.

Sir Bernard left without seeing either his cousin or Phyllis. He immediately put Scotland yard on the alert; he, too, felt he must find Madame de Marcie. Miss Dallas advertised that "If Madame de Marcie, formerly Gwendoline Trevylian, would apply to Messrs. Clay and Tibbit, she would hear of something to her advantage."

A fortnight passed, and Miss Dallas saw that Phyllis was eating her heart out. At last the girl spoke.

"Dear friend, you must not keep me. Day and night I hear her say, 'Phyllis, my child;' her face haunts me."

"Where would you go, my dear?"

"To Paris. She lived there with my father, and there she married a second time. She loved it, you say, she was nearly as French as English. She might have gone there to die, or be living in obscurity."

"But you cannot go alone."

"Some one might want a companion, but that would not give me sufficient freedom. I would rather, if you could give me some letters of introduction, teach music and English. I will take Lion, and no one will harm me with him by my side. Mamsell, I dare not stay."

Very earnestly she pleaded, with clasped hands and pale, eager face, that retained its look of patient suffering.

"Dearie, let me talk it over with Mr. Markham. He can help us if he knows the whole story."

"One thing, Mamsell, say nothing to Bernard; it would only add to his pain to feel I had been driven to take this step."

"But he must hear of it."

"Yes, but the later the better."

So Miss Dallas went to the Rectory, and told Mr. and Mrs. Markham the tale. Joy was quite overcome, but her husband at once said,

"Command me, my dear friend. I can spare ten days easily just now; my wife and Dot will be glad of the change. We will

take Phyllis over and see her located in comfortable quarters. I can sympathise with her feelings. At any rate the experiment can be tried, and Phyllis Trevylian might go like Una through the length and breadth of the land and find no ill."

Everything was speedily arranged. Not till the parting did the girl break down. She clung to Miss Dallas.

"My foster-mother, my more than friend, must I leave you, leave this that has been my Paradise!"

"Phyllis, promise me," said the old lady, "that you will look upon Castlemount as your home, to return to whenever you are lonely and tired."

"My haven of rest," she answered wistfully. "Yes, I will come, some day."

A fortnight later, and Miss Dallas was sitting in the boudoir reading a letter from Phyllis, when a footstep was heard and Sir Bernard entered, looking worn and harassed.

"I have come again, you see, Margaret," he said, kissing her affectionately. "I could not stay away. I had no peace of mind or body without 'St. Cecilia.' Where is she?"

Now Miss Dallas had not quite forgiven her "boy" for his desertion. She was so constant to an ideal herself, that a mixed character like his made her a little impatient; so she answered coldly, "Gone."

He had flung himself down in a chair with an air of lassitude very unusual to him, but at that one word he sprang up, towering over her with his impetuous query, "Gone! Where?"

In that moment he knew what he had lost. He had pictured her, wounded perhaps, and inclined to shrink from him at first; but of his power to win her back he never doubted. Who had ever resisted Bernard Maxwell when he had made up his mind to overcome? But she was gone—where? And he had not been told. He would follow her though it were to the world's end.

"She is gone to Paris in search of her mother."

"Margaret! and you suffered her?"

"I could do no less. Day by day I saw her wearing away, and during the night even, when I could not sleep, I heard her tossing restlessly; and when I went to her she was always lying with wide open eyes, and she would say, 'Mamsell, she is calling me, let me go to her.' She thought she would find her more readily in Paris. You saw my advertisement, no doubt?"

"Yes. I have put the case in the hands of detectives; all that I have heard as yet is that when she disappeared she was very poor. Her man of business had decamped with her money, and as she had never prosecuted she was supposed to be dead. If I could only prove it, would Phyllis come back?"

"I do not know, Bernard; she is not a girl to be taken up and dropped at will."

"I will go and ask her. You will at least tell me where she is."

"Of course; but it will be a lost journey."

"Margaret, you drive me mad with your curt replies. Why? Has Phyllis forgotten me already?"

"Forgotten you! No, she could hardly have done that; seeing I found her senseless on the floor after you had gone out."

Sir Bernard covered his face with his hands. His cousin broke off abruptly, "That you were implacable to one you hated I know; that you could be so cruel to her whom you professed to love, I had to learn. What had she done? That she was Gwendoline de Marcie's daughter was not her fault; nay, Gwendoline Trevylian must have been a different being from her we knew. There is no evil in that lovely face my dear child had treasured as a memento of one whom no doubt she idealised. I always saw she had a great tenderness for her dead mother, as she supposed. Her aunt had kept her sister's secret well. When I heard you were leaving I begged her to go to you, thinking you could not resist her, but she declared that nothing could alter the fact—the ruin of two lives had parted you."

"But not for ever, Margaret. It must not be; she is gentle, she will have pity."

"Bernard, the curse has recoiled on yourself. Oh, my boy!" a tender yearning came into her voice.

But Sir Bernard's brow darkened. "And have I not cause to curse her yet? Did she not rob me of my mother? And now she has taken from me the delight of my eyes. What have I done," again he cried, "to deserve this punishment?"

"You forgot. 'Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord.'"

He sat brooding awhile, then said abruptly, "Margaret, I must try; I was so taken by surprise, it was as if a serpent had sprung out of a bed of roses."

"Believe me it will be useless at present. She is now full of the sense of duty; her mother fills her thoughts. Wait for a little, till the sickness of hope deferred comes over her, and loneliness makes her crave for love and sympathy."

He walked impatiently up and down. "What is she doing? She cannot live on £100 a year."

"She says she can. I wanted to continue her allowance as my companion, but she would not hear of it. She is proud, your Phyllis. She means to supplement her income by giving lessons in music and English."

"My 'St. Cecilia,'" he murmured, "whom I had thought to shield from all evil and trouble. Margaret, she *must* listen to me. I will tell her I was mad with the horror of the discovery. We will search for her mother together."

Miss Dallas shook her head. "You will fail. Go and travel for a time; change of scene will do you good. Where is Lord St. Maur?"

"In Africa, I believe; I am not fit company for any one. I feel wrecked in sight of port."

The old lady's heart went out to her "Boy" and she strove to cheer him.

He looked at her and took her hand. "I feared you too had gone against me, cousin. I could not bear that."

She kissed him fondly. "My poor Bernard."

"Did she leave no message for me?"

"No, only this." She went to a drawer in the secretaire and handed him a ring case containing the diamond hoop. He recoiled at sight of the flashing stones.

"Then it is indeed farewell," was all he said, and bade Miss Dallas good night. "I am terribly weary, my cousin."

He went towards the door, but turned back to the low lounging-chair Phyllis had always occupied. He rested his head upon it for a moment then walked silently out of the room. Miss Dallas saw that his eyelashes were wet. Many a long weary hour the master of Castlemount paced up and down his chamber.

Far away in the sunny Riviera, the blue waters of the Mediterranean were sparkling as they came to shore with a soft rustling. The orange groves were displaying their golden fruit, and the scent of their blossoms perfumed the air. Invalids, and people who had gone merely to escape the cold March winds, pass a young couple sitting on a rustic seat. They cannot help looking back, there is something very touching they think in the youthful lovers; for strangers see what friends do not, that the girl is slowly but surely dying. There is a look of trouble in the young man's face which they attribute to his concern for his companion. Unheeding the curious sympathetic glances, the two sit silent awhile, then he plucks a piece of orange blossom, looks at it wistfully, and flings it down, putting his heel upon it.

"Nancy," said Jack, for it was he, "it is almost a pity that Darwin could not prove his theory of our descent from apes, or a series of evolutions, for then we should have no souls to suffer with—bodily pain is nothing to it."

She did not answer at once, but sat absorbing into her being the beauty of the earth and sky; then very softly,

"It seems to me, Jack, that some are very anxious to forge the iron chain which binds them to the animal, instead of strengthening the golden link which unites them to the divine."

Jack continued to trace lines on the ground with his stick. "I fear very few of us have retained much of the divine—you—and," he paused —"and, one or two I know are made in a different mould from most of the common herd."

"I think, dear," she answered him, "the very vilest of us have done some good action in our lives, which cannot have been mere animal instinct when the whole tendency of the life is to evil, so must have been some spark from the Prometheus fire kindled at a God-erected altar. And as to the mould, we are all much of the same material, a variety of patterns perhaps, depending very much as to the result on the way we choose to fill them in. Of course if we select ugly glaring colours and work them in coarsely, instead of blending them into a perfect whole, that is our fault, not the designer's."

"But how often the thread we thought was to enhance the beauty and utility of our work is snapped and rendered useless!"

Nancy read "Phyllis" scrawled on the gravel. He scratched it out hastily when he saw she had noticed it.

"Jack, the great Designer only gives us little bits of the pattern at a time to exercise our faith in Him, so what might suit the piece we have in hand might not what is to follow; the thread might not have blent so well, Jack. We cannot know all, we can but trust and work at what is before us. We are many of us colour-blind, and cannot always distinguish the right shades and so the thread is broken off for us."

. . . . . "But what am I?
An infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light,
And with no language but a cry,"

said Jack sorrowfully.

"I wish I could come back and bring you the other end of the strand, dear." Nancy glanced upwards with a far-away gaze.

Jack bent forward and looked into her face with a startled expression in his own.

"Nancy, you don't mean that!" His eyes followed the flight of a bird that was winging its way seawards.

She laid her hand affectionately on his arm, saying, "I think sometimes my life has been like a little woodland stream, very sheltered in its course, nothing gay or grand in its surroundings, but tiny wild flowers have rejoiced in its freshness, while here and there the big forest trees have bent their branches to listen to its song, for it has sung always—out in the open, where the sunshine has kissed it or deep in a glade where only the grasses have heard it. And now it is flowing down a glen that leads direct to the sea—no intermediate river to absorb it in a larger melody, or drown it in the rush of its waters—but gliding into a land-locked bay, whose surface is scarcely ever ruffled by storms, where the rivulet can sing its swan song, as it flows peacefully into the ocean."

There was a momentary pause, then Jack said, with a slight catch in his voice, "Phyllis lost to me—and you. Oh, Nancy, do not leave me!"

"Hush!" she whispered. "Here comes father."

Mr. Greatorex arrived, carrying letters.

"One for you, Jack, and one for Nan. It looks like Miss Trevylian's handwriting, but bears the Paris post-mark."

"Perhaps Sir Bernard has waxed impatient, and they are on their honeymoon trip. How delightful if they joined us here!" and Nan looked quite radiant at the idea.

Not so Jack, his face expressed anything but joy at the prospect. He had wandered about trying to forget Phyllis and, as always had been his wont when in trouble, ended in seeking Nancy. He had been with her about a fortnight, during which time no letter had been received from Castlemount, which had greatly surprised her. Jack had not told her of his rejection, but she guessed it from his bitter allusions to Sir Bernard, and his avoidance of her friend's name. He had tried to appear glad on being told of their happiness, but Nancy saw that his heart was sore, and was very gentle to him in his wayward moods. That day was the first on which he had openly alluded to his loss.

While Nancy had been speaking he was scanning his letter in utter amazement, exclaiming at last, "Nancy, do read yours. My people are in Paris with Phyllis, her letter to you will explain, my father says. He wants me to join them there, but I can't manage that."

Nancy tore open the envelope, and hastily read the contents. She glanced up from the perusal with dilated eyes. "Father, Jack, oh, I am grieved. Sir Bernard and Phyllis have parted."

Had Jack been a nagging woman, he would have said "I told you so," his face expressed as much.

"The reason is the strangest," continued Nan. "It seems that her mother did not die when she was an infant, as she supposed, but must have married again and became—Who do you think—Madame de Marcie!"

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed the Squire. "That is a pretty kettle of fish. I remember her well, a lovely fascinating woman she was, but Bernard Maxwell never forgave her for drawing his father from his allegiance to his wife. Not that I think she was as bad as he believed. If it had not been she, it would have been some one else. I never thought much of Sir Maurice; Lady Maxwell was a jewel in a swine's snout. Dear me, dear me," said the old gentleman again. "It is a pity; they seemed so suited to each other."

"But surely Sir Bernard would not be so cruel as to visit the sins of the mother upon the daughter," cried Nan.

"No, I hope not; but you see she might feel some repugnance in marrying a man who drove her mother out of society. But what is she doing in Paris?"

"She hopes to find some trace of her mother, she feels certain she is not dead. They have been advertising to no purpose, and Paris was Madame de Marcie's second home. Phyllis hopes that on our way back we will stay there a little while."

"Of course we will, but we must not return to Falkland till May."

"Father," said Nan coaxingly, "I am wearying for home, don't you think we might go a little sooner? I shall be just as well there."

"My dearest heart looks really better, doesn't she, Jack? It would be a pity to spoil the good you have gained by leaving the South before the cold winds are gone."

She sighed, then looked up brightly. "As you like dear, I am quite content if Dad is." She rose and took his arm. "I must go and write to Phyllis; she will need all the assurances of our love, now that she is alone."

SUNDAY READINGS FOR JULY.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah lx. 1—6; John xiv. 23—31.

"LET THE PEACE OF GOD RULE IN YOUR HEARTS."

MANY of the commands given in Scripture may be regarded as promises as well as commands, for God would never enjoin what we were unable to fulfil; and, accordingly, when we are told to rejoice, or to be holy, or to know God and to love Him, there is implied the possibility of our attaining to these conditions. It is for this reason that we believe the peace of God may and ought to rule in our hearts. The command is a pledge that this peace is attainable.

By the phrase, "the peace of God," we understand the peace which God Himself possesses, and which he bestows. Ineffable peace is the abiding accompaniment of the divine perfection. That peace of God once dwelt on earth, for He, who is the Prince of Peace, has revealed how the eternal calm and rest of God can be enjoyed in our humanity. This truth was heralded in the song "Peace on Earth," and it was with the legacy, "Peace I leave unto you, my peace I give unto you," that the Man of Sorrows entered into his last conflict.

There is a kind of peace the opposite of that which Christ desires for us. There is the peace of death, where all is tranquil because all is cold—like the motionless surface of a frozen sea. Conscience is silent because it is seared, and the heart knows no aspiration because it is too crass and heavy to feel the beauty of any spiritual ideal. Such peace can be reached only by the destruction or denial of what ought to be truest to our nature, as being made in the image of God. But the peace into which we are called in the Gospel is vital, conscious, intelligent. There is in it no stifling of any mental or moral activity. It is as the perfect calm of the intellect when highest truth is grasped, and all its former questionings are stilled because they have been answered. It is as the rest of the eye when it perceives perfect beauty; or as the rest of the ear when it is filled with melody. The heart is truly at peace when it is satisfied.

There is a fundamental difference between such peace and happiness. Happiness arises from without; peace is from within. Happiness depends on what "happens," or the "hap" of life; but peace can be possessed in spite of misfortune. Happiness has its source in what we have; peace in what we are. It is never said that Christ had happiness, for outward circumstances were all against Him; but He had peace, and that peace lay at a depth which no storm from without could reach. It was a part of the eternal blessedness of God enshrined in a human life, shining from within outwards, and unquenchable as the divine nature. And yet as possessed in humanity it reveals what man is capable of being, and is therefore at once the measure and the pledge of our redemption.

There are those whose hearts are so filled with thoughts of happiness that they are scarcely conscious of their need of the peace of God. They fancy that they require no more than what they now enjoy or hope to enjoy of the good things of life. Hence, friends, comfort, the interests and duties of the world, the excitement of occupation or the gratification of cultivated tastes, fill up their every sense of want. Religion, in its conventional aspects, seems by its very presence to minister to their content. Now and then they may be visited by a sense of the feebleness of their tenure of this comparative abundance. Whenever they reflect seriously, they know in their secret conscience that they have not the kind of peace that will last, although the earth and heavens were to pass away and they were left alone face to face with existence and with God. They need more than what they have. They need the peace of God, which no change can affect, but which will abide for ever.

And there are others who are painfully aware that as yet they have not this peace, but who, unlike those described, are most anxious to possess it. They believe in its possibility; they believe the testimony of such as can bear witness to its blessedness; they have, perhaps, sought it carefully and with tears, and yet their seeking has hitherto brought it not. Their deepest spiritual desire is for the consciousness of this peace, and they earnestly wish for some guidance as to its attainment. "I have not peace with God, or such peace of heart and conscience as I read of in Scripture, and which many of the people I meet assure me that they enjoy," is a confession often made to the heart if not the world—and it is a painful one. It is a consciousness that is perhaps most vividly

realised in times of religious excitement, frequently based on much ignorance and mingled with much selfishness.

It may, therefore, be of some use to consider the conditions under which abiding peace may be attained and preserved.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Job xxiii. 1—9; Romans v. 1—11.

PEACE BY FAITH IN CHRIST.

When it is said, "Let the peace of God rule" (or rather, "sit as umpire," and be the decisive influence) "in your hearts," there is indicated a possible hindrance to its doing so. If we do not "let" it rule, there must be a cause preventing it being enthroned over our motives. These hindrances are various. We shall at this time consider one of them.

St. Paul speaks of our being "justified by faith," and thereby having peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ. Without entering on the theological aspects of the doctrine of justification, let us try to understand how peace with God comes through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; or, in other words, we will try to remove a common hindrance arising from a misunderstanding of the nature of faith.

One of the great evils connected with what are called "revivals" is the tendency towards an exaggerated turning of the eye inwards on the search for feelings of this or of that, which may be taken as a sign that the person who experiences the feeling is "saved." The question, "Have you found peace?" is probably followed by the counsel, "Only believe!" and, as thus given, the effect is to direct the attention away from the objects which are to be believed in and which alone can inspire peace, to a morbid self-scrutiny, which frequently ends either in a gushing self-satisfaction or in great misery, religious melancholy, or even lunacy.

The mistake arises from not understanding the true function of faith. When a person searches his heart for faith he is seeking it where it never can be discovered, because he is in quest of the principle of faith instead of using faith. "If I had only faith!" becomes the saddest confession when it springs from this perversion of the simplicity of the Gospel. It is not the principle of faith which saves any man. It is faith in Jesus Christ which saves; and it is not self-examination which can produce that, but the perception of what Christ is that creates confidence and peace. As well might a man examine the lenses of his eye to gain the pleasure of sight, or look into a telescope to discover the delight of the astronomer. It is not the eye but the landscape, not the telescope but what the telescope reveals of the starry heavens, that gives joy. The eye and the telescope are but the instruments through which the objects are seen, and it is the objects, not the eye or telescope, which create the interest. And faith is the instrument whereby we reach Christ, but it is Christ, not faith, which produces "peace in believing." The principle of faith by itself is powerless. If a man is drowning he is not saved by discovering whether he has or has not sufficient faith in life-buoys. He is saved by trusting to the life-buoy, and it is the life-buoy that saves. As long as he clings to that he is kept up, but were he to let that go and enter on a process of self-examination as to the amount of faith he possessed, he would infallibly be drowned. In like manner the turning of the attention from Christ to a search for the principle of faith is necessarily destructive. And yet this is the folly of which many are guilty who fancy that faith saves them, instead of perceiving that it is Christ grasped by faith which is alone effectual.

The only way therefore in which we can be delivered from ourselves, and be brought into an attitude which leads to "peace in believing," is by using faith instead of thinking about it. When the mind is occupied with God, when the heart perceives the love of the Father, when the eye gazes up to Christ as He bends from the Cross over the sinful world, as our spirits learn the glory of the Father and of the Son, we apprehend that which meets our every want, stills our every fear, leads us into confidence and hope and creates the response of our love to the love of God. Peace with God never can arise from some assurance as to the amount of faith that is in us. It comes from beholding in God that which gives us perfect assurance of His Fatherly goodness and the forgiveness of His grace. In Him, and in Him alone, "is our help found."

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Psalm cxxx. 1—16; Romans viii. 1—9.

PEACE BY SPIRITUAL-MINDEDNESS.

A second hindrance to the fulfilment of the command, "Let the peace of God rule in your hearts," may be found in our stopping short at forgiveness, and failing to see that the end and purpose of forgiveness is to lead us into the possession of the mind that

is in Jesus Christ. If there are obstacles to peace which stand as between us and God, and are removed by Christ's work for us; there are others which lie within, and can only be taken away by the power of the Holy Ghost quickening spiritual life, and through the power of that life producing holiness. There is a spurious Evangelicalism which never goes beyond the idea of pardon. It is essentially contrary to the law of God and to the true redemption that is in Christ. It takes the word "No condemnation," and fancies that God is glorified by rejoicing in that alone; while it closes the eye to the fuller declaration of how there is no condemnation only "to those who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit," and in whom "the law of the Spirit of life that is in Christ Jesus" has produced freedom "from the law of sin and death." Of a similar character is that religionism which seeks continued renewal of peace to conscience through confession and priestly absolution. The object of both is the same, for it is a trafficking either with Christ or with His Church for immunity from the consequences of sin; while the power of the Saviour to redeem the affections and sympathies, and to bring them into fellowship with Himself, is denied through disobedience to His will and resistance to His grace. True spiritual peace and tranquillity can arise only from spiritual harmony with God. In whatever degree it may be attained, there must be the same kind of life that is in Christ, with its moral congruity and communion of spirit with spirit, which is the foundation and source of vital salvation. "I in them and Thou in me—that they may be one in us," expresses the great secret of the life eternal. We may repeat, with a greater or less sense of their beauty, the words of the Gospel which tell of the divine mercy to the Church. We may imagine that all is well, and reach a delusive peace by repeating stock phrases as to how "all has been already done," or how "the robe of Christ's righteousness is sufficient to cover all our misdeeds," while we are turning aside from the work which Christ is now seeking to do in us, and are avoiding the very righteousness which He is seeking to impart. And so it is that so many people try to live in two different worlds. They have a department which is kept for good thoughts, now and then, when they go back and look to Christ for pardon, or when they kneel in church in confession, and when the words of promised absolution seem very sweet and satisfying. This department is their religion. But they have another sphere of life in which all their interests are keenly alive, but into which the truth of Christ, and what He teaches as to purity, kindness, love, honesty, and consideration—or, in one word, holiness—is never allowed to enter. In the one field they keep hold of all phraseology which speaks of mercy and of the future heaven which they hope some day may be theirs "for Christ's sake;" they sing with gladness the hymns which seem to bring these comforts near to themselves, and they enter keenly into the views which magnify the grace of God towards a sinful world. When they are within that field they appear quite open to the good seed of the word, and to whatever may be taught by it. But when they enter the other field, where the traffic and amusements and temptations of the world abound, then the flock of foolish and idle thoughts are permitted, like birds of the air, to carry off each serious impression; the wheels of business, with its cares and its low standard of principle, are allowed to trample the richer capabilities of the being into hardness; and "the thoughts of other things," like thorns and thistles, soon choke better impulses, and absorb all the strength and energy of the heart. Under such conditions as these it is impossible that "the peace of God" and the blessed calm, which are the fruits of the sweet action of divine law, can possess "the heart and mind." The peace of Jesus arose from His constant abiding with the Father, finding it His "meat to do the will of the Father," and having His whole life in complete accord with the mind of God. The "minding of the Spirit," or the appreciating and delighting in the things of the Spirit, is the consequence and token of the life of Christ in us; and the fruit of that is spiritual peace. We defeat the blessed purpose of Christ concerning us when we receive only the tender invitation, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest," while we overlook the one method whereby He bestows it: "Take up my yoke and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."

When we seek security rather than righteousness and self rather than God, or when we turn the grace that is in the Lord Jesus into a defence against the demands of His holy love, we then defeat His purpose, and render the attainment of even that which

we seem to desire impossible. And thus our Lord's words come true; for he that will keep his life to himself will lose his life in God, while he who is willing to lose his life in self, by yielding self wholly up to God, will gain his truest life as made for God and redeemed by His Son.

Justification is but the portal to the life in God; but it is the living of that life, the feeding of the affections upon Christ, Who is the bread of that life, the growth up into Him in all things Who is the fulness of that life, and the reign of that spiritual order which results from obedience to highest spiritual law, that is the secret and security of abiding peace: "Great peace have they that love Thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah xxvi. 1–13, John xvi. 20–xvii. 11

PEACE THROUGH STAYING THE SOUL ON GOD.

There can be no course more fatal to true Christian peace, and therefore fatal to spiritual well-being, than to seek peace for its own sake rather than to seek God, forgetting self and selfish experiences. The morbid longing after the feeling of peace, and to touch, taste, and handle the proofs of our salvation, is suicidal to the very good that is sought after. And so the promise is not "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on peace," but "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee." There is often much of this selfishness in our religion, even when we imagine ourselves sincere; and it is quite natural that it should be so, for we cannot learn the strength and subtlety of the tendency to use God, as it were, for our own purposes, in order to gain that amount of religious satisfaction which may soothe our feelings, without interfering with our real pleasures and indulgencies, until God reveals, it may be in the sharp school of His fatherly chastisement, how greatly we have been shutting Him out of our hearts. Our life is often staying itself on some other object although we fancy we are serving God. We have not learned to submit wholly to God, to let Him reign over us, and to be the treasure of our souls and the portion of our inheritance. Every man has some stay, and that which is his chief good is practically his religion, because he depends upon that for his happiness. This does not necessarily interfere with his going to church, or reading his Bible, or repeating the creed. Many of these false stays may be good gifts of God, which become evil only because perverted from their true purpose. Money, prosperity, and success; the dear ones who fill life with its brightness and interest; physical health which has been the source or the minister to countless enjoyments; all these may be held by us with such an undisputed consciousness of our right to them, that we are scarcely aware of how greatly our peace depends on them. But when the family circle is broken, and the one place is left empty which had been the chief centre of our affection; or when disaster falls upon our fortune and our accustomed support is swept from us; or when instead of health there come weakness and suffering; we are then taught with a terrible precision how all along our "stay" had been elsewhere. If we have the eye to read aright the meaning of such dealings, we will discover that they are sent for a good purpose. They are as the pressure of the Father's hand constraining us to Himself; they are His way of showing us that "the one thing needful" is not health, or friends, or prosperity, but to know Him and to learn His good and perfect will. In the very sternness of the conflict which is then passed through, in the very agony with which the heart strives against the divine will, even when it seeks to submit to it, there is discovered how much the life has hitherto been fixed elsewhere, and the counsel of the Apostle, "My little children, keep yourselves from idols," assumes a new meaning. But when the man has learned after such tribulation to stay himself upon God, who can describe the peace, as the dark clouds roll away and the calm heavens with the eternal stars open in unfathomable tranquillity?

Verily "the one thing needful" is to possess the living God as the stay of the soul—God who made us, and Who loves us and understands us as no one else can. It is He from whom every good gift has come; and when He seeks us by taking these away it is only to enrich us more fully, bestowing instead of the temporal the eternal.

The experience of the old Hebrew seer has been confirmed in that of men of every age, and of every rank, some of whom had to endure such "a sore fight of affliction" as dwarfs our trials; and they all bear testimony to the fact, that God did keep them in perfect peace because their minds were stayed on Him.

If we ask how we can thus stay our minds on God amid the common details of life, we can turn to Jesus Christ and there find an answer. The secret of that highest life consisted in everything being committed to

the will of the Father. When a child at his mother's knee, or a boy among other boys, or an artisan engaged in ordinary toil, or when preaching the Gospel of the kingdom and healing all manner of sickness, or mixing with happy guests at happy festivals—whether in the crowd or on the solitary hill, whether filled with triumphant joy or cast on the ground in agony, He had this unfailing and changeless characteristic, that His mind was stayed on God, and the result was that He had perfect peace.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxxvii. 1—11; Philippians iv. 1—9.

PEACE THROUGH PRAYER.

We have considered in previous Readings various conditions laid down in Scripture, under which the peace of God may be reached and maintained. Each of these conditions refers to different kinds of necessity. What St. Paul states in Philippians suggests a way of peace through the daily employment of prayer, which, if it have not those features which make the others critical moments in our experiences, is not the less important.

There is a blessed exercise enjoined through which peace is promised amid the events which crowd daily upon us, in the turmoil of busy cares and under the pressure of the trials which continually beset us. "In everything," St. Paul says; in little things as well as great; in the desires which may be called worldly as well as in those that are purely spiritual; in personal difficulties regarding money and business, as well as in our specially religious anxieties; in the ordinary affairs of the household and family, as well as in the perplexities of faith or conscience; "in everything" we are to "make our requests known to God." The exhortation indicates the frankest opening up of the heart; it is as if he said, "Make a clean breast of it all and tell it all to God, as a child might speak to an earthly father, and, because of the very openness of its confidence, win that father's help." In that spirit go to God, unload your burthen and leave it there before the throne of the heavenly grace. And we are to do so "with thanksgiving"—not crying to God as to some hard taskmaster, but with a happy and trustful prayer, the deepest tone of which is heartfelt thanksgiving.

And the promise is not that we shall receive everything we may be asking. If we deal with God as a child would deal with a wise and loving earthly father, we must commit our desires to Him with the confidence that He knows what is best for us, and that in His goodness He may refuse what in our ignorance we may request, but which He in His perfect knowledge may see would be evil for us instead of beneficial. For the same love that would not give a stone to the son asking bread, would refuse the prayer which in its blindness was begging for the stone instead of bread, or for the scorpion instead of fish. God does not, therefore, pledge Himself to give the very things we ask, but He does promise to meet the truer and deeper desires of the heart which seeks the highest blessing. He will give to the sincere that which, when they are able to look back on life, will be acknowledged by them to have been infinitely better than what they had thought at the time to be most needful. Jacob in his ignorance imagined that all things were against him, that Joseph was dead, Benjamin as good as lost, and his own life ruined, when in reality all these things were working out the greatest blessing for himself and his family.

But if God does not promise that we are always to get our own way, He does promise, when we make our requests known to Him by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, that "the peace of God which passeth all understanding shall keep our hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." That peace is unfathomable in its blessedness and power. St. Paul uses a similar expression when he speaks of "the height and depth and length and breadth of the love of Christ" as "passing knowledge." There are some things which we learn to be immeasurable only when we attempt to measure them. The more we know them, the more we recognise our incapacity to know them thoroughly. It is the very extent to which modern science, with its most powerful instruments, has been able to pierce into the depths of space, that has taught us the illimitable character of the starry system. The more we know of God, the more are we impressed by the shallowness of our knowledge; and the more we possess of the peace of God, having the life wholly fixed in Him, the more will we understand St. Paul's description of it as a peace that "passeth all understanding." And from its earliest to its latest growth it is ever held "through Jesus Christ," as at once its ground and its example. Grace and peace are indissolubly united. The grace that is brought in [illegible] is ever followed by His peace.

And now "[illegible]he Lord of peace Himself [illegible]ays, by all means."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of 'Joseph's Coat,' "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THAT section of the great world which lived by faith in old china was deeply stirred by the news that the eminent art critic's collection was about to be offered for sale by public auction. Jones, who came now and again to see us in our new home, was actually pathetic about the threatened dissipation of an assortment which had cost so much skill, and patience, and money in the gathering. Not only the crockery ware, but the bronzes, the Japanese lacquers, the Eastern ivories, the rare engravings, rare editions, and rare coins, were all going. The chief passion of this tragedy to Jones's mind was that certain pictures of the Italian school, which had never been brought together before, and which illustrated a certain development and phase of art, would have, in all probability, to be sold separately, and might be scattered the wide world over. He wrote letters to the daily papers about this, and was as sad and angry over the laxity of the Government in not securing this treasure for the nation as Jeremiah was in his day concerning the backslidings of his people. I have no doubt that, to people learned in such matters, these works possessed a high value of their own; but to the uninitiated, who cared for art-work chiefly because of its beauty, they could hardly have been less pleasing than they were. It is always dangerous to attack the enthusiastic specialist, and I was careful to disguise my own ignorance and to leave Jones alone.

Delamere had expended quite a considerable fortune in amassing his collection, and had, in fact, been impoverished by it. He had for years past paid to the insurance companies a larger annual sum than it would have cost him to live in bourgeois comfort and to indulge in those commoner signs of wealth which he despised. The house in Cromwell Terrace was dismantled, and bronzes, books, coins, ivories, pictures, and china were all ranged, catalogued, and exposed to view in the rooms of a great West-End auctioneer famous for his knowledge of such things and his conduct of their sale. Such part of fashion as [illegible] that season of the year to be found [illegible] thronged the rooms daily, and val[illegible] collectors were borne swiftly home [illegible] remote health resorts to be present at the sale. Many of the objects were beautiful even to the eye of ignorance; and to the learned there was nothing in the whole extensive collection which had not some high special value, beauty, or interest of its own.

Clara and I went to see the collection. The rooms were almost empty when we got there, for the first flush of public interest was over; but at the far end of the long chamber in which the principal treasures were exposed to view I saw and recognised the stately figure of Mr. Delamere. I could not help glancing at him from time to time as he wandered hither and thither amongst his belongings, as if taking mute and mournful farewell. He saw us at length and came over to us, looking extremely dignified and stately, as a martyr might if he were let out on bail the night before an Auto-da-fé.

"You know my little collection already, Denham," he said, with a gentle, noble sadness. "There were many larger, even amongst the private treasures of the world, but not many so complete within its own limited lines. A life-long interest in these things, a life-long study, enabled me to acquire many objects of interest and value which wealthier collectors were compelled to pass for want of money. This intaglio, for instance, cost me a mere thirty pounds. It may realise ten times that sum to-morrow."

He told me all about the object to which he drew my attention, gave me a little sketch of its history, of the life of the artist who brought it into being, and of the special artistic purpose it served in relation to the rest. On a point like this he always knew how to be charming. For, whatever else he pretended, I never knew anybody bold enough to charge him with inaccuracy or ignorance about the precious objects in his possession. He had spent his life in learning all that was to be known of them, and all the enthusiasm and feeling of which he was capable were expended on them.

"I would fain have kept these things," he told me, looking about him with his air of mournful dignity. "It is a wrench to part with them, but I can afford to keep them no longer. It is too much to hope that all of them will fall into good hands. The newly rich begin to hanker after these possessions,

and many of them are so sadly ignorant that one fears, one fears."

I waited for him to make some inquiry about Mary, and did not for one moment imagine that he knew nothing of her present whereabouts. I made no allusion to her, and he made none. He had been too much occupied, as I found out afterwards, in the classification of his belongings, and too much saddened at the thought of parting from them, to find time for mere domestic considerations. Clara, after lingering for a little time, had continued her round of observation alone. She had been very cool in her manner towards him, but Mr. Delamere did not seem to have noticed that. His heart was in the coffin there with his crocks and other bric-à-brac, and he must needs wait until it came back to him.

On the third day of the sale we went again, and bought two or three of the least expensive trifles, partly to have some record of the home in which Clara had lived so long, and partly because they were the things that had pleased her most. Delamere himself was there, and was buying in some remnant of his own, for the sale had achieved an unexpected and surprising success, and it was a matter of common rumour that the proceeds had at least doubled the estimate of the auctioneer. Delamere was well-to-do again. He had impoverished himself by his purchases and by the prodigious insurance-money he was compelled to pay, and now it turned out that he could hardly have made a more fortunate investment of his money. For years after people learned in such matters quoted the prices realised at the sale of the Delamere collection. Even now one hears casual mention made of them at times.

A week or two after the sale the bereaved gentleman found time to think about his daughter, and to discover her present whereabouts. He made a solemn call upon us, and inquired after her welfare. Clara at first was indisposed to meet him, but I succeeded in persuading her that it was better to do so, and after a little time she succumbed to argument and entreaty. When I entered the room in which Delamere waited he was bending caressingly over a Dresden shepherdess which had not long ago been one of the least-prized objects in his own possession.

"She is divorced from her surroundings, poor thing!" he said, with a mournful smile; "divorced from her surroundings. By the way, Denham, I learn that you have given an asylum to my daughter."

This was a little startling. The divorced shepherdess really seemed the more important personage of the two.

"Miss Delamere is visiting us," I answered, "and is so good as to give Mrs. Denham some lessons in housekeeping."

"That," said Mr. Delamere, with eyebrows raised in mingled allowance and astonishment, "is not a position I should have thought her willing to occupy."

This staggered me so completely that for a moment I could only stare at him. I told him then, and I am afraid that I told him somewhat hotly, that his daughter was with us as an esteemed and honoured guest. He put on his gold-rimmed *pince-nez*, and said smilingly that I was an enthusiast.

"You have a warm and impetuous nature, Denham—a warm and impetuous nature. Is Mary within doors?"

It was nearing five o'clock, and she was expected momently. I told him that she might be expected immediately, and added that she spent most of her time amongst her poor.

"Her poor?" he asked. "She has that fancy still. Well, well."

Clara came in at this point, and she and Delamere met with an icy courtesy by no means comfortable to witness.

"I learn from your husband, Mrs. Denham," he said, sinking gracefully into a chair, "that Mary is labouring amongst the poor. I should suppose that, with her breeding and inherited instinct, she finds that self-imposed office at times a little trying."

"My dear Mr. Delamere," Clara responded, "we cannot all spend our lives in the contemplation of the beautiful."

"No, no," Delamere assented. He saw as clearly as I did that my wife was a partisan, and likely to fight in the interests of her own side if she had but the slightest provocation that way. "There are sterner duties in the world."

"Indeed there are," said Clara, with perhaps unnecessary warmth of emphasis.

"I should be the last to deny it," he answered smoothly. "One or two of us live out of the hurly-burly of the plains, and invite sometimes a casual eye to our surroundings. The rest go their way in pursuit of meaner needs——"

"All of them?" Clara asked, flushing at his tone.

"Is there," he asked in turn, "any nobler or more [illegible] employment than the pursuit of be[illegible]s it not at least worth while that a few should devote themselves

to that pursuit; should strive to show the world at large that beauty and utility are not antagonistic; that the simpler and less elevated forms of life need not necessarily be sordid!"

"The world is a big place, Mr. Delamere," said this truculent wife of mine, "and there is room enough in it for some of all kinds of people. There may be room, perhaps, even for a young woman who goes about nursing the sick poor."

"Room!" cried Delamere, avoiding combat. "Room, indeed! Who denies honour to the social martyr? The heart is touched, the sympathies are fired, by the contemplation of a thousand silent heroisms."

Now this was too bold a taking away of the mouse from pussy's claws to be endured with patience.

"Give me," said Clara, "the people who live in the hurlyburly of the plain, as you call it. The soldier who fights for his country, the poor man who breaks his back over his spade, the chimney-sweeper who sweeps a chimney honestly——"

"My dear Clara," said Delamere, "I would give you a chimney-sweeper gladly if I had one. I have no taste in chimney-sweepers, and if such a person were upon my hands I would part with him willingly to any lady who might choose to ask for him."

"That is a poor retort," said Clara, "from a conversational foncer so skilful as yourself."

"Ah, really," said Delamere, with a smile, "if we are to take off the buttons from our foils and fight in earnest, I decline the combat."

"Out of pure pity, one supposes?"

"Out of pure fear," he answered.

"I do not think," she said, with a little indrawing of breath and a slight pinching of the nostrils, "that either of us would hurt the other much."

"I am sure," he answered, half rising to bow to her, "that neither of us would desire to hurt the other."

What end this fencing bout would have found had it been continued I can hardly say, though I fancy that a scratch or two might possibly have resulted on both sides. It was ended by the entrance of the chief cause of conflict. She came in with her pale cheeks somewhat flushed with exercise, and her eyes, which were commonly sadder than one liked to see them, brightened by the same cause. She started [illegible] she saw her father, and Delamere for his part cast a horror-stricken glance at her costume. He was evidently quite unprepared for it, as she was for his visit.

"I had not expected to find you here," said Mary.

Her manner was grave and reserved, but it was easy to see that she was inwardly agitated by the encounter.

"Do not leave us, Mrs. Denham," said Delamere, seeing my wife make a movement towards the door.

Then he moved across to his daughter.

"Pray allow me to offer you a chair, my dear. You will stay with us, Denham. Thank you. I have something to say which, as it seems to me, demands to be said in the hearing of all here present."

In spite of his invitation Mary remained standing, but she laid her hand upon the rail of the chair he had placed for her. I noticed that it trembled as she set it down, but she waited for what her father might have to say with a look of calm attentiveness.

"I think," said Delamere, "that I am not mistaken in supposing that the cause of severance between you and me is known, or guessed, by Denham and his wife."

"Not a word has been spoken between Mary and myself upon the subject," said Clara. "I can't pretend not to know it, but I know nothing of it through her."

"I should have believed that of my daughter," returned Delamere, "even without your authority. It would be futile in a man who has just made public confession of his poverty to pretend to delicacy in a case like this, with respect to bygone financial embarrassments. I have never had much knowledge of business, and I have proved now to my own satisfaction that I have a rather curious incapacity for it. My old friend Chetwynd, who was in the habit of advising me, died half-a-dozen years ago, and since that time I have tried to manage my own affairs. The world is not made up of honest and high-minded people. I was plundered on all hands, and but for the little collection of artistic treasures with which I had surrounded myself I should have been

He delivered all this with a sort of proud humility, as if he took it, as I really believe he did, as a sort of distinction to be ignorant of business affairs. He reserved himself from boasting of it, but that was only because he would not boast of anything.

"In these conditions," he continued, "a gentleman for whom I had never professed any especial sympathy or regard, made me an offer of pecuniary assistance. He did it

in a manner most unexpectedly delicate and friendly. I accepted his assistance. There were circumstances which made that acceptance so distasteful to my daughter that she left her father's roof."

Apart from a certain dignified querulousness which he had sometimes shown, I had never seen a touch of emotion in him until now. He quavered a little on the final words of this portion of his speech, and made a motion as if to draw out his handkerchief. He put this impulse by, however, and went on again with a complete resumption of his common manner.

"I was enabled, by an unlooked-for occurrence, to repay a portion of the loan much sooner than I had dared to hope. I was the more rejoiced at this inasmuch as my daughter had made arrangements to engulf the whole of her own very small fortune in the immediate repayment of the borrowed money. My purpose in coming here now is to place in your hands, Mary, a cheque for the balance of the loan, and to request that you will forward it to the solicitors of your trustee."

He unbuttoned his frock-coat and produced a pocket-book, from which he took the cheque he spoke of. Mary accepted it with a murmur of acknowledgment, and he flowed on.

"I trust that there is no feeling in your mind, my child, which will prevent us from resuming our old relations towards each other. I had not intended that you should become aware of the obligation under which I had placed myself. It was one I should have had no fear of offering had the conditions been exchanged or exchangeable, and it appears to me that a service which one honourable man may offer, another man of honour may accept. I have never, for its own sake, regretted my acceptance of that proffered help. I regretted its discovery, and I have had reason to regret the construction which was placed upon it. Next to my own good opinion it is not unnatural, perhaps, that I should value yours. Next to that I valued the labour of my lifetime. That small monument to beauty which I had so patiently and fondly reared I have sacrificed. I have scattered it to the four winds to regain your daughterly sympathy and affection. The Delamere collection exists no longer. The labours, studies, travels, of a lifetime will leave no record to the world. I had hoped," he continued, a little moved again by his own eloquence, "to have bequeathed it to the nation. It was small, but in itself it was complete, and it might have taught a lesson. 'Ex pede Herculem.'"

Now I dare say that if we had not all three been perfectly well aware that the Delamere collection had been sold from an altogether different motive than that which Delamere claimed, we might have been affected by his sacrifice, and have taken him to our hearts with instant affection. For my own part I should have preferred to have been miles away, for on Mary's behalf I found the scene difficult to endure.

"I am very glad," she said, "that the money is repaid, and I am very sorry that the collection had to be sold."

What made the thing a little worse for me was that I knew, on the best authority, that Pole had never offered Delamere anything, or had indeed so much as known of his necessities until Delamere himself had written to him about them. I fancy, from the look his daughter gave him when he spoke of the generous offer made to him, that she shared my knowledge. It was a beseeching and frightened glance, and I read into it a prayer on her part that he would not lower himself in her eyes.

Delamere had evidently made less by his motion than he had anticipated. He looked surprised at Mary's brief and simple answer.

"Do you leave me to conjecture," he demanded, "that anything in the nature of a barrier remains between us?"

"Would it not be better," she asked, "to talk of this when we are alone?"

Delamere reddened, and walked to the window, where he stood for a moment looking on the street. The click of the door-latch seemed to reach his ear, for he turned at the moment at which Clara and I were slipping quietly from the room.

"Denham," he cried, in a louder voice than he often used, "I desire your presence. Mrs. Denham, I beg you to remain."

He strode over swiftly to us as he spoke, and holding the door so as to prevent my closing it, drew us back into the room.

"I appeal to you, Denham," he said, then closing the door and standing with his back against it, as if to bar any further attempt at egress. "Those who know you best speak of you as an honourable man. I appeal to you as an honourable man to say if, in this matter, in your judgment, I have done anything unbefitting."

I have often been placed in embarrassing positions, but so far in the whole course of my life I have known nothing to equal the extreme awkwardness of that moment. I

could only answer that I would infinitely prefer not to be appealed to, and that in these matters another man's opinion was quite valueless. I added that I would accept no man's judgment as to my own acts or character.

"It is Mary's wish," said Clara decisively, putting her arm through mine as she spoke, "to continue this conversation alone. I am sure that that is the best and wisest course. Perhaps Mr. Delamere will be so kind as to open the door. Thank you."

Mr. Delamere opened the door, and closed it behind us, and that was the last Clara and I saw of him for a considerable time. We could hear his voice below us in stormy or persuasive tones for something like the space of half an hour. At the end of that time he went away.

"I wish," said Clara, "that he would ask me for my opinion of his conduct in Mary's absence. It would be a positive relief to me to let him know it."

Plainly, Delamere's sense of honour differed widely from that of the common run of men, and where that happens it is always a misfortune. I do not think he ever rose to a clearer conception of the case than to suspect vaguely that he *might* have acted less delicately than he would have preferred to do if he had taken time to think about it. No doubt it seemed to him that a considerable hubbub was being made about a very simple matter. It was a long time before he brought himself to forgive my preference for silence.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

I HAVE already had occasion to mention a certain weekly publication which called itself a journal of society, and was the forerunner of a large and important family with which the world is now familiar. The existence of this journal was brief and stormy. Whilst it continued to appear it made a considerable noise in the world, but until it finally made so loud a bruit that it fell to pieces in the shock of sound itself created, it made no greater sensation than by its articles on "The Buried Lady of Title." It was a scandal-loving print, and as different from its decorous successors as chalk from cheese. Those who bought it and read its pages did so in the unfailing hope, not often disappointed, of finding something to the disadvantage of people in high places. Its conductors had never before had so piquant, so exciting, and so strange a story to tell as this of the buried lady of title. They made the most of it, doling out the story in instalments week by week, and asseverated so stoutly that the narrative, curious as it was, was made up of simple facts, that even the most doubtful began to take a sort of speculative interest in it, and to look forward with curiosity for next week's revelations.

By whatsoever means the tale had come to the ears of the man who wrote it, there was no denying its accuracy or its completeness. The story of Pole's unfortunate hidden marriage was related in detail. No names or places were mentioned, but to one who knew the history already the identification of the people concerned was not merely easy but unescapable. The parting of the ill-assorted pair was slurred over somewhat, but from that point the narrative became once more precise and clear. There is no need to repeat it, for it tallied with what has already been set down in these pages. The writer, loath to part with so interesting a theme, dragged it on from week to week, until at last, in large type, he announced the presence of the buried lady in London. He stated that a representative of the journal had been admitted to an interview with her, that she declared the plot to have been invented by her husband, and was prepared to take such simple and immediate steps as were necessary for the establishment of her own position.

Now this was a very remarkable statement, and if it could possibly have been true would have been disquieting; but there was so little doubt that Pole's wife had already surrendered herself into the hands of the law that the threat of return was preposterous. The thing was evidently a *brutum fulmen*, and demanded nothing but to be left to itself. I got letters from Pole, who still lingered in Paris and had heard the news there, to this precise effect. I wrote to him in the same strain, and it was agreed between us that there was nothing to be done but to let the rumour die

The rumour obstinately refused to die, and coming at a season when not much in the way of public interest was stirring, it grew to be probably the commonest topic of conversation in London at that season. A startling murder chased it for a week, or nearly, but the criminal was caught, and the buried lady of title came into vogue again. Then, though the discreet journalist still found no names, the world at large got hold of them, and Lord and Lady Worborough were in all men's mouths. If Clara and I had been disposed to be as communicative upon this topic as our friends would have desired, we might,

I verily believe, have made ourselves the lioness and lion of the hour. As it was, we grew rather unpopular by reason of our reticence.

Our world at large made such a pother about the revelations of the society journalist, and appealed to me as Pole's bosom friend with so much pertinacity, that almost anybody who did not talk about this one disagreeable theme would have been welcome. Jones, who was superior to all sorts of vulgar interests, came by times, and talked upon the questions with which he particularly concerned himself. When he first appeared I was inclined to be afraid that he intended to renew his unavailing pursuit of Mary Delamere. Clara shared this belief or doubt of mine, and so I thought it best to come at once to an understanding. I invited him to my study under specious pretext of consulting him as to the authenticity of some prints I had lately purchased, and, having decoyed him thither, opened fire upon him at once.

"Jones," I said with the solemnity and solidity befitting a family man, "you are aware of the fact that Miss Delamere is at present residing here." Jones admitting this, I put it to him as gently as I could that in his capacity of old friend Miss Delamere and ourselves would be very glad to welcome him. But—Jones took the hint with a smiling alacrity.

"Ah!" he said, "I remember to have spoken to you about that matter in those queer old rooms of yours in Gray's Inn before anybody supposed that you were going to be one of her Majesty's commissioners, and when I seemed likelier than yourself to wear the rosy hymeneal fetters. You remember that I expressed some doubt about the wisdom of the course at the time, even though I actually proposed to embark upon it."

I told Jones that I remembered his remarks at that time to have been characterized by his usual wisdom and excellent good taste. I had found out long ago that it was quite impossible to wound Jones in that way. No faintest suspicion of a want of sincerity in people who took that tone with him ever crossed his mind. It relieved me and left Jones unhurt, so that there was a kind of mild double pleasure in it.

"Well," he said, "it is given to a happy few to blunder and not to be punished for their blunders. I was saved from the results of my own indiscretion, and I am not likely to renew it. Miss Delamere need not fear that I shall play the part of the disconsolate lover. I do not think," he added with a conquering smile, "that it is a rôle for which I was cast by nature. I do not think it a part in which I should be likely to shine."

In that case, I told him, he should be welcome to the general bosom of the household. I was glad to know that he was cured, and even expressed a hope that his sufferings had not been at any time abnormally severe.

"No," he said with the same conquering smile, "I think not. Do you know, Denham," he continued in his philosophico-confidential manner, "I have been rather devoting myself of late to the observation of the youthful male of our species. I have more especially directed my studies to the point at which he is said to be in love. I am assuming no airs of superiority. I am quite conscious that not very long ago I trenched with a perilous nearness upon his position. But if I were not putting myself into an insolent competition with the general opinion, I should be very much inclined to say that the youthful male, absurd as he commonly and inevitably is, is more absurd at that moment than at any other of his whole foolish and futile existence."

One never knows the truth about oneself, and I may have been as great a prig in laughing at Jones as Jones was in deserving to be laughed at. I did laugh, however, with great heartiness, and he was pleased—so pleased, in fact, that he set up as a social humorist for the rest of the evening, and exerted himself to be delightful. It was not unnatural, finding himself the cause of so much innocent and admiring hilarity, that he should make his visits pretty constant. He told me once, I remember, that he was at his best in my society. It was not, he was good enough to say, because I lent any additional brilliance to the conversational fireworks of the evening by any effort of my own. I was receptive. I was appreciative. I gave him courage. He felt safe in my presence and knew that he was understood—not wholly, perhaps, but fairly well—lest I should grow too proud.

It happened one night when we were dining that Jones came in in evening dress to announce the possession of a box at Her Majesty's. Some considerable person of Jones's acquaintance had taken the box, and finding himself unable at the last hour to use it, had sent it to him. Would Mrs. Denham and myself accompany him? The new *prima donna*, who had taken the world by storm, was to sing that night. Royalty would be present. Jones was of course superior to the coarse, unreasoning sentiment

of loyalty which touched the crowd, and yet had a furtive liking for a prince. Would we go?

The point was under discussion when a loud double knock sounded at the front door, and a telegram was brought in to me. I asked Jones's leave to open it, and this being graciously accorded, I read it, and found that it came from Pole. He was back in town, had gone to his old chambers, and begged me earnestly to meet him there with all possible dispatch. He would stay in his rooms till midnight awaiting me.

I passed the telegram to Clara, who gave a little start on reading the name by which it was signed, and a veiled glance at Mary, who sat opposite. She passed it back to me and assumed a face of comic dismay to hide, if need were, the effect the name had made upon her.

"John," she said, "it is too bad. I had set my heart on *Rigoletto*. Of course you must go. The business must be urgent, or he would not use such terms."

"Could you entrust Mrs. Denham to my care?" Jones asked, "and join us afterwards?"

"We should be leaving you alone, dear," said my wife to Mary.

"I am not at all afraid to be left alone," she answered, smiling. "You must let me help you to dress. There is not much time to lose."

So Jones's suggestion was adopted, and I, having answered Pole's dispatch, hastily changed my attire, and a hansom having been got to the door, departed, in some wonder as to the object of my friend's return and the meaning of his pressing desire to see me. It was not long before these questions found an answer. Pole was waiting for me in his rooms, and at the sound of my hurried footsteps on the stair he opened the door and admitted me.

"You must forgive me," he began, "for disturbing you with my affairs. You are the only man in the world who knows the whole story, and you are the only man with whom I can bear to talk about it. Sit down and look at these, and tell me what I ought to do."

"These" were a little sheaf of bills, made out to the Countess of Worborough. Most of them were receipted—all but two, in fact—which I found at the bottom of the pile. I glanced over them hastily, and found one from a milliner, one from a jeweller, another from a jobmaster, another from an upholsterer. There were eight or nine in all, and roughly, they amounted to between two and three thousand pounds. Of this sum, fully two thousand appeared to have been paid.

"Tell me what it all means," I said.

"Read that first," he said with a groan, throwing a crumpled note upon the table.

It was still warm from his hand when I took it from the table, and it was so tightly pressed together in places that I had some difficulty in opening it without tearing the paper. When I had succeeded, I read in an excited-looking scrawl that the Countess of Worborough presented her compliments to the Earl of Worborough. She was informed that she had committed forgery in signing his name to the cheques by which the enclosed bills were paid. If the Earl of Worborough chose to encounter the scandal of a prosecution, the Countess would be unfeignedly delighted. That was all.

It appeared that, by some means as yet unknown, Lady Worborough had become possessed of a cheque-book from her husband's bank, had signed his name, and being confronted by the tradesmen, had calmly announced the forgery, and had sent this note through Pole's solicitor. Two of the tradesmen had accompanied her to the lawyer's office, and all had agreed to wait for an answer from Lord Worborough himself before taking further proceedings. Pole had arrived in town that morning, had spent his day in settling the accounts, and now wanted counsel.

"It's not the money," he said, walking agitatedly up and down the room. "I had enough and to spare before the money came to me, and if she would only go away and be quiet with it, she should be welcome to it every farthing. I would rather break stones at the roadside, and live on a shilling a day, than live in constant dread that this kind of scandal should be sprung upon me."

In all my acquaintance with him I had never until now known him to lose his self-possession. But now all his old nonchalance was gone; his voice shook with shame and anger, his footsteps and his gestures were disordered, and his whole bearing was changed.

"If I gave her all I had," he went on, "I can guess what use she would make of it. I have half a mind to do it and take an alias, and go away to California and make a living there by my own hands."

In a while he began to recover himself again, and he resumed, in something like his accustomed manner:

"But you see, Jack, the money isn't mine. The next heir has as good a right to it as I had. And even if it were absolutely

mine, to do as I pleased with, there are grave responsibilities attaching to the mere annual income. It's possible to do a prodigious amount of good with such a sum. It's possible to do a prodigious amount of harm. I can't run away; I can't turn tail and hide myself. You forgive me," he said suddenly, "for throwing my miseries on your shoulders." He laid both hands upon me and rocked me to and fro a little after his old fashion, and then, turning away, began to pace the room again, but more slowly and despondently than before.

I told him, truly, that I wished, above all other things, to be of use to him. Could we, I asked him, decide upon anything, and could I act as his emissary?

"I tried to face the lawyer about it this afternoon," he said, "and I had not the courage to do it. I had to face the tradesmen, and that was shame enough for one day. She knows," he went on, sadly desperate in voice and face, "that I will bear anything bearable rather than endure any public scandal which can draw another name into its ugly coils, and she presumes on that."

"You told her once in my hearing," I responded, "that you held one power only over her, and that you would use it. You can make an arrangement with her, an arrangement which all men would admit to be generous, and if she will not accept that with reasonable conditions, all men will hold you justified in using your power."

"I can threaten her with it," he answered; "but how can I carry the threat into action? How could I leave my wife penniless, let her do what she would?"

"Offer her," I answered, "a fixed allowance, on condition that she refrains in all ways from annoying you. If she refuse that allowance, you are not responsible for the refusal. The position is unhappy, but you are not helpless in it. You have only to decide and to be strong."

"That," said Pole, "is the plain commonsense of the case, and I know it as well as you do. But it is not easy to decide, nor easy to be strong. Strength and decision may end in bringing an innocent creature within reach of common gossip and offensive pity. I tell you," he added passionately, "my wife has this hold upon me, and she knows it. In her lifetime, by that horrible plot of hers, an innocent, pure-minded, high-bred woman promised to become my wife. I would rather die—I would rather go on dying every day than drag her name into publicity."

I argued with him, long and earnestly. I showed him that until he took some such step as I counselled he could not hope for a moment to be free of annoyance, or even free of the danger of disgrace. I got him at last to assent to this proposal: That I should make it my business on the morrow to secure an interview with his wife, and to make an offer to her of an income of five thousand pounds per annum, on condition that she quitted England, and undertook in no way to molest her husband.

"Suppose," he asked me, "she should accept the offer and break her promise?"

"Let the agreement," I answered, "be drawn up by your own lawyer, and let him be answerable for your side of it. Let her be answerable for her own. No man can blame you. No man can have anything but sympathy for anybody who suffers as you do."

So far then the thing was allowed to stand as if decided. The matter and the manner of an interview had afforded but a poor prelude to a night's enjoyment at the opera. But life has to be lived somehow, and it is an old commonplace that sad hearts often find themselves in haunts of pleasure. After a good deal of persuasion Pole was induced to accompany me, and when he had dressed we set out together. Jones was pleased to find a place for Lord Worborough in his box, and Clara welcomed him with evident heartiness.

We heard but little of the music, and were disturbed on more grounds than one. The audience shared a part of our disturbance, for there was a party in the next box whose members persisted, in spite of indignant cries of "Order!" in loud conversation and laughter. Once or twice there arose a considerable clamour, and at one moment an indignant official of the house knocked at the door of the box in which we sat, and being admitted, requested us to keep silence.

"We," said Jones, "are amongst the chief sufferers from the disturbance, not the creators of it. The noise comes from the next box."

A louder burst of laughter than we had heard before confirmed the statement almost at the moment at which it was made. The indignant official melted for one moment into apology, grew instantly indignant again, and withdrew. We heard him rapping at the next door, and after this the noise became less marked, though conversation was still carried on in a higher key and with less restraint than is usual in such places.

I tried to fix my attention upon the business of the stage, but my thoughts wandered from it persistently, and I went back in fancy to the interview just over, and forward in fancy to the business of the morrow. I disliked that coming interview less than I should have fancied, and even felt something of the glow of battle as I contemplated it. I was just resolving in my mind how uniformly courteous I would be, yet how firm and decisive, and was rehearsing the speech I meant to make, when the music, which had all the while been swelling and swelling, and no doubt helping my martial thoughts by its cadenced clash and roar, stopped suddenly as if a cataract should have ceased in full bound. A voice sprang out of the sudden silence, and every creature in the theatre must have heard it. What words came before, or what words were intended to follow afterwards I could not guess. But the words that struck through the sudden silence were neither more nor less than these—"Lady Worborough."

They were spoken in a shrill and ill-bred female voice, and were, as I have said, audible to every person in the theatre. People turned and stared, and there was a hubbub of cries of "Order!" "Shame!" and "Silence!" and voices called from the gallery, "Turn them out!" From that moment a hush fell upon the noisy occupants of the box, and we heard no more of them. At the sound of the words we had all turned to look at one another in a common astonishment. Pole's pale face flushed crimson, and then went grey. We sat afterwards in a confused and comfortless silence, and the final descent of the curtain was a relief to all four of us. We delayed a moment in quitting the box, and the lately noisy people, our neighbours, went out before us. Pole laid a hand upon my arm and detained me for a moment, whilst Clara and Jones passed out upon the corridor.

"She was there," he said.

"No, no!" I answered. "The name has been on everybody's lips for a week past." I could have bitten my tongue off a second later for my stupidity, but he did not seem to notice it.

"She was there," he said. "I heard her voice half-a-dozen times."

Clara was looking brightly back at us, smiling at something Jones was saying as he arranged her cloak. She beckoned me with her fan, and we went out and joined her. The corridor and the stairs were fast emptying, but there was a crowd in the vestibule, and the usual clamour of voices sounded there. It was raining slightly out of doors, and people were pausing to put up umbrellas. We made our way through the concourse slowly, and as we came out upon the colonnade a man with a stentorian voice bellowed, "Lady Worborough's carriage!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

I HAD no difficulty in escaping from the light duties of my office, and at noon on the following day I sought out Lady Worborough at the address her husband had given me. Judging from the upholsterer's bills I had seen she had begun the furnishing of a house, but she was for the time being residing in an hotel; a quiet, solid, old-fashioned, and expensive house of which I could only remember to have heard that it was commonly used by a very distinguished person in my own part of the country on his rare visits to town. It had the severest sort of aspect when I reached it, and the solemn old butler who came forward to inquire my business would have been at home in the establishment of a bishop. I gave him my card and asked for Lady Worborough. A little to my surprise he showed me upstairs without inquiry, and conducted me into the antechamber of what turned out to be a splendid suite of rooms, very large, very solemn and lonely-looking. Here he left me for a moment to look about me and passed into a room beyond. He came back after a very little time.

"Lady Worborough will receive you, sir," he said. "Will you be so good as to walk this way, sir?"

He led me through a room much longer than the first, into an apartment where a table had been laid for breakfast. The breakfast paraphernalia was still there, in some disorder, and beyond the table stood a gaunt woman, something over middle age, of unmistakably French aspect. She had almost a dragoon-looking moustache, and her tall, spare figure was rigorously embraced by a tight-fitting bodice of dull black silk. Her cuffs and collar were of a gentlemanly pattern, and her black waveless hair was parted on one side. For a mere second on beholding her I was uncertain of her sex.

"Will monsieur give himself the trouble to be seated?" she said, addressing me in French. "Madame la Comtesse will be here immediately."

She sat down in a military attitude, and I took the chair her gaunt finger had indicated. The elderly butler retired, closing the door behind him, and we sat in a chill, prim silence for perhaps five minutes. The lady

smoothed her cuffs and her moustache, and looked at me uncompromisingly, as though she were a military person who carried a cartel of defiance. At last the door opened, and Lady Worborough swept upon the scene for all the world as if the footlights had gleamed before her. She was attired in a gorgeous dressing-gown of scarlet silk and black lace, and she wore white lace at the throat and wrists. The door had been thrown open for her by some person out of my range of sight, and was closed behind her as she entered. She threw the skirts of her dressing-gown about her feet, and stood, posed for a second or two, as if waiting applause. Then she inclined her head to me, and made a motion with her hand to her companion, who obediently placed a chair behind her. She sank into this, and settled herself leisurely, with the same stagy exaggeration of common manners which had marked her entrance. With all this sorrowful affectation there was no abatement in the bitter and disdainful hauteur of her look, and whenever, in the slow, purposed stage majesty of her movements, her eyes encountered mine, they glided away with the old, insufferable hate and pride.

"To what," she asked me, "am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

"I am afraid," I responded, "that I cannot speak of the business which brings me here in the presence of a third person."

"Madame Sural does not understand a word of English," she said, with a sort of scorn and impatience in her tone, as if she had expected me to know this. "You may tell me your business and begone."

"I will not detain you," I answered, "a moment longer than is necessary."

"You detain me unnecessarily in saying so," she answered. "Let us have no flourishes. Say what you have to say, and go."

Thus exhorted, I made myself as brief as possible.

"I am here, Lady Worborough, as your husband's messenger." At this first mention of her title I saw the first touch of complacency I had ever seen upon her features. She repressed it instantly, and looked, if possible, more proud and self-disdainful than before. "He desires me," I continued, "to lay a proposal before you which he hopes may close all contest between you and him. On his side he is willing to pay to you during your lifetime a sum of five thousand pounds per annum, and on your side he asks an undertaking that you will leave England, and that you will not in any way molest him. He will pay the debts you have incurred until now, and will make over to you all properties you may have acquired in making them. But he will be answerable for nothing further."

If I had seen the faintest hope of succeeding by persuasion, if I had been tempted by any little fancy that she could have been touched by appeal or reason, I would have taken another tone, and have chosen other words. As it was, I simply laid my message before her, drily, and kept all feeling out of it.

"You will tell Lord Worborough," she said, "that I reject his contemptible offer with the scorn it merits."

"I am instructed," I returned, "to say that no other offer will be made, and that in case of the refusal of the conditions now proposed to you, Lord Worborough will feel compelled to leave England——"

"And leave me," she interjected, "to my own devices? I know what to expect from Lord Worborough. It will be quite as well that Lord Worborough should know what to expect from me. You bring me his ultimatum. You may carry back mine. I will take nothing less than the position which is justly due to me."

I asked her to define that position.

"Since Lord Worborough decides to live apart from me," she answered, "and since I would on no grounds consent to hold any avoidable intercourse with Lord Worborough, I claim that my solicitor and his shall meet to ascertain the amount of his yearly income and that it shall be strictly halved between us. I claim to live in England if I choose, and to spend half the year at Worborough Court and half the year in my house in town. I claim at such times to invite whom I please."

It was not with the slightest hope of reasoning with her, or bringing her to see her own side smaller than she saw it by the light of nature, but out of pure curiosity to know how far her contemptuous disregard of others would carry her, that I asked where Lord Worborough was to live. She raised her eyebrows with a theatrical pretence of indifferent astonishment.

"What is it to me where Lord Worborough lives, or where Lord Worborough dies? If Lord Worborough should cease to live I shall have my claim upon the estate."

I hastened to close the interview.

"The agreement of which I have spoken will be drawn up by Lord Worborough's

lawyer at once, and submitted to your ladyship."

"Lord Worborough's solicitor may save himself the trouble of drawing up any such document. If it is submitted to me I shall put it in the fire."

"That is your last word upon the matter, madam?"

"That is my last word upon the matter, sir."

I rose and turned to go, but recollected that I had not delivered the whole of the message entrusted to me.

"I am to say," I added, pausing half way to the door, "that an advertisement will appear to-morrow morning in every London daily journal to the effect that Lord Worborough will not hold himself responsible for any debt whatever contracted in his name. He will make arrangements with his men of business for cash payment in respect of everything that may be required by them, will abolish his own personal banking account, and draw solely upon his steward."

She turned a little pale at this, and I thought that I had made an impression upon her. I waited in silence for a considerable time, but she gave me no answer. Her hands, which I noticed for the first time were glittering with heavy and valuable-looking rings, clutched at the scarlet silk of her dressing-gown with precisely such an exaggerated motion of anger as an actress would have employed upon the scene.

"Permit me, Lady Worborough," I said. "There is no desire to be harsh or overbearing. The offer I am empowered to make is generous, and no court of law in the world will find it inadequate to your position. The offer will never be withdrawn upon your husband's side, and upon signature of the document I have named you will be able at any time to realise the allowance made to you. But no further offer will be made, and no penny will be paid until the document is signed."

"Very well, sir," she answered, "you have my answer, and you may go. I will starve in the streets rather than accept this wretched pittance."

She rose to her feet, and strode to and fro about the room, swinging her trailing gown about her as she turned, with a hand obviously trained and skilful. The old sense I had of her having rehearsed the scene came back upon me, and I could see that she had, in her own fierce, self-hating way, a relish and enjoyment for the airs she practised and the tones she used.

"And who are you?" she cried, pausing suddenly in a statuesque attitude, with both hands drawn backward clutching her robe and her chin high in the air. "Who are you who dare to come here to insult me with this infamous message? You, my husband's hanger-on and toady, who owe the bread you eat to the generosity of Lord Worborough."

"That, madam," I answered, "is no part of the question I was empowered to discuss. I have the honour to wish you a good day."

She flashed between me and the door in an instant, setting her back against it with simulated pantings of rage and scorn, and eyes wide open. All the airs were simulated, but there was evidently a real passion behind them. Pole had told me something, though not much, of the manner of her rages, and I began to see that I was fated to witness at least one of them. She rated me at first with a slow and measured tone, which gradually increased in volume and rapidity, until it grew to an inarticulate shriek. She tore the laces from her neck and wrists, and rent them with teeth and fingers into fragments. Whatever pretence she had begun with, she had got past her own guardianship by this time, and was embarked upon the full tide of a mad hysteria. The gaunt female who acted as her companion seemed accustomed to this display. She marched quietly and with a determined air to her mistress, and then moving suddenly behind her, pinioned her elbows, and, in spite of her raging resistance, drew her from the door.

"Allez-vous-en!" she said to me in one of the pauses of the mad screaming voice.

I needed no second bidding, but slipped out hastily, closing the door behind me. In the next apartment the wild cries sounded almost as fiercely in my ears as they had done at first. I closed a second door and they were fainter; a third, and they were barely audible. I could still hear them, or fancied that I heard them, in the hall, but the solemn old butler, who may, for all I can tell, have been a little hard of hearing, gave no sign, but opened the door and bowed me out upon the street with an unaltered gravity of politeness. I had not arranged to meet Pole again until the evening; but, according to agreement, I made my way to his solicitor, and gave him instructions for the preparation of the document. He promised, under pressure, that it should be ready for delivery on the morrow; and I returned to my own duties, such as they were, and remained in my office till the customary hour of leaving.

If ever Pole had stood in need of justifica-

tion to my mind, the scene in which I had just taken part would have amply served his turn. As it was, it served only to confirm an opinion already sufficiently fixed and solid.

When we met that evening I told him the result of the interview.

"I expected as much," he said. "She will not yield, and I dare not. She must go her own way and dree her weird."

We drew up between us the advertisement we had decided upon, and sent a commissionaire in a cab to the advertisement offices of the various London papers, and next morning the announcement appeared and was naturally much talked of. Pole lingered in London long enough to complete his instructions to his lawyer and to give directions to his steward. It was decided to close Worborough Court and to leave only the servants absolutely necessary for its preservation from decay; and the unhappy master of the stately old place went abroad again to carry his burden as best he might.

Before he went it was decided that in case of any new movement on the part of Lady Worborough I was to be consulted by the lawyer before action on our side was taken. Pole was going to move about, not knowing as yet in what direction, and caring as little as he knew.

At our parting he named Mary Delamere of his own accord for the first time since the discovery of his wife's plot. He asked after her health and general welfare with a quiet, sorrowful composure, and I answered him with perfect truth and candour. She suffered, but she suffered very nobly to my thinking, and I told him that he might be sure that in a while she would find a tranquil happiness. That was our good-bye, for the train started as I spoke, and we had time for no more than a final shake-hands.

About a week later I was seated in my office when a messenger announced a visitor. The visitor being ushered in appeared as a sandy-haired and pale-complexioned man of middle age, who had a jaunty manner and an air of humorous enjoyment of things in general, tempered by a habit of respectfulness. He announced himself as coming from Pole's lawyer, and he brought with him a curious and embarrassing history. Lady Worborough had, it seemed, taken up her quarters at the Court, had taken her companion with her, and had proclaimed her right to stay there. The messenger appeared to find a certain not easily discernible drollery in this history, and smiled outright half-a-dozen times in telling it. My glance seemed always to quell this unseasonable tendency to mirth on his part, but if I turned from him for a moment it was only to find him inspired once more to a broad grin by the hidden humour of the situation.

"The steward circulated the advertisement, sir, amongst the local tradespeople, but Lady Worborough has so far paid in ready-money, and of course nobody has refused to serve her. She doesn't seem to spend much, her ladyship doesn't. She has killed quite a number of the cocks and 'ens in the back premises"—here the broad grin flashed out again, was struggled with, under the influence of my unsympathetic eye, and with difficulty dismissed—"and we learn, sir, that she has given orders for a dozen pigs to be killed and salted down as if she had made up her mind to stand the siege. Of course it costs her nothing to maintain the servants, because they are on board wages, and are paid regularly by the steward. Mr. Wantage would very much like to know, sir, what, in your opinion, ought to be done under the circumstances."

I could think of nothing that could be done under the circumstances, but to leave Lady Worborough in possession of the Court, until circumstances compelled her to vacate it. The lawyer, when I came to confer with him, shared in this opinion, but when it came to our ears, as it did later on, that articles of value were being sold, we deemed it our duty to interfere. The dull and stupid contention went on for six months, and then her ladyship, tiring of the business, disappeared. There were occasional paragraphs in the newspapers, by which one learned that the eccentric Lady Worborough was at Bath, or that the eccentric Lady Worborough was at Scarborough. But by-and-by these flickered out, and for a full year no intelligence of her doings reached me. I supposed that she was living upon the proceeds of her last raid upon her husband, and I looked forward with certainty to her reappearance when her store should be exhausted.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK III.

By THE EDITOR.

THE most precious gift God can bestow on the world is that of a great man. With the growth of the democracy there has been a tendency to underrate, in theory at least, the value of the individual. When some fifty years ago the present Laureate sang the glories of the coming age, he believed that in the future there would be a reversal of the past, under which the world had been ruled by a few great personalities. In the new age the "common sense of most," and the influence of a vast public opinion, were to be the chief governing powers. He saw that already

> "The individual withers, and the world is more and more."

In spite of the second "Locksley Hall," in which the poet records in words of scorn the disappointment of his earlier hopes, yet his anticipations have undoubtedly to a large extent been realised. With the education of the masses and the rapidity of communication, whereby opinions are disseminated over the civilised world, the tendency is, and ought to be, towards the growth of the power of the many, and to the weakening of the individual.

It must always be a moot point how far great men make periods, or are themselves the product of periods. There was a time when the historian deemed his task fulfilled when he recorded the character and the deeds of whatever outstanding personality ruled the world of his day. All the other elements of society which contributed to victory or defeat were overlooked. Little attention was paid to the soil out of which the great tree grew. But the exaggeration in that direction has been followed by the exaggeration of a modern school which has fallen into the other extreme. The theory of evolution, which has been the distinguishing instrument of modern physical research, has been applied with relentless vigour to history. As it banishes God or any divine purpose from its field of investigation, so its task is to account for the phenomena of history on wholly natural grounds. Every man is not only affected by the age he lives in, but is entirely its product. There is no such thing as creative personages, who, by the force of individual genius or the strength of originating will, make an epoch. If this man had not appeared there would have been another, for according to these teachers, he and all such are as much a necessary result of the forces at work in society as the fruit which ripens in a certain exposure. Hence there arises the habit of decrying the value of the few to the glorifying of the many, and the "vox populi" is belauded as if it were verily "vox Dei." The masses are supposed to make or unmake history and the heroes of history. They are taught to believe that they can do without any God-given leader; no individual, however great, is to be more than their delegate. The idea of a ruler, an originator, a determining factor, is resented.

Well does Thomas Carlyle protest against such exaggeration and vindicate the value of the true kings of men whom God bestows. "The great man was the creature of the time, they say; the time called him forth; the time did everything, he nothing—but we the little critic could have done too. This seems to me but melancholy work. The time call forth! Alas, we have known times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called; he was not there; Providence had not sent him; the time, calling its loudest, had to go down to confusion and wreck because he would not come when called. . . . Those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry, 'See, is it not the sticks that make the fire?' There is no sadder symptom of an age than such general blindness to the spiritual lightening, with faith only in the heap of barren dead fuel. It is the last consummation of unbelief."

No modern instance could be more apposite to prove the importance of great men than what the history of Germany affords. Many influences have undoubtedly contributed to the result we now behold, but the brains who conceived it, the strong wills that determined it, even in spite of the popular will, belong undoubtedly to a very few men. The Emperor William I., Bismarck, and Moltke have had, for good or evil, the destiny of Europe in their hands for years; and they stand in the nineteenth century as witnesses to the power of the individual, and show how foolish it would be if, in contemplating the future, we omitted to calculate the possible effects of even one man born to command and to mould his generation. The democracy is perhaps the very form of social life most likely to yield quickly to such an influence.

The Emperor of Germany, so long known as Crown Prince, while differing in tempera-

ment both from his father, who was essentially a warrior and an absolutist, and from Bismarck, the man of iron, yet occupied a high place among the makers of modern Germany; and when his moral and intellectual qualities are taken into account, he may be reckoned as one of the most heroic and chivalrous personages, not only in modern Germany, but in modern Europe. He combined elements of character which recall the self-forgetful bravery and loving devotion of our own General Gordon, while in other respects we associate him with the soldierly firmness and statesmanship which made William I. the idol of his people.

It is not by what he has been able to do as Emperor that we can measure his capacities. The power of accomplishing the noble intentions he was known to have cherished for the good of his country has in God's providence been denied him; but it was in the consistency of his character through lifelong trials, in the lofty sympathies he always displayed, in the high aims he ever followed, in the grandeur of his consecration to duty, in the charm of his brave self-forgetfulness, in the manly resolution and touching patience with which he bore up against great suffering and terrible misfortune, and in the modesty with which he always carried the weight of his many honours, that he has won for himself the admiration of the civilised world. That could have been no ordinary character which made his death felt as a personal loss by millions in every region of the world. The fascination he exercised was of a kind which only a few choice leaders of men have wielded. His life reads more like a brilliant page from the annals of chivalry than one belonging to our unromantic time. To his generous nature the work of ameliorating human misery and of bringing the influences of art and science and religion, the gifts of instruction and the elevating power of liberal thought and liberal institutions into beneficial exercise was more congenial than the triumphs of martial conquest. Yet he gave himself during the most of his life to the military service of his country, because it was his duty, and because the exigencies of the time required it. The royal family of Prussia are born soldiers, and the labour which the military service imposes on Prussian officers and men is notoriously exacting, but the foremost in rank have always been the foremost in submitting to its strictest demands. The Crown Prince was no exception. He entered the ranks when he was little more than a child, and passed through every grade till he reached the highest command. From dawn of day till nightfall he, like every other officer, had to work hard and study hard. The great instrument of a perfect army was not created without keenest thought, the most painful attention to details, and the most elaborate precision of drill and organization. This continuous discipline at home and the hardships of great campaigns abroad were throughout accepted by the Crown Prince without his having been even touched by that vain thirst for "glory," which has been so often the chief motive of the military spirit. The words he wrote after a battle, "He who causes war by the stroke of the pen knows not what he is calling up from Hades" reveal the innate dislike he had of the consequences which follow on the dread arbitrament of the sword. And yet while thus acutely realising the horrors of the battle-field, or perhaps because he did so realise them, he became an ideal leader, wise as the wisest, brave as the bravest, and the most merciful and considerate of commanders. Never did he ride down the ranks of his soldiers without being greeted by a loud hurra of enthusiastic acclamation. When it fell to his lot to command the forces in France, which but a few years before he had defeated in Bohemia, it is related that when in the territory of the Vosges "he was sauntering one evening alone, pipe in hand, past a barn occupied by a party of Wurtemberg troops. Hearing something like stump oratory going on, the Prince opened the door and looked in. Every one rose. 'Oh, sit down; I am not coming to disturb; I dare say there's room for me to do the same,' said the Prince. 'Pray who was making that speech?' All eyes were turned on a sergeant, whose very intelligent countenance, however, looked sorely puzzled when the Commander-in-Chief further asked, 'And what were you talking about?' Quickly recovering his presence of mind, the sergeant confessed, 'Well, of course, we were talking of our victories, and I was just explaining to these young men how, four years ago, if we had had you to lead us we should have made short work of these confounded Prussians.' The Prince roared with laughter, and continued chatting with the party far into the night."

When in the war against Austria he was entrusted with his first great command, the second division of the army having been placed under him, he soon displayed the highest gifts of generalship. It was he who, after three minor but bloody engagements,

so skilfully and suddenly hurled his forces against the Austrians at Sadowa, as to have decided what was before a doubtful battle. His quick eye saw the weak point where the assault could best be made, and saying, "Make for that tree," he so directed his troops as to carry disaster home to the enemy. In the later and far more critical campaign in which the Fatherland rose as one man to resist the threatened invasion by France, the Crown Prince, along with his cousin the Red Prince, were, next to Moltke, the true victors under the veteran soldier King. It was the Crown Prince who first taught the French troops that they had met their superiors in skill and discipline, as he began the series of rapid triumphs which led on to Sedan. It was he who conquered at Weissenberg and on the bloody field of Wörth. It was to him that Napoleon III. attributed his defeat at Sedan. It was he who chiefly carried the plans of Moltke into effect around Paris.

But brilliant as were these achievements, they do not fill us with such a sense of heroism as the marvellous charm he exercised not only upon his own men, but over the imagination of his enemies. That charm arose from the unfaltering goodness of heart and considerateness for others which never deserted him. "Unser Fritz," "our own Fritz," as he was called by his soldiers, who found in him a personal friend as well as great commander, became a title which the French also learned to use—half in good-natured banter, but really because they recognised how his counsels were always on the side of generosity, and that wherever his influence extended justice and mercy prevailed.

Magnificent as was his career in war, we believe the highest qualities of his nature would have found their true sphere in the work of civil government. Every one who knew him felt that he had the heart as well as intellect, the statesmanship as well as the high aims, that give security for conquests in political and social life. His influence in Germany would have probably been as valuable in this direction as any advantage gained by him on the battle-field. The very suspicion with which his accession was regarded by the reactionary and absolutist party shows the impression which his well-known convictions had produced. It is too sad, too mysterious and pathetic to contemplate the possibilities which the empire afforded to such a ruler, and the benefits to his people and to Europe that might have flowed from such a reign. We have at home humanitarians (of a sort) enough and to spare, who bring to every social question a fussiness and hysterical "gush" that do more harm than good. But this emperor and king was strong and calm, far-seeing and patient, uniting the noblest aspirations and designs for the good of his people with the firmness of hand of one who knows the risks of sudden change, as well as the advantages of liberal institutions. But what he might have done is, alas! now a matter of speculation alone. The glorious promise of a great reign has been shattered after three brief months, during which his magnanimity rose triumphant over fearful trials. When the need of such a man appeared the greatest he has been taken away, and the future of Germany and of Europe has become shrouded.

His life is rich in incidents, which form one fine harmony, representing a brave, affectionate, simple, and true character. Story after story is told with pride by those who served under him of the dauntless courage displayed by him in the face of the enemy, while he himself was apparently the only one who was unconscious of there having been anything remarkable in what he did. The continual acts of kindness which he displayed towards his men consecrated the military tie of discipline into a bond of personal affection. It has been stated that there was scarcely a soldier in his division who did not carry away the remembrance of some word or deed that had touched the heart by its considerateness. We cannot vouch for the truth of an incident we heard lately, although we were assured it was well known in Berlin, but which at all events illustrates the belief that prevails as to the late emperor's bravery. When an attempt was made on his father's life by a gang of extreme Socialists, it is said that the Crown Prince went alone and unarmed into the den where the confederates were supposed to meet; but, happily for his own safety, he arrived too late, as the conspirators had decamped. Space, however, forbids our enlarging on incidents like these, but we must not omit alluding to his domestic life, which in many particulars unites him so closely to our own country. As we recall the time when the fair-haired soldier, even then of so striking an aspect and noble a bearing, was united in the flush of his early manhood to the Princess Royal of England; as we recall the story of that simple courtship, in which no stroke of diplomacy was required to cement the ties of an affection as deep as ever joined two young hearts together; as we remember the episode of the bunch of white heather during the

romantic autumn at Balmoral; and then the marriage and the going away, when the parting was almost as sad as the new hopes were bright; and now, as we look back on the married life of thirty years, chequered by many sorrows as well as joys, but ever enriched by a love that grew stronger, purer, tenderer, we can understand the greatness of the bereavement that has fallen on the widowed Empress and on our own aged and widowed Queen.

Our Princess Royal was a consort worthy of this great man. Of brilliant intellect and keenest sympathies, ardent, devoted, brave, she has been the inspirer of many of his best aspirations, as well as the sharer of every interest. The daughter of our sea-girt isle, the daughter of our ancient freedom, the close companion of her father and the inheritor of his high thoughts for the good of men, she has carried into her adopted country our best traditions—the devotion to duty which has been the characteristic, indeed, of both Royal Houses, and the purity of soul and the domestic affectionateness which have so long made the home of our Queen representative of what is best in our national life. For many years she has been the promoter of movements and the founder of institutions in Germany for which the poor, the ignorant, and the suffering bless her name. We know not, indeed, which of the two to admire most—the husband, the idol of his men, carrying through the storm of war that tenderness of heart which marks the most chivalrous type of soldier, or the wife at home, now bearing in calm self-forgetfulness the death of her child while the father was marching into Bohemia; or again, during the awful Franco-German war, the able organizer of great hospitals, and herself—like her warm-hearted sister, the Princess Alice—the actual nurse of the wounded, visiting hundreds of beds daily and spending hours in alleviating suffering. "Everything here," wrote the Princess Alice, "seems to smell of blood." We ought to think proudly of these daughters of our Queen—the one in Baden and the other in Darmstadt—labouring with their own hands, night and day, in the trying but glorious work of mercy.

But we have, alas! to think of that domestic life in other aspects. It is strange now to recall that hour of pride when, just a year before his death, and though even then stricken with his mortal disease, the Crown Prince, the most princely man amid a group of princes, rode to Westminster to take part in the Jubilee service. In sad contrast to that splendid scene has been the weary story of the year so recently ended—the long battle with disease, the alternate hope and despair, the winter at San Remo, the journey through winter to Berlin, and the three closing months of as hard trial as ever fell to any monarch. All Europe has watched by the death-bed of that brave man struggling with his fate, not a murmur ever escaping from his lips, a kind smile ready for every one, while his strong intellect and noble heart were engaged, all undaunted, night and day in devising measures for the good of his country. How touching were those little messages he wrote as he lay facing the inevitable approach of the overwhelming shadow—his considerate words to his physicians, the sweet farewells to his children! "Remain pious and good as you have always been. This is the last wish of your dying father." His last words delivered to his wife with affecting emotion, were as grand as they are true. "I have tried my best to do my duty to my God and country." "I feel that my mortal end is near; but God's will be done!" It is all too pathetic, too tragic. But a few days before and the world had read of hopes being entertained of at least a prolonged life, and then came the sudden failure, and a death-bed made beautiful by perfect resignation and the most unselfish thoughtfulness. There was not a heart which did not bleed for him when the news spread, or which did not sympathise with that splendid woman—our own Princess—who nursed him with a tenderness that seemed to feel no fatigue, until the hour came when hope had fled, and when the hands of husband and wife, joined in love thirty years before, were joined at the last in a love which death could not quench, although death alone unclasped them.

The two emperors, father and son, who laboured for the same end, and who together had led their troops through many a hard-won fight, lived to see the dream realised, which had fired the souls of the greatest poets and thinkers among the German people. They now "sleep their last sleep," leaving to the nation inspiring recollections of rare ability, manly courage, and unselfish patriotism. Future generations will honour them as the founders of that Empire, strong, disciplined, and self-reliant, which has gathered to itself the loyalty of the great Teuton race, and welded into unity the many states, whose divisions and jealousies had been the continual source of weakness and peril.

June, 1888.

DREAMLAND IN HISTORY.

By the Very Rev.
H. DONALD M. SPENCE, D.D.,
Dean of Gloucester.

SECOND PAPER.

WHAT a powerful factor is death in our estimation of other men and women! There is something strange in this; it does not gild what is ugly and undesirable, but it makes us forget the dark side of the one who is gone from us, while it transfigures with a new strange beauty anything desirable, any fair characteristic, any distinguished position which belonged in life to the "fallen asleep." It is not absence, permanent absence—not the eternal (as far as this world is concerned) separation which does this. It is death

Now were death annihilation; if the dead, body, soul, and spirit, ceased to exist, if they had returned to the elements and had been absorbed, this feeling on the part of men about the dead would not exist. It is the persuasion universal, if not universally acknowledged, the persuasion that death is only a change of state, which affects so powerfully, so tenderly, so lovingly, our judgment of the departed.

Never was this human judgment more powerfully affected, more completely reversed than in the case of that unhappy king of England whose fair white effigy lies hard by the Gloucester Cathedral altar. Living, King Edward II. seemed to have forfeited all feeling of love and loyalty on the part of his subjects, all respect and affection, which even a poor weak sovereign generally wins from his people—at least from many of them, just

because he is a king. Edward II., when a prisoner in Berkeley Castle, apparently had forfeited the people's love, had lost his own home and hearth, his wife and child. He still, in spite of his forced abdication, wore the crown; we see it in the beautiful Gloucester effigy. But during those sad days in Berkeley Castle and other prisons, it was a very crown of thorns.

But no sooner had death touched the poor misguided prince than a sudden revulsion of feeling set in. Never, perhaps, has a fairer tomb been carved than the one which the dead man's son, Edward III., set up over his murdered father in the Gloucester minster.

Well-nigh six hundred summers and winters have passed since the masons put the last stroke to the cunning work in the old Norman abbey-church, and left the dead Edward to sleep undisturbed beneath the graceful canopy of stone and marble; yet men still come to wonder at it and to admire its unrivalled beauty and grace.

But the exquisite shrine in Gloucester was only the beginning of the tardy reparation of England. As we have said, pilgrims from all parts of the country flocked to Gloucester, to pray before the royal shrine—for it was in good truth a shrine of the ill-used king whom they had allowed to be so cruelly and shamefully done to death.

Men forgot his weakness, his love for unworthy favourites, forgot those nerveless hands which once held the iron sceptre in so powerless a grasp, and only remembered his surpassing beauty and his grace, his winning manners and his princely bearing. They seemed to fancy God had taken him under His special care now, and to make up for the hard and cruel treatment which His anointed had received on earth, had given him some special place and home among the saints in glory.

Some such feelings as these must have moved the crowds of pilgrims who thronged for so many years the grey old Norman aisles of the great Gloucester minster church, just to kneel and pray at the shrine of the dead King Edward.

* * * * *

In the church of Berkeley, one of the noblest parish churches in the west of England, under the walls of the old, famous castle where King Edward II.'s last days of humiliation and pain were spent, there is a stately tomb bearing a date not very many years after the death scene in the castle keep. On the broad white sculptured slab lie two effigies, with hands folded in attitude of prayer. One of these possesses a singular interest. The effigy in question is of a knight clad in a coat of mail, the rich yet simple armour in which the nobles and chiefs of Edward III. fought and won at Cressy. But we have not a few examples of these sculptured and painted effigies of the warriors of the Edwards. The beautiful tomb and its recumbent figures would not of themselves claim a special mention; but one loves to think—probably with reason—that the artist, when he designed these fair monuments of the illustrious dead, tried to reproduce something which would recall the features of the famous knight or noble when in life.

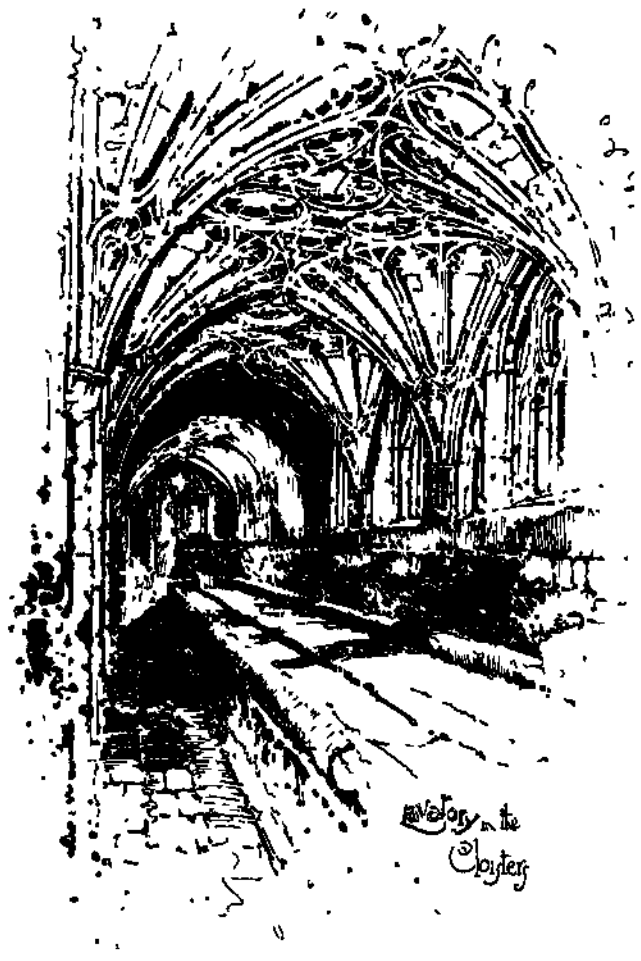
The face of the mailed warrior of the tomb in Berkeley church is an arresting one; the stranger, as his eye travels over the beautiful church, is struck with the great monument near the east end of the nave, the white monument with the life-sized images of a knight in full armour of the time of Edward III., and of a lady. The latter possesses no special interest, save for the antiquarian, who is delighted with the perfect fourteenth-century figure; but the face of the knight arrests at once the gaze of all thoughtful passers-by. The long-dead and forgotten artist has left an *expression* on the face of that sculptured knightly form that none can forget who have really looked at it.

It is of a man not very much past his prime; the rich coat of mail, with the proud ancestral shield of a great house blazoned over it, tells us we have before us the effigy of one of the powerful nobles of the court of Edward III.

But it is the *face* which attracts the stranger—it is the face which positively *haunts* the stranger as he gazes on it: it draws him back to look at it again, and yet again. On the face there is an expression of hopeless remorse, it seems—of a remorse too great for anything in this life to comfort. It seems to tell of an eternal regret.

Maurice, Lord of Berkeley, whose remains sleep beneath that stately white tomb, was master of the castle when Sir John Maltravers and Sir Thomas Gournay, acting as gaolers, brought the hapless Edward II. prisoner to Berkeley.

The true story relates how Lord Maurice de Berkeley received his unhappy royal guest with knightly courtesy, and treated him with studied respect. This conduct on the part of the Lord of Berkeley so misliked Edward's cruel gaolers, Gournay and Maltravers, that they positively would not allow him to see the poor captive king, and prevented him



This room is little changed since the day when the dark deed of murder was done in it. There still exists the little terrace outside where the sentinel used to keep watch and ward by day and by night. The couch where the king's attendant used to sleep by his royal master is still there, and the very bed, so the story runs, in which poor Edward was foully and cruelly murdered, still occupies the old place. The ancient bed now shown may or may not, *in its entirety*, be the identical bed of Edward, but the curious and most ancient coverlet is probably of that period. The whole scene of the murder is scarcely changed.

It would be needlessly harrowing to dwell on the dread scene which this room in the castle-keep witnessed on the night of the 22nd September, A.D. 1327. Traditions yet linger in the neighbourhood that in the meadows beneath the castle-wall, and which are scarcely a stone's-throw from the church, the shrieks of the dying king were distinctly heard that night, and that dwellers in the cottages near the castle were awoke by the piercing cries, "and prayed to God for the harmless soul which was passing that night in torture."

from doing anything to soften the rigour of the confinement in his own castle.

Terrible cruelties seem to have been inflicted on the fallen sovereign when under Maurice de Berkeley's roof. A well leading into a damp and noisome dungeon is still shown in the castle in which they say the king was immured, and there fed upon a diet of putrid meat, in the hope that malaria and unwholesome food would speedily put an end to his life. But strangely enough the king lived on, so sterner measures were resorted to. He was taken from the dungeon and lodged in a strong chamber in the castle keep.

Could not the Lord of Berkeley, whose kindly feelings towards the unhappy Edward were known, though he was probably under some restraint and suspicion, have contrived to stop that foul deed done in his own castle? Is it then a baseless thought which thinks of the sculptor of the effigy of the tomb faithfully reproducing the features of Lord Mau

rice de Berkeley as he appeared in life, with the memories of that dread September night stamped for ever on the face—his royal master's cries of mortal agony sounding for ever in his ears? No expiation, no sorrow we can conceive, could ever have washed the events of that dread night off the tablets of the memory. Hence the look, the indescribable look of hopeless sorrow, of bitter remorse printed on the face of that silent knightly form lying on the great tomb of Berkeley church.

The gloomy room in Berkeley castle keep and the fair tomb and its effigy with the sad sculptured face in Berkeley church should be studied together with the stately shrine at Gloucester, where the murdered Edward lies in royal state.

* * * * *

It is very quiet now, that silent aisle in Gloucester Cathedral, where the fretted lace-work of the beautiful canopy throws its shadows over the white image of Edward. The line of pilgrims to the shrine has long ceased to stream by.

But as the stranger in Gloucester stops to gaze at, and to admire, the exquisite work which canopies the royal grave he asks perhaps the guide the question, "Is the body of the dead king surely there? Has it ever been touched by rude or sacrilegious hands?" He remembers, if his "memory still is green," he remembers the story of St. Denys hard by Paris, and the rifled, dishonoured graves there, once the sacred resting-place of so many Valois and Bourbon kings of France—remains which, alas! were scattered to the winds of heaven in the stormy revolutionary days, when in unhappy France throne and altar were alike desecrated. He remembers, too, how the story of Gloucester tells of the rough soldiers of Cromwell, of the havoc they made in the sacred precincts. To them nothing was sacred, neither cloister nor church. Men relate how they stabled their horses in the beautiful cloister walks of King Edward III. We look at the broken reredos, at the chipped and disfigured stones, still lovely in their utter ruin, and ask what that glorious Lady Chapel must have been before those days, when the misguided iconoclasts of the "Republic" busied themselves in destroying what was so beautiful and venerable in these storied walls of Gloucester!

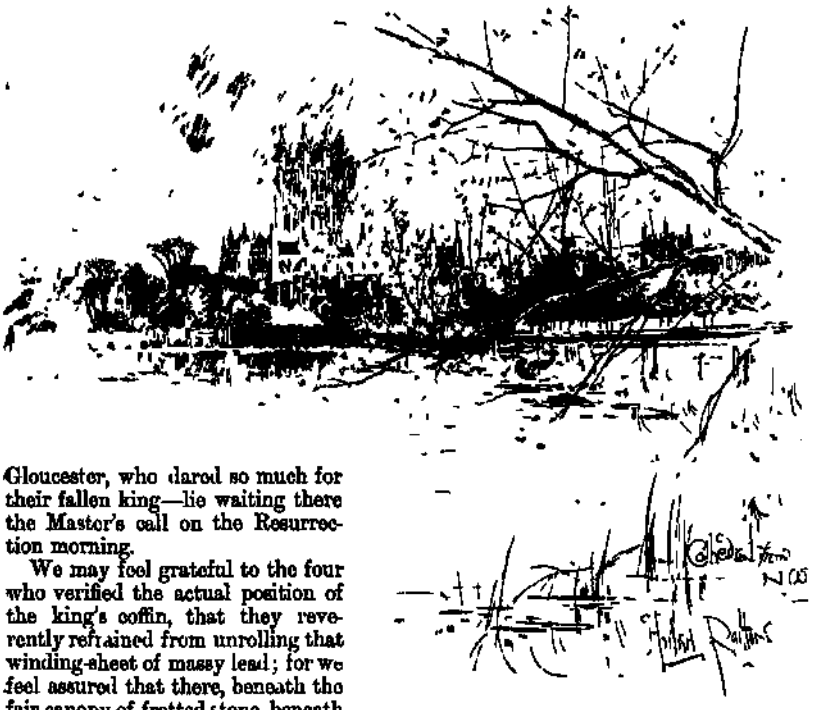
Had Cromwell's rough troopers dug up King Edward's body? They had no love for kings we know, and Edward's unhappy story would not have increased their reverence for the royal state; and the men who could hack and deface the exquisite shrines and sacred altars of the Lady Chapel, only a few yards distant, might well have employed their leisure in tossing out and scattering to the winds of heaven the remains of a king rejected by his subjects, as was the hapless second Edward.

Some thirty-two years ago, the doubt whether or no the body of the king lay beneath his splendid tomb, decided the canon then in residence quietly to open the cathedral floor beneath the Edward shrine and see.

The solitary survivor of the "exploring" party tells the story. It was in the deep dawn of an autumn morning when they assembled, four in number, in the quiet hush of the old church. On the south side of the tomb they removed the floor and excavated about two feet or a little more. Then they worked under the tomb, and there, beneath the flooring immediately under the monument, the searchers came upon a wood coffin of great antiquity, quite sound, but the wood was light as cork. After removing a portion of this they came to a leaden coffin, quite perfect, made in a very peculiar manner. It was a very thick sheet of lead, square at the bottom, and rising on each side like an arch, and so turned over the body in an oval or arched form, and seen to have been made to sit nearly close upon the body. The tomb apparently had never been opened before this, since the morning of the interment some five hundred and twenty-eight years before. The searchers left it open for about the space of two hours. The whole was then carefully closed again without any injury having been done to the tomb.

The survivor of that little curious group having been questioned as to details, said the canon refrained from unwinding that heavy sheet of lead and thus exposing the face of the dead to the light. It would probably, after a short exposure, have crumbled to dust, so he left it untouched still wrapped in its leaden winding-sheet. About the lead the survivor said were many bits of tarnished tinsel, as though something like a lying-in-state had been arranged by the loyal monks, probably in the crypt beneath the choir.

So when we gaze upon that solemn, beautiful tomb, we may rest assured that no rude, impious men have violated it, no rude careless hands have despoiled it of its sacred contents, but that the remains of royal Edward—probably embalmed by the reverent care of the Benedictine monks of



Gloucester, who dared so much for their fallen king—lie waiting there the Master's call on the Resurrection morning.

We may feel grateful to the four who verified the actual position of the king's coffin, that they reverently refrained from unrolling that winding-sheet of massy lead; for we feel assured that there, beneath the fair canopy of fretted stone, beneath the white and solemn figure of the king lies at this moment the body of Edward, with the face still in its old wan beauty, as on the morning nigh six hundred years ago, when pious Abbot Thoky's hand tenderly and reverently left him there to sleep.

The wonderful flow of rich offerings at the tomb of the murdered Edward went on, rather as time passed, increasing than diminishing; the treasury of the Benedictine house of Gloucester grew fuller and fuller. The dreams of restoration, of making the old Norman minster of Serlo—the abbot chosen by Archbishop Lanfranc—more beautiful, first dreamed by Abbot Thoky in the reign of Edward II., became likely enough to be realised. There was no lack of funds. "Religion," as it has been quaintly said, "religion awoke creative genius, genius worked freely with boundless command of wealth."

The old chroniclers of the monastery tell us that the monks of Gloucester, had they been so minded, might have rebuilt on a new and gorgeous scale their mighty abbey-church, so ample were the funds provided in the offerings at the shrine of Edward II. But the abbot preferred to change and to decorate rather than in pull down and to rebuild.

John Thoky, John Wigmore, Adam de Stanton, and Thomas Horton, abbots of the Benedictine house of Gloucester, A.D. 1307 1377, a period of just seventy years—names now utterly forgotten in the many-coloured story of England—must have been men of great power and ability.

Some have suggested that in the latter years of the thirteenth and in the fourteenth century there grew up a vast secret guild of freemasons connected with or latent in the monasteries and among the clergy, some of whom were men of professed architectural science; but there is no record of any such guild. The very names of the great architects who designed the (so-called) Gothic piles of the fourteenth century, with one or two exceptions, such as Erwin of Strasburg, have been lost. This is a curious and interesting question, deserving of searching investigation. No one as yet has been able to throw any light upon it. For instance, was the glorious Perpendicular of Gloucester first thought out by the Gloucester monks in the

little study-cells in the cloister walks of the Benedictine monastery by the monks themselves? Had they any foreign help? Did the prior in the great guest-chamber of his, or in that vaulted room now the deanery library, entertain men from distant lands who taught the monks of Gloucester the secrets of the strange, beautiful craft which with consummate art filled the Norman transepts and the once low-roofed choir with their inimitable veil of curious and delicate tracery in stone, which with rare skill changed the little apertures for light in which their Norman fathers had delighted, into those vast and splendid windows which they proceeded to fill with the magic of the richest, tenderest colouring?

Be this how it may, the Benedictine abbots of Gloucester of the fourteenth century and the men they employed surely devised a perfectly new and exquisitely beautiful form of architecture.

It was carried out in the two transepts and in the choir of that grand old Norman minster over which these abbots presided. Gloucester was the example, *par excellence*, of that exquisite and peculiarly English variety of the wide spread Gothic school of architecture known as Perpendicular.

It is probable that the straight lines so characteristic of their school of "Gothic," were first used in the cathedral of Gloucester, because the panelling and the tracery devised in the new work had to be, so to speak, carved on the old Norman walls and arches and pillars, and straight lines peculiarly adapted themselves to this service. In Gloucester the old pillars, the ancient arches were left, but over these a glorious stone web or veil of tracery was thrown.

It is difficult, almost impossible, to *write* a description of the exquisite beauty of the transept and choir of Gloucester, as trans-

formed by these fourteenth-century abbots. We pass through the Norman nave, grey and solemn, awfully impressive, with its vast and massive columns, little changed since the days when Abbot Serlo, Lanfranc's friend, in the reign of William the Conqueror and his son, first designed them. We pass through an avenue of these stately pillars, with scarcely any ornament to distract the eye and the thoughts from the severe beauty of the building, we pass into one or other of the transepts, we look straight forward: still the same great round massive pillars, but shorter than the nave columns, meet our gaze; still the same round arches, smaller than those in the nave, for there is now one row of them above the other, but yet of the self-same school. Then we pass through a low stone arch. We are now in the choir, and we find ourselves in another world of thought. Over the great and massive columns appears to have been dropped a mighty veil of tracery in stone, dazzlingly white, though more than five centuries have passed since that veil was cunningly and skilfully woven. A veil, nay, it is a film of tracery, so light—as one once phrased it well—so light that it seems to need nothing but the air to carry it.

At the eastern end of this curiously stone-clothed choir, at the eastern end, the Norman apse, once dark and solemn, was broken through; the old vaulted roof was raised higher than any choir-roof in England, save in the case of Westminster and of York. A mighty window—men say the largest in the world—filled up the place where the old gloomy apse once closed the sombre vista of Norman columns and arches. The glass of this window was exquisitely coloured, and a flood of jewelled light poured in and lit up, with a strange and beautiful light, the glorious choir and its white veil of sculptured stone.

The effect of Gloucester choir, the creation of the four great fourteenth-century abbots, those true masters of architecture, is marvellous. It has been described thus: "At Gloucester, as we enter the choir, the general effect is that of a Perpendicular building. We feel that there is something singular about it, that its effect differs altogether from that of a Perpendicular building, or of any building with regular and prominent pillars and arches. The effect is like that of a single-bodied building, a gigantic college chapel, a church like Alby without aisles. It is not till we look a little more narrowly that we find that the greater part of the Norman building is still there, not rebuilt, not even disguised as it is at Winchester, but simply hidden behind a veil of Perpendicular lacework. . . . . At Gloucester the later work, without destroying the elder, altogether obscures it, and decides the general effect of the building."* Another famous architectural critic† commenting upon this strange and magnificent choir at Gloucester, tells us how "in all cathedrals he observes a screen, about the height of the present altar-screen, separates the choir from the side aisles and transepts, but in this cathedral the screen is carried to the roof, and the result was a beautiful if not a unique choir. This screen of tracery which formed the sides was situate below the clerestory, plastered (so to speak) on the Norman walls; or, in some instances, the original Norman columns have been chipped down until they harmonise with the general design."

With the clerestory, it must be borne in mind, the old work ended. The Norman choir was much lower than the present lofty, imposing structure, which towers over every existing church in England, with the exception of York and Westminster.

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That vast east window which floods the choir of Gloucester, beautiful as a dream, with a soft silvery light—a light faintly coloured with jewelled shafts of the palest blue and red, with here and there a vein of faint gold—that vast window could not have been seen out of England or one of the cold and misty northern countries—countries where gleams of light or shafts of sunshine are exceeding precious. In south or central Europe the effect of such a mighty window would be simply dazzling to the eye—would be painful from its excess of light.

The master architect who it seems in the Gloucester cloisters devised the aëry fabric of the choir of the cathedral, knew how needful light was to reveal the fair beauty of the mighty walls with that delicate veil of stone tracery, which, with so much loving thought and care, they hung over the grim church and the massive low round arches built by their Norman fathers. They knew that light was especially required for the lofty vaulted roof of stone, so rich in colour, so elaborate with its tracery.

The monk architects of Gloucester no doubt had seen how the brightness of southern skies through comparatively little windows had illuminated the great abbey-churches of central and southern Germany, of Provence, Italy, and Spain, with shafts of golden light.

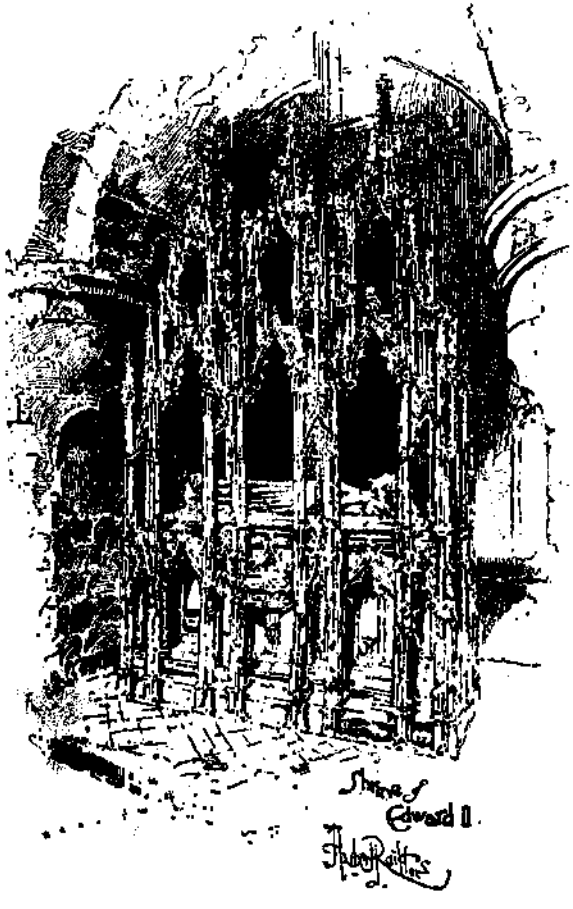
* E. A. Freeman. † Professor Willis, 1860.

They knew well that the pale blue of the skies of the Severn lands were very dim and lightless when compared with the surpassing brilliancy of the skies of south and central Europe. Hence the love of the English artist-monks for huge windows. They would build their minsters, they would make them rich with delicate lacework of stone, with altars gleaming with dusky gold and ablaze with varied colours—and to illumine these they would store up all the light which they could draw from the mist-stained clouds, from heavens rarely blue, well-nigh always veiled with the tender soft grey hues of our island atmosphere. Never, as they planned their vast yet graceful windows—never, they felt, was there any danger of over-much light in the minster church; there was no fear of the eyes being dazzled with excess of brilliancy from the English skies.

These reasons amply account for the three great Gloucester windows which the monk architects of the fourteenth century put into the new work—into the two stately transepts, into the tall and graceful choir.

* * * *

Near the splendid shrine erected by King Edward III. over the tomb of his murdered father, and nearer the high altar of the church, is another tabernacle tomb of exceeding graceful shape. The tabernacle work for Gloucester is comparatively modern, and was done in the earlier years of Henry VIII.'s reign, under the auspices of the last abbot of the famous Benedictine house at Gloucester, Malverne, or as he is sometimes styled, Parker.

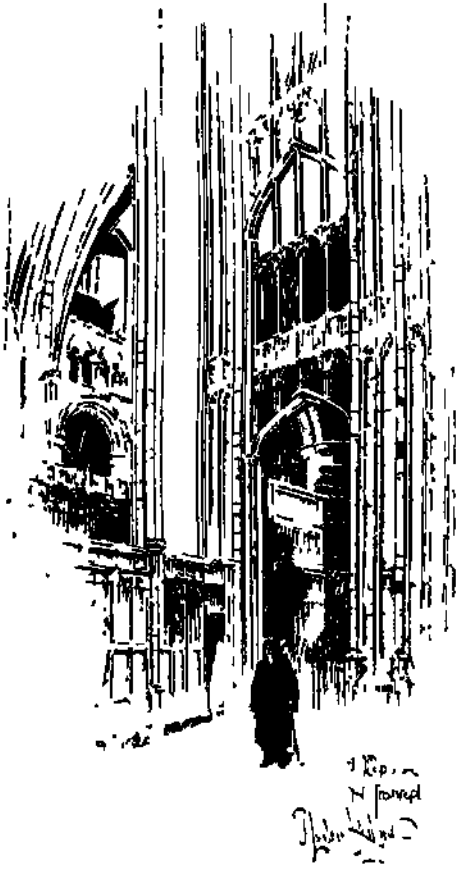


The figure within the shrine built by Abbot Malverne is, however, of a far more ancient date than the days of Henry VIII., at least two centuries or more older. It is the rough sculptured effigy, fairly preserved, of a king, robed and crowned, the Hwiccian king or under-king Osric, the first founder of the abbey of Gloucester. It possibly fills the place of a much older tomb. Osric, the founder of the abbey, lived about the year of our Lord 681. He subsequently became, history tells us, King of Northumbria.

Lying on the breast of King Osric is a Norman model of a stately minster church. The model, old as it is—for it dates from the Plantagenet kings—is of course an anachronism, for the church of King Osric must in form have been very different from the sculptured church on the breast of the old Saxon king. What we see modelled on the tomb is a pure Norman edifice, and doubtless roughly represents the building built by Lanfranc's friend,

Abbot Serlo, in the days of the Conqueror.

But its chief interest lies in the low, massive tower, which rises from the centre of the little model, for here doubtless we possess an effigy—the only one sculptured or painted that we have—of the old Norman tower of Gloucester Cathedral. It suggests at once the tower of the sister abbey of Tewkesbury, or more closely still, it may be said to resemble the low and massive tower (lately rebuilt) of Peterborough; it was a tower with an interior arcade, and evidently open, like a lantern, to the church below.



The true story of the towers of Gloucester will probably never now be told. The old monkish records dimly recount how in the far back days of the Plantagenet kings two unequal towers, one loftier than the other, stood at the west end of the great church, while at the east, over the parting of the arms of the cross, rose the massive tower roughly portrayed in stone on the tomb of Osric. The same chronicles obscurely hint at the raising of the same tower a story higher in the first part of the thirteenth century.

But the monastic annals tell us but little as to the fate of all these three. Dimly we catch sight of various catastrophes, of successive fires, and of an earthquake which shook or destroyed the mighty pile of masonry, or perchance of well-nigh equally solid oak.

Sometimes as we read the scattered and obscure notices, we are almost tempted to believe that in the deep and carefully matured schemes of the fourteenth-century monk architects the three towers—possibly weakened, if not destroyed by some such calamitous events (earthquake or fire) as have been referred to—were carefully taken down, those at the west end never to be rebuilt; the monk restorers of the reign of Edward III. proposing with wonderful audacity to raise a great mid-tower which should rival in strength and beauty all other towers in the west and midland counties—a tower which should be at once the crown and glory of their loved house of God—a tower which should stand in the centre of their great and beautiful minster, alone, without any lesser rivals to diminish aught of its grace and loveliness.

That such a far-seeing plan was matured in the monastery councils is at least possible, this looking forward to the building of a magnificent solitary tower in the centre of their beautiful minster—for even in the beginning of the new and elaborate work of Abbot Wygmore in the south transept (A.D. 1329), we find mighty solid buttresses or thrusts, curiously woven into the delicate Perpendicular veil of masonry—buttresses evidently destined to support the vast weight of some tall and massive tower dreamed of in no distant future.

And in that future, in a little more than a hundred years after the great buttresses of stone were woven into Abbot Wygmore's veil of Perpendicular masonry, the graceful massive tower we now admire was slowly and carefully completed; that tower of Gloucester Cathedral, which has now stood for more than four hundred years simply unrivalled in its perfect strength and exquisite beauty.

AUTUMN RAMBLES.

By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

AFTER accompanying our two boys to the field, the common, and the wood, we may now follow them "to the meadows below, and walk on the side of a brook that runs into the river," pursuing our walks to the banks of the river itself. With one exception, the sandpiper, we shall be sure to see every animal and plant which our young observer saw, and many others which he did not mention.

I have always thought that autumn is by far the best time for watching our brooks and rivers. The foliage is in its richest perfection, many aquatic and riverside flowers are still at their best, the summer's heat has so warmed the water that it simply swarms with active life; the first-brood birds are fledged, and are beginning the world on their own account; and, though the songs of birds are somewhat silenced since midsummer, the air is full of the hum of insects, while the shrill shrieks of the swifts, tempered by the elevation at which they are flying, seem perfectly in harmony with the place and season.

Where the brook widens before entering the river, and is decked with reeds, water-lilies, arrow-heads, and other aquatic plants, the most characteristic living creatures that meet the eye are the dragon-flies. Some of them may be seen earlier in the year, but not until August or September do we find them in perfection.

Note them as they dart through the air in search of prey, or settle on the reeds and quietly bask in the rays of the sun. Differing in many respects, such as size and colour, all dragon-flies agree in two points. They have four ample transparent wings, divided into a vast number of cellules, and their bodies are exceedingly long. They may be roughly divided into two distinct groups, one group having round heads and the other having their heads much wider than their length, and set transversely on the body, very much after the fashion of the hammer-headed shark.

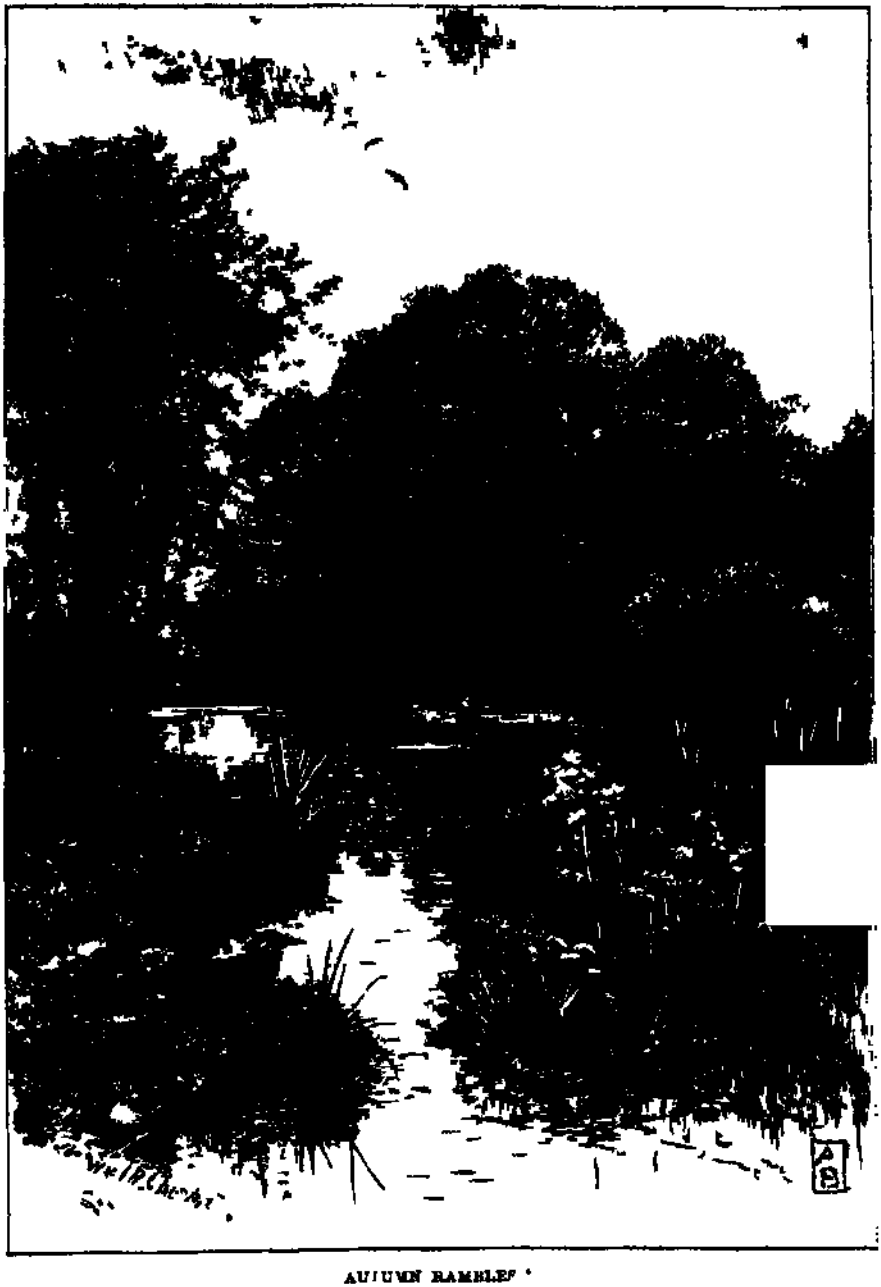
To this group belong the graceful and lovely "demoiselle" dragon-flies, perhaps the most beautiful of the whole family. The most remarkable point about them is the very bold distinction between the males and females, the two sexes being so unlike each other that they are often considered to belong to different species. The female is wholly green, even to the wings, while the male is dark, shining blue, with a large blue-black patch upon the wings. Others are pale blue or pink, and so slight and delicate that they can hardly be recognised as insects as they flit over the riverside herbage, but look like stray beams of coloured light.

All the largest species belong to the round-headed group, and wonderfully fine insects they are, their bodies being boldly ringed and patched with blue, scarlet, green, and yellow. It is a thousand pities that these gorgeous hues are so fugitive. They depend entirely on certain coloured membranes beneath the transparent horny covering of the body, and after death they first become dim, and by the time that the insect is quite dry, they become as black as the skin of a mummy. One species is remarkable for having a comparatively short and flattened body, the colour being a pale blue-grey.

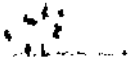
Be they what they may in size and colour, they are perhaps the fiercest and most voracious of the insect race. Catch one of them without injuring it, and hold it by the wings. Do not be afraid of it, for it is perfectly harmless. It will flourish its long body about in so menacing a fashion that it looks as if it were armed with a sting proportionate to its dimensions. The rustics are fully impressed with its venomous character, and almost invariably call it by the name of "horse stinger." If you put your finger between its jaws it will give you a smart nip, but it will never attack with its jaws, and has no sting.

Still holding it with one hand, catch flies or other insects and hold them to its mouth. It will be so intent on its prey as to entirely ignore the fact that it is a captive, and will eat as many spiders or insects as you choose to give it. Release it, and it will dart through the air quite undismayed by its late captivity, and will renew its hawking for prey.

It is not less predacious throughout its larval and pupal stages. The earlier part of its life is passed in the water, the creature breathing by means of a gill-like apparatus upon the interior of a tube which traverses the entire abdomen. By the alternate expansion and contraction of the body, the water is drawn into and forced out of the tube, necessarily passing over the gills. The ordinary mode of locomotion is crawling with the legs. This method of progression is,



AUTUMN RAMBLES



however, very slow, and when the larva wishes to dart quickly on its prey, it suddenly contracts the body, drives the water out of the aperture through which it entered, and by its reaction forces itself forward. The cuttle-fishes dart through the water by an almost identical mechanism, and some of them can project themselves with such force that they will shoot completely out of the sea, and even fall on the decks of large vessels.

Besides this appliance for catching prey, the dragon-fly larva is armed with an apparatus which I believe is unique in the animal kingdom. The under-lip is enormously prolonged, furnished with a formidable pair of jaws at its extremity, and doubly hinged, so that when not in use it can be folded up and tucked away under the chin, if we may use such a word when treating of an insect.

I have kept many of these larvæ, and have always found that when they wish to catch prey they do not approach it by means of their legs, probably because it might be alarmed. They always glide under it by means of their tail-squirt, shoot out the "mask," as the prehensory apparatus is called, seize the victim, retract the mask, thus bringing the prey against the jaws, and then, partly by means of the mask and partly by the help of the first pair of legs, hold it firmly until it is consumed.

They are hardy beings and easily reared until they undergo their final change; but only a single specimen can be kept in one vessel, as otherwise they will fight against each other, and the conquerors devour the vanquished.

Should the stream be shallow and stony, look out for two little birds that are tolerably sure to haunt such a spot. One, the common Pied Wagtail, may almost certainly be seen as it trips about with its quick, active step, pecking here and there, and ever and anon jerking its long tail up and down with the peculiar movement which has earned its popular name. Near the water its nest may be found—a very inartificial sort of structure, always built in some sheltered spot. The eccentricities of this bird in nest-building are numberless, the locality and materials seeming to vary according to the fancy of the individual bird. In Switzerland, for example, a pair of wagtails which lived near a watch-making village made their nest entirely of rejected watch-springs, and in South Africa a wagtail built its nest in a human skull, apparently that of some slain Kafir warrior. A figure of this nest may be seen in the *Leisure Hour* for May, 1888.

Some anglers have a theory that this bird devours the eggs and young of the river fish. This idea is quite groundless, as the spawn of the fishes is deposited at too great a depth to be reached by the bird, and though it certainly does snap up the little fishes that come to the surface, they are mostly the young of the minnow, and can easily be spared.

The second bird is the Dipper, or Water-ousel, as it is sometimes called. It is rather a local bird, but is more plentiful than is generally imagined. Should the stream form a waterfall, plunging into a pool, both the dipper and its beautifully made nest will almost certainly be in the neighbourhood. I have seen both in a spot where no one had even suspected the presence of the bird, though the neighbourhood teemed with keen-eyed bird-nesting boys. It is a good diver, catching the active water-beetles and fresh-water shrimps, and fetching the caddises from the bed of the stream. Perhaps it may eat a little spawn, but a hundred dippers will not do half the damage which is worked by a single swan.

Finding the nest is often a matter of luck rather than of skill, the bird concealing its home so deftly under green moss, that the keenest eye will scarcely detect it, unless attention be attracted to the spot by the movements of the birds.

Should you have learned the knack of approach in a given spot noiselessly, and remaining absolutely motionless when it is reached, you may have the good-fortune to see towards evening the Heron standing in the water, and scanning the stream in search of prey. Fish forms the bulk of the heron's food, but the bird, like King Stork, is by no means averse to frogs, and makes considerable havoc among water rats.

Large as it may be, there are few birds which are less discernible, and many persons may absolutely look at it without distinguishing it from surrounding objects. It stands absolutely motionless, its beak sunk on its breast; and, as I have often noticed, the ripple of the water is so well reflected on its plumage that the two are blended together, and deceive the eye in a most perplexing manner. Mostly, the first intimation of a heron's presence is the sudden and somewhat startling rise of the bird from the stream in which it had been standing.

One of the most characteristic river birds is the Kingfisher, which, by dint of the great number of eggs which are hatched in each brood, contrives to maintain its place among

us in spite of the demand for its lovely plumage.

Our young friend of "Evenings at Home" makes some rather strange statements about it, saying that he "saw it hovering over the water, and every now and then darting into it." Now I have been familiar with the kingfisher from my earliest childhood, and never saw it hover over the water. It will dart in a straight line just above the water, looking more like a flash of azure light than a bird, but, as far as I know, it never hovers.

When it is engaged in fish-hunting it takes its post on a branch, tree-stump, or other perch which overhangs the water, and waits for prey. When it sees a suitable fish, it drops into the water, and presently rises with the fish in its mouth, and returns to its former place. Still holding the fish crosswise in its beak, it bangs the struggling prey against the perch until it is disabled or killed, throws it up in the air, catches it head downwards, and then swallows it. Should the fish be intended for its young it flies off homewards, and then gives the fish to the young bird which is entitled to it. As there are sometimes seven or eight young in the nest, or rather in the burrow, the task of keeping them supplied with food is no trifling one.

The nest itself is, like that of the owl, merely composed of the bones, scales, and other indigestible parts of the fish which it has eaten. In the Natural History Museum at South Kensington there is an admirable model of a kingfisher's nest, with the parent bird engaged in the task of feeding the young.

As autumn advances, the Starling begins to make itself conspicuous by assembling in vast flocks, often consisting of many thousand members. When on the wing, especially if the sun should be shining, they are most beautiful objects. In the first place, an adult male starling is endowed with a silken gorgeousness of plumage that is almost dazzling as the sun shines on it. But, though we shall not be able to detect the beauty of any individual starling, we must be struck with the astonishing discipline which prevails among the birds. The whole of the flock seems actuated with one spirit, wheeling, turning, ascending or descending with an accuracy which our best-drilled troops might regard with respectful envy. Sometimes the flock will separate into two or more divisions, and then, after a few manœuvres in the air, the column will reunite, and again act in concert. That there must be a leader of each flock and a sub-leader for each division is evident, but how the commands are conveyed simultaneously throughout these vast armies is one of the many mysteries with which nature is always baffling her observers. I know of only one species of bird which has similar habits. This is the dunlin, or ox-bird, as it is termed on some of our coasts. In this bird the uniformity of movement is even more conspicuous, especially when the sun is shining. The upper parts of the dunlin are dark brown and the lower parts white, so that when the flock suddenly wheels it changes instantaneously from black to white, or the reverse, according as the light shines on the upper or lower part of the bodies.

In the spring the starling is equally worthy of our notice. It clings to the neighbourhood of man, and builds in any nook or corner that it can find, not taking the least trouble to hide its nest, but leaving straws and grasses projecting from the entrance, as if to invite observation. Moreover, when it has eggs the bird always sets up a squall when any one approaches, and many a starling has lost her pretty pale blue eggs by thus attracting the attention of some passing boy. Then, while the young are being nurtured, they are always so clamorous for food when they hear the approach of their parents, each setting up its particular claim for the expected grub or worm, that they are audible at a considerable distance from the nest. As to the value of the bird to the agriculturist its virtues are now beginning to be so well known that I need say nothing further.

Towards evening is the best time to watch the flocking of the starlings. The chief aerial manœuvres are executed before settling for the night, and reedy marshes are the chosen resting-places. As long as the birds are in the air they are comparatively silent; but no sooner have they settled than they set up a prodigious gabble, each apparently trying to out-scold the other as they squabble for places. In a quarter of an hour or so they gradually cease their chatter, and sink into such absolute silence that no one would even suspect their presence. I have often amused myself by throwing a stone at random into the reeds after the flock has settled for the night. A shell could not produce a more sudden effect. Out spring the birds with a wild outcry, like the witches from Alloway Kirk, and resume their wheelings in air. In a few minutes they seem to make up their minds that the alarm was a false one, and again seek the shelter of the reeds. This time, however, they almost wholly dispense with gabble, and quickly subside into silence.

Several of the aquatic plants will be in

flower, especially the Arrow-head, whose deeply barbed leaves have gained it the name by which it is popularly known. In the earlier days of autumn there still linger the blossoms of the White Water-lily (*Nymphæa alba*), the grandest of all our indigenous flowers. It has but one drawback, namely, that its long leaf-stalks have led to the death of many a heedless swimmer, clinging round the ankles like lassoes, and only drawing their bonds tighter as the victim struggles to escape from them. Our other species, the Yellow Water-lily (*Nuphar lutea*), retains its flowers well into autumn. It has often been employed as the vehicle of practical joking, the odour of the flower being almost identical with that of brandy. The liquid is offered to the intended victim on the condition that he takes it blindfold, and then the flowers are substituted.

The characteristic bank flower of this season is the Meadow-sweet (*Spiræa ulmaria*), or Queen of the Meadows, as it is sometimes poetically termed. The banks of the Isis, Cherwell, and their tributary brooks, are peculiarly favourable to the development of this fine plant, which fills the air with its luscious fragrance, and sometimes grows to the height of four feet.

Along the river banks the Dewberry (*Rubus cæsius*) is to be found in its perfection, the few drupes—"blobs" in vulgar parlance—being very large, and so full of their purple juice that they can scarcely be gathered without being broken. On a hot August afternoon the juicy, acid-sweet of the dewberry is peculiarly refreshing. When living at Oxford I often used to skirt the banks in my skiff and pluck the dewberries which hung luxuriantly near the water, and out of sight of those who were on the bank itself.

Now is the time to look for one of the prettiest of our animals, the Water-shrew. I have never seen it in rivers of any size, the little, long-nosed creature chiefly delighting in small and shallow brooks. They are playful beings, and I have many a time watched their gambols as they dashed in and out of the water, tumbling over each other and "larking" like a set of boys just let out of school. When diving they are peculiarly pretty, the whole fur being studded with tiny air-bubbles, which glitter like polished silver, and which are continually rising to the surface as they are shaken off by the action of the animals.

The common Shrew-mouse, a near relative of the water-shrew, may now be found lying dead in the fields, having apparently been killed by some owl or cat, and then rejected on account of its powerful and very disagreeable effluvium. In all probability this odour was the cause of the exceedingly evil reputation under which the shrew-mouse laboured within the memory of people still living, it being asserted to cause pain and disease to cattle if it ran over them when they were sleeping. The only remedy was of a homœopathic character. A hole was bored in the trunk of an ash-tree, a living shrew-mouse thrust into it, and the hole closed with a wooden plug. The essence of the shrew was supposed to permeate the entire tree, so that if a "shrew-stricken" cow were rubbed with a handful of leaves gathered from the "shrew-ash" the ailment would at once be cured.

Leaving the water and ascending the hill, we shall probably come upon some of the largest and finest of our British butterflies. Chief among them are the Peacock and Scarlet Admiral, the one recognisable by the eye-shaped spots upon its upper wings, and the other by the bold scarlet streak which is drawn diagonally across the upper surface of both pairs of wings.

In spite of their conspicuous aspect, both of these butterflies have a habit of disappearing in the most mysterious way, as if they had been suddenly annihilated. An experienced eye, however, will at once glance to the nearest tree, and will there detect the missing insect. Both these butterflies are remarkable for the singular contrast between the upper and under surfaces of their wings. The former are marked with conspicuous and brightly coloured patterns, while the latter are simply composed of brown, black, and grey. When the insect settles upon a tree-trunk it simply closes its wings over its back, so that they bear a wonderfully strong resemblance to a withered leaf which had accidentally adhered to the bark.

I have often seen both insects resort to this stratagem, and have noticed that they always settle with their bodies in a line with the trunk—never crosswise—and that as the closed wings are swayed backwards and forwards by the least breath of wind they look so exactly like withered leaves that even a practised eye is obliged to take a second look before deciding on the actual character of the object. So confident are the insects of the security obtained by this attitude that they will permit themselves to be picked up by the wings between the finger and thumb, though only a few seconds previously they would have taxed the legs, arms, eyes, and lungs of any one who tried to chase them.

THE BRAZEN SERPENT.

By the Rev. Professor STANLEY LEATHES, D.D.

OUR Lord, in well-known words in the third chapter of St. John, makes reference to the incident of the brazen serpent recorded in the twenty-first chapter of the Book of Numbers. He says that as the brazen serpent was lifted up by Moses to be the means of healing to the Israelites who were bitten by poisonous serpents in the wilderness, so should the Son of Man be lifted up upon the cross to be the means of salvation to the world. We can hardly doubt, therefore, that our Lord accepts and confirms the historic truth of the incident to which He refers. If we have reason to believe that this reference was made by Him, we have reason to believe that the incident occurred. Certainly we can hardly suppose that He announced a divine method of salvation of world-wide application and power, but made use of a merely mythical fiction as the selected means of illustrating it. It is remarkable, however, that throughout the whole of the Old Testament there is no allusion to the narrative of the brazen serpent but one, which tends to confirm its historic reality, in the eighteenth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, where we are told that Hezekiah, some seven centuries afterwards, brake in pieces the brazen serpent that Moses had made, for unto those days the children of Israel did burn incense to it. We know, then, for a certainty—accepting, of course, the authority of the Books of Kings, which there is no reason to doubt—that in the time of Hezekiah a memorial was still in existence, and was the object of superstitious reverence, because it was believed to be, and no doubt was, the identical brazen image which had been made by Moses, and had been the means of healing the stricken Israelites in the desert. The one narrative may certainly be regarded as a confirmation of the other. The writer of the uncanonical Book of Wisdom also speaks of the brazen serpent as a "sign of salvation," and says, "He that turned himself towards it was not saved by the thing that he saw, but by thee that art the Saviour of all" (xvi. 7). With these two exceptions, however, there is no reference to the brazen serpent till our Lord's mention of it in His discourse with Nicodemus. It is, therefore, remarkable that He should have selected this particular incident, which, but for His reference to it, would undoubtedly have been disregarded and discredited, and in all probability rejected as a fable. He by His allusion has invested it with singular and pre-eminent importance for all time, and whether or not Moses understood the sign, and whether or not the Israelites understood it (it does not seem possible that either should have understood it without special and supernatural illumination, of which there is not a trace), certain it is that our Lord has thrown a flood of light upon it, which we can only disregard by disregarding the authority by which He spake. It may be as well briefly to recall the main features of the original narrative. The soul of the people, we are told, was much discouraged because of the way; they murmured because there was neither bread nor water, and the manna had become distasteful to them. And the Lord, we are told, sent fiery serpents among the people, and they bit the people, and much people of Israel died. "Therefore the people came to Moses and said, We have sinned, for we have spoken against the Lord, and against thee; pray unto the Lord, that he take away the serpents from us. And Moses prayed for the people. And the Lord said unto Moses, Make thee a fiery serpent, and set it upon a pole: and it shall come to pass, that every one that is bitten, when he looketh upon it, shall live. And Moses made a serpent of brass, and set it upon a pole, and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." It is needless to say that this is a narrative which challenges our utmost powers of belief. In fact, we can only accept it as part of a history of which all the features are colossal and superhuman, and which we cannot accept without admitting that it transcends all ordinary experience, and laughs to scorn the known conditions of history.

The difficulty, however, in the matter by no means ends here, for, assuming the general truth of the narrative, what possible object could there have been in directing Moses to resort to any such means for the recovery of the people? It cannot have been for the purpose of furnishing our Lord with the occasion for the use which He afterwards made of it. That would have been as far-seeing and supernatural as the means itself was extraordinary and miraculous. The brazen serpent uninterpreted could not possibly point as a sign to Him, could not possibly be understood as indicating a salvation

like His in such a way that the knowledge of it could be derived therefrom. Nor is there the slightest evidence that it was so understood. It is to be borne in mind, however, that our modern acquaintance with the monuments of Egypt has taught us that in that mythology the serpent was the emblem of healing, and it has been supposed that the use made of it in this case by Moses was one of the many indications to be found in the Pentateuch of that Egyptian influence under which he had been brought up. I cannot but think, however, that if we adopt this explanation we draw perilously near to charging upon Moses, and therefore upon God, by whose directions he acted, an adaptation of that idolatrous symbolism against which the Old Testament at large, and especially the law, was the uniform and unqualified protest. It can hardly be that for a people so ready to lapse into idolatry, as the experience of the golden calf had lately shown, and their subsequent history confirmed, the means resorted to in this emergency would have been borrowed from the idolatrous worship and symbolism of that nation from whose yoke they had so recently been delivered, and against whose gods the Lord had executed judgments. I suppose, however, that the ordinary way in which this narrative has been regarded is in strong contrast to any such notion, and rather as the record of an arbitrary and superhuman method divinely adopted for healing the people, without any special appropriateness in the means itself, such as they could understand. Thus Thomas Erskine, in his remarkable book upon the brazen serpent, says of it: "This was the form in which it pleased God to send them deliverance. This was the form in which He chose to manifest His love and His forgiveness." And again: "The body of the man was healed by looking at the serpent, in consequence of a sovereign appointment of God, which had connected the healing with the looking in a way perfectly unintelligible to us" (pp. 12 and 25). That is to say there was no moral or didactic purpose in it, but the means resorted to were purely arbitrary.

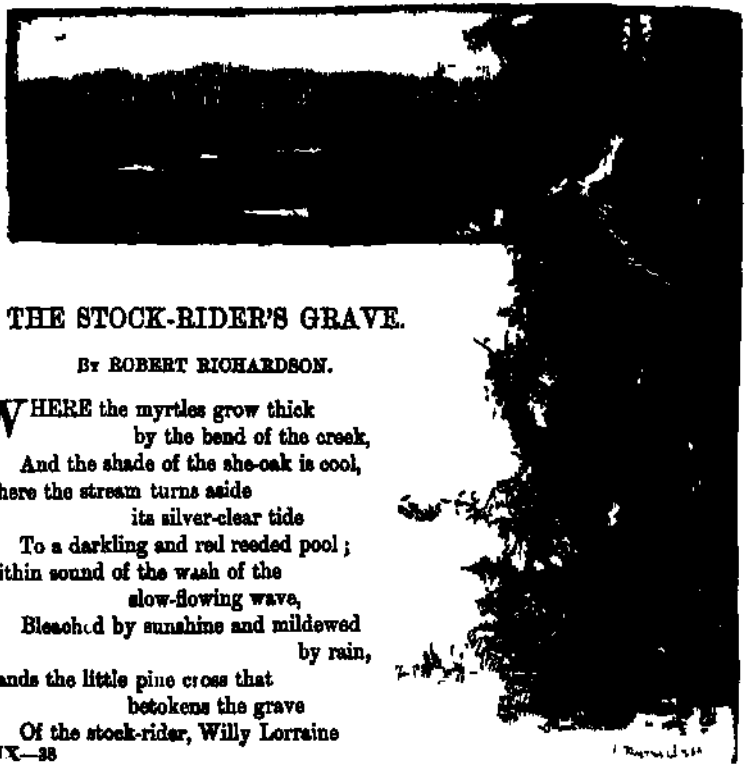
Not only was the way in which the healing was effected unintelligible to us, but it must have been equally unintelligible to the persons healed, as also was any reason undiscoverable for the selection of the means employed; and thus for fourteen centuries this incident would remain unintelligible to every one who read it till that night on which Nicodemus came to Christ, when our Lord revealed the possibility of its application to Himself. It seems therefore that we may reasonably desiderate a better explanation of this remarkable incident, and the explanation I have to offer is one which will increase rather than diminish the appropriateness of our Lord's allusion, and will show likewise the special appropriateness of the means selected by God in such a way that we may suppose all the persons directly concerned would be able to understand it. Now I, for my part, cannot doubt that all the people who came out of Egypt were thoroughly acquainted with the history of their ancestors—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, as preserved to us in Genesis. The frequent references to the promise made to their fathers of the land flowing with milk and honey and the like, as well as the fact that they carried up with them the bones of Joseph out of Egypt, show this. There can, I conceive, be no reasonable doubt, whatever rash modern critics may say to the contrary, that the book of Genesis was known, and well known, in its main features to the generation that came up out of Egypt. The fourth commandment alone is proof of acquaintance with the first chapter of Genesis. It would be acknowledged to be so in any other sphere than that of Biblical criticism. Genesis must have preceded Exodus—must have been in existence before Exodus. Parts of Genesis, at all events, must have been in the hands of the people who came up out of Egypt. Unless we are prepared to deal with these records as we should not think of dealing with any others, we must admit that there is strong reason to believe that that generation was as well acquainted with Genesis as we ourselves are. The promise to Abraham, "To thy seed will I give this land," was the only ostensible motive for their journeyings. Take away this impulse and we cannot account for them. It is antecedently probable, therefore, and if the narrative is in any sense authentic and trustworthy, it is absolutely certain that the generation who came up out of Egypt was acquainted with the earliest records of the race. They would be familiar therefore with that primeval promise concerning the seed of the woman given in paradise and spoken to the serpent, "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," a promise which declared in no uncertain language that whatever injury the serpent had inflicted, or might inflict, upon the woman, her seed should ultimately crush the serpent's head. This is a promise that so far would be perfectly intelligible to the persons immediately concerned in it. They

might not understand how it would be accomplished, but that the accomplishment would assuredly be brought about was plainly declared to them; and unquestionably this promise would form the basis of all subsequent hope, as under the circumstances it gave them precisely the assurance which they most needed, of vengeance to be wrought surely, however slowly, on their deceitful foe. I am, of course, dealing with the narrative now as though it were a record of fact, and we are bound, at all events, to try, whether so dealing with it, we can make it intelligible and truly consistent. There is reason to believe that the woman gave evidence of her reliance upon this promise when upon the birth of her first-born she exclaimed, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," or "a man even the Lord," supposing that he was the promised seed. I myself should be inclined to believe that in this, the earliest use of the quadriliteral name of God before it received the special appropriation which it afterwards obtained, we should be right in rendering literally "I have gotten a man—the one who is to be." That supplies a sense strictly in agreement with the context, and one also which might well become the foundation of the specific application afterwards made of the name. This, however, only by the way. In relation to the same matter, I take it that the history of the patriarchs, with their ardent desire for offspring, together with the promise to Abraham—"In thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed," becomes intelligible in the light of the original promise, while it is well-nigh unintelligible without it.

There is another instance, I think, in which we may detect a recurrence to the same idea. The dying Jacob seems to have cherished the hope inspired by this promise, for I do not see how we can so well understand that mysterious exclamation of his thrown in, as it were, without meaning and casually in the benediction of his sons, "I have waited for thy salvation, O Lord," as in connection with the words he has just given utterance to which recalled this original promise to his mind, "Let Dan be a serpent by the way, that biteth the horse heels, so that his rider falleth backward;" but as for me "for thy salvation I have waited, O Lord." Here, at all events, is a possible indication that Jacob not only knew the promise, but also that he built upon it just that hope for the endless future when he was dying which those who believe in a divine purpose in Scripture have been taught to believe is conveyed in its language.

We are now in a position to pass on to the narrative in Numbers, to the time when history was beginning, when the thousands of Israel were encamped in the wilderness by their armies according to the number of the twelve tribes of the sons of Jacob. They were dying in multitudes from the poisonous bite of fiery serpents sent among them because of their unbelief and distrust of God. Unless their faith is restored and quickened they cannot be saved. They ask that this plague may be taken away from them. The serpents, however, are not destroyed; they remain as numerous and venomous as before. But a remedy is provided. This is in keeping with what we may observe elsewhere of the divine method. It is part of that method to aim rather at counteracting an evil than removing it. Thus the cup of bitterness is not withdrawn from Christ, but an angel from heaven strengthens him to drink it. The thorn in the flesh is not taken away from Paul, but he is assured that the Lord's grace shall be sufficient for him; and so here the serpents are not abolished, but the people are vividly reminded of the primæval promise, and assured that it is still in force and awaiting its accomplishment. A material exhibition of the crushing of the serpent is lifted up before them as a reminder of God's promise at the first, that the seed of the woman should crush the serpent's head, and that this promise is the foundation and source of all future deliverance and future hope. They are therefore thrown back upon the reality and faithfulness of the Divine Word; they are encouraged to believe that He is dealing with them now who first uttered His voice in paradise; that He will be honoured in His Word, and will make His Word the means of honouring Him. Every one therefore who will look upon the brazen serpent on the pole, which is as it were an exhibition of that original promise in execution, and is in fact God's mute appeal to His own promise, shall have in himself the assurance of its reality. The virus of the fiery serpent's fangs shall become innocuous accordingly. The Israelites, though writhing in pain, shall be forthwith healed. I can hardly imagine a more forcible illustration of the original Divine Word, a more significant appeal to its validity, while to understand the incident thus at once invests it with a fulness of meaning which we can discover nowhere else. The lifting up of the brazen serpent was no arbitrary appointment hopelessly obscure in itself, and a thing unintelligible to those directly concerned in it, but Moses was directed by a most significant ordi-

nance to remind the people of man's original sin and of God's original design, and to assure them that as the old serpent and his brood had once more exerted his malignant power and bitten mortally the promised seed, so ultimately his spiritual prototype should be crushed and overcome in the fulness of God's own time, in token whereof the poison of the fiery serpents should be counteracted and their deadly wound be healed. In this way there would not only be a manifestation of almighty power most graciously displayed under imminent emergency, but the very putting forth of that power would be directly connected with and contingent upon the exercise of faith and reliance on a previous divine promise, which would at once convert an act of blind and unintelligent obedience to what was otherwise of the nature of a mere talisman or charm, into a deliberate exercise of faith of the highest ethical significance and moral value. What was intended to be the future meaning and symbolic reference of the means resorted to would indeed, without special and supernatural illumination, which we have no need or right to assume, of course be hidden from those concerned in its application; but the meaning of it in relation to the past would be obvious enough. I am disposed to think that we have hitherto regarded this narrative too exclusively in the light of our Lord's reference to it, from which fifteen hundred years before it could have derived no meaning, whereas in its connection with the past it derives a vast amount of meaning, while its true relation to the great Person and event of the future is rendered even more striking and significant. For thus only is it that we are able to discern the full import of our Lord's words in this connection, "Even so must the *Son of Man* be lifted up," an expression which seems to be His own claim to fulfil the office of that promised seed of the woman who should effectually crush the serpent's head, and thereby bring in the priceless gift of salvation to all those who looked for redemption in Israel.



THE STOCK-RIDER'S GRAVE.

By ROBERT RICHARDSON.

WHERE the myrtles grow thick
by the bend of the creek,
And the shade of the she-oak is cool,
Where the stream turns aside
its silver-clear tide
To a darkling and red reeded pool;
Within sound of the wash of the
slow-flowing wave,
Bleached by sunshine and mildewed
by rain,
Stands the little pine cross that
betokens the grave
Of the stock-rider, Willy Lorraine

'Twas in eighty-one that he came to the Run,
From a dale in the soft Devon land,
With the blue in his eyes of the English skies,
And a chin like a lady's hand.
And new chum as he was he took tides with the rest,
Did "jackeroo" work like another;
And he soon bent his back to the wheel with the best,
Till we claimed him a mate and a brother.

For he parried our chaff with his buoyant laugh,
And took to bush-life with a zest,
Till I tell you none on the Walleroy Run
But was ready to give Willie "best."*
And bell clear and strong rang his voice in the song
At night round the merry camp fire,
When the iron-bark's blaze through the quivering haze
Leapt heavenward higher and higher.

And the swift jest went round to the joyous sound
Of laughter like lightning free;
And the whole of the simple feast was crowned
With a "billy" of bushman's tea.
And now he has gone in his manhood's first flower,
And the camp fire will know him no more;
The young heart that leapt to the sun or the shower,
And was tender or strong to the core;
True as steel, yet as mild as a woman's is mild,
And a soul like a sky without stain,
The heart of a stag and the heart of a child
United in Willie Lorraine.

The rains had been falling and falling a week,
And the river a "banker" ran;
There was peril in swimming the Walleroy creek,
Clear peril for horse and for man.
But Willy had dared it that bitter June night
As he rode by the fitful moon-gleam—
He rode like a jockey, as firm and as light,
And feared not the shock of the stream.

But he trusted too much to the strength of poor Bess,
Who fought with her last ebbing breath
'Gainst the black-flooded river, whose ice-cold embrace
Swept them swift to the dark sea of death.
We found him next day 'mid the reeds on the bank,
His young life, like a star in eclipse,
Gone down in the night, his soft hair wet and dank,
The white dawn like a smile on his lips.

With rude hands we fashioned this cross rough and plain,
And set it just here where he fell,
And each man on the run mourned for Willie Lorraine,
With a depth my poor skill cannot tell.
And when the sweet spring days their banner unfold,
And lovely o'er valley and hill,
The flame-tree and wattle, the red and the gold,
With glory our south-land fill,

* "To give best" is, in Australian bush parlance, to yield precedence to.

September's soft touch makes a beautiful place
Of the stock-rider's lonely grave;
The acacias bend low in their delicate grace,
And over him murmuring wave:
Like a silver carillon by fairy hands rung
The bell-birds are calling and calling,
And from the near gorge, the dark cedars among,
The torrent is falling and falling.

But ah! nevermore shall the young heart rejoice
In the glad forest sounds that he loved;
Nevermore list with rapture the bell-bird's dear note,
As down the green gullies he roved;
When his horse's fleet feet sent the shy echoes winging
The dark aisles of the she-oaks along,
And that crystal clear chime that the bell-birds were ringing
Was not half so clear as his song.

Two sad women wander, a sister and mother,
Hand in hand by the grey English shore,
And weep there in vain for the lost son and brother
They shall fold to their hearts never more.
And I would as they pace by the desolate strand
Those women at least might know this—
How beautiful here in the Austral land
The grave of their darling is.

Since the night that he fell the swift years run on,
But the camp shall for ever retain
In memory green the mirth that is gone
With the going of Willie Lorraine.
For all, man and boy, on the far Walleroy
Know the station a lonelier place
For loss of the light of the blue eyes bright,
And the sunshine of his face

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven under the Hill," etc.

II.—THE REVENGE OF ANTHOLIN VEREKER.

CHAPTER I.

"Ah me, dead days remembered make us sigh,
And tears will sometimes flow, we know not why;
If spring be past, I said, shall love remain?
She moved aside, yet soon she answered me,
Turning her gaze responsive to mine own,
Spring days are gone, and yet the grass, we see,
Unto a goodly height again hath grown;
Dear love, just so love's aftermath may be
A richer growth than e'er spring days have known."
SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

THURLSOE people yet delight to tell you of that October snow, as if snow in October were a quite unheard-of occurrence. But many things helped to make that sudden snow-storm a memorable one.

The summer had been, for the north of Yorkshire, an unusually warm and brilliant summer; the harvest time had been almost unprecedented for the facility the weather afforded for getting in the magnificent crops of golden corn, of crimson clover, of ripe and many-tinted fruits.

As a rule the harvest is late, very late, in the North Riding; but in this year of which we write hardly so much as a bean-field had been left ungarnered in October. The yellow stubble glowed in the yet warm sunshine; the grouse flew in sudden rushes from field to field on the upland farms, or went whirring over the low grey stone walls to the cover of the faded heather. And everywhere in the well-wooded Yorkshire "bottoms" and "gills," plantations and copses, the oak and ash, the birch and beech-trees were yet well-nigh as full of leaf as they had been at Midsummer. True, the foliage had changed in colour, but the boughs of the sienna-tinted oaks, of the flaming crimson-and-orange maples, of the russet elms, of the purple beeches were yet almost invisible under their leafy garniture. So it was that when the snow came down so unexpectedly that Sunday night, the dawn of Monday disclosed a sight so unusual that no one could recall the like of it, or afterward forget it. The larger and lower branches of the trees were bowed to the ground under the double weight of snow and leafage—such soft, white, feathery snow it was! But, for all its softness, every here and there a huge bough snapped and broke under its strange new weight; even the orchard trees, the pear, and apple, and cherry, and walnut-trees suffered. But, of course, this did not happen often enough to interfere with the wild, wonderful beauty of the scene—nay, the manifold scenes that one after another broke upon the entranced sight of the three people who were making their way as rapidly as might be through the unequal drifts of Thurlsoe Lane. Two ladies and a gentleman they were; but the gentleman's position as protector, or pioneer, was a sinecure. The two Miss Caldberghs were well able to take care of themselves.

It was a fortunate hour for an artist; and Mr. Vernon Aylmer was equal to the appreciation of his good fortune. It may be said at once that he was spoken of everywhere as the heir-presumptive to the throne of the president of the Royal Academy. And the step between was occupied by a man not to be accounted as a young man or even middle-

"What precisely is it that we are going to Deerstanes to do?" he asked, as they stopped involuntarily for a moment at the turn of the road, struck afresh by the new beauty of the view presented. They were on the verge of a steep declivity. The deep snow-filled hollow was before them; a white hedge-bounded road wound down the one hillside and up the other. On the left there was the fir plantation belonging to the Caldbergh estate; on the right, a few graceful, blue-toned, red-boled Scotch firs marked the course of the little beck that ran down from the moorland to the sea. The wooden bridge that crossed the beck was just beyond; the purple, thorny briar sprays stretched across the rude railing on one side, as if trying to meet and grasp the almost leafless boughs of woodbine that were straying on the other. And every branch, every twig was defined by the light, white, entrancing snow. Mr. Aylmer felt as if he had never before seen Aysgarth Hollow with any true vision.

"What are we going to do?" Irene Caldbergh replied, speaking in her own half-impertinent yet wholly charming way. The child—she was nearly fifteen, but did not look more than twelve—was leaning against the trunk of a lichened alder-tree. Her scarlet frieze cloak suited her somewhat sallow complexion admirably. She wore a plush cap of the same tint; her long brown-black hair floated gracefully over her shoulders. Her chief beauty was in her glorious dark eyes—eyes that could flash with sudden anger, or soften to pathos as surely no dark

eyes ever softened or flashed before. Such at least was the opinion of Vernon Aylmer.

"And just because I am thrice as old,"

he was saying to himself. Irene did not give him time to go on with the quotation.

"What are we going to do? Well, that *is* cool, after all we told you yesterday! But I saw you weren't listening—not a bit. You seldom do listen. Well, *I* forgive you. Never mind whether Helena does or not."

"Helena is as forgiving as you are, Mademoiselle Rene," Miss Caldbergh replied readily "And since Mr. Aylmer has evidently forgotten all about it, I will be good enough to remind him. We are going to look at Antholin's pictures. Mr. Aylmer is going to flatter him, to fill him more full of pride and ambition than he is filled already. I am going to act as antidote, remind him of Haydon, and a few other examples of that sort. What can you do, Rene?"

"Probably what you are intending to do, but certainly will not do—at any rate not to-day."

Vernon Aylmer listened, wondering, and said once or twice to himself that the child by his side was all too clever to be a quite comfortable person to have for—well, for instance, a sister-in-law. "She sees too far, decides too quickly, judges too harshly, pronounces too readily, draws lines far too hard and sharp. . . . It is fortunate that Helena is, if less clever, certainly of softer mould. Her angles are rounded, mentally and physically. She acts like a cushion for wearied nerves."

No problems, metaphysical or other, were disturbing Helena. She appeared willing, nay anxious, to enlighten Mr. Aylmer as to their neighbours at Deerstanes.

"You will see the nicest old farmhouse in the North Riding, and one of the largest. The Verekers have been there for at least four hundred years—the present house dates from the time of the Tudors—is that rather vague? . . . But they have not been really rich for a long while past. *Now*, in these bad farming times, they are almost poor. I don't suppose that old Marmaduke Vereker, Antholin's father, owns more than seven or eight hundred acres. Part of it he farms himself, and probably loses on every acre. The rest is let off to small tenant-farmers, some of whom pay rent, some of whom consider that they do enough if they keep the land in good condition."

"I think you said the boy was an only child?"

"The *boy*!" Miss Caldbergh echoed with a pretty flush, partly of annoyance, and a charming glance of surprise from her lovely blue eyes. "The boy! Antholin is one-and-twenty."

"Really! So much?"

"I think he looks about thirty," Irene interrupted. "But how slow you are in telling things, Helena! Why don't you give it all in a breath—the whole Deerstanes history? You will never get to the end. Let me tell Mr. Aylmer all about Mrs. Deerstanes." (An antiquated bit of impertinent vulgarity this.) "I beg her pardon, Mrs. Vereker. She is a fine lady, though she was only the daughter of a poor clergyman. She used rather to give herself airs before she was so ill. Now she doesn't, except the airs of a very delicate and refined invalid, who can only be lifted by her giant of a husband from the bed to the sofa, from the sofa to the Bath-chair. Then she is wheeled about the garden, while her niece walks by her side with a fan, a smelling-bottle, and a volume of poems—elegant extracts from poems, I believe."

"How you do exaggerate, Irene!"

"Exaggerate! How? When? Where? Tell me one thing I have said that is not true!"

"You give a wrong colour to truth. Mrs. Vereker is an invalid *now and then*; now and then she uses a Bath-chair; but she walks much oftener. And as to the 'elegant extracts,' she reads every book she can get hold of that is worth reading. She is one of the best and kindest women I know."

"Oh, you're taking that line now, are you? I didn't know. Very well. I understand!" Mr. Aylmer smiled involuntarily. Helena shot warning glances.

"Oh, I'm not going to be put down by a look, Miss Caldbergh," dared the wicked little sprite. "You asked if Antholin were an only child, Mr. Aylmer. Yes, he is; but there is a cousin in the house—a real 'Dora.' Her name is Muriel Vereker; she is a daughter of the Squire's younger brother; her father and mother are dead, and it has been settled from the beginning that she is to marry Antholin. But unfortunately Antholin doesn't see it. It is quite Tennyson's poem over again, except that Antholin's Mary Morrison isn't a labourer's daughter. . . . No, you needn't look at me like that, Helena. I'm not going to give her real name. I shall leave Mr. Aylmer to his own discernment for the finding out of that. . . . There, I've done."

"Fortunate!" said Helena with burning face and downcast eyes.

"Very fortunate! since I suppose this is the entrance to Deerstanes," Mr. Aylmer said in the smooth tones that seemed always as oil upon troubled waters.

CHAPTER II.—AT DEERSTANES.

No one at Deerstanes was expecting visitors to come through the snow; but nevertheless, for one reason or another, every one there was glad to see the party from Caldbergh House.

Mrs. Vereker was on her sofa in the wide, faded-looking, yet eminently pleasant drawing-room. Her niece, Miss Vereker, a tall, pale, dark-haired girl, with refinement written on every feature, expressed in every accent, was sitting on a low chair reading to her aunt from the latest volume of the "Earthly Paradise." Antholin's easel was in the farther window—placed there at his mother's wish. She liked to watch his work, though she knew nothing of art herself. Yet it was a pleasure to her to be at hand to encourage him in the inevitable hours of discouragement; to insist upon rest when rest was needful; to urge him to beginning afresh when beginning seemed distasteful, or even impossible. If she did not understand art, she might at least understand the artist.

It was an hour of intense interest to Vernon Aylmer—interest of many kinds. He was not merely an artist. Like most men who have to live not only in the world but by the world, he was an unconscious student of human nature. And here were subjects for his study such as he had seldom come across. The "Dora" of the little tale that had been told to him revealed at once the fact that the tale was true. Her intense listening, her quick blushing at every word of praise he gave to her cousin's sketches and studies, her sudden paling under the not too rudely given strokes of criticism, all tended to betrayal. Not the mother herself, with all her openly-expressed delight and solicitude, disclosed such passionate closeness of sympathy. Vernon Aylmer saw it all; and seeing much more, he was unaccountably sad—sad not for his own sake. Though, even to his own soul, he was known as a man of some selfishness, he was yet capable of sorrow for another's grief, and the capacity was drawn upon at Deerstanes during that morning's call.

The artist felt himself to be fortunate in one respect, in being able to give such encouragement, such praise, as he had never yet been able to give to any self-trained student of art. More and more as he discerned what slight help Antholin Vereker had been able to obtain, more and more he marvelled. Each fresh sketch or study as it was placed before him disclosed some fresh proof of power, some evidence of closeness of observation, of sympathy with all that is most attractive and artistic in nature; all that most surely draws the human soul through nature up to nature's God. Now and then some almost startling mark of originality met his eye—in a word, some sign of genius forcible enough to assure him that he could make no mistake in giving the utmost encouragement it was in his power to give to this all but utterly untaught youth who was struggling on alone on the verge of a North Yorkshire moorland. Certainly the hour held its surprises.

Of course there were failings to be pointed out, technical and other; with many proofs of the singular fact that to the greatest genius the gift of composition is often the last to be given.

"It is so in the sister arts of poetry and fiction, as I dare say you have often noticed," Mr. Aylmer said, turning again to Mrs. Vereker, who sat wrapt on his every word. "I am sure you must have noticed the difference between the clumsy construction of Charlotte Brontë's splendid works, of George Eliot's grand tragedies, and the neat, compact plot-weaving of Mr. Wilkie Collins, of Mrs. Henry Wood. Think of that entrancing work of genius, 'Jane Eyre!' I have read it seven times, and hope to read it seven times more. Yet how one is tossed from one place to another, from one group of characters to another group! Talk of the 'Unities!' Where are they? Yet who cares about the unities, or about anything else? Could we spare that opening scene, which we have all of us lived through rather than read? Could we spare St. John Rivers, his sisters, the weeks at Marsh End, the months in the school-house? Not at all. The main interest of the story may lie between Rochester and Jane Eyre, but not one touch of that most vividly-conceived life-history could be spared by any truly thinking and feeling human being. No, not so much as a paragraph would one willingly give up, because there is not one uninformed by the genius, the soul of the writer. And as it is in the art of fiction, so it is, in a large degree, in the art of painting, which is, in truth, only another kind of fiction. A picture is a novel in paint, a portrayal of manners, a 'criticism of life.' It may be a mere photograph, or it

may be a true transcript of nature, bright, living, glowing with the light that never was on sea or land."

By this time every chair, every table, every bracket, was holding one or more of the young student's productions. Helena Caldbergh was moving from one to another. She had thrown her big black felt hat, with its amber feather, aside, and she looked, as she knew, all the younger and handsomer for its absence. Yet, standing by Muriel Vereker, Miss Caldbergh looked her full five-and-twenty years. She was a tall woman, largely moulded, with a rich tone of colour, and somewhat sensuous mouth. Still she was very handsome, as Muriel, with her pale face and sunken cheeks, could not but feel rather than see. Antholin standing by, listening to Miss Caldbergh's every word, watching her every smile, seemed to be, for the time, unconscious of his cousin's very presence. More and more Vernon Aylmer wondered; yet, strange to say, no alarm touched him. Never even in his after life, his after happiness, could he understand how it was that he had felt not one moment's uneasiness at Deerstanes.

In an unobserved moment Irene contrived to remind her sister of the conversation they had held in Aysgarth Hollow.

"How about the painter who was found in his studio with a razor beside him?" she whispered.

"Are you speaking of poor Haydon?" Helena asked coldly.

"What a humbug you are!" was the irreverent reply. Then, continuing her own line of thought, Irene added: "You've done nothing since you entered this house but flatter that innocent youth, who is every hour becoming more and more your devoted slave. How *can* you?"

"Flatter! Tell me six words I have said that could even seem like flattery!"

"Words! Oh, it's not so much words—it's far worse where you are concerned. It's *silence*. Silent glances, silent smiles, silent deference, silent lingering near him, silent following him about when you don't think you will be too much noticed! Oh, don't think I have forgotten young——"

"Irene! You are growing intolerable!"

"Am I, *ma chère?* But don't use strong language. It's too much what people expect of you! . . . Besides . . . remember, I can be of use to you yet."

Miss Caldbergh did remember, and darting from her lovely blue eyes a look of many unutterable meanings, a look that Irene both understood and enjoyed (she was quite strong enough for such enjoyment), the two rejoined the group by the fire. Irene had an impulse toward the interviewing of Muriel Vereker. Helena had yet something to say; she had always something to say to Antholin.

It was Mrs. Vereker who claimed Vernon Aylmer's attention.

"Will you not sit down beside me for a moment or two?" she asked, in her gentle, deferential way, of the distinguished artist from London, who had been so good to her good son.

"I *must* thank you," she said, speaking under the cover of the four voices that were talking apart. She spoke eagerly, warmly, very gratefully. "I must thank you, though I cannot now tell you all that my thanks mean. We have been so uncertain, how could we help it? Antholin himself did not know when he had done a long day's work that had satisfied *him*—which has been very rarely—whether he ought to be satisfied with it or not. *Now* we shall know, or at least Antholin will. He has understood where I could not. I have seen that. And I have also seen how glad he is, how grateful. Now he will know that he is not wasting his time to no purpose. And it is so much to us. So much more than I can tell you, just yet. . . . Oh, I do feel grateful to you!"

All this was said in the lowest of tones, yet in a perturbed and tremulous way that inevitably drew upon whatever chivalry was left in Vernon Aylmer's nature. He could not but assure Mrs. Vereker that whatever it might be in his power to do would be done with the utmost gladness, and his assurance was unwittingly overheard by Muriel, whose attention was not all claimed by Irene Caldbergh's most embarrassing questions. Antholin was still enchained by Miss Caldbergh's soft, bright glances, her meaningful words, her intense interest, her most generous sympathy.

The boy at her side had never in his mother's sight, in his cousin's estimation, looked more brightly winning than he did as he stood there, towering even above Helena Caldbergh's tall figure. The upper part of his face, the broad, white forehead, the deep dark grey eyes, looked much as they always looked, expressed much the same nobility, the same forcefulness of thought, the same power of self-repression. It was the lower part of his face that was changed. The mouth that in early boyhood had disclosed his inheritance of some touch of his father's

One November evening, it was less than a month from the day when she had gone with her sister and Mr. Aylmer to Deerstanes, she was returning alone from Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea in the twilight. She hardly knew what fear was; therefore Antholin Vereker's expressions, the expressions of a young man shocked to find the woman he loved exposed to the merest chance of danger, were only an amusement to her, a pleasing and satisfying amusement.

Helena was looking very handsome in her black velvet hat and her perfectly-fitting fawn-coloured covert-coat. Her hands were hid in a dainty muff, her pretty, short walking dress lacked little in the matter of style or finish. Yet to Antholin she seemed to borrow nothing from externals. All her attractiveness for him he found, or imagined that he did, in her wide generous sympathy, her sympathy with uncompleted hopes, unreached aims, her inability to judge of people by their mere possessions, their mere worldly standpoint; her capacity for seeing "beyond, beyond;" for discovering the true soul; the hidden strength and worth that might lie apart from the discerning of everyday, short-sighted, commonplace humanity. All this, and much more, Miss Caldbergh had contrived to infuse into Antholin Vereker's somewhat slowly acquired estimation of her. Her deed and intention had been at least as deliberate as his acquisition.

Now she was repaid to the full; and she recognised her achievement.

She saw very far; and she saw with some clearness.

All at once she was aware of the fact that Antholin Vereker was about to betray himself; or to be betrayed by circumstances. He had not wished to meet her on this last evening of her stay at Thurlsoe; and having met her he had not designed to speak to her of that love of his,—a deep, true, passionate, overwhelming love as she had already discerned it to be. But instinctively Miss Caldbergh understood how it was with him. Her insight was admirable. As a matter of course Antholin was at the mercy of his emotion; and equally as a matter of course he blundered in betraying it; or rather in betraying himself.

"I hadn't meant to—to tell you to-night, to ask anything of you to-night," he found himself saying all unaware. "You know I hadn't. Yet, yet you will understand, I —I feel sure you will. If I haven't been, —well—to put it mildly, extraordinarily stupid, I must have made my meaning, my intention known before to-day. . . You must have seen how it was with me, how, how I have loved you, how I *do!*" And then he stopped, overcome, confused, helpless, aware bitterly of his own clumsy ineffectiveness; yet waiting tremulously, lovingly, longingly for a word to help him, but no word came.

He turned his face towards hers in the twilight; a strong pure face it was, with the contraction of pain visible on the broad white forehead, the strength of pain marked about the firm mouth. No trace of hopefulness was written anywhere.

"I know it's a sort of presumption on my part," he began again, speaking rather because silence was impossible, than because he was impelled to say any particular thing. "But I have hope, I mean for the future. You heard what Mr. Aylmer said the other day?"

"Yes," Miss Caldbergh replied, speaking in a negative tone of voice. "Yes, I heard, and I was glad, very glad he said the things he did say. . . I hope you felt sure that he did not utter a word he was not certain about."

"Of course I did! That was the good of it all. But I should not have cared, not so much, if you had not been there to hear all he said. That was, largely, the value of it to me!"

Still no word, not even any glance, any gesture to give a ray of hope. The darkness was deepening; but it was not yet so deep that Antholin could not have discerned the slightest sign of the encouragement he was hoping for, passionately hoping for.

They came to Caldbergh at last, in silence, stillest silence; with perplexed pain on one side, perplexed satisfaction of an emotional kind on the other. The gate at the bottom of the avenue was some distance from the house; but Antholin would not, in his present mood, enter it uninvited. He stood by the trees that fringed the lane. Helena stayed too, half-unwillingly; yet not feeling quite sure as to what else she wished to do. She was growing impatient of the silence when Antholin broke it.

"I suppose I have made a mistake?" he said, speaking proudly at first rather than supplicatingly, though the heart within him was aching keenly, bitterly.

It was not an easy remark to reply to, and Helena was busily employed in bringing her own thought to bear definitely upon the moment; and quite suddenly, as it seemed to her, she became aware that Vernon Aylmer

would never be to her all that Antholin Vereker was, even now. Yet was it possible to speak any word that might even seem to be binding to a youth who might reach the point Vernon Aylmer was hoping to reach, or who might, for aught that could be foreseen, die in a garret? For all that had been said, the latter seemed the more probable to a woman who knew something, nay, much, of the ins and outs of the artistic and literary circles of London. Helena shivered as certain fragments of biography lived out under her own eye recurred to her memory.

"Let us speak plainly to each other," she said, using a tone that was gentle, and seemed genuine, and yet to the heart that was sensitive to the lightest change, struck coldly, repellingly. "You have said that you cared for me, and you have acknowledged that the confession was unwise. . . . Will you not let things stand just so?"

"Without knowing that you care for me? . . . Without knowing that you can ever care?"

"Yes . . . Just on those terms."

The boy turned his white, stricken face to the light that lingered where the sun had gone down. Miss Caldbergh's clear blue eyes watched the quivering of his pallid lips, the drooping of the heavy eyelids.

Once more she knew her power; once more she rejoiced in it. An opportunity for giving pain is never neglected, never thrown away, by the man or woman to whom cruelty is a luxury.

For such a man, such a woman to find that they have power over the soul, the heart, the circumstances, of any other man or woman, is a temptation never to be resisted, an occasion never to be lost. There is a greed of causing pain, a greed of causing and witnessing suffering; and to such as have this greed, and can satisfy it, the satisfaction is as very wine to the heart and brain. Pleasure is felt, exhilaration ensues; ingenuity is displayed, invention exercised, skill developed, all in the torturing of some too sensitive human soul. The bull-fights of Spain are mercifulness itself compared with many a fight conducted by means of the penny post.

The "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," speaking of the keys to the side-doors of the soul, writes thus:

"If nature or accident has put one of those keys into the hands of a person who has the torturing instinct, I can only solemnly pronounce the words that Justice utters on its doomed victim, *The Lord have mercy on your soul!* You will probably go mad within a reasonable time."

Antholin Vereker, through all his love, felt that the instinct of torture was there, the knowledge and intention of cruelty, deliberate, conscious. It should have slain his love as he stood, but it did not.

"Just on those terms?" he repeated after a long silence. "You don't mean it; you *can't*. . . . It's everything to me, *everything*—all my life!"

"Do you know that it is growing late, and cold, quite cold?" Miss Caldbergh asked, turning to go as she spoke.

All the tenderness in Antholin awoke instantly; the care of his manhood for all womanhood.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I *am* sorry! I have been thoughtless, selfish. I *should* have remembered! Can you forgive me? At least say that you forgive me! I will ask no more—not to-night. Only say that!"

"Good-bye!" Miss Caldbergh replied, holding out her hand, which Antholin took in his warm strong grasp, while he lifted a white pleading face for one instant.

Then she turned, tripping up the avenue as lightly as her tall and somewhat massive figure permitted. Antholin watched her as she went. He would watch till she was out of sight. Suddenly, to his surprise, she came gliding swiftly, noiselessly back.

"I don't like parting in this way!" she said.

The breathlessness of her voice, the tremulousness of her manner, made his heart to palpitate as it had not done during all the emotion of the past hour. He was certainly but half-conscious of what he did when he moved swiftly forward to meet her, took her in his arms, kissed the upturned face, the beautiful curved mouth. And no resistance rebuked his daring.

"My darling! my darling!" he murmured. "how good you are! how true!—as good, as true as you are beautiful!"

* * * * *

As if his cup of gladness were not sufficiently full there came a perfect overflowing later in the evening. It came in the shape of a note, or rather a letter, written by the woman he loved out of her newest and most loving mood. Again, as he read, and re-read the pages, he used in her absence the words he had said in her presence.

"My darling, you are true and good—as good and true as you are beautiful!"

CHAPTER IV.

Old Marmaduke Vereker and his affairs were the talk of the district for some weeks after that evening when Helena Caldbergh

and Antholin had parted at the gates of Caldbergh House.

Many people pitied the old man; every one pitied his wife, his son, and the delicate-looking girl who had been counted as their daughter.

There was no really serious fault to be laid at the Squire's door. He had been obstinate; he had refused to see that farming in England during the latter half of the nineteenth century was not what it had been in the days of his fathers. But there was nothing more to be said. The old man had been no gambler, no glutton, no drunkard, no speculator. He had done what he could to reduce his expenditure—down to the very verge of meanness as he thought; but, as every one knew, he was fighting a losing battle. That he fought with some bravery was sufficient to win for him, at least, the sympathy of those who were fighting on the same lines; and they were not a few.

It was in the autumn that Mrs. Vereker died; she went quite suddenly one autumn morning; only just awakening to say a word—a last word of hope and encouragement to her son. Then, her last duty done, the tired wife and mother went to her rest. After that Squire Vereker cared no longer to fight for the mere keeping up of appearances. The creditors came from the east and from the west. Deeratance was to be sold, not only the land, the house, but the very furniture that the house contained. Muriel was to go to her cousin's in Trentfordshire; the Squire was to go into lodgings at Hild's Haven for a time, until the lawyers saw how matters were likely to turn out. The old man had nothing to do with this arrangement. Mr. Wodehouse, of the firm of Wodehouse, Ransom, and Co., had suggested the plan to Antholin, and Antholin had tremulously repeated the suggestion to his father. The Squire made no reply—no, not so much as by a word.

"I know it is hard," Antholin said. "But, father, I do believe it will only be for a time. Every one says I have a fair prospect before me." They were sitting in the lonely drawing-room in the twilight. Mrs. Vereker's work-table was there, just as she had left it. Above the closed piano her portrait hung, taken when she was but five-and-twenty, a young mother with a golden-haired boy on her knee. . . . The old man's eyes were fixed upon the picture.

"I certainly think it will only be for a time," Antholin repeated. "And you know, father, that if hard work will insure success the work will not be wanting. . . . Of course, it's not the success itself I care for—not so much. There are other things. The dearest hope I have in the world just now is to be able to make a home. *A home!* The mere word is like an electric touch. . . . I can't speak of it. There is a great deal one can't speak of; a great deal one hardly dares to think!"

The boy—for, after all, he was even yet no more—was hungering for a word of encouragement, of satisfaction with what he was doing, and desiring to do. His heart ached for the dead mother's voice, for her sympathy; it ached with and for the aching that he knew was in the heart of the worn and despairing father. Yet no word came. When he had done speaking the lone-looking room held only silence.

Presently, the silence being insupportable, he began again, as if he had but just left off speaking. The old man was still leaning back in his chair—the old brown chair he had used nearly all his life—his white head just resting on the top of it; his arms were lying with the helplessness of despondency rather than the helplessness of age upon the arms of the chair.

"No one can ever say all one is thinking or feeling," Antholin resumed, speaking in lower and more affectionate tones than before. "I wish I could tell you all that is in my brain just now. How, how I have prayed that I might be able to spare you from this hour—how I have! . . . But it was not to be. . . . Yet do hope, father, do try to hope! . . . I can almost see—I *can* see; it is like a vision—the home we shall have—you and I and another—God willing! . . . Oh, do try to—to be a little hopeful!"

Still silence; the coldest, chillest silence.

"You see, it is not only that I have some faith in myself, I should think little of that; but others have faith in me; and do not hesitate to tell me so. It is trying enough when they emphasise the fact that my success, such as I have had, is 'an *artistic success*;' but one and all tell me that the pecuniary compensation will come sooner or later. I have had disappointment enough on that side, as you know; disappointment proportioned to one's strongest hope, one's direst need; disappointment that has seemed to take all life and soul and spirit and inspiration out of me, and leave me paralysed, stupefied. But, believe me, it was not for myself alone that I felt these things. . . . Nay, as you know, I hate the whole of the fight, the struggle for money. . . . What I *do* feel is

not being able to help you—to help you *now*. . . . Still, let us hope, father, *try* to hope for a time when we shall have a home!"

And still the old man leaned back in the faded chair; still the sad aged eyes seemed to rest upon the picture of the mother and child; and still he spoke not.

* * * *

It was not till nightfall came, and darkness had closed over the fallen house, that the son of the house knew that now he was alone in the world—alone, poor, surrounded by difficulty, and all but friendless. *All but friendless!* he repeated to himself as he sat by the side of the dead father—dead, enshrouded in all the peaceful majesty of death. And for that night, at least, no passion of sorrow, of regret, disturbed the stillness. Before the day broke Antholin knelt by the bed; and his prayer was not without some words of gratitude.

A few days later Antholin once more found himself using the words he had used on that sad night—*All but friendless*, but now he put them from him with self-rebuke.

"All but friendless, when I have a friend like Helena! How could I ever feel like saying a thing of that sort! A friend! She is a thousand times more than any friend could ever be, and she is true as gold—as gold! What a wretched comparison! As true as the stars in the heavens, I should say. Her mere faith in me will help me to stand when I am in danger of falling. In the thickest of the battle the mere memory of her name will uphold me. . . . It is not her promise—she has given me no promise. I have not asked her for any. I could not. I would not. A promise, a binding word from her! it would be an insult to ask it. Every look, every glance, every faltering accent is a separate promise in itself. The soft, quick flush on her face when I did but pass the carriage in the streets of Hild's Haven yesterday, included everything, everything! A promise from one so large-natured, so noble, so true; no, I could never ask it. My trust in her shall be at least as pure, as deep, as great as hers in me. . . . Had I nothing else in the world, *nothing*—nothing to work for, nothing to hope for but her love, I should still be rich, enviably rich. . . . May God be good to her as she is good to me."

(To be concluded next month.)

JEAN BAPTISTE GODIN,

Founder of the Familistère at Guise.

By JOHN RAE, M.A., Author of "Contemporary Socialism," etc.

Of all the social experiments of the century our English co-operators seem to like the Familistère of Guise the best. They appear to think it realises true co-operative principles more perfectly than any other, and they often hold it up as a sort of pattern for the industrial organization of the future. One of the oldest and most eminent friends of co-operation in this country, Mr. E. Vansittart Neale, has done much to make the Guise system better known, and in expressing his regret to see the co-operative society now so often degenerating into the ordinary joint-stock association, earnestly calls on co-operators to return to their early Rochdale programme, and work it out on the lines on which it has been worked out for them at Guise by M. Godin. And another tried and eminent friend of the cause, Mr. Thomas Hughes, speaking of M. Godin's experiment in his "Manual of Co-operators" (p. 157) says: "Individually I may say that to the Social Palace, with its varied range of enjoyments and advantages and the collective property in land naturally accompanying them, I look as the true key which will open the door to all higher life, the goal and rich reward of co-operative effort." The very recent death of M. Godin, the creator of this Social Palace and of the interesting and noble industrial partnership in operation at the iron foundry of Guise, seems to afford a not unsuitable occasion for calling attention to a man and a work that, in the opinion of the high authorities here quoted, mark an epoch in the history of social development.

Jean Baptiste André Godin would have been considered a remarkable man even apart from his social innovations. Self-made men indeed are not uncommon anywhere, for happily for the world the commercial faculty is one of the most wide-spread that men possess, but M. Godin, in building up out of his first few hard savings from his wages at the anvil, a great business employing in the end fourteen hundred hands, owed his success not to

the mere commercial faculty alone, but to—what is much rarer—a singularly fertile genius for mechanical contrivance. He died owning one hundred and eighty patents, and most of them were his own invention. Still, it was in the field of social contrivance, of moral mechanism, that his boldness and originality of character were most conspicuously revealed and left the most fruitful and striking results. Except for his social experiments his life was uneventful and its story may be told in a few words. He was born seventy-one years ago, the son of a working locksmith in the little village of Esquéhéries in the north of France, and after receiving some reading and writing at the village school, was put to work in his father's smithy before he was t welve. Having served his five years he went as a journeyman to a neighbouring provincial town,

The Familistère at Guise.

1 The Palace, Central Pavilion
2 2 " the wings
3 Crèche and Nursery
4 Theatre
5 5 Schools
6 Bakery
7 Café and Billiard-room
8 Counting-house.
9 Stables and Coach-houses
10 Butchery.
11 Baths and Wash-houses
12 Offices
13 Foundry and Fitting Shops.
14 Gas Works Gasometer.
15 River Oise

worked there for three years, and then returned to his native village, where in 1840, at the age of twenty-two, he opened a smithy on his own account, and married a girl he loved in his own rank of life Here he took up the then new industry of casting, which grew so much in his hands, that in 1846, for the sake of a larger market, he migrated with his twenty workpeople to Guise. A few years more and these twenty hands had increased to several hundreds, and the Guise foundry had become one of the most important centres in France for the manufacture of grates, fire irons, and cooking utensils. The business continued to prosper, and in 1859 M. Godin built for the housing of his workpeople the Social Palace, to which he gave the name of the Familistère, and in 1880 he introduced the present elaborate system of participation in the profits, by which the business passes eventually into the possession of the workers themselves, and is handed easily down from one generation of them to another. In 1870 M. Godin was appointed Mayor of Guise, and in 1871 deputy for his district to the National Assembly in Paris, where for a time he took an active part in the business of the House and in the counsels of the Republican Union party to which he belonged, but getting

tired of politics he retired in 1876 and stuck to his industrial and social work at home. In his later years he published several writings on social problems, the most important being "Etudes Sociales" and "Le Gouvernement." He died in January, 1888, leaving behind him a fortune of some £700,000, half of which he bequeathed by his will to his associated employés, just as only a few months before Madame Boucicault, of the well-known Bon Marché, had bequeathed the greater part of her fortune to her employés.

As so often happens, M. Godin was made a social reformer for life by a vivid personal experience before he was twenty. Abraham Lincoln was still a raw lad working a raft of timber down the Mississippi, when he one day in the streets of New Orleans ran across a slave girl being sold by auction, being examined, pinched, literally trotted about in front of the bidders, as if she were a pony, and, his whole manhood roused at the sight, he expressed his indignation to his fellow-barges in the memorable words, "By God, if ever I get a chance to hit that institution I'll hit it hard, John." Lord Shaftesbury was only a boy like other boys at Harrow, when the gross disrespect shown to the dead at a pauper's funeral he chanced to meet on the public road stirred him with such a sense of the world's inhumanity to the poor, that he resolved, God sparing him, to give his life and strength to the promotion of their cause. It was in M. Godin's early journeyman days that he first conceived the purpose of social reform. He then came to know how the world really lived. He and his comrades had to be at work from five in the morning till eight at night, and though their wages were wretched, yet they were fined four hours' pay if they were five minutes late. There was no leisure, no comfort, no possibility of contentment in the labourer's life. "Here," says M. Godin, "I saw the misery and wants of the labourer laid bare," and here he made the resolution, "if ever I rise above the position of workman, I will endeavour to make the working man's life more tolerable and satisfactory to him, and to raise labour from its degradation."

When he rose to the position of employer he did not forget that resolution. His first reform was to enable the working day to be shortened and the irritating system of fines and stoppages to be abolished, by introducing first, payment by the hour, and afterwards payment by the piece. Then finding that drunkenness was very prevalent among his men on the fortnightly pay Saturday, and was apt to be carried on into what is called St. Monday, and to leave families *in extremis* before the end of the week, he fell upon the clever expedient of paying his men in four separate divisions, according to their alphabetical order, on four separate days, none of which would be a Saturday. One fourth was paid on the Tuesday and the other on the Friday of the first week in the fortnight, and the remaining two divisions on the Tuesday and Friday of the following week. Only a fourth of them having money to spend at one time, the temptation to mutual treating was so much lessened that very little intemperance remained afterwards. Then he organized a mutual sick benefit society and other means of assistance of a like order. But besides these practical expedients for improving the condition of working people under the present system of things, he took up very early with the ideas of more speculative and Utopian reformers. He was a great student of the Socialist writers, then so much in vogue, in particular of Fourier, and when the disciples of that author were expelled from France by Louis Napoleon in 1852, M. Godin contributed £4,000 (one-third of his then realised fortune) to Victor Considérant's unfortunate scheme of a Socialist colony in Texas, and was elected one of the directors of the company. His experiences of that project rid him of some illusions. He awoke for the first time to the fact that the men who have the greatest faculty for propagating ideas are very often singularly ill-fitted for the practical management of a business, and that the secret of the failure of many a good scheme is just this, that the men of *talkee talkee* get elected to the board of management and in their unskilful hands the thing inevitably falls to pieces. "With the whole societary school," says M. Godin, "I fell into the error of believing that the talent for action was on a par with the talent for oratory," and he adds that they paid dearly for their mistake, but that for his own part there was one good result from his experience of the unhappy enterprise in Texas, and that was—to use his own words—that "I fell back on myself, and firmly resolved no more to look to any one else for the institution of those social reforms which I could accomplish by myself." And the remarkable reforms he has subsequently instituted have certainly been entirely his own individual creation, and like the other fifty examples of participation in profits which exist in France, are a testimony to the superiority of indivi-

dual initiative to social initiative even for the work of social reorganization. His plan differs from all those other fifty by combining the experiment of associated homes with the experiment of industrial partnership, and by working in both experiments alike under distinct Fourierist inspiration.

The very name Familistère sends us back to the Phalanstères of Fourier. In erecting the Familistère, M. Godin was moved by the conviction that a good home is not an enjoyment merely but an education, the first and most essential condition of all further social reform; and that it was quite practicable to provide the poor man with a home which should possess all the real comforts and advantages of a rich man's mansion. Why was it—he asked himself—that the cottages of the poor were at present so uncomfortable and dirty and unhealthy? It was simply because the same rooms had to serve for a great many functions for which in a rich man's house separate accommodation was provided; they were work-room, wash-house, kitchen, nursery, public room, and bedroom all in one; and the true remedy obviously lay in such a combination of homes as would admit of the necessary subdivision of functions. The cottage must be superseded by the Social Palace, as the home industry has been by the factory. The advantages of the large scale of production must be introduced into the housing of the poor. M. Godin was a great believer in the large scale; even in agriculture he would have co-operation and the large farm rather than the existing *petite culture;* and for like reasons the future would see the rural village go out and the Social Palace rise up everywhere in its room. The Familistère of Guise, which was built to carry out these principles at different times between 1859 and 1881 at a total cost of £60,000, and accommodates at present the population of a small town, 1,400 persons, consists of several quadrangles of four-story buildings with balconies like those of our own industrial dwellings schemes, carried round the interior of the quadrangle, and it is fitted up inside into sets of three or four apartments suitable for a family, which are entered from the balcony and have windows, some to the central court, and some to the country outside. The rents of these apartments vary according to their size and situation, and an occupier may engage, if he likes, more than one suite. M. Godin himself occupied an angle of the building and the families of managers and cashiers lived in the same house, and at most only on a different landing, from the families of firemen and navvies. In the middle of the quadrangle there is a lower building, containing shops of all sorts—served mainly by the females of the population, and supplying things at what we call co-operative prices—a large nursery, a crèche for the babies of the community, an infant school, boys' and girls' schools, a lecture-hall, a reading-room, a library, a theatre seated for 1,200, a concert hall, casino, billiard-room, and chess and backgammon rooms. Then there is an ample provision of baths, including a swimming bath, and all round the Palace are pleasure and market gardens, while at a convenient distance are commodious washhouses. There is as yet no common kitchen, which Mr. Neale thinks a great defect, and probably it is, but it seems that the Guise people like to cook their own dinner in their own room. Being French they probably can cook it tolerably well; and they have in every set of rooms a good cooking stove made in the foundry that enables them to do it without offence.

The rents of the rooms are less than the rents of rooms of the same accommodation in the town of Guise, and all these other general advantages are thrown into the bargain. The education in the schools is gratuitous, compulsory, and secular, though no objection is made to an independent provision by those who wish it, for religious education. Personally Godin was not a believer in the ordinary sense. He says indeed that the religious idea has still a great mission before it in the future, but by the religious idea he means the idea of social duty, and its mission is to organize fraternal institutions—to realise a laic religion, as he calls it, without mysteries, miracles, or priests, whose cultus would lie in perfecting human existence, and whose last end was to be glorified labour. Still, complete religious liberty was allowed and encouraged, though no religious education was provided out of the general funds. On the other parts of education expense was not spared. In 1883 sixteen teachers, who all lived in the Familistère, were provided for the 400 children at an expense of 33,000 francs, while in the same year the town of Guise itself spent only 13,500 francs on the education of its 800 children. All got music, gymnastics, and drawing as well as ordinary branches, and there are continuation courses, and free scientific lectures with experiments, which the parents may attend as well as the children. The reading-room, library,

and recreation-rooms are all free, and so, if I infer aright, is the medical service.

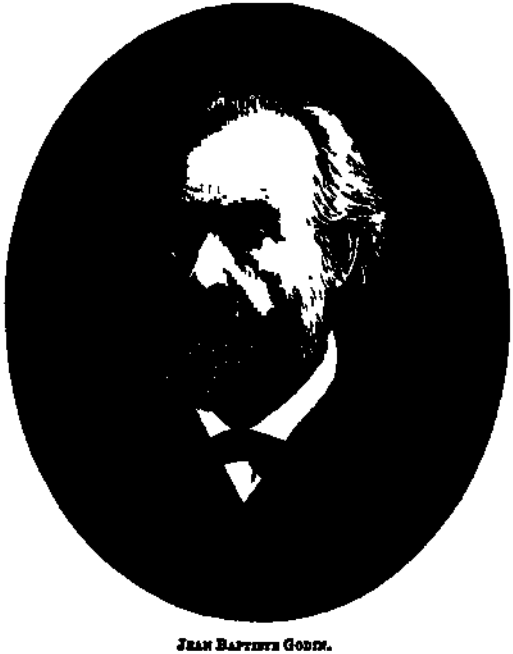
The material advantages of all this are obvious. M. Godin is even better pleased with its moral effect. While every family enjoys quite as much privacy as it is possible to do in any street of cottages, they live here, he points out, under the insensible but elevating influence of the opinion and society of their betters. Though drinking-bars are permitted, intemperance is very infrequent; and in 1883 M. Godin wrote that during the whole twenty-five years' existence of the Familistère not a single crime of any kind had occurred requiring the attention of the police or the judiciary, and that the people, as might be expected, had grown greatly in general culture and tastes from their original condition.

As with his Social Palace, so in his scheme of industrial distribution, M. Godin's ideas were coloured by Fourierist recollections. Before 1880 M. Godin had merely set apart a certain sum—£8,000 or £10,000—out of the profits of the year to be distributed among his men as a bonus; but in 1880 he converted the business into a *commanditè* company, and introduced a complicated system of arrangements for realising effectively Fourier's principle of a just division of the produce of industry, the division between capital, labour, and talent, according to the importance of their several contributions. It is true he thought this principle theoretically defective, because talent was only a particular kind of labour, and because nature, which Fourier wholly ignored, was, in Godin's opinion, as important a contributor to production as any of the other three. Nature's share in the division ought, he thought, to be appropriated by the State, partly by means of the nationalisation of land for the purpose of letting it out to all sorts of productive societies, and partly by means of a heavy graduated succession duty; and the funds thus obtained ought to be employed in establishing a system of universal insurance against sickness, accidents, age, and vicissitudes generally. But in the meantime, so long as the laws of private inheritance and private property in land remained unmodified, and the State showed no disposition to serve herself heir to nature's share, individual producers must each set aside that share for themselves, and consequently the first part in M. Godin's annual division is 25 per cent. of the whole net profits to a reserve fund for purposes of personal insurance. In passing I may say that besides this every workman is obliged to pay to that fund 2 per cent. on his wages, that in 1883 the fund amounted to 500,000 francs, and in the three years it had existed at that time more than 90,000 francs had been paid out of it for sick relief and pensions on a comfortable scale.

Next to nature's deal comes the deal of talent or intelligence, and that also is fixed at 25 per cent. The director alone (M. Godin during his lifetime) got and gets 12 per cent. of the profits, in addition to his salary of 15,000 francs. In 1883 this 12 per cent. amounted to more than four times his salary. Half the profits going thus in equal shares to nature and intelligence, the other half remained to be divided between the factors, capital and labour. Capital had already received 5 per cent. interest, and labour had of course already received its weekly wages, all before there was any calculation of profit at all, and M. Godin concluded that the proper principle now was to give capital a share of the remaining half of the profits in proportion to the amount of interest it received, and labour in proportion to the wages it had received. In most other industrial partnerships the division is made on the amount of capital, and not on the amount of interest, and that makes a great difference. In 1883 the total amount of interest paid was 230,000 francs on 4,600,000 francs of capital, and the total wages paid was 1,888,000 francs, so that of this remaining half of the profits some nine-tenths go to the deal of labour.

M. Godin's scheme, however, by no means ends here; his object was to make the employés in the final result owners of the capital of the business, and with this view he decided that the labourers' share of the profits should not be paid immediately into their hands, to be used at their discretion, but should be applied to buy for them shares in the business. In this way the business is gradually falling into the hands of the labourers engaged in it. In 1883 they already possessed stock amounting to nearly two millions of francs, and though the capital has been raised to 6,000,000 francs, it will only take a few more years for it to be acquired entirely by the employés. The interest on the shares they possess they receive like their wages, to spend as they will. And when we consider that the wages given at Guise are better than the current rate, that the house rent is lower, that the prices of things at the shops are co-operative prices, and that education, insurance, and medical relief are virtually free, we shall not be surprised to find that the general standard of living, as

tested by clear proofs, is unusually high. M. Godin states, in his book on Government, that the average amount of indirect taxation on articles of consumption paid per head in the Familistère of Guise is 75 francs, and when we turn to books of statistics we find that the average for France generally is only 30 francs. The people of the Familistère live, therefore, two and a half times better than the rest of the French. Their working day is ten hours, and they have, besides common holidays, two special fête days of their own every year—the Feast of Labour on the first Sunday in May and the Feast of Infancy on the first Sunday in September. Labour is celebrated in the spring, because in the spring all nature returns to its task and summons man to his; and infancy is celebrated in the harvest, because then nature yields the young seed for future crops, and the two feasts are meant to be a public commemoration of labour and education as the two great factors of human progress. On these high days the whole place is bright with flowers and banners, the population all assemble in the great lecture-hall to hear an address from the director, and young and old mingle in merry games in the Palace gardens.



JEAN BAPTISTE GODIN.

[*From a Photogravure by MM. Boussod, Valadon & Cie.*]

One important feature of this establishment remains to be mentioned. There is no idea in the Familistère of Guise of any rigid Socialistic ideas of equality. It contains considerable differences both of position and property. The director, who is at the head of the whole place, is an autocrat in all business affairs. He is elected—that is, since 1880—but he is elected for life, and his management is uncontrolled. He chooses the foremen and makes the bargains. Next below him stand the group that elect him, the *associés*, numbering 68 in 1883, who must have worked at least five years in the foundry, be men of good education and stainless life, and possess not less than 500 francs of capital in the business. Their privileges are large like their requirements. They elect themselves by co-optation, share in the profits on *twice* their wages, can only be expelled the association by a vote of two-thirds of their own peers (the other *associés*), have the first right to work when work is short, and retire on a pension of two-thirds of their wages or salaries. After them come 95 *sociétaires*, chosen by the manager and administrative council, sharing the profits on *one and a half times* their wages, and getting a pension on one-third of them; 573 *participants*, similarly chosen, and sharing on their simple wages only; 258 *auxiliaires*, who as yet get no share in the profits, except through their interest in the insurance fund; and 286 *intéressés*, who are allowed to retain stock they have inherited, though they have no further interest in the concern. The stock, which is only being gradually taken up year by year, must, when it is all taken up, be again parted with in the same way, the first shareholders being then obliged to sell out their shares to the new comers. During the interval the shares may apparently be held by widows or other persons not in active employment, but at the end of the term they must always return to the possession of actual labourers, and so the way is smoothed for the retirement of the

older generation and the accession of the younger.

Will the system last? Why not? The Maison Leclaire does as well as ever though the founder has gone. It is true that the industry to which the new principle is applied at Guise is one of the most complex that exists, whereas that of the Maison Leclaire (house-painting) is one of the simplest; but the chief rocks on which co-operative experiments usually split seem to be successfully avoided. The common tendency to quarrels is met by the decisive authority given to the director; and the common tendency in the *personnel* to decline in number is met by express provisions for new recruits. The great difficulty was to get the scheme started, for M. Godin's wife forsook him rather than live in a Familistère; and his labourers, when he first offered them 100,000 francs as a bonus from the profits, absolutely refused to take it, because, as he explains, labourers are always suspicious of proposals made by employers and become a ready prey to ill-conditioned agitators. After a while's reflection they saw there could be no harm in the money; and now, with so many years' experience of the benefits of the new order of things, they will naturally strain every nerve to keep the experiment from coming to peril. Of course one fundamental presupposition is that the foundry itself will continue to be a commercial success, and that depends greatly on the business ability of the director. But in this respect the thing does not differ from any other commercial undertaking, and those who choose the directors have at least as much capacity and interest to make a good choice as the shareholders of any other mercantile company.

THE FOUR GATES.

"Thy glory went through four gates, of fire, and of earthquake, and of wind, and of cold."
2 Esdras xi. 16.

I KNOW that He cometh by fire,
By the fire which trieth the gold;
I know that He cometh by earthquake,
Shaking the earth as of old,
And He cometh, I know, by the wind,
As the Spirit of Power foretold.
By fire, wind, earthquake He cometh,
But how can He come by the cold?

For cold is the spot where He is not,
Where the beams of His light never fall,
In the land, dark, lone, and forsaken,
Robbed of sun that shines upon all.
How, then, can He come where He is not,
Or enter by gate of the cold?

Give ear—for the east wind is bitter:
O God, think me not over-bold
To ask how Thy glory can enter
The heart by the gate of the cold!

Veiled was the sun. The stars shone not at all.
And on the earth black solitude did fall.
The heart unfriended; the spirit all alone,
Who in that hour the anguished one did own?
His sad, lone-hearted cry no sympathy did waken,
A cry of worse than solitude: "My God, hast Thou forsaken?"

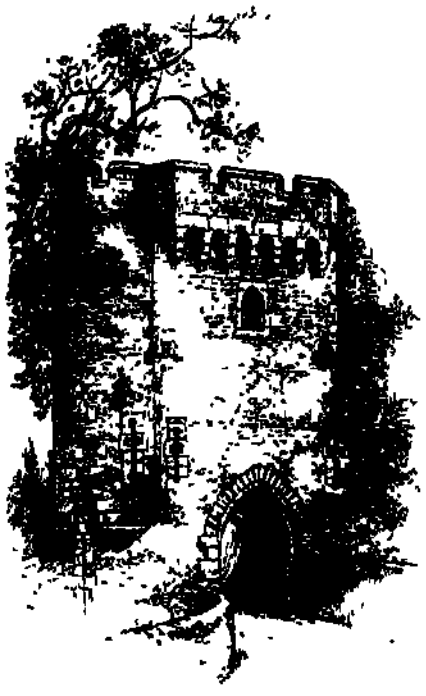
O God, great in power and pity,
What love doth Thy bosom enfold!
All ways doth Thy glory now enter,
By fire, wind, earthquake, and cold!

The whole earth is full of Thy glory!

W. B. RIPON.

A SAUNTER UP THE SUSSEX OUSE.

By HERBERT RIX, B.A.



Entrance to Lewes Castle.

THE Sussex Ouse is an unpretending little river, slow and muddy; but as we did not expect from it any fine river-scenery we were not disappointed. The river, in fact, was more of a pretext for a ramble in the remoter parts of the county than anything else. It saved the trouble of tossing up as to where we should go: we would go where the river took us.

As we chanced, therefore, to be in Lewes, we began our ramble with a walk over the Downs to Newhaven, where the Ouse gives itself to the sea. Climbing the precipitous bit of Down known as the Cliffe, which forms such a striking terminal to the town of Lewes on the east, we kept along the horse-shoe ridge which trends away to the south-east and the south, making always for the terraced top of Mount Caburn. There was a glorious west wind blowing—"raythor rough and blusterous," as an old fellow in gaiters and corduroy coat remarked in passing—a wind you had to fight with, and which sometimes got the better of you too, forcing you to come to a standstill if not to beat a retreat. Even in the valley the rooks, congregated in the meadow, seemed half afraid to trust their wings, and several big old trees had parted with some of their largest limbs, but up here on the hills the wind was a hurricane, and we were fully agreed that the nine or ten miles from Lewes to Newhaven were worth five-and-twenty at least.

We passed large flocks of Southdown sheep, and shepherds crouching to the "loo'ard" of a clump of gorse, or struggling crook in hand against the storm; picturesque enough with their ragged cloaks flying behind them and the grey shaggy dogs following at their heels. Below us lay two valleys, the valley of the Ouse upon the one side and the Glynde valley on the other, which, once upon a time, if we are to believe the general report of geologists, were two arms of the sea washing around a bold promontory formed by the group of hills before us, of which Mount Caburn is the crown.

The earthworks on the summit of Caburn, which were now distinctly visible to us, once enclosed a British village, planted here, as General Pitt-Rivers assures us, "in the late bronze period, or early iron age," and occupied by the British even into post-Roman times. To this village it appears the Romans laid siege, occupying some ramparts which we passed at a distance of about five hundred yards from Caburn and which are known as Ranscombe Camp. Caburn, in fact, is believed to have been "one of the twenty oppida which Suetonius states to have been reduced by Vespasian during his conquest of this part of Britain." But whoso desires to have the evidence thereof let him beguile a few hours by reading the 46th volume of the *Archæologia*, where he will find it all set down at full (very full) length.

Meanwhile, we return to our ramble. Within one of the deep trenches wherewith Mount Caburn is scored around we paused to get our breath. A gleam of sunshine broke from the clouds and we lay awhile and watched the shadows tearing across the Downs, sweeping over their rounded tops, up one hill and down another, mile after mile, in a mad race of ghostly forms.

Then we started again, dropped down the steep sides of Caburn and struck the New-

haven road. Here the river winding down the valley feeds a vast network of channels which intersect the water-meadows as far as the eye can see; for this tract of level land running northward for sixteen miles right away from Newhaven to Uckfield is one of three great Sussex marshes, of which the other two extend from Eastbourne to Hastings and from the Fairlight Downs to the eastern boundary of the county. Here and there the "dykes" gleamed silvery white, but for the most part they were marked only by long lines of tall sedge. Sometimes we came upon great beds of dark, feathery rushes—and a sight they were to see to-day!—luxuriant masses of plumes bowing and tossing in the wind, and where the bed was broad, surging into veritable waves, which chased each other on a sable sea.

One ought long since to have had glimpses of the ocean, but it was dark weather and we had to content ourselves with reflecting that it could not be far distant from that cluster of tall masts which now showed black against the sky before us. And so, past many a flint-built wall and lichened roof of church and farm-house we came at last to the somewhat dismal little town of Newhaven.

The humble inn at which we halted for refreshment bore upon its front the legend in large letters, "Patronised by King Louis Philippe in 1848," reminding us that it was to Newhaven Louis and his queen escaped in a fishing-smack as Mr. and Mrs. William Smith, after their inglorious flight from Paris in a hackney cab.

In the town itself there is little enough to see, and when one has visited the old Norman church and the so-called "Castle" Hill the "lions" of the place are exhausted.

But one sight we saw which I think we shall not soon forget—the sea breaking over the new harbour-pier, each successive wave shooting a wall of brine high into the air and flinging sheets of foam far into the harbour beyond, and all this lighted by the red glare of an angry sunset till the torn clouds of spray burnt like the smoke and flame of a prairie fire. We walked to the end of the pier and stood beneath the subway listening to the boom of the billows as they thundered against the rampart at our backs, and ever and anon, amid the roar and tumult, came the ghostly clank of the bell-buoy tossing and staggering among the breakers.

As we made our way landward a solitary figure came creeping toward us along the slippery pier; the figure of a man clad in rough blue pilot cloth. He was going to the pier-head to kindle the lights in the tower. He gave us "good evening" as he passed, and remarked that he should think we had found it "rather damp" out yonder, adding grimly, "It will be worse by-and-by."

The return journey to Lewes is best performed by the road which runs along the right bank of the Ouse, passing through the little villages of Piddinghoe and Southease, with their curious round-towered churches, and affording during the last half of the walk fine views of the ancient town and castle.

To Lewes, then, "the town of clean windows and pretty faces," as William Cobbett calls it, the river next brings us, and it is with regret one reflects that a subject which might fill and has filled a big quarto volume must be put into a few lines of print.

The whole of the next morning was spent in visiting, or rather re-visiting, some points of interest in the dear old town (for the place was familiar to us in our boyhood). We went to the castle, examined the massive keep, climbed the tower, talked learnedly of William de Warenne who built it, and proceeded to point out the iron cross upon which we had been religiously taught in early days that the heads of malefactors were exhibited, only here the keeper interposed with "Lor', sir, they never stuck no heads there; that's the lightning conductor." Then we went to view the ruins of the Priory which was founded by the same earl, and made a pilgrimage to the parish church of Southover, where the relics of the founder and his lady lie.

The history of the foundation of the Priory is interesting. The story goes that the Earl de Warenne, son-in-law of the Conqueror, and one of the chief commanders in the Battle of Hastings, left England in the year 1070 with his wife Gundrada, intending to proceed to Rome. Finding it unsafe to prosecute their journey, the country being then in a state of war, they took up their abode for some time at the Benedictine monastery at Cluny. The hospitality and charity, the regular devotions, bodily labour, and strict self-denial of these monks of Cluny completely won the hearts of the Earl and his lady, and they resolved to establish in Lewes a brotherhood of that order and no other. The upshot was that they did build and endow this great Cluniac Priory, and their host, the Abbot, sent over Lanzo, the first Prior, and three other monks, to found the brotherhood. The building was

completed in six years, and there, in 1085, Gundrada was buried in the chapter-house, and there the Earl, three years later, was laid by her side.

So much for the building-up. As for the pulling-down, that was done by Thomas Cromwell, upon whom the Priory was bestowed after it had been surrendered to the Crown in 1537. It must have been a large place at that time. The very pigeon-house belonging to it is said to have been bigger than many a parish church and to have contained no fewer than 3,228 pigeon-holes. And the fishponds, of which there are still some traces discernible, were on a corresponding scale of grandeur. The process of demolition is vividly and quaintly described in a letter signed "John Portman," and dated at "Lewes, March 24, 1538," which is still extant in the British Museum:—"We brought from London seventeen persons, three carpenters, two smiths, two plummers, and one that keepeth the furnace. Every one of these attendeth to his own office; ten of them heweth the walls, about the which are the three carpenters. These make props to underset where the others cut away; the others break and cut the walls. These men are exercised much better than other men we find in the countrie. Wherefore, we must bothe have more men and other things also that we have need of. A Tuesday they began to cast the lead, and it shall be done with such diligence and saving as may be; so that our trust is that your lordship shall be much satisfied with what we doe, when I must most heartily commend myself, much desiring God to maintain your health and your heart's ease."

As the result of this "diligence" there are now left only a few ends of ragged wall and one broken "corkscrew" staircase.

Three hundred years after this scene of desolation, on the morning of Tuesday, October 28th, 1845, some workmen, in forming a cutting for the Lewes and Brighton Railway through the grounds formerly occupied by the Priory, came upon two leaden cists or coffers. On the upper side of one cist was inscribed "Gvndrada," on the other "Willelm."

But we must not linger among the tombs. It was already long past noon when we tore ourselves away from the interesting old town and took the Offham road. That road passes near to the field where was fought the "great battle of the constitution"—the ever-memorable Battle of Lewes. Indeed Mount Harry, the lofty down to our left, is believed to have derived its name from Henry III., who there met De Montfort and the barons in mortal conflict. According to tradition the battle raged from Mount Harry down to the castle itself, and even beyond into the marshes of the Ouse. The King and Prince Edward took refuge in the Priory, and Richard, the King's brother, was captured in a windmill, near the site of the "Black Horse" Inn. For the rest we may sum up in the words of Peter Langtoft:—

> "Th· kyng of Almayn was taken to prisoun,
> Of Scotland Jon Comyn was left in a donjoun.
> The erle of Warenne, I wote, he escaped ovir the se,
> & sir Hugh Bigote als with the erle fled he.
> Many faire ladie lese hir lord that day,
> & many gode bodie slayn at Lewes lay.
> The number none wrote, for tell them mot no man,
> Bot he that alle wote, and alle thing ses and can."

Mount Harry and the battle-field lay, as I have said, upon the left hand. In front was the spire of Offham Church; and on the right was a wide valley, where the river wandered from side to side, and in the midst of which, catching the eye from every point of view, an old ivied tower stood upon a rising ground. This was the tower of Old Hamsey Church, and turning to the right down the Barcombe Road, we presently struck across the plain to obtain a nearer view. Passing through a field where a man was "sowing clover for green-meat," as he informed us, we applied at the farm-house for the key of the church, which a bustling old lady went to find. While she was gone we asked the farmer whether the old church was still used.

"Noa; only to burry people; that's all the use they make on't," he answered gloomily.

The empty church, with its massive oaken pews long unused, its worm-eaten lectern, upon which a ragged prayer-book still lay, and its bell, which in to-day's wild wind gave forth at intervals the faint ghost of a note, seemed like the church of some suddenly departed generation. Even the trees, torn by the frequent westerly gales, and bent by them in a permanent droop towards the church, seemed to be weeping for the departed.

We sheltered for a bit from the sharp showers which were now following each other in quick succession, and then taking a cross-road and cutting a corner through some meadows, we asked an old fellow in a brown smock-frock, who was carrying two pails of hog-wash, to give us further directions.

"Wall, ye'll see them there stacks up top o' th' 'ill there? A path threw the fields there 'ull tak' ye straight down to Barcombe."

We did not find the path, but we found some very pretty lanes, where we regaled ourselves with nuts and blackberries, and down which we strolled, stopping once and again to admire some oak rich in golden acorns, or hawthorn covered with scarlet haws. The showers ceased, and the glory of the declining sun burst forth. Brilliant threads of cloud wove a silvery lace-work over the blue arch of heaven, only round the horizon still hovered the blue-grey rain clouds.

At Barcombe we inquired our way over the meadows to Isfield. When we arrived there it was dark, and, to our dismay, the inn was full. However, a decent old dame, after deliberately eyeing us from head to foot, decided to take us in, "Though we don't take passers as a rule;" and we soon found ourselves comfortably ensconced in a large low-ceiled kitchen, whose mantel-shelf twelve feet long was adorned with china images and cocks and hens of painted wood, and whose wall was furnished with a cottage barometer, the old man of which was decidedly out, and the old woman decidedly in.

All night there were sharp showers with thunder, and we were waked next morning by the pelting of the rain on the window. However, it was not too wet to walk; so, after breakfast, we took the road, crossing a little tributary of the Ouse which turns a mill, and in which we saw lying beneath the bridge abundant roach, and paid a visit to Isfield Place. This is a fine old moated house, a good deal renovated, but whose massive walls and watch towers still retain enough of the original fabric to give them an air of antiquity. Over the door are the Shurley arms and the motto, "Non minor est virtus, quam quærere, parta tueri," which Horsfield paraphrases by the English proverb, "Catch is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better." From the southern walls on this September morning hung a wealth of ripe pears and nectarines.

Then by the Newick Road, between thickset hedges, with here and there a peep of a hop-garden, where the hoppers were now high busy; past a little red-roofed inn, whose sign, "The Horse and Barge," marked the time when the river was navigable as high as this and higher; till presently we were brought to pause by the quaint old "Peacock Inn" at Shortbridge. The inn, which, with the stithy and the mill, forms the chief part of the hamlet, bears neither sign nor legend, save only two wonderful clipped yews, which we should hardly have recognised for peacocks, had not a little girl who lived there explained to us their place in the animal kingdom. We entered, and found within, besides this small maiden of eight, a sturdy boy of ten.

"Is anybody at home?" asked my companion.

"Ya-as," answered the sturdy boy.

"Who?"

"Me."

It turned out that everybody belonging to the place had gone out hopping, that the sturdy boy had been left in charge and felt his dignity accordingly.

It was warm and pleasant on the rough bench before the inn, for the sun had broken forth again. So we lingered awhile watching the carters and labourers who halted for a glass, each carefully brushing the thick soil from his heavy boots on the faggot at the door before he entered. The little sweet-eyed, merry girl amused us by her prattle. She knew every one that passed—man and beast.

"Yon's a very good man. He give the children and women a tea-party last year. Do you see yon horse, sir? He's a fine horse. That's the horse what drove our father, when he died, to the church, and me in the cart along o' the corfin."

But at length we had to take our leave of the old inn and its young innkeepers, and resume our journey.

From Shortbridge the road rises gently up to Chailey Common—a wide, beautiful common, where the white geese wandered among the blossoming gorse and heather. On the left a long stretch of undulating country lit up by the sun and backed by the Southdown range—twenty miles of blue hills. Pretty old cottages with gardens full of fruit and flowers stood here and there along the road. We knocked at one or two of them to ask for apples, but the inmates were all gone hopping: it was a veritable "Deserted Village."

At length we found one lame old man and his wife at home, and begged for some of the red, red apples which hung across the hedge, a perfect picture to the eye.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old couple. "They deceives people. They be crabs, they be."

"But haven't you any eating apples?"

"Wal," said the old man, rubbing his chin doubtfully, "*some* people 'ud eat em. There's these little yaller ones, you can have as many as you like, but they ain't good for much. Now, there's a tree down yonder on the left, you'd find they apples *toothable*."

More clouds, more wind, and more rain,

through the midst of which we tramped along, past the quarry, and up the hill, till we came at length to the quaint old village of Lindfield.

It was too wet to go farther that day; but the next morning our first care was to seek out the picturesque old mansion known as East Mascalls. On the road we overtook an old man in a velveteen shooting-coat, and asked him if he knew the place.

"Know East Mascalls? I ought to, I think;—known it since I was a boy."

"It is in ruins now, I suppose?"

"In ruins? Ya-as, and the old family's pretty well in ruins too. It's all a-fallin' down, roof droppin' right in. Lor', such a mess as it is sure-*ly*. There's a nice bit o' farm belongin' to it too—as nice a farm as ever layed out o' doors."

"Do you remember the old gentleman that lived there?"

"Remember 'im? Bless ye! I knowed the man as druv 'im—used to ride in an old yallar carriage an' pair o' greys. He was a witty old gentleman sure-*ly*, but a queer one. We 'ave 'ad some rare starts round 'ere sure-*ly*. Now there's a old-fashioned place yonder, ay, and it's a old-fashioned man lives there too. But lor'! he's either crazy or silly; *I* don't know which. He's cut his wheat, and there it lies, growin'!"

The old man undertook to show us the way to East Mascalls, and as we sauntered along, adapting ourselves to his feeble pace, he continued his gossip.

"That there tree's pretty nigh full o' hacorns, ain't it, sir?"—pointing to a fine oak which overhung our path. "Since these rains they 'ave growed."

"They're not good for much but the pigs, are they?"

"Pigs! Ay, and pigeons and ducks. The ducks *do* grow fat on 'em, and the pigeons too—swallows 'em down shucks and all. There's a many wood-pigeons here. I known parties shoot seven or eight at a time. You wait for 'em at their feedin' time, sir; 'ides yourself up. Twice a day the wood-pigeons feed—from nine to about eleven in the mornin', and from two to three in the afternoon."

"Is there much game about here?"

"Ya-as, there's game; but the country's thinner o' 'ares this last ten or twelve years than ever I knowed it."

"Any poaching?"

"No, sir; there ain't no poachin' much now. It's the police that's stopped that. Formerly they durstn't take ye when ye were on the road. You'd only got to get out o' the ground on to the road, and they durstn't touch ye; but now, if you've got four or five partridges and a gun in your pocket, they walk ye off. There used to be plenty o' poachin'. Bless ye! I known parties go out and get twenty-five or twenty-six pheasants o' a night, and yet there allus seemed to be a plenty."

Here he paused at a little stream. This, he told us, was the Ouse—the "big river" he called it, to distinguish it from a still smaller stream near by. But it could only be called "big" relatively—very relatively indeed—and the old man himself lamented that it wasn't big enough now "to keep the stock apart." He remembered it when it was much broader.

"Yonder is the old mill. That belonged to East Mascalls too. All to ruins, ye see" (sorrowfully); "here's the shaft and there's a bit o' the old wheel—overshot wheel it was. But bless ye! the locks ain't kep' up, and the banks fall in, and the river runs that narrer now! The barges used to come up to here. I known eighteen up of a day."

A few steps more, and then he paused again. A giant poplar lay prone on the ground, brought down by the high winds of yesterday.

"Well," said he slowly, with a touch of pathos in his voice, "I did not know *he* was gone. 'Bout the highest tree in the parish, I reckon. Ay, look 'e here; he was all rotted out, ye see."

The ruined house was now in sight, and our ancient guide pointed to a half-timbered out-building falling to decay.

"That's the coach-'us and stable," said he mournfully; "that's where the old yaller carriage used to stand, that is. And yon's the house. All goin' to pieces, ain't it? such a mess as never was; and yet it was all built of 'art-hoak—all 'art-hoak. Here, sir—here you'll get the best view at it."

We bade good-bye to the old boy, and he tottered back to his cottage, leaving us to sit awhile in the stillness of this ruined mansion. The sun was bright, the grass covered with the sheen of gossamer, the pigeons cooed in the wood, and behind us we heard again and again the tap of a woodpecker. Then we rose and took our way back to Lindfield, past Paxhill—another fine old mansion. And here again we were in luck, for near Paxhill we overtook another of the ancients carrying a basket of honey to market, who freely regaled us with his opinions about things in general.

"I likes old-fashioned ways, I do. I don't

Distant view of Lewes

like new-fashioned ways, I don't. I likes old-fashioned houses, and old fashioned cloathes too. Why, your new fashioned houses wasn't built for people to die up-stairs. Can't get 'em out without you get 'em out o' the winder. Now, the house I lives in up at Horsted Keynes—that's an old-fashioned house. My father lived there all his life, and he's eighty-six and heartier than I be."

He took a very desponding view of the world in general, and of farmers in particular.

"There ain't a farmer, not to *call* a farmer, not within sixty mile o' this pla ace," he said, "and the good old folk be all gone, and the good ways be gone with 'em."

The old man seemed to us well suited to the neighbourhood. For a quaint, picturesque, slow, sleepy, regretful old town commend me to Landfield.

And now we were drawing near the end of our stroll up the little river. But it would not do to return home without seeing something of the sources of the stream, so we took tram from Haywards Heath and visited the two principal springs—the one at Balcombe, and the other at Slaugham. In a dell below the village at Balcombe we found a little lake, a quiet spot with nothing to be heard this morning but the hum of a threshing-machine, the pattering of acorns through the leaves, and the flapping of the swan who was exercising himself on the farther shore. Tracing the stream upward, we came to a little copse through which a rill all red with iron threaded its way. Here a veritable spring welled up from the mossy ground and discharged itself into the main rivulet. The rivulet itself might be traced still farther

were it worth our pains. For the present, however, let this suffice. We took our way westward, down a rocky lane, over a field and through a wood, and past a farm known as the White House. Much of the way was on high ground with pleasant views of the Downs and Weald, but now we dropped down a little hollow, and crossed a stream, then climbed again to Stapleford Common, whence by a mile of high road we reached the little village of Slaugham.

Slaugham Church is rich in brasses, and there is a tomb there three centuries old surmounted by three iron helmets. The owners of those helmets were the Coverts, whose landed supremacy once extended "from Southwark to the sea." They lived at Slaugham Place; you can see the ruins of it yonder across the field, though there is little now remaining but blank walls and a few detached arches. Not far away is a picturesque old mill beneath a spreading beech. Ferns grow upon the roof, and a rustic flight of steps leads up to the level of the mill pond. A

From a photo by] The Combe, near Lewes. [W. S. Branch Lewes.

very noble pond it is, broad and bright, surrounded by thick trees which are parted only by a bit of curling country lane and a line of stacks.

This is virtually the source of the Ouse. From this lake issues the longest of the streamlets which go to make up the main river. So we consider our pilgrimage completed, and take the homeward road through Stapleford and Cuckfield along a pleasant ridge with noble views. In the far distance on our left we see the "Ouse Viaduct" stretching gracefully across the valley and showing very white against the dark-blue hills. Before us and on our right, some ten or twelve miles distant, the long range of Downs lies peacefully in the light of the setting sun, every spur starting into vivid green, and every "combe" filled with dark-blue shadows and looking "like nothing so much as dimples with smiles and good thoughts in them." It is a peaceful scene; one which sinks deep into the heart, and which leaves there an impression which even the turmoil of London, to which destiny and duty take us, is not able wholly to efface.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Mabah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

EASTER in Paris. A bright sun overhead, but a cold wind blowing. The chestnuts on the boulevards were bursting into leaf, for it was an early season. The city was full of tourists, who gaped at the jewellers' shops and crowded the Bois de Boulogne. The single-horse *fiacres* were having a busy time of it; but there were not many private carriages, and passing through the streets one might have thought them given over to a British invasion, as scarcely anything but English, from the broadest Doric to the choicest cockney, was heard. But not even the shops with their tempting wares prevented curious glances being cast in the direction of a girl dressed in black, accompanied by an immense St. Bernard who carried a roll of music for his mistress. Admiring eyes followed her as she scanned the eager, moving crowds with the air of looking for some one, yet with so much of quiet dignity about her that any attempt at rudeness was undreamt of. She passed on with that easy gait which can hardly be acquired by art, till she entered a little greengrocer's shop in the Rue St. Honoré. An elderly person, round as only a Frenchwoman can be without being shapeless, advanced at once and began volubly:

"Ah, mademoiselle, vous voilà! The *croûte au pot* was ready long since; but it is simmering—ah yes, it will be quite hot. You look tired. Jeanne, cherches-moi donc——" But Jeanne had disappeared, so the little woman bustled off, nodding back at mademoiselle, who could hear her screaming after the delinquent to mind the shop while she prepared mademoiselle's déjeuner. At last she arrived, bearing a tray with soup, bread-and-butter and radishes in one hand, while in the other she carried a small box from England. She told her *bonhomme* afterwards: "Ah, la Madonne," as she always called her lodger, "did look pleased; her eyes glistened and her cheeks flushed; some *cadeau* from home, I suppose. La pauvrette! she is lonely and sad often, I know." The good creature's beady black eyes became quite moist. She was interrupted in her sympathetic flow by the entrance of a gentleman asking for Miss Trevylian. Madame looked at him with her head askew. She was a capital duenna, and had sent away, with no choice language, one or two who would fain have bribed her into assisting them to make "La Madonne's" acquaintance. So she told the questioner, as a general piece of information, that mademoiselle was never at home in the morning, but could scarcely be brought to the point of discovering whether she were in at that precise moment. Monsieur, she suggested, might call again later; but monsieur was not to be beguiled, and declared his intention of awaiting the lady's return. Madame at last had the happy idea of asking his name. On inspecting the card she brightened into more definite knowledge of her lodger's whereabouts. "Ah, M. Mark-Ham, the same that came with her." Her memory had evidently received a sudden fillip, but her volubility was cut short by Jack literally dashing through her; for to get by her rotund person seemed a physical impossibility, she had so blocked the entrance.

"Phyllis!"

"Jack!"

With clasped hands they looked into each other's faces.

"My second message from home to-day; I must mark it with a white stone. Come and tell me all about yourself and Nan." She led him up the narrow stair.

When they reached her apartment she showed him a box of flowers.

"See, here is a bunch of violets that Charlie Bennet plucked, and primroses from Willie Wharton; he says he is getting on well at the organ and practising hard. Dot has sent the wood-sorrel roots in moss; the dear little blossoms are faded, but they will revive in water. I can see the sunlight glinting through the Castlemount woods and tinting their carpet of sorrel, and like the fairies I seem to hear the anemone bells ringing in the spring. Oh, Jack, when shall I see the dear home again!" Tears gemmed her eyelashes.

"We can start at once," he exclaimed impetuously. "Oh, Phyllis, you are not going to wear your heart out in a hopeless quest. This is no fit place for one who was to have been Lady Maxwell." He glanced round at the neat but somewhat bare room. "How could he suffer it! He was not worthy of you to give you up!" Jack looked beseechingly at her. "Phyllis, come home with me, dear."

"Madame Barret excelled herself."

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Her eyes were full of a tender pity as she answered—

"Never with you, Jack, my brother. Do you think it would be home to me without him? Gwendoline de Marcie's child may never be Bernard Maxwell's wife, but no one else shall call me by that name. My quest may be hopeless, but I pray God it may not be so; at any rate the time has not been long as yet; I must have patience. Jack, help me to be brave; and as to my apartments"—she smiled—"I am not rich enough to afford grand ones, and Madame Barret is so good."

"For one thing she is a perfect dragon of vigilance; she kept me at bay as if I were a wolf entering a sheepfold."

"Lion is my Cerberus, Jack; I should not feel half so safe without him; you see you have given me a substitute for yourself."

The dog was lying at her feet, but on hearing his name he raised himself and laid his head upon her knee, looking up with faithful, loving eyes.

"Doggie, when shall you and I be scampering on the Downs again? You remember last Harvest Thanksgiving, Jack

"Don't recall it, Phyllis. How wretched it will be this autumn!" he said gloomily.

"Jack, do not add to my trouble by making me think I have spoilt your life. Go back to college and study; idleness is not good for any one. What does Nancy say to it?"

His face saddened.

"Phyllis, Nancy is dying; her father seems hopeful, but she is sure of it herself. Living with her one does not notice it so much, but strangers' looks are sufficient evidence."

"You must not leave her, dear; you will help to cheer her and keep the Squire from fretting. You have your work cut out. There is nothing like sharing other people's sorrows to cure one's own; and then next autumn you must go and work up for your degree, and be an honour to those who love you. You must not forget the dear mother who, no doubt, is anxious about her boy. Let me be proud of you, Jack. But you are going to stay with me to-day; I cannot part from you too soon; you bring with you a breath of 'my ain countree.' We will take a walk, and then you must come and have a *petit souper* with me, very simple fare, you know—*potage*, an *omelette*, *poulet rôti*, and salad. I drink *vin ordinaire*, but I dare say the resources of the nearest restaurant will provide something better if you prefer it."

Jack declared that under the circumstances it would be nectar, and so, laughingly, she went into the adjoining bedroom to dress. He could hear her softly humming—

"Oh, the oak and the ash and the bonnie ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own countree."

They were wonderfully happy those two, in spite of the trouble that lay deep down in their hearts. Phyllis was determined that Jack should send home a favourable account of herself, and Jack tried to be cheerful for her sake. At first their gaiety was a little forced, but the sunshine and the crowds in the Champs Elysées roused them out of themselves. They watched Guignol and wondered at the daring of stout, elderly people who faced the dangers of sea-sickness in the swing-boats. Then they took a *fiacre* to the Bois, strolled about and sat on the grass, talking tenderly, with bated breath, of Nan and the shadow of the dark-robed angel that so soon would cross her path, and then they went back to their little repast. Madame Barret excelled herself, and Jack vowed that he could not have eaten a better meal at the Café Anglais.

The next day they spent as much time together as they could; the mornings were occupied by Phyllis in teaching, but the rest of the day was free. She would not hear of his staying longer, his duty was with Nancy, she said, until he had seen her safe at Falkland. "Tell her, I am wearying till we meet; she must spend at least a week here on her way through."

And before April's tears were dried upon the brow of May, Nancy arrived. Phyllis found her lying on the couch, rather exhausted after her journey. They embraced without speaking. Phyllis felt her heart too full; she realised the presence of another occupant of the chamber, a dark-robed figure with outstretched arm, but as yet closed hand, no weapon in it, for to Nancy was to come no swift severing of life's cord, only for the fingers to be unclosed and laid softly upon her eyes. Phyllis could have fallen on her knees and prayed that invisible yet terribly real visitant to seek his victim elsewhere.

Nancy saw by her friend's face that she had no need to be told the truth.

"Phyllis, do not weep for me," she said soothingly, "I should be quite happy were it not for father, but he is old and cannot be long after me. I have no pain, only a feeling as if I were being borne in loving arms. I have looked Death in the face until the dark shroud which envelops him

seems to have melted into a transparent veil which shows him in his real aspect, the doorkeeper of Heaven, illumined now and again with flashes of light, as He opens the portals to those who are constantly passing in. Those words are no mockery—

'Gieb deine Hand du schön und zart gebild,
Bin Freund und kommen nicht zu strafen,
Bei gutes muths ich bin nicht wild,
Sollst sanft in meinen armen schlafen.'

But not a word to father, not till we are at Falkland, then he will know that his little Nan is going to leave him." A slight sob choked her voice, but was instantly suppressed as Mr. Greatorex entered.

He greeted Phyllis cordially. "And how do you think my girl looks?"

Phyllis glanced lovingly at her. "Sweet and fair as ever, Squire; the sight of her is like water in a thirsty land, I have been longing for her."

"Ah, my dear, you have had trouble too since we left," said the old gentleman kindly. "You have heard nothing more, I suppose?"

"No." Very sorrowful the curve of the lips. "I am advertising in the French papers, I must have patience.

'Men must work and women must weep,'

and wait. It is often harder than the doing, but I dare not despair as yet."

"You must spare as much time as you can for Nancy; it will do her good to have a chat about old times and the old place. Jack, here, has been very good, looking after an old man and a delicate girl."

"I should not think it any hardship to look after Nan," said the young fellow with a slight flush rising on his cheek.

Phyllis noted his tender, chivalrous attentions to Nan with a great content; she had felt utterly yet unwittingly false to her friend, but now Jack would be all Nancy's to the end. She had never over-estimated his passion for her; of sudden growth, she had always felt it would gradually subside into a more temperate, steady affection; she put herself in the second place with a sweet self-forgetfulness, unmarked by Jack, whose warm, impressionable nature was absorbed in the thought that Nancy was going away. As we appreciate things more when there is a chance of losing them, so now, seeing Nan fade before his eyes it made him wish to keep her, realising at length what the parting would be. Phyllis had been like a meteor flashing across his path, but Nancy, the steadfast light of a fixed star which unconsciously had guided his way. Now that it was threatened with extinction, he felt as if drifting on to a rocky coast without a beacon to warn him off.

Mr. Greatorex, who had heard nothing of his devotion to Phyllis, began to think his hopes for a union between the two were after all to be fulfilled.

He said to him a day or two after their arrival in Paris, "My dear boy, we must get Nan well soon, I should like to see her happily settled before I die. My little girl will be a treasure for any man."

"That indeed she would," responded Jack warmly, marvelling at the Squire's blindness.

"I had hoped to see you her husband, Jack," said the old man, coming to the point rather bluntly.

"I, Squire! I am not good enough for her," stammered he.

"Not a bad fellow, not at all," was the response, given with an affectionate pat on the shoulder; then Mr. Greatorex continued, "Perhaps you had better wait till you have taken your degree before you speak; my Nan would like to be proud of her husband."

Jack was utterly taken aback, thus to have his future laid out for him and Nancy dying! Had he been a fool, seeking after a shadow when the reality had been in his grasp! He wondered if she loved him. At any rate Mr. Greatorex must not know that he had wavered from his allegiance. But Nancy was too clear-sighted to be deceived. She sometimes wished for life, now that Jack was ever at her side with lover-like attentions, but she felt that the love that had blossomed beneath the shadow of the tomb might wither in the glare of the world's sunshine, so she took all his tender care of her in an undemonstrative sisterly way, showing no reticence, but talking when they were alone of his hopes and fears and aspirations. The calm was not broken till the day before they left. She said to him, in her usual gentle tone,

"It is good of you to see me home, Jack. Phyllis will be lonely without any of us, but she has promised to come to Falkland when —I send for her." There was no mistaking the meaning of the last words.

Jack fell on his knees beside her couch.

"Nancy! Harebell! don't leave me. I cannot bear it. You know I love Phyllis, but I have found it is not as I love you. Dear, could you have cared for me more than for a brother, if I had not wandered from you? I don't deserve you should, but you were always near, my second sister, and

so I suppose I did not understand what you were to me, but my eyes are opened now. Nan, I loved you always, I love you now, my better self. If love can conquer death, bid him depart." His voice grew choked with emotion.

All the devotion she had so long cherished sprang into life. Why should she die? A feeling of rebellion, for the first time, rose against her fate, but it was stilled instantly. She released her hands that he had clasped and laid them on his head.

"Jack, love can conquer death, but not here, not here. Though not present in the flesh, Nancy will be with you, for no obstacles can separate souls. Jack, be brave. Dear, to know that the Harebell though withered will be fadeless in your heart is comfort. Your love for Phyllis will have been none the less real for my having a place in your memory. I did not grudge you to her, not for a moment; if she had loved you, you would have had a greater blessing than I could ever have been."

"But I have lost you both; oh, Nancy, stay."

She folded his hands in hers and looked upwards and her silence seemed a prayer.

A feeling of awe crept over her companion as of being in some presence unseen by his grosser sense. He stooped and kissed the fair face that seemed like unto the face of an angel, then softly left the room.

He never spoke to her of love again.

The next morning they left for England. Phyllis bade them adieu at their hotel. Nancy whispered to her, "Don't forget your promise," and Phyllis answered her with a mute caress.

How forlorn she felt as the carriage drove away! She glanced round at the room they had occupied, then fairly broke down; flinging her arms about Lion, she crouched on the floor in a momentary passion of grief. "Doggie, I have no one now but you, and they will soon be at Castlemount whence you and I are exiled, and perhaps *he* is there and misses his 'St. Cecilia.' Oh my love! can it be for ever!"

She rose hastily as she heard footsteps, strangers would soon be in the chamber hallowed by the presence of Nancy.

Slowly she passed out into the street. It was early; the shops *en déshabille*, like a belle, who systematically appealing to art, is taken unawares in undress. Bright mob-capped women were going to market, for the Parisian housewife rises betimes, the horses in the primitive country carts jangled their bells, while the clatter of their feet on the asphalt, and the crack of their blue-bloused drivers' whips, seemed to gain an added cheerfulness from the freshness of the morning air and the glint of the May sunshine. The scent of the horse-chestnuts was not lost and fouled in a close atmosphere, and their soft petals floated like waxen snow on the light air.

But to Phyllis there came no sense of happiness; the sun rays might have come straight from some fetid alley, where human misery went hand in hand with demon vice. She felt entrapped in a web not of her own weaving. Not a sound, not a cry came to her out of the darkness that enveloped the last three years of her mother's life. She walked down to the river, the muddy Seine was even sparkling that sunshiny morning. A little ripple fanned by a breath, laden with the scents it had brought from the country, caught a sparkle of light; Phyllis shuddered. She thought of a jewelled hand that perhaps had been outstretched as the waters closed over a despairing soul. She hurriedly retraced her steps, with a weary hunted look on her face that had not been there before. She went mechanically towards the Rue St. Honoré. Her eyes ached with their weight of unshed tears; she seemed to see nothing, the shadows only were deepened by contrast with the surrounding brightness. She was dimly conscious that some one took his hat off to her as he passed, she acknowledged the salutation, but without the flickering smile that usually had illumined her features at sight of the familiar figure. Who he was she did not know, but he had for the past few weeks seemed to her like an echo of home. His face was the embodiment of joyousness, of a purely Saxon type, laughing blue eyes, hair that had been flaxen but was slightly tanned, a large fair moustache over a well-cut mouth, the chin showing more determination and firmness than might have been expected from the rest of the gay, debonnair face. Rather above the middle height, broad-shouldered, with massive thews and sinews, but with hands that though muscular were delicate in shape as a woman's, embrowned by exposure, gloves being an almost unknown article of apparel. He was dressed in a tweed suit, perfectly well fitting, though at first sight scarcely suitable garments for a dandy city. The man was so much above his clothing, so thoroughly *outside* of it, as it were, that that necessary adjunct of civilisation seemed to gain a character from him, not he from

it. His eyes were like a mirror reflecting passing objects, and the slightest breath seemed to curve a ripple in the mobile mouth, more often of mirth, as if, like the laughing philosopher, everything in this world turned its grotesque side to him, but sometimes of contempt or wondering pity when beings possessed of souls showed characteristics of the brute, whether of bear or monkey. He was generally gravest when looking at a child; his scrutiny often ended in a wild romp; yet he would say, in a half speculative, half serious tone, "Look at the infinite possibilities in that small creature, genius or goodness that makes the world greater and better, or depravity that might make the animals blush. A God or a devil —which?" He had a faculty for finding lost children, and if a guardian of the peace were not at hand, thought nothing of escorting across the street some mimic mother overweighted with her charge. He had got into a bowing acquaintance with Phyllis, by offering to escort her home on one of the very few occasions that she had met with any rudeness from one calling himself a gentleman. His manner had been courteous, but not obtrusive, nor had he sought to improve upon the intimacy, save by bowing to her and occasionally following her at a little distance as if to be assured of her safety. She felt grateful, and often wondered who he could be, but she never gave him the slightest encouragement beyond her faint smile of recognition and acknowledgment. This morning he watched her after she had passed, then turned and followed, with a reflex of her trouble in his face. She left Lion at her apartments and went on to the Church of St. Roch. Mass was being celebrated, so she passed to a side chapel and knelt against the rail. The boys' sweet voices fell in soothing cadence on her ear, they brought back the village choir and Charlie Bennet's clear treble. How long she knelt she did not know; the worshippers dispersed, only a few lingered listening to the organist's exquisite playing. Suddenly a kindly voice said, "Daughter, are you in trouble?"

Phyllis looked up. It was a priest whom she knew slightly through Madame Barret.

"Nay, father, I am comforted."

He glanced reverently at the crucifix before which she was kneeling. "You do well to seek the Christ, my child," he said, then left her.

The music gradually stilled her grief. It was the Kyrie Eleison from one of Perugini's Masses. She stayed all unconscious that three people connected with her life, past, present, and future, were listening too. Behind a pillar, concealed from her view, stood Bernard Maxwell; he had strolled into the building on hearing the organ, and with bent head and throbbing pulses thought of "St. Cecilia," unconscious that she was so near, and that two pairs of eyes were intently watching him: those of Phyllis's fair-haired guardian and those of a woman dressed in the garb of a Protestant sisterhood, plain black dress, cloak and close-fitting bonnet; the long black veil was thrown back, but as soon as she saw Sir Bernard, she drew it hastily forward, but still furtively eyed him. He had suffered since last they had met, that she could see, and for a moment a gleam of satisfied revenge shot out of her brown eyes. It vanished instantly. "God forgive me!" she muttered, and a wonderful softness came into her face which bore an expression of habitual pain and weariness. A little hacking cough escaped her occasionally, but she tried to keep it under as if it might disturb the music. As the strain of the Agnus Dei from Mozart's first Mass in C wailed from the instrument, she sank on her knees, and clasping her hands, moaned, while the tears trickled down her wan cheeks, "Miserere!"

She heeded nothing till light footsteps passed along the side aisle, then she lifted her head, and rising softly, stole out after Phyllis.

Sir Bernard started forward as he caught sight of "St. Cecilia," but came face to face with the owner of the other pair of eyes that had watched him. The two men grasped each other's hands—"Maxwell!" "St. Maur!"

CHAPTER XXII.—LOVE IS ENOUGH.

"Dear old fellow, what have you been doing these months?" said St. Maur as he took his friend's arm and marched him off to his hotel.

The gloom which had been momentarily dispelled settled down in the other's face.

"I—I have been in heaven—and hell—never mind me. Where have you been? I would have written, only I did not want my letter to be wandering about after you."

St. Maur did not show the surprise he felt at the tone of his friend's reply, but answered gaily,

"I have been in Algeria and Tunis, taking runs into the Desert, and living with that worthy son of Ishmael, Sheik Abdul. I strayed back to Paris three weeks ago, and

have been lingering on, detained by the spell of the mysterious Una."

"Who?" said Sir Bernard abruptly.

"Ah, you have evidently only just come, not to know Spenser's Faerie Queene."

"Do *you* know her?"

"No, merely a bowing acquaintance; but joking apart, she interests me. I thought at first she was a beautiful maniac, she has a way of looking at women—never at men—with a curious searching gaze; but when once I had seen into her eyes, I knew it was some heartache. She had not her dog with her just now—she is generally accompanied by a splendid St. Bernard. I followed her into the church to-day. There was such a despairing agony in her expression which made me feel as if I were personally hurt; she had always seemed hopeful before."

The two had reached St. Maur's suite of rooms, and reclining in comfortable armchairs, puffed at their cigars in silence, till Sir Bernard said in a dry husky tone,

"Does she walk about unprotected save for her dog?"

St. Maur's surprise deepened at the strange inflection in his voice.

"Yes; that is how I came to know her nationality. She was walking down the Champs Elysées one evening, with that pale, fixed expression that took heed of nothing but certain women's faces. She would scan them, then pass on with that grace of motion habitual to her, giving now and then a weary, half-impatient sigh. I was following her more closely than usual, for I saw the notice she attracted, but of which she herself appeared perfectly ignorant—if she had she would not have walked there alone at that hour—when suddenly I discovered some one else was dogging her footsteps. Who should it be but the Vicomte de Terny. You know him, one of the fastest of the *vieille noblesse*. I heard afterwards he had made a bet he would find out who she was and break down that pretence of exclusiveness, only put on no doubt for her own purposes."

"Out on him!" muttered Bernard Maxwell fiercely. "Where was I not to choke the words down his throat!"

St. Maur paused in amazement. "You know her?"

"Yes, tell me the rest."

"Well, I was going slowly behind; she seemed so pure and fair and sorrowful to be without a protector."

"Thank you, old fellow." Bernard Maxwell leant forward and clasped his friend's hand, then paced up and down the room, flinging his cigar away, as if that had no power to soothe. "Go on."

"De Terny went up to her. I was afraid he meant mischief. I did not quite catch what he said, but it was to the effect that one so lovely should not be suffered to wander without a guardian. She looked at him fearlessly, but sadly, as if grieved for him, more than afraid for herself. Her voice, singularly clear and sweet, let me hear her answer given in French, but with an unmistakable English accent. 'Monsieur, je vous remercie; mon chien protége mon corps, le bon Dieu mon âme;' and with a slight inclination of the head she moved away. But De Terny's bet was at stake, and her answer only served to inflame his passion. He, no doubt, thought it a good piece of acting, so he darted after her and I after him. He touched her on the arm. She started round, her slight figure seeming to dilate, and her eyes flashing, all the sadness replaced by indignant scorn. I thought it was time to interfere, so quietly lifting the little Viscount by the collar, I routed him in no time. He threatened to call me out, and I fully expected a challenge; but I fancy he had no wish to be winged or his beauty spoilt, so I heard no more from him. He got awfully chaffed; but I am keeping the lady waiting. She thanked me with the sweetest possible smile, but refused my offer of escort farther than the Rue Castiglione."

"Have you spoken to her since?"

"No, only once; she was standing watching people going to the opera, when suddenly she gave a suppressed cry and started forward, then shrank back. The Marquise d'Alva had stepped out of her carriage. The mysterious Una, turning, saw me, and looking eagerly into my face said, 'Who is that lady?' When I told her, she asked if that had always been her name. I quite regretted being obliged to answer in the affirmative, she looked so depressed. But what interest have you in her, Bernard? You are not happy, dear old fellow, something is wrong; sit down and have it out, you'll be all the better for confessing." A tender gravity overlaid the laughter in his eyes, and turned their mirthfulness into sympathy.

"Geof, if *I* told any one it would be you. 'Una,' do they call her? she is my 'St. Cecilia.' What do you think of her? There is no face in the world like hers to me."

"One can't but admire her, pale and shadowy though she be."

"Pale and shadowy perhaps to you, but

you have not seen her as I have, her face aglow, every feature responsive to all that was beautiful. Cold and chill like the snow queen, but as you studied her, like the snow, she seemed formed of crystals, and you saw the shining of the rainbow hues, the reflection in her character of the sunlight in her true, warm heart. She was *mine*, Geoffroy, and by my own mad act I lost her, and brought the agony you talk of into that saintly face." He buried his head in his arms, where he sat by the table.

St. Maur laid his hand on his shoulder.

"Bernard Maxwell really in love, and Geoffrey St. Maur still heart whole! wonders will never cease. Dear boy, cheer up, it will end all right. Come along to my studio, and relieve your mind by telling me the history. I can listen better if I am painting. I am working at Una and her Lion, of which your lady-love has been unconsciously the model. You will like to see it. Come."

Sir Bernard studied the picture, with a certain painful pleasure. How it resembled the girl he had first seen at the organ, not the Phyllis who had loved him, but as he imagined her now, wounded and suffering. Then facing the painting, he told his tale, not sparing himself with regard to his conduct toward her, but yet unable to say he had done wrong to her mother.

St. Maur listened in silence, save when Mdme. de Marcie's name was mentioned, then he interjected, "Ah, now I see, the Marquise d'Alva is very like what she was."

When Sir Bernard had finished, he asked —"Geoffrey, can she forgive me?"

St. Maur looked away from his friend as he replied, "She may forgive and you be no nearer your desire; only the certainty of her mother's death could bring you together again. If I judge her character by her face, one thing might help you, if it be not too late, to humble yourself so far as to confess your revenge was a sin."

"Do *you* think it was?"

"Bernard, old fellow, I could have understood your slaying her in the heat of passion, but to have hunted her down—yours is a nobler nature than that would lead one to suppose. I never could comprehend it, because I do not know revenge. You may say I have never felt deeply enough, but what good has it done you? You soured some of the best years of your life, you have driven the woman you hated to despair, and crushed the joys of the one you loved."

Sir Bernard stopped abruptly in his ceaseless walks. "Spare me, Geoffrey, I know it all too well, but I cannot act the hypocrite and say 'Mea culpa' when I do not feel it."

His eyes blazed with the old bitter hatred. "She deserved it all—that she was *her* mother cannot alter her guilt. 'St. Cecilia,' 'St. Cecilia,' oh that I had been struck blind before I looked upon that siren face again. My love came so unsuspectingly, and the tender touch of her hand seemed to burn and blister my arm. It was awful to see my most precious possession shattered at my feet."

St. Maur went on quietly at his painting; argue on it he could not, and mere words of sympathy were of no avail, but the laughter died out of his eyes, and across their clear blue lay dark shadows, like the sea when hurrying clouds for a moment obscure the sun.

"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," he said at last.

Sir Bernard replied to his thought more than to his words. "Geoffrey, don't think for an instant that I ever intended to visit Mdme. de Marcie's sins upon her daughter, never has my love for Phyllis wavered. Had I been prepared, so that I could have hidden the truth from her, I would, but it was wrung from me by the suddenness of being brought face to face with the spectre of the past which I had thought dead and buried out of sight. I felt I must be alone, and when I went home she had left without one word of farewell; but she cannot be inflexible?" He looked at his friend as if for encouragement.

"I know very little of women, except in the abstract, dear boy," replied St. Maur. "Without them life would be tame, I confess, but as well ask a chef what his sauce piquante is made of, no two make it alike, as try to understand the combination of sweet and sour that goes to make up that wonderful compound—woman. It is puzzling how such a free lance as Mdme. de Marcie could have had such a daughter, so utterly unlike except in the tones of her voice. You have my best wishes, but if you don't succeed I'll go with you anywhere, if I can do you any good."

"Thanks, old fellow. I shall not be a very cheerful companion, I fear. Even if I don't succeed, I shall at any rate remain in Paris. She must not be left without a protector again. *Addio*, I must go and parade the streets till there is a chance of seeing her. I feel choked indoors."

He wended his way slowly towards the Rue St. Honoré. Traversing the Rue de la Paix to pass the time, engrossed with his own thoughts, he took no heed of a carriage that was pulled up hurriedly at the curb-stone at the command of its occupant. A lady's parasol touched him on the shoulder, and a voice cried—

"Bernard Maxwell, or his ghost?"

He stopped, a slight shade of annoyance crossing his features, his self-absorption making it difficult for him to drag himself beyond himself.

"Lady Laure!" he exclaimed, as he shook her hand.

"You don't look pleased to see me, my friend."

This was said a little reproachfully. It brought him to himself.

"Forgive me. I am more pleased to see you than any one else just now."

"Then come with me and tell me what you have been doing to make such a wretched-looking object of yourself. I hardly recognised you."

He glanced at his watch. "I have half an hour to spare. I am at your service."

"Au Bois," said her ladyship, and the pair were driven rapidly off. Not much was said till they reached the lakes, then she suggested they should walk. Still her companion kept silence, and Lady Algernon waxed impatient. "Bernard, where were you going when I met you? I mistook you for a wraith."

A strange smile flickered across his mouth. "Perhaps I was—at least, I was on my way to Hades in search of Eurydice."

"My Eurydice?"

"Your Eurydice."

"How had you let her slip? She was yours for the asking; that I saw."

"She was mine, yes; but I have been punished for my self-confidence. You remember our conversation at the Harmans? I looked back and—I am left alone."

"For ever, Bernard?"

"Till the shadow passes. When that will be, God knows! But I am going to say to her—whether it be in the dim land of doubt and uncertainty or in the clear sunlight of confidence and hope—'I walk content with thee, O Love,' and she *must* hear and believe me."

"Ah, Bernard, you still have your fancy for talking in hyperbole. I am as wise as I was. You know I am interested in all that interests you. You need not speak in riddles."

"I have just been telling the tale to Geoffrey St. Maur, spare me the repetition, Laure. Ask him; he has my full permission to speak."

"May I call upon Miss Trevylian? Where is she staying?"

"Not in very aristocratic quarters. But Lady Laure is too proud to mind that, I know."

She smiled. "Just like you to say things opposite to others. I should have thought pride consisted in minding."

"No; true pride respects the feelings of other people as much as one's own; and besides, you are above caring what the world says, and I should be glad for you to throw the ægis of your protection and position over her. She is quite alone, and subject to the attacks of malice."

Bernard Maxwell did not realise how little such protection was needed by Phyllis. But St. Maur's account had hurt him deeply; that one who was to have been his wife should thus have been addressed and made advances to, gave him a cold shudder. The worldly part of his nature did not understand the exquisite purity of character that no such outside stain could touch, any more than the splash of mud from a passing carriage injures the pedestrian, who shakes it off in disgust and passes on unhurt.

"I am not to be long in Paris," said Lady Algernon. "I am on my way south to meet Algy, who has gone round with the yacht; but I will do what I can. Would you like me to introduce her to the Marquise d'Alva, with whom I am staying?"

The name grated on Sir Bernard's ear, so he replied,

"You are very good, Laure, as always. Phyllis has a quiet determination of character, a certain independence of thought. She might not care for fashionable acquaintances. But I will tell her you are here, and I am certain she will welcome you; but my time is up. Would you mind driving me back to the Rue St. Honoré?"

Did Bernard Maxwell realise the feelings of regret and disappointment in Lady Algernon's mind, struggling with the more unselfish part of her nature? He must have done so, for he held her hand in parting, saying—

"Laure, I have not lost my friend, I hope; not perhaps quite on the old lines, but just as true, and perhaps more sure. Our sympathising friendship may extend over the new years when Laure Tracy is counted Phyllis Maxwell's most intimate friend and sister."

Lady Algernon looked at him, and perhaps admired him more then than in all the years of their play at love-making. She was not a woman to lose the substance for the shadow, so with something very akin to moisture in her eyes she answered—

"Ah, Bernard, you always know how to get round one!" then more gaily, "I mean to love your wife a great deal more than I ever did you, for this will be in earnest, and the other was in play. Adieu; let me know when I may call."

Phyllis had just completed her simple *déjeûner* when a manly tread was heard up the narrow stairs. Her heart stood still; surely she knew that footfall! The door opened and, unannounced, Bernard Maxwell entered. He advanced with outstretched hands, every thought evidently swallowed up in the joy of seeing her again. She rose on his entrance, looking cold and statuesque; she had put a strong rein upon herself. He recoiled a step. Was this his "St. Cecilia?" Pale and shadowy indeed, with dark lines under the quiet grey eyes and a weary droop in the curving lips. And *he* had brought her to this! Nervelessly his hands fell to his sides; he began to think St. Maur was right. She came forward and gently said,

"How do you do, Sir Bernard?"

The prefix showed him he had a harder task than he expected. He took her hand and looked into her face, shame and sorrow and reproach mingled in his gaze. She could not meet it; her eyes were filling with tears. He felt her hand tremble.

"St. Cecilia, have I sinned beyond forgiveness?"

The tones of his voice brought back the old sweet past. It was a terrible struggle to resist its pleading, but she replied steadily,

"There is nothing to forgive. You could not help it; it is useless recalling what is irrevocable. Tell me of Castlemount and Mamsell."

She was still perfect mistress of herself. Releasing her hand she sat down, motioning him to do likewise.

He took a chair mechanically. Her voice seemed to come from far away, as he sat with bent head and listless air of dejection. He did not notice the fleeting glance of tender yearning love that shot out of her eyes, suppressed when he looked at her. Replying to her question, When had he come to Paris? he answered,

"Last night. I could not stay away any longer. I felt I must see you again"

"It is very good of you to wish to do so, knowing who I am," she answered gravely.

He bent forward and clasped her hands.

"Phyllis, have I killed all your love? Why do you look at me so—as if the past were forgotten by you, and you wished to have it so? I deserve that you should hate me."

She shook her head.

"I would rather you did than appear so coldly indifferent. We will search for your mother together. For your sake what would I not do!"

She glanced eagerly up. "You could pardon her?"

She felt his hands grow cold; his lips might say yes, but, with her knowledge of him, she knew his heart would say no. She sighed. "I dare not ask you for such a sacrifice; and then I should always fancy you were watching for some resemblance between us, and if anything displeased you in my conduct would it not come upon you with a sense of bitterness—'She is her mother's child.' Ah, no, no! you must leave me to go my way alone!"

Her face lost its immobility, but, like some wounded animal, she strove to hide it. He must not know how much she suffered.

He knelt down in front of her and clasped his arms round her waist.

"Phyllis, my love, see, I kneel to you! Your face is cold and proud, with a patient sorrow in it. You will be weary waiting. Think of the long years alone! Darling, let your heart speak for me! I thrust it back and left you; but forgive me, Phyllis, and come again to Castlemount! I would have sought you before, but you had gone and left me this." He detached a ribbon from his neck. "I have worn it ever since, for it had enriched your finger, and the diamonds were not clearer than your pure eyes! Phyllis, did you mean we were to part for ever? Phyllis, come back to me!"

She listened with a piteous look in her face. His head drooped and rested against her. She stroked his hair tenderly.

He looked up. "Phyllis, there is no love in your eyes, only a saintly patience and sorrow for me. Is your love dead? Tell me the worst, now that I hold you in my arms perhaps for the last time."

"I have lived and loved; I live no longer. Do not bid me wake; let me sleep—till I die; I ask nothing else but to be forgotten. Away from you I may dare to love you; with you—your curse would cling to me by heritage."

"Phyllis, have mercy! You are stainless. It cannot touch you; let me bear it, if not for you, at least with you. If you send me away the curse has indeed recoiled upon my head."

"You have your life of usefulness to live; the thought of me will after a time be but a broken string in the music of existence, and some day, perhaps, when you have a wife worthier of you—I am but a beggar maid—you will be glad that I gave you back your heart."

He had risen slowly while she spoke, the lines of his face as if set in marble. "And you are content that it should be so. I thought you loved me once. You are too constant but that if you had ever done so you would do so still, in spite of the past." He passed his hand over his eyes, then a mocking smile crossed his mouth. "As you said, you are *her* child; she played fast and loose with men's hearts. What else could I expect? Gwendoline de Marcie, you are indeed avenged." He turned as if to leave the room.

Phyllis shrank at the cruel words, but she made no effort to detain him; she stood with bowed head and tightly clasped hands; she felt as if she were dying—as if all consciousness were slowly leaving her. A wild hope possessed her that it might indeed be death; for her soul seemed to be driven through Siberian wastes in an endless quest, where demons with mocking laughter barred her progress, tormenting her with mirages of cooling streams and restful green while scorching sands were the reality. It was, in fact, only a moment of time, though it seemed ages, till she felt herself almost crushed in Bernard Maxwell's embrace. He lifted her head. "St. Cecilia, let me look into your eyes; they cannot lie. Oh, my God! what have I done?"

She hardly seemed to know or hear him. Pale as a corpse, with unutterable anguish in her face, she only whispered, "Her child—yes. Poor Phyllis!"

He carried her to the couch, and with tender words and kisses strove to recall her consciousness. Not as a rule demonstrative in outward signs of affection, now all his self-restraint seemed gone. With passionate entreaties he prayed her to forgive him; he laid her head upon his shoulder, and kissed her burning eyes till gradually tears crept from under the closed lids, and relieved the pressure on her brain. She looked up.

"Poor Bernard!" she said, lifting her hand to his face with a caressing motion. "You are not so strong as I, a weak girl, to bear and to suffer."

"I will endure what you will, but not without the assurance that your love can bear the strain. Your coldness maddened me. Phyllis, if you will not go home, neither will I. I will at least have the satisfaction of seeing you and protecting you, my white lily."

For a moment it seemed as if her powers of resistance were broken down, but she rallied quickly.

"Bernard, as you love me—no. If *she* saw us together do you not think she would mistrust me, and think I had gone over to the enemy, and conceal herself yet more? My love—you are my love in spite of your disbelief—you must go back to 'Mansell' and do your duty. Did you not promise your tenants you would no longer be an absentee landlord? I shall feel more content if I know you are at Castlemount keeping your cousin from fretting. Dot is with her a good deal, but that is not her 'boy.' You can write to me. We are both young, and can wait for a brighter future."

But Sir Bernard did not seem inclined to look at the bright side. He said earnestly, "Phyllis, promise me one thing; that if ever I need you—I might fall ill, or come to grief in some way, you know—you will come to me; and if you feel your lonely life is breaking down your courage promise me"—he held her hand close against his breast—"that you will require no asking, but come. When I hear the 'Agnus Dei' floating through the hall then I shall know 'St. Cecilia' has forgiven me and will be my wife."

Eagerly he waited for her answer.

"I promise!" Then with tender, reproachful entreaty, "Bernard, never think those cruel thoughts again. It is because I love you so I would fain have you forget me, and yet I would not either if it were not better for yourself."

He took the ring from his neck. "Wear this for my sake, then, Phyllis, it binds you to me. You are mine so long as you wear this sign. My darling, *I was a brute!* Forgive me, 'St. Cecilia.'"

She kissed him. "Now you must go. The parting will be all the harder the longer you put it off. You will go back to Castlemount at once, Bernard. Our Margaret needs you."

"You sway me in spite of myself; I will go, but I should like you to know St. Maur; he is in Paris. Will you let me bring him? he knows what we are to each other."

"Oh, yes, I should like to see him!" Her eyes brightened. "Perhaps he will accompany you home! It will not be so lonely for you."

Sir Bernard went to the window. He had an idea that his friend's anxiety to hear how he fared would lead him to the spot, and sure enough there he was, lounging up and down. Sir Bernard went out, and the two came up together.

"Let me introduce my 'St. Cecilia,' Geoffrey—Miss Trevylinn, Lord St. Maur."

CORN-FLOWERS.

ALONG the swelling of the upland leas—
Where, loved of summer suns, the country spreads—
The ripen'd blades are swaying in the breeze
That soon will sigh above their shaven heads;
And fair as ever early reapers found them,
The twining weeds and poppies cling around them.

O Lord, when from this reaping ground I pass,
And bear my scanty sheaf to offer Thee,
Of gaudy weeds and clinging blades of grass
Too many mid the grain will twinèd be;
But Thou—wilt Thou not say, with smile divine,
"Poor flow'rs—poor weedlings! they were also Mine"?

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR AUGUST.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

Read Psalm xxvi.; Hebrews xi. 1—16.

FAITH AND CHARACTER.

IN a sense every one lives by faith, for faith in some form lies at the basis of all life. Confidence is as necessary to the commercial world as gravitation is to the material universe. There is a latent faith in which we daily act as unconsciously as we breathe the atmosphere. We could not lie down in security if we had no faith in the protection of law, nor eat our food without faith in its being free from poison. It would be a curious theme for the dramatist to construct a play whose subject would be the life of a man who had faith in nothing, and to depict the absurdity, confusion, and terror which must ensue from universal scepticism.

But while all this may be trite enough, there are many persons who fail to perceive the necessary connection between faith and character, especially if the faith alluded to happens to be religious faith. It is for this reason that salvation by faith is a stumbling-block to so many. They fancy that it is an arbitrary doctrine, because they identify faith with the holding of an opinion, and salvation with admission to heaven when they die, rather than with the actual redemption of character. But if saving faith acts upon us in such a way as to save us in the most real sense from our sins, by imparting a new range of motives and aspirations, we may be helped to understand the method of its operation by considering the similar influences which the principle of faith exercises in daily life, when engaged on other objects.

The faith which tells on character is always more than an intellectual belief; it must be charged with the warm colouring of sympathy. The great moral Trinity of Faith, Hope, and Love is continually at work, making men what they are according to the objects they believe in, hope for, and love. When faith is no more than an opinion, failing to reach the affections and desires, and kindling no hope; when it is but a creed-belief, reached by proofs and evidences like some conclusion in mathematics, and lying as far away from our real interests as a theory regarding the fixed stars, then it is what St. James calls a "dead faith." It has nothing to do with the man, who would not be a whit different had he never formed that opinion at all. But when the object of his faith is one he supremely loves and hopes for, his life and character are determined by his faith. Faith then passes into self-sur-

render, he yields to the ruling motive, it becomes the key to conduct and lends its own nature to his thoughts.

These principles are at work daily. It is because a man believes in money, or in social position, or in domestic comfort, and because he loves the kind of happiness these bestow, and hopes to attain to it, that his life is governed. His character is determined by that faith, hope, and love. If you wish to know what that is which a man really believes, notice the objects that create self-surrender, kindling the interests, enlisting the affections, and inspiring the hopes. When you have ascertained this you can get at the character.

It is evident that the exercise of the mere principle of faith does not make one either good or bad. It is the nature of the object of the faith which lends moral value to the act of faith. If the self-surrender is to a mean and selfish aim, then the life becomes mean and unworthy. If the faith goes forth to God, and if self is yielded to the divine purpose in hope and love, then the character is at once ennobled. All men live by faith, but few live by faith in God.

There are, as we might expect, various stages of religious faith. There is a growth in it; it learns to soar from the spot of earth where it first learnt to gaze on heaven, to heights from which it can enjoy visions of the kingdom of God in its larger relationship. Unfortunately, however, good people have identified saving faith with the earliest stages of experience alone, to the neglect of the other stages. They fail to attach to it the noble conception so magnificently illustrated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, wherein the story is told of one after another of the heroes of the ancient Church, whose faith was not so much directed to their own salvation, as it was engaged with the great hope of a divine blessing for all mankind. It would be difficult to connect the kind of faith which made these men and women so resolute, bracing them against temptation and suffering and death, with the conception of saving faith usually held forth as peculiarly evangelical. "These all died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims upon earth." Those men were raised above themselves by the vision of a good not yet realised. The picture is most pathetic. Nothing can be more self-forgetful and noble. But if it was wholly unselfish and occupied with promises, the fulfilment of which they were not to receive during their life as strangers and pilgrims, it was also a faith which saved them from the temptations that assailed them, and elevated their natures, and made their lives saintly and brave. We have no right to impose upon the words of Scripture any artificial meaning, or to twist them into harmony with some comparatively modern system of theology—as when we try to fit on the Pauline doctrine of justification to the experiences of patriarchs, or to the martyrs who died under the Maccabees. We lose nothing, but gain greatly, when we realise the influence of the same grand principle of faith when fixed on God, whether the immediate object be a promise seen afar off, or the full knowledge of the Saviour in whom all God's promises have been sealed.

SECOND SUNDAY.

Read Jeremiah viii. 18—ix. 3; Hebrews xi. 32—xii. to xiii.

GROWTH IN RELIGIOUS FAITH.

The first form of that religious faith which is usually termed "saving," is naturally personal in its character. When a man yields himself to God and to the grace that is in the Lord Jesus, and is able to rejoice with an assurance, more or less decided, in hope of the glory of God, he may be, and probably is, a true believer; but his belief dwells chiefly on the relationship of Christ to the safety of his own soul. This kind of faith commonly consists in a personal application of the atonement to individual necessities. Those who are deeply moved by it cannot remain self-centred, even while they cling to phraseologies and experiences that turn wholly on themselves. The very thought of divine love produces lovingness; they begin to care for others and are gradually carried into new ranges of interest and of sympathy.

For while the personal character which marked its commencement continues to shed its peaceful influence, yet the man who possesses vital faith becomes lifted to a position in which the thought of self ends in self-forgetfulness. As when one struggling up a steep ascent has his mind occupied chiefly with his own exertions, but when he reaches higher points where he can look out on the landscape stretching from snowy ranges to wide plains, from the solitude where he feels dwarfed into insignificance, away to distant cities and winding rivers, he quickly forgets himself and his temporary feelings,

and is lost in wonder and admiration; so is it that as faith ascends nearer God it becomes so enlarged with new views of the divine purpose, that the thought of self becomes lost in the thought of God and of man. New difficulties may suggest themselves; questions full of perplexity, undreamt of before, rise for solution; he sees far more than he saw at first; the elementary matter of personal salvation becomes almost a secondary consideration; for the "still sad music of humanity" now rings in his ear in tones that haunt him by day and night. "The burthen of the mystery of all this unintelligible world" presses upon him. The sin and suffering of earth lie upon his soul as a heavy burden. One faith, one hope, one love alone sustain him. He believes in God as righteous and true; he hopes in God; and from the darkness and defilement of earth he rises into fellowship with that purpose of love which is the promise and pledge of blessing. He may not see the ideal he longs for fulfilled. Like the faithful men of old, he may behold it "afar off," while he embraces it. The vision of a redeemed world may appear very distant. But he has faith in it. He is on God's side, and believes in the victory of His good and perfect will.

The faith which is described in the Epistle to the Hebrews was surely of that advanced type. The men of faith who are there named were upheld by such trust in the divine promise, by such hopeful, loving confidence in the purpose of God being a purpose of goodness and mercy for the whole world, that they went firmly on through life, undismayed by danger, unconquered by suffering, and finding their full consolation in the bright expectancy with which they looked, far beyond their own horizon, to the time when the promise would be fulfilled. Their unselfishness was heroic. They knew that they themselves were but "strangers and pilgrims upon earth;" they knew they were only Bedouin shepherds without a home; but they saw afar off "a city of God" to be established upon earth; they saw the day of the Anointed in whom all the families of earth would be blessed; and however dim their thoughts might have been of its glory, yet they so embraced that hope, that they were elevated above temptation, and made "more than conquerors." What they did may sound in our ears as simple and easy. But it was not so, for amid surrounding superstitions and the animal worship and fearful tyrannies of their age, they walked with God, their lives ennobled by their exalted expectations. Any one who has lived among the bloodthirsty, thieving, foul-mouthed Arabs who still wander where Abraham pitched his tent, can only wonder at what that Arab, Abraham—still called by the children of the desert, the Friend of God—became, through embracing the promises and living in communion with a divine righteousness and mercy.

From such lives as these we can see how truly faith can save a man, and raise him into lofty sympathies; how it does strengthen him to overcome the temptations of the present, and enables him, even when life renders little of the promised inheritance here, yet to die in the self-forgetful assurance that the kingdom of God will come.

THIRD SUNDAY.

Read Isaiah vi. 1—8; 2 Timothy ii. 1—12.

THE EFFECT OF FAITH IN THE POSITIVE VICTORIES OF LIFE.

We are, of course, quite aware of the doctrinal significance of the term "Saving Faith," and of its relationship to Justification as distinct from Sanctification. But one of the great evils of systematizing is the creation, in thought at least, and often in practice, of a separation which does not exist in actual life. It is like the classifying by the botanist of the parts of a plant which are bound inseparably in vital growth. Nay, it is sometimes helpful in religious truth to get away altogether from the systematisers, and to put the facts into every-day language, so as to see them free from what too frequently invests them with an arbitrary and artificial character.

If we would translate saving faith, such faith as is illustrated in the Epistle to the Hebrews, into a modern equivalent, we might call it Faith in the victory of the Good, in the victory of holy love and of self-surrender to the blessed purpose of God in Christ.

What a change would be produced in our ordinary lives if even in this sense we were men of faith and lived by faith! Take it in the simple sense of faith in the possibilities of life for ourselves, if we only embrace the promises of goodness and of God. Most of us accept a poor idea of what is possible for us to be or do. We live by conventional standards, and do not realise how rich and helpful life can be made through love, hope, and faith in God. Such a want of faith paralyses effort. "It was easy enough for Abraham," we say, "to whom God gave a distinct com-

mand, to rise up and go forth from Mesopotamia." But what do we know of the nature of that voice which spoke to him? Are we sure that it was more distinct or more authoritative and personal than the voices which speak to ourselves every day—the voices of purity or of kindness and self-sacrifice which whisper to us of the right path, the right act, the right thought, the right word? It should be ours to embrace the divine promises that come to us in these ordinary ways, and to live by self-surrender to them. It is thus we can be true children of Abraham and inheritors of his faith and blessing. Life brings untold possibilities of good to each of us, but what we need is faith in these, especially when we are immersed in the petty details, the drudgeries, the coarser passions and trials, which daily come to us. We need this faith in a divine calling and in the promise of God, when the world and the flesh and the devil appeal to our sloth or to our self-indulgence, and we are tempted to take the low standard of the world, and to be, as they say, "no better than others." It is then we need faith in Christ, and, at whatever cost, to surrender ourselves to the vision which He vouchsafes, of what is right and true and good. It may be hard just then to obey, to take this particular cross, to lay aside the indulgence that fascinates, and to turn at once from the tempter to the Saviour; but in so doing lies the way of faith and its victory. It is more difficult to act under the highest principle when life brings little stimulus to heroism, and when its interests are monotonous or petty, than when we are roused by the trumpet voice of great events or startling dangers. Salvation in the most real sense will come by such daily faith, that shrinks not from the demands which a true embracing of the promises always brings. Let the pessimist who darkens life by shattering its ideals and laying bare its sores; and let the cynic who from the fume of his little soul casts acid and gall on all its finer hopes—let these stand aside. What have they ever done to help on the golden year of God, except, perhaps, what the scalpel may do for the physician in dissecting the most loathsome phases of the disease he hopes to cure? But the pessimist and cynic have no cure for humanity, though we may thank them for their bitter truths while we deplore their contemptuous despair. Let the man of God, however, have faith—faith in the victory of good, in the power of Christ in his own life, and faith in the larger victory of the kingdom of God, and the fulfilment of that promise which was the light of the saints of old times, and which has been fulfilling itself slowly, yet surely, in the history of the world. The commonest life becomes ennobled when it works together with God for the final accomplishment of His will, when not one or two, but when all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in Him.

"Even so, come, Lord Jesus!"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

Read Job xix. 6—27; James v. 7 to end.

FAITH AMID DARKNESS.

The life of faith has other trials besides those which spring from the cross of duty. It is generally easy to distinguish the right path from the wrong, but there are hours when the divine dealings are dark, and when it is ours to trust God even in darkness. "What I do ye know not now, but ye shall know hereafter" is frequently the only word of comfort we can grasp, and our duty then is to wait for light.

The relationship in which God stands to humanity as its ruler and guide, and His actings as a father towards the children whom He would educate, might lead us to expect that there would be many things done by Him which we fail to understand at the time. The General who has planned the campaign fully comprehends the bearing of the different moves by which he has determined to gain a certain advantage. To the master-mind the marches and counter-marches, the advances and the retreats are all necessary for the purpose in view. But they may for a while prove inexplicable to the common soldier. He does not rebel on that account. He is content to be ignorant, because he has confidence in his commander. In like manner, when we think of God as having His great design, which is being wrought out in the history of the Church, it should not appear strange that there should occur periods and incidents that, for a while, confound our own expectations. And if we are children also of the great Father, we need not wonder if, in His training, many things have to be determined for us in spite of our own wishes, and of the value of which we may remain long in ignorance.

It is not easy for us now to measure the greatness of the darkness that at one time must have rested on many of the most important events in the history of the past. The life of Abraham was made up of a series of mysterious commands. The loss of Joseph

and the taking away of Benjamin were for many a day dark as midnight to Jacob. The death and burial of Christ formed a disappointment which almost shattered the faith of His disciples. "We trusted that it had been He which should have redeemed Israel; and to-day is the third day since these things were done." Martha and Mary were plunged in greater sorrow from the apparent neglect of Jesus than from the loss of their brother. And in later times, what a contradiction to every cherished hope must the Jew have experienced when he saw the total destruction of Jerusalem, and the irretrievable ruin of the nation! To say that all these failed to comprehend the meaning of what God was doing conveys a feeble idea of the sheer darkness in which these episodes were involved for those who passed through them.

And similar experiences occur in life now. There are some on whom stroke follows stroke, and from whose heart the burden of grief, disappointment, and care is never for a moment lightened. It seems hard that while others enjoy summer brightness their sky is always curtained with gloom; while others have health they have pain and weakness; while others prosper, yet, struggle as they may, adversity is their inevitable doom. So have we seen happy homes strangely visited by sorrows so very hard as to have been the last we would have expected from the hand of a loving Father. The one who could the least be spared suddenly struck down, and with him the stay shattered of the innocent and the helpless; the mother torn from the clinging arms of the child, or the infant, who had been as a light from heaven in the home, snatched away in its spotless beauty, and the music that was sweetest in life silenced for ever! Verily what the Lord does at such times "we know not now." It is all dark—utterly dark; and all that the faithful heart can do is to lift the eye from the mysteries of earth to that Presence where all is light, where all is known, and to wait patiently on the Lord. "Though the Lord slay me yet will I trust in Him," was the grand utterance of one who had no light as to the reasons for the divine dealing, but who knew that "beyond these voices there was peace"—that the Lord reigned in righteousness, and that all His ways were good.

But if our Lord explains to us how there must be many of His dealings which we know not now, he gives us the assurance that we shall know hereafter. This often holds true even in this life. We can now see the meaning of Abraham's life, and the carrying of Joseph into Egypt. We can now perceive the reason of the destruction of Jerusalem and the removal of the Temple. The darkest hour in the history of the disciples has proved the brightest for the world. And what has occurred in the history of the world finds illustration in the narrower sphere of personal or domestic life. As the aged Jacob knew before he died why God had taken Joseph and Benjamin from him, and as the sisters of Bethany knew the deeper blessing for themselves and the world which came from the death of their brother, so we also learn, after a time, how sorrows that once appeared almost ruthless, have been the source of benefits we had never dreamt of before. The rending of the fleshly veil has perhaps opened the Holy of Holies; the blow which clothed the mother with the widow's mourning may have struck the spark of a new life in the son or daughter. The disappointment and failure of earthly hopes may have been accompanied by an education in principle infinitely more valuable than any gift of fortune. The sufferer is sometimes spared to recognise these good ends of trial; but there are often sorrows which we never understand on earth. There are Jobs on whom no day of brightness dawns, and families to whom the ways of God appear dark to the very end.

There is, however, a day coming, our Lord assures us, when all these problems will be solved. And we know what the conclusion of them all will be, for we read that when all God's judgments have been explained the great song of the redeemed will be one of gladness and praise. "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name? for Thou only art holy; for all nations shall come and worship Thee; for all Thy judgments are made manifest."

We may, therefore, be content with being now in darkness in reference to many events in our own history and that of the world. Believing in a Father whose name is love—which in its highest form is another word for wisdom and holiness—we may be certain that He not only never afflicts willingly, but for our good, and that it is the least possible suffering which is ever inflicted on any being in this world or the next. If we only knew the real purpose of the things which now appear the hardest and strangest, we may be certain that instead of murmuring we would utter a deep "Amen" of willing and thankful obedience.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.

IN the rear of my house there was a garden, not at all a large affair, for land in that part of town is too expensive to be set apart for anything so unprofitable as mere health and pleasure. It measured eleven yards by eight, and was bordered by a brick wall, into which the smoke of thousands of household fires seemed actually to have entered. When we first took possession of the house this wall looked exceedingly raw and desolate, and there was even a suspicion of squalor about it, which was altogether out of accord with the aristocratic character of the neighbourhood and the magnitude of the rent. But as the spring advanced certain forlorn-looking creepers began to burgeon, and the bare trees, not only in my own garden, but in the gardens of my neighbours, took a hopeful show of green, and by the time the kindly summer reached us the dingy wall was three-fourths hidden with flowers and foliage, and a screen of live emerald folded round us so completely that by dint of a little imagination we could fancy ourselves in the middle of a country solitude. We had a gaily striped tent erected here, with a boarded and carpeted floor, and there, when my official duties for the day were over, we held revel over five-o'clock tea. Sometimes, on very bright mornings, we made the pretence of a picnic, and breakfasted out there, to the particular satisfaction of the page boy, who adopted the picnic idea more completely than any other member of the household, and decorated his face with London blacks by rolling on the grass behind the tent, out of sight, in the intervals of duty.

It was pleasant, in the summer dusk, to take one's after-dinner coffee and cigar in this retreat, or to lie upon a rug on the limited scrap of lawn, staring up at the smoke-softened sky, which, in clear and tranquil weather, is more beautiful than the average Londoner seems to know or dream.

It was near dark one evening after a day of sweltering heat when I lay thus engaged, thinking in a hazy fashion of many things. Clara and Mary had been seated beside me, talking quietly, and now, perhaps for a quarter of an hour, my wife and I had been alone together. We had not exchanged a word during this time, but I was filled with a pleasant sense of her nearness and companionship, and it has always seemed to me to be a rather poor and thin companionship where people must needs be perpetually talking. It was an understood thing between us, though nobody spoke of it, that a battle was near at hand. In a week or two Mary's promised stay of six months would come to a close, and we knew that though she was far happier with us than she would have been elsewhere, she would make an effort more or less determined to return to the Sisterhood. Personally I was resolved to make a very determined effort to retain her, and I was the more resolute because I thought I had seen now and again a cloud upon Clara's spirits which I attributed to her fear of the approaching parting.

She sat at the door of the tent with a book which it was too dark to read, held laxly in one hand beside her, with a finger between the leaves, still unconsciously marking the page at which she had put it by. I, lying close beside her, within easy hand reach, could see the book and the hand with the wedding-ring upon the finger, but her drooping face as she seemed to look down upon me, was dark against the shining pallor of the sky. I rolled idly over, and possessing myself of the book, took the little ringed hand in mine, and to my terror and astonishment, a large, warm tear fell. I rose to my knees and asked what was the matter. I thought of that possible coming parting, and could imagine nothing else as a cause for tears, but had that been a reason for her grief the answer would have come easily, and here, for awhile, I could get no response at all. To find my poor little wife hugging me round the neck with both arms, and weeping in a sort of resolved despair without being able at all to guess the ground of it, was pitiable, and almost terrible.

"What is it, darling?"

"Oh, John! My poor, dear John! What will you do without me?"

Without her? I had no thought or fear of being without her. What did it mean? I asked her over and over again, and for sole answer there were the clinging arms and silent tears, and now and again the little figure shaken by a sob. I insisted, I besought, I prayed her to be brave, and tell

me everything. I cudgelled my brains in a troubled bewilderment for any reasonable explanation of the grief and fear which evidently beset her. At last she told me, crying more and more softly, with her arms about my neck and her flushed wet cheek pressed against mine, that she would not live long, and that it broke her heart to think of leaving me alone.

Not live long? She was in the very pride of health and strength. She had been a little odd and fanciful of late, unreasonably depressed at moments, gayer and brighter than usual sometimes, without apparent reason. But in danger? I know that if there had been any solid fear, my heart, in its natural rebellion against the thought of severance, would have banished it to the latest moment. I could realise that certainty, even then, but I saw no cause for alarm at all, and tried my tenderest best to laugh her out of this singular fantasy. Finding that at least it was no fantasy to her mind, I became aware of a vague terror. I am no more superstitious than the average run of men, but I remembered all manner of legends of fulfilled presentiment.

I helped her into the house, and having bestowed her in an arm-chair and covered her with unnecessary wraps, I found Mary, and begging her to stay with my wife until my return I ran off in haste for the nearest doctor. Happily for the ending of my anxiety, the nearest doctor chanced to be a man of high repute, and was at home. I told him the nature of my trouble, and he heard the narrative with an inhuman smiling calm, assumed his gloves and hat, and set out with me. He was closeted with his patient for the space of some five minutes, at the end of which time he found me waiting feverishly in the hall. I drew him through the dining-room door, and questioned him. Was there any danger? Was it anything but a feminine fancy?

"My dear sir," he responded, rubbing his hands and smiling, "it is a feminine fact. There is not the faintest cause for anxiety, but ladies in Mrs. Denham's condition are liable to these attacks of despondency. You must do your best to keep her mind upon a level—a level, my good sir." He described the level in the air with two white, plump hands, stooping a little as he did so, as if to indicate that he would rather have the level a little low down than otherwise. "Her present condition is everything that could be desired. Positively everything that could be desired. The one thing I should feel disposed to recommend would be that you should find for her, if possible, a discreet, calm-minded, experienced, and affectionate companion of her own sex."

I dashed instantly at the bell, and rang, not the mad peal I might have rung if I had not suddenly remembered myself, but a modest tinkle, barely audible.

"You know such a lady?" asked the doctor. "You are about to send for her?"

"She is in the house," I answered. "She is thinking of leaving us. My wife is most tenderly attached to her, and I traced her despondency to that cause. Pray persuade her to stay. You have only to tell her what you have said to me, and I know that she will not dream of leaving us."

The maid entering the room at this instant, in answer to my summons, I sent a message to Miss Delamere, asking her to come for a minute to the dining-room. When she entered her face brightened at the sight of the doctor, and the doctor's face brightened at the sight of her.

"Sister Constance!" he said, in a tone of great pleasure. "I think we have found a duty for you. I have just seen Mrs. Denham, who has been alarming her husband by a touch of low spirits and despondency, very natural in her present state. He tells me that this despondency is due to the fear of your departure. Now a fixed despondency, my dear Sister Constance, is a danger in a case like this. We must avoid it if we can."

As soon as the doctor paused I hastened to say that much as Clara and I had valued her companionship we should be a hundredfold more grateful for it now. I was so urgent in my fear lest Clara's mind should quit that level which the doctor seemed to think desirable for her that she gave way at once. I thanked her with all my heart, and begged her without delay to tell Clara of the promise she had made.

"That," said the doctor, "will be her best medicine." When Mary had gone, in obedience to my request, he added, with a queer kind of brusquerie which I understood better later on, "I'm glad she's left us, because I wanted to say a word about her. That woman, Mr. Denham," laying an impressive hand upon my shoulder, "is an angel." He seemed almost angry about it, and looked as if he would have liked me to contradict the statement, but I assented to it warmly. He lingered for a minute or two, while he drew on his gloves, to say that he had met her often in the pursuit of his professional

duties, and had formed a high opinion of her. "The loftiest, sir," he said,—"the loftiest," with the same tone of brusquerie and defiance. With this, he went away, staying only for a minute in the hall to tell me that I was not to trouble him again unless I saw actual need for it.

I was not at all surprised when Mary next morning expressed her delight at my having fallen upon Doctor Mason.

"I think," she said, "he is the kindest-hearted creature in the world. People speak of him as one of the hardest-working men in London, but he spends a third of his time in doctoring patients who cannot pay him a penny."

There are many such men in the ranks of his profession. I remember, when I got to know him intimately, as I did, telling him one day that doctors were the only people in the world who spent their lives in an earnest endeavour to leave themselves nothing to do. He twinkled over this, and answered, "My dear sir, we are all engaged in providing work for generations of our successors. We patch up the feeble." I cornered him directly afterwards, by asking whether, if a medical man found a means by which all disease and sickness could be ended, he would make his knowledge public. He thundered, "By heaven, yes, sir!" but added, "we can be quite easy on that head. Nobody will ever find it."

To get back to my story, Mary stayed, and was of infinite use and comfort, as wherever she went she seemed to be. She, at least, seemed to have found the level necessary to a tranquil mind. Her mood could rise sometimes to a gentle gaiety, but if this had any corresponding depression, no one but herself was allowed to know of it. She went about the world in a placid, equable, sweet calm, not sad, and yet with a touch of sadness always in my contemplation of it. Clara recovered her usual courage and good spirits almost immediately with the certainty of not losing her companion, and though of course her despondencies came back again from time to time, she fought an easier battle with them than at first.

Mrs. Grantley and her brother, who was a childless widower, were moving about Switzerland. We heard of them from Basle, from Zurich, from Thun, from Chamounix. There was no knowing at any given moment where they might be. They followed no settled track or plan, but seemed to flit wherever fancy led them. Clara's letter, announcing the coming event, followed them about from place to place for a month, but when once it reached her Mrs. Grantley came flying over with matronly solicitude, and in my own house I became a cipher. It is a fact in arithmetic that if you put any other figure before a cipher that hitherto inexpressive sign takes an immediate value. In household affairs it is not so. I was the cipher, and every other figure in the house, if it were but clothed in petticoats, was before me. But I acquired no value from this circumstance.

I heard all this while, at considerable intervals only, occasional news of Pole. He had been to the Piræus and to Constantinople; thence he had wandered to the Crimea, to look at the fields over which the fancy of the whole world had hovered a few years before. His letters expressed but little of his feeling, but he woke up somewhat about Inkerman and the Alma, and the empty battered fortress of Sebastopol. Next I heard of him as being bent back for Paris, and in case all should go well at home I promised myself an early meeting with him there. Then a month went by without a word from him, six weeks, two months.

I had kept up a friendly correspondence with MacIlray, and it was from him that I heard my first news, after this pause, of the missing wanderer. It caused me a good deal of anxiety.

"Your friend, Lord Worborough," wrote MacIlray, "is back this seven weeks in the capital of sin and foolishness. He is a bright, manly fellow, and unless I am a greater fool than I commonly am, he has plenty of natural, rational lights to guide him. But if half the stories that Paris is ringing with just now are true, he has cut the last tether of reason, and gone astray altogether. He has taken an hotel, and has set it up in a very grand fashion, and he has gathered about him the wickedest, cleverest crowd in all the city. He is not the lad to go to the mischief with fools for his companions. His heart's in the right place still, I'm thinking, and I'll tell you a very characteristic thing of him, though I must not be held as expressing my approval of the expenditure of money so gotten in a holy cause. The facts of the case are these, and I have taken the pains to ascertain that they are facts before writing them. There's a certain blackguard here who's called the Marquis de St. Marci, who's no less than a fiend with the cards and dice and other such like tools of evil. He's a man of great wealth, as rich, they say, as Lord Worborough himself. The two

sat down together this night week, and played so high that Worborough won from the other body two hundred and seventy-five thousand francs. If you'll put this into English money, you'll find that, bar the loss on the rate of exchange, its total is eleven thousand English pounds sterling. They played till noon, and then the Marquis gave it up. Lord Worborough distributed the money amongst five Parisian charities next day. There's a saying in my part of the world that what's got over the devil's back is spent under his belly, and though I'm far from arguing, as I'm sure you know, that the money had better have been put to base uses, I have a feeling that it's out of accordance with the general fitness of things that a sum so acquired should be spent in such a fashion."

I knew something of this Marquis de St. Marci, and was strongly of opinion that any money which found its way from his exchequer to that of a charitable organization had changed hands with advantage to the world at large. I was sorry to hear of him as being one of Pole's companions, but I could hardly believe that the connection was likely to last long or to be familiar. MacIlray's code of morals was of the strictest old-fashioned Scottish sort, and I know so well that many things condoned by the world at large would seem wicked in his eyes, that I was able to make considerable deductions from his story of Pole's wildness. The news of this gambling feat of his disturbed me profoundly, however, though in my love for him and my knowledge of his circumstances I was quick to find excuses. The spoiled life, in which it was so easy for him to fancy that every avenue to happiness was closed, the great wealth suddenly acquired, the rebound of spirit and enterprise natural to his years, all made apology for him. I fancied him grown desperate and seeking distraction from the emptiness of his own soul in these questionable ways. I found some comfort in the reflection that whithersoever his troubles might drive him he could never cease to be a gentleman, and an English gentleman to boot. The English gentleman's creed is sometimes a little heathen, but it saves him from a good many things which the creed of people otherwise bred and nurtured inspire no repulsion for.

I had my own anxieties, and for a time at least they were urgent enough to drive even Pole's affairs from my mind, but in the end all went happily, and my establishment was increased in strength by one. The addition to the garrison was an addition to the majority, for the baby was a girl. She is now, unless my fatherly partiality deceives me, a very charming and beautiful young woman, of the porter order of beauty. Having defended myself beforehand by this statement, I may be held excused for saying that I was disappointed, and even shocked, by her earliest aspect. I had been interested in most things which had come into my sphere of observation, but I had never before found any real and inviting opportunity of becoming interested in a baby. Her complexion struck me as being far too florid. I had doubts which were almost tragic as to the future of her nose. The darkling scowl she cast upon me at our first interview lingered on my memory for hours. I never dared to mention my misgivings, but the chorus of approval raised by the whole feminine contingent sounded in my ears like the hollowest of mockeries. I examined, I criticised, I inquired within myself; faintly, I dared to hope. But, whilst grandmamma—the world, I think, never held a prouder, or one more conscious of her dignity—proclaimed with sparkling eyes and heightened colour that the baby was the living image of her mother, and when the mother, with a certainty of faith no doubt could have shaken, cried aloud her discovery in that terra-cotta coloured scowl of a resemblance to me, I felt that both my wife and myself were humiliated and maligned.

There are few things in the world which introduce themselves with so little promise to the masculine mind as a baby. But is there anything else in the world which so quickly knits itself about the heart? I can give voice to my misgivings now without shame, because I know them to be common to my sex. At that time I hid them, because I honestly thought that I was a fiend among fathers, a creature denaturalised, and void of the insight of affection.

The Sister Superior from that little, half conventual establishment off the Strand, had been several times to see us. She came one special Saturday afternoon, when by rare hazard Mary was absent from her ordinary duties amongst the poor. Clara, a little fatigued by a morning drive, had gone upstairs to rest, and Mary was nursing the younger Clara, by this time between two and three months old, when the Sister Superior was announced. I was looking on—I daresay with a very visible fatherly complacency, for by this time the terra-cotta complexion had changed to a delicate pinky

white, and the scowl had given place to the most innocent and engaging expression—when the motherly Lady entered. Baby was crowing and gurgling in an inarticulate ecstasy about something or other which neither of us could understand, and Mary was bending over her like some mild Madonna in a picture, with a smile so tender and innocent and radiant that it fitly matched even the infantine beauty of the child.

The motherly Sister Superior gurgled at the baby, and stooped to kiss it. When she raised her head she kissed the nurse, and putting a plump, withered hand on either cheek, looked at her affectionately, and said,

"This is your place, my dear."

CHAPTER XXXI.

When the following August brought the second of my annual vacations my whole household uprooted itself, grandmamma, mother, and baby, with all their inevitable belongings, and started off for Switzerland. Clara and I had spent an infinity of argument on Mary, and had at length succeeded in persuading her to accompany us. In old days she had travelled a good deal with her father, but he had led her chiefly to those places which were of interest to himself, and she had never seen the Alps. It was one of the dreams of her life to see Mont Blanc, but she would have resisted our invitations to the last if we had not found an ally in Dr. Mason, who insisted that a holiday was necessary to her. On her visits amongst the poor she still wore her half-conventual garb, but she had long since set it aside for ordinary occasions.

We made our first halt in Paris, and my wife naturally knew well enough that I meant to call upon Pole there. Neither she nor Mary made any allusion to him in my hearing, and when, on the day after our arrival I set out from the hotel alone, no inquiries were made as to my proposed destination. We were staying at an hotel in the Rue de Rivoli, and I had but to cross the Place du Carrousel, to walk a couple of hundred yards to the right and to cross the river to reach Pole's residence on the Quai d'Orsay. I had written from London, telling him of the day on which I would call, and had expected him to be alone to receive me. I found him entertaining a dozen gentlemen at breakfast, but he jumped up from his seat at the head of the table when I was shown into the room, and came forward to meet me with a genuine friendly warmth. Whilst his face was lit up at the first sight of me, and for a moment or two afterwards, I did not notice the change which had come upon him. But when a seat had been found for me at the table, and he had settled down again, I had time to observe him. There were no actual lines in his face, but as it were a preparation for them. His expression in silence was very mournful, and he looked tired, and as I could not help thinking, cynical. He had always been a fair linguist since I had known him, and now, after his lengthy stay in Paris, he had achieved such an ease and elegance in French as Englishmen rarely attain to. Excepting himself, I was the only Englishman at the table, and I had known beforehand that he associated but little with his countrymen.

The talk was wonderfully bright and light, with now and again a touch of seriousness in it, which, though it was never more than momentary, served to give it a flavour of reason. The names of most of the guests were familiar to me, and were familiar to everybody who knew anything of art, letters, and politics, in Paris. During my own brief journalistic sojourn there I had seen, on first nights of theatrical representations, in famous studios, and in the parliamentary ranks in the Chamber of Representatives, most of the faces which surrounded me, and I was pleased to find myself one of an assembly so distinguished.

The table was spread with a sumptuous refinement, the wines were something to remember, but the talk was the best part of the meal. It was self-conscious and wary, like the dangerous dexterities of a tumbler, but like those same dexterities, it was graceful and assured, and looked so easy as to tempt one to the belief that oneself could do it. It glanced and glittered, and posed, and everybody laughed at its pretty, daring, wayward ways, but keeping a watchful eye on my old friend I could see that below his surface gaiety there was a deep-rooted and constant sadness. He was as keen and ready as any of his guests, but his good things were biting, and at times almost savage. Several times in the course of the breakfast I heard one or other of his cronies allude to him as the pessimist, and that indeed seemed to be his accepted title.

Breakfast over, we adjourned to an apartment in which the arrangement of the furniture struck me at first sight as being curious. The room was large and sumptuous, but from the centre of it every article had been cleared away, with the exception of a small table

with a green-baize top, and a brace of chairs, which stood one on either side of it. Other chairs there were in plenty, lounges, causeuses, and what not, but these were all drawn away, as if for the accommodation of a standing gallery round the little green-baize-topped table. Amongst the guests was one man, and one man only, whose face I misliked. He was handsome, after a Mephistophelian, wicked fashion, but he was prematurely wrinkled and elderly, and looked altogether cruel, cunning, and untrustworthy. I was not long in discovering that this personage was no other than the Marquis de St. Marci. I was not long in discovering either that the whole object of the gathering was to witness a match between the Marquis and Lord Worborough at écarté. Pole, it appeared, had been challenged to a game of three hours' duration at stakes almost unheard of, and, since he had won heavily from his opponent, had accepted the defiance.

Cigars and cigarettes were lit, two men were appointed, one in the interest of each of the players, to mark the score, Pole and his opponent took their seats at the table, and the game began. I made my first acquaintance with écarté that day, and have never followed up the introduction, so that I am unable to describe the play. I suppose it to have been very skilful on both sides, from the rapt eagerness with which it was watched by the little crowd about the table. There was a noble pendule upon the mantelpiece with a bronze figure, half life-size, poised upon the top of it, and when two o'clock sounded the first deal was made. I did not like the proceedings at all, and, in point of fact, I felt a kind of inward protesting rage against them, but before the game had gone on for a quarter of an hour I was as passionately and eagerly absorbed as any devotee at the shrine of chance there present. At first the run of luck was all in Pole's favour, but the Marquis was as calm and cool as if he had been playing for farthings. Many of the men standing round had little note-books, in which they cast up the results of the game as it progressed. They showed these at intervals with shruggings of the shoulders, lifted eyebrows, and pale, excited smiles to other men, who had kept no count. In a mere half-hour the total of Pole's winnings doubled my annual income from all sources.

I do not know whether it is so with all men, but for myself, though I am not, nor ever have been, anything of a gambler, there is an extraordinary fascination in looking on at games of mingled chance and skill. This particular encounter is historical in gaming circles, and, I suppose, it is no wonder that it excited me, even apart from my interest in one of the players. When Pole had a reverse I trembled lest the whole course of events should go against him; when he won I trembled with triumph, and between coup and coup I trembled with excitement. The players sat quiet, like a pair of fates, and were apparently the least moved and interested of all the people there. Only I began to notice a certain strained look about the eyes of Pole's opponent. He had had a clear and rather hectic flush of colour on the cheek when he sat down first at the table, and this flush of colour spread gradually until the under and upper eyelid were charged with it.

He called for new cards at the expiration of the first half-hour, but they brought him no better fortune than the old. The game still went against him, and though every minute was filled and overfilled with interest the plaintive voice of the pendule chiming three fell upon my ear long before it was expected. Again the Marquis de St. Marci called for new cards, and still the run of luck went against him. I was beginning to pity him when it turned, and for a clear hour thenceforward he took everything before him, at such a pace that the positions of the two began to be reversed, and Pole became a loser. When four o'clock sounded Pole was some twenty thousand francs to the bad, and after that the game fluctuated in brief rushes, each one of which, to my overstrained fancy, seemed likely to lead to final victory and defeat. It became evident at length that Pole was losing beyond all doubt. Allowing for the best possible good fortune in the last half-hour, he could not expect to make his losses good; and when five sounded and the game was over he rose the loser, in round money, of twelve thousand pounds. It appeared that he had prepared himself for this contingency, for he drew out a cheque-book and wrote a cheque for the amount before rising, and passed it over to the Marquis, who accepted it with smiling thanks, and buttoned it up in his pocket-book.

After this the little assembly of celebrities melted away with great rapidity, and in half an hour Pole and I were left to ourselves. He lit a cigarette, and threw himself upon a sofa with a worn-out air.

"It's a pretty game," he said laughingly, "but écarté's like life. No man can play against the cards. I began too well to go on well, and I knew at the end of the first half-hour that I was bound to lose. Win first,

"I made my first acquaintance with ecarté that day, and have never followed up the introduction"

lose last. That's as true as anything can be in a world where everybody's predictions are bound, more or less, to be falsified."

I have confessed already that I had been carried away by my excitement over the game, and it is quite possible that if Pole's success had continued my interest in it might have endured until the close; but during that last half-hour in which he had been obviously doomed to failure I had found ample time to cool, and I had come back to common-sense, even if, as often happens, I had taken a roundabout way to it. One takes the wrong way to common-sense at times, and gets switched back to it in a surprising fashion. In point of fact, common-sense lives in so many places that even the most errant of travellers can hardly avoid an occasional encounter with her.

"You look severe, John," said Pole, raising himself on one elbow idly, and regarding me across the little cloud of smoke which had just left his lips. "You disapprove of these things? You would rather see a man with my income and position engage his fortune in the amelioration of the world at large? Why, so would I; but then, you see," he went on with an idle bitterness impossible to describe, "one develops, as philosophers are teaching us, in the direction where one encounters the least resistance."

I was somewhat wearied by the excitement of the afternoon, and a little abashed inwardly by the memory of my own share in it, so that for a minute or two I found no heart to answer him. By the time I had recovered myself enough to know what my own honest and natural emotions really were, the time for an answer seemed to have gone by, and I kept silence, though many things occurred to me as being worth the trouble of saying.

At the beginning of the play the sun had shone into the room so brightly that it had been found necessary to draw the curtains as a shield against it. Half-way through the game they had been partly retired again, and now a single broad beam glared upon the pier-glass and its gold border, near the ceiling. The plaintive, silvery voice of the pendule chimed again, and the room seemed to sink into the shadow of the great house which stood at the west and to the rear. The last glow of broad day departed from the chamber, and Pole and I were left in a half twilight, which seemed the more obscure because of that lately-vanished blaze.

"I can't see now," he said, "whether you look severe or not, but I suppose you feel severe."

"I feel sorry," I answered him.

"That," he responded, "is a little worse than feeling severe. I'd a great deal rather that you didn't feel sorry about me, Jack. I think, all things considered, it might be happier for you and me if we missed each other altogether, and made up our minds to take different ways."

I asked him if he thought it likely that we could forget each other if we lived ever so far apart, and, rising from the sofa he was lounging on, he crossed over and took a seat near me. I do not know that it is necessary at any time to analyze memories and emotions, but I know distinctly that his dim figure lounging across the room at me with his hands in his pockets and his head thrown backwards, the very manner in which he dropped into the chair he chose, and the attitude he took there, reminded me of a time when he and I had both supposed his troubles to be over. I do not think, calling to mind our whole career together, that at any moment in it I had loved him so well or pitied him so profoundly. We are bound nowadays to keep cool, and to hide, even when we cannot choke, our emotions, but if I had followed the instinct of my own heart at that moment I should have put my arms around him and have cried like a child or a woman. As it was I burst into an unreasonable anger. It was my only refuge from myself. But I think he understood me.

"You have no right," I said, "to make this kind of thing the occupation of your life."

"Granted," he answered. "So far as I can see one has no right to anything. When the beaten mule has no pleasure left him but to kick over the traces, and when he always gets beaten for doing it by that angelic monitor which tries to govern mules—eh, Jack, isn't it rather hard for him if his fellow-mule comes to bray reproach at him?"

I understood it all, and told him so.

"It's only the superior intelligence that understands," he said. "Don't you think you're a shade too young to be able honestly to take that tone with me?"

I was silent at this, and sat in a sort of sick amazement at it.

"Don't be angry, Jack," he said suddenly. "There's a kind of stuff that is purified by many fires. You can't give it too many to burn the dross out of it. But there's another kind of stuff that gets to be all dross if you burn it too long and too often." We were quiet for a time, and then he asked me, "Did you ever hear me growl till now? Look

here, Jack," he went on, "I've looked at it pretty often. What have I got to do? Go and take my seat in the House and make speeches and make a name? I've thought about it. Turn philanthropic landlord and interest myself in the cause of the tenant farmer and the labourer? I've thought about that too, and I think I make my people pretty easy. But Lady Worborough's in the police court now and then, and I can't show up. I have to hide myself. I have to sing small. I have to exile myself from my own country and the work I would do, if I had the chance to do it."

"Lady Worborough in the police court?" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"One comes from home to learn news of home," he answered bitterly. "You haven't heard?"

"I have heard nothing," I answered. "I have had no news of Lady Worborough for the greater part of a year."

"You read only the respectable journals," he responded. "You don't know the *Flag of Liberty*, the palladium of the people, the weekly sheet which proclaims to its own public that everybody with a handle to his name is a scoundrel by rule of Magna Charta. I have the advantage of reading an occasional column about her ladyship and myself. The indignant writer demonstrates the fact that I am a personage of the basest extraction, and therefore have a right to be virtuous; but he shows also that I am a lord, and by accretion of title and income, vicious. He proves the same things of her ladyship, and is eloquent about the closing phrase of the police reports, 'The fine was paid.' I have a round dozen of printed documents up-stairs. I'll show them to you, if you care to see them. I owe them to some anonymous friend of mine, who sends them to me by the earliest post, and sometimes writes beforehand to advise me that they are coming."

He might, by the sound of his voice, have been talking about the most indifferent theme in the world. Finding that I answered nothing, he arose and strolled out of the room, returning after a brief absence with what turned out to be a pocket-book in his hand. He threw this upon the table, and told me that if I wanted intelligence of Lady Worborough it was there in plenty. He drew the curtains wide apart, and the room was light again. I took the pocket-book from the table and glanced at its contents—scraps of newspapers of different dates. The merest look was enough, and I returned them.

When you know that a man is as thoroughly persuaded of the folly of his own course as you yourself can be, it is of little use to argue with him. I bethought me of Pole's declaration about the trust in which he held his fortune; but I was certain that he also remembered it, and it would have been gratuitously stupid to remind him of it.

"Since I had to pass through Paris," I said lamely, "I couldn't help looking you up."

"No," he said; "I expected you to call."

There was a change in both of us since the hearty reception at mid-day; but I knew that my own cold unhappiness grew out of the change in him, and that my presence at the spectacle of his extravagant gambling was answerable for that.

"We are going on to Brussels to-morrow," I said. "Clara wants to make a flying call upon some friends there. I suppose we shall see no more of each other for a while?"

"No," he answered, "I suppose not. Are you alone, you two?"

I told him that Miss Delamere was with us, and Mrs. Grantley.

"Ah, well," he said, "that ends it;" as if he had had some thought of joining us until he knew of Mary's presence.

I said something about having to get back in time for dinner, and added that my absence would already be wondered at. We shook hands as though we were the most commonplace of acquaintances, and he descended into the hall with me. We repeated our good-byes there, and I went away as unhappy as I can remember to have been at any time. No comment was made by any member of our party upon my absence. We dined at the table d'hôte, amid a loud chatter of talk and the wild rushes of overworked waiters, and there was bustle and noise enough to distract attention from me. To have sat out a quiet dinner without my forced hilarity and frequent depression being noticed would have been impossible, but in this scene of noise and animation I escaped. The ladies had been sight-seeing in my absence, and were all a little tired. I was glad to get away from them, and sauntering in the fast-growing darkness under the shade of the trees in the Champs Elysées I thought over the day's experience. Over and over again I made up my mind to go back to Pole and speak my heart out to him, but the purpose always failed me.

When it had grown quite dark I made my way back to the hotel, and as I emerged from the broad promenade into the street I became aware of a solitary sombre figure,

standing there. It moved on as I approached, and I recognised Pole's step and carriage. The street was very quiet. In the rear the innumerable lamps of the Place de la Concorde, themselves invisible, made a yellow haze upon the darkness, and the long single line of lights upon the streets twinkled away into the distance with a diminishing brightness. Pole walked on and I followed, half resolving at almost every footstep to accost him. He took no note of my footsteps behind him, and I gradually allowed myself to fall farther and farther in the rear. I saw him pause opposite the hotel and look up at its windows. He raised his hat and stood bare-headed for an instant, and then moved on again. I walked after him until he had passed the hotel by a hundred yards, when he turned, and we encountered each other. He was going by without recognising me, but I hailed him.

"That you, Jack?" he said, in a different voice from that in which he had last addressed me. He passed his arm through mine, and we walked for a considerable distance without speaking. My heart was so hot with friendship, and so sore and tender with regrets, that I could not trust myself to speak. He led me back to the Champs Elysées, where the moon, which was late in rising, had just begun to make an uncertain glory in the sky.

"Tell me about Mary," he said suddenly. "How is she? What does she do? Is she happy, or contented? Tell me all about her."

There was not much to tell in the story of that life of silent heroism, self-conquest, and self-denial, and what little there was I told badly, being indeed afraid to trust myself too far.

"I believe," he said simply, "that she cared for me as much as ever a woman cared for a man in this world. Heaven knows I was never worth it, but then a man's worthiness has nothing to do with such a matter. There isn't a trouble I have that she doesn't share, and she has enough and to spare of her own. They're better than we are, Jack. They're stronger, and purer, and more patient."

Finding him in this changed and softened mood I opened outmy heart to him. There is no need to try to repeat here what I said to him. I had no right to preach, but every man however weak he knows himself to be, has the right to hold out a hand of help and fellowship.

"You're right, Jack," he said. "Say no more about it. Paris is no place for me, and mine for this year past has been no life for an honest man to lead. I have known it all along. I shall get away to-morrow. I don't know yet where I shall go or what I shall do, but I'll try to find something worth doing, and I'll try to do it. Good-night, Denham. Don't come any further with me just now. Good-bye, and God bless you."

We parted there, and I watched him as he walked away in the gathering moonlight until he was hidden in the shadows of the avenue.

CHAPTER XXXII.

EXCEPT for the fact that it led to my encounter with Pole the family trip to Switzerland would have found no place in this history. It was enjoyed and left behind, and late in the autumn we all came home again, every one of us brimming over with health and energy, from grandmamma to baby. We settled down into our accustomed courses in a day or two. My valuable services not being required again by the country until Parliament met, I devoted myself to my literary work. Mrs. Grantley took friendly leave of us, and went back to Grantley Holme and her brother the Major, Clara settled down to the superintendence of the household, and Mary resumed her suspended labours among the poor. She would, as I learned from Clara, have abandoned her distinguishing dress altogether, but for the fact that the people amongst whom she laboured had grown accustomed to it, and to part with it would have been to invite curiosity.

My own inquiries had so long led me to a tolerably close acquaintance with the class among whom she laboured that it was out of no curiosity with respect to their condition that I sometimes availed myself of an unoccupied hour to accompany her upon her rounds. I had an idea when I first offered her my companionship, that it would be pleasant to see how she dealt with the people, and I certainly found that idea verified. It *was* pleasant to see how that mild presence brought comfort to the sick and troubled, and to witness the unfailing respect with which the roughest blackguards of her quarter greeted her. I had a talk with one gentleman, I remember, who was the terror of Green Hill Lane, a rather difficult neighbourhood for any single individual to be a terror to. What this gentleman did for a living during the limited periods for which he kept out of jail I am unable to say, but he took a pride in dressing like one of the

old-fashioned tribe of coal-heavers, in shorts, highlows, and grey worsted stockings. He was sunning his ponderous calves on a door-step and smoking a short clay there, one afternoon when Mary and I came upon him together. He was a sulky, ill-conditioned looking fellow, but he gave her an actual smile of welcome as he got up to make way for her to enter the house.

"You again, mum?" he said, with gruff civility. "I thought we'd seen the last of you, mum." Mary answered that she had been away for her health. "I 'ope you've got it, mum," he said. "You are a-lookin' better than you was."

She thanked him, and passed within doors, and I, waiting for her in the street, tried to enter into converse with her acquaintance. He received my advances withtmarked distrust, and resuming his pipe sa down again upon the doorstep and smoked with an obviously contemptuous disregard of my presence. When I endeavoured, in spite of this unpromising beginning, to continue the conversation, he looked up at me surlily.

"Look 'ere," he said. "Who are you? What are you? What are you drivin' at? Who are you tryin' to get at? I didn't address my conversation to you, did I? What do you want to address your conversation to me for?"

I told him I did not like this pride and standoffishness between man and man, and added, that if a duke were to speak to me I should try to treat him civilly.

"That's a noo lay," said my new acquaintance. "Anything does as long as you can edge the patter in, don't it, guv'nor? Just get a start, so as a cove can't stop you, then you can sling it in to your heart's content, can't you? What's the line? Is it gospel, or tectotal, or the papers? I knows 'em. Don't you talk to me. I can get as much o' your kind o' chin-music as I wants when I'm in quod."

"Do you care to know what my lay is?" I asked him.

"No, guv'nor," he responded. "If you puts it plain, I don't."

"Come," I urged, "you didn't treat the lady in this way."

"No," he said, dexterously expectorating without removing his pipe from his lips, "I didn't, guv'nor. But you see you ain't a lady. And if you was, it's about a hundred million to one as I shouldn't."

"You wouldn't treat me in that way if I were a lady?" I asked him. "Why not?"

"'Cos," he answered, as sulkily as ever, "it'd be a thousand million to one as you wouldn't be a patch on her. When I meets a lady as knows how to be a lady, why then I takes my 'at off to her like a man. Why not? Do you think a cove can't tell a lady when he sees her? There's plenty of 'em comes round here a-pickin' up their petticoats, steppin' fine and talkin' thin and pretty. Ladies? Ladies be blowed! I knows 'em when I sees 'em. Don't you talk to me."

After this, he subsided to a bull-dog silence. I always made a point of carrying a well-stocked tobacco pouch with me upon this sort of journey. I produced it now, and held it out to him with a request that he would help himself.

"I don't ask," he observed, "for no man's charity. I can always buy as much backy as I wants, and if I couldn't I should nick it."

When Mary emerged from the house this uncompromising personage seemed abashed in the memory of his former politeness, and merely growled, "Good arternoon, mum," as he stood aside to let her pass. I told her as we went along together of the testimonial to her ladyhood which I had just received. She seemed rather pained than pleased by it, and she told me that there were some obviously well-intentioned people visiting in the neighbourhood, who spent both time and money in the service of the poor, but, she added, I could hardly imagine how little tact they had.

"If you want to get near these people," she said, "you must not remember such a thing as social difference. You must forget that it exists. If you only pretend to forget they are very quick and keen to find you out. But if you really forget it they are at ease at once, though they never for an instant forget it themselves. I am afraid that you may think I am growing democratic, but I really think there are as nice people here as one meets elsewhere. Their manners and their ways of speech are not ours, but apart from those things, which matter a good deal, of course, there are some real ladies and gentlemen here."

One hears this sort of statement made in pure cant sometimes, by people who do not in the slightest little degree believe it in their hearts. But Mary did believe it, and I suppose that her belief afforded one of the truest reasons for her success.

"There are some amongst them," she went on, "who have really been ladies and gentlemen. A good many, of course, are

pretenders, and exaggerate the better times they have seen, but some have really fallen from complete respectability."

As she talked thus, we passed by a noisome well of a court, where a group of women were loudly discussing some topic of general interest. I caught the voluble, shrill rattle of an Italian voice, and one woman, with her hands waving high in the air, was screaming, "Mais, Madame, je vous jure," as we went by. This court was the sorrowfullest part of Green Hill Lane, though the whole thoroughfare was sorrowful enough. The fronts of its houses seemed to have known no cleansing or renovating touch since the hour of their erection. From the pavement to the sills of the shop windows the walls were caked with the mud which had been splashed upon them by the foot of generations of wayfarers. The paint of the woodwork was smothered with bubbles, like a sort of seaweed, and the window-panes were encrusted with the residuum of hundreds of fogs, and smeared with the rain of uncounted storms. The houses huddled together from one end of the lane to the other without a single break on either side, except the one made by that noisome well of a court, and the lane was so narrow that a single hackney carriage would have filled it from kerb to kerb. The inhabitants of the lane did at home what little washing they had to do, and the windows of the wretched houses were always garnished by vandyked rags of dingy white, as if in satire of festivity, or as if the King of Poverty's Miseries were coming that way on a ghastly gala day, and his subjects were in readiness to receive him.

We were perhaps twenty yards beyond the court when a slipshod footstep sounded behind us, and a shrill voice cried out, "Sœur, sœur, ma sœur!" Mary and I turned at this call together, and I recognised the French woman who had been exclaiming in the court.

"You speak French, my sister," said the woman. Mary answered in the affirmative, and she poured out a story so voluble and in so marked a southern accent, half patois and half French, that it was almost impossible to follow her. We made out enough to know that somebody was in urgent need of help, and we turned round with the woman at once, and accompanied her into the court, she talking all the while with a passionate, voluble eloquence only half comprehensible. At a sign from Mary I remained in the court, whilst she entered at a low-browed door, and disappeared. A little Italian man on crutches, with a dark, wrinkled, wizened visage like that of a preternaturally wise and amiable ape, clattered across the broken pavement of the court, and opened fire upon me in his own language. He had talked for a minute before I could make him understand that I spoke no Italian, but addressing him in French I discovered that he had a fair mastery of that language, and asked him to speak in it.

He went on, more slowly, but with an eagerness which made him stumble at every phrase. Let Monsieur figure it to himself then, that a person so exalted should thus have fallen. There are those who would not believe, though the skies fall about them. They would have the birds in their fingers, and would not believe that the skies had fallen. But, for himself, he had travelled the world. He had been here, there, and everywhere. Monsieur might not credit, finding him in surroundings so degraded, yet Monsieur was obviously a gentleman, and had perhaps travelled and made himself acquainted with the reverses of fortune. He, the crutch-supported cripple, had once been *concierge* in an hotel at Naples. He knew the world. He could tell a gentleman when he saw him, and a lady—Gran Dio, a lady!—who, that had once had the habitude to behold ladies of the great world could doubt when he beheld one? Monsieur had, without doubt, remarked the pride in their faces. What right had the poor with pride? The great and the rich were born to it. When once he had found the person between these two eyes—very bright and piercing and eloquent eyes they were—he had heard a voice within him which had said, behold no vulgar person! In his own land, the thing was impossible, because the cause was impossible.

I arrested this voluble old Italian, and offered him leading questions. There was a lady here, a lady, heavens, yes! a lady. The blind and foolish derided her claim, and people made a scoff of her, and pointed at her, and hooted after her because of it. Who was she? He could not tell. These foreign names were so long and so rough. The tongue stiffened and the teeth flew, before they could be spoken. What was she doing here? Doing here? Great heaven, she was dying here. Dying, of hunger, of want of medicines. The hospitals had rejected her, professing that she was cured.

I was standing with my back half turned to the doorway by which Mary had entered,

when the crippled old Italian stopped short in his swift, stammering speech, and stared across my shoulder. Before I could turn, his crutches and the withered legs they helped were skimming over the broken pavement. I swung round in some amaze at this, and there, in sudden terror, I saw Mary, with one hand feebly clutching at the door jamb, her face as colourless as the bands of white which surrounded it, and her figure half supported by the woman who had but a moment before summoned us from the street. I ran forward swiftly, and relieved the woman of her burden.

"What is it?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

She wrung her hands together, and made a little incoherent moaning noise, before she turned upon me. I was as unsuspicious then, of the staring truth, as I had been an hour before.

"You are ill," I said. "Let me help you into the air."

I half assisted, half carried her, into the court, and one of the women brought a rickety chair, and another a cracked teacup of water. I helped her to the seat, and held the cup to her lips. She drank a little of the water, and was revived by it. She made an effort to rise, but I checked her, and she kept her place. Her grey eyes, looking extraordinarily large and dark, met mine, and I saw that they were full of pain and trouble. She made a great effort to collect herself.

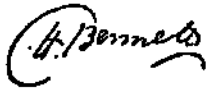
"Get first," she said, "some extract of beef, and a bottle of wine. Take the first turning to the right that way, and you will find a street of decent shops. Bring the things back at once, and then go for a doctor. Oh, pray don't wait to think of me. I was shocked for the moment, but I am well again. Pray go! go at once! You see I am well. There is no need to stay here."

I could only suppose that some one was hovering between life and death, and had instant need of support and stimulus. I tore out of the court, ran the length of the lane in the direction she had indicated, and searching up and down came upon an Italian warehouse, where I bought a tin of beef extract, and a grocer, from whom I bought a bottle of port. I ran back with these, and found that Mary had already re-entered the house. The Frenchwoman who had accosted us in the street took the things from my hands, and rushed up-stairs with them, returning almost immediately with instructions to me to find a doctor. I hurried back into the street, and by good hap finding a cab there, drove at once in pursuit of Dr. Mason. He was not at home, but the servant who answered my summons at the door was able to tell me where to intercept him, and ten minutes later we were driving back together. I was considerably disquieted about Mary, and told the doctor that he might expect to have more patients than one. The Frenchwoman was eagerly waiting for us when we arrived, and began to rain down blessings on the doctor, who, as I then discovered, was already known in that quarter. The two ascended together, and I was left alone once more, this time for the space of some ten minutes. Then the doctor came down alone.

"Miss Delamere is all right again," he said, "and you need have no fear about her. She seems, however, to have made a very extraordinary discovery, and she wants you to go up-stairs and verify it. You're not easily shocked yourself, are you? Wait a bit: I'll tell you the story. There is a woman up-stairs suffering from spinal paralysis. She was knocked down by a cab in the street some two months ago, and was taken to St. Bartholomew's Hospital. She stayed there a week or two, and was then dismissed as cured. Since then she has been very queer at times, and now, for nearly a week nobody has seen her until an hour ago. Then, her fellow-lodgers breaking into her room, find her almost dead. The lower extremities are useless, and want of sustenance has so far prostrated her that another day might have done her business. You're a personal friend of Worborough's, and that's the reason why I take the trouble to prepare you. She claims to be Lady Worborough."

CHARLES HENRY BENNETT.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.



PROBABLY in the whole biography of art few names can be found associated with a greater amount of work than that of Charles Henry Bennett. A self-taught artist, without the advantages of a scientific training, Mr. Bennett nevertheless fills a worthy place in the history of grotesque art, and one that cannot be overlooked by the student. Nor was it only in the lighter manifestations of an exuberant fancy, such as was shown in "Shadows," in "Developments," in "Æsop's Fables," and in his Parliamentary portraits that he excelled; his more serious work, as in the "Heads of the People," and in the "Pilgrim's Progress," was full of observation, and exhibited the possession of power which from the lack of early training—irreparable in his case—was undeveloped and therefore lost to art. Mr. Bennett handled both pen and pencil with equal facility. That which his imagination conceived he could with admirable judgment describe in prose, or illustrate pictorially. But his work was more adapted to the "6d. plain and 1s. coloured" series, in which form a number of his books appeared, than to the volumes which find a treasured place in the library. The majority of his books were of so very ephemeral a character that, but for the fact of his being associated with several departures from the ordinary track of caricature artists, they would have been utterly forgotten.

Mr. Bennett was born July 26, 1828, in a house at the corner of Tavistock Court, Covent Garden, now taken down to make room for the flower market; and to his residence here he no doubt owed the inspiration of his life. This wonderful market-place, with its ever-recurring crowds of people, with their eager, varied, often criminal faces, was the only school in which he studied; and upon his early recollections he drew throughout his artistic career. In after years memory, unaided by art training, supplied him with the faces he wanted for his noblest work, the illustrations of the "Pilgrim's Progress;" but the most characteristic faces were all of one type—evil.

"Shadows," published in 1857, was the first book by which attention was attracted to Mr. Bennett's work. The illustrations in this were without letter-press; each page told its own humorous story: the lady and her hat threw the shadow of a mushroom on the wall; a man on a post smoking a pipe became a codfish; an undertaker, a crocodile; and a needle-woman sitting on a ribbed-backed chair, a skeleton. The public received this new departure in caricature with great favour; and there followed in succession "A Comic Alphabet of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes;" "The Story of the Faithless Parrot;" "The Fables of Æsop;" "The Frog who would a-Wooing go;" "Old Nurse's Book;" "The Sad History of Greedy Jem;" and "Proverbs with Pictures."

The following specimen of his fables, "The Frog and the Ox," is taken from the first edition published by Messrs. Kent and Co., Fleet Street, entitled, "Æsop's Fables, translated into Human Nature by C. H. B." The text reads thus:—

"As a splendid ox—who, by right of the great family he belonged to, was permitted to disport himself as he pleased in the fashionable parts of London—was taking his afternoon stroll, an envious, tawdry-coated little frog, that stood gaping at him hard by, called out to certain of his fellows (who had hopped thither in his company all the way from the Fleet Ditch in the city) to take particular notice of the [illegible] 'And [illegible] roll of [illegible], and again, and went still swelling on in impotent emulation, till, in the end—spite of the cautions of his brother frogs—he burst himself. Moral: the humble

The Frog and the Ox

citizen who strives by mere inflation to make as great an outward appearance as his substantial neighbour, must inevitably go to pieces"

In an edition of these fables, published in 1875, by Chatto and Windus, the morals are omitted

Mr Bennett wrote many children's books, as full of comicality in the text as in the illustrations, all of which were projected for the amusement of his own numerous family.

"The Nine Lives of a Cat," a tale of wonder, he describes as "a popular nursery tale in the author's family." Each illustration is contained within a circle ornamented with a trifling figure in connection with the veracious incident set forth, and a wonderful rhyme sets out the story. Thus

"'How many lives has the cat got?
"'Five.
"'But I hear she has not,
For they say she was shot
So how many lives has the cat got?'"

Puss stands upon a house top, and a night-capped individual is seen at a neighbouring window handling a blunderbuss The next page describes "how the ill happened, how she got over it," and the jingle says—

"'Yes, with a gun she was shot,
And a trigger it had got.
I saw the man pull it.
But pussy held up her paws,
like the Wizard of the North, and before you could count one, two, three, caught the bullet'"

In 1866 he illustrated Mark Lemon's "Fairy Tale" and "The Chronicles of the Three Sisters," and, associated with Robert B Brough, produced "Shadow and Substance" and the "Origin of Species" in 1860 The dedication was, "by natural selection, to Charles Darwin," and in a brief introduction Bennett refers to the time when Darwin "was a many-coloured Madrepore," and he 'an Oyster" Darwin was flourishing his fifty arms, and gathering into his ever hungry mouth all those small creatures with five syllable names, and he "led a peaceful existence of unending laziness and gentle contemplation." There followed the artist's own rendering of the principle enunciated by Darwin. But the development was all the reverse way, for man became changed into a pig or a fox, a butler became a dog with a bone in his mouth, a lady was changed into a cat, and a boy into a cockatoo.

The best story written by Mr Bennett was entitled "Lightsome, and the Little Golden Lady," with twenty four illustrations This was published in the autumn of 1866, and there is wonderful pathos in the dedication "To my dear Charley. When you wrote down this little story from my telling, I did not think that we should have found so much enjoyment in our task. Thank you, my dear boy, very much, for your ready help" In the preface he says the "story tells of things that happened in a place high

up in the sky, and far behind the clouds;" it was of a Golden City, the creation of his fancy, but not that city into which he was then shortly to enter.

The best specimens of Mr. Bennett's more serious work are to be found in what is popularly known as Charles Kingsley's edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress." This was published by Longmans & Co. in 1860. The presentation of this work to the public followed upon correspondence between editor and illustrator, which reflects the highest honour upon the memory of the late Charles Kingsley. Mr. Bennett was engaged upon his drawings for this work in 1859, and he not only drew the heads but also etched them in excellent style. There can be no doubt that he found all his faces in and about Covent Garden, and at the present day any one may, in the early morning, pick out a dozen such faces as Obstinate, Pliable, Talkative, Worldly Wiseman, Hopeful, Ignorance, and Wanton amongst the crowds that do business in that wonderful centre of life. The faces which express the lower passions are superior to those intended to portray the higher virtues. Christian is, perhaps, the best of the whole gallery; but Christian's face is sad and painfully anxious. Hopeful would better serve as Profligate than one animated by the restful and trustful spirit given him by the great dreamer. No face could be more admirable as a type than that of Two-Tongues, who walks with the slouch of a thief; but Ignorance is an undisguised Irishman. Great-heart has the face of a scholar, not that of a soldier; but Old-Adam is inimitable, with his withered crab-face, cheek-bones showing through a scrofulous and wrinkled skin, and lips like those of a dog. Mistrust represents a man overwhelmed with terror, and is admirably conceived; and Discretion, with eyes raised and rolled hair, is the most beautiful female face in the book. Mr. Bennett found ample material in Covent Garden for Lust-of-the-Flesh, Lust-of-the-Eyes, Pride-of-Life, Lady Forgiving's daughter, Madame Bubble, Mrs. Bat's Eyes, Mrs. Know-Nothing, and Mrs. Inconsiderate; and the type still thrives in that district. These illustrations were prepared months before a publisher was found for the new Bunyan, and the difficulty he encountered in obtaining a firm to bring out the work led to Mr. Bennett writing to the Rev. Charles Kingsley at Eversley, and asking his advice and assistance. Mr. Kingsley invited Mr. Bennett to pay him a visit. The artist found the reverend author at work in his garden. They were quickly closeted over the drawings, which Mr. Kingsley approved, and, in order to facilitate their publication, he promised to write a preface. Mr. Bennett was dispatched to the railway station in the evening with a hamper crammed with delicacies, a present from Mrs. Kingsley to Mrs. Bennett and her numerous family; and the incident of the visit is commemorated in the tailpiece to the preface. Here the Rev. C. Kingsley, in the garb of a pilgrim, with a quill pen as a staff, is helping Mr. Bennett up the steep face of a mountain, which is strewn with boulders, and the artist grasps in one hand a crayon-holder for a staff.*

In the biography of her husband, afterwards edited by Mrs. Kingsley, the letter written to Mr. Bennett upon the subject of illustrations for Bunyan is given. As this contains some valuable hints it will always be read with interest. Mrs. Kingsley says, referring to the year 1859:—

"Artists now often consulted him, and among them the late Charles Henry Bennett, a man of genius. Finding he was in need, and had a difficulty in getting a publisher for his 'Illustrated Pilgrim's Progress,' Mr. Kingsley wrote and gave him a preface for it, upon which Messrs. Longmans accepted it."

The letter to Mr. Bennett upon the subject is as follows:—

"I feel as deeply as you our want of a fitting illustration of the great Puritan epic, and agree in every word which you say about past attempts. Your own plan is certainly the right one, only in trying for imaginative freedom, do not lose sight of beauty of form. I am in taste a strong classicist, contrary to the reigning school of Ruskin, Pugin, and the pre-Raphaelites, and wait quietly for the world to come round to me again. But it is perfectly possible to combine Greek health and accuracy of form with German freedom of imagination, even with German grotesqueness. I say Greek and German (*i.e.* fifteenth and sixteenth-century German) because these two are the only two root schools in the world. I know no such combination of both as in Kaulbach. His illustrations of Reinecke Fuchs are in my eyes the finest designs (save those of three or four great Italians of the sixteenth century) which the world has ever seen. Any man desiring to do an enduring work must study, copy, and surpass them. Now in Bunyan there is a strong German 'Albert Durer' element which you must express, viz., first a tendency to the grotesque in imagination; second, a tendency to spiritual portraiture of the highest kind, in which an ideal character is brought out, not by abstracting all individual traits (the Academy plan), but by throwing in strong individual traits drawn from common life. This, indeed, has been the manner of the highest masters, both in poetry and painting, *e.g.* Shakespeare and Dante; and the portraits and even heroic figures of Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Sebastian del Piombo, Bronzino, the two latter with Titian the triumvirate of portrait-paint-

* This tailpiece, the head of Mistrust, and Mr. Bennett's "last illustration," are reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew.

ing. You find the same in Correggio. He never idealises, *i.e.* abstracts in a portrait, seldom in any place. You would know the glorious 'Venus' of the National Gallery if you met her in the street. So this element you have a full right to employ. But there is another of which Bunyan, as a Puritan tinker, was not conscious, though he had it in his heart, that is, classic grace and purity of form. He had it in his heart as much as Spenser. His women, his Mr. Greatheart, his Faithful, his shepherds, can only be truly represented in a lofty and delicate outline, otherwise the ideal beauty which lifts them into a supernatural and eternal world is lost, and they become mere good folks of the seventeenth century. Some illustrators, feeling this, have tried to mediævalise them. Silly fellows! What had Bunyan to do with the Middle Ages! That eternal humanity can only be represented by something of the eternal form which you find in Greek statues. I don't mean that you are to Grecianize their dress any more than mediævalise it. No; and here comes an important question. Truly to illustrate a poem, you must put the visions on paper as they appeared to the mind of the seer himself. Now we know that Bunyan saw these people in his mind's eye as dressed in the garb of his own century. It is very graceful, and I should keep to it, not only for historic truth's sake, but because in no other way can you express Bunyan's leading idea, that the same supernatural world which was close to old prophets and martyrs was close to him; that the devil who whispered in the ears of Judas whispered in the ears of a cavalier over his dice, or a Presbyterian minister in his Geneva gown. Take these hints as meant kindly."

Mis: ust.

What Charles Kingsley thought of the illustrations when they were completed is set forth in the preface to the work:—

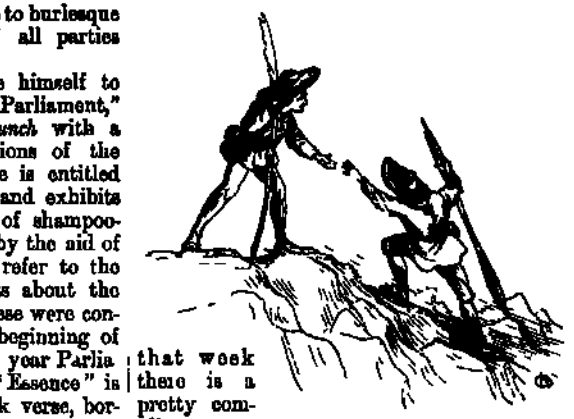
"That Bunyan drew mostly from the life there can be little doubt. He may have been, now and then, like all true poets, an idealiser, out of several personages compounding one. But the very narrowness of his characters, when considered together with their strong individuality, makes it more probable that he accepted certain persons whom he actually knew in life as fair types of the fault which he was exposing. On this method, therefore, Mr. Bennett has constructed the great majority of his ideal portraits. Believing that the ideal is best seen in the actual, the universal in the particular, he has boldly drawn, as far as he could, from life—I say boldly, for to do this is to do no less than to run his knowledge of human nature against Bunyan's. But by no other method, surely, was success attainable; and if he has fallen short, he has fallen short on the right road. For Bunyan's men are not merely life portraits, but English portraits; men of the solid, practical, unimpassioned midland race."

The first illustration of Mr. Bennett's which appeared in *Punch* was published February 11, 1865. This was entitled "Our Play Box," and represented Mr. Punch raising the lid of the Houses of Parliament, made in the form of a box, stuffed full of portrait dolls in wood. Underneath are these words, "Mr. Punch's delight at finding his Dear Old Puppets where he left them in July." The artist's initials do not appear. Lord Palmerston holds his wooden arms towards Punch; Lord John Russell's head hangs over the edge of the House, Gladstone's arms droop over the side, the Speaker is at the back. Lord Derby has been taken out and sits on the ground with his back against the House, Disraeli lies prone on his stomach, and Bright is peering round the corner from under the clock tower. The portraits are perfect. The illustration to "Punch's Essence of Parliament" in the next number consists of a gigantic T, and the figures crowd both sides of the letter and the arms. The railway crisis is represented by engines entering a tunnel; Lord Chancellor Westbury holds a scroll, upon which is, "I promise to pay;" Earl Russell holds a slate on which he has written, "Rest and be thankful;" Derby is there with the bust of Homer; Palmerston is coupled with education; Bright is admiring a picture of Britannia; Disraeli sports with lambs; Cobden is mounted on the back of Lincoln; and the Bishop of London, with a church in his head, hurries to the Lords. There is activity, bustle, character, life, vigour, everywhere; and the readers of *Punch* delightedly welcomed the appearance of an artist who, with

an unusually facile pen, was able to burlesque the political characteristics of all parties without offending any.

Mr. Bennett did not confine himself to illustrating the "Essence of Parliament," but amused the readers of *Punch* with a series of comic page illustrations of the events of the day. One page is entitled "Mechanism for the Million," and exhibits men undergoing the operations of shampooing, boot-blacking, and eating, by the aid of marvellous machinery; others refer to the burglar's operations, complaints about the streets, and race-meetings. These were continued at intervals, until the beginning of 1867. On February 5 in that year Parliament was opened, and the "Essence" is preceded by a column of blank verse, bordered and crowned by one of Bennett's wonderful congregation of members. The mace is thrust through the Queen's speech, and above is Lord Chelmsford, the Chancellor, while the page swarms with ministers and members. To the right of the mace John Stuart Mill and John Bright confer with Lord Brougham; Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, runs off with a money-box, hotly pursued by Gladstone; Lord Derby with clenched fists is chasing Earl Russell; Lord Stanley, Foreign Secretary, is struggling to get out of a box; the Duke of Somerset carries a tub, in which is a mast and sail, representing the Admiralty; and Lord Naas, the Irish Secretary, is boxing with Sir Robert Peel, both stripped to their waists. These are easily recognised out of a crowd of active little figures.

Amongst the initial letters which follow in consecutive weeks Disraeli figures as a Japanese conjurer with a fan keeping butterflies in the air: as a hedgehog, bristle-backed, with the word "Resolutions" on the body, [and Gladstone as a little dog watching him]; and as a cook tossing a pancake stamped "Resolutions." On March 16 the initial letter represents Lord Derby unfurling the Reform Scroll; and the following week appears the last illustration from Mr. Bennett's pencil, this represents a cock on an egg, stamped "1832," the bird has the face of Earl Russell, and is coroneted. In the "Essence" that week there is a pretty compliment to the artist,



Charles Kingsley gives a helping hand.

and one which has a mournful significance. The number of January 26 contains a page of "Mr. Punch's Designs for the New National Gallery." The first is made up of sugar-tongs, the second of candles, the third horseshoes, the fourth croquet tools, the fifth telescopes, and the sixth decanters and glasses. None of the designs sent in by architects were approved; and on recording that fact *Punch* said—

"None of the plans for the New National Gallery will do, and Lord John Manners is unable to say what course Government will take. Surely, after the splendid series of designs recently furnished by Mr. Punch, there ought to be no difficulty. Why is not our Mr. Bennett sent for, or rather, waited upon by Lord John?"

But Mr. Bennett at that time had received a command, the news of which came with painful surprise to *Punch*, as to his many acquaintances and friends. He died April 2, 1867, at 2, Caversham Road, N.W.; and on that day a brother artist, equally gifted in another line of art, and as deeply lamented, Alfred Mellon, was buried in Brompton Cemetery.

"The last illustration"

A thumb-nail sketch of his, hitherto unpublished, recalls the early days of a new art; the shampooer, in the act of breaking an egg over the head of a customer. This was drawn on wood in 1866, and now forms the tail-piece to this paper.

The *Daily Telegraph* was the first to bear testimony to the worth of the dead artist. On April 5th they announced his death—

"At the age of thirty-seven, after an illness so brief that his latest and most vigorous productions are things almost of yesterday. . . . . an artist singularly endowed with a graceful and curious fancy, has been taken from his work. Mr. Bennett was a caricaturist, as playfully capable of comic exaggeration as any man who ever put pencil to paper or boxwood, and he was something more. Equally at home in the pages of modern burlesque, and in the earnest though quaint imaginings of Quarles and Bunyan, it is no ordinary limner that the world has lost. There is no man living, and perhaps there have been few men at any period of art, before whom a piece of pure abstract thought could ever have been placed with so much certainty of its attaining a pictorial parallel."

Punch, on April 13th, also bore testimony to the loss sustained by art:—

"A very able colleague, a very dear friend, has been removed at an early age from among us. For his genius it is not here that tribute should be paid, but it may be said that none of our fellow-workers ever entered more heartily into his work or laboured with more earnestness to promote our general purpose. His facile execution and singular subtlety of fancy were, we hoped, destined to enrich these pages for many a year. It has been willed otherwise, and we lament the loss of a comrade of invaluable skill, and the death of one of the kindliest and gentlest of our associates, the power of whose hand was equalled by the goodness of his heart."

The body of the artist was buried at Brompton Cemetery on April 8th, and amongst many friends who gathered round the grave, on a most inclement day, was Mark Lemon, the genial editor of *Punch*.

THE SOCIAL DRIFT OF OUR TIME.

By PROFESSOR ELMSLIE, D.D.

SEVENTY years ago Goethe predicted that the great questions of the nineteenth century would be social problems. To a remarkable degree this prophecy has fulfilled itself. The primary questions that engross men's minds at the present moment, and more and more tend to force themselves on the notice of legislators, are not questions of law or politics. Moral and social problems, economical evils and defects, possible readjustments in our social system — these are the burning questions of our time. The characteristic feature of the last fifty years has been the slow but sure appreciation of the value, claims, and possibilities of social forces. In the histories of the future our age will be known as the era of social reaction against an excessive individualism. What the outcome may be none can well foretell; but, meantime, the movement is making its mark in all departments of thought and life—in none perhaps more than in religion.

This peculiar drift of our age has been originated by a combination of many forces. What chiefly urges it on is, of course, the manifest failure of our vaunted civilisation to adequately realise the hopes and demands that are lawfully made on it. The present condition of society, with its extremes of wealth and poverty, with its open sores of corruption, selfishness, and crime, becomes more intolerable as through increased publicity its scandals become more vividly realised. Something manifestly must be wrong, some beneficent forces must be ignored or suppressed in the weaving out of our common existence to produce a result so maimed and melancholy. It is evident that selfish individualism has had too much play, and that the social instincts and impulses have been pushed into the background, with the result of material and ethical loss all round. It has begun to dawn upon us that our individual rights are balanced by our social obligations; that no man can be healthy, prosperous, or happy for himself alone without regard to his fellows. Bodily, mentally, spiritually, we are influenced by the general health and atmosphere of the community. Our character is not the outcome alone of what is within us. Neither our culture nor our sanctification is accomplished *in vacuo*. No man can contract himself out of the moulding forces of his environment. None of us liveth to himself, and none of us dieth to himself. We are, whether we will or not, members one of another. God will not have us be either good or bad singly, but has compelled us to rise or fall for weal or woe in a common moral solidarity. It is plain, therefore, that every selfish and exclusive monopoly of the good things of life is a defiance of God's will and an outrage on humanity; that privilege is never a personal prerogative to be used

egoistically, but an advantage which the privileged possessors are bound to employ for the benefit of the disinherited; that in the kingdoms of earth as in the kingdom of heaven, the greatest ought to be the servant of all; and that no social order can be stable or durable except it be based—not in a theoretical fashion, but in a real and Christian manner—on the indispensable foundations of truth and justice and mercy. These convictions are no longer theories of philosophy or the day-dreams of enthusiasts. By practical efforts and with an ardour hitherto unwitnessed, our age is setting itself to study the sorrowful problems of ignorance, poverty, vice, and crime—to study them pitifully and sympathetically, and, with God's help, to solve them.

This movement, born out of the heart and conscience of our time, has found a quick echo in the Church—if, indeed, it did not there derive its first origin and impulse. Religion tends less to be exaggeratedly individual in its character, expression, and consciousness. Here, too, the social qualities, capacities, and obligations are asserting themselves. We take greater care not to present conversion as a fact of merely personal interest, having its significance exhausted in the passive salvation of the individual. The gospel is preached more and more, not as an appeal to self-centred prudence, but rather as the summons to a glorious possibility of highest service, and the fulfilment of life's supreme obligation and noblest achievement. Our converts are taught to count themselves soldiers of the cross, followers of Him who was servant of all, citizens of the kingdom of Heaven, elect of God not out of personal favour, but that through them others may be saved and edified. With this a new meaning and intensity appear in our common Church life. The taunt becomes less relevant that our congregations are not Christian brotherhoods, but inorganic audiences gathered once a week to hear a sermon and again disperse, while the fellowship of the saints is exhausted in the juxtaposition of their names in the pages of a communion roll. Church membership tends less to be a mere paper union, and becomes increasingly a real, living communion of mutual interest, kindliness, helpfulness, and edification. This kindling warmth of heart within the Church proves its genuineness in this—that it cannot be selfishly restrained, but makes its glow felt beyond the walls of the privileged fold. Witness the extraordinary development of mission zeal and activity in well-nigh all our well-to-do churches. And not only is there a new development of activity, but it adopts peculiarly and with immense advantage, social methods and forces. We recognise the vainness of trying to save men's souls, apart from physical conditions, treating them as if they were disembodied spirits. Therefore we do not merely lecture the drunkard and the profligate, but we provide for them places of social intercourse and relaxation, free alike from temptation and from dulness. In all its beneficent enterprises the Church is constantly becoming more practical, more organized, and more humane, with results that already reward its devotion, attest its wisdom, and promise golden things for the future.

One result of this more complete accomplishment of its Master's will is, that the Church is getting to know more fully and more accurately its Master's mind. There is a corresponding modification, if not of the contents of faith, at least of their proportion in the Christian consciousness. The closer imitation of our Lord in conduct is bringing us into nearer heart-fellowship with Him. The majestic conception of the kingdom of heaven on earth to be realised in His Church is asserting itself in Protestant theology, where it has too long and too much been neglected in its practical and inspiring potency. The great doctrine of the incarnation is no longer relegated to a back place in our creed as a mere means or stepping-stone to the atonement, but holds its proper place in our theology and devotion with all its wealth of comfort, strength, and wonder. The great fact of the real indwelling of Christ in His own is no more a mere mystical dogma, but, in awe and gratitude, is experienced and enjoyed in our religious worship, work, and life. Our new fidelity to the fact and claims of social obligations, our warmer recognition of the bond of human brotherhood is carrying us into a more real, tender, and glorious realisation of God's Fatherhood and our divine sonship.

These subtle changes, which are slowly but surely proceeding in the character and consciousness of the Church, are exerting an important influence on her relation to the world outside. With the enthusiasm of a discovery the Church has recognised her true destiny. With delight she resumes her proper function. She perceives that her business in the world is not to elaborate and confess a theory of redemption, but to incarnate in herself and communicate to men an actual redemption. Like her Master, she fulfils her mission, and finds her proper attesta-

tion in her works. Once more the blind see, the lame walk, the lepers are healed, the hungry are fed, the sorrowful are comforted, and to the poor the gospel is preached. Saving faith is not discussed, defined. Men demand to have it demonstrated, not in tomes of theology, but in our homes, workshops, slums. Nor will they allow any faith to be worthy of that sacred name, save the faith that works, and works by love.

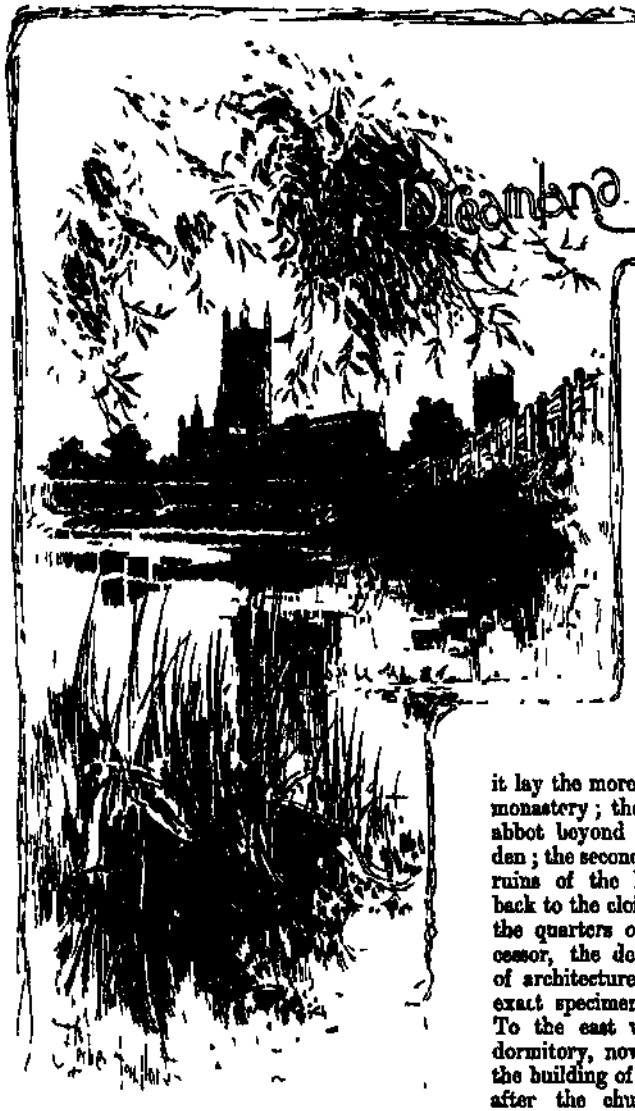
This change of front on the part of the Church is gradually transforming the character of the contest between belief and unbelief. It is seen that the final issue must be fought out not in the realm of intellect but in the field of actual human development. The creed that produces the noblest type of humanity must be the legitimate lord of the human intellect and conscience. On all hands it is acknowledged that man does not live by facts alone. He must have faith as well. It is necessary to have his feet planted on the solid earth, but it is good that his eyes should be lifted to the sky and stars. For the full blossom and fruition of his nature it is not enough that its roots be fixed in the soil beneath. Round its head must play the summer breezes of heavenly dreams, and the sunshine of ideal faiths and hopes and aspirations. More than aught beside, the future of our race depends on man's conception of his essential nature, destiny, and dignity. What the Gospel of Jesus Christ can produce we have seen in His Sacred Person. The nobility of Christ's humanity is confessed, but His religion is rejected. The question, therefore, is whether unbelief can give to the world a humanity as majestic and a morality as noble, cut asunder from the theology of Jesus. The result is not hard to forecast. When amid arctic ice and snow nature can produce the luxuriant splendour of tropical vegetation, without the maturing radiance of the equatorial sun, then and not till then men may hope to create Christ's new earth without Christ's new heaven.

The perception of this altered setting of the problem has produced a corresponding change in the spirit and attitude of unbelief. It must be confessed that there is in our day doubt enough, denial enough, incredulity enough—perchance as much as ever there was. Nevertheless there is a change. The incredulity of our age is not now a sneering, flippant, lighthearted incredulity. It is grave, reverent, earnest—sometimes terribly earnest. It no longer approaches the person of Christ with ribald mockery, but hails Him as the "Good Master." It does indeed still turn away from Jesus, but like the young man He loved it goes away sorrowful. Perchance, without our knowledge, oftener than we dream, it repeats the story of that son who, when his father bade him "Go work in the vineyard," answered, "I go not," but afterwards repented and went. At least—and in this consists our confidence—like the Church, unbelief has at last comprehended its task. It perceives that, when it has finished disproving Christianity, its work is not done—is indeed no more than begun. It perceives that, for it also as for Christianity, the real problem remains—to find a solace for humanity's griefs and to devise an efficacious remedy for the world's sin. If to attain that goal the Church has need of a faith that works and that works by love, scepticism, much more, has need of an unbelief that works and works by love. But what is that? a scepticism that works! an incredulity that loves! 'Tis a contradiction in terms. Scepticism is an atrophy of the heart, the suffocation of every noble aspiration, the paralysis of all disinterested endeavour. Truth to tell, it is but the phantom of an existence already dead.

None the less the task remains—the necessity confronts, the obligation imposes. If scepticism is going to abolish Christianity, it must be prepared to take the place of Christianity and to do its work. The world has once got to know Jesus Christ—Jesus with His stainless purity, Jesus with His unfathomable love. He has healed its wounds, soothed its sorrows, taken away its sins. Through His death it revived, in His life it lives, without Him its best hopes would die. The world will not suffer Him to be taken from it, save it has given it in His stead something better. No, it is not enough to refute Christ, they have got to replace Him. That is the task that confronts unbelief. That is the enterprise with which it must charge itself. It presents itself to the world as the heir of Christianity, and undertakes to be the world's light and the world's life. 'Tis a difficult undertaking, a tremendous enterprise, a superhuman task. To accomplish it one must be at least all Christ was—perfect Son of Man, perfect Son of God. And unbelief! This dreary, dismal, chill-hearted unbelief—is it going to accomplish it? No; a thousand times no. The question asked by Alfred de Musset fifty years ago remains, and ever will remain, unanswered—

"Jésus, ce que tu fis, qui jamais le fera!
Qui de nous, qui de nous va devenir un Dieu?"

Dreamland in Bits



By the Very Rev.
H DONALD M. SPENCE, D D,
Dean of Gloucester

THIRD PAPER.

"WE cannot forget that here, at Gloucester, we have monastic buildings of admirable merit, far more externally preserved than it is usual to find them.

"At Gloucester we can see what a great Benedictine house was far better than we can at Ely or Norwich or at Peterborough. The cloister has no rival in its own class. . . . Of the buildings on every side of the cloister the remains are neither few nor unimportant. The refectory of Abbot John de Fulda, the scene of royal feasting, has left fewer remains than any other, but enough survives to give some notion of the design. Beyond it lay the more distant buildings of the monastery; the stately lodgings of the abbot beyond a little stream now hidden; the second cloister and the graceful ruins of the Infirmary. . . We come back to the cloister, to mark to the west the quarters of the prior and his successor, the dean, showing us a stage of architecture of which we have no exact specimen in the Minster itself * To the east we have the slype, the dormitory, now the library, above, and the building of the greatest importance after the church itself, the chapter house." So writes Professor Freeman in his "Paper on Gloucester and its Abbey." Now who lived in this grey old pile of buildings? Who planned these beautiful solemn cloister walks? Who built and maintained that spacious hospital, whose graceful chapel arches alone remain to tell a bit of the story of

* In the north west wing of the Deanery, the prior's lodging in the old Benedictine house, King Richard II. held a parliament, in what was once the workroom of the monastery, the Commons sitting in the chapter-house, the king and his barons in what is now a part of the Deanery. In this same Prior's Lodge once lodged King Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn for some days

the touching care of the Benedictine order for the sick and suffering? Who dug that deep reservoir in the cloister garden, and skilfully turned into it the bright waters of the Fulbrook? Who first dreamed the grand design of the glorious Minster church, which casts its broad shadow beyond garden and cloister, far over the busy city beyond its walls?

Who once lived here, worked here, dreamed here, died here? Who wrote in the narrow carols which line the south cloister walk, those little cells so cunningly built into the cloister arches? Who prayed in the vast adjoining Minster church, and taught generation after generation of little English children, who were brought up under the shadow of the holy house of Gloucester?

Let me try and weave from old chronicle and modern research a little tapestry of history, which will tell something of the past of those long-dead dwellers in the great religious house, something of the story of their life, their hopes and outlooks, their mistakes and their merits, what they tried to do, and did.

* * *

We have spoken in our first two studies on "Dreamland in History" mostly of the great Minster church of Gloucester, we will speak now of the *souls* who prayed in that fair and storied abbey, of souls who drew from it—or rather from Him who dwelt in it, who, I think dwells in it still- power to live that life which once exercised so rightly an influence over our peoples.

* *

More than twelve hundred years have passed over the holy house of Gloucester But only dim and shadowy forms seem to flit before us, when we try to evoke *life* out of its very early memories. King Osric of Northumbria, when a Mercian Viceroy, first planted the ancient religious foundation and built a church, and his remains moulder beneath the great pile. His stately tomb, erected long centuries after his time, is still one of the ornaments of the Minster.

King Athelstan died in royal Gloucester, most likely in the religious house attached to the church.

The abbey was tenanted in those far back Saxon days by men of whose life and work we only possess scanty memoranda, and these written by men who loved them not. These early Saxon tenants of the Gloucester religious house were not monks, as we now understand the term. They were priests who lived the life of ordinary citizens, not a few of them married. One of their chief duties, probably, was teaching the young of both sexes. Evidently these "secular" priests were popular among their fellow-citizens, for when the great change was brought about by Archbishop Dunstan and his school, we learn that here

in Gloucester the people of the city were angry at the change in the great church and religious house, and harassed and persecuted the new comers—the Benedictine monks sent by Dunstan and his friends. This was in the beginning of the eleventh century, when Canute was king, a little more than half a century before the Norman Conquest.

The early years of the new foundation of Benedictine monks in Gloucester were not a happy or a prosperous time. The abbey seems to have been partly rebuilt; but in the first year of William the Conqueror we read that *two monks and eight boys* alone tenanted the ancient storied home.

With Norman William, however, a new spirit at once was breathed into the religious houses of England, a master-mind guided—during that stern reign—church work in the conquered island; Lanfranc was one of those great churchmen of the Middle Ages, at once scholar and statesman, ascetic and courtier, one who could with equal contentment spend his days now in the workshop and in the forge, carving wood and ivory, and hammering iron, now copying MSS. and teaching children, now occupied in the court of the Norman duke or king of England on high matters connected with the State.

Perfect self-abnegation joined to the most exalted devotion to the work of his order, an intense belief in the high mission of the Church, as the preserving salt of society, were the chief characteristics of that brilliant and devoted succession of great churchmen who restored, or rather rebuilt, the Church of the Middle Ages upon a foundation story of re invigorated monasticism Among them Dunstan, Lanfranc, and Anselm were conspicuous.

Now Lanfranc was successful in finding a man after his own heart to breathe new life into the fading house of Gloucester.

Lanfranc no doubt quickly discerned the unrivalled capabilities of the situation of the old chief city of the Severn Lands, and with prophetic clearness of vision discerned the part which Gloucester was destined to play in the history of England.

For long years it was a favourite home for our kings, and in placing such a man as Serlo the Norman—his pupil and his friend—at the head of the little decaying community, Lanfranc intended to make Gloucester a great Benedictine fortress and centre in the west of our island.

The astute churchman was not mistaken in his man; on a narrower stage Serlo emulated Lanfranc. The little house of two monks and eight children, with extraordinary rapidity grew into a powerful community. A hundred monks, for instance, replaced the two solitary dwellers in the ancient home.

Much of the great Minster church which, after eight centuries, we still wonder at and admire, was Abbot Serlo's work. His rule was as enduring as his massive building. From that day, eventful indeed to the holy house of Gloucester, when Lanfranc, the monk scholar, and statesman, placed the Abbot's crozier in Serlo's hand, the great abbey of the Severn Lands prospered with a marvellous prosperity. Not a little of the history of our England was played beneath the grey shadows of its massive walls.

Here, to the great Benedictine house, when Gloucester was the third city in the kingdom, kings came and feasted. Here solemn councils presided over by kings, met. Here parliaments were held, and deep matters affecting the weal of the commonwealth discussed. One king received his crown in front of the high altar of the Cathedral Church. Another English sovereign lies amongst us still. And the storied centuries rolled on in their solemn course, and the Gloucester house of God was famous even among the more famous religious houses of England. Abbeys rose and fell, but still this great abbey prospered, and did its work for more than five hundred eventful years, till that sad day when the crozier, borne by a long unbroken line of great churchmen, at the rough bidding of Henry VIII.'s commissioners, was broken in the hands of Abbot Malverne, the last Prelate of the Benedictines who bore rule in the halls of Serlo.

But the life of the great Minster church went on, though under changed conditions. The spirit of the sixteenth century asked for a new presentment of the religion of Jesus Christ.

* * * *

What now was that monastic life which these disciples of Benedict lived, or tried to live, and which Henry VIII. put an end to in the sixteenth century?

Sir James Stephen, in one of his essays, thus paints the original ideal of the dwellers in a Benedictine house:—

"In the whirl and uproar of the handicrafts of our own day it is difficult to imagine the noiseless spectacle which in those far back days so often caught the eye as it gazed on the secluded abbey and the adjacent grange. In black tunics, the mementos of death, and in leathern girdles, the emblems of chastity, might then be seen carters silently yoking their bullocks to the team, and driving them in silence to the field, or shepherds inter-

changing some inevitable whispers while they watched their flocks, or vine-dressers pruning the fruit of which they might never taste or speak, or wheelwrights, carpenters, and masons plying their trades like the inmates of some deaf and dumb asylum: and all pausing from their labours as the convent bell sounding the hours of prime or nones or vespers, summoned them to join in spirit, even when they could not repair in person to those sacred offices. Around the monastic workshop might be observed the belt of cultivated land, continually encroaching on the adjacent forest, and the pasture-by might trace to the toils of these mute workmen the opening of roads, the draining of marshes, the herds grazing, and the harvest waving in security under the shelter of ecclesiastical privilege."*

For these hard labours of the hand many of the brethren substituted the different, though no less toilsome, labours of the brain. Sir Francis Palgrave thus writes of the Norman Monastery of Bec and of the way in which its denizens spent their days:—

"Herlouin, the founder, was of noble birth, the real old northern blood flowed in his veins, a knight until he renounced the world. Learning he had none—when he first professed, he could not read a letter; and he subjected himself to all the austerities and privations enjoined by S. Benedict's rule. Manual labour was the employment of the Brethren, and much was Herlouin derided by his former companions when they saw his coarse garments and unkempt beard. Hard and fast Herlouin worked, aiding the building of the monastery; except when chanting in the choir, or partaking of the one daily scanty meal which he grudged himself, you could always find him digging and delving, or his hand grasping the spade, or with hod on shoulder, as Lanfranc (afterwards William the Conqueror's Archbishop of Canterbury), found him, all begrimed with mortar, engaged in vaulting an oven."*

To this community of Benedictines under Abbot Herlouin at Bec, Lanfranc of Pavia

* "The French Benedictines," vol. i., pp. 366, 367

* Sir Francis Palgrave, "dy and England," vol. iii. p. 259.

joined himself It is said he wished to work too with his hands, but the brothers of Bec felt it would be wasting the time if so good a scholar used not his brain in preference to his hands, so he was employed in teach ing the young Under this gifted man Bec expanded into a college, and scholars resorted to the Norman house from all parts

But Lanfranc not only taught, but he daily spent some time in copying MSS of Holy Scripture, in correcting errors in texts, and now and again composing commentaries on certain portions The Benedictine monk, whose vocation lay in scholarship, by no means confined himself to copying MSS of the Bible, or to writing commentaries on the sacred text In those quiet cells, of which we have in the Gloucester cloister walks such perfect examples still remaining, every branch of learning was cultivated

For instance, in the Abbey of S Boniface at Fulda, the monks Euhardus and Rudolf composed careful and accurate annals of the reign of Charlemagne Rudolf, who was master of the Fulda Abbey School, was the only mediæval writer, it seems, to whom Lucius was known at first hand

Men like Lanfranc and Secio thought that by restoring the old way of monastic life, as planned centuries before by Benedict of Nursia, they would best help their brother men It was a strange but not an unbeau tiful conception

The general plan was founded on two verses of Psalm cxix v 2, "*At midnight* I will rise to give thanks unto thee and v 164, "*Seven times* a day do I praise thee '

Roughly the way of life at the Benedictine abbey of Gloucester was as follows —In the winter months and through the early spring, the monk specially charged with this duty roused the sleeping brothers two hours after midnight They slept in dormitories, each occupying generally a separate cubicle The arrangement was simple, each had a mattress, and was provided with a rug, with a second rug to cover him They slept partially dressed, so when roused for Vigils, two hours after midnight, they came with little prepara tion down the winding stairs— they are still there at Gloucester—into the Minster church, and then they held in the solemn night hours the first service After "Vigils they would return to rest As the first streaks of dawn were visible, they were roused again, again they would worship in the choir of the great church Matins and Prime would next be said or sung

The monks, and apparently the children entrusted to their care, usually spent some time in the cloisters and garden Between

eight and nine the brothers dressed themselves for the day, performed their ablutions in the cloister lavatories—those lavatories we still possess, with all their wondrous carved beauty little injured by time.

Then the third service, "Tierce," was chanted, and this was followed immediately by Mass. After mass was the first regular meal. The rule prescribed that this was to consist of two dishes, mainly of cooked vegetables, though more substantial viands do not seem to have been forbidden when they were procurable, with a fixed allowance of bread and wine or beer. In the summer when the nights were short a brief siesta was the practice after the meal.*

The whole "House" met once in the day, in the morning hours, in the Chapter Room. All the members of the Society took the seats belonging to them on the stone seats round the great hall. It is still here, practically unchanged, with all its strange, solemn memories. The Abbot or his deputy presided. Passages of the Rule of S. Benedict were generally read; some words were spoken by the President; then the several officers of the House read their reports, and when any of the monks had failed in their duties their cases were at once tried, punishments were decreed, and not unfrequently corporal discipline was inflicted before the whole Society. Lanfranc specially treated of this singular practice for maintaining a rigid discipline. "During the infliction of this discipline all the brethren must bow their heads and show compassion for the penitent with dutiful and brotherly affection; meanwhile, no one must speak in the Chapter, no one look at the offender except those in high places, who may intercede for him."

The day went on, services alternated with work, or reading, or teaching.

Between two and three o'clock Nones were said; Vespers were sung at four. Before sunset there was another public meal, lighter than the first. On fast-days there was no second meal; additional refreshment at other times in the day was apparently allowed, and in the case of the monks being engaged in specially laborious duties extra allowances of food and wine were made.

The Abbot had always power to dispense with certain portions of the Rule.

The service termed Compline usually took place about seven o'clock; then followed rest. The monastery at about eight o'clock was quite still. In the dormitory strict silence was enjoined.

Such is a bare catalogue of an ordinary day in a Benedictine house in England, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, after the reforms of Lanfranc and his school.

Roughly speaking, a quarter of the twenty-four hours was given to rest (some six hours), seven hours were spent in church; eight distinct services being required from each vowed Benedictine.

This great array of services were considerably varied so as to avoid as far as possible monotony. The whole Psalter was enjoined to be sung every week by the original Rule of Benedict, whose words were, "As by men who know that they are in the sight of God and angels."

Agriculture, building, painting, study, teaching the young (the Benedictines were great schoolmasters), all formed part of the appointed work of the Benedictine monk.

Their tender care for the sick was a noticeable feature in their "Rule." The great founder of the order left special injunctions here: "Before all things and above all things," said S. Benedict, "care must be given to the sick, they must be served, and Christ in them." In all great houses the Infirmary and the chapel attached were among the most noticeable buildings. "At Peterborough," Canon Westcott says, "the Infirmary contains the most beautiful work that remains." At Gloucester the exquisite arches of what was once the Infirmary chapel are well known. Injunctions were continually passed enjoining every indulgence, and recommending that the tenderest care should be shown to the sick and aged.

* * * *

Men often ask now, what was *really* the life and work of these great religious houses? Was it in truth the ideal life of prayer, quiet work, self-renunciation, obedience and patient industry which saintly recluses like Benedict dreamed of, and practical men like Lanfranc, and Anselm, and their immediate pupils we know lived?

To answer the question at all *fully* would be impossible in the limits of this little present study.

In these religious houses we must remember were men living with the same passions and tastes, the same faults and failings as are common to us all. They played, did these houses, in disturbed and stormy times, on the whole a very noble and useful part, and indisputably were a great bulwark to society.

* I have generally followed the interesting sketch of Professor Westcott, who in his paper, "A Benedictine Monk," gives an account of an ordinary day in a monastery such as Peterborough or Gloucester.

We have a few trustworthy records which lift the veil from off their inner life and enable us — as through a glass not very darkly—to analyse the daily life and conduct, the hopes and aspirations, the works and doings of some of these monasteries which, like our Gloucester, have played so great a part in the story of our past in England.

One of these records possessed a curious attraction for one who certainly would not be suspected of a very warm admiration for the monkish ideal. Carlyle, strangely enough, devoted some eighty closely printed pages in one of his works to the analysis of a diary kept by an undistinguished brother of an Eastern Counties monastery of Benedictines in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion.

In the life, familiarly painted by this monk, one Jocelyn, the almoner of St. Edmondsbury, we possess a vivid picture of the every-day monastic life of the England of the Plantagenet kings. It does not perhaps come up to the lofty ideal sketched by great souls like Lanfranc and his pupil Serlo of Gloucester, and lived by men like Anselm of Bec, but with all its errors and shortcomings, there is much in this monastic life here painted that is beautiful and desirable, enough certainly to form the basis of a successful defence when monasteries are spoken of as merely hives of drones, and monasticism as a pernicious and harmful conception.

Jocelyn, the almoner of St. Edmondsbury, hides nothing. He paints the errors, the shortcomings, the excesses, the idle gossiping, the jealousies of his brother monks, with an unsparing brush. You feel the man is intensely truthful, you see that his diary is the picture of a life really lived in a hundred similar religious houses, and as we walk and muse in the cloister of Gloucester, in the old-world garden there, in the grey and solemn Minster aisles, we repeople these loved and time-worn buildings and gardens with the old inhabitants who lived there when Cœur de Lion reigned, and John Lackland plotted and schemed against his nobler brother.

The monk Jocelyn though does far more than merely chronicle the little daily disputes, the heart-burnings, and the jealousies of his brother monks. He paints too, with no unskilful hand, the thoughts and imaginings, the ways and works of his friend and master, the Abbot Samson.

Samson, Abbot of St. Edmond's in the reigns of Henry II. and Richard Cœur de Lion, was evidently a type of the abler Benedictines of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. He was a plain, honest man, hard-working, and God-fearing, thoroughly anxious to do his duty.

His friend, and at one period his chaplain, Jocelyn, in his amusing gossipy memoirs, sketches Samson's early life in the community: his unpopularity, and at the same time his reputation as a thorough business man of unswerving honesty of purpose, with some learning, and experience. He tells us of the last days of the old Abbot Hugo, who reigned in the house of St. Edmond's before Samson, a devout, earnest old man, with failing eyesight and weak health, and then relates the events, commonplace events mostly, which led to the election of Samson as abbot.

His brother monks chose him to the high office, not because they specially liked him, but simply because they respected him. He was utterly without friends or interest either in the monastery or in the King's court, and narrowly missed being confirmed in his office because neither the King nor any of his advisers knew anything about him. He was chosen without any popular gift to recommend him, solely because the monks respected him as a good, true man. His simple hard-working life is related with transparent truth by the monk Jocelyn, who tells us how zealously Abbot Samson worked to restore the revenues of the house, which, through the weakness and long illness of his predecessor, had become sadly disordered; how he administered with restless care the internal discipline of his great house, ever severe yet kind and tender hearted. The vast estates of St. Edmond's were carefully watched over. Barns and farm buildings were built and restored. Churches were erected in the outlying villages, a hospital was founded and endowed by him. Schools too for the young were built, and the great parent house of St. Edmond's and its church were thoroughly restored and beautified.

Dimly we catch glimpses, between the lines of Jocelyn's homely diary, of bits of the church life of Cœur de Lion's time. We see something of the gorgeous processions, the preaching, the festivals, the Christmas plays, mysteries, as they were called, performed in the churchyard under the auspices of the monks.

Abbot Samson was a good scholar, and could preach in three languages. He was a passionate lover of books, and often complained that his lot had not been cast in some quiet monastic library. The monastery,

where Jocelyn lived, was a home for all strangers, and for travellers whose duties and affairs led them into those Eastern Counties, and in troubled times, not unknown periods when our Plantagenet kings bore sway over us, defenceless folk, such as Jews and their wives and little ones, found a ready shelter behind the strong walls of S Edmonds

Abbot Samson was no laggard in matters connected with the State He was from time to time, we see, associated in high political questions with the King's justiciaries and others —by no means a courtly man—we find him, for instance, guarding, at the peril of his life and liberty, a wealthy girl ward from the rapacity of some of the court nobles, who would have wedded her for the sake of her broad lands Twelve years of those restless, toil filled years, his friend Jocelyn tells us, blanched Abbot Samson's hair, and he became white as snow But some would be tempted to ask, has his monk biographer, in his careless, pleasant manner, told us nothing

of the Benedictine abbot's higher life, nothing of his nobler aspirations? We turn over some of the pages of the long-forgotten life-story, and we find some notes of Abbot Samson's thoughts, for instance, upon the Crusades.

We look back from our present vantage-ground of many centuries' experience and teaching, and entertain little admiration for these strange bloody wars, but, as Carlyle once remarked, "To all noble Christian hearts of that era, what earthly enterprise so noble?"

Our Benedictine abbot would have tossed aside all dignity and position, all present ease and comfort, and would have himself joined one of these strange pilgrimages of blood, had not King Henry II. peremptorily forbade his leaving England. But when Jerusalem was re-taken by the Pagans, Abbot Samson put on a cilice and hair shirt, and wore under-garments of rough haircloth ever after, and abstained from flesh and flesh meals thenceforth to the end of his life. He would be daily reminded, in pain of body, that his Lord's tomb was in the hands of unbelievers.

So this earnest student, this patient administrator of farms and estates, this doughty protector of the weak and defenceless, this grave and austere disciplinarian, this practical man of business, this restorer of dilapidated granges and roofless homesteads, this builder of hospitals, schools, and churches, had another side, a secret unseen side belonging to his character, of deep and passionate devotion to his Lord and Saviour. Jocelyn painted the inner life of Samson as well as man can paint these things, in his chapter describing how the great altar of St. Edmond's was rebuilt, and the holy shrine, where the body of the martyr king slept, was opened.

Carlyle beautifully sums up the old Benedictine's character, in his own characteristic language, writing thus of Abbot Samson:—

"The great antique heart, how like a child's in its simplicity, like a man's in its earnest solemnity and depth! Heaven lies over him wherever he goes or stands on the earth, making all the earth a higher temple to him, the earth's business all a kind of worship. Glimpses of bright creatures flash in the common sunlight. Angels yet hover, doing God's messages among men. Wonder and miracle encompass the man. Heaven's splendour over his head, Hell's darkness under his feet. A great law of duty high as these two infinities, dwarfing all else, annihilating all else. It was not a dilettantism this of Abbot Samson, it was a reality."

This, then, was something of the life and the work of the Benedictines of Gloucester, and of other religious houses; and this was a type of not a few of the men who lived, and prayed, and toiled in these great monasteries when Plantagenets reigned in England. Surely a brief sojourn in such a "dreamland" is pleasant and, perhaps, suggestive, even to men of the England of to-day.

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven under the Hill," etc.

II.—THE REVENGE OF ANTHOLIN VEREKER.

CHAPTER V.

NOWHERE does the climate of England give you more surprises than on the coast of Northern Yorkshire. The June day that you expect to be full of all summer's most summer-like charm may almost make you doubt the evidence of your half-frozen and wild-wind-bewildered senses. The November day that should be dark and gloomy, or immoderately stormy, may astonish with its gentle warmth, its sunny softness, its mild, enchanting, dreamy still-

One of those perfect November days had come. Antholin Vereker had walked to Oswaldthorpe that he might stand awhile by the two graves that were there in the ancient churchyard on the hill-top. Now he was going toward Deerstanes, to look once more upon the old home before he went back to London. He knew, of course, that it was closed; that all would be desolate and dreary, yet he longed to walk about the familiar ways once again. Besides, he had undertaken a small mission for his cousin Muriel, who had asked him to send her a few cuttings from the old-fashioned crimson rose

which had grown and spread all about her window.

"There are roses enough to be had in Chesterdean," she had written. "But I miss my *own* rose. Will the scent of it ever be so sweet anywhere as it used to be at home?"

There was much more in the letter—much that Antholin did not discern till a later day—not till he had learnt to read between the lines. How strange it is when at last the eyes that have been holden are suddenly made to see!

For the present, so intensely was Antholin Vereker's thought bent upon Helena Caldbergh, that though he believed her to be in London he was hardly surprised to see her coming toward him, crossing the little wooden bridge in Thurlsoe Lane. It was as if a wish, almost a prayer, had been granted for which he had been praying hopelessly.

He forgot his sorrows, his perplexities, his dread for the future—all was forgotten in that first instant. She was there! coming toward him in her radiant dress, with the quick firm step of youth, and health, and all the sufficiency that is not *self*-sufficing, but the last result of adventitious circumstance. He could see, or imagine that he did, the look of pleasure on her face as he sprang to help her to descend from the awkward little step of mud and wood that was at the end of the bridge. His face with all its ardour, all its intensity burning upon it and within it, was upturned to hers in the fullest confidence of love, of faith, of gladness. His hand was outstretched, tremulously outstretched to grasp hers; his beseeching, pleading, loving eyes sought hers swiftly, surely, ardently, tenderly . . . !

What ailed him? What had happened?

Why should he stand aside in that awkward, undignified way, almost before a word had been spoken? for truly there was hardly time for the glance from the cold blue eyes to take effect before the still colder tones made effect yet greater.

The tones were not only cold; they were pure, beautiful, guarded, careful to the verge of repellence.

"Is that Mr. Vereker? Surely not!" the lady said, daintily stepping from the little bridge, not seeing the hand so readily outstretched to aid her. "We were told you were in London! Quite a week ago we heard that you had left Hild's Haven."

For nearly a minute Antholin Vereker did not speak. He stood there by the rippling little beck as if its waters were overwhelming him. Miss Caldbergh quite understood, and was equal to the occasion. It had been rehearsed in various ways.

"I—I should not have gone without telling you," Antholin said, feeling, knowing that even that simple saying might be made to seem like an impertinence in the light of this new mood that had come upon Miss Caldbergh.

Was it new? All at once he felt as if he had known her capability for cruelty of this kind before. But he could not reason about his knowledge at the present moment; he could only suffer—suffer from the memories of a few short weeks before; the memory of a tender sudden relenting, a tender parting in the twilight; the memory of a kiss that was yet warm on his lip. Were these eyes that were now looking with cold questioning disdain into his—were they the same beautiful blue eyes that had answered his pleading with glances of love, and assurance of love, and all the entrancing meanings that only a lover can see in the eyes of the one woman he worships? Was it possible? The coldness that had come upon him yielded to a quick flush of pain and surprise, and yet not of unbelief. Miss Caldbergh would yield him no ground for unbelief.

"I should not have gone to London without letting you know," he had said. And after a moment's silence, as if the lady were wondering what so slight an acquaintance might mean by the saying, she looked up, murmuring in a pretty, half-puzzled way, "Oh, yes—thank you. We—that is mamma and I—shall always be glad to know where you are, what you are doing. We are tremendously interested in your pictures."

The boy at her side stood confounded. Such dramatic perfection he had never seen.

He had nothing to oppose to it—nothing but a stunned, wounded, sinking heart.

The beck was rippling on, a robin had perched in the alder-tree by the bridge, and was chirping out a little quiet vesper song. Miss Caldbergh was adjusting her gloves, saying in the same politely interested way,

"We have heard of your trouble—your troubles, I may say, and of course we were very sorry." Here she hesitated for awhile, then went on again, displaying the meanness rather than the narrowness of her resources; and every now and then betraying some touch of desire to stand well at least in her own sight. But though she waited now and then for reply, for evidence, no word came. Antholin stood speechless, pallid, listening to the commonplaces of regret, the little plati-

tudes of goodwill with not even the desire to reply to them. By-and-by he discerned a note of something that was almost anger in Miss Caldbergh's tone. It surprised him to a closer attention.

"I should have thought you might at least have replied when I asked you a question," she was saying when Antholin began to try to rouse himself from the stupor that beset him. It was the strange new hardness, not to say bitterness, in her tone that awoke him.

"At least you might reply to what I say. A gentleman would not wait to be told that. But I suppose one should not expect you to know exactly what a gentleman would do, or would not do."

Antholin lifted a cold white face, but yet no word came. Miss Caldbergh went on, more fluently, more bitterly than before.

"I have been mistaken in you, I know. I have known it a good while. But I had not thought you would prove it so completely."

"What would you have me say?" he asked at last; and the tone of his voice alone would have moved a woman less hard. "What can I say? What can I do? I have not reproached you. I have not even asked you to reconsider your—your decision . . . How can I have offended you?"

"I didn't say you had offended me," Miss Caldbergh replied, satisfied that the silence was broken at last. She spoke still in the same hard and cold tone—a tone that contrasted strangely with the tones she used in her moods of sweet and gentle kindliness. Surely no woman ever before had so wide a compass of the notes possible to womanhood.

"I didn't say I was *offended*. That is not the word. And as to what I wish you to say—well, I don't know that I particularly wish you to say anything. . . . There is one thing though"—and here Miss Caldbergh's self-assurance began to fail a little; that is, if her tone of voice, her manner were to be taken in evidence. "There is one thing. Awhile ago, in an idle moment, I was foolish enough to write you a letter, a note. It was that evening when I was so mistaken as to listen to you while you said things you never should have said to me. However, I don't want to recall that day, or anything connected with it. I wish to forget it all for ever. But before I can do that you must return me that letter—that is, if you haven't burnt it. . . . I hope you have, long ago."

Antholin did not reply in words. He took out from his pocket a small case; the letter was there, worn with folding and unfolding. With a certain quiet dignity he gave it into Miss Caldbergh's hands.

"Thank you," she said, much relieved; and yet perhaps a little disappointed that her request had been met so promptly. At least one scene, effective in rehearsal, had been negatived. "Thank you," she repeated, when she had torn the pages into a thousand morsels with a certain vehemence, and sent them floating down Thurlsoe Beck. "And now I must say good evening."

She turned with the gesture of a queen to depart. Antholin stood rigidly by the little bridge and bowed to her as she went.

A moment later she came back.

"Of course you are at liberty to make the most, *the worst* of what has passed. . . . You can tell the world—as much of the world as you are ever likely to come in contact with—that I forgot myself for an hour or two. It won't hurt me nothing that *you* could say would do that. . . . Still, as I say, you have the means of revenge in your hands, up to a certain point. Use them if you choose. But I give you warning, you may injure yourself more than you are likely to be able to injure me."

Antholin Vereker was a sensitive youth, and delicately-minded. He honoured all womanhood; he had worshipped one woman; he had loved another; yet for once his heart was stirred and stung to something that was almost madness by a woman's tongue. And he had in his veins the blood of a vengeful race, an old North Riding race, to whom vengeance was a righteous duty, not to be foregone for any light consideration. He knew that his grandfather had retaliated upon the whole family of a girl who had cast him off as lightly as she had accepted him. It was an old and well known tale in the neighbourhood of Thurlsoe. Antholin was not thinking of it now; yet Helena Caldbergh's use of the word "revenge" did but give a name to one of the many emotions that were stirring within him.

"Revenge," the word died on his lip. He could not utter it aloud.

He could utter nothing aloud at that moment. He was unable to put into words any one of all the pleading thoughts, the reproachful thoughts, the half-maddening thoughts that were rushing through his brain.

A man or woman brought face to face with a wall of stone does well not to strike it. But the metaphor is incomplete. The

stones have not offended; they do not smile at one's ineffective signs and betrayals of pain. It is only the human being whose human love has been the joy of your human life, who can hurt you by all at once turning round upon you. Do they perceive ever, those people, how they turn also upon themselves?

Miss Caldbergh was moving away with that strange smile again upon her lip, when the sudden presence of her sister Irene arrested her intention. A meaningful look passed instantly between the two.

It was a curious friendship that existed between the sisters. They were popularly supposed not to get on very well together, and the younger sister made no secret of her opinion of the elder one. It was a matter of notoriety that they neither of them made any secret of anything. The mere fact that Irene's estimation of Helena was not always favourable never stood in the way of perfect openness of expression.

Yet, perhaps naturally enough, the child never permitted the most intimate outsider to express any opinion of her sister save such as were of the most egregiously flattering nature. If Helena wanted a friend at any moment of real importance she was nearly sure of finding one in the eccentric girl, who was, as she knew, so much cleverer than herself. *Nearly* sure, not quite. There was just enough uncertainty at the present moment, for instance, to make Irene's unexpected presence a rather exciting incident.

"Well! What is happening?" she said in her sweet, reedy little voice, and with her own enchanting smile. "You look so odd both of you, standing here! . . . Where did you happen to meet Mr. Vereker, Helena? . . . What has he been saying? Hasn't he been good? I shall hate him if he isn't!"

Irene had had only a vague idea of her sister's intentions; but she understood enough to know that he was not to be "Antholin" to anybody at Caldbergh House ever again. It was unfortunate that she had not been present during the whole of the interview, that she had not witnessed the change from coldness to bitterness. She was at a disadvantage, as she was quick enough to perceive.

Helena blushed in spite of herself for very annoyance. Irene, glancing from her face to Antholin's cold and pallid countenance, began to feel impatient.

"I suppose I see," she began, in utterly changed tones. "Can't you speak, Helena? Is it all over?"

"It is quite over," Antholin replied, raising his hat and bowing to the sisters. "It is all quite over, and I wish you good evening."

He was turning quickly away, but Irene prevented him.

"Wait a moment, Mr. Vereker," she began, a little breathlessly, as if tremulous at her own daring. "Mind what you do, what you say. If you say things about Helena, you may have to regret it. And she never meant to give you any encouragement; you took it, or, at any rate, you worried her, till she hardly knew what she was doing. . . . Well, if you want revenge, you had better take it out of Mr. Vernon Aylmer. He'll know better how to deal with you than we do. . . ."

"Rene!" Miss Caldbergh said in expostulation.

"All right, Lena dear. I'm coming! I've done! I've said nearly all I wanted to say. I know he'll never be satisfied till he takes revenge of some kind. It's in the family, you know. . . . I only wanted to warn you, Mr. Vereker, to tell you to be careful. There! Good night! And please don't forget!"

Forget! A soul wounded to the death is slow to forget its wounding.

CHAPTER VI.

"An image seemed to pass the door,
To look at her with slight, and say,
But now thy beauty flows away,
So be alone for evermore.

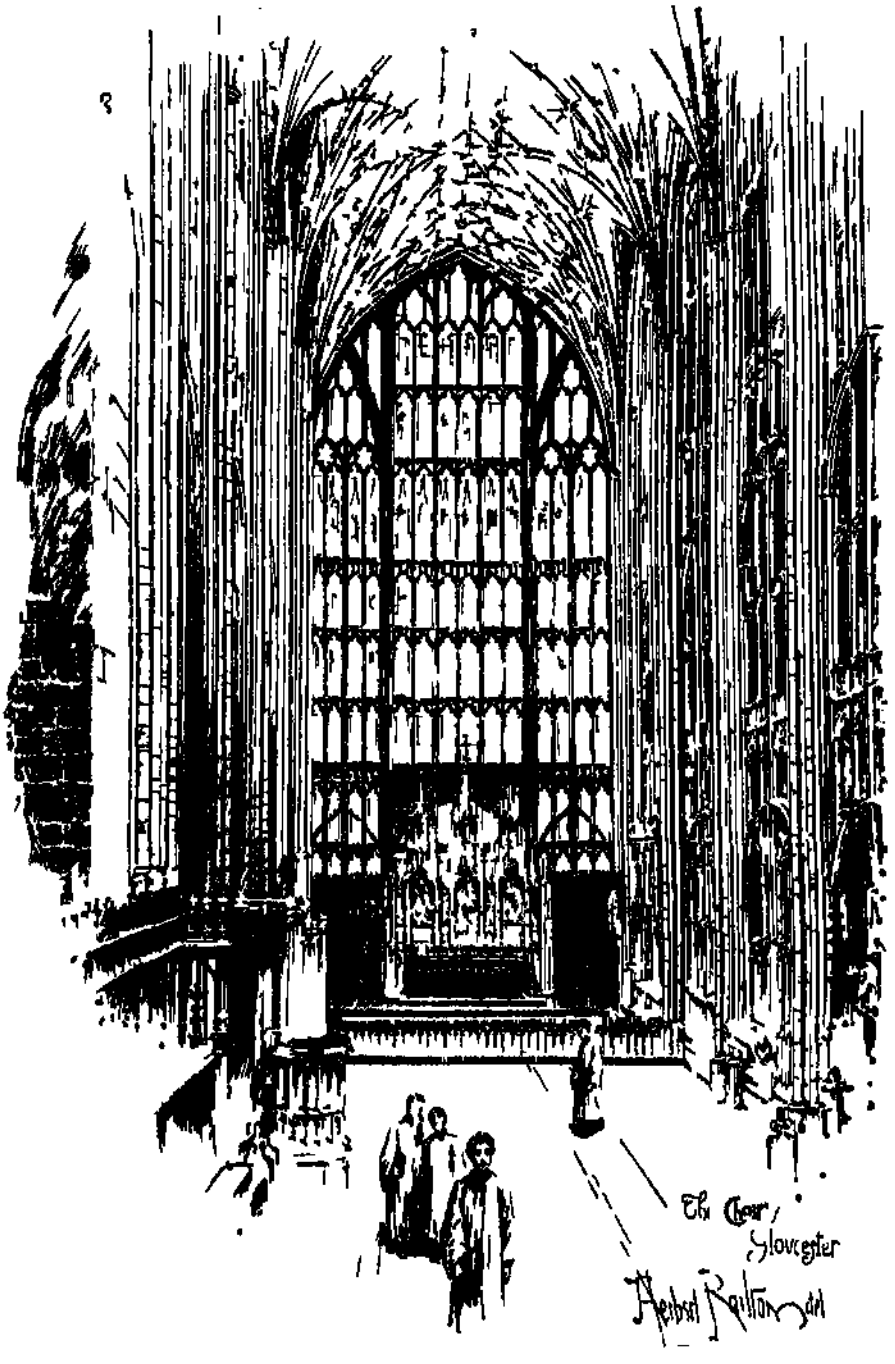
* * * *

"But sometimes in the falling day
An image seems the door to pass,
To look into her eyes and say,
'But thou shalt be alone no more.'"

In an old house in a midland county a certain Mariana was living, that is if an existence so dreary could be called living. Waiting, loving, remembering, hoping; hoping, remembering, loving, waiting. These were the sole variations.

Two years had gone by, weary and dreary years for a young girl living alone with the two maiden cousins of her dead mother. The two Miss Percehays were poor and proud, and often ailing, ailing as much from the need of sufficient food for body and mind as from any tangible ailment. Yes, the life was very dreary.

Yet it was not quite all dreariness. Muriel Vereker remembered her Aunt Milicent's last prophecy, her last wish, her almost last word. Something within herself helped to sustain these memories; and now of late there had come letters from Antholin which helped somewhat to restore the hope that


The Choir, Gloucester
Herbert Railton del.

was as the very life of her life; though so little had ever happened to nourish it. Antholin was prospering, in a certain sense, so he told her. Many of the old disappointments and humiliations he had lived down; many were fading away in the light he had so long hoped for, the light of success.

Yet the echo of the old sorrow was in his tone; it was noticeable in the very turn of his sentences. And everywhere it wr pointed out alike by friends and by critics, that the one drawback to his work, the one great defect, was the too uniform selection of sad and pathetic, even of depressing subjects for his exposition. He made no reply to these criticisms, except when they were made by people who should have known better than to make them. Of these he asked when was it ever known that even the truest creator had more than a certain amount of power over the things, the beings he created?

"Could Alma Tadema have painted the 'Venus Verticordia?' Could Rossetti have given 'Sappho' to the world as she was given to us the other year? Could Dickens have depicted 'Colonel Newcome?' Could Thackeray have evolved 'Mr. Pickwick?' Could Robert Browning have written 'In Memoriam?' Could Lord Tennyson have conceived 'Sordello?' No, believe me, one can only do what one may do, and the wisest man is he who knows most certainly his own limitations. The first time I feel in a comic mood, I shall assuredly paint a comedy. Till then I can only give back what I receive."

He did not go on to point out that he could but give sorrow for sorrow, that his life of patient labour, of little recreation, of much loneliness, of no hope, no *living* hope, was not conducive to the imagining of bright and lively scenes. Besides, he had troubles the world knew little about; old hidden complications not of his bringing about, but which it was yet his duty to try to make clean and clear. No one knew all the pain, the silent pain of his silent life. If there were things that Muriel guessed she did not speak or write of them to him. The rare but valuable virtue of reticence was hers when she needed it.

The letters she received from Antholin were not only becoming brighter but more frequent. He was, with perhaps not quite full consciousness of the why and the wherefore, beginning to turn to his cousin for sympathy, for encouragement, for relief from that soul-loneliness which beset him so often and so grievously. He was not without friends; but it is not *friends* that the lone soul searches for, it is a friend.

Muriel had loved, she had loved long, deeply, silently; and as usual, her love had brought suffering. But it had brought many other things. She did not know herself how her soul had grown in the strife; to what width of vision; to what freedom from self; to what closeness and tenderness of sympathy for suffering humanity everywhere. The slight natural tinge of selfishness, the tinge inseparable from inexperienced youth, had been discarded all unaware, slipping from her like an ill-fitting garment.

She was not what the world calls "clever," but she was more, she was good. To Antholin's surprise she had also grown very beautiful.

"What have they done to you, the Miss Percehays?" he asked, when they met on the cliff top at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea.

"What have they done!" she repeated, looking up with surprise. "They have done nothing except be kind to me, as kind as they could possibly be. . . . I do not understand."

Antholin did not reply aloud. To himself he said,

"No, probably you do not understand! You cannot see or know what it is that has refined your every feature, spiritualised your every expression, lent a new distinction to every gesture and movement."

But for all this intuition there was much that Antholin could not see. This he did know, that a fresh perturbation was gathering about his life, something that seemed at present almost as the dawning of a new grief. But as the days went on at Thurlsoe he began to feel as if the new trouble had been always there; hiding behind other troubles, intensifying them. He felt as if there had been a mystery somewhere in his past life.

Antholin was staying at the Red Lion, a little old-fashioned inn in the main street of Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea. His cousin and the two Miss Percehays had taken rooms in a farmhouse on the top of Thurlsoe Bank. So it was that meetings were not infrequent.

It was not the height of the season. The Miss Percehays could not afford "season terms," and Antholin had waited till the late autumn in the hope of witnessing a real North Sea storm. The same hope had brought Mr. Vernon Aylmer to the same place, but Antholin Vereker was not yet aware of his arrival when that wild Saturday afternoon set in.

Mr. Aylmer had another purpose in his

mind, as Antholin was to learn later. All the forenoon "Young Vereker," as the Thurlsoe people termed him, had been sitting at his easel, drawing the Felscaur Nab, but not too successfully. It was not one of his "good days." His hand was heavy, his head stupid, his brain benumbed by what he called the "iron band," that seemed to press so heavily whenever he was weary, overworked, or over-worn by anxiety. Now and then a mere change in the weather, a too-long conversation would bring on the sensation. To-day there was nothing to account for it, so far as he could find, and that was the worst of all. Any, the smallest, the most far-fetched reason, was more satisfactory than none.

It was about two o'clock that an old fisherman came up to him, touched his sou'-wester, and began speaking.

"D'ya see yon little clood, sir—yon little dark clood?" old Verrill asked, pointing to a small mass of vapour, indigo in colour, like a man's hand as to shape. "D'ya see it, sir? It's the dyer's neaf!"

"Yes," Antholin replied dubiously.

"Ya knaw what means, sir? Bad weather, despert bad, an' that afore long."

"And the fishing cobles, where are they?" Antholin asked with sudden eager concern.

"All reeght, sir, all reeght," the old man replied with a smile of weak content that perplexed his interlocutor. "Yes, thank heaven, they'll all be safe anuff, some i' Scarbur Baäy, mebbe; some i' Hild's Haven Harbour. . . . Ah've noa fear for *them*."

"Then for whom are you afraid? You are thinking of some one!" Antholin said. And even as he spoke a sudden squall came up the broad shallow arm of the sea. The wind upset his easel, took off his grey felt hat, scattered his painting materials all about the grey shaly plateau where he had been working. Old Verrill helped him to recover his possessions. In a few moments all was comparatively quiet again; but the grey sullen look was spreading quickly upon the face of the waters.

Again Antholin's thought returned to the dread the old man had awakened within him.

"Tell me, have you any special fear for anybody?" he asked again.

Old Verrill was looking out to the north, anxiously, eagerly.

"I hov, sir; an' I hovn't, which may be a onsatisfactory way o' speaking. . . . But there, it's nowt; noa, it's nowt at all. . . . You'll ken yon other artiss, Mr. Vornin Aylmer, as they call him. He went oot yonder this mornin'. . . . Ah'd like to be seein' him back."

"Mr. Aylmer! Are you sure, *quite* sure?" Antholin asked.

"Ay, ay sir. He nobbut come back to th' Hoose two daays agone. An' this mornin' mah nevvy, Dave Verrill, rowed him an' the young laädy oot yonder to the back o' Felscaur. He wanted to draw a pictur' o' the caves, so he said. An' Dave com back, an' said as 'twould take the gentleman a good bit to mak' the pictur, an' him an' the laädy wad walk back at low watter. . . . But they've never comed. . . . Ah've been watchin' for 'em a good bit, ever sen the tide turned; but they've never comed."

Antholin listened aghast at the old man's placid, dreamy way of disclosing a thing that might prove to be so terrible.

"But heaven help us! you are simply watching! simply waiting!" Antholin exclaimed, packing together paint, brushes, easel, and canvas in the most disastrous confusion. "What can I do? Where is David now? Find him for me at once, please."

"Dave, sir! Was it Dave you were wantin'? . . . Well, Ah reckon he'll be at Hild's Haven noo. . . . He mostly goes ower of a Setterday efthernoon!"

Before the old man had ended his slow speech yet another squall came blustering up from the sea. It was all that the two men could do to stand firmly in the shelter of the rocky point above them.

"Who else is there?" Antholin shouted in the old man's ear. "I must get some one, some help. Where do the two Durnfords live?"

"Donfods, sir! Were ya meanin' Bill an' Joe? . . . They'll be gone to Hild's Haven. . . . They mostly do of a Setterday efthernoon."

"Then who can I get? What is to be done?" Antholin asked, impatient of the man's senile supineness. "What is to be done? The tide is rising, the wind with it. The point of Felscaur Nab must be covered already."

"Felscaur, sir! The waters were over the point an hour agone."

"And there is no way up the cliff?"

"Up the cliff? . . . A rabbut couldn't get up, sir."

Antholin waited no longer. He divined in his own heart what had happened. The morning had been a strange and wonderful morning for an artist. The lights, the shadows, the swiftly changing colours had

so entranced Vernon Aylmer that he had forgotten that only one way of escape was open to him. And perhaps even the presence of Miss Caldbergh, if Miss Caldbergh it was, had helped to confuse his perception. Antholin could easily understand.

He had left his easel and other belongings in the cottage nearest to the beach, and now, in the middle of a black squall, accompanied by a heavy downpour of rain, he was scouring the place in search of but one able-bodied man who would help him to launch a boat, and go with him to the caves beyond Felscaur Nab.

But surely never had any such accident happened on a more unfortunate day. It seemed that not a single man was left in the place who could handle a boat in a storm. The doctor volunteered his services. He was a thin, white-haired man, who leaned heavily on his stick as he tried to beat his way down to the beach; his invalid wife watching him from the window with tearful, prayerful eyes. All the village was alert by this time; and even from the hamlets and stray farmhouses beyond the people were pouring down to Thurlsoe. And all the while the storm was increasing; the bay, from cliff to cliff, was growing whiter and whiter. There were boats lying about on dry land in all directions, some upturned on the green slopes at the foot of the cliffs, some on the stones and shale by the side of the beck; but it soon appeared that not one of these was fit for immediate launching in a storm. Some had been beached for repairs, others were worn out; one or two were only suspected of being not seaworthy. It was one of these that Antholin Vereker, in his haste, decided upon launching.

"I will go alone if no one can be found to go with me," he declared. But even as he spoke a tall, thin, fair-haired lad came forward.

"Tak' me, sir, will ya?" Phil Feaster asked. "Ah'd as soon go to the sea bottom wi' you as not."

"All right! Do the best you can. God helping us, we will not go to the bottom of the sea."

There were old men and strong women enough to assist in launching the *Curlew* into the waters of Thurlsoe Bight. But it was not an easy task. A large crowd had gathered by this time, and yet more people were streaming down the bank. Just as Antholin was throwing off his coat, a hand was laid upon his shoulder—a small, trembling brown hand. A voice was in his ear that he knew well; it was a pleading, breathless voice now; tense for very pain.

"You remember, Mr. Vereker? I see you do," Irene was saying, wishing that Antholin would only turn, would only look once into her face. "I *was* hard! I was cruel! But you forgive! I know you do, or you would not be doing this. . . . And you *will* save them! I know you will. For heaven's sake save them. I will give all I have in the world if they can be saved! . . . What am I saying? I hardly know. . . . Only, *only* save them!"

Antholin turned at last; looked into the girl's face with what he meant to be a glance of encouragement; to Irene it only meant triumph.

"He *does* remember. This is his revenge!" she said to herself."

"Revenge!" The word rang in her ears, and it was inevitably in Antholin's ears also, mingling with the wild howling of the wind, the swiftly-gathering roar of the waves; the rush of the drenching, blinding rain. He was stepping into the boat when Irene once more pressed forward through the crowd, her little white pleading face seeking his.

"They are to be married on Tuesday—Helena and Vernon—next Tuesday!" Her pale lips quivered as she spoke.

Almost before her words were ended another voice broke through the storm, another glance sought to reach Antholin, to deter him, if it were possible—if by any means it were possible.

"Must you go? *You*, Antholin? In all this village of seamen is there no one but you?"

"There is no one else to-day, Muriel. . . . Good-bye! God bless you."

"Antholin! You must not go! *For my sake, you must not!*"

One long understanding look revealed all; even in that moment of perturbation and confusion he understood.

"Now I know that I shall come back!" he exclaimed, in all the sudden fervour of a new and unexpected happiness. No more words were said. Grasping her hands in his for one second he turned away. Lady Katherine was there, pressing forward. Phil Feaster was holding out to him a life-belt; the coble was plunging into the surf. Another moment and the two men were out and away, sinking into the deep, dark hollows, rising on the top of the white, seething ridges. The three hours that followed were hours to be forgotten by no one at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE MOUTH OF THE FELSCAUR CAVES.

It was precisely as Antholin had surmised. The earlier part of the morning had been passed by Mr. Aylmer in a very ecstasy of admiration; admiration of

"The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade."

Then he had set to work, and had worked so eagerly, with such obliviousness of all things save the canvas on his easel and the scene he strove to depict, that he had not once thought of the advancing tide. And Helena Caldbergh had been but little less absorbed. She had been reading some pages from the "Egoist," at Mr. Aylmer's desire. "It is the seventh time I have read that book," he had declared. "And I hope to read it many more times. Every book worth reading once is the better for being read more than once."

He had hardly finished speaking when a long tongue of white foam came hissing up by his very side. It only ceased its sibilant sound by the hem of Helena's dress. She drew the toe of her boot aside, at its last curve, watching the retreat calmly; but with a sudden whitening of cheek and lip.

Vernon started to his feet, much after the manner of a man who had been suddenly shot. The start, the quiver was *not* repeated as the white-edged wave came back by the foot of the dark blue-black rock only a moment later.

Helena had closed her book; and had risen to her feet with a certain quiet dignity. Now she went out toward the point of the rock; and in an instant Vernon was by her side. One glance showed to them both that their chance of escape was over.

For a moment or two no word was spoken; but Vernon saw that his companion's strength was being strained to the uttermost. Yet, she was bearing herself admirably.

"Help me to carry the things out of the reach of injury," he asked, by way of drawing her attention from the danger that was threatening them both so fiercely. She understood, and responded to the appeal; lifting the still wet sketch carefully from the easel with one hand, taking the palette in the other, while Vernon followed with the easel and the two camp-stools. Instantly and silently they sought the inner recesses of the nearest and largest cave. They had no alternative, as they knew. Quite early in the morning they had explored the utmost resources of Felscaur Bight.

Vernon's belongings made safe, they returned to the mouth of the cavern; but no gleam of hope met them there. The cliffs on either hand rose like walls of stone, sheer, and dark, and frowning. Not so much as a tuft of grass, a spray of rest-harrow, was there to afford the slightest hold.

The fury of the sudden storm added much to the natural gloom of the place. Dark indigo clouds, charged and shot with that threatening depth of brown which is only seen in nature's worst moods, were sweeping up from the sea, overshadowing all the land to the utmost limit visible. The rain was falling in torrents now, the sea was lashing itself to a white seething fury, the furiousness that seldom fails to give the impression of anger and wrath. Helena, watching its awful swiftness and force of advance, listening to its deep roar, again felt herself to be growing cold,—cold and helpless. Vernon Aylmer saw that she was shuddering; he saw and understood.

"Listen to me, dear!" he said, putting his arm round her, drawing her to him in the gentlest way he had yet used. "Listen, Helena, and go on being as brave as you now are, as you have been from the first moment. We are sure to be missed. The people of the village know we are here, so does Lady Katherine. Irene promised to come to meet us. They will see the storm, all of them, and they will send help of some kind, that is certain. Meanwhile, let me help you up to one of those ledges of the rock; up above the ledge where we have put the easel. I feel pretty certain that not the highest tide will reach those upper shelves."

"And I know that even the lowest tides, at high water, must cover the topmost ledge, must reach the roof," Helena replied. "It is not yet two years since a lady and a gentleman—uncle and niece they were—were drowned in this very cave. The water sweeps the roof; you can see that by the depth, the wetness of the hanging weeds."

Another silence passed, a somewhat appalling silence. Helena broke it again.

"And as to *help*," she said, "I know something of the place, of the people. I know, as you know, that to-day there is hardly an able-bodied man left in Thurlsoe. They told us all about that this morning. . . I do not believe that there is a man in the village who will round Felscaur Nab in such a gale as this."

"Is there no life-boat?"

"None. . . And if there were there is no crew."

"Then all the more you must do as I tell you. . . . Come, *come at once, Helena!*"

Imperative as the moment was there was yet room for a little surprise at the tone. The glimpse into the possible future was startling, and not welcome.

But compliance was enforced from without; the white waves came leaping, rushing, boiling; the long white tongues of foam were half across the floor of the cave by this time. The fringes of tangle floated long and brown in the tossing surf, rising and falling with the incoming and outgoing of the waves.

The first dark shelving plateau was not more than some four or five feet from the slippery floor of the cave. It was a wide flat ledge, and on one side a low arch led from this larger cave to a smaller and yet darker cavern beyond. They had explored this a little way in the earlier part of the morning, but their curiosity had not overcome their reluctance to encounter unknown depths of darkness and danger. The outer cave had been enough for them; and Vernon, lighting first a match, and then by means of that an old letter, had waved the improvised torch to and fro overhead with the trifling and airy curiosity of an idle tourist. Now he was glad of even the small amount of knowledge he had so gained. It promised to be useful.

Naturally he made all effort to reach the wider of the upper shelves he had noticed, all possible and passionate effort. If he could reach it first himself then he knew that it might be possible for him to enable Helena to reach it. But he was longer about this achievement than he expected to be. The fractured pieces of rock upon which he was climbing were far apart; the sides of the cavern were dripping with the wet green weed, and but little foothold or hand-hold offered itself anywhere. Each advance of an inch or two meant some minutes of determined strain.

And meantime the waves were rushing more and more wildly through the narrow entrance of the cave. Already Helena had taken refuge in a recess at the back of the rocky chamber; but the water, at the return of almost every other wave, was lapping about her feet.

"Be brave, Lena, darling!" Vernon called to her from his precarious footing far above her head.

"I am brave. . . I will be brave to the last. But, Vernon, couldn't we die together?"

"If it comes to that, we will. But I shall return for you presently, when I have found a safe place for you. I am coming to it. I see it up above. Wait a little, only a little longer!"

But even as he spoke a cry, one long heart-rending, soul-piercing cry came up to him from the depths below. And looking down he saw that Helena had been dashed by a heavy wave from the ledge on which she had taken refuge. He saw it, the white foaming, swiftly receding water, the dark figure in the midst just passing out from the mouth of the cave; a perfectly resistless figure, tossing, whirling, sinking, rising, disappearing. That was the last he saw, the last he knew. The dark figure had disappeared under the water at the mouth of the Felscaur Cave.

* * * *

It was strange how during that desperate pull from Thurlsoe, Antholin Vereker heard two voices ringing through his brain, two sweet, low musical voices, uttering taunting words, cruel and taunting words.

"Take revenge, oh, pray take revenge!" And now revenge had come in his way.

He was not a delicate man—this by no means; but neither was he strong with the strength required for pulling against the waves of the North Sea during a storm. Yet never for a second did he relax from his utmost effort.

And he had his reward. With the not-to-be-despised help of Phil Feaster he succeeded in rounding the dangerous point of the ness; and almost as he did so he discerned a figure, a dark figure, tossing in the surf.

It appeared at first as if it would be a comparatively easy thing to reach that dark speck; but in the end it seemed as if it were going to prove all but an impossibility. The figure disappeared at the very moment when the bow of the boat had appeared to be close upon it; then it reappeared out on the seaward side, tossing, dashing, advancing, receding. To Antholin it was as if an hour had passed when at last he drew the form of the woman he had once loved out of the heaving surf.

He was turning away, not regardless of the fact that yet another human life might be in danger, but from very intensity of desire to complete the deed he had done. He could discern no sign of life about the woman who lay at the bottom of the half-swamped *Curlew*.

Another turn of the boat, another searching, anxious glance. A monster wave had dashed into the cavern, it was sweeping out again, a blue-green limpid cascade with white foaming edges.

"There!" cried Philip Feaster. "Yonder he is! the gentleman!" And a moment later Antholin saw a dark head, a white upturned face, arms thrown wide as if in appeal.

It was the work of at least a quarter of an hour more to effect this second rescue, and the task was more dangerous than the former one. And again it seemed to be only a lifeless form that was drawn over the stern of the coble and placed by the one already there.

Thus it was that Antholin Vereker achieved his revenge.

* * *

It was not till eight o'clock that night, however, that the revenge could be considered complete. It was Irene who came to complete it.

Antholin had been lying on the sofa of the little sitting-room at the inn. From time to time he had sent over for information to Dr. Oakenshaw, who lived just opposite, and had had the two half-drowned people conveyed to his house, and more than once Lady Katherine had come over to the inn to see how Antholin himself was recovering from his intense exhaustion. Everything had happened much as he could have wished it to happen, save one—he had not seen his cousin Muriel since his return. That was the sole disappointment he had that happy night.

It was to be happier yet.

He had risen from his sofa to place a chair for Irene with an alacrity that surprised and delighted her.

"I thought you would be half-dead," she said, speaking in her own voluble way, yet with a certain tremulousness. "And indeed, you have been, I know. But I didn't come to talk to you about that, or to—to thank you even, or anything of that kind. . . ."

"Please *don't!*" Antholin begged, seeing on the child's pale face, and in her too brilliant eyes, evidence of the intensity of the mood in which she was, and dreading for her sake, as much as for his own, anything of the nature of a scene.

"I'm not going to; but I must say what I came to say. Helena begged me to say a word for her, to tell you that she felt wretched, unspeakably wretched. So do I. But let me say this for myself; I have been wretched before to-day, in fact every time I have remembered that night—that miserably-mistaken night. So you see it wasn't your bravery, your splendid bravery that did it—let me speak, *please*. No, it wasn't that. I hardly know what it was. Of course I knew that we had been hard, and cruel, and unjust, and I—well I seemed to know how you would suffer, and I couldn't forget. *I* never forgot."

"But you will forget now?"

"*Now?* No; less than ever."

"That is painful. . . . I was going to send a message to Miss Caldbergh, to beg her not only not to speak of anything that has happened to-day, or even before, but to try not to think of it; to believe that a wet sponge has obliterated all the past."

"Is that what you are feeling?"

"It is, exactly."

"You don't feel as if you would like to remind her that her bitter wish—hers and mine—has been fulfilled, that you can congratulate yourself on having taken your revenge?"

In obedience to a sudden impulse Antholin took the child's hand; a small firm hand it was, and for one instant he raised it respectfully to his lips. Then in warm genial tones he said—

"There! That is the end of my revenge—the very end. Say that you believe it!"

But Irene could say no more; the bright brown eyes filled with sudden tears, and she rose to go at once. Of course Antholin went across the narrow street with her. A few fisher-folks were standing about in the darkness discussing the day's strange events; but Antholin could find nothing more to say, and Irene's ready chatter was silenced for once. As Dr. Oakenshaw's door closed upon the tiny figure he heard a sob, one short, quick, yet almost heartrending sob; and then he knew that he had never understood Irene Caldbergh until that day, the day of his undesired, unlooked-for revenge.

The marriage between Helena Caldbergh and Vernon Aylmer took place only one week later than the day originally fixed for it; and a few months after another wedding took place in the new church at Thurlsoe. That is some time ago now. Antholin and Muriel live at Deerstanes; it is more beautiful than ever, more quietly peaceful. True, the troubles and sorrows of others darken the days now and then, but neither Antholin nor his wife would, if they might, be shut out from the sweet blessedness of giving and receiving human sympathy. To be without capacity and opportunity for sorrow is to know no worthy joy. That life only is quite true and noble that is now and then stirred to the utmost depths possible to that life's circumstance, that soul's attainment.

MY ONLY DAY AFTER THE HAWK.

By WILLIAM JOLLY, H.M. Inspector of Schools.

SOME spectacles recall the olden times with special vividness. As you stand on the low bridge over the Pegnitz, amid the crowded gables of Nuremberg, the Middle Ages are round you in quaint and ornate reality. Certain sports likewise powerfully revive the days of chivalry and Norman ascendancy, and none more than Falconry. Hawking can now be seldom seen in England, even though the Mastership of the Royal Hawks still exists in the family of St. Albans; and in Scotland, it is now, I believe, quite extinct. Fortunately for lovers of the picturesque, it was practised till a few years ago in the south of Scotland, and I had the rare chance of witnessing the "gentle art"—anything but gentle, but so named because once restricted, by all but gentle penalties, to those of gentle blood. The story deserves telling as seen that day, and as since better understood by me, through the services of a curious master of the craft,* regarding a diversion interesting as a survival of the ever attractive past, and still more as an exhibition of what can be achieved in the training, to wonderful obedience, of the fiercest and wildest of wild creatures.

The scene of the display was on the shores of the Solway, at the mouth of the Nith, not far from the grand ruins of Devorgilla's Abbey, and close by the sweet village of Kirkbean. There the Laird of Cavens then kept Mews, for the word belonged originally and exclusively to falconry,† the birds being bequeathed to him by a hawking friend, and hunted by him there for some years. In this secluded corner, just under the granitic Criffel and in sight of the Cumberland hills across the Firth, I have spent many happy days for more than twenty years, and there I went my only day a-hawking—the last, doubtless, I shall ever have, for the falcons are all dead and the falconer's voice has been silenced in the grave.

Accompanied by a keeper, a vigorous, intelligent fellow, whose sporting knowledge was of value—for, like the Prince of Denmark, I could tell little more than "a hawk from a heronshaw"‡—I set out in high spirits for the meet. The morning was pleasant, Criffel looked clear to his bald crown, Skiddaw smiled to him from the English border, the sea showed the Isle of Man on the far horizon, the cliffs of Colvend gleamed in the sunshine, and the whole conditions were brightly auspicious. Passing the gates of wooded Arbigland, built by Allan Cunningham when a simple mason, we soon came in sight of Preston Mill, where Allan won his bride; and near it we overtook the hawkers. The country round exactly suited the sport, being an open flat between the rolling shoulders of Criffel and the sandy shores of the Irish Sea, with cultivated fields enclosed by hedgerows and trees, so that the movements of the birds could in no way be obscured. It only lacked a sluggish stream haunted by the broad-vanned heron, in whose pursuit the finest achievements of both hawk and hunted bird could alone be had, when the craft was in its glory.

The party consisted of the *bonhomie* laird with his "dandie" terrier, a friend for whom the day was made, Peter the falconer, with hawk ready on hand, Robert, his son, bearing the falcons, the head gamekeeper and two dogs, and several spectators come, like ourselves, to see the sight. The sportsmen were on foot, dressed in simple hunting tweed. The assembly was not a little disappointing in its plainness, being quite destitute of the pomp and circumstance of the olden time, when gorgeous cavaliers on horseback and ladies gay on prancing steeds, with countless attendants in brilliant costumes, rode to the princely game; when

> "Mettled hound and managed hawk,
> And palfrey fresh and fair,"

were the necessary equipment of all dames worthy of their rank; and when the promise of such possessions was not seldom urged as a plea for their hand. But the appearance of the party was in keeping with our simpler days, and though less gorgeous in aspect, was none the less effective in practice.

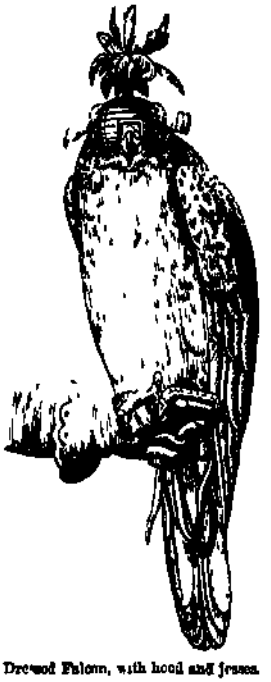
The centre of all eyes was, of course, the falconer and his birds. The hawks were carried by his boy on a four-sided hoop, hung round him by straps from the shoulders. This frame was known as "the cage," the name, however, having no connection with what it naturally suggests in regard to birds, but being a corruption of "cadge," to carry—whence we have the plebeian word "cadger."

* In a "Treatise of Modern Faulconry," by James Campbell, Esq. Edinburgh; printed for the Author, 1773. A rare, quaint, and interesting book, both in matter and style.

† Originally meaning the place where the hawks moved or cast their feathers; the well-known Mews at Charing Cross being those for the royal hawks, afterwards used as stables, whence other stables were called mews.

‡ The common reading, "a handsaw," being, as now recognised, a corruption of this old name for the heron.

There were eight birds in all, of the peregrine species, forming what was technically known as four "casts," or pairs. They were all "hooded," that is, their heads were enclosed in an ornamental kind of cap, of cloth and leather, which covered head and eyes, but allowed the hooked beak to protrude, and which was crested with a tassel of feathers. Their "arms," for so their legs are known in falconry, were clasped with thongs, some eight inches long, called "jesses," from being used in "jetting" or throwing them into the air, with which also they were held firmly by the hand. Each leg was also bound with a leathern ring, called a "bewit," which carried a sweet-toned silver bell, tuned to within a semitone of its fellow. These tinkled when the bird moved, the sharp discord intensifying their sound, balanced his flight, and revealed his presence when at a distance.



Dressed Falcon, with hood and jesses.

The handsome falcons stood finely erect with their usual stately gait, in silence, grasping the bars with their talons; their plumes increasing their height, their pinions, or "sails," and their tails, or "train," stretched down behind, and their speckled breasts well revealed. They were almost as still as if stuffed, except at an occasional hitch of the cape. The placid silence of such fiery birds seemed, to a casual onlooker like myself, simply astonishing. This was greatly due to their being hooded, for darkness soothes and silences most creatures, except the night prowlers, whether animal or human. The hood also prevented their "crabbing," or quarrelling, as rivals are apt to do all the world over. Only very occasionally did they manifest restlessness by "boating," or "baiting," that is, fluttering their wings.

As in all *birds of prey*, the females were larger, taller, and handsomer than the males. The falconer and the laird each wore hawking gloves of stout leather, reaching well up the arms, to protect the hand from the sharp claws when perching on "the fist," as the hand was always aptly termed in connection with such a pugnacious bird.*

In the heyday of hawking, the appurtenances of the sport were often richly adorned with embroidery and jewels, especially when belonging to titled wealth. Here they were plain, though substantial.

Before our arrival, active hunting had just begun. The gamekeeper with two Gordon setters, instead of spaniels, anciently most used in hawking, ranged ahead to rouse the game in the usual style, as if for fowling with the gun. A hawk was ready perched on the falconer's left wrist, and the party followed behind to mark events. Soon the dogs pointed, when Peter unhooded the bird, and with a loud "whoop" of encouragement "cast her off" into the air. The gallant falcon at once soared spirally upwards, or "scaled," in fine, easy form, a little in front of us, keenly watching the issue. At last, when she was high enough and stationary, with her head turned towards us, an important point to secure her seeing the prey, at a signal from Peter, the keeper rushed forward and roused the game, a covey of partridges, which scurried onwards not far above ground. Instantly the keen-eyed hawk "stooped," or descended, with a rushing swoop, and struck one of the birds with her claws, but without killing it, which is called "rifling," or "rufling" it. The terrified partridge, escaping her clutch, fluttered onwards, with increasing speed, followed by her foe, and suddenly took refuge in a rabbit burrow (whence she had ignominiously to be dug) while her companions soon disappeared from sight. The baffled falcon was speedily recalled.

The recall was interesting, and forms one of the most wonderful features in hawking. It was achieved by the falconer calling out several times, with a loud, far-reaching cry, "Coomabee! coomabee!" an evident corruption of "Come (or coome) my bird." The

* The Latin *pugnus* and Greek πυγμη, the fist, are from the same Aryan root as fist.

falconer's voice at once arrested attention, as being, from long practice, what authorities declare it ought to be, "full, clear, and loud," if not "tremulous;" whence he was designated as "the sonorous falconer." These qualities were more than once required that day when the hawk flew afar; but Peter's voice never failed to reach her, and secure her return. It reminded one of the ardent wish of poor Juliet when Romeo left her after their long and loving interview:—

"O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this Tassel Gentle back again!"

The

The "Tassel Gentle" being the Tiercel Gentle (note the diminutive), the male of the peregrine, the most elegant of falcons, and the special bird flown by princes and such "gentles," after whom the bird was named; a pretty tribute to Romeo by his mistress. The cry varied with different men and in different places, being with some a long-drawn "ho! ho! ho!" and with others, "hoo! ha-ha-ha!"—all, however, being known as the "hollowing" of the falconer.

In this first encounter, the recall was quite successful, for, in spite of her disappointment and hovering watchfully for the reappearance of the lost quarry, the hawk at once obediently returned to the falconer's wrist. She was then smartly hooded and set upon the cage; for both the falconer and the laird successfully achieved this rather difficult feat. There she took her place in silence, and apparently without discomposure, among her fellows, who had betrayed not the slightest excitement during this clamorous passage of arms.

The following flight was more prosperous. Soon another covey of partridges was roused, and a second hawk, with impetuous "stoop" from upper air, struck the bird selected, and brought it to earth in triumph. Standing upon it, she at once began fiercely to "plume" it, or tear off the feathers. From this she was soon recalled by her master's "hollow," which she at once obeyed, and the partridge was bagged.

The next event showed a new feature. The prey was borne to the ground by the successful descent, this time at a considerable distance. The hawk, however, did not respond either to the falconer's rousing voice or piercing whistle, but continued her "pluming" out of view. She had therefore to be recalled by other means. This was "the lure," a small forked board, stuffed and covered with feathers, to which was fastened a longish cord. Swinging the lure round his head by the string, and hollowing more loudly and encouragingly the while, Peter summoned his laggard from her forbidden feast. Soon she answered his cry, and, flying quickly towards him, settled eagerly on the lure. That he had thrown to some distance on the ground, as she approached, and there she was rewarded for her obedience by some dainty morsels carried for the purpose.

That a wilful and wayward creature like a hawk should leave the hot blood of her victim for a mere wooden imitation like this, would seem incredible, as it certainly there and then did to me. But true it was—and why? For just the one reason that makes our joys dear and seductive to any one, hawk or man; the association of pleasure round an object, however unlikely, mean, or inadequate in itself, to allure us, as of the weed to a smoker, the bottle to a bibber, or the lure to a falcon.

A chief part of the training of the hawk lies in constantly and skilfully associating appetite with the lure, by always feeding and exercising her upon it, and by making it worth her while to return to it when under temptation to disobey, by means of a toothsome titbit there, otherwise unattainable.

Lures have been made of different forms, being originally only a blood-stained stick; but later, stuffed and ornamented with feathers. Another shape, in gayer days, was a short staff, called a "hawker," carved at the upper end into a bird's head and outspread wings. It bore a low-toned bell, the sound of which was sufficient to fetch the well-trained wanderer, who, of course, received her reward.

This remarkable return of such strong-willed, rapacious birds to their master's hand adds striking significance to certain words. One of these is that of "management," whether of falcons and children or men and women, for the term is one of hawking as well as of horsemanship. It means originally bringing to the *hand*, from the Latin *manus*, through the French, to which the vocabulary of falconry mostly belongs. This became an expressive synonym for reducing hawk or horse to implicit obedience. Hence a thoroughly trained hawk was said to be "manned" by his master, and to be herself a "manny" or tame bird. From this, the application of the word has been extended to mankind, in whose "management" much might well be learnt from the difficult but successful arts of hawking and horsemanship.

Another word illuminated by falconry is to "reclaim," which signifies to *recall* a bird back to the fist when wandering, and, further, to train her to do this. Hence it has been aptly applied to human wanderers from rectitude, when brought back from erratic ways; while those incapable of reform are aptly termed "irreclaimable," whether bird or man.

In further "kills," as they are bluntly but truly called, for we had five in all, other features in falconry were exhibited.

During one of the bouts, while the hawk was in full pursuit but at a long distance behind the bird, some pigeons suddenly and clamorously crossed her course. At once, she left the quarry and "stooped" upon one of them; for a pigeon, it seems, is always a strong temptation to a hawk. The pigeon, eluding the stroke with quick and powerful wings, wisely sought the shelter of some trees near by, to escape the "down-come" of her enemy, who rapidly chased her thither, too keen to give up. The hawk had to be followed a long way, and seemed for a time to be lost. At length she was found, regardless of whistle and halloo, devouring her prey, "fu'-footed," or "full-footed," as it is called; that is, in the act of gorging herself, with the bird under her feet. This turning aside after other creatures, especially pigeons or rooks, was known as "checking," in the sense of defeating, and was counted one of the very worst habits in a hawk. Such a bird was declared "entirely useless" and irreclaimable, Campbell advising to strip her of her furnishings, and "whistle her down the wind to prey on fortune."

In chasing the quarry, there were two styles of flight, the "high gait" and the "low gait." Some hawks "mount" or "scale" to a greater or less height in the air, and thence sweep down upon their prey; while others fly low, following the bird much on its own track, and then suddenly rising at last and swooping down upon it. The "highflyer" (another term transferred to humanity!), though less eager, always afforded the best sport, on account of its splendid "scaling" and finely impetuous "stooping," with closed wings, on the quarry. This descent is wonderfully rapid and straight, the rush of the falcon through the air being quite clear and loud, if not too high—"like arrow from crossbow," as one puts it, "like a thunderbolt," as another, "as if he carried lightning in his wings," according to Massinger's hyperbole. The momentum acquired is extraordinary, and, if well directed, generally strikes the prey with fatal force. The blow is given, not with the beak but with the foot, either by striking with the hind claws in passing, or by clutching with the talons and descending with the bird slowly to the ground. In direct chasing of the prey not far above earth, the sound of the hawk's wings is loud, though less so than a pigeon's, being correctly characterized as "rap, rap, rap, on sounding pinions." Whatever the style of her flight, the final aim of the falcon, before striking, must always be to gain some height above her prey, in order to obtain the descent necessary for an effective stroke.

We witnessed no very high flights that day, as the partridges skimmed the ground, according to their wont, seeking the shelter of hedge or tree, to escape the dreaded "stoop." In the case of the heron, the wild goose, the woodcock, or the kite, these strong birds would rise high into upper air, followed by the falcon; both being often lost to sight for a time, and reappearing only when the quarry became exhausted. The necessary descent was at once seized by the watchful falcon to swoop upon her prey, though not seldom unsuccessfully in the pursuit of powerful birds. The sport depended mainly on the relative skill of both—on the swiftness and activity of the pursuer, and the wary agility of the pursued. In taking the heron, generally a pair of hawks, therefore called "a cast," was sent against him, the two hawks working together for his capture. A very fine falcon, however, went alone—the more to his honour—to cope with his quarry; and the prowess of his hawk became a boast to his noble master, who

would proudly exhibit him on his fist in the banquet-hall or tournament, at market or at church.

The estimation in which falconry was held for centuries, though remarkable, was not surprising. The sport was characterized by its devotees as "manly," "noble," "princely," "heavenly," "an exquisite delight," "suitable to the majesty of kings and the grandeur of nobility," and inspiring a "sublime enthusiasm." For long, "the gentle craft," as its name implies, was sternly forbidden to the common people, and was protected by savage laws; the taking of a hawk's eggs being punished by a ruinous fine and a year and a day's imprisonment, and the stealing or concealing of a falcon being ranked as felony. In its prime, the pastime was conducted with the greatest splendour, and a hawking party was gorgeously picturesque, "with hawks and hounds and ladies gay." Its cost was extraordinary, for a falcon even in James VI.'s time was valued at £1,000 present money, horse-racing, even as now luxuriantly indulged, being cheap in comparison.

The decay of hawking in general and especially in Britain, has been as complete as it has been rapid and final; certainly remarkable for a sport once enthusiastically followed, and unattended with the evil elements that have killed out other pursuits, like bull-baiting and cock-fighting, once more common than it, as being not confined to the higher ranks. The causes leading to its extinction have been numerous, such as its cost, troublesomeness and exclusiveness; combined, in part, with the growth of higher sentiment, and the increasing pleasure in intellectual and refined pursuits, more than when tender women wiped the bloody beaks of their falcons and witnessed exultingly the death of their prey.

But the one cause that has hastened its decline more than all others combined is the use of firearms as a means of destroying game, with the modern thirst for a high record of slaughter among sportsmen.

There is no question that, as a sport, hawking was in many respects immensely superior to shooting. It utilised the wild instincts of a well-endowed bird of prey with astonishing and beautiful effect. It exhibited tractableness, obedience, swiftness, courage, and resource, in the pursuer, and great and interesting variety of incident in the airy chase. It elicited the most remarkable temper, assiduity, watchfulness, and skill, night and day, in training the falcons and the dogs separately and in association, which throw the training of our children completely into the shade. It was carried on with the most picturesque and brilliant accompaniments. It united, without degrading, both sexes in a vigorous, healthy, and moderately exciting pursuit; for, from the presence of the fair, again observes our gallant master "the sports of the sky received a delicate polish and the most joyous vivacity," to which the present selfish fowling by men can lay no claim. And it secured much genuine amusement, with little of the bloodshed which so sadly taints our existing out-door sports.

The greatest objection to falconry was the intense terror of the helpless victim during the impetuous and unflinching pursuit, its painful efforts to escape, and its final agonies on the assault of the relentless destroyer; and the use of those terrible instincts of animal nature which hush the woodland song and cause all winged creatures to cower and cry with warning alarm on the approach of the "hovering tempest feared by all," and by which the poor prey was paralysed and torn in a bloody death—all for the pleasure and sport of men and women, misnamed gentle. But in spite of these blameable points, Campbell's protest is doubtless true that "the attachment of sportsmen to the pointer and the gun shows their degeneracy from the elevated amusements of their predecessors." His lamentations at its decline are certainly natural. "Could a faulconer," once more exclaims he, "in all the anguish of bitterest regret," as he confesses—"could a faulconer who lived two or three centuries ago—ah! that flourishing period of the princely sport!—burst the chains of death and get for a few days into the world, how it would grieve his manly heart to observe the neglect into which the hawk is fallen! . . . The manifest inferiority of our age to his in sport would fill his soul with indignation: he would fly from the hated sight to his residence in the other world, and carry tidings to the band of departed faulconers which would communicate to them the angry emotions of his own breast."

We left the field just before the close of the day's campaign, interested and instructed by the rare things we had seen. Since then, such cheerful gatherings are now things of the past. Peter, the hardy and capable falconer,' has passed to other skies, with his uncommon personality, to join the band of his departed brethren, and the last hawk, by a strange but appropriate coincidence, expired the very morning her master died!

FROM THE CASPIAN TO THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

By Dr. C. J. WILLS, Author of "The Land of the Lion and Sun," "Persia as it is," etc.

FIRST PAPER.

PERSIA is to a certain extent a disappointing country. Enter it by what way you will, it certainly does not improve upon acquaintance. One leaves the fertile valleys of Asia Minor, and after quitting the frontier town of Khōi, in going on to the great city of Tabriz, one comes upon a howling wilderness. In crossing the country from the Persian Gulf, for the first eighty miles or so there are date palms and a good deal of jungle, and then one rises to the great central plateau; all at once the climate becomes suddenly colder, and after passing through a sort of earthly paradise termed the Oak Valley, we come at once upon a dry, treeless tract which is practically an arid desert; except for a week or two in spring, during which time little tufts of camel thorn, stray blades of grass, and innumerable hyacinths, crocuses, and squills render it green. For the rest of the year everything is dried up, or at least appears so to the human eye; there is apparently no vegetation, there are no forests, there is no sign of life, save occasional herds of antelope, and a few foxes and jackals; there are to be sure innumerable lizards, who dart about on the stony plain and suddenly become as though turned to stone, and from their very immobility for the moment practically disappear. They were and are not; but if one stares steadily at the ground one sees the strange creatures apparently petrified. And this is Persia proper, the condition in which fully seven-eighths of the country is at the present day. Where there are towns or villages, there are larger or smaller cultivated oases. One can tell the whereabouts of the infrequent villages by the little spots of green occasionally seen on the vast plains. With us in England a ruin is a curious sight, something out of the common; but on the gigantic plains of Persia, for every town or village which is inhabited there are at least fifty ruins. They may be vast constructions of hewn stone, as at Persepolis, where the great columns still stand out against the turquoise sky, and the innumerable bas-reliefs are still occasionally gazed upon by stragglers from the Shiraz caravans, and wondered at, as the work of the fabled magician king Jemschid. But ruins in brick and mud are far more common. It is a frequent experience for the traveller to be able to count, upon a single arid plain, twenty ruined villages totally uninhabited, and not a sign of life within a circuit of twenty miles. A mud wall in Persia, that is a wall built of sun-dried bricks only, will stand for several centuries; this is partly owing to the tenacity of the clay, partly to the extreme shortness of the rainy season, and principally to the intense dryness of the climate, a climate in which a steel blade will not tarnish though exposed for twelve months.

But on entering Persia from the Caspian Sea, one seems to be gazing upon an earthly paradise. The little port of Enzelli, shown in the illustration opposite, is surrounded by lofty mountains and embowered in forest trees and orange groves. The great building to the right is the six-storied tower built by the Shah, when he left Persia to proceed to Europe for the first time. It is a monstrous construction of wood roofed with shining zinc, and barbarically painted in all the colours of the rainbow; there is a great deal of coloured glass, stucco, and gilding; each story consists of one large room surrounded by a balcony; and though the tower is carefully protected on the seaward side by bundles of reeds, it is rapidly falling into ruin; for the damp in this part of Persia is excessive, the atmosphere in the summer resembles a vapour bath, and here at Enzelli, where we have just landed from the Russian mail steamer, there is hardly any winter. It is worth while going to the top of the tower, not that there is anything to see in the building itself, but because the view from the top is really very fine. There is the little crowd of shipping; coasters, of a hundred tons at the outside, the Shah's tiny paddle yacht, and the Russian mail steamer. The Caspian Sea is to all intents and purposes a Russian lake. One sees the winding channel through which we must proceed in a row boat to get to the town of Resht, the capital of Ghilan. One sees the vast forests, of every shade of green, running through the valleys and on to the distant mountains, which are a dim blue in colour, capped in many places with snow, and which form an imposing background to the dense forests.

The polite Governor of Ghilan, or his local representative, has probably by this time sent the European traveller an invitation to put up for the night in his palace.

Fig-11, on the Cooper's

One walks in the palace garden under the groves of orange-trees, and if it be spring-time one enjoys the heavy perfume of the orange blossoms; and the new arrival wonders to see that at the same time there is still a profusion of golden fruit upon the trees. It is last year's fruit that he sees; the Persian does everything for effect, and this is an instance of it. There are vast hedges of moss roses running in every direction, the potent scent of which makes one almost giddy at first, mingled as it is with the powerful odour of the narcissus. A capital dinner is served to us, and when we turn in at night we bless the generous hospitality of the Governor of Ghilan. And then huge mosquitoes work their will upon the unfortunate stranger from Europe, and he vainly attempts to sleep in the tepid atmosphere. Next morning he finds out that the Governor's invitation is merely a polite fiction; the real fact is that the Governor's servants have speculated in the travelling unbeliever; if he is an experienced Eastern traveller, he asks no indiscreet questions, he sends all sorts of polite messages to the Governor, and he makes a present to the Governor's servant of twice the value of the food which he and his people have consumed. And now, probably for the first time in his life, the traveller from Europe tastes the tranquil joys of the fragrant *kalian* (the bubble-bubble, the water-pipe of the East), it is the poetry of smoking, the acme of this particular species of enjoyment. The pipe is brought in garlanded with flowers, festooned with rosebuds; floating on the water which the crystal globe contains are lumps of ice, more rosebuds, and tiny fruit. As the smoke is inhaled these are all set in motion, and whirl about violently, the smoke enters the smoker's mouth perfectly cool, and as a rule the first time he smokes the Persian *kalian* remains for ever a landmark in the traveller's life.

After smoking the farewell pipe, we walk down to the wharf, which is within a few yards of the Governor's palace. A heavy, rudely made boat, with a sailless mast in its centre, awaits us; it is manned by eight sturdy fellows. Three hours' hard rowing takes us across the estuary, the "Mûrd Ab," or "dead water;" it teems with fish and water fowl. We see cranes, herons, cormorants, and innumerable smaller birds; duck, teal, widgeon, &c., fly up in thousands from the reeds. We note a huge vulture on a mud bank devouring a fish, but he does not move at our approach. The strangest thing is, that though we are on the highway to the capital of Persia, we see no other boat, and not a single human being. Our six oarsmen row with primitive implements like long-handled spades, they keep good time and work with a will; every now and then the steersman stops his droning song and shouts, "Mohammed!" the rowers reply, "Allah saklassan!" in a yelling chorus, and spurt violently. Then we arrive at the mouth of a narrow, natural canal, through which we pull for three-quarters of an hour; then we touch at a mud bank, the six rowers jump ashore, the steersman climbs the mast and affixes a long tow line to its apex, and for an hour in this manner we are towed by the six men through a dense swamp, and then we arrive at the Custom House of Peri-Bazaar. There is a wharf here, and a couple of store-houses, nothing more. We are still in the midst of the swamps, but an hour's smart drive over a capital *chaussée* brings us to the hospitable house of Mr. Schwab, the agent for the great Swiss house of Ziegler. Then we engage servants and make an arrangement with the muleteer, change our letters of credit for Persian silver, and prepare for the land journey to Teheran.

We are suddenly disturbed by shrieks and cries in the courtyard below. We rush to the window to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. We see a swarthy-looking man wearing a small turban and a short sheep skin jacket; he has loose nether garments of dark blue cotton cloth, his shins are swathed in thick woollen bandages, and his feet are thrust into heavy leathern shoes with pointed tips. A very powerful man this; a man who is accustomed to walk with his laden beasts from twenty to thirty miles every day of his life. His great broad face beams with honesty and good-humour; he is a muleteer and the shrieks and cries we have heard are simply the noisy bargain which is the ordinary course of things in Persia before anything can be settled between the high contracting parties. There they are, shouting, yelling, screaming, and gesticulating; the muleteer asking twice as much as he means to take; the servants offering half as much as they mean to give. The sounds of altercation grow louder and louder; two more muleteers arrive, and shriek and yell their hardest; they all appear to be shaking their fists in each other's faces, and every one seems to have worked himself up to the highest possible pitch of fury and excitement. But suddenly the uproar ceases, for they have come to terms; they all sit down amicably

enough in a corner of the courtyard; the head-servant draws his pen-case from his pocket and writes out a contract; a little money exchanges hands: the muleteer affixes his seal to the paper, for in Eastern countries, be it remembered, no one signs his name, every man affixes his seal; and then a hubble-bubble is brought and amicably handed round. A hubble-bubble lasts a good long time, for the charge of tobacco of a single pipe is at least an ounce, and the tobacco is thoroughly wetted before it is used, the water is squeezed from it, and then a handful of lighted charcoal is laid upon the top. But in Persia tobacco is cheap; fourteen pounds weight of it costs only from 3s. to 6s. of our money.

When we enter Persia we are in the poor man's paradise; a country where existence is possible upon 4d. a day; where meat costs 1d. a pound, and bread a quarter as much in ordinary times; where a fowl may be purchased for 6d., a partridge or a wild duck for 2d.; where a serviceable pony can be had for a £5 note, and a valuable thoroughbred for £20; where a servant can be hired for 8s. a month and his rations, and you can feed a horse upon 3d. a day. In most of the cities a large house can be rented for from £10 to £30 a year; and all the necessaries of life are to be had at the very cheapest rate. The very mules upon which we are to march to the capital, each of which will carry a load of 280 pounds, are hired at the rate of 9d. a day; and yet from this small sum the muleteer, if he be fortunate, will obtain a good profit. The beasts are fat, there is plentiful herbage for the first five stages; and a handful of barley and eight pounds of cut straw is all that the mules will get during the other six days' journey; and each day the mules will march their twenty to five-and-twenty miles, and go merrily along under their 300-pound load, for the great pack-saddle cannot weigh less than from 20 to 30 pounds, while the load itself is seldom less than 280; and they will steadily maintain their pace at an average of four miles an hour, save in the case of mountain passes, storms, swamps, and the numerous *contretemps* incidental to Eastern travel. The pack-saddle is a very important part of the mule's equipment. Save when he is currycombed, the pack-saddle never leaves him by day or night; it supports the load and acts as his clothing, for however severe the weather may be, the hardy Persian mule gets no other. Of course the pack-saddle is of the most solid construction; its high pique towers at least eighteen inches above the withers of the animal, and the padding is nowhere less than six inches thick. This padding is composed of cut straw; and the muleteer is accustomed, by means of a packing-needle thrust through the lining of the pad, to shift this stuffing in such a way as to remove the pressure from any part of the animal's back which may become tender. Of course a mule with a bad sore back is useless, and has to be turned out to grass; and strange to say, though there are many millions of mules and ponies used as beasts of burden in Persia—for, be it remembered, there are no railways, no rivers, no canals, and only one road, that from Kasvin to the capital (except a few that have been made for the Shah's personal convenience)—still a mule with a sore back is a very unusual sight. This says a great deal for the care, intelligence, and skill of the Persian muleteer.

The muleteer in Persia is a character and a phenomenon. In the first place, he differs from the rest of his countrymen in being habitually honest; and the "honesty" of the muleteer in Persia has become proverbial. The muleteer is a religious man, strictly carrying out all the rules and observances of the Mussulman faith; but though religious he is no fanatic, for he has seen the world, and is a modern peripatetic philosopher, having a peculiar school of his own. A merry fellow, too; ever ready to beguile the tedium of the way with a song and anecdote, or with long recitations from the poetry of his country. Probably his family have been muleteers for several generations, and his career commenced at the age of twelve; he has been living in the open air and walking his twenty or thirty miles a day ever since. From this cause the muleteer is invariably a man of magnificent physique and great endurance.

The first stage from Resht is over a fine road. This road was originally made for the Shah's convenience. A big ditch on either side keeps it dry, and swamps, jungle, and rice-fields, with large patches of forest-trees, border it. The banks on either side are covered with ferns in bewildering variety; many-coloured orchids, forget-me-nots, buttercups, poppies, anemones, violets, and myrtles bloom luxuriantly. Save the actual road itself there is not a bit of bare earth to be seen; but there is a great deal of water about, in which are an infinity of silent tortoises and noisy frogs, and innumerable little green lizards, extraordinarily tame, are seen gliding in every direction. The place teems,

too, with insect life. No wonder it is agueish, for there is a great deal of water on either side of the road. We see a man stark naked ploughing in a rice-field, nearly up to his knees in mud and water. The temperature is sub tropical.

Some idea may be formed of the dampness of this part of Persia by a short description of a house we noted at the roadside. It was the only house we saw in the whole day's march, and resembled nothing so much as the residence of a Malay chief. There were a number of beams six or eight feet high, which preserved the house itself from contact with the muddy ground. Above these were four comfortable rooms, and around them a balcony a yard wide; surmounting the four rooms, and supported by a dozen stout wooden pillars, at least thirty feet high, was an immense thatched overhanging roof, considerably bigger than the rest of the structure. This contained the store of grain, &c., *and was the only dry spot in the place.* Access was obtained to it by means of a great tri-

Bridge over the Sulfid Rud

angular orifice in the front of the thatch. The *only* way *of getting on to* the balcony and so entering the house was by clambering a great pegged stake, which was carefully removed at night so as to preserve the inhabitants from the possible attacks of wild beasts. Of course in such a place fever and ague are rife, and a prolonged residence in the Ghilan swamps is dangerous *to human life.* This accounts for the sparseness of the population, and the pallid and emaciated appearance of most of the inhabitants. We prudently served out a ration of quinine three times a day to our servants and the muleteers while we were passing through this beautiful but swampy and pestilential region.

Five hours' march brings us to the first rest-house at Imamzadah Hashem. It is a large and comfortable place, with two good rooms for the accommodation of travellers, and is situated at the commencement of the great forest. A lamb is purchased for a couple of shillings, and is roasted whole and served up with a stuffing of dates, pistachios, and chestnuts; it is flanked by a couple of boiled fowls smothered in rice; this is the well-known Eastern pillau. And then we attempt to sleep, but the heat and the mosquitoes render that impossible. All night long the cry of the jackal is heard in every direction; it is similar to the exaggerated wailing of a child. The roaring of

Woman in Outdoor Costume

numerous other wild animals is constant, for in these great forests there is a good deal of big game—lions, tigers, and innumerable leopards and hyenas; foxes and wolves there are too, bears, and wild deer of several varieties. The place literally teems with hares, partridges, and pheasants, but there are no rabbits. As for water-fowl, they are innumerable. But above all the different voices of the night rises the loud croaking chorus of millions of frogs. These strange sounds, the continuous assault of bloodthirsty mosquitoes, and the tepid atmosphere, keep us awake the greater part of the night. We are glad enough to start betimes in the morning, after drinking a cup of tea and smoking a hubble bubble. And then we have a ten hours' march before us. Half way the road suddenly ceases, and we plunge into the forest. The trees overhang the path. We frequently ford little streams, and runnels and small watercourses flow in every direction. We often have to duck to avoid the branches of the trees, and the ground is covered with turf and red and white clover. There are the usual English forest-trees, and yews and firs in profusion, gigantic specimens of the box-tree, vines, figs, and pomegranates—these latter with their scarlet bloom, and ivy and convolvulus in wild profusion. We come to the bank of the great Suffid Rud, or White River, though, strange to say, its waters are the colour of *café au lait*. Here the road or track becomes very bad, and is in many places very steep and almost precipitous. And then we come to our first olive-grove, and note that each tree has a big excavation in the ground by its side, which is frequently filled with water, and so the roots are kept moist. At length we reach the village of Rudbar. It is wonderfully picturesque, embosomed in olive-groves at the brink of the stream; and on every side of it are more olive-groves, and then the great forest, while the background is formed by thickly-wooded mountains.

We put up for the night at a small caravanserai. We simply march in, choose a couple of rooms, and spread our carpets, no one saying us nay. And the cook lights a fire in the open air, and though his only utensils are three copper pots and a frying-pan, he manages somehow or other to send up a rather elaborate meal of four courses. There are fewer mosquitoes here, and the place is not so terribly hot as the last stage. We are so tired with our long march that we sleep soundly, and start the next morning at seven o'clock. We pass along several miles of a

Muleteer.

road from one and a half to three yards wide, cut in the side of the cliff; there is often a sheer drop of several hundred feet to the rushing river, the wind seems to blow us along, and is so strong as to make it feel unpleasantly chilly. Many of the descents are forty-five degrees, and then we come to the great bridge of Munjil.

The bridge is a very solid structure, and yet so strong is the current of the vast mass of seething waters, particularly during the spring, when the melted snow comes down from the mountains, that one or more of the arches is frequently washed away. The bridge is new and well built; by its side, attached to its piers, is seen a small supplementary bridge, built of wooden spars. Nor is this curious structure unnecessary, for when one or more of the arches of the stone bridge are washed away, pending the rebuilding, there is still, by means of this ingenious device, a practicable thoroughfare for man and beast. For a Persian bridge, the bridge at Munjil is wonderfully level—in fact, as may be seen, it is nearly flat; the usual proportions for a Persian bridge are an ascent and descent at an angle of forty, merely the remains of a parapet, and generally two or three yawning chasms in the middle. But as the Shah comes this way to his hunting expeditions, the bridge at Munjil is always kept in good order.

Trees are now becoming less and less frequent; there are small, undulating plains, with lofty mountains on every side, numerous villages, and large patches of cultivation; the whole stage is a gradual ascent,

and at length we reach Pah Chenar ("At the foot of the plane-tree"). The rest-house of Pah Chenar is situated on the side of a green valley, through which runs a small, swift, and turbid river. After this place the climate altogether changes, and becomes markedly cooler. The ascent to the great central plateau of Persia is gradual but continuous, and tired out we reach the village of Musreh, which is situated in a lovely grassy valley. Musreh is the only halting-place; it consists of merely a few hovels, and, unfortunately for us, is infested by sheep ties. The sheep tie is an insect which, when distended with blood, is the size of a split pea; when it bites you it leaves a round black mark the size of a sixpence, the wound generally becomes inflamed and irritable, and the pain, inflammation, and tenderness will remain for over six weeks. Of course there is not a wink of sleep to be had, and we are glad to hurry on at early dawn towards the great city of Kasvin.

It is seven good hours' march to the city of Kasvin, over a turfy plain with an undulating surface very similar to a Kentish down. There is a strong wind blowing, and it is a curious fact that upon this particular plain, whatever the season of the year, there always is a strong wind blowing, and it always blows towards the Caspian Sea. Upon the grassy plain are dotted about the innumerable tents of Persian nomads. The Persians themselves divide the population of their country into dwellers in cities (*Shahr nishees*) and dwellers in tents (*Chadár nishees*); the dwellers in tents amount to two millions, while the whole population of Persia is only eight millions. These people live in different quarters according to the season. In the heats of summer they take refuge in the cool recesses of mountainous valleys, in close proximity to a spring, and where the grazing is not entirely burnt up by the hot sun. During the winter they will come down to the warmer plains; but as a rule they avoid the immediate neighbourhood of great cities. A family will pitch its tents upon precisely the same spot summer and winter for several generations. The manners and customs of the wandering tribes differ very much from those of the inhabitants of cities; the nomad women never veil, whereas in the cities every female child from the age of eight is closely veiled from head to foot.

The townswomen, even to the very poorest,

wear the great outer veil even in the privacy of their own homes. The outdoor costume of the Persian women who dwell in towns is well shown in the illustration on page 625. It consists of a sheet of cotton or silk two yards and a half long by two yards wide; it is dyed a deep blue with indigo. This *chadûr*, or veil, among the wealthy may cost as much as £5 or £6, and among the fashionable is often trimmed with a delicate filmy fringe of gold thread upon three sides of it. Lady Harberton's invention of the divided skirt has been the fashion among the Persian women from time immemorial; it generally, among the middle class, reaches just below the knee; the wealthy wear it considerably shorter, while the village women and the dwellers in tents allow it to descend to their ankles. When she is about to go abroad, the Persian woman puts on a couple of long pillowcase-like bags of longcloth dyed of some very bright colour, which are provided with shaped extremities, like stocking-feet, of the same material. They are fastened at the waist by a girdle, and when put on resemble a pair of pillow-cases with a foot at the extremity of each. (But the artist has not done the Persian women justice in one respect, for the feet of Persian women are the smallest in the world.) She thrusts them into a tiny pair of high-heeled slippers, places the centre of the untrimmed edge of the *chadûr* over her forehead, and then draws over her head the long, white, outer veil of fine linen four feet long and two feet wide, seen in the illustration. There is an aperture in this veil an inch deep and three inches across; this aperture is covered by a patch of delicate embroidery, which enables her to see without being seen. This is the outdoor costume of the Persian woman; it is an absolute disguise, and effectually conceals her identity. It is probably the most hideous outdoor costume in the world, and its effect is absolutely ghastly, resembling nothing so much as the frightful costume worn by the brothers of the Misericordia in Italy. It is expensive, ugly, uncomfortable, hot in summer, cold in winter; its exceeding folly is probably only excelled by the chimney-pot hat of civilisation, and yet Persian women cling to the veil as a privilege of their sex.

But to return to the nomads upon the plain. We meet little bands of them continually; they are all marching in one direction with their oxen, sheep, dogs, horses, and asses, and all the women down to the tiniest girls carry something; even the cows are laden with tent poles. We noted one little girl of five trudging bravely along, a staff in her hand, and wearing her father's great sheepskin hat. These people march their ten or twenty miles a day, pitching their tents upon the road where the pasture may be good. They are all proceeding from their winter quarters to their summer ones, and sometimes their journey is two hundred miles in length. While we were breakfasting on the road we watched a small party pitching its tent. Stakes in pairs were driven into the ground at distances of a few feet in the form of a square; between these stakes were dropped on edge long sheets of stiff reed work four feet wide: this makes the wall of the tent. Stout poles were placed at each of the four corners, other lighter ones ran across diagonally to the opposite corners; and over all is thrown a huge sheet of coarse cloth formed of woven goats'-hair twenty feet square; from the edges of this run guy-ropes, which are attached to pegs of wood hammered into the ground. The floor is carpeted, one end of the reed wall is rolled back to form a door, and in twenty minutes the tent, with sleeping room for a dozen persons, was up, being windproof, rainproof, and sunproof. These people were good-natured enough, and willingly gave us milk to quench our thirst, laughingly declining to take payment for the same.

We were glad at last to reach the town of Kasvin, which has appeared tantalisingly near for several hours. Kasvin is a very large place with a big tiled shrine, in which is the tomb of the patron saint of the city, the son of Imâm Riza; it is in very good repair, but the great mosque of the town is almost in ruins. It is needless to say that Persian fanaticism does not allow us to visit either. Kasvin is one of the centres of the silk trade; it is a very populous place, and bad government is not so rampant as in most other great towns.

Here we leave our muleteer, for there is a *chaussée*, a real road, from this place to the capital, and we rattle away in a wonderful old shanderydan drawn by a pair of half-starved brutes of post-horses. We shall do the journey in two days, but the muleteer will take five to do the twenty-five farsakhs which lie between Kasvin and Tehêran. A farsakh (which is the *parasang* of Xenophon) is really an hour's march *of a laden beast*. Farsakhs vary in length in Persia; near Teheran they are about three miles and a half. The real distance of the twenty-five farsakhs in this case is about eighty-five miles.

(To be concluded next month.)

SOME COLLEGE AND CLERICAL REMINISCENCES.

By the Rev. HARRY JONES, M.A.

LET us get back from the fanatical Utah to the sober "Establishment" at home. My second curacy was in an agricultural parish in the quietest corner of England, which, however, illustrated the working of some forces which are now most conspicuously felt in Church and State. I saw, *e.g.*, one of the last enclosures of a village green, the only spot left being a small block opposite the beerhouse, but I do not recollect any complaint being made by the labourers, some of whom, if I mistake not, had a little slice in the shape of a better garden out of the public pudding. Indeed, the only echo of a remonstrance which I can recall arose from myself. But what an uproar such an attempted act would create now! My rustic sheep, whose houses fringed the common in irregular but picturesque and convenient sequence, now seem to have been folded about the fields in unmeaning caprice. The arable tide flowed past and left them as islets in a sea of corn-field which was once pasture land. Alas! if the conditions should ever come to be reversed, and grass alone be encouraged once more to grow instead of wheat. We are standing at some parting of the ways. But, as I have said, I don't remember that the human sheep bleated at all while the borders of their fold were being moved years ago. And that was not for lack of interest in their social position, for (on the occasion of some local labour dispute) we had a smart rustic strike which lasted several days; and the first public sign of this (by the way) was the flocking of a number of labourers into "church" one week-day forenoon, while I was holding some service with a congregation of a few old women and others past work. Let the political cynics smile as they will, the first impulse of those hardy peasants was to display an undefined, and perhaps unconsciously held, right in the "church," and a good feeling towards one who, in their minds, was an independent representative of justice. And such an officer, indeed, the parson properly is. Whenever he (or any one else for the matter of that) plainly speaks a word, or does a stroke for the poor and needy, he will find no lack of appreciation on their part. I could give, indeed, from my own personal experience, several instances in which a departure from conventionality and disregard of influential criticism, shown by the clergyman in pursuit of what he believed to be legitimately desirable, is sure both to work for righteousness and meet with glad and immediate acknowledgment. A man might also be encouraged by the reflection that since virtue is its own reward, it is difficult to put an honest stumbling-block in Mrs. Grundy's way without some dainty recompense quite irrespective of public gratitude. There is a sense of legitimate offence, if not of righteous naughtiness, pleasantly associated with a deliberate rejection of routine. There are people so sunk in respectability that their discomfiture becomes a duty which is both meritorious and enjoyable.

After this flourish of high principles an illustration occurs to me which might serve to exhibit them on a small scale. I was once pressed by the inhabitants of a poor and despised region near some gas-works to exercise such influence as I had in mitigating an inevitable nuisance from which they suffered. Some unnecessary process, my complainants said, was occasionally gone through which diffused a needless and abominable odour. The local authorities were communicated with, and official noses were sent to smell the truth of the complaint. They reported in favour of the gas company. My poor friends stuck to it that the unwarrantable procedure against which a protest had been made, was still in operation. At length several sufferers (with better means than the poorest around them) brought an action against the company. The managers, in reply, relied for a clean bill upon the reports of officers of health and other experts, who had inspected the works at the hour originally complained of and found nothing. I was appealed to again, and assured that the obnoxious operation with the furnaces was still really performed, but now in the middle of the night. Desiring to test this statement I hid myself one dark evening on the roof of a public-house which overlooked the accused and malodorous premises. The waiting was a long business and I had to avoid being seen. At last all was still. Weary complainants had apparently gone to bed, when in the small hours a gang of stokers silently made their appearance and did the evil deed. The yard was filled with white vapour and stench, and I returned to my house half suffocated, but fortified with testimony

concerning which I kept silence. The trial came on; I was subpœnaed. Jessel was the judge; Sir H. James and Chitty were counsel. All went in favour of the works. Officials swore that they had neither seen nor smelt anything objectionable. Then I was called, to the obvious surprise of divers gas "directors" and "proprietors" who were personal friends of my own and were present in court. What could they want with me? Your readers should have seen the judge's generally immovable face when he learnt that I, the parson, had squatted through midnight on the roof of the "public," seen iniquity with my eyes, and smelt it with my nose. The case collapsed. I shook hands with the discomfited directors (who plainly did not like me a bit the less for my solitary session on the house-top), and received not only a complimentary letter of thanks from the solicitors for the plaintiffs, but the warmest expressions of gratitude from my needy friends.

I forget the alleged offence which disturbed the labourers in the country parish which I have mentioned, and which led them to seek some sympathy from myself, but I recollect one employer being exceedingly angry with me. Of all authorities, though, in the place the most odd and obstinate was my rector. He was a man of large private means, and had spent much money in seeking to realise "perpetual motion."—Fact. Huge iron cranks and cylinders (the ponderous arrival of which must have astonished the rustics) lay about the yard of his house (he was non-resident) in which I lived. One monster made a capital rain tank. Besides a passion for insoluble problems in dynamics my rector was devoted to trees, which responded freely to his care, and which I found afterwards he could not bear any one to touch. One dull day I trimmed some laurel branches which darkened my window, and he never spoke to me again. His attitude, however, was too comical to provoke anger. But, looking back, I see a perhaps magnified church scandal (distance does not lend enchantment to this view) in the conduct of my chief, for his failings were not confined to personal and amusing offences against myself, but irritated others who had small sense of humour, and looked for kindly fruits upon an unconsciously eccentric tree. After his death an "old life" (who emptied the church) was appointed to the living in order that its sale might be more immediately productive, and a "meeting house" was, naturally enough, built in the parish. Things which are reckoned to be scandals now were not merely winked at, but openly countenanced by worthy pastors and masters not so very long ago, and we are shocked at the blindness of their eyes, forgetting that some acts which we innocently defend to-day will of a surety be condemned by "all right-minded people" in a few years.

I am fortunate in knowing, and having known, men of very widely different "views," and though I keep my pen from straying into the names of any (and they are not a few) who are living and working now, I am tempted to recall the look of some who have left us. Divers of these have had their lives written by loving hands, but I am not quite sure whether the appreciative biographer of Charles Lowder fully realised the keen sense of humour which perhaps he sometimes thought himself conscientiously bound to repress. He and I did not look at all facts in the same light, but I can now see the twinkle in his eye when once being, with myself, engaged in some local inquiry, a noted evangelical who also was on the committee apologised for being late at one of our meetings. He arrived (we had reason to believe) hot from the delivery of a lecture against "ritualism," and wandered in excuses for his unpunctuality. Lowder exchanged a glance with myself which (if our iconoclast colleague could have understood it) ought to have tempered his wrath towards some holders of the opinions he had been attacking. Take another man who had the most kindly humour. There was a great tenderness about Bishop Fraser which many who fancied they saw the predominance of a fighting mood in him hardly suspected. But his life, too, has been written, though I almost wish I had sent the author of it a letter which I received from the Bishop very shortly before his death. The record of Dean Stanley is not yet before the world. I shall not forget his look once when I was leaving England for a visit to the Desert and Palestine, and had a talk with him about my projected tour. "I suppose," he said, "you are going to Egypt first." And when I said "No," he replied, "What! see the land the Hebrews went to, without seeing where they went from?" I telegraphed to Cairo that afternoon for the making of arrangements to go up the Nile. Afterwards when I told him what I had done, he said, "If you should see my old servant, Mohammed of Ghizeh, give him a kind message from me." I chanced to meet him on the Nile bank, near Thebes, and when I said that I had lately seen Dean

Stanley, his dark face was suddenly lit up with smiles. Then he seized my hand and kissed it as the bringer of good tidings from the Dean, who, he said, sent him a letter or message every year.

While in the Desert I carried his "Sinai and Palestine" with me on my camel, and I noticed that his descriptions, though intensely vivid, were sometimes partially but curiously defective. It is well known that the Dean was singularly undiscerning in the matters of sound and taste. He could not tell one tune from another, and hardly knew what he ate. And this incompleteness of material perception betrayed itself in more passages than one as I read his book among the places which he visited. All have heard of his multiform and untiring interest in life, but I came on an unexpected phase of his energy while I was pausing at Mount Sinai, and realised the nature of the climbs he had made in its neighbourhood day after day. In one of the ascents, where the rocks below were baked in desert sun, but towards the summit slippery with ice, I, being then somewhat lame, was compelled to stop. My companion, a good climber, went up. When he came down after five hours' sharp labour, and spoke of the view from the summit, he added, "And I have had, too, a new view of the Dean." He had made that ascent. We had not thought of him as an untiring cragsman, and yet the thought fitted his course and conversation. Few have faced the hills of difficulty in religion, through heat and cold, with more hopeful zeal than he.

Let me now note a curious coincidence. The memorial of the Dean which appeared in the *Times* the morning after he died began thus: "The Dean of Westminster is dead. *Quomodo ceciderunt robusti et perierunt arma bellica.*" So wrote the author of his obituary, not, probably, perceiving that this Latin line would be read in English in every English church on the Sunday immediately following the Dean's death. It forms the last sentence of the first lesson for that morning, and thus runs: "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished." I doubt if the loss of any one in his generation and calling was more tenderly felt in our own and other lands, by men of many minds, than that of Dean Stanley.

THE RIVER: A REVERIE.

THE wild bird sings to charm me, while the summer breeze is blowing,
And I'm sitting by the river's bank alone,
The sunbeam dances gaily on the water that is flowing,
And I'm thinking of a lifetime that is gone.
How my mem'ry is awakened, and my thoughts are set a-dreaming,
As I think of that river and its source;
How I see my life depicted in the water that is streaming,
And its sorrows in the windings of its course!
For life is but a river,
With its current gliding ever,
And its course runs smoothly never,
As long years have shown to me.
Our cares and trials binding
Are but the river's winding,
And many are the falls between its fountain and the sea.

I'm thinking of the friends I've known, as I see the air-bells breaking,
Bright emblems of true purity they seem,
But soon, tho' sprung up side by side, each other they're forsaking,
And, widely scattered, vanish on the stream.
Alas! how like those air-bells pure, are friends once dearly cherished,
Rear'd side by side in early happy years,
Where are they now, those friends of youth? they one by one have perished,
And the only tokens left of them are tears.

For life is but a river,
With its current gliding ever,
And its course runs smoothly never,
As long years have shown to me.
Though time commands its motion
From fountain head to ocean,
Vicissitudes beset its path in flowing to the sea.

I'm thinking of the wealth I've seen, as I see the pebbles lying,
Brightened by the river in its flow;
They resist the stream that woos them, and despite its undermining
They're clinging to their gravel-bed below.
Alas! how like those pebbles bright are treasures I've been wooing,
And, like the stream, have tried to seize away;
How fruitless have my efforts been, how Fate has kept undoing
The struggles of a long and weary day!
For life is but a river,
With its current gliding ever,
And its course runs smoothly never,
As long years have shown to me.
For down its channel moving,
Fierce hate keeps pace with loving,
So varied are the waifs it floats, in flowing to the sea.

I'm thinking of my grey-hair'd age, as I see the white foam sailing
In snowy atoms down the stream it creeps,
Till, gather'd on the peaceful pool, the lively current failing,
United in a shroud—there rests and sleeps.
Alas! how like that snow-white foam, my silv'ry locks are floating
Nor pause they while life's troubled waters wave,
But with a hoary diadem, they crown me, when I'm doating,
On the brink of life's peaceful pool the grave.
For life is but a river,
With its current gliding ever,
And its course runs smoothly never,
As long years have shown to me.
How gladly now I'm creeping
To where the foam lies sleeping,
The grave—that pool between us and Eternity— the Sea.

J. T. R.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By F. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII. SOEUR MADELEINE.

PHYLLIS started with a look of pleased surprise. "My kind protector," she said, as they shook hands.

"I assure you, Miss Trevylian, that if anything could enhance the satisfaction I had in being so, it would be that I have unwittingly done Maxwell a service; he was more grateful than if I had succoured himself. I hope he has prospered in his desire." He looked at her with a questioning, hopeful glance.

"In wishing me to return home with him, do you mean? No."

"I thought as much," interrupted St. Maur.

"Why?" A slight smile fluttered over her face.

"You have determination. You would suffer nothing to interfere with what you thought a duty."

"But are you sure it is a duty?" asked Sir Bernard.

"Most decidedly," said his friend. "You are naturally jealous of anything that en-

grosses Miss Trevylian detrimental to yourself."

"Ah, my lord, if you could only help to make him see that there is no choice for me, until some assurance, even by the lapse of years, comes to tell me my search is useless!"

"Phyllis, I do not mean, of course, that you should leave her fate in obscurity, only you might let me help you. She actually insists upon my leaving her here alone and going home. What do you think of that, Geoffrey?"

"You see, Lord St. Maur, the sight of him might only frustrate the end in view."

"But I cannot bear the idea," persisted Sir Bernard, "of letting you run the chance of meeting with such insults as Geoffrey saved you from."

"That was only once in two months, Bernard; I am perfectly safe. I was foolish to have been walking in the evening, only I had a fancy to pass by the cafés chantants. I heard some one singing very well, and I thought perhaps"—she paused abruptly, a flush coming over her cheek, then hurriedly added, "I did not risk it again; I did not know I was an object of attraction to any one."

"I will tell you how we will arrange matters," said St. Maur pleasantly. "I like loafing about Paris when no one is in it, I'll stay and be dragon for you, old fellow."

Sir Bernard grasped his friend's hand. "You're a brick, Geof!"

"But, Lord St. Maur, I could not think of your making such a sacrifice; besides, I had hoped you would have gone home with Bernard to keep him from feeling dull."

"Do you never think of self, Miss Trevylian? Bernard will have his cousin and his duties. Really, if you will have me as protector, I will not intrude when not wanted; you have only to say you would rather be alone, and I will drop behind and do lackey. To make the obligation less one-sided, if you think it so, I am painting a picture of Spenser's 'Faerie Queene,' I should be so glad if you would sit to me; you have unconsciously been the model, but I shall succeed better if I can study your face at my leisure."

Phyllis felt that these were merely excuses for carrying out his suggestions, but Sir Bernard looked so relieved that she could do no less than accept his guardianship. "How good you are!" was all she could say.

He put out his hand, "No thanks, Miss Trevylian, you have made me your debtor, you have given me a subject for my brush and you have made Bernard here think his life worth living, which at one time he did not."

Phyllis glanced tenderly at her lover, then at St. Maur, "You are all and more he ever said you were."

"Ah! What has the rascal been saying about me?"

"Only the truth, Geof, that you were the best fellow going."

"Spare my blushes," said he laughingly, then rising, "I will relieve you of my presence, Miss Trevylian. I will see Bernard off to-morrow, and in the afternoon fetch you to my studio; you have an artist's soul, I am sure, and will not mind a little trouble in assisting me to perfect my picture, which I hope to make my *chef d'œuvre*." He bowed low over her hand as if she had been of royal blood, then took his departure.

He had not gone many steps before he met a black-veiled Sister of Charity; so engrossed was he in thinking of the "Faerie Queene," that he did not remark the scrutinising glance she directed to his face. She passed on with swift, gliding steps, pausing to take breath occasionally, as if the fleetness lay in the will more than in the power. She left the aristocratic quarters behind her, the streets became narrower and dirtier, there was a pervading smell of garlic and rotten vegetables; cafés abounded where absinthe was the staple beverage, and where fearful-looking viragoes lounged at the doors, making one realise that the Commune was not an impossibility. Shrill voices screamed at the gamins in the gutters in anything but choice language. The Sister was so accustomed to the clamour that she took no notice, save to acknowledge the salutations of these same viragoes, who seemed to lower their tones when they addressed her. One huge woman who looked as if, like a boa constrictor, she could have swallowed Sœur Madeleine without inconvenience, beckoned to her, and in an undertone, as though not wishing to be overheard, said—

"Thomas, *le petit chou*, has told me that you cough, yes, cough very badly; so I have made a *tisane*, it is very good for the chest—my mother lived in the country and taught me—*la petite sœur* will take it, see, it is not disagreeable." She produced a sort of pipkin carefully covered over.

Sœur Madeleine thanked her with a smile that wonderfully altered her plain face. There was no denying its plainness. The skin, pitted in places, had that thick white

look produced by a severe attack of smallpox, the hair was grey, and the brown eyes, the only feature that possessed any beauty, had hollows under them from suffering and sorrow; but when she smiled the lips put on a sweet graceful curve, that made one wonder whether she had been good-looking before disease had touched her.

"Citoyenne," she knew she could not please the woman better than by addressing her thus, "I thank you. Your mother was a good woman, was she not?"

The virago's eyes perceptibly softened, but her tone and manner were affectedly indifferent. "*Hein!* Good in her way; she believed in the priests, and looked up to the noblesse, and lived in the little village and died there; she never saw the world. *Ma foi!* it would have opened her eyes to live in Paris."

"But don't you long sometimes for the little vine-covered cottage and the *fête* days, when every simple thing pleased you, and when the good *curé* laid his hand upon your head and prayed *la sainte Vierge* to bless you? Did you not feel happier than when you had the roar of cannon in your ears and the rattle of musketry, and you joined in the cry, '*A bas les prêtres!*' Were you not glad *la petite mère* was in her quiet grave? Do you not think of her at the barricades? *Citoyenne*, your *tisane* may not cure my cough, but I think the kindly action will bring you back a breath of fresh air from the slopes of your wild, lovely Vosges."

Sœur Madeleine spoke in a voice that seemed like a caress, she could sway the vilest by its charm. What she said hardly reached the woman, but her way of saying it, and the look and half-sorrowful smile that accompanied her words, touched a long-forgotten chord. The woman patted a bristly-haired boy who stood beside her—

"It is nothing; you were good to the little one here and you are brave to live with us. Your livery," touching the sable gown, "is not a good passport, but you have conquered us, and we may revenge ourselves on the great.—Pah! you are greater than those who roll by in their carriages, for you try to help us. Frapin, there," she nodded across to where a cantankerous old shoemaker lived, "says he could almost believe in a God since *la petite sœur* nursed him; but I tell him he is a fool, for if there were one the world would be very different." The jerk of her shoulders was wonderfully suggestive, it seemed to comprehend the squalor around them and the splendour outside.

Sœur Madeleine lifted her eyes to the sky, of which a peep could be obtained above the overhanging houses.

"Do you think the rich and noble to be envied, *citoyenne?*"

"To be envied! no, but to be destroyed!" The woman almost hissed the words.

"The same thing," murmured the Sister, with a touch of her old sarcasm; then, still gazing upwards with a dreary longing expression, she continued, "Would you like the sky to be always blue, no cloud or rain? There must be differences among men; if you have no tyrant from above, you would find one among yourselves."

"Robespierre, Danton, Marat were great," replied the woman; "but the people were greater. Sœur Madeleine, the *people*, *they* are God. We know how to get rid *of* tyrants," she added significantly.

"There is no tyrant more exacting than the one who reigns *here*." The Sister laid her hand upon her heart. "We chafe against the tyranny, not so much of evil as of a goodness, that makes us bow our head and say 'mea culpa' in spite of ourselves." She seemed to have forgotten to whom she was speaking, her hands folded over each other and her head sank; abruptly she turned away, without the *tisane;* but the woman who knew her moods told her boy to run after her with it. She stopped. "Ah, pardon! I had forgotten. Thank you." She spoke with that inbred courtesy that never failed to win. She went on with the same swift motion till she came to a shabby-looking house, on a par with all the rest. The stairs she mounted were dark, and smelt very foul; they always gave her a sickening shudder; but the room she entered was very neat and clean, barely furnished, with scarcely the common necessaries: but the curtains were spotless, and a rose-tree flourished in the window. A girl was kneeling with her head against the sill, who started up when she heard Sœur Madeleine's footstep. She was a pretty girl, with a fair, childish beauty, that even her rusty, patched dress could not neutralise.

"You have come back at last!" she cried in English.

"Have you been lonely, Jenny?" she was answered in the same language.

"Yes, dreadfully. I was so frightened, too; there was a street row, a lot of fearful looking women screaming and tearing each other's hair, and the men only staring and laughing. I tried to stop my ears, but it seemed no use."

"Poor child! you will soon be back in the

green fields and woods. I have been to see the secretary of the Home. In a day or two there are several girls going back, when you can accompany them."

Jenny's face fell.

"And leave you, Sœur Madeleine! You saved me, and did not look down on me. At home, perhaps, they will think it is my own fault that I have not got on, and indeed, indeed I did try, only I was not strong enough."

The tears fell down her thin cheeks.

"Hush, dear. I know; I will write to your father and explain."

A look of terror came into the girl's eyes.

"Don't tell how you found me. I felt as if God and man had forsaken me, and the next day I should have been laid out in the Morgue. I should only have become that vile thing you saved me from, because I was half starved and reckless, and when I came to my senses I would have drowned myself. Petite Sœur"– she clung to her friend—"you will not tell them! It was a temptation; but when you laid your hand on my shoulder, and I saw the sorrow and the pity, I knew what I was doing."

Then she covered her face with her hands, and cowered down at Sœur Madeleine's knees.

"My preserver, let me stay with you."

She was lifted gently up.

"Jenny, it is a question of right. You will be more sheltered from harm at home. You are pretty and simple. This city is not for such as you. No; go back to the little village, and work, even if it be household labour; it is better than trusting to your appearance. Beauty is a curse. Child, you would not think it, but I was beautiful once, and I trampled upon men's hearts, and mocked at them if they talked of love. Admiration and power were all I wanted; and when my money and my reputation went I would have traded upon the beauty and purity of another life, but I looked upon a girlish form, and the eyes that gazed on me brought back the smile in a baby face, and as the fingers brought out music that might have made the very demons weep, I felt the clasp of baby fingers, and I left her. She had saved her mother."

Jenny looked at the woman who stood before her, a self-accuser, awed by the sudden passion that woke beneath that calm exterior. She went on as if talking to herself.

"This syren city has attracted her too, and I must watch over her. She has friends, kind friends, I see, but there is an awful sorrow in her face that I cannot fathom. I saw a man—a gentleman, one of God's making, whoever he be—come out of her lodgings. I have seen him somewhere before, but my memory seems to leave me sometimes." A wistful look came into her eyes. "He is fair, a noble Saxon; he will not deceive her, or his face belies him. She will be happy with him."

A smile of hope crossed her features; then, suddenly, her habitual reserve came back.

"Child, I have betrayed myself. Swear never to reveal that I have been other than Sœur Madeleine, who was once an inmate of the Convent of the Sacré Cœur in the Pyrenees."

The girl replied, reproachfully,

"Why should I do what you do not wish? Are you not my benefactress?"

"Forgive me, but I have striven these years to cut myself away from my past, and as I destroyed one life to save others, I would not be discovered yet."

There was triumph in her glance, as with uplifted face and hands, she exclaimed,

"The curse shall not fall!"

Then it changed to prayerful entreaty.

"But if it must, on me, O God, the penalty; not on my child."

A quick tremor seized her, and a spasm of coughing that shook her frail body, as if to dissolution.

The Citoyenne's *tisane* was not forgotten. Jenny proved a gentle little nurse, and soon Sœur Madeleine fell into a troubled slumber, murmuring when on the borderland between sleeping and waking, "At your feet, Marion, at your feet."

And the May days glided by. Sœur Madeleine saw the "Faerie Queene" almost daily. No one would have remarked that she watched her goings and comings, for she passed her as indifferently as if she were a mere item in the crowd, but the little Sister went home content if she had felt the mere contact of her dress.

Phyllis was rarely alone now, but either accompanied by her fair-haired cavalier or driving with some distinguished member of the French aristocracy. Lady Algernon had not forgotten her promise, and Phyllis, not so much from choice as from the feeling that the wider the circle of her acquaintance the greater chance of her hearing of her mother, had accepted her offer of introduction.

The Faerie Queen was becoming quite the fashion. Her simplicity of dress and unaffected manner, her smiles, rare yet so bewitching, the sweet gracious air with which

she received the somewhat high-flown compliments of the *jeunesse dorée*, not as if she believed them but as well-meant if mistaken endeavours to please her, all were commented on, and *la belle Anglaise* became the theme of versifiers, and artists strove to win her for a model, but she would sit to none but to St. Maur. His picture was nearly finished, and attracting a great deal of attention from the art critics. Then the Marquise d'Alva carried Phyllis off to Chantilly. She did not see much of the racing, for she was still ever seeking for that one face, but none save the Marquise herself in any way resembled the portrait graven on her heart. An intense weariness again crept over her, the sickness of hope deferred, and when the red June roses were waking there came across the silver streak a cry from Falkland,

"Come to me, Phyllis; the messenger is at the gate."

She started immediately, and to Sœur Madeleine Paris seemed suddenly empty. Her step grew more feeble, and her cough more frequent. Every night she counted her little hoard of savings, sadly diminished by the help she had rendered Jenny. Only two Napoleons left, and she could not charge her poor for nursing. It would take her some months to make up the sum she needed, but then - a smile of joy transformed her colourless features—"then," she muttered, "I may rest at last. If I only had strength to reach her feet, *he* even could not drive me thence, he will not deny me a grave."

* * * *

"Oh, Sir Bernard, Phyllis is going to play the organ next Sunday."

The speaker stopped abruptly, for instead of Sir Bernard's well-known lineaments, a stranger turned and faced her. She looked shyly up from beneath the shade of her large straw hat decked with real crimson roses on the brim, and nestling in her curly brown hair, then took heart of grace, and said,

"I beg your pardon, I am Dot."

The stranger smiled, a smile that lit up his whole face like sunlight.

"May I ask what that hieroglyphic means in ordinary stenography?"

How his blue eyes took in and enjoyed the girl's pretty confusion! Half in and half out of the boudoir she stood, a brilliant June sun behind her, just touching the rounded cheek and well-shaped ear. The rest of the face that was nearest him was in shadow, but the sparkling eyes required no outside light. Her lips parted with an amused curve, revealing pearly teeth.

"It means Dorothy Markham, and you"

"Geoffrey St. Maur—writ large. I have no hieroglyphics that I know of."

In her mother's old way, she put her head on one side,

"Yes, I have seen you before. You are Cœur de Lion."

"What transmigration of souls have you gone through to have made the acquaintance of the minstrel monarch, Miss Dorothy?"

He said the name as if he liked it

"I was a humming bird then," she replied demurely.

"I must apologise for not offering you a perch. Will you not come in?"

He drew a chair forward. She poised herself on the arm. She was scarcely ever seen *in* a seat but *on* it. The attitude suited her tiny form and bird-like ways.

"I have no doubt you cheered him in prison, and perhaps led Blondel to the Castle of Durrenstein."

"Humming birds don't sing, do they?" remarked Dot doubtfully.

"Do you?"

"No, I only lilt, Miss Dallas says."

"Well, if not, the flutter of a bird's wing is cheering, and the humming-bird might twitter 'Suche trew so findest du.' You know Blondel's song?"

Dot shook her head.

St. Maur lifted a guitar that was suspended by a blue ribbon from a long-backed Chippendale chair, and striking a few chords, commenced Schumann's version of the ballad He had not a large voice, but a very pure, sweet tenor. He flung himself into the spirit of the old troubadours, as if the minstrel's life had something akin to his own wandering poetic existence. And Dot sat and listened, her brilliant brunette face answering to every change in the singer's mode of expression. She looked such a child that St. Maur scarcely gave her credit for her eighteen summers, especially when she said simply,

"I am almost sorry I called you Cœur de Lion."

"Why? I felt quite flattered."

"Yes, but you see I never knew him out of Madame Tussaud's. Besides, you have not a beard."

St. Maur's eyes danced with laughter at the comical anxiety she displayed to divest herself of the association, as if it were an insult to him. He interrupted her smilingly,

"You are beginning to discover I am not a man of wax?"

Dot looked relieved as he seemed in no way offended, and a spice of her own sauciness came back.

"In some things you are, aren't you?"

"What makes you think so?"

He threw himself back in his chair and surveyed her.

"You are impressionable. When you were singing, sunlight and shadow crossed your face as if it had been a mirror. You had quite forgotten I was in the room."

"You are a young lady of penetration; but that was hardly a troubadour's song; their subject was generally love."

"How tiresome they must have been!"

Dot shrugged her shoulders disdainfully. St. Maur's lips curved with a suppressed laugh. Dot sprang down from her elevated position,

"I am forgetting I came to see Miss Dallas and tell her Phyllis has promised to be organist on Sunday. Oh, it will be delicious to have her back!"

"Miss Dallas has gone to Falkland, Sir Bernard is off on a tour of inspection through the farms, and I am left alone."

"I hope I did not disturb you."

"No, I was only dreaming."

St. Maur gently insinuated the perch again, and Dot rescated herself without the smallest *mauvaise honte*, looking at him frankly with her clear brown eyes, one elbow on her knee propping her chin, the other arm wound over the back of her chair dangling her hat, which she had taken off.

"What were you dreaming about, may I know?"

St. Maur studied the ceiling for an instant.

"Do you see that fly, Miss Dorothy?"

Dot looked up.

"Yes."

"I was thinking what a lot of time we waste over things that so insignificant a creature as a fly can spoil. You see it is tickling Cupid's nose and contemptuously washing its face on the doves' backs."

"But it does not spoil my enjoyment of the pretty design."

"Does it not? You have not yet found the fly in the apothecary's ointment; you are too young."

Dot drew herself up, she disliked being told she was young. St. Maur caught the sudden accession of dignity in her manner.

"That is always how it is, because I am so small," said she despairingly. "Nobody will give me credit for being anything more than a child. I am eighteen, and people treat me like a baby. The other day General Mackintosh actually put his hand on my head and said to mother, 'She is quite growing up, Mrs. Markham? giving up dolls, I suppose.' Dolls!" repeated Dot. "Fancy that; isn't it dreadful?"

She looked so expectant of sympathy, that, though he would have given worlds to laugh, he tried to keep grave; but Dot saw the mirth in his eyes, and answering merriment coming into hers they went off into a fit of laughter like a couple of children.

"How refreshing it is!" exclaimed she when sufficiently recovered to speak. "We have been so dull of late. I don't think I have any right to be merry, even now. There's Nancy. But I can't talk about her, it is too pitiful—dear Nan! And Phyllis coming on a visit to Falkland instead of living here always as we had hoped; and Jack of no use to me, I might as well not have a brother; he lives at Falkland, poor old fellow, he has had a bad time of it lately, but he is a comfort to the Squire, who clings so to any one who loves Nan; he seems to think so many cords of love must bind her to this world."

"They often have the opposite effect; the best loved and most prized are taken first," said Lord St. Maur gravely.

Dot looked up sympathetically. He answered her unspoken thought.

"No, Miss Dorothy, I am not speaking from experience; perhaps I am not worthy to have a deep sorrow, it is the greatest and best who suffer most, I fancy. I am a Bohemian and find happiness in a splash of sunlight on a mossy slope, lying on my back in the middle of that same splash, my hat tilted over my eyes, or flung into an adjacent thicket if it incommoded me. My imagination brings me every delight necessary for existence. It has this merit, that never striving to possess what does not come of its own accord, I never have the pain of disappointment."

Dot gave herself a flutter.

"But are you all alone?"

"Quite. I possess a goodly number of relatives, but they are not to me what my *friends* are."

"I can't imagine the world without father, mother, and Jack."

"Can't you? Yes, you will one day when some one comes who will absorb 'father, mother, and Jack.'"

Dot looked at him with a serio-comic air.

"You don't know me yet; no one takes me seriously; they tease me and pet me but they are not likely to fall in love with me. I

am only a child, you see; it is all play. Fancy being in earnest! I am certain I should laugh."

"You are more of a laughing philosopher than I am then, for even I tremble before Cupid. I have a terror lest one of his darts should penetrate. You see I am not Cœur de Lion after all. I am a coward where a woman is concerned, they are too clever for me."

"Nonsense!" said Dot contemptuously, still swinging her hat pendulum-wise.

"Too true though," replied St. Maur. "A woman's mind is constituted very like a kaleidoscope, she sees hundreds of designs where I should only see one. I take things as they are, a woman as she thinks they are after passing through the medium of her intellect, which breaks them into little pieces; she has only to give them a shake and the original fact becomes a charming fiction changing at will. Now supposing she dissected me in the same way?"

"Would you not rather be a charming fiction than a disagreeable fact?" laughed Dot.

"Might I not be a pleasant fact, Miss Dorothy?"

Dorothy's eyes said she thought so, but her words did not admit it.

"Did you not say you liked your imagination to have its way? so might a lady. It would be very disappointing to take you for a fact and find out afterwards you were only fiction; so it might be better to pull you to pieces first, and then if it repaid her for the trouble, how delightful to join you all up again, piecing together all the pretty little things the light of her imagination had thrown upon what at first seemed only an opaque mass! Her eyes, looking through the glass of your character, twinkle, and bright colours and a variety of patterns appear. She takes you perhaps for what you are not, but what does it matter? it is a pleasant delusion."

"Miss Dorothy, I confess myself a fiction on the spot. Your eyes are twinkling, what lights are they throwing on me?"

Dot looked shy for a moment; she had allowed herself to chatter to this stranger, led on by his charm of manner, but he might be laughing at her she suddenly thought; so it was with downcast eyes and slight taps of her tiny foot on the carpet that she answered,

"I am not a kaleidoscope, I am only a hieroglyphic; that does not throw any light, does it?"

"It resembles a kaleidoscope inasmuch as you can make what appears one mean a great deal."

"I should not be surprised after that to find myself called the Sphinx," said she, with a laughing pout of the rosy lips.

"Well, so you are; the penalty of your sex, I fear."

"I shall run away," she exclaimed gaily. "I never was called so many names before. A hieroglyphic, a kaleidoscope, and an enigma! I shan't know myself as little Dot any more, if you metamorphose me so."

"You confessed to having been a humming-bird once upon a time," replied St. Maur, looking at her as if he were taking a mental sketch.

"Yes; I fear I am only fit to flutter and flit about. Don't they say every one has a niche in this world? I don't think there's one small enough to hold me." A shadow rested on the bright face.

"Miss Dorothy." How gentle his voice was, and the glance of his sunny eyes seemed like a glimpse of heaven to the child-girl looking up. "What should we do without the birds? There are plenty of people in grooves and niches doing their work, some for others, some for themselves, but the birds, like the poor, are always with us, and the man who goes with downcast eyes fixed on this grovelling earth must look upwards if he follow the flight of even a sparrow; and who knows but that one uplifted glance may bring him a ray of sunlight, which he would have lost had it not been for the flash of a bird's wing across his path?"

Tears trembled in Dot's lashes and her eyelids drooped, so to change the subject St. Maur asked her if she would like to see "The Faerie Queene."

"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed eagerly. "I forgot you are a great artist."

"Great! No. Art seems to lose an element of greatness so long as one has to paint for money. I hope soon to be able to do it because I love it, looking for no return save what nature or a beautiful face gives me. Work done by a free man is surely worth more than that done by a slave. Art is beyond all market value. I long to feel that I am not doing so much for an equivalent in so many gold pieces, but am compelled by love to give the best I can in return for the talent bestowed. I, the debtor."

CHAPTER XXIV.—GOLD AND POMEGRANATES.

ST. MAUR opened the door of the music-room, inwardly wondering what possessed him to talk so freely to this child he had

never seen before; clever and sympathetic though she appeared, she might after all be only a butterfly skimming the surface of things. He was roused from this thought by Dot's face looking at Una and her Lion. Love and sorrow and delight chased each other across her features. In a half whisper she exclaimed, "It is Phyllis!"

The Faerie Queene was represented gazing out of the canvas, with a longing, weary, pathetic expression, yet with a lofty unfaltering resolve, calm even in its despair. She had apparently just emerged from the shade of some weird stunted gnome-like trees into a desert land; but a lingering sunset glow touched her as with a halo, giving a ray of hope to the desolation around.

"What is she saying?" asked Dot, still under her breath.

"He my lion and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that loved him, and ever most ador'd
As the god of my life! Why hath he me abhorred?"

repeated St. Maur. "Those lines suggested the picture to me, and in Miss Trevylian's face I saw exactly the expression I wanted. I felt I should never have such another model."

Dot's eyes glistened with a mingling of feelings.

"Ah, but you are great to paint like that, but it is terribly sad. Did it not hurt you to work at it? if it had only been imagination, but the suffering you were depicting was real."

"Yes, but the suffering was glorified by being vicarious, there are many noble souls to whom suffering purely physical is not needed to perfect them. While there is sin, there must be suffering, but the two are often not combined in the same person. One sins thoughtlessly or wilfully, but in either case the individual's life seems happy enough, but you may be sure there is some one suffering through, or for, that sin. It is the sacrifice that ennobles the suffering; it is the nearest approach we can make to the Christ."

"Yes, as you said just now, the best often have the greatest trials; they do not seem to need it to make them better."

"No," and St. Maur's eyes brightened with the light of an enthusiast in them. "I hate to hear people talk of suffering as if the divine liked to rack to the last turn of the screw to see how much one could bear without complaining. No doubt the suffering that might harden the sinner will only purify the saint, in that way perhaps making them better; but those who bear unmurmuringly their griefs, yet wonder in their patient, faithful hearts why they are sent, might have their sorrow lightened if they could realise that like St. Paul they were filling up the measure of the sufferings of Christ, He permitting them, as it were, to lay their hands upon the cross, the cross of sacrifice, they being counted worthy to help in bearing the sin of the world. Miss Trevylian is bearing what her mother should have borne, if punishment were exactly meted out to the sinner."

"But don't you think Madame de Marcie has been sufficiently punished?" said Dot, still looking at the picture as if fascinated; then softly, "What does Sir Bernard think of it? does that face not haunt him? It seems to me it is *his* sin that Phyllis is suffering from; how can he bear it? It must be like a constant reproach."

"As such he looks upon it; he insisted upon having the painting. 'It cannot reproach me more than I reproach myself,' he said. Poor old Bernard, his love for Miss Trevylian must indeed be very great when her personality weighs more with him than his hatred of her mother."

"Is there no hope yet, no clue?" asked Dot.

"It seems not, Miss Dorothy. French detectives are very clever, but for once they seem off the scent. It is extraordinary how a woman so singularly beautiful and fascinating should have disappeared without a trace. I am beginning to think she is dead."

"Poor Phyllis!" sighed Dot, then added with a little vindictive glance, "I wish Sir Bernard had never come home, we were all so happy before, but everything seems to have gone wrong lately; we were like an Arcadian village—now," she gave her shoulders a little shrug, "the world has gone awry. But really I must fly away. Will you tell Miss Dallas what I came for? As she has gone to Falkland, she will know of the arrangement. Good-bye," she held out her small ungloved hand.

St. Maur held it a moment saying, "Will you allow me to walk with you?"

They had only descended the steps when the Castlemount carriage came in sight, for an instant Dot felt disappointed as it probably foretold the loss of her cavalier, but the next she had darted off to meet Miss Dallas and inquire after Nan. St. Maur arrived in time to assist the old lady out. She looked more careworn than of yore, but her face was as kindly as ever, and her figure still erect.

"I must apologise for leaving you so long alone, but once at Falkland, I could not tear myself away."

"I have been well entertained during your absence, Miss Dallas; a humming-bird had lost its way and fluttered into the boudoir, but finding I could talk the birds' language was induced to stay. I sang to it, and it put its head on one side and twittered a reply; the bird had most chameleon-like qualities."

"Oh dear! what next?" laughed Dot. "Miss Dallas, Lord St. Maur has been making fun at my expense by calling me the largest names as a contrast to my small person." Miss Dallas looked at the two before her, the small brown hazel-eyed girl and the powerful Saxon-hued man, they were the embodiment of youth and happiness and hope; how different from those she had left! Dot with her mother's intuitive sympathy put her arms round her old friend's neck, laying her soft red lips upon the other's wrinkled cheek. "Dearest Mamsell, forgive me for looking gay, but did Phyllis tell you she was going to be organist on Sunday? I was so delighted to hear it that I rushed up to tell you. I mistook Lord St. Maur for Sir Bernard."

"They are not much alike," said Miss Dallas smiling.

"No, but going into the shade of the boudoir after the sunlight outside, I only saw a man's head, and when he turned round I got quite a shock and fancied myself transported to Madame Tussaud's." With this parting shaft Dot darted off and flashed like a swallow swiftly across the Park, not waiting for her cavalier.

"What a wild child she is!" remarked the old lady.

St. Maur followed the retreating figure with his eyes.

"There's a good deal of the 'Heaven yclept Euphrosyne' about her," he replied, "but she is like a delicately strung instrument that answers to the lightest touch of a master-hand. How wonderfully Miss Trevylian has the power of attaching people to herself? Miss Markham spoke as if everything bore a new aspect since she had returned. How did you find your friends at Falkland?"

"Miss Greatorex hopes to see you, my lord; she has heard so much of you from Phyllis, your chivalrous attentions to her; how can we thank you?"

"By forgetting them," he said gently. "I took a great interest in her when she was a stranger, how much more so when I found she was Bernard's chosen wife; and besides she was a new type of womanhood to me, it was a delightful study, the more I saw of her, the more I realised how perfectly suited they were to each other. That restfulness of repose, not from any coldness of heart, but from an exquisite refinement of thought and action! Bernard never could have married a coquette, a woman who laid herself out to charm; like one who delights in a beautiful instrument but dislikes to see the mechanism, so Miss Trevylian's utter unconsciousness of her charms was to him her great attraction. Now I must confess to have no objection to go behind the scenes. I admire Miss Trevylian, none more so, but fortunately for myself I could have no stronger feeling, so I was a very safe guardian."

"But, Lord St. Maur, you surely don't approve of a flirt?"

"Not a heartless flirt, no; but I have no objection to a woman who knows her powers and uses them. If she takes the trouble to try and fascinate me, I am happy to be fascinated, so long as she does not expect me to fall in love with her."

St. Maur's sunny eyes laughed down at Miss Dallas, who looked uncertain whether to take his words in earnest or not.

"What if you find some day that you cannot break the chain?" she replied jestingly.

He looked quite grave as he said, "I shall wear it as a crown, the crown that a true wife is to her husband; but I can't afford to marry yet," he added laughingly, "a shabby title is hardly the thing I should like to offer."

"When does your lordship expect to come into your own again?"

"In a couple of years I hope that most of the property will be free, and then I shall celebrate my real coming of age. I am looking forward to it as if I were a boy. I trust you and Bernard, and perhaps his wife, will honour me by being present on the occasion."

St. Maur had been Phyllis's escort from Paris, he going to Castlemount, she to Nancy. They arrived on a cloudless June day, unusually sultry for the time of year. The very insects seemed to hang suspended in the air, as if their volition had no power over their wings. Every sound was hushed to a gentle hum that the ear heard without any consciousness of listening; every sense seemed steeped in the dream of an opium-eater.

Phyllis felt like a somnambulist as all the familiar spots came into view, the hills and the Downs and the far-stretching woods, no change in aught save in herself. All her girlishness seemed to have left her, she felt quite old, as if she were looking back to joys that had been hers in the spring-time of her life. She had once or twice found herself start on looking into a mirror to see it was not the face of an elderly woman that met her gaze. She had lived half a lifetime within the last few months. St. Maur had not exaggerated his portrait. Sir Bernard met them at the station, and when he looked upon her face, he would fain have knelt once more at her feet and craved forgiveness; but his loving clasp of both her hands and whisper of "my St. Cecilia" brought back the old Phyllis for a moment. How could she despair utterly so long as she was his! and mayhap, through her, pardon would be found for her mother. This thought sustained her in her lonely drive to Falkland, tinging her "pale grief" with a flush of sweet hopefulness. Gloomy she would not go into Nancy's presence. The nearer she approached Falkland the more all sense of trouble left her. She felt like one who in the long flight of years has received a loving message from a far-distant home, but has forgotten the exact wording till in turning out the secret drawer of memory he has come upon it. To Nancy the message was "Come home!" to her, "Wait and hope!"

Whether in some busy haunt of men, or within an unknown grave, Gwendoline de Marcie was not beyond the message of love. What did it matter to whom it was entrusted? God knew the spot of earth that held her whom she sought. With this light from within, shining through the soul of her eyes, she entered Falkland.

Mr. Greatorex met her at the door. There was intense pathos in his whole bearing and expression. Phyllis instinctively thought of an uprooted tree whose branches are still green; the sap of hope had not dried up, the sun still shone, and the balmy wind still stirred—Nancy lived on; and though in his inmost heart he knew that Death was coming again to visit his hearth, he would not suffer the dread certainty to change his outward aspect. With an appearance of cheerfulness that made Phyllis shiver he led her to her friend's room. She paused a moment on the threshold, staying the old man with a gesture. Nancy lay reclined in an easy-chair, propped up with pillows; Jack, seated at her feet, was reading aloud, while her hand, in which each delicate vein showed like the pencilled lines in a leaf, strayed through his thick black hair, her eyes gazing out on the old familiar objects—the velvet sward, the great cedar, beneath which most of her childish hours had been spent and her maiden thoughts suffered to wander in the fairyland of dreams. The stream which flowed at the end of the lawn sang a lullaby to the homeward-going bees, whose heavy drone told of satiety, for the flowers were laden with honey this sunny month of June. There was an exquisite stillness of warmth, that silence in which the pulses of nature seem to be beating close to one's heart, bringing with it sometimes "a throb of precious pain," but oftener the tender articulation of which the keynote is "We rest in Him, we are sunk, we are folded in Him." Folded, nothing abrupt or harsh, only the finite leaning on the bosom of infinitude. Nancy looked to be so leaning, enfolded with peace.

Phyllis gave a half sigh. She would fain change places with her friend, she thought, for then there would be no more uncertainty. She made a step forward and Nancy turned. With no word, only the greeting of tremulous, clinging lips and a warm hand pressure they met.

Nancy was the first to break the silence. "Let me look at you, Phyl." Very tenderly her slender fingers passed across the eyes, beneath which, like a bruise, the shadow of sorrow lay. Jack gave Phyllis an affectionate glance, then went out through the open window on to the lawn, wandering along to the bank which sloped to the Skene, made into a small artificial lake. He laid himself down, mechanically plucked a daisy, and began to scatter its leaves; but somehow it reminded him of Nancy and the day she had first spoken of the end, so he placed the tiny flower gently on the water and watched it slowly floating out where the current was swifter. Will it reach the ocean before her, he wondered, and a forlorn feeling crept over him. Jack was one to whom a woman was a necessary adjunct of his being. He had never been a general admirer of the fair sex, but one he must have to whom he could devote himself, feeling for the time being not merely friendship, but a certain tender intimacy which had little of passion in it, but yet might be called love; for the presence of the object of his devotion was essential to his happiness, yet all the while he knew it was only a temporary shrine he had set up. Yet in a still corner

of his heart there had ever been an image, not tricked out with any gewgaws or gay votive offerings, but an alabaster figure crowned with a chaplet of harebells, and into this chamber he entered only when his thoughts were purest and his life at its best, when heaven was nearest and the world out of sight. Now, with an aching sense of loneliness he knew the chamber would soon be emptied, the windows closed, the door shut fast, nothing left but a crypt and a grave.

A light footfall roused him, and Phyllis seated herself by his side. How entirely his love for her had subsided into a calm, steadfast friendship he had been hardly conscious of till now. With an almost pathetic feeling of self-pity he wondered if he were really Jack Markham, or if he had gone to sleep for ten years and woke up so much older, or whether he had stood still and the world had gone past him. Phyllis saw the look on his face, as of a child who is learning a lesson in a foreign tongue without the aid of a dictionary—the most exquisite thoughts might be clothed in the language before him, but he had not the key to the meaning—the ever-unanswered why and wherefore were barring the door.

Phyllis laid her hand on his arm.

"Dear Jack, she is only going from one room to another."

"But there is no chink in the door through which she will pass. Can you think of Harebell dead? It is all very well," he cried with a sort of despairing energy, "for one who is content with a spiritual essence to talk of union of souls; I am more earthly; I want to see Nancy's smile, to hear her tender voice, to feel the touch of her hand. What is it to me that she is there?"—he looked upwards—"that she sees me? What am I the gainer, though I know she is singing with the angels? It is not Nancy when you have closed her in and when the cold stone only tells her name and age and that she was well beloved."

"Ah, Jack, think of her father—his only child!"

"He is old; he has not long to wait; I am young. Think of it, Phyllis—perhaps fifty years to spend without Nancy! She would have been happy with me, if love could make her so, and yet she seems content to go. She gains heaven, it is true, while I——" He crushed the hand she held, then rose and strode off into the wood.

To a smaller mind there might have come a feeling of chagrin at being thus given a secondary place after having been first, but Phyllis did not even think of Jack as fickle; she only watched his retreating figure, with the big tears running down her cheeks, filled with an intense pity for his dependent nature. She was bearing her sorrow bravely, insisting upon bearing it alone, and though heart and flesh might recoil, yet she knew she was capable of so bearing it to the end. Jack's shrinking from pain and craving for sympathy almost made a coward of her; the word *alone* seemed to have new terror; but suddenly a faint breeze fanned her cheek, nature's silence was broken up into little ripples of sound—each one different as they vibrated on the ear, yet all springing from the same source, and all resolved into one perfect harmony to her listening heart. And Phyllis was comforted, for she had laid her hand upon one of "the gold chains" by which "the earth is bound about the feet of God."

The sunlight streamed through the stained-glass windows of Castleton Church, colouring with prismatic hues the tesselated pavement of the altar steps, throwing a rainbow shaft of glory on the child-angel face of Charlie Bennet, where he sat in white surplice in the choir, and throwing an amber glow on the yellow-haired occupant of the Castlemount pew. He sat with folded arms listening to the organ that almost seemed to speak the words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," and every gradation of colour that flecked the walls and stained the floor in red and green and purple and orange, were to St. Maur but another form of harmony, so many notes to form one perfect chord, so many shades to give the emblem of perfection—white, or what is the same thing, light. Suddenly the rainbow hues changed into one deep golden shaft, warm and *soft*. The small door had opened to admit a gold and brown bird. It seemed to bring the sunlight with it, as daintily it stepped by the old tombs of the Maxwells, down the side aisle, past the Castlemount pew to the rectory seat, which was at an angle. There it almost disappeared, then rose and glanced round the church, not as if seeking any particular face. But Geoffroy St. Maur waited patiently. He knew where the glance would fall eventually; nor was he disappointed, though it was but momentary. A flash of light, then the eyelids drooped and Dorothy Markham sat as if to look preternaturally grave in church were a penance for the prodigality of her smiles on secular occasions.

As there seemed no chance of her looking his way again, he had plenty of oppor-

tunity to survey her, which he did with an artistic sense of enjoyment. He had not the slightest idea what she had on; it seemed to be something in dead gold, shading into brown. He was mostly conscious of the yellow roses nestling at her throat and in her jaunty hat. They seemed a fitting contrast to the carmine which floated on the cheek of the "nut-browne maide." He would like to have stroked it as he remembered stroking his mother's satin gown. The contemplation did not distract his attention from the service, for Lord St. Maur was distinctly a religious man. Not of any particular sect, for dogmas were hateful to him, he only knew that if God were shut out from the world that world would be a blank to him. It was the divine in everything human that gave him a sense of brotherhood to all. To him the Christ was One to be looked up to with awe, through the perfection of His self-sacrifice; with confidence and self-abasement in the majesty of His suffering; with love, by the tenderness of His all-embracing sympathy. He did not trouble himself much about Biblical inspiration. If it were inspired to him, what matter what it was to the original writer? if it came to him as the voice of God, he took the message and left the dispute respecting time and sequence to speculative theorists.

He was very tolerant of all forms of belief that were striving after the divine, keeping his own simple faith, but not asking or expecting others to think like himself; but wherever he went people seemed to be the better for him. Mr. Markham's style of preaching suited him. He did not talk at you, nor theorise, nor dogmatise, but he talked to you simply, earnestly, affectionately, not careful to clothe his words in highly finished or polished sentences; his construction was often rugged, but always to the point, clear and incisive. He preached extempore, because, as he said, he had his message by heart; to have written it down would have been to narrow it and take away its spontaneity.

St. Maur often recalled that morning's service, when only memory could bring back the sunshine and the clustering June roses and the cool, shady church, with that upturned glowing face, like a pomegranate on a grey stone wall. It was not till the congregation had dispersed and stood in cliques, as was their wont, or visited the graves of their dead, that St. Maur recognised saucy Dorothy Markham. She had looked the demurest little devotee inside the sacred building; now she flashed in and out, accosting various acquaintances and friends, scolding this small boy for behaving badly, praising another, inquiring all about the pet dogs and cats in the village. At last she flitted round to "Cœur de Lion." After wishing him good morning, she gave a happy sigh, saying, "Isn't it delicious?"

"What?" he asked, though he looked as if he understood.

She made a comprehensive sweep with her tiny hand.

"Yes; I can't realise anything bad or ugly existing in the world. There are some days, Miss Dorothy, that seem God's days *par excellence*—as if all evil had been folded past in a napkin of forgetfulness, and He had laid His hand upon it and said, 'Rest from tormenting my children, let them have a foretaste of heaven.' Even those two look content."

He glanced at Sir Bernard and Phyllis, who were standing before the statue of Lady Maxwell. He had drawn her arm through his, as if to mark his right to her.

"I want every one to see who will be my wife," he had said, and she answered softly,

"Bernard, it seems wicked to think of it in *her* presence."

"Nay, will it not be a revenge sweeter to her? You said she deserved a purer vengeance; her enemy's daughter will reign in her place. If I have sinned, you are my expiation."

"Do you never regret that it should be so?"

Suddenly a strident voice was heard talking to Mr. Markham.

"Oh, Letitia is having a splendid time of it. She says Mr. Danby is beginning to weary and hints that he wants to come home, but, as she says, it is often only on one's wedding tour one has a chance of seeing anything. Gentlemen are afterwards not so obliging as to take their wives with them when they go away; she is determined to take her full swing now. George will want to stick at Dene all the winter for his hunting. She tried to make him give it up, but he rebelled, so she thought it wiser to give in now, as she will want him to take a house in town for the season."

How much longer Miss Mackintosh would have dilated upon her sister's travels and enjoyments, Sir Bernard did not wait to hear. With a muttered, "Poor Danby!" he took Phyllis off a short cut through the park, leaving her friend to escort Miss Dallas to the castle.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR SEPTEMBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

REGENERATION.

Read John iii. 1–21.

THE doctrine of Regeneration is not popular nowadays, and its unpopularity probably arises from the half-ignorant, half-fanatical manner in which it is often enforced. Rightly understood it ought to be the brightest and most encouraging of truths. Its necessity should never be regarded as a terror, but as a glorious promise. And yet few persons ever speak of Regeneration in a tone of gladness. By many it is treated as foolishness; it provokes them; they will not hear of it. As it seems to discredit any good they may have already attained, they dismiss it as an offence. They can understand the religion which demands propriety of conduct, purity of thought, and a generous or honourable disposition; but that which begins by declaring the necessity for a new life quickened by the Spirit of God savours so much of what they term "cant," that they will have none of it. We fear that writers of tracts, preachers and revivalists, may be held blameworthy for this result. Our Lord represented the gift of the Holy Ghost, the new life which was to be poured upon the Church, as the crowning blessing of His sufferings, death, resurrection, and ascension. The apostles and believers spoke of it as "the unspeakable gift," for which they praised God. It is because of the possession of this life from above, of which Regeneration is the commencement, that the Church is the temple and continual dwelling-place of God. No one, therefore, should allow thoughtlessness or prejudice to turn him aside from the consideration of this lofty truth. It may be beset with difficulty, and in many of its aspects it is enshrouded in mystery; but in its general features and in its practical relationships, it lies not only at the foundation of our religion, but it is one of the most elevating and helpful thoughts which can be presented to our minds.

In the Readings for this month we will seek to view it in this light, caring less for the theological aspects of the question than for those that may be useful.

The circumstances under which Christ met Nicodemus and used the statement, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God," throw considerable light on the meaning of the doctrine. Nicodemus was what we would now call a learned and influential ecclesiastic. His coming to Jesus by night to avoid the scandal which might be caused by a man in his position seeking instruction from the suspected Nazarene, and the hesitating manner in which he addressed the Lord, show that he was under impressions that he scarcely dared to avow even to himself. He could not understand Christ. Many things indicated His mission to be divine; much of what Jesus said and did at once attracted him and filled him with strange wonder as to His character. Could it be possible that He was a true prophet? or was He even the promised Messiah? This latter belief he might not entertain in view of the inconsistency of the position of this homeless Teacher with all the hopes which, as a student of prophecy, he had been led to attach to the Anointed One who was to sit on the throne of David and inaugurate a new epoch of liberty and joy and power for Zion. But if he could not accept His claims, he could not altogether reject them, and so he determined to go to Christ that he might, if possible, discover who and what He was. It was to a man in this state of mind that Christ, instead of directly answering his question, announced as a primary condition, "Except a man be born from above, he cannot see the kingdom of God."

Notice the situation. The kingdom of God was there before the very eyes of Nicodemus—that kingdom which is "righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost"—that eternal kingdom in which the will of the Father is perfectly done, and in which God is known and served and loved in the spirit of Spotless Sonship. That kingdom was visibly incarnated in Christ. His glory was the very glory of God. Nicodemus was gazing on this kingdom and hearing it expressed, but he did not appreciate it. No external sign of divine power, such as miracles afford, could have made him perceive it. A sign from heaven might have astonished him, but it would not have made the beauty of holiness more attractive. No series of texts, however cogent, could have brought him to realise the power of the eternal life that was with the Father, and was even then being manifested. There was but one way in which he could be brought to recognise it, and that was through a change in the spiritual eye with which he looked at the things of Christ. The light was shining, and no amount of argument

or evidence could help him like the change produced by having the gift of that inner sight which beholds the light for itself. The difficulty was not in Christ, but in Nicodemus; and so Jesus gave the truest answer to the questionings of this man's spirit, when He said, "If you would see the kingdom of God you must become a different man, and instead of the pride of the Pharisee you must get the life of a little child; you must have the spiritual perception if you would confess the power of the spiritual kingdom that is in Me." This teaching is the same in principle as that He gave to the rich young man who wished to know how he must inherit eternal life. As our Lord told Nicodemus that he must lay aside his pride and the mistakes engendered by pride, and become like a newborn babe, so in showing the young ruler that eternal life was to be found in love, Christ, by one vivid stroke, showed him how he had been fulfilling the law of love to God and man only so far as it suited the idolatry of his great possessions. The necessity which seemed so hard was, in both instances, founded in the very nature of things.

SECOND SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—ITS NATURE.

Read Joel ii. 21 to end, and Acts ii. 33 to end.

That which we term Regeneration is set forth in Scripture under many different forms of expression, but they all indicate a vital change in the moral and spiritual sympathies. Sometimes it is described as the imparting of a new life. "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." "We know that we have passed from death unto life." It is the same idea which is involved in such phrases as being "born from above," "born of God." In harmony with the conception of a new spiritual life is that of an inward illumination, giving us new apprehensions of old truths, like the effect which light has in revealing things which were concealed before. "God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ." "Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord." Again this work of the Holy Ghost is set forth as inspiring new convictions, whereby sin and righteousness assume a meaning before unsuspected. It is thus that our Lord promises the Comforter to "convince the world of sin and righteousness and judgment." And lastly, it is spoken of as the influx of a Divine Power, thrilling what had before been cold and passionless into vivid energy and irresistible force. "Ye shall receive power," was the promise of Christ to the disciples, and the nature of that power was seen at Pentecost to have been inward and spiritual. These various forms of expression all combine in presenting the single idea of a new life inspired by the Holy Ghost.

This change does not imply any alteration of our natural powers and faculties. We remain characterized by the same individuality. St. Paul was not a cleverer man after his conversion than he was before. His mental powers were marvellously quickened by the new motives that excited every natural activity into keenest effort, but the intellectual and moral framework of his being was the same as ever.

Nor does this change imply any direct instruction in truth. While it throws fresh meaning into old words and, like the sunshine which manifests the beauty lying in objects that had been unperceived though near us, it makes the Divine Word teem with a glory we never knew before, yet there is no new truth conveyed. It is the old truth that is perceived with new power. By duly considering this we will be saved from fanaticism. The fanatic appeals to inner voices and revelations, independent of the outward revelation, and confounds hysterical excitement and the creatures of his heated imagination with that enlightenment in the knowledge of Christ which is the blessed work of God's Spirit.

But when we have described Regeneration as essentially the gift of a new life, we reach a point where mystery must for ever rest. Life in every form is inexplicable. Physical life, whether in the flower or in the child, baffles our research. All life is in a sense supernatural, and "from above." We can name the conditions under which life is produced and mark the symptoms of its presence, but we cannot reach its origin or lay bare its essence. Neither anatomist nor chemist can catch that subtle power. And yet what marvellous consequences flow from it! The eye of him who died but a second ago has identically the same nerves and humours as that of the living man. Neither scalpel nor crucible can detect any physical loss or gain. The same scene may be shadowed on the retina of both, the splendour of the sunshine or the grandeur of the storm, but how vast is the difference produced by the presence or absence of this mysterious

gift of life! The one perceives and admires, the other is but callous flesh.

So is it in things spiritual. There may be no difference in the external circumstances of two men. Let the one be as intelligent as the other; let them be equally capable of intellectual effort, be possessed of similar educational advantages and both alike acquainted with the doctrine of Scripture and versed in text and evidence; let the only difference be that one is spiritually alive and the other spiritually dead, and the consequences that ensue will be as marked as between the eye of the physically dead and that of the living. Place them in the same church, present to them the same truth, yet the result in the one case is like passing a panorama before the face of the inanimate, while to the other it has a meaning and glory so engrossing that all else appears loss in comparison with its excellency.

The same fact can be illustrated by what occurs frequently in the life of the same individual. Many good men can recollect a time when they were as well acquainted with the words of the Gospel as they are now; but while understood, these expressions were powerless, and as much without interest as if they belonged to another world than their own. But they are now conscious of a change whereby the same ideas have become tremendous realities, and they know that the alteration has not arisen from any external teaching, but from a spiritual quickening in their apprehension of the old truths. They had once eyes, but they saw not; ears, but they heard not; hearts, but they felt not, until the breath of God's own life-giving spirit had inspired a new life within, which, like the electric spark that changes the cold iron into a thing of power, filled the former empty phrases with vital force. Then they entered the kingdom of God, which had ever been near them though hidden; then they possessed the unsearchable riches which had been beside them, but never enjoyed before; then they tasted for themselves "the heavenly gift," and knew the "powers of the world to come."

THIRD SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—ITS NECESSITY.

Read Isaiah vi. 1—10, and 1 Cor. ii.

The doctrine of a new spiritual life appears to many arbitrary and unreal. The necessity for possessing it, and for having a new range of perceptions and sympathies, seems so extraordinary a condition that they hesitate to believe in it. They deem it a greater honouring of the Divine goodness to hope that God is too merciful to make such a demand on any of His creatures; and they ask what is to become of all those who never even heard of the Gospel, far less of this claim, and who have, nevertheless, been the moral guides of their generation and examples of virtue? These and other difficulties we will answer afterwards; in the meantime let us look at the inherent necessity which is involved in the doctrine of regeneration.

We must always remember that there can be nothing arbitrary in the demands made by God, for He governs by law and not by caprice; and if the condition, "ye must be born again," was an arbitrary condition, we would at once doubt its authority. But it is not so. Christ did not make the law when He spoke to Nicodemus. He was but revealing a law which must always be binding. It is not true because He said it, but He said it because it was true.

The necessity for such a change is involved in the call to repentance, which meets us at the very threshold of the Gospel, and it is implied in the very nature of things. The kingdom of God is not a place which can be entered or left as we enter or leave a room; nor is heaven a privileged locality, reserved as a reward for faithful services rendered to God on earth. When Christ said "the kingdom of God is within you," and when St. Paul described it as consisting "in righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," we learn that it is essentially a question of character, or, in other words, the enjoyment of God in consequence of His being known and loved. There are other kingdoms whose entrance is similarly dependent on personal fitness. The kingdom of Science, for example, with its special interests and rewards, can be entered only by those who understand scientific methods and calculations. The uneducated are excluded from the inheritance of intellectual joy which is the portion of a Newton or La Place. The kingdom of Art is guarded by similar conditions; and if entering the kingdom of God means the opening not of an outward door into a place called heaven, but of an inner and spiritual appreciation of the things of God, then it becomes no longer a question of external reward, but involves a connection as vital as the true ear is to the pleasure of the musician. To be within the kingdom of God is verily to have that kingdom within us, to love and obey God, as Jesus Christ loved and

obeyed Him, and to be in sympathy with His good and perfect will, even as St. Paul or St. John or every saint in every age has been in sympathy with it.

It needs little evidence to show that all men have not this fellowship with God. The words of Scripture which distinguish so sharply between what "the natural man" and "the spiritual man" perceives, are uncompromising and yet hold absolutely true in experience. The question is not whether all men may not attain to the higher life, but whether all men do, in point of fact, attain to it. The possibilities which belong to every child of man through the redemption that is in Christ are unbounded, but the difference is not thereby affected which separates things "natural" from things "spiritual." A brief acquaintance with actual life is sufficient to convince the most sceptical that while, for example, every man ought not merely to know doctrinally the evil of sin, but to be so convinced of its evil as to be delivered from all sympathy with it, yet the number of persons who are affected by a just sense of its nature is comparatively small. We would, in like manner, expect that to love God would, of all things, be the most natural for men endowed with the moral perception of goodness, yet knowledge of the world teaches us that this is not the case. Men do not apparently love God and seek holiness as instinctively as St. Paul or St. Augustine loved Him after they were avowedly baptized with the new life of the Spirit. What ought to be most natural is very far from being the usual fruit of "nature," and the most superficial observer of society must confess that to put the men we ordinarily meet into full sympathy with a heaven composed of beings who are in harmony with God's thoughts, and who rejoice in Him as their highest good, would undoubtedly require a change in character as decided as that implied in the term Regeneration. Common sense forbids the belief that such a condition is "natural" to man. If it were natural why do they not all possess it as naturally as they possess filial affection towards their worldly parents? If they acknowledge that to be made like Christ is the highest possible life for them, why do they not always choose it? How account for this strange perversion which in presence of the true light, ever turns aside to the darkness? Nay, I am certain that there is no man who honestly searches his own heart who will not confess that for him to see, and to be influenced by, spiritual things as he knows he ought to be influenced, does imply such a revolution in his ordinary sentiments, the inspiration of such a new mind, that he must verily be "born from above" before he can have the moral sensitiveness and possess the appreciative insight into "the things of God" which so many Christian men in every age have enjoyed.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—"HOW CAN THESE THINGS BE?"

Read Jeremiah i. 1—10, and St. John xvii. 15—26.

There are undoubtedly many difficulties connected with the doctrine of Regeneration. A chief difficulty in the case of many persons is its relationship to human responsibility. If the new life is the gift of God the question at once arises, How, then, can any man be held blamable for not possessing it?

Many answers can be suggested, but the one which commends itself to my own mind is of a practical character.

As we before remarked, all life is surrounded by mystery, and there is a sense in which the gift of life is in every case supernatural and beyond the power of man. But there are conditions on which life depends both in its commencement and its growth, and these conditions are usually within our control. Our conduct in reference to these conditions is accordingly that for which we are justly held responsible. The farmer who scatters the seed in spring has no power of himself to quicken the grain. His duty is to submit the seed to those influences under which he knows life is developed, and having put it into the proper soil, exposed to light, and warmth, and moisture, he leaves it in the faith that his hopes will not be disappointed. It is in a measure not otherwise in things spiritual. There must always be a certain difference between the semi-mechanical principles on which physical life depends and those which affect spiritual or moral processes; but the analogy is sufficiently close to establish such a parallel as may aid us to understand from the former the nature of the latter. A consideration of how life is developed in the plant may make us see, for example, that we will never get spiritual life by discussing theological theories regarding it, or by our own unaided efforts. In spiritual life we must be as completely fellow-labourers with God as the farmer is in the culture of the seed. There are conditions under which spiritual life is promised to us, and it is our duty to bring ourselves under these conditions.

This principle received a suggestive illustration in the manner in which Christ dealt with Nicodemus. When the inquirer, filled with astonishment at the strange demand made upon him, asked our Lord "How can these things be?" instead of entering on a discussion of the problem of life, Jesus answered by a glorious declaration of the good tidings of the love of God. He assumed the impossibility of Nicodemus, or of any other man, rising into an understanding of the divine side of life. "If I have told you earthly things and ye believe not, how can ye believe if I tell you of heavenly things?" "The wind bloweth where it listeth and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit." In neither case is the origin manifest, but the effects are plain. He then preached the Gospel to him—"As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up: that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life. For God so loved the world that He gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life. He that believeth on Him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God." In other words, Christ put Nicodemus within those influences under which spiritual life is imparted and grows. The seed was placed in the true soil. He acted towards him on the assumption that if he but opened his being to the love of God, and abode in the light, not turning again to his own darkness, he would find the practical answer to his question, "How can these things be?" For we never can obtain spiritual life by merely preaching about the necessity of it, or by examining the doctrines involved, or by searching our own hearts, just as the farmer can never reap a crop by merely discussing theories or by dissecting the grain. The higher life can only come from our yielding to those influences under which it is produced.

It is assuredly not necessary to know, as some persons imagine it of vital consequence to know, the date and circumstances under which the vital change occurred which is described in Scripture as a passing from death unto life; but it is of importance to know whether we are now spiritually alive or dead. A man may be fully aware that he is physically alive, although ignorant of the place and time when he was born; and we may also tell whether we are spiritually alive to God, to the evil of sin, and to the grace of the Lord Jesus, no matter when or how that life commenced. If I believe in the possibility of sudden conversion, I have even a firmer belief in the reality of many a life whose beginnings have been so gradual as to have been imperceptible. It would be a denial of the promise and grace of baptism, if we supposed that every man is heathen and without God who has not experienced some spiritual crisis which he may regard as his conversion. Far from it. Many of the noblest and richest spiritual lives in the history of the Church have been the gradual result of continued influences, and of a faithful training "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Lastly, and in reply to those who imagine that our doctrine denies all hope for the nations who have never even heard of the Holy Ghost, we may boldly say that the work of God's Spirit is not confined to Christian lands. "The light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world" is not restricted within Church walls. Obedience to whatever light God gives is the principle which defines human responsibility, and we may not limit the guidance or the inspiration whereby true men are elevated into a higher life, because their religious creed may be terribly erroneous or lamentably defective. "Verily, I have not found such faith; no, not in Israel," may be the testimony of Christ regarding many an one whom we should term heretic, or even idolater.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

REGENERATION—THE GREAT PROMISE TO HUMANITY.

Read St. John xvi. 5–15, and St. Luke xi. 5–13.

Many persons may be disposed to object to the view we have been urging, on the ground that it takes too low an estimate of human nature; and that to draw marked distinctions between the "natural man" and "the spiritual," presents too harsh a picture of the "fair humanities." In some respects we recognise the force of this objection, for we are very far from sympathising with the teaching which was once far more common than it happily is now, and which deemed it was doing God a service by denying the beauty and goodness that so often adorn men who are even avowed unbelievers in Christ. Nothing can be gained by such denials. We have no hesitation in asserting that we have frequently seen a nearer approach to the Christian spirit in persons who, under the constraints of insuperable doubt, have re-

fused to confess Christ, than in others who, under the name of orthodoxy and zeal for Bible truth, display such narrowness and fierceness of passion as to bring dishonour on the religion they profess. We are also too painfully aware that the doctrine of Regeneration is sometimes set forth in a manner calculated to repel thoughtful men. Instead of being presented as the most glorious possibility and hope, it is hurled as a fearful threat and a dreadful necessity.

But the demand, "ye must be born from above," is one of the most joyful and encouraging statements in the Word of God, as well as one of the most ennobling testimonies to the grandeur of human nature. It would be a lowering of our humanity had it been otherwise. Had Christ said, "God has no higher purpose for you than that you should continue as you are; your destiny is sufficiently wide within the limits of your present sympathies and aspirations; increased culture of these powers and further advancement in the same line of advance as you are now following are all that you can hope for; be happy within your horizon and congratulate yourselves on the high platform on which you stand in the scale of being, for there is nothing attainable by you beyond it," He would have crushed humanity instead of exalting it. What He does say is infinitely more hopeful and honouring to man—"Ye must be born of God; you must enter into the very life of the Highest; you must pass from this narrow range of sympathies into perfect fellowship with the holiest and best; you must not remain as you are; I insist on your becoming like Myself, sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, for it is the purpose of God that you should be perfect as He is perfect, and for this end He will give you His own Holy Spirit to quicken that divine life in you which may make all things possible." Nay, further, the phrase, "ye must be," involves the promise "ye may be;" and it is our great ignorance and sinful unbelief which prevent us from thankfully praising Him that He has made it not only possible but the law of our being, that we can reach fulness of joy only by sharing His own life and love and holiness. Methinks our ignorant shrinking from the demand of Jesus, "ye must be born from above," can appear to those who have entered deeply into the divine life, but as the shrinking of the barbarian from social elevation, or as the cowering of the diseased from the touch which is to cause a stream of health to flow with invigorating current through the frame.

Let us so regard it. The kingdom of God, which consists in the reign of God over our hearts and lives, arising from sympathy with His thoughts and ways, or, in other words, the possession of God through love—that is the great blessing of the Gospel of Christ. He came that we might have this kind of life. "To as many as received Him, to them gave He power to become the sons of God, even to them that believed in His name; which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." He came to impart that spiritual life which was in Himself and which, in the history of humanity, has never yet been attained without Christ. When He insists on our possessing it, He reveals the most sublime hope which can gladden man. Let us then lift our hearts to the loving purpose of God and come into the light that our deeds may be made manifest, in order that all that is unbelieving, unloving, and imperfect, may be made clear in the light of the perfect purity and goodness of God. Let us fall back on Him who is the true vine and the source of all life, willing to be dependent wholly on Him, even as the branch is dependent on the root; let us rest on Him in childlike faith; and we may be assured that He will "perfect that which concerns us." It may not be in the way we expect, nor suddenly, nor with the signs which our unbelief would dictate, but in His own time and manner that He will convince us of "sin and righteousness and judgment," and "lead us into all the truth." Christ tells us in most touching words that if we, "being evil, know how to give good gifts to our children, how much more will our heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him." The analogy He draws in that passage is suggestive; for if the earthly Father does not withhold bread from his child because he knows it is necessary for his bodily health, how much more must our heavenly Father, Who knows that His great gift is requisite for our spiritual well-being, grant the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him? When we ask Him as the hungry child asks bread; when we ask Him with the seeking of a life willing to yield itself to Him, and with the striving of a will which endeavours after obedience as its highest good, He will give the grace we long for. The very seeking is a sign of its presence, and it is "according to that very power which now works in us" that "He is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we either ask or think."

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

I WALKED up and down the court for an hour after Dr. Mason's departure, an object of interest to all the boyhood of the neighbourhood, and all the slatternly little girls who nursed babies. These thronged the narrow entrance of the court, scattering with screams whenever I walked towards them, and gathering compactly together again whenever I walked away, until at last long immunity gave them courage and they stood in rapt wonder at the apparition of gloves, a new hat, and clean linen in that unexpected quarter. Mary appeared in the doorway, and I hastened to meet her. To a casual and unobservant eye there would have been no sign of excitement in her aspect, but I who knew what strange reason she had for amazement and emotion could see that she had not yet recovered.

"Have these people," she asked, "or has the doctor told you anything of the sick woman's identity?" I answered with a mere motion of the head. "She is asleep," Mary continued, in a half-whisper, as if there had been already need for caution. "You may see her. You will know her!" I signified assent again. "Come this way. Tread softly."

The air in the court itself was foul and heavy, but it was free and pure by comparison with that which crawled about the staircase. The gloom there seemed a natural part of the air's weight and closeness. The wretched stair creaked and complained beneath our footsteps. We mounted to the third story, and there Mary slowly pushed open a door which jarred and shrieked upon its hinges in spite of all her caution, and motioned me to enter. I went in on tiptoe, and took in the squalor of the chamber at a glance, the smoky time-stained walls, green in places with some bygone winter's rains, the cracked, uneven floor, the broken plaster of the ceiling, where the bare laths showed like a desert map of unknown countries; the single window, with a shattered pane stuffed with rag, the grate, with the dead ashes of an old fire in it. There was no bed in the room, but on the floor a huddled heap of sacking, with wood shavings thickly spread below it. A cloak that had once been elegant covered the form of a woman sleeping on this miserable couch. The face was hidden, but a mass of disorderly black hair streamed across the impoverished coverlid, with a small ear shining in ghastly and exaggerated whiteness amongst its disordered coils. Between the couch and the door was a small table, drawn a little to one side, so that it did not intercept the view. I advanced, still on tiptoe, and laying my hands on this, bent forward, and surveyed the sleeping woman's face. It was strangely changed from the face I had seen when I had last parted from her, but I knew it instantly. By what wild recklessness or what disaster she had so far stripped herself of the means of livelihood as to have fallen to such a refuge as this in so short a space of time I could not guess, but there was no doubt as to her identity.

Once assured, I turned away, and cautiously retraced my steps. Mary stood in the half gloom of the landing, and when she saw me her eyes asked a question. Mine answered it, and with a swift and nervous gesture she took both my hands, and held them tightly.

"You are sure?" she whispered.

"Sure," I whispered back again.

She motioned me down-stairs, and I obeyed her, she following in my footsteps. Halfway down she laid a hand upon my shoulder and arrested me.

"I must not leave her," she said. "I must not leave her for a moment. She is so nearly exhausted that nothing but the most constant care can save her. Tell Clara that I shall not be able to get home to-night."

She spoke even now in a guarded tone, and I instinctively answered her in the same fashion.

"You must have help," I said. "You must not be allowed to wear yourself away. I shall call at the nurses' institute, and send you an assistant. Then when your relief arrives, you must come home."

"I do not think," she answered, "that I shall dare to leave her, for a time. You forget: I have had experience lately. I shall be glad of assistance. It was thoughtful, and like you, to think about it. Go now, and be sure that Clara is not alarmed."

I was half-way down the remainder of the stairs when I heard the rustle of her dress again behind me. When I turned I could see dimly a pained and confused look upon

her face, and I fancied she was blushing, though I was uncertain in the gloom.

"I have no money, John. Things will be wanted. Lord Worborough will repay you."

So far as I knew that was the only mention of his name she had made since she had learned of my discovery of Pole's wife in Paris. I gave her my purse, and told her to spare nothing that was needful, and she went up-stairs again. For an instant, before the first turning took her out of sight, her beautiful pale face hung in the gloom like the pictured head of a saint. The black robe melted into the surrounding shadows, and only the face, with the band of white across the forehead, was half visible. Then this floated away, and I went down the steps and out of the court alone.

It had never entered my mind to believe that the miserable woman I had just left behind would have pushed her resolution not to accept the allowance her husband offered her to such a point as this. I had supposed, as almost anybody would have done in my place, that we had but to wait until she felt the first touch of necessity, to receive her capitulation in form. We knew perfectly well that her desire for vengeance on Pole weighed far more heavily with her than any sense that she was being defrauded of her rights. At the time of her marriage with Pole, if she had ever contemplated a separation from him, a fifth part of the income I had offered in her husband's behalf would have seemed an actually munificent allowance.

I wondered how Pole would take the news of this victorious obstinacy, and on my way homeward I called at a telegraph station and sent off two despatches, each addressed to him, the one through his steward, and the other through his solicitor, requesting his immediate presence in London. I had just loose silver enough to pay for the messages. It was quite uncertain when I should hear from Pole, for he had closed his house in Paris, and was wandering again, I knew not where. It might even be weeks before he would communicate with either of his men of business, and it was possible that even the most serious events might happen without his knowledge. It is curious to notice how even in one's thoughts one shrinks from the actual confession of certain things. I know now, and I knew then, that the most serious events meant nothing more or less than the one great serious event of all. Brought face to face with a problem which happily but few people can ever have to look at seriously, I felt a something strange and dreadful in the sense that it was the bounden duty of every creature concerned to strain every intelligence and every effort to conserve a life which cursed its owner and spread a blight on all who knew her. Not the best loved, not the most useful and most highly honoured, not the very centre of benevolence and wisdom, would lay a greater claim upon skill, patience, tenderness, than this self-scorning centre of unhappiness. The very knowledge of her own poor deserving would have to be a spur to conscience, lest there should be even an inward self accusing whisper of neglect.

Clara was disturbed by the news I had to give her, chiefly on Mary's account.

"I know what will happen," she said. "She will take this as a case of conscience, a thousand times more even than any other, and if she is not taken care of she will watch herself to death. Where is this place, John? You must find a professional nurse and get Mary away."

This reminded me of my own undertaking, and I told Clara of it.

"See to it at once," she said. "You will find a nurse immediately. Take her with you in a cab, and bring Mary back with you."

It was easy to give orders in this impetuous manner; "But what," I asked, "if Mary will not come?"

"Tell her," Clara answered, "that I myself will go and compel her to come home and take her natural night's rest. I know, John; it's very angelic, but it isn't common-sense. I'm not going to have the life of that darling girl, who sweetens the world for everybody who knows her, thrown away, or even risked, for a worthless creature who only lives to make herself and other people miserable. If the poor woman is in such a den as you describe, we must take her out of it as soon as the doctor will allow her to be moved. If more than one nurse is necessary we must get more than one, and if it's safe to go, Mary can superintend them. Anything more than that I will not listen to.

"My dear," I ventured to respond, "you are the very genius of good sense."

"Don't be sarcastic, John," she answered. "I am sure I am right. Go at once and find a nurse, and take her with you. And above all, don't fail to bring Mary back again. Tell her that if she refuses I will come and stay with her. Tell her that you can't stop me—you know you can't stop me, John—and that you will hold her responsible. She knows how delicate I am."

Thus armed, I borrowed money from my wife, and set out again. Dr. Mason gave me the address of an institute for nurses, where I was almost certain immediately to find a trained and trustworthy woman. I drove thither, without delay, was introduced to the presence of the matron, explained to her as far as was necessary the circumstances of the case, and in a quarter of an hour was bowling away towards Green Hill Court, in company with a professional nurse, so bounteously proportioned that she nearly filled the cab. She was a calm-looking woman of obviously amiable temperament, and had a mother-of-a-family air about her which was eminently assuring. When we arrived at the court together, and I had paid the cabman, I caught her looking at her surroundings with an air of surprise and almost of dismay, so that I felt constrained to take her partly into confidence.

"The poor lady who lies here," I said, "has been in hiding from her friends. She was discovered by a providential accident this afternoon, and we shall remove her as soon as the doctor thinks it safe to do so."

"Well, sir," she answered, with an air of philosophy, "the greater the need, the better the deed. It looks needy enough hereabouts."

With that she seized a small black portmanteau with which she had come provided, and waddled resolutely into the court and up the stairway. It was pitch dark there by this time, though it was still light outside, and I had to illuminate the way by striking wax vestas one after the other, so that we had two pauses on our upward passage. The light revealed the excessive squalor of the building. The stairs were encrusted with old filth, and the painted walls were deep in a sort of half-dry mire which came off, friable and clammy, at the touch of the fingers. The cracked door, ill-fitting and warped from its original shape, guided us by a score of glittering crevices to the room we sought, and it was somewhat surprising to find, when I had knocked and we had been called upon to enter, that this brilliant illumination proceeded from a single candle. One would have thought, from the intensity with which the light streamed out upon the darkness through the cracks and crevices of the door, that the whole chamber was alive with light. As we entered Mary rose with her finger on her lips, and recognising me with a glance of some astonishment, looked inquiringly at my companion. I advanced stealthily, and the nurse, in spite of her ponderous proportions, slid upon the crazy floor like a list-slippered silence.

"I have found a nurse," I whispered, "who will take your place. Clara insists upon your coming home at once, and declares that if you will not do so, she will share your watch. You know what a resolute young person it is, and you know that she will keep her word."

The nurse had already, with a systematic air, taken off her tidy bonnet and handsome mantle, which was ornamented by a profusion of black glass beads, had laid them neatly on the table, and now slid into the chair which had been occupied by Mary before our entrance. She took the black portmanteau upon her knees, opened it by a spring, and, drawing from its depths a roll of worsted stocking with knitting needles thrust through it, set the portmanteau on the floor again, and began at once to knit, with a silence and rapidity astonishing to contemplate. She had not been there a minute, and contrived to look as if she had been born and lived there.

"Dr. Mason," said Mary, speaking in the same careful tones I myself had used, "promised to bring a local practitioner to watch the case, and said that he would be here to meet him at nine o'clock. I must stay till then."

"You will come away then?" I asked.

"Certainly," she answered. "I will come away then."

The nurse, hearing this conversation, rose from the place she had assumed, but there was no other chair in the chamber, and I had to stumble down-stairs in search of one.

"And now," said Mary, "go home and tell Clara that she need have no anxiety on my account. When we have Dr. Mason's further instructions nurse will know what is to be done, and I will leave at once."

"I will be here at nine o'clock," I answered. "If the doctor will allow it we will move her in the morning to some decent place where she can have good air and quiet."

The rickety place swarmed with life and noises.

"Are you quite fresh and strong, nurse?" Mary asked the comfortable woman at her side. "It will not be pleasant watching here. Do you think we might get an arm-chair for the nurse, John?"

I answered "Certainly;" and set out in pursuit of that necessary. I found it in the neighbouring street, a great, roomy, cushioned thing, fit for the nurse's generous proportions, and modestly priced at seven-

and-sixpence. I came back again, bearing this trophy in my arms at considerable inconvenience; but I excited no man's attention, or woman's either, and it would have seemed as if it were not at all a startling or unusual thing in that neighbourhood to find a man cumbrously embracing his household goods in the public thoroughfare.

This duty discharged, I had still ample time to search for a new hansom, drive home with the news of Mary's consent to Clara, snatch a hurried apology for dinner, and get back to Green Hill Court by nine o'clock. Dr. Mason had arrived a moment before me, and what with the certainty that the sick woman's apparently wild stories of herself were true, and with the advent of so many well-dressed strangers, the court was in a turmoil. The crippled Italian swung rapidly forward at the sound of my approaching cab-wheels, and intercepted me whether I would or no. He had been certain all along that the patient was a *gran dama*, and the other people had scoffed at him. Yet now—aha! Why did people of consideration come from the four quarters of the winds to visit her, unless his thoughts were true? Who but people of the first consideration were visited by two doctors at a time? He hovered round me on his restless crutches with a surprising agility, and I was obliged to be excessively gingerly in my movements, lest I should overthrow him in the dark as I walked towards the bottom of the court. I made one or two observations in answer to his rapid, broken clatter, and the English contingent of the court's inhabitants made a chorus to us, chiefly inspired by wonder that anybody out of poverty's kingdom should be able to understand his language. I know it will seem an absurd statement to many, but I know for a fact that the very poor of London suppose all inhabitants of foreign countries to be poor and helpless, and regard a foreign tongue as the last badge of poverty.

I escaped him at last, and found my way up the desolate and broken stairs once more. There was a low murmur of voices in the room, and when in answer to my faint and scarcely audible knock I was admitted, Dr. Mason was giving instructions to the nurse. The humbler practitioner, who was a man of three or four-and-twenty only, and had a face of keen intelligence, listened respectfully, and accepted the great man's dicta with as evident a worship as a student of painting might have for the President of the Royal Academy, or a subaltern for the directions of a Field Marshal. The patient was awake, but very feeble. Her illness and her prolonged half-wilful abstinence from food had peaked her features and brightened her great black eyes unnaturally. She looked all eyes, and the eyes looked a sad complaining nothing, as if she had fallen away from all sense of feeling and emotion.

The doctors left with Mary and myself, and we walked together into the nearest respectable thoroughfare. Talking of the case, at present, Dr. Mason said, he would not authorise the unhappy creature's removal. Perhaps it might be possible to-morrow. It would, of course, be well to secure cleanliness, pure air, and quiet, but her condition was for the moment so critical that he could only leave her where she lay.

"You have seen her now," he said. "What do you think? Is she the woman she pretends to be?"

"Yes," I answered. "She is Lord Worborough's wife."

"Ah well," rejoined the doctor; "she'll be no great loss if she goes, though we've got to do our best for her. Have you communicated with Lord Worborough? He ought to know."

I told him that I had already despatched two telegrams, but that I was uncertain of the time they would take to reach their destination. He drew me farther back, and allowed Mary and the young doctor to walk at some distance ahead of us.

"Sister Constance is Miss Delamere, isn't she?" And when I had answered in the affirmative, he nodded several times, and said that it was a curious conjunction of circumstances, when you came to think of it. "Between ourselves, you know," he added, "I'm a little bit uncertain. We'll do what we can for her, but I don't think she'll pull through it. I don't *think* she'll pull through it."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

In two days' time the patient, under the influence of warmth and nourishment, so far rallied that we were able to transport her to a clean and comfortable lodging. She gained more in wilfulness than she gained in strength, and the nurse so far confided in me as to tell me that she had never before encountered so intractable a subject. For four or five days I went regularly to see her once a day, to ascertain for myself what progress she was making, and she seemed at first to regard my presence as being quite natural and in the common order of things. I dare say she had been too weak to wonder

much, or to take interest in her own surroundings. On the fourth or fifth day she had recovered something of her habitual scorn, and asked me point-blank what business her condition was of mine. I tried to let this query go by unanswered, but she grew angry at my silence, and fearing lest in her weakened state she should do herself a mischief by an outburst of temper, I did my best to soothe her. I told her in what way I had learned of her accident and her whereabouts, and I added that I had wired to her husband. She lay looking at me with her greatened eyes for a time, and then with a faint motion of her head upon the pillow, as if she would have nodded to emphasise her words, she said—

"I am not so easily conquered as you fancied. I shall have my way."

A little later the nurse offered to do some small service for her, and was rejected angrily. She took no notice of this, but went tranquilly on, and the patient broke into a rage, which, though feebly expressed, was so intense and unassuageable that the woman was compelled to desist.

At this moment, Mary, whom I had accompanied to the house, entered the room with a cup of beef-tea, which she at once proceeded to administer. Lady Worborough still cast glances of anger and aversion at the nurse, and muttered angrily about her, but she accepted Mary's attentions, though with a sufficiently ill grace. From that time forward she seemed to do her best to make the hired nurse's position unbearable. That excellent woman bore with the vagaries of sickness and ill-temper with a phlegmatic good-humour which irritated the patient more than I think any other reception of her angry and contemptuous ways could have done. One of the purposely irritating devices Lady Worborough adopted was to beg Mary, in a tone of amiability, to reperform for her any little office the nurse might already have done.

"I dare say she means well," she would say, "or might mean well if she did not give way to temper, but she is a clumsy creature, and quite out of place in a sick-room."

The nurse was not to be persuaded into any show of anger, whatever devices her ladyship might adopt, and the patient being one of those people who above all things loathe defeat in this direction, the good woman became utterly hateful and unbearable to her. If she could but have been persuaded to retort, the two might have got on together. Even if she had handled a teacup with unnecessary emphasis, or have poked the fire with more than needful vigour, the sick woman would have found some solace. But to lie there and spend the weary, painful hours in the vain attempt to irritate that placid, irresponsive, obstinately good-humoured person was to aggravate her own native ill-humour beyond endurance.

One day, when she had been installed in her new lodgings for about a week, I called to make my customary inquiry. I had been received with so little grace, as was only natural in the circumstances, that for a day or two I had not intruded upon her ladyship's presence, but had simply made my inquiries at the door, where I had had a momentary interview with Mary. On this occasion I learned, a little to my astonishment, that Lady Worborough missed me, and desired me to be shown to her room.

"You are very regular in your inquiries, it appears, Mr. Denham," she said, when in answer to this invitation I presented myself, "but you should come in person to see what progress I make. It will be so much more satisfactory to your friend if you can tell him at first hand how sure I am to live and be a comfort to him."

She was quite helpless below the waist, and I am inclined to think from one or two phrases she had let fall already, that she believed this terrible affliction likely to last her lifetime. She did not seem at all quelled by the prospect, or even in any marked degree to rebel at it, but my own reflections upon it helped me to be patient with her bitter temper.

"His lordship takes his time in coming," she said a moment later, with a feeble mockery. "You and he, Mr. Denham, have rather a poor opinion of a woman's strength of mind, I think. I have heard so often that a little resolution, a little firmness, a little judicious patience, would work wonders. But, you see, I have not given in. I should have died if I had not been found. No doubt. But dying is not giving in. It is not even being beaten."

"If you could have been persuaded," I answered, "that your husband had no wish to enter into any warfare with you it would certainly have been happier. If you could be persuaded now to arrive at any compromise, I am sure that he will be willing to do anything in reason."

"I do not mean," she responded, "to accept any compromise whatever."

Feeble and wasted as she was, there was a kind of triumph in her manner.

"You think that because I am paralysed you have me in your power, but the fact is completely the reverse of that. I accept what you offer me at present, and I will continue to accept it for a reasonable time. I wanted to see you, Mr. Denham, chiefly in order that I might tell you this. When the reasonable time has expired, I shall refuse to take anything further from you, and will either have my rights or nothing. We will see whether or not my husband is villain and brute enough to allow a paralytic wife to starve."

"Can you fairly speak of your husband as allowing you to starve when he offers you five thousand pounds a year?" I asked. I was in sore dread lest this question should excite her, but on the whole it seemed very reasonable to put it, and I ventured the experiment. It was a relief to find that she could answer it tranquilly.

"You observe, Mr. Denham, that when a thing is offered to you on such terms that you would rather die than take it, it might almost as well not be offered at all. I will have my right or nothing."

There was a flash of fire in the last phrase, and I had already had too clear an indication of what her temper could be to dare to push her farther.

The young doctor came in a little later, and she welcomed him, as she had welcomed me, with a graciousness of manner very unusual in her. I was not long in being allowed to understand the meaning of this changed manner.

"You will find a seat upon this side of the bed, doctor," she said, indicating the position by a slight motion of the hand. "Pray come and tell Mr. Denham how much better I am. He will hardly believe me when I tell *him*. He is inclined to be a little out of spirits about me, and it will cheer him to know that I am really getting stronger. Mr. Denham is a great friend of Lord Worborough's, doctor. He will be able to convey the news to my husband, and to ease *his* mind."

Neither her tone nor her manner gave any indication of the real meaning of this speech. It was spoken smilingly, and even with a kind of coquetry. If I had not known the truth so well already, I should have supposed the words to have meant neither more nor less than they expressed in themselves. The young doctor felt her pulse, and made several commonplace inquiries about her condition, to all of which she answered with the same amiable calm.

"Lady Worborough certainly gains in *strength, Mr. Denham,*" *he said, looking* up at me. "Gains considerably in strength. If you could contrive now," he added, looking down at his patient, "to preserve your present spirits, your advance might be much more rapid."

"Oh," she answered, smiling at him, "I shall not lose my spirits. You must know, doctor, that I am a most unconquerable person, when I choose." Then she turned to me, "You will let his lordship know how I progress, Mr. Denham. You must write quite a flourishing account of me. I should so like to see his dear face when he reads your letter. It would be a comfort to me. I am a little tired now, Mr. Denham. I have talked too much. Good day. Send Sister Constance to me."

I thought at the time that this request was made with no other object than to prevent me from inquiring further into her condition. I obeyed it nevertheless, and went my way, wondering at the woman's implacability and bitterness. So far, as I devoutly believe until this moment, the wrong which had separated her husband and herself was wholly on her side. I have often thought that this may partly have accounted for her hatred, for there is unhappily no philosophy truer than that which teaches that you have to hate to justify yourself from the victim of your own ill-doing.

Clara and I naturally thought the matter over pretty often, and she, with her usual directness of statement, declared Lady Worborough to be altogether a horrible and hateful person. I recounted this particular conversation to her faithfully, and she was moved to great anger by it.

"Do you wonder," she demanded, "at your friend refusing to spend his life with a woman of that character? She would rather die than take the allowance he offers her? I think if I were in his place I should be inclined to put that to the test. I would engage a man to wait upon her every day with the money and the necessary document. She would yield if she had the chance to yield."

I represented that she seemed fairly well to have accepted the test already. Even before her accident rendered her helpless, she had sunk so low as to live voluntarily in one of the vilest slums in London, and now her helplessness gave her a new strength, and she knew it.

Clara turned upon me with flashing eyes.

"Do you mean to tell me, John, that you will counsel your friend to yield to that *woman's demands?*"

I answered that I should so counsel him if he asked my advice. It would be ignominious not to yield in such a case.

"Well," my wife declared, with a kind of despairing resignation, "it would be of no use for us to quarrel about other people's quarrels, but men don't seem to see things as women do. Suppose it were a man who chose to act in this way. Suppose a man did all that lay in his power to make his wife's life a burden to her. Suppose outside that expressed intention he drank, and had a hideous temper. Suppose the wife offered him five thousand pounds a year—he having not a penny in the world—to go away and merely cease to be a torment to her, whose side would you take then? Would you advise the wife to yield?"

I thought not, but then, as I pointed out to her, I had never been one of the advocates of equal rights between the sexes. In such a case as she chose to imagine my opinion was that a stout horsewhip might be employed with great advantage; though, even if the husband had been the sinner and not the wife, it would have been difficult to deal with him, when he became physically helpless, if he insisted seriously on dying or on having what he conceived to be his rights.

In the case of this hypothetical personage of her own creation Clara felt herself at liberty to be altogether resolute and unbending.

"I would allow him to insist upon dying," she declared. "I would tell him with absolute plainness, 'If you choose, out of your own wicked obstinacy, to die in the midst of plenty, you must do it. There is your money. Take it and use it, or leave it and starve, as seems good to you?' Is the world to be turned into an asylum for spoiled children who have gone mad with the indulgence of their own selfish passions? If Lady Worborough had *me* to deal with she——" She paused there, so fired by that prospect that she was afraid of saying too much, I fancy. When she had walked up and down the room for a minute or two she stopped short before me and opened up a new attack. "The fact is, John," she said, "that your absurd yielding to this wicked woman is part and parcel of the enormous injustice your sex perpetually heaps on ours."

This statement astonished me so much that I could find no reply to it, but she gave me no time for wonder. Her next sentences enlightened me.

"You propose," she went on, "to give way to this woman's monstrous claim. You admit that if the cases were reversed, and it was a man who made it, he would deserve to be horsewhipped. That is, you admit that her conduct is utterly base and despicable. But you don't resent it; you don't fight against it. And why? It is beneath your dignity to fight with her because she is a woman. Your *mépris* of women is so profound that it seems beneath you to meet them on equal ground—the equal ground of justice, and honour, and common-sense."

"My darling Clara," I urged, "the dear creatures wouldn't endure it for a moment. And besides, they don't deserve to be treated in that way. A woman is not made for the rough-and-tumble of the world. It is no part of a man's duty to treat women as if they were men, any more than to treat men as if they were women. You think our honest worship degrades you? You think that, because even a bad woman carries about with her something of the sacredness with which we look at her happier sisters, men scorn your sex? That is poor logic."

"I don't care," protested Clara. "I would never yield to that woman's monstrous claim. I shall think it very unmanly in you if you advise Lord Worborough to take that line."

This proclamation alarmed me very little, for even thus early in my married life I had made one golden discovery. I commend it here to all young husbands who may find themselves in need of advice upon this point. Follow thy conscience, O young husband! Be just, and fear not, and the wife of thy bosom shall respect thee more a thousand times, and love thee the more honestly, and think the better of thine understanding, than if, seeking to please her, thou shouldst depart from the law of thine own soul. For the just man, who does that and that only which seems good to him, is a pillar of strength for a woman's heart to lean on, and she would rather him who can resist her for the sake of honest judgment than a thousand noodles who will melt at her tears or flutter away at her sighs in any direction in which it may please her to blow them. So that, whether I were right or wrong in respect of this matter, I was at least persuaded that I was right, and could do no less than hold to my own persuasion. Clara and I had many a battle about it, but neither could shake the other's conviction. The one point I was profoundly convinced upon was the one thing she refused to believe, and that alone was surely enough to keep two reasonable people from agreeing with each other. I knew of a certainty that Lady Worborough

employed no figure of speech when she said that she would rather die than give way. She would have found a savage satisfaction in seeming to die of her husband's neglect, and to have fixed on him the stigma of an actual brutality would have been a solace to her last hours. Whoever else gave way, she would not.

The time went by and brought no news of Pole. I wrote to his steward at Worborough, and called upon his lawyer in London, but neither of them had any tidings of him since he had given instructions for the sale of his hotel and effects in Paris. At the expiration of a fortnight Mary brought home a message from Lady Worborough to the effect that she would be obliged if I would call upon her on the following day. I complied with this invitation with no light heart, for I guessed what was coming, and it happened that I guessed rightly.

When I reached her room she was sitting propped up with pillows in bed, and her face wore all its old expression.

"I have sent for you, Mr. Denham," she began, "to tell you that this must come to an end. I have waited a reasonable time; I shall wait no longer. After noon to-day I will take neither bite nor sup at the hands of any pretended charity which aims at holding me from the possession of my rights."

I told her that there was no pretence in the matter, and since, in anticipation of this resolve of hers, I had carried the letter from the steward with me, I was able to place it at once in her hands. She glanced over it with a disdainful face, and let it fall contemptuously upon the coverlet.

"What is that to me?" she asked. "It is easy to concoct a story of that kind, and might be easy to keep me waiting here for ever, if you had a fool to deal with."

"Madam," I responded, "you must take what course you please. I give you my word of honour as a gentleman that all reasonable means have been employed to ascertain your husband's whereabouts."

"Understand me," she said, "I have not a word to add."

"Understand me also," I replied, as I rose to go. "You may do whatever reckless and foolish thing you may decide upon. But I will at least take care that my friend suffers no blame from your conduct. I have no fear that you will be allowed to do yourself a real damage. The doctors and the nurses will see to that. I am certain that when Lord Worborough returns he will give way to your unjust demands rather than continue so undignified a struggle. In the meantime I have consulted Dr. Mason, and if you will allow me, I will report his judgment in his own words." I paused there for a moment, and she lifted her eyes, with the old menace and contempt I had had so many opportunities of reading, but she made no verbal answer. "I am sorry," I went on, "if I seem to be brutal, but you force me to absolute plainness. Dr. Mason's statement was given me in the words I give you now: 'If Lady Worborough chooses to behave like a mad woman she must be treated like a mad woman. She will not be allowed to hurt herself.' So soon as your husband receives my communication he will return. Until then you may safely reserve your forces. Until he comes there is nobody to coerce."

This time she did not so much as answer me by a look. She had closed her eyes, and though I waited for a considerable length of time in silence she continued to ignore my presence. I left her there and went home, deciding in my own mind to say nothing of our interview to Clara. It would only have strengthened her opinion, as much as it strengthened mine; and since we were far enough removed upon that point already, it was wisest to keep silence. If I had been in Pole's place, and had had a woman of that sort to deal with, I would at this pass have surrendered everything, rather than continue a strife so completely ignominious. The woman was vulgar to the core, and if, as the poet tells us, the gods themselves fight in vain against stupidity, what shall it be said they hope for against a vulgar heart, which is stupidity in essence, plus greed in essence?

I was sitting in my study, revolving these things in a mood more than sufficiently embittered, when a knock came to the front door, and a servant brought me a telegram. It came from Pole, and was dated "Geneva," and its contents ran, "Telegram received. With you in forty-eight hours.—Worborough."

I carried this at once to Pole's wife, and having gained admission to her room, handed it to her, telling her that it had just arrived. She read it with a smile of mockery.

"Do you think," she asked, "that I am a child or a fool that you play this comedy with me? I win, you see. You may bring me my beef-tea, nurse. Not you! How often am I to tell you that I will take nothing at your hands. Where is Sister Constance? Let Sister Constance bring it. I tell you I will not take anything except from Sister Constance."

Mary, hearing her impatient patient's ice raised in this feeble anger, entered from e adjoining room.

"Send that creature away," screamed the k woman. "I will not have her about e."

I left Mary standing over her, quiet and reasive, and the shrill, feeble, denouncing eam followed me down-stairs.

CHAPTER XXXV.

When Mary returned home that night lara happened to be absent, and she and I t alone. She was sewing at some coarse rment for one of her poor, and I revolving t my own mind how best to approach the ject I had in my thoughts, sat for awhile retending to read. At last I set my book n one side and announced, in as common-lace a voice as I could command, that I had ceived a telegram from Lord Worborough who would be in England the day after the morrow. It was not easy to mention his ame in her presence, mainly because of the acts themselves, but partly because there ad been a conspiracy of silence amongst us, nd we had all grown used to the avoidance f that topic in her presence. She trembled ver so little, and the motion of the needle grew unsteady and inaccurate. She was nore accustomed to controlling her feelings han to concealing them, and was by nature uriously frank for a woman, and almost at nce she laid down her sewing and looked up t me with nothing but a slight pallor to ndicate the emotion this news had caused her.

"Yes?" she said simply. "Your message seems to have taken some time in reaching him."

"He was not far afield," I answered; "no farther away than Geneva."

"Does he know," she asked, "your reasons for calling him home?"

"Not yet," I told her. But I supposed that he would have guessed that it related to Lady Worborough.

"Do you think," she asked, "that he will grant the claim she intends to make upon him?" I dare say I looked somewhat surprised at this, for she added in a voice of explanation, "Lady Worborough talks a great deal to me of her own affairs."

"I think he will do anything," I responded, "anything within the bounds of reason, to put an end to the struggle which is going on between them."

I heard a faint sigh as she took up her work and bent over it anew. It seemed to indicate relief, and I asked if such a course on his part would be approved by her?

"I do not know," she said. "I think that Lord Worborough will try to act for the best."

She was so tranquil and self-controlled that I began to feel safe in discussing the subject with her.

"Of course," I told her, "I should not think of pressing my advice upon him if it were not asked for, but he and I are such close friends, and he has so invariably consulted my judgment in this matter, that I have no doubt it will be asked again."

"And if it should be," she asked me, dropping her sewing to her lap and looking up at me anew, "you would advise him to surrender?"

"I should advise him," I answered, "to end a quarrel with an opponent who has neither generosity nor decency. It is impossible to conduct a dignified warfare with such a woman as Lady Worborough."

"She is a woman of a strange temper," Mary said.

"Strange indeed!" I echoed, and then we were both silent for a considerable time.

Mary took up her sewing, but did not go on with her work. I could see that she had fallen into a reverie, and the stuff dropped back to her knees with both hands clasping it. I made a pretence of reading, and in a while she awoke from her own thoughts and arose.

"I would rather not meet Lord Worborough," she said quietly. "If he should resolve to see his wife will you let me know of it?"

I promised, and she left the room. The subject was not renewed between us until Pole actually reached England. He sent a telegram from Dover, and I met him at the London terminus. We drove at once to his old chambers, where we found a fire already lit, a table spread, and a Swiss servant, who appeared to have been despatched in advance, in attendance. I had told Pole the story whilst driving homeward, and the man being dismissed, we sat down together to consider it and to decide upon the course to be taken.

"I must acknowledge," I said, "that the present condition of things is partly due to the advice I gave you. Without that advice Lady Worborough would not have fallen into the condition in which she was discovered."

"You blame yourself!" he asked me in a voice of surprise.

I did not blame myself, but I accepted the responsibility of the advice I had offered.

"She has herself to blame," said Pole, "and herself only. For my part I disclaim all responsibility. I took your advice before, and if you will give it now I will take it again. I am sick of the whole business and only anxious to end it."

I represented that there was no way of ending it, except by acceding to his wife's demand.

"And you advise that?" he asked me, standing before me with his hands clasped behind him.

"This is rather a hard matter," I said in answer. "It looks a thought too easy for one man to be generous with another's fortune, but I see no other way to end it, and I do see very clearly that it ought to be ended."

"You advise me to give her what she asks?"

"I advise you to give her what she asks."

He walked up and down the room abruptly once or twice before he spoke again.

"There is nothing to be gained," he said, "by discussing with her. If I make up my mind to do this I shall do it without bargaining or haggling." He sat down thoughtfully, and consulting some memoranda in a pocket-book made a few pencilled notes. "I shall strike," he said then, looking up at me in the act of returning the book to his pocket, "whilst the iron is hot. I will see her to-night, and I hope with all my heart that it may be for the last time."

"To-night?" I asked him. "Will it not be better to think so serious a matter over?"

"No," he answered; "it will be time enough to consult the lawyers when the business comes to be arranged. Give me the address, and I will go at once."

Now, both for Mary's sake and for his own I was anxious that he should not go at once, because I knew how painful to both of them a meeting would be, and if he should reach his wife's chamber before I had time to give warning an encounter was inevitable. I had of set purpose withheld her name from the narrative I had given him.

He threw off his coat and walked into the bedroom, where he began to wash his hands, looking round the doorway at me meanwhile.

"Give me the address," he said, "and I will go and get it over."

"I will leave you then for a time," I answered. "I have business which I must see to immediately."

I scrawled the address upon an envelope which lay on a side table, called his attention to it, and seized my hat. He called to me to meet him there again in an hour's time, if I were free, and throwing back a hasty affirmative I hurried away. Before I left his chambers I was guilty of another mean expedient. There was a catch upon the outer door which could be liberated, as I knew from old experience, by a mere touch of the finger, but gave considerable trouble and demanded considerable patience for its re-adjustment. I let this slip, and having slammed the door behind me, ran swiftly down the stairs, along the court, and into Holborn. There, as chance would have it, I found a cab waiting by the kerb, and leaping in, gave the cabman the address, and bade him drive his hardest. Like most people, I have tried Time's different paces, and have known him at one time or another to gallop and amble and crawl. But he never crawled with me as he did in the course of that wretched twenty minutes' drive. If I had painstakingly gone about to discover the worst-horsed hansom at that hour in London I could hardly have found anything to excel in badness the mournful brute I sat behind. A hundred times I was on the point of leaping from the vehicle, but the cabman had made a turning into a neighbourhood where I was extremely unlikely to find another conveyance, and I was uncertain of the shortest route between the point I was at and the one I desired to reach. I bullied and implored the driver, and the man responded by thrashing the miserable steed until I was ashamed of myself for abetting the cruelty. Even thus we achieved only the wretchedest pace, and by the time we had reached the house I was burning with a feverish impatience.

Even when I had rung and knocked the misfortune of delay pursued me. The servants of the house might have been deaf, or dead, or miles away. I was in the act of ringing the third or fourth distracted peal when the door was opened by the landlady in person, who regarded me with a frozen air of hauteur, as if I had been guilty of a personal impropriety. I hurried past her without explanation or apology, and mounting the stairs knocked at the door of the antechamber. The nurse answered here expeditiously enough, and I demanded Sister Constance. I was in the very act of speaking when the knocker on the street-door

came into play again, and this time the call was responded to without delay. I had been so pressing in my speech to the nurse that she ran to the door of the sick chamber. She opened it slightly, and threw in a hasty and expressive whisper.

"Sister 'Constance, Mr. Denham must speak to you at once."

It is very commonly said that one cannot listen to two things at the same time. But after the experience of that moment I knew this to be a fallacy. I heard Mary's response, even the rustle of her dress as she approached me from the next room, whilst I listened for, heard, and understood, Pole's voice below.

"I believe Lady Worborough is here?"

"Yes, sir," said the landlady.

"I am her husband. I must see her, if you please."

"This way, your lordship," said the landlady. "Mind the mat, my lord. You will find the poor lady very ill, my lord."

Mary Delamere and I stood face to face, both hearing this. She was white and trembling, and looked about her as if searching a way of escape from the inevitable encounter. The room opened flush upon the landing at the top of the stair, and there was no exit from it save that which led into the bedroom. The bedroom and the anteroom were isolated, and to retreat was but to defer the meeting for a moment.

"I came to warn you," I said. I could say no more before Pole, still my lorded by the landlady, entered the room. The gaslight shone full upon Mary's face, and in spite of the change in her attire, he recognised her at the very instant when he crossed the threshold. They stood, pale and palpitating, for a moment, looking at each other, but the common surprise and emotion lasted but for an instant. They were lovers confessed, and bound to each other by all ties of mutual respect and tenderness, and severed in this strange and tragic fashion, but they were English lady and gentleman, and whatever either or both might feel, they would have no scene for unsympathetic eyes to make a feast of. Pole was, I think, the first to recover, though his surprise was the swifter and more astonishing. He came forward with outstretched hand.

"I had not expected," he said, "to find you here. It is like your goodness. I am very grateful."

Mary took the hand he proffered her. Probably she divined with native feminine tact that I had told my share in the discovery without mention of her. She shot a swift glance at me, and answered him with apparent perfect self-possession,

"Mr. Denham and I were together when I heard of your wife's illness."

She made a motion to release her hand, and that I thought was the first intimation he had that he still held it. The landlady and the nurse looking on could have gathered nothing from this interview, but the fact that they were old acquaintances.

"It is like your goodness to be here," Pole said again. "I am very grateful."

"Lady Worborough," said Mary, "does not know that you are yet in England. You wish to see her?" He nodded gravely. "Shall I tell her of your arrival, or would you prefer to announce yourself?"

"It will be best, perhaps," he responded, "that she should be prepared."

Mary passed into the bedroom, and Pole sat down in a chair by the table which stood in the centre of the room. The landlady withdrew lingeringly, and the nurse followed and closed the door behind her. Pole had not until now seemed to be aware of my presence, but as the door closed he looked round upon me with an odd smile, and laid a hand upon my shoulder.

"I spent two minutes over the latch, Jack," he said. "Was that your work?" I answered nothing, but I suppose I looked somewhat embarrassed. "Well," he continued, giving my shoulder a light grip before he dropped his hand, "you are good people, and I don't know why such a worthless pair should trouble you."

I made no answer to this, but one thought which demanded instant expression flashed into my mind.

"You must give no hint," I told him, "that your wife's nurse is Miss Delamere. She is known here simply as Sister Constance."

I had scarcely spoken when Mary stole back from the sick woman's chamber.

"She knows that you are here," she whispered.

Pole walked into the bedroom, and Mary closed the door behind him. We who stayed behind rested in silence and could hear the deep tones of his voice and the shriller notes of hers, though the words spoken by each were alike inaudible. When we had stood thus for a mere moment Mary made a motion towards the outer door, and I, obeying that indication of her wish, opened the door for her, and accompanied her into the street. We walked for some distance without any exchange of words, and when I had found a

cab and had directed the driver homewards, I walked back to Pole's chambers, and awaited his coming there. He arrived sooner than I had expected.

"I have surrendered all along the line," he said.

I asked him how his wife had accepted the surrender.

"Triumphantly," he answered. "She is a good deal changed. I have had no experience in such matters, but she looked to me as though she had a sort of fatal mark upon her. I don't think she'll last long, the poor Adelaide. She wasn't always like that, Jack. I remember her—it isn't so very long ago, when she was bright and handsome, and only prettily wilful. I feel as if it were a thousand years ago."

He walked up and down the room very much in his habitual fashion, with his hands in his pockets, and pausing now and then to loll against a bookcase or a door jamb, but it was easy to see that these airs of nonchalance were half an affair of habit, and half assumed.

"You have done everything for the best, of course," he said. "Who is attending her?"

I mentioned Dr. Mason, and he, recognising the name, nodded approval. A little later, he asked the doctor's opinion, and I gave it him as well as I was able. The case was doubtful, and might drag on for a year or two, or might have an early termination.

"Poor girl!" said Pole. "I wish that something or somebody would kill that mocking devil she nurses and seems so fond of. She lay there to-night, and told me so quietly that at first I thought she was in earnest, that this was a judgment upon her for her plot against me. The woman she personated was knocked down by a passing cab, and was taken to the same hospital."

"She jested about that?" I asked him.

"Yes," he answered, "she jested about it. She has a great deal of humour—of a sort."

Then again he was silent, and went wandering up and down.

"And this is what she has brought her life to. And this is what I have brought my life to. Here I am at thirty, where I never hoped to be or expected to be, without a use in the world or much of a hope in it." His voice began to tremble, and, as I could see clearly enough, he ceased to speakfor fear of breaking down. By-and-by, when he had controlled himself, he began to talk again. "There are all sorts in the world, good, bad, and indifferent. That girl's an angel, Denham," he cried, almost wildly. "I think of her goodness, her loneliness, her patience, the unselfish, tender charity of her heart——"

He could go no further. His voice broke, and he walked into the bedroom, leaving me alone. When he came back he was master of himself again.

"I shall see my lawyer to-morrow. My wife wants that fellow Goldsmith to see to her affairs, and since she wants him she must have him, I suppose. I have an undertaking that there is to be no more scandal or trouble, and I shall settle down in London here, and try to find work of some sort. I don't care much about politics, but they're better than nothing, and by-and-by I shall find something to hammer at. *Sursum corda*. Eh, Jack? We set out thinking that it is easy to beat the world, and when we find ourselves beaten we console ourselves with the reflection that we might have had a much worse licking after all."

THE MUSLIM'S PRAYER.

ABOUT two months after the disastrous defeat of Baker Pasha's Egyptian soldiers in 1884, the battle-field was visited by some officers from the transport ship *Utopia*, lying at Trinkitat. For about a quarter of a mile square the ground was found thickly covered with bodies of the still unburied dead. The Egyptians had been formed in a square; but when the enemy charged down upon them, it is said they fired in the air and commenced praying, and so were slaughtered where they stood. One was seen lying at some distance apart, as if he had fallen in flight; and beside him was a leaf of Arabic manuscript, which a young engineer, Mr. Lowson, picked up and brought away as they hastily quitted the sickening scene. The paper may have been the last thing the dying soldier's eyes rested upon, and both in appearance and contents it is in every way in keeping with the situation in which it was found. It is written in a very rude, unskilful hand, and has formed part of a devotional manual for a time of danger, consisting for the most part of portions of the Koran with directions how often to

THE MUSLIM'S PRAYER

By Gh[illegible] L Seymour

repeat them, and various prayers with instructions as to the manner of saying them. The first words are from a verse of the Koran. . . "dumb, blind, therefore they understand not," and then the reader is to repeat three times "Confounded be their faces!" the famous exclamation of Mohammed when he threw the dust towards his enemies at his first victory at Bedr. After other two verses from the Koran, the reader is told to repeat seven times two letters from the heading of a certain Sura, looking first before him, then behind him, then to the right, then to the left, then up and then down, and finally to all the six sides, and to say in conclusion: "I have committed my affair to God against every evil, He will defend me from these six sides." Then follows a prayer: "O God, slay me not in Thy wrath, and make me not perish under Thy chastisement, but grant me forgiveness before that event. O God, punish me not for my iniquity, and set not over me him that will have no mercy upon me, and restrain the hand of man from me." It proceeds: "Then you must say, 'The matter is done, and victory is come, and over us they will not prevail.'" After other quotations certain letters of mystical meaning are to be pronounced, and the finger is to be pressed on the hand and raised at the utterance of each letter, "for in these things there are wonderful secrets;" and then follow more verses from the Koran and more prayers. Three times the reader is to say: "God will suffice thee against them, for He is the hearer, the knower," and then he is to pray: "O God, O Light, O Truth, O Revealer, of Thy knowledge make me to know, cover me with light of Thy light, instruct me concerning Thyself, and give me victory in Thee, for over all things Thou art powerful." And then, "if there is thought of danger from the enemy" he is to repeat seventy times the verse, "Repeat the gaze [to heaven], seest thou a single flaw? Then twice more repeat the gaze; thy gaze returns to thee dull and wearied," and to say at the close: "God's eye is upon us, by God's strength he will not prevail against us." And in a similar strain the paper proceeds for another page, breaking off in the middle of a stereotyped invocation of blessing upon Mohammed and his family.

In this curious mixture of superstition and devotion we see the attempt of modern Mohammedanism to maintain itself at the high level of primitive Islam. There have not been wanting proofs in recent years that the modern Muslim is not deficient in courage on the field of battle; but it is noteworthy that he exhibits a far higher degree of daring when fighting, so to speak, for his own hand, like the early Arabs, than when placed in the ranks of an army organized after Western methods, and under a government which affects European models. We can easily understand the impetuous rush and contempt of death shown by the wild Soudani, who has persuaded himself that he has a mission to exterminate the enemies of his faith, and regards himself as the heir of all the traditions of early Islam. But the Turkish or Egyptian soldier who knows that he is moved about in the game of worldly statecraft, and whose victory even may turn out to be a doubtful advantage to his religion, is deprived of this direct stimulus to his courage, and so his faith runs into superstition. Arabi tried to arouse the old enthusiasm, but his appeal was felt to be a matter of policy more than of principle, and the spasm of zeal was followed by speedy collapse. The unsophisticated warriors of the Mahdi were far more serious opponents than Arabi's drilled soldiers.

In the early days of Islam there was no question of pressing the fingers in a certain way while repeating mystical formulæ, or of turning the face in this way or that to avert danger. "It is not righteousness," it is written in the Book, "that ye turn your faces towards the East and the West, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day." And the prophet is reported to have said: "The best armour to bring into battle is good works, as almsgiving and fasting, restitution of the wrong, deeds of mercy and sincere prayer, the encouragement of well-doing, and the discountenance of evil." By inculcating such principles on their followers, and observing an austere life themselves, the first leaders of Islam obtained armies of consecrated heroes. War was "the path of God;" he who fell was a witness or martyr; the planting of the religion was the prize of every battle, and the very act of fighting was an act of devotion. Abu Bekr wrote to Khaled-ibn-el-Walid: "Know that God's eye is upon thee; and when thou meetest the enemy, court death which will bring thee salvation; and wash not the martyrs from their blood, for the blood of the martyr will be to him a covering of light in the day of the resurrection." So it was that one of the prophet's contemporaries was inconsolable because he had not been present at Bedr, where "the

apostle of God gave his first testimony," till the day of Ohad came, when he exclaimed "Aha! for the breath of Paradise," and rushed into the thickest of the fight. His body was found pierced with about eighty wounds; and his sister declared that it was only by the points of his fingers that his friends recognised him. Another, at a later time, having been assured that the apostle of God had been heard to declare that Paradise was under the shadow of swords, went immediately to his companions and gave them his parting salutation, then broke the scabbard of his sword and fought till he was killed.

The prophet is reported to have said that any one who asks God for the honour of dying as a martyr will obtain the merit of it, even should he die in his bed. Undoubtedly the Mohammedan world still has its martyrs of this class. What we call Moslem fanaticism is liable to break forth very suddenly and in very unexpected quarters, because the fire which blazed in the ancient fervour burns on in the quiet corners of many hearts. And what keeps it alive more than anything else is the observance of the daily prayers, which breathe the spirit of the old Islam, and remind the worshipper of the past ages of which he is the heir. The *Tekbîr*—*Allahu Akbar* (God is most great)—was the war-cry that nerved the Muslims to their greatest victories: it is also the sentence with which, as he raises his hands to the sides of his face, the worshipper begins his ordinary prayer. Mohammed linked the two things together when he said: "No drop is dearer to God than the blood-drop shed in His cause, and the tear-drop of His reverent worshipper in the dead of night." The whole of the Mohammedan worship may be said to be summed up in his daily prayers. The public worship in the mosque on Friday is but a variation of it; the sermon occupies quite a subordinate place and is not compulsory, and when the service is ended the worshipper returns to his business. But he does not consider that he has thus performed his religious service for the week. Daily before sunrise the muezzin's voice is heard in the still air proclaiming, "God is most great. . . . Come to prayer; come to security; prayer *is better than sleep*. God is most great:" and the steps of tottering old men and eager youths may be heard in the gloom treading the lanes that lead to the mosque. At noon, at mid-afternoon, just after sunset, and when night has closed in, there is a similar call; and at the mosque, or in the shop, or in the seclusion of his home, the devout believer performs the ablution and offers his devotions. Many observe all the times; not a few pray even at additional hours; and a Muslim that does not habitually go to prayer is considered an unbeliever. Omar wrote to his officials, "The most important of your duties, in my opinion, is prayer; whoso observes it and watches thereunto preserves his religion; whoso misses it makes of all else the greatest loss."

It may seem to us that there is very little of a devotional character in the phrases which the Muslim repeats, in an apparently mechanical way, every time he prays. But on this point it is but fair that the Muslim should be allowed to speak for himself; and the duty of prayer is enforced in such terms, and the examples of the devout are so striking, that it is clearly regarded not only as a duty, but as a delight of the highest kind. One says, "I omitted the public prayer on one occasion, and only one man came to condole with me. Had I lost a child, ten thousand persons would have come to comfort me." The men of long ago, it is said, used to mourn three days if they omitted the first *Tekbîr*, and seven days if they omitted the public prayer. And, as showing how much devotion may be expressed in the simplest forms, we have this incident related of one who was noted for his piety: "I was praying behind him on one occasion, and when he came to pronounce the *Tekbîr*, he lifted up his hands and said 'Allah!' Then he stood astonied, and remained as a body without life for veneration of his Lord. Then he said, 'Allahu Akbar!' and I thought my heart would break for dread of his *Tekbîr*."

Superficial observers may think that a Muslim praying in his shop must be distracted by what is going on around him; and travellers, who often see the worst side of Eastern life, have remarked that a man will stop in the middle of his prayers to engage in conversation. As to the latter point it ought to be known that at a certain place in his prayers it is lawful for the Muslim to make a pause; and, as to the former, they plume themselves on being able to rise above distraction. There is a tradition of the prophet, on the authority of Ayesha, that he would be talking familiarly with his family on ordinary subjects, but suddenly, when he began to pray, he was as if he heard them not. Of another it is related that, when he wished to pray, he told his family to converse freely, for he heard nothing. Another continued in his

devotions, and was not aware of a fire that had broken out beside him. And there are stories of men who stood so still in prayer that pigeons and birds alighted upon them, taking them for pillars or trunks of trees. The prophet, and also his daughter Fatima, are related to have stood praying till their feet swelled. And one man divided the night into three watches of prayer, one for himself, another for his mother, and the third for his sister. When his mother died, his sister and he divided the night between them; and when his sister died, he prayed the whole night long himself.

But the prayer of the Muslim does not depend for its value on its length. "Better," said Ibn Abbas, "are two *reka'hs* with fixed attention, than a whole night's standing with a wandering heart." Nor is the worshipper confined to the use of certain prescribed forms, but he may at a certain point offer up any prayer in his own words; which he does, holding his hands before him like a book; and many examples might be given of original prayer of this kind. Thus an author tells us he heard an Arab of the Desert pray as follows: "O God, I ask of Thee the deeds of those that fear, and the fear of those that do, so that I may take pleasure in forsaking pleasure, from desire of what Thou hast promised and dread of what Thou hast threatened. Defend me against Thy fury, and deliver me from Thy wrath. Iniquities prevent me; but Thou forgivest those that sin against Thee. Therefore I draw near; I flee from Thee to Thyself." Making all allowance for formalism here as elsewhere, it must be admitted that the ordinary Muslim is a man of devout mind, with "the fear of God before his eyes." My friend, Dr. Wortabet, of Beyrout, once told me that he was walking alone, as he thought, in a narrow sandy lane near the city, and, in meditative mood, ejaculated "Ya Allah!" (O God) when, quick as an echo came the response from a water-carrier whom he had not noticed: "Ei-w-Allah! Ya Allah!" (Yea verily! O God!). No doubt many a sincere prayer is thus offered up when it is thought that none but the Hearer of prayer is listening. But, in all his devotions, the good Muslim does not forget what is given in "old books" as the declaration of the Almighty Himself: "Not every one that prays has his prayer accepted; but I receive the prayer of him who humbles himself before My majesty, and does not exalt himself above My creatures, and who feeds the hungry poor for My sake."

JAS. ROBERTSON.

BISHOP KEN.

By FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, etc.

A CHURCH and a nation can never afford to lose "the *viaticum* of great examples." The goodness of men and of communities is supported by the contemplation of those who have lived bravely and self-denyingly, and who like the great prophet of the wilderness, have made it their duty "constantly to speak the truth, boldly rebuke vice, and patiently suffer for the truth's sake." The world often seems to darken round the path of holy men, and as they lift up their eyes for strength and consolation to the heavens above them, luminous with the glory of the saints, they cannot afford to lose the lustre of a single star. It is therefore a subject for sincere rejoicing that in late years the memory of Thomas Ken, Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been raised from comparative obscurity to its true position in the love and gratitude of the Christian Church. For a long period he was but faintly remembered as the author of the Morning and Evening Hymns. But the first founders of the Oxford movement dwelt with loving reverence on the records of his biography; and the splendid narrative of Macaulay placed one memorable event of his life in a blaze of publicity. On June 25, 1885, the bicentenary of his consecration, and of the Trial of the Seven Bishops, was commemorated by a festival in his own cathedral, by the unveiling of a window erected in his honour, and by a sermon worthy of the occasion preached by a brother bishop and a brother poet like-minded with himself, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. In a short time a Life of Bishop Ken, fuller and more worthy than any which has yet appeared, will be published by my learned and eloquent friend, Dr. Plumptre, Dean of Wells. I shall rejoice if the few words which I shall here say about the saintly bishop prepare the reader to turn with deeper interest to a biography which will set before him a perfect picture of this great and good man.

Ken was a man who loved the shady path

of humility and retirement. From his earliest days he had endeavoured to subdue every impulse of worldly ambition, and had chosen for his favourite motto the words which he often wrote in Latin on the fly-leaves of his books, "Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not, saith the Lord." Yet he was called upon by the providence which overruled his life to play a prominent part on the stage of contemporary history. From his childhood he was thrown into the society of refined and eminent men. As a boy he won the friendship of school-fellows and college companions who grew up like himself to fill distinguished places in Church and State. He stood before kings, not before mean men. Charles II. respected him, though the young preacher told him plainly of his faults. James II. regarded him with warm esteem. William III. honoured his stainless worth. Mary loved him. Anne did her utmost to alleviate the distress of his old age. Samuel Pepys and Gilbert Burnet were unable to appreciate all his saintliness, but they bore testimony to his sincerity and his many gifts. John Evelyn and Lord Weymouth knew the supreme value of his influence in an unrighteous age. Dryden thought of him when he modernized Chaucer's immortal

Winchester College

pictures of the "poore Persone of religioun." He furnished the poet with a living prototype of a priest "whose soul was rich, though his attire was poor;" in whose face shone the light of charity; who thought much but spoke little; who was himself a living sermon, and who as a prelate despised the pomp of prelacy and lived in the spirit of his Saviour. His celebrity as a preacher began early, and when he preached at Whitehall or St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, vast congregations thronged to listen to his rapt and unwritten eloquence. During the best years of his life all England rang with the fame of his goodness.

But like other men he had his trials, and they were very severe. He was not suffered to spend all his days in the sunlight of prosperity. Dark and evil times came upon him. He was suspected of Romish tendencies. Because he was always moderate, he was attacked by the extreme men of every party. The tongue of shameful slander did not wholly spare his name. As one of the Seven Bishops he had to oppose one king; as one of the five non-juring bishops, he incurred the displeasure of another. Yet though he had sacrificed all for the sake of conscience, the more fanatical and irreconcilable non-jurors talked of his "wheedling ways," insultingly hinted that there was something also besides conscience at the bottom of his conduct, and could not forgive the charity and good sense which made him steadfastly refuse to countenance the guilt of perpetuating a needless schism. He faced poverty and solitude and homelessness, rather than make even "a little nick" on his own conscience, while many others were ready to inflict "a great gash" on theirs. A high churchman, he was yet glad to be on the friendliest terms with worthy nonconformists, and only replied to the taunt of those who reprobated his conduct, "The Church of England teaches me charity for those who differ from her."

We cannot but gain by dwelling for a

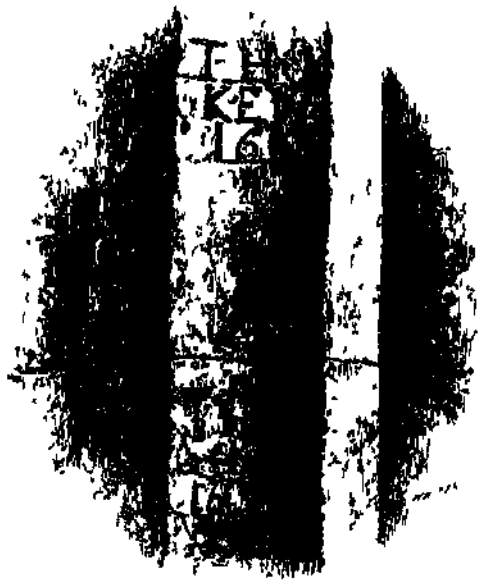
few moments on the stainless integrity and life-long self-crucifixion of this "God enamoured soul."

Ken was born at Berkhampstead, in July, 1637. He lost his mother at the age of four, and the death of his father in 1651 left him an orphan at the age of fourteen. His parents were persons of godly character and fair position, and he says of them—

> "For since I hung upon my mother's breast
> Thy love, my God, has me sustained and blest,
> My virtuous parents tender of their child,
> My education careful, pious, mild"

His orphanhood was rendered less disastrous than it might otherwise have been, by the fact that his sister Anne, who was twenty-seven years older than himself, had married Izaak Walton, the beloved author of "The Complete Angler," who testifies to her worth in the epitaph over her tomb in Worcester Cathedral. The house of Izaak Walton became Ken's house, during his school holidays and college vacations. Walton became a sort of foster-father to the boy. In that peaceful and pleasant household he was trained in the love of nature; was constantly reminded of those beautiful ideals of character, which Walton has immortalized in his "Lives"; and probably met many of the worthies of an elder generation. The signet-ring which Ken habitually used in latter years was a blood-stone, on which was carved Christ crucified, not on a cross but on an anchor, which Donne had bequeathed to Walton, and which Walton gave to Ken.

Among Walton's friends was Sir Henry Wotton, and it was, perhaps, through his influence, that Winchester was selected for his school-training. Of his school life from 1651 to 1656, in the wholesome roughness of that famous school, very little is recorded, but it evidently left a deep impression both on his imagination and his character. It was there that he formed a life long friendship with Francis Turner, afterwards Bishop of Ely, with whom he shared the two chief crises of his career, with John Nicholas, afterwards Warden of New College and Winchester; and with Edward Young, afterwards Dean of Salisbury, father of the author of "Night Thoughts." In 1656, he was elected to New College, but went to Hart Hall, now Hertford College, until an actual vacancy occurred. His school days had been studious and blameless, he had caught the best spirit of his school, and did his utmost to perpetuate its holiest traditions. The name, "Tho Ken, 1656," carved by his own youthful hand, is still one of the objects of interest in the cloisters, and he conferred on the school an immortal benefit in one of his earliest works, the "Manual for Winchester Scholars."



Ken's name in the Cloisters at Winchester

The Winchester Students of New College were then called Fellows, and Ken was admitted to the Fellowship in 1657, when he was twenty years old.

Oxford was passing through the stormy period which lasted with brief intermission from the beginning of the Civil War till the Revolution of 1688. The Parliamentary Visitors between 1647 and 1660 had done their best to fill the University in general, and New College in particular, with rigid Calvinists. Cromwell was Chancellor; the learned Puritan, John Owen, was Dean of Christchurch and Vice-Chancellor. The rule

of the Puritans was far from being the unmixed evil which it is sometimes represented to have been. If the old refinements of scholarship suffered, the tone of piety was far deeper and more general than it became after the Restoration. Owen allowed the Church of England services to be continued and the Holy Communion to be administered in private rooms. Francis Turner, George Hooper, afterwards Ken's successor at Bath and Wells, and Thomas Thynne, afterwards Lord Weymouth, were his chief friends; but among his illustrious college contemporaries he may have met John Locke and Robert Boyle, Wilkins (afterwards Bishop of Chester), Seth Ward (afterwards Bishop of Salisbury), Sprat (afterwards Bishop of Rochester), Sir Christopher Wren, and others who had a share in the subsequent founding of the Royal Society. Almost the only anecdote which has been preserved of his Oxford life was his habit of filling his pocket with small cash before he went a walk, that he might give it to the poor in casual alms.

In 1658 Cromwell died; in 1660 Charles II. was restored. Then followed that orgy of reaction against the stern morality of Puritanism which constitutes the most shameful chapter in English history. The Stuarts, like the Bourbons, had learnt nothing and forgotten nothing. All society was infused and infected with the taint of godlessness. No sneer was regarded as more deadly than to call a man "a saint." Harlots toyed with the crown of the Confessor in the galleries of Whitehall. Poetry and the drama abdicated their high functions to become "procuresses to the Lords of Hell." Innocence and purity were popularly treated in the current literature as unmanly and Pharisaic. The University, so far from making a stand against the growing ungodliness, went "stark staring mad," and alike the undergraduates and the seniors who should have set them an example plunged headlong into profanity and vice. Such was the state of things when Ken was ordained in 1662; and although he loved the Church of England with an absolute affection, he must have confessed with a sigh that the restoration of her power and of her services had failed to arrest the decadence of spiritual life. How deep was the shame which he felt for the condition of the religious life of the Church is strikingly shown if he were the author of the book which, under the varying titles of "Expostulatoria," "Ichabod," and "Lachrymæ Ecclesiarum," has been attributed to him, and which speaks with indignant sorrow of ordination bestowed on "the young, the unlearned, the debauched, and the profane;" of scandalous indifference, of unconscionable simony, of encroaching pluralities, of non-residence, and of other scandals.

If his "Hymnotheo" be a thinly-veiled autobiography, as is the opinion of his new and accomplished biographer, Ken seems himself to have felt that the tide of reactionary license was so violent as almost to carry him off his feet, to weaken his sense of belief in the Unseen Presence, and even to make him linger on the verge of serious temptation. If so, however, it is certain that the crisis of spiritual conflict was very short, and the victory decisive. In 1663 Ken was appointed, at the age of twenty-six, to the Rectory of Little Easton, in Essex, and before he took possession of his living he devoted himself by silent resolve to a life of asceticism, celibacy, and religious meditation.

Both at Easton and in every pastoral charge which he served, he seems to have set before his eye the high ideal which he himself has painted in his forgotten and posthumous epic, "Edmund," and to have held that the best argument for Christianity is always a holy life. He says—

> "Give me the Priest these Graces shall possess
> Of an Ambassador the just Address,
> A Father's Tenderness, a Shepherd's Care,
> A Leader's Courage, which the Cross can bear,
> A Ruler's Arm, a Watchman's wakeful Eye,
> A Pilot's Skill the Helm in Storms to ply,
> A Father's Patience and a Labr'er's Toil,
> A Guide's Dexterity to disentrail,
> A Prophet's Inspiration from Above,
> A Teacher's Knowledge, and a Saviour's Love.
> Give me the Priest, a Light upon a Hill,
> Whose Rays his whole Circumference can fill;
> In God's own Word, and sacred Learning vers'd,
> Deep in the Study of the Heart unmers'd,
> Who in such Souls can the Disease descry,
> And wisely fit Restoratives apply."

In other respects, his two brief years at Easton are remarkable for the friendship which he formed with Lady Maynard, one of the devout ladies of that undevout age, of whom Lady Rachel Russell furnishes us with another lovely type. Ken, like other divines of the same type of mind, exercised a powerful influence over the minds of holy women, and was refreshed by female friendship. In later years his enemies aimed at him the scornful calumny that he was skilled chiefly in "persuading silly old women to tell down their dust."

In 1665 he resigned the living of Little Easton, perhaps as Dean Plumptre conjectures, to become chaplain to Morley, Bishop of Winchester, and in 1666 he became a Fellow

of Winchester, and thus returned to the home of his boyhood. His relations with the wise and fatherly Bishop were all the closer, because Morley in 1660 had taken Izaak Walton and his son to be inmates of his palace. Ken used his leisure to serve gratuitously the poor and neglected parish church of St. John in the Soke; but in 1667 he was presented with the rectory of Brightstone, in the Isle of Wight—a valuable living which has been held by more than one eminent man. It was presented to Bishop Moberly when he retired from the headmastership of Winchester, and it was under a pear-tree in the garden that another rector, Bishop Samuel Wilberforce, wrote his *Agathos*.

Lady Maynard

In 1669, Ken gave up this living to make room for another chaplain of Bishop Morley, and was then appointed a prebendary of Winchester, resuming his pastoral work at St. John in the Soke. He also wrote his manual for the Winchester boys, spending his days in work and study, and finding his happy recreation in music and the writing of hymns.

In 1675, his nephew, the younger Izaak Walton, had attained the age of twenty-four, and it was desirable that he should complete his education by the usual "grand tour." Ken accompanied him, and was doubtlessly actuated by the desire to see the workings of religious life in other countries. He visited Paris and Lyons, and the Grande Chartreuse, and, above all, Rome. The visit to the Eternal City produced on his mind the same effect of disenchantment that it had produced a century earlier on the mind of Luther. On his return he found himself suspected more than ever of Papal leanings; but when James II. complimented him on the "Catholic" character of some passages in his writings, Ken plainly told him that whatever might once have been his leanings towards Romanism, they had been cured by the New Testament, and by his visit to Rome in 1675. At Rome too he must have become acquainted with the Quietism of Molinos, who published his "Spiritual Guide" that very year. Ken has been called the Fénelon of the English Church. He had many points of sympathy with the views of Molinos, as was shown by his "Practice of Divine Love." His feelings towards the Church of Rome would be entirely alienated by the cruel manner in which the Quietists and Molinos himself were treated by the Jesuits and the Inquisition.

Returning in 1676 he resumed his quiet life at Winchester as a pastor, an ascetic, a total abstainer. But he was not allowed a long period of calm. The condition of the times was frightful, but happily his seclusion kept him from contact with the horrible madness and iniquity which disgraced the nation during the so-called Popish Plot. Several of his friends had by this time come in contact with the Court circle, and through their influence, together with his own rising fame as a preacher, he was appointed, in 1679, as Chaplain at the Hague, in succession to his friend Hooper. He was there thrown into close intercourse with William, Prince of Orange, and Mary, and he discharged his duties with characteristic faithfulness and courage. There was nothing which attracted him in the sullen and saturnine aspect which William pre-

sented to all except his closest friends. He watched with indignation the coldness and harshness of the Prince towards his wife, as well as his attempts to prejudice

Brighstone Church, Isle of Wight
From a Photograph by Mr. J. Wilmore Brown

her against the Church of England and its great divines. "Dr. Ken," says Henry Sidney, who was envoy at the Hague in 1680, "is horribly unsatisfied with the Prince, and thinks that he is not kind to his wife; he resolved to speak with him, though he kicks him out of doors." He did speak to him, probably both on this subject and on his notorious unfaithfulness, and when through his reproaches he had induced Count Zulestein to marry a maid of honour whom he had wronged, William rudely threatened to dismiss him. Ken, "resenting his threats," refused to be dismissed by him, but said that he would at once ask leave of the Princess Mary to leave her service. William, however, saw that it would be a very impolitic step on his part to offend public opinion in England by breaking with Ken, and he was always magnanimous enough to admire courage and consistency. Ken consented to remain a year longer, and employed his time in a manner that redounded to his own honour.

We will reserve the remainder of his fortunes for a second paper.

HOLIDAYS.

A KINDLY bark of house dog at a door,
A sense of sweetness bred of summer weather,
A whirr of birds among the purple heather,
A dream of road and mountain, loch and moor,
Of wind-swept castle and of rock bound shore
—The lightsome mirth which small occasion sends,
A little pleasant talk of absent friends,
A silent thought of others gone before,
A consciousness of something left unsaid,—
These are the threads whereof our rest is made,
And when our fleeting holidays go past,
And we descend to days of patient toil,
To petty cares (which wear, though need not soil),
They serve to draw us to our Rest at last.

ISABELLA FYVIE MAYO.

THE VEILING OF MOSES.

By T. VINCENT TYMMS.

FROM his cradling on the Nile to his dying on Mount Nebo by the kiss of God, the life of Moses teems with marvels, but none are more mysterious than the veiling of his face. The incidents of Sinai are all passing strange, the long seclusion of a great king and law-giver while his people lodge in tents as men detained on a journey, his converse with One who is eternal light yet veils Himself with thick darkness out of mercy to mankind, his down-coming, bright with the unconscious beauty of reflected glory—these are all surprising, but are rather sublime than perplexing; they excel the highest efforts of human imagination as nature transcends art; but when told that Moses wore a veil on account of his shining countenance, and when Paul seems to call in question his motive for so doing, our thoughts are troubled. The popular impression, fostered by a mis-translation of Exodus xxxiv. 33, is that Moses covered his face out of consideration for the people who shrank from his presence, and that the veil was only required once. But a careful reading of the story must convince us that the veiling was habitual, that the covering assumed at Sinai was only removed when Moses went from time to time into the Tabernacle, and that it was adopted, not to screen the lustre from timid and weak-eyed beholders, but to prevent the people from seeing that the brightness was only transient. The difficulty is not lessened by Paul's symbolic use of the narrative. He finds in this veiling a type of the manner in which Moses dealt with the religious system of which he was the mediator. He gives us to understand that while imparting the law, Moses knew that it was only a temporal dispensation, which having served for an appointed season must give place to something better, but that he did not explain this to Israel. It is not easy to escape the conclusion that the apostle meant to censure this reticence. At any rate he repudiates the idea of any similar economy of truth on his own part, by saying "we use great boldness of speech, and are not as Moses, who put a veil upon his face that the children of Israel should not look steadfastly on to the end of that which was passing away."

Paul's language is susceptible of a softer interpretation. He may not have intended to blame Moses, but simply to insist that there was no need for such a policy of concealment under the Christian system, because there is no future waning of its glory to be feared. He may have regarded the ancient expedient as a necessary precaution, because of the hardness of men's hearts. We at any rate can see that Moses had strong reasons for his course. He justly feared that if the people knew from the first that their institutions were such as God would presently find fault with, they would be ready to despise them and demand the better thing at once. Men love finality, they hate suspense and grow restless when required to work out plans which are confessedly provisional. It is idle to say to them, "You are not ready for the perfect thing yet. The perfect law, the ideal constitution, the heavenly city are beyond your present powers, you must of necessity plod slowly onwards towards these ends, and meanwhile be content with such social forms and divine ordinances as human nature is adapted to fulfil." Moses could not fail to know this, and must have reasoned that his influence over the Hebrews for good depended on their conviction that he was giving them the best possible dispensation. He was indeed most truly giving them the best which even divine wisdom could appoint for that day, and few will blame him for not imperilling their belief of the fact by gratuitously revealing that another system more glorious still would one day take its place. With our partial knowledge of the conditions under which he worked, we should be presumptuous to pass judgment on one of the chiefest benefactors and noblest models of mankind. A cloud of mystery must still enshroud his motives, but we cannot err in the conclusion that Paul shows us a more excellent way, and his treatment of this old-world tale may furnish some practical suggestions for our modern daily life.

As lifted by the Apostle into the realm of spiritual things, the veiling of Moses becomes a symbol of what all leaders of men are tempted to do for the furtherance of their public influence. In proportion as a man appears worthy of personal veneration, people listen to his words, accept his counsel, and follow his standard; any display of moral weakness, any symptoms of fear or confessions of mistake lower him, whereas every fresh show of power, sagacity, or

goodness uplifts him in popular esteem. How great then is the inducement to wear a veil of large assumption, to cover up mistakes, to hide degrees of ignorance, to keep up appearances at any cost. When the history and meaning of royal pomp have been searched out it is found that they mainly originated in the instinctive desire of rulers to wrap up their infirmities as ordinary mortals. The robes and insignia of civic offices are not traceable merely to the love of finery, strong as that is in mankind, but to a prudential instinct which declares that a judge must look judicial, and a dignitary must seem dignified.

We are more concerned, however, to consider how this temptation touches us within the sphere of religion. One has stood upon the mount with God, has been raised to speak with the Eternal face to face, and coming out from the secret place of communion has brought to light some deep truth, has revealed some fairness in his own life, and so impressed upon others a conviction of his ability to be their teacher in things pertaining to God. As Moses wist not that his face shone, so this man scarcely knew his own gifts until men praised them, and only became conscious of great spiritual power as he saw it working upon others. At first the discovery elated him, but soon there came a renewed sense of unfitness. The thought arose, "I am not a sham, I have made no false pretence, but these people think of me more highly than they ought." Happy is he who at this stage acts after the pattern of Paul, who stripped off all the false honours with which his admirers invested him, and openly declared his limitations of knowledge, talent, and office. He insisted upon coming down from every artificial pedestal to stand as a brother, confessedly foolish, apt to err, ready to faint, and liable to fall under the weight of his temptation. But how prone are far inferior teachers to let the fumes of flattery be freely scattered in the air, and to wear men's praises as a veil upon defects, as one of the Cæsars wore a crown of ivy to conceal the baldness of his head. It must not be supposed that only those who are technically called ministers are thus beset. Many readers of this Magazine are Sunday School teachers, and they well know how painful it is when asked for information to confess their inability to give it, or to own that some problem which they are suddenly expected to solve happens to be one they have never thought out for themselves. How natural, and for the sake of keeping up his position, how advisable it seems for a teacher under such circumstances to evade the difficulty without betraying his inability to deal with it at once, to put a veil over the fading brightness of superior knowledge. Yet surely it is much holier, braver, and in the end more prudent, to step down from the slippery pedestal of a mistaken estimation and avow one's self as Paul did a fellow learner only a few weeks or at best a few fleet years in advance of his youngest disciples. Teachers who adopt this course may have tingling faces now and then, but they will gain the growing honour and ever strengthening trust of those they lead.

The same temptation comes in a thousand ways to parents. While their children are very young parents live in their eyes as the chiefest persons on earth. In matters of religious truth little ones come to a father or mother with as much confidence as the most ignorant Romanist in Italy might approach the Papal chair. Pope means papa, the father of the Christian family; and the father of each family is at first a pope to his children, an infallibility, an eminence, an oracle, whose word is final. It cannot last many years like this, for Popes of all sorts are found out by degrees. But many parents foster the illusion and maintain it as long as possible. It is painful to find one's self going down in the scale of a child's veneration. It is humiliating to say to an expectant inquirer, "I do not know." Not only would pride conceal ignorance, but prudence whispers how desirable it is to remain an oracle to those we wish to guide, and how perilous to appear an agnostic, and so suggest doubts about the foundations of religion. We cannot imagine that Moses was unduly anxious to retain the reverence of the people for his own gratification, his device must have been practised for the sake of his power over them for good. So right-minded parents prize filial honour not as incense to the vanity, but as an instrument to be used for highest ends. But alas! for such influence when once a veil has been detected, and glimpses have been caught of imperfections which it was manifestly intended to conceal! It must be better for all after life that we early accustom our children to the fact that we also are infants in the measures of eternal time, and are not like Him who descended out of heaven to tell of things He had seen, but like the least of all believers in His testimony, and that we only aspire to be regarded as reverent listeners to His words. They

must learn in time that all men have to walk by faith and not by sight, or else lie down in darkness and do nothing, and we shall best prepare them to follow in the footsteps of our faith by gently declining all exaggerated trust in ourselves, and drawing them to share our cheerful dependence on the unseen Lord to whom with childlike hearts we pray. Many of the worst agonies, and most calamitous wrecks of religious life in youth are, at least, partly due to the shock of finding that things once accepted on the authority of parents, who spoke of them as certainties within their personal knowledge, are really things not known or knowable in a scientific sense, but are purely matters of belief. In the present state of thought this discovery comes at a very early age, and the generation to come after us can only be prepared for a safe and happy passage of their inevitable intellectual ordeal by a wise and courageous initiation in their tenderest years. A veil upon the limitations of our religious knowledge may be worn for a season without any actual untruth, and with apparently beneficial results, but all veils must presently be lifted, and, alas! for those who see a plain dull skin where they fancied there was radiance—an ignorant, doubting, seeking, or at best a hoping, trusting spirit, where they imagined a calm possession of such knowledge as belongs to no son of man save Christ.

The veiling of Moses has thus furnished sundry wholesome thoughts for elders and teachers; it has also some suggestions for the young. It often happens that a youth is drawn to seek God's care. He has learned his need of a Father who seeth in secret. Sin has marred his inward peace, sorrow has made his soul exceeding heavy, mystery has closed around him like a cold, murky night. In solitude he has sought the Lord, and in an ordinary room of a modern city house has found the Presence Moses entered amid the storm-clouds of Sinai. From that Presence he comes forth to the world, he shrinks from it, but it cannot be avoided. The little world of home with all its wholesome power of banter and fun is round about him, and the larger and less kindly, though not more dreaded, world of mere associates awaits him outside. There is a new light in his soul. God has shined upon him, and he is truer, purer, wiser than a few hours since. His instinct is to let that light shine before men, to let all know that he has seen God, and now views all things in a fresh light, and means to live a new life. Perhaps he is not quite free from a nervous dread of having his good intentions mildly mocked, and his solemn thoughts made the subject of a jest. But his worst fear is that his present feelings may really only deserve such treatment. Are they not passing spasms of emotion? Will they abide? Will not the new light wane, and vanish like the lustre from Moses's face? He does not think of the ancient story, but his thought may find language in its imagery. If his goodness is only to be a transient shimmer of Divine brightness he will keep it to himself. It is better, he reasons, for himself, for the honour of Christ, and for all his friends, that this anticipated failure should have no witnesses. Hence he covers his new light of heaven-touched desires and purposes under a veil of assumed indifference, and beneath this veil the heavenly radiance dies away, and his fears fulfil themselves in sorrow.

Where then is his mistake? Does he err in supposing that such spiritual glory from the face of God is transient? On the contrary, he would fall into a disastrous error if he expected it to remain undimmed. We are such fitful beings that we swiftly lose whatever good we gain. The continuity of human life is dependent upon a ceaseless series of renewals. We eat food and are strengthened, but the strength soon fails. We wash and are clean, but the dust at once begins to settle on our flesh. So we see Divine beauty, but the vision pales. We imbibe love, but our hearts run dry. We are imbued with holy purposes, but our efforts falter. We resolve to do good, yet never do it as we would. We determine to refrain from evil but are overcome. Thus we need in every sense to be supplied with daily bread. Our hope lies not in personal constancy, but in never-ending renewal from above. Moses had but to go into the cloudy tabernacle and stand before the Lord and his countenance again glistened as before. And when we follow his example all that has been taken away by the world is restored, expended energies revived, fainting hopes spring up again within the breast, and the light of godliness comes as naturally as the daily dawn to our revolving earth. Thus in spite of all our tendencies to fade and wither there may be fulfilled in our experience the law of everlasting progress unfolded by the apostle. "We all with unveiled faces, reflecting as in a mirror the glory of the Lord, are transformed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit."

AMONG THE BIRDS.

By CHARLES DIXON, Author of "Rural Bird-Life," etc.

IV.—IN AUTUMN.

THE last days of summer and the first of autumn are marked by a striking quietness amongst bird life. The music of nearly every species is hushed; most birds are more skulking than usual, many disappear to all but the keenest scrutiny; and only an occasional chirp betrays their whereabouts. Birds are now moulting; but as the autumn days come on apace we gradually see the apparently deserted woods and fields filled once more with their feathered inhabitants—songless, to remain so until the following spring. To this rule, however, there are one or two exceptions. Undoubtedly the homely little robin is the most prominent songster in autumn. His sweet strains lend life to the woods and hedgerows, and the shrubberies and gardens are made glad by his music, just as the Michaelmas daisies and chrysanthemums give a last touch of welcome colour to the flower beds. Every one knows the robin, almost every one is familiar with his rich, sweet melody. There is something plaintive about the robin's song—a melancholy sadness that seems in harmony with falling leaves, damp, decaying vegetation and bare boughs. As an autumn songster the wren is sure to attract constant notice, his song being renewed after the moult, and attaining all its loud and varied beauty as the mellow days of the Indian summer gild the waning year. The song thrush may sing a little now and then in autumn, and the blackbird warble even less frequently still; but the mellow voice of the "stormcock," or missel-thrush, is now at its best. The starling and hedge-sparrow are also autumn songsters, and contribute no mean share to the scanty concert of the woods and fields at this season. Another bird that regains its song directly after the moult is the skylark. There is something delightfully English about the song of this bird—no other music seems so thoroughly in harmony with our peaceful meadows and breezy uplands. It speaks eloquently of freedom, and is one long musical declamation against restraint. His delightful trills are as well known as they are indescribable, and though they seem more in place above the buttercups and daisies, primroses and daffodils of spring, they are none the less welcome when carolled forth in the fresh autumn air over the browns and yellows and purples of the dying year.

Throughout the autumn months birds are constantly shifting their ground—seeking out suitable retreats for the coming winter. The moorlands and the mountains are almost deserted; the birds which have bred on these high grounds during the summer retire to

the coasts, the more sheltered country, and the lower valleys. The meadow pipits now leave the moors and visit the fields and manure heaps of the cultivated districts, the linnets, the twites, and the grey wagtails forsake the gorse, the heather, and the mountain trout-streams, and frequent the fields and lower reaches of the rivers. The curlews, the plovers, and other water fowl have sped to the coasts. The ring-ouzel and the cuckoo have gone to Africa; the merlins have retired to the lower grounds; the wheatears and whinchats have commenced their long southern journey; and the red grouse, the ptarmigan, and the eagle are almost the only birds left upon the highest uplands. Autumn is the time for many birds to gather into flocks for the winter; solitary birds become gregarious, and most species now display an amount of sociability they never indulge in at any other season. These large flocks are composed principally of the young birds hatched the previous season, and their parents Another marked and important feature of bird life in autumn is the gathering together of many of our migratory birds previous to taking their departure. In the early September days we see the swal-

Wild Swan flying to her winter home

lows and martins congregating in vast companies at certain well-recognised points of meeting. The air is full of the fluttering little birds as they course to and fro, noisily twittering to each other, as if discussing the long journey before them. Rows of tired birds perch on the roofs of buildings, on fences, the tops or "rigs" of stacks, and on telegraph wires. Many of these are young birds, and their parents may frequently be seen conveying food to them One of our illustrations represents a scene often to be witnessed in autumn, when the birds seem particularly fond of resting on the wires From end to end of the long span the birds cluster in a dense, noisy throng, and the slender wires look like thick cables when seen from a distance.

As soon as the grain has been cut and harvested we find the broad, brown stubbles the chosen haunts of many kinds of birds One of the most familiar birds of the stubble is the partridge, now in coveys of varying size. We often flush these skulking, timid birds from our very feet, and the whirr of their wings is quite startling as they hurry away. Large flocks of sparrows and green finches also frequent these places to feed on the scattered grain, and where the stubbles have been sown down with clover we are sure to meet with the skylark in abundance. The yellow bunting and the chaffinch may

often be seen on the hedges, especially near the gateways and in the lanes where the bushes on either side almost meet overhead. Here great numbers of straws become lodged, brushed from the waggons as the corn is carted through them; and these little finches are busy picking out the grain, sometimes fluttering for a moment before a full ear, then bearing it to the ground. The wood-pigeons and stock-doves, wild geese and ducks also come to the stubbles for their share of the corn. The turnip-fields are now replete with bird-life. In early morning, as we wander knee-deep among the broad green leaves, all wet with dew, we flush great numbers of song thrushes and "stormcocks," which visit these places for the slugs and worms; whilst nearer the hedges the blackbird rises up with noisy clamour, and, the hedge-sparrow flits off to the nearest cover. Where the turnips have partly failed and a bare patch of ground occurs, especially if it be at all swampy, we are sure to meet with the meadow pipit, which flits about and perches on the leaves, uttering its plaintive note; and in places where the crop is thickest we may by chance flush a short-eared owl, a stray woodcock, or a land-rail which has not yet left its summer haunts.

The woods in autumn contain much of interest. When October paints the birch coppices in tints of brightest yellow the charming little gold-crest is busy amongst them. Parties of these delicate birds (the smallest British species) linger in them a few days on their southern journey, and every now and then the males burst out into sweetest song. They freely fraternise with the coal-tit and blue-tit, but frequent the slender twigs where the seed pods hang rather than the thick branches and trunks which the tits search for insect food. In the oak woods where the acorns chance to be the thickest we shall be sure to meet with the shy pheasants who wander up and down beneath the trees in quest of them, whilst in the branches overhead the jays and rooks are pulling them off. The rook may often be seen clinging to a large acorn at the extremity of a slender twig breaking it off by his own weight. Our rambles reveal the departure of the summer migrants. No longer does the little grey flycatcher moodily sit on the long branches that droop over the wall into the adjoining field, he has sped away to the cases in Algeria; no longer do we hear the trembling notes of the wood wren in the treetops, or the chiffchaff's monotonous cry from the lower branches; the nightingale, the redstart, and the turtle-dove have gone; and by the end of October the redwings and the bramblings are back again from Swedish woods, frequenting the fields during the day, retiring to the evergreens at dusk.

Changes rapid and continuous are also taking place among the birds of the coast. At all the summer stations of the sea birds as soon as the young can fly a grand breaking up takes place. The long winter vacation has commenced, and the birds of these rocks and islets and cliffs disperse over the surrounding sea, many species, such as the terns, going southwards to the tropics. The low flat mud banks and salt marshes of the eastern counties, which in summer were almost deserted by birds, now become thronged with feathered visitors from all parts of the north. One of the first birds to make its appearance on these mud flats is the knot. In thousands this little arctic stranger frequents the coast, many lingering through the winter, but the great majority gradually passing on to the west African coast. Dunlins in countless hordes rest on these muds, and may often be seen in compact flocks wheeling and turning with marvellous precision just above the shallow water or the wet shining beach. Another bird which comes a little later on in autumn to these places is the hooded crow. It visits us from northern Europe and picks up a rich living on the coasts and adjoining meadows, often following the course of tidal rivers to more inland districts. The shores of the Wash in autumn are perhaps the most interesting haunt of birds in this country. Miles of mud flat and salt marsh form a safe retreat for almost every species of British shore bird, from the big lumbering gulls and geese, to the shy ducks, wild curlews and dainty dunlins. The fishermen profit by such an abundance of birds, and thousands are netted or shot every year in this one district alone. Miles of netting are stretched across the mud in most parts of the Wash, and with a suitable tide and favourable weather vast quantities of birds are caught. From this interesting district it is but a short distance to the Broads; and here we meet with many birds in autumn which prefer an inland to a littoral haunt. Some of the most charming vignettes of bird-life may here be seen by the observer who is careful not to alarm his feathered favourites. Our artist has given us a graphic peep at fen-land in the evening's dusk. The big white banks of autumnal fog hang low over the Broads, and the sighing of the wind through the dead bending reeds is fit-

Swallows on Telegraph Wires.

ting music to such a wild, even solemn scene. The shy wild ducks are swimming about in the half light, all unconscious of danger, whilst a big grey heron in moody contemplation of all things piscatorial stands like a statue on an old wrecked fen boat. Timid rails and moorhens swim in and out amongst the reeds, and on rare occasions a bittern or a wild swan will fly startled away. Little parties of the rare and beautiful bearded titmouse cling to the rush stems and flutter across the open water from one thicket to another; scores of coots swim gracefully about the wide expansive pools; and various species of freshwater ducks, ever wary and watchful, detect the slightest danger from afar.

Throughout the autumn months the migration of birds is in progress. The spring movements of birds are much quicker than in autumn. Then birds seem all anxious to get to their summer quarters as quickly as possible; but on the return journey they travel much more leisurely, and, of course, in larger numbers. Birds are also more gregarious in autumn than in spring, and many species fraternise for the journey which are never seen in company at any other time. Night and day these little feathered travellers are hastening southward—following summer in one vast fluttering throng. In the still autumn nights we may often hear the cries of these migratory birds as they pass over high in air above us. Sometimes the harsh notes of a heron will be heard, or the shrill call of a curlew or godwit; and now and then the loud trumpet-like scream of the wild swan, rendered musical by distance, sounds clearly from the sky. This magnificent bird is shown

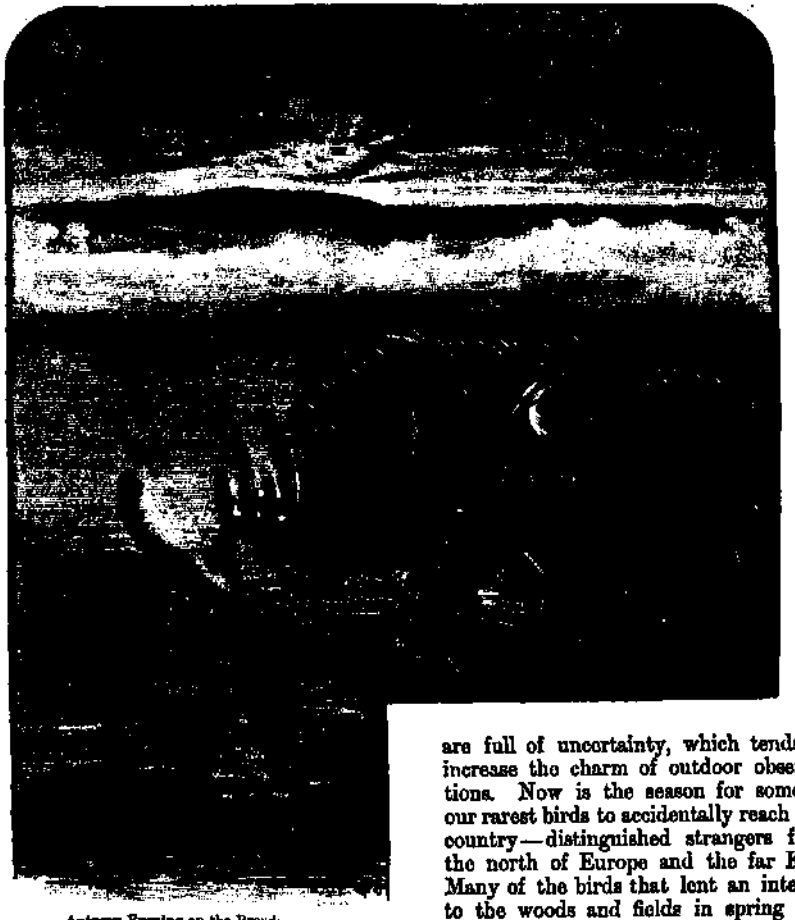
in one of our engravings flying swiftly along to his winter home. He is fresh from the solitudes of the arctic regions, and is seeking some extensive pool or quiet part of the coast. Two willow wrens are flying in his company, but their destination is much farther to the south.

The migration of birds is beset with many perils and many difficulties. Birds often lose their way; a contrary wind or a spell of dark cloudy weather appears to disorganize their movements, and, like mariners without a compass, they are at a loss which direction to take. Many wonderful scenes are witnessed at the lighthouses on some parts of the British coasts during the season of migration. Sometimes when the moon is suddenly hidden by a bank of clouds the lanterns of the lighthouses are the point to which the stream of migrants hasten, and where in a confused fluttering throng they beat against the glass like moths round a candle, and fly to and fro, utterly bewildered and completely lost. They seem to have no idea of their true course, and fly aimlessly about, many killing themselves against the glass, others falling into the water below. The light-men are alert on these occasions, and capture numbers of the poor lost travellers with hand-nets. Many of the birds are too tired or too dazed to move, and allow themselves to be taken by the hand as they sit on the balcony. Our largest picture vividly portrays a lighthouse on one of these migration nights. The tide of migration is at its height. The night is dark, and the lanterns are the central point of attraction for the countless hosts of birds that were crossing the sea when the sky became overcast. Birds of many different species are flying together, or are attracted from all points of the compass by the brilliant light. Ducks and geese are travelling with gold-crests and swallows. Starlings and finches are flying side by side with gulls and waders. Warblers and herons scatter scientific classification to the winds, and fraternise with swans and goatsuckers and larks. Falcons and owls appear to lose all propensity for preying on their helpless fellow-voyagers, and fly harmlessly to and fro amongst their companions in misfortune. As soon as the weather clears, and the moon shines forth once more, the birds appear to get on their right track again, and the feathered hosts are gone as suddenly as they came. These migratory movements lend bird-life its greatest charm in autumn. Wherever and whenever we wander out into the woods or by the shore signs of the great feathered exodus now in progress are to be seen on every side. In the highest air the V-shaped lines taken by the migrating geese, or in the lower atmosphere the fluttering throng of martins and swallows, proclaim the movements of some of our feathered friends. Almost every wood, and field, and lane, and highway are tenanted by birds bent on their annual pilgrimage; and bird after bird departs as the autumn draws to its close, their places being taken by others from more northern lands.

There is also a beautiful and indescribable charm about the woods and groves in autumn which they possess at no other time of the year. How delightful are the clear, fresh autumn mornings, when we wander out into the fields, and down the lanes, and through the woods! What a wealth and variety of bewitching colours adorn them now, and how delicately beautiful the lace-like network of gossamer, laden and spangled with dew, which yokes together every leaf and twig and grass-blade! How eagerly the birds are engaged in feeding on the various fruits and berries of the season! Many birds subsist almost entirely on these fruits and berries in autumn. The bilberries and cranberries are the chief food of the grouse; the thrushes and starlings feed eagerly on blackberries and the red, wax-like fruit of the mountain-ash.

Again, there is something ineffably sweet about the robin's song at this season, especially as we listen to it at nightfall, when the evening mists are rising from the woodlands and the setting sun reflects a refulgent light over the brightly painted trees. Then how busy are the siskins and the titmice in the alder-trees by the stream, and how engaging the redpoles and goldfinches on the wild weedy wastes as these little birds cling to the tall prickly thistle-stems, and scatter the downy seeds to the wind! Nut-brown October is one of the pleasantest months in the whole year for the naturalist, and from the beginning to the end of this delightful period bird-life is for ever on the change. As the painted leaves fall to the earth and accumulate in big brown and yellow drifts by the tree-trunks and in the hollows, we are enabled to observe the actions of many birds that all the summer have been hidden by the foliage. We can now watch the woodpeckers pursue their erratic way up the gnarled and rugged trunks in quest of insects, and scan every movement of the tits and ring-doves high up in the slender branches. Then on the ground how the various birds betray their whereabouts as they hop

"The tide of Migration is at its height"



Autumn Evening on the Broads.

amongst the dead, fallen leaves! The thrushes and blackbirds particularly love to frequent the ground at this season, and hop along under the dense cover with surprising quickness. In our wanderings through the plantations and quiet corners of the coppices we may now flush the woodcock from its retreat amongst the dead leaves; and to the swampy districts the jack-snipe has once more returned for the winter. In autumn great numbers of young herons wander far from their birthplace and stray up the rivers and brooks in quest of fish; and now and then the rough legged buzzard may be met with on migration across the inland heaths. Our wanderings among the birds in autumn are full of uncertainty, which tends to increase the charm of outdoor observations. Now is the season for some of our rarest birds to accidentally reach this country—distinguished strangers from the north of Europe and the far East. Many of the birds that lent an interest to the woods and fields in spring and summer have gone; but to compensate us for their absence others have come, and are constantly arriving, to take their place, whilst the element of uncertainty as to what species we may chance to meet with in our rambles is a grand inducement to spend as much as possible of the delicious dreamy autumn out of doors "among the birds."

But the limits of our space are already reached, and in bidding the readers who may have followed us through these brief and imperfect sketches of bird-life adieu, we may be allowed to express the sincere hope that some of them may be led by their perusal to the study of a science which abounds with the highest and the deepest interest.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

By Commander V. L. CAMERON, R.N., C.B., D.C.L., Author of "Across Africa," etc.

DO any of us realise what these words mean? I venture to think that very few do, or such a storm of indignation and horror would sweep from one end of the country to the other as had never before been equalled.

I do not only mean, are we cognisant of what happens in Africa, but do we actually bring home to our hearts and minds what occurs: what crimes of arson, murder, and rapine the slavers commit, and what widespread misery their deeds entail? I pray that we do not, or I would expect the punishment of heaven to be meted out to us for our apathy.

I trust that I am right in differing from Lord Granville when, in introducing Cardinal Lavigerie to the audience assembled at Prince's Hall, he assumed that all present would understand spoken French. I prefer to believe my fellow countrywomen and men ignorant of spoken French to believing them guilty of callousness and indifference to the appeal made to them on behalf of the suffering people of Africa by Cardinal Lavigerie.

Do the people of Great Britain realise that every minute a fresh victim is seized on by the slave-stealers, that not an hour passes without more than fifty being killed or torn from their homes, and that during this month of August, in which I write, and when most of us are enjoying a holiday, forty-five thousand more victims are being added to the number of those who, through Cardinal Lavigerie and others, appeal to us for aid and protection from some of the foulest criminals that ever disgraced the earth!*

Some people may answer, "Why do you ask us for help now? This has been going on always, and it has been generally allowed that it is useless to take any active means to put an end to it. It is very horrible, but what can we do?"

We ask for help now because the horrible condition of affairs obtaining in Central Africa is daily growing worse, because much of the evil is of recent date, and because our improved knowledge of the country and climate, and of how to treat malarial fevers, has rendered it possible for active steps to be taken to put an end to this horrible traffic, and the crimes and sufferings entailed by it, with every prospect of success.

Others, again, say: "Oh, the extension of legitimate commerce and of missionary enterprise are going on apace, and to them we must look as the proper and effectual means to put an end to slavery."

They are useful and powerful factors, and their beneficial influence is not to be denied; but the progress caused by them is slow, and before they can do much large districts of Africa will be depopulated.

Lieutenant Wissmann, in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society* on the 25th of June last, and to which I shall refer again, concludes by saying:—

"But let us turn aside from such mournful episodes and ask ourselves, how can these regions be made participators in the blessings of civilisation?

"Self-sacrificing Christian missionaries have proved blessings to some of the coast districts; but it is clear that natives who are not sure for a single day of their lives and property, are not in a condition to open their hearts to higher and nobler religious ideas. The civilisatory mission needed is one which will free these tribes from the cancerous evil which poisons their very life-blood and must inevitably lead to their total extinction. This is a work requiring large means, but it is one of the noblest. It must be undertaken quickly too, for the disease is spreading rapidly, and the influence of the Arabs grows visibly from day to day."

This is pretty plain speaking, and following, as it did, upon the description of atrocities which have never been surpassed, even if they have been equalled, in the history of the world, would, one should have thought, have evoked some more evidence of feeling and sympathy from his audience than the concluding sentence of the President, in moving a vote of thanks to the lecturer:—

"It was not for him to say to what extent England and other civilised countries could co-operate to put an end to the atrocities which were still perpetrated in Africa, but that result would doubtless in the long run be accomplished by more complete exploration and subsequent occupation of the country by a superior race."

Probably General Strachey, in his position as president of a scientific society, could say little else; but we are not all presidents of scientific societies, and trammelled by official responsibilities, and we need not acquiesce in the feeling "that doubtless in the long run," &c. . . .

* I am using the estimate I made in Africa. Cardinal Lavigerie quadruples these numbers.

* Published in the August number of the Society's "Proceedings."

Wissmann tells us that the work must be done quickly. We cannot afford to wait for exploration or occupation; what has to be done must be done at once, or the question of slavery will solve itself by the extinction of the races from which the carriers of ivory and the slave marts are supplied.

I suppose that for every slave carried off by the slave-hunters fifteen more are murdered, burned alive in their villages, or die of starvation in the jungle. The loss in the slave caravans before they reach their destinations is at least fifty per cent., often more, so that for each slave sold to a permanent owner thirty human beings have been destroyed. If for each pair of tusks a hundred elephants were known to be destroyed, ivory-merchants would at once take steps to put an end to the unnecessary waste. Shall we do nothing to save the thousands and thousands of men, women, and children whose fate is worse than that of the elephants', and whose only crime is that they are not able to help themselves?

I know myself that I have urged the development of legitimate commerce and the extension of missionary enterprise as palliatives of the slave trade, but though much has been done in this way it has not been enough, and the disease has reached such an acute stage that more drastic remedies are now necessary.

Cardinal Lavigerie told us how Captain Joubert, settling in the centre of Africa and organizing a small force of three hundred men from the people of the country, by their means keeps the stealers of human beings at a distance; and now in Brussels he is advocating the formation of a corps of a hundred Belgians to proceed to the neighbourhood of the Tanganyika—"our Tanganyika" as Sir R. Burton called it in a letter to me the other day—there to fight against the slave-dealers.

This is accentuating an important fact which we can no longer blink, viz., that the time has come when it must be decided whether the destinies of tropical Africa are to remain in the hands of the slave-traders from the north, east, and west, or whether they are to pass into those of Christian and civilised nations.

Even if we palter and delay, the crisis must one day come, for constantly the number of the slavers from Zanzibar and Arabia who are settling themselves in Africa is increasing, and they are gathering round them greater numbers of the most savage and barbarous of the native tribes.

People must not think that slavery in Central Africa is a stationary evil, and that what is now happening has always been happening, as Sir James Fergusson seemed to believe, when in reply to Mr. M'Neil in the House of Commons he said, "No doubt the slave trade is active in the interior of Africa, and attended with immense suffering, but it is probably not more prevalent than formerly, while its chief seats have been shifted, and we are better informed of it than formerly through the settlers on the lakes."

If this part of his answer were absolutely correct it would be no reason for us to refrain from endeavouring to put a stop to the atrocities that are daily being committed; but though the centres where slave-hunting is now carried on are not the same as they were fifty years ago, and therefore it may be correct to say that they have shifted, this shifting means that countries that not long ago were unknown to and unvisited by slave-traders are now being rapidly depopulated, while the number of victims is increasing, and the barbarous manner of carrying on the slave-hunts is growing more reckless and cruel every day.

About fifty years ago the Zanzibar traders did not penetrate more than two hundred miles into the interior, and were contented to find their supply of slaves in that area and to purchase ivory from the Wanyamwesi who brought it down either to the coast or to the advanced posts of the Indian and Wasuahili traders.

An Indian merchant named Musa Mzuri pushed on to Unyanyembe, crossing Ugogo, which had previously been a bar to the advance of the coast people, and founded the settlement there, which is now so well known as one of the centres of Arab influence and trade in tropical Africa. For ten years this was practically their farthest point, and then they reached the Tanganyika and established themselves on its shores at Kawele in Ujiji.

They were not long content with their position here and soon crossed the lake and made their way, some to the country of the Kazembe and others into Manyuema, and ultimately to Nyangwe.

Shortly before the expedition led by Captain (now Sir Richard) Burton passed through Unyanyembe, the traders from that place had made their way to the Victoria Nyanza. The extension of the slave trade southwards from Egypt has occurred in the same space of time, for the ruffians met by Speke and Grant on their journey from Zanzibar to Cairo, and those with whom Baker had to

deal in his first expedition, were among the earliest who had made their way south of Gondokoro. Gondokoro, indeed, only sprang into being after the passage of the Sudd by the Egyptian expedition in 1839, for previous to that the whole country south of the barrier was a *terra incognita* to slave-hunter and ivory-merchant alike.

The atrocious slave raids of Abu Saood and Zobehr which spread out into the country of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and which there can be little doubt were winked at by Nubar Pasha, were of even a later date; but to what an extent this slave trade in the Egyptian Soudan had grown may be to some extent guessed at by the fact that in 1880 Gessi had forty thousand liberated slaves on his hands.

But while Gordon and his lieutenants were struggling against this evil and doing marvels, the import of slaves into Egypt proper still went on, and though slaves could not openly come down the Nile past Khartoum, they were marched by the desert route, called the *Arbain* (from its requiring forty days to traverse), into Dongola, whence they were distributed to their consumers.

Since the English occupation of Egypt, the importation of slaves into that country has ceased, and the liberation of slaves already imported is going on apace under the direction of my old friend and companion, Colonel Schaefer Boy. But if Egypt is no longer a mart for slaves, another Mahommedan State has been found to purchase them, and those who would, if the same conditions still obtained, have been sent to Egypt, are now driven to Tripoli, and for the painful and dangerous passage of the *Arbain*, the still more painful and dangerous march across the Sahara has been substituted. No relation of any traveller in the Southern Egyptian Soudan, whether of Schweinfurth, Junker, Felkin, or no matter whom, fails in telling us how the "Toorkis" were spreading their devastations far and wide; and now that north of the little spot of light at Wadelai, where Emin Pasha so gallantly maintains himself, all European influence has been swept away, there can be but small doubt that horrors equal to any of which we have ever heard are still being perpetrated.

From the Egyptian Soudan westwards to the waters of the Niger, lie the band of Mussulman states peopled by Semitic negroids, whose infusion of Semitic blood and adoption of El Islam has enabled them to put on a veneer of spurious civilisation, and all these States, Wadai, Baghirmi, Bornu, and the rest, are consumers of slaves, and draw their supplies from the yet unexplored regions between the Niger and the Congo. They are in communication with their co-religionists to the north of the Sahara, and find a ready sale for those of their human chattels that they do not keep for their own purposes, in Fezzan, Tuat, and the southern fringes of Algeria where French influence does not extend, while farther west the markets of Morocco are supplied by the Touaregs and other Semiticised and nomad tribes.

The West Coast export trade has ceased, having been finally put an end to by the energetic measures adopted by Commodore A. P. E. Wilmot between 1862—1865, since which, and owing to which, legitimate commerce has progressed by leaps and bounds. The extension of legitimate commerce in this instance has been due to the extinction of the slave trade, and not the extinction of the slave trade to the extension of legitimate commerce, as was urged by Sir James Fergusson.

But though the West Coast slave trade has ceased—the "*volumes*"[1] now consisting of coffee, oil, ivory, and other products instead of human beings—the slave trade behind Angola and Benguela still exists, and the traders of Kassanci and Bihé are pushing farther and farther into the interior, and the mobs by whom they are accompanied are paid for such services as they render by being permitted to prey on the natives, to murder, rob, burn, steal, and carry into slavery.

I myself saw that East-Coast traders had met people from Bihé, in Urua, and was an unwilling witness of the vile behaviour of these brutes, who were led by a man who called himself a Christian.

Now we hear that the Angolan slave-dealers have even reached Nyangwe, and Dr. Summers tells of the horrors he witnessed when they passed by his station on their return march with eight hundred wretched victims.

The Arabs are jealous of the appearance of Europeans near their slave-hunting grounds; but they appear to have shown no jealousy or fear of these their co-partners in crime. The slave caravan from Urua, with which I had to travel, consisted mainly of women and children, the men having been mostly slaughtered, only a few being retained

[1] Bales; the Portuguese used to invoice their slaves thus. See fac-simile of part of a bill of lading in "Across Africa," p. 529, new edition.

as porters, as they would not have been easily disposed of in the countries on the Upper Zambesi, which their captors intended visiting after I left Bihé, while women and children, especially girls, commanded a good price in cattle and ivory.

I have for a time said nothing about the extension of their slave-trading operations by the Zanzibar people; but it is because I consider them the worst of all that I have reserved them until now.

When I passed through Manyuema, on my way to Nyangwe, Manyuema was practically untouched by the slavers, who then were not sufficiently powerful to dare to stir up the people against them, and those who had gone northwards from Nyangwe had been driven back with heavy losses. Tipo-tipo had never crossed the Lomami, and Jumas Merikani's camp in Urua represented the farthest advance of the East Coast people in that latitude.* Now almost, if not quite, up to the Aruwimi the country has been devastated, Manyuema is being rapidly reduced to a howling wilderness, and lately, as we are told by Lieutenant Wissmann in the same paper that I have already quoted from, Sayol, a lieutenant of Tipo-tipo's, has crossed the Lomami, and the consequences are best told in the gallant German's own words.

He first describes the fertile and beautiful country through which he passed, its large towns shaded by palm-groves, whose age attested how long they had afforded shelter to the descendants of those who had planted them.

He then goes on to tell us of the peaceful agricultural race dwelling in savage plenty, who were the happy owners of these sylvan towns, of their children and their toys, of their goats and fowls—in short, he paints a picture of a primitive race undisturbed by war's alarms, knowing nothing of slave raids, except by dim and distant rumours, and willing to welcome kindly the strangers whose zeal for knowledge had brought them to their doors.

That was in 1881. A country more populous than almost any that had yet been seen in Africa, a people already well advanced in the peaceful arts, every man living in security under the shade of his own palm in the midst of his own farm, their few and simple wants easily supplied by the bounty of the soil.

Wissmann and his followers had no difficulty in maintaining amicable relations with these "gentle savages," and when they parted it was with the kindliest feelings on either side. I will now quote Lieutenant Wissmann verbatim:—

"Four years had gone when I once more found myself in the centre of Africa. . . . Once more we camped near the large town of the Bagua Peribi. Early on the following morning we approached its palm groves. The paths are no longer clean as they used to be. A dense growth of grass covers them, and as we approach the skirt of the groves we are struck by the dead silence which reigns. No laughter is to be heard, no sign of welcome from our old friends. The silence of death breathes over the lofty crowns of the palms waving in the wind. We enter and it is in vain we look to the right and left for the happy homesteads and happy old scenes. Tall grass covers everything, a charred pole here and there, a few banana-trees, are the only evidences that man once dwelt here. Bleached skulls by the road-side, and the skeletons of human hands attached to poles, tell the story of what has happened since our last visit.

"The Bakalanga, in the long white garments and with cloths wound round their heads, had been here, so we were told subsequently.

"The hordes of a powerful chief, said to live to the east of the Lomami, known indifferently as Tupa Tupa, Muschipula, or Tippu-Tib had been here to trade. Many women had been carried off, all who offered resistance had been killed, the fields, gardens and banana groves had been wasted, and the palms only had escaped the fury of these visitors. Twice more, at intervals of three moons, these destroyers had returned and the havoc which they wrought had been completed by the small-pox, which they imported, and by famine. The Bagua Peibi, nay the whole tribe of the Bene Ki, had ceased to exist. Only a few remnants of this once powerful tribe, so we were told, had sought refuge with a chief on the Sankuru, named Zappu Tapp, himself a refugee from Arab aggression.

" . . . Day after day we were called upon to witness the same abhorrent scenes, until one day on the banks of the Lukasi, we came upon a camp of these Arabs. They numbered three thousand men, and their leader was Sayol, one of the Lieutenants of Tipo-Tib. . . . .

"After a short and stormy interview with Sayol we camped near to him. I even there noticed that the conduct of Tippo Tib's people was different from what it used to be, and it was only when I arrived at Nyangwe I found this change was due to the deplorable fights with Europeans at Stanley Falls.*

"I paid a visit to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams at its entrance was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket shots later on proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practising musketry on his unfortunate prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately to furnish a cannibal feast, for Tipo-Tib's auxiliaries from the Lomami, the Bene Kalebwe and Batalela, are cannibals."

Comment on this is unnecessary. Every time I read this paper of Wissmann's, and it exercises a weird fascination upon me, I become more and more disgusted that such things should be permitted to exist. The

* Syde-Ibn-Habib's journey to the West Coast, which followed close on the first crossing of the Tanganyika by the Arabs, led to no immediate or permanent results, and need not be considered.

* Some employés of the "Congo Free State," more generous than politic, had protected fugitive slaves. The deplorable part of the business was that their efforts were futile.—V. L. C.

chief of these human fiends (I once had better thoughts of the Zanzibar traders, and hoped that they might be utilised in the civilisation of Africa) is the mainstay of the expedition under Mr. Stanley.

At Nyangwe, if I had indulged in a very mild form of slave-dealing, my way down the Congo would have been freely open. At Tipo-tipo's camp I renounced the idea of crossing the Lomami, and, being the first explorer of the countries of whose devastation Wissmann has told us, because I did not believe that one was justified in shedding one drop of blood for the sake of geographical knowledge, and never did I allow a rifle to be fired save in the strictest self-defence.

Autres temps, autres mœurs; perhaps if all explorers had been as scrupulous as I was, we should not know so much as we now do of the interior of Africa; but certainly, judging by results up to the present moment, the opening up of Africa has not resulted in increased happiness to the inhabitants of the "Dark Continent."

The time has now come when we can no longer plead ignorance; from missionaries of every branch of the Catholic Church of Christ we hear of the sufferings of the negro. Those who would raise the native races and abolish slavery by the introduction of the arts of peace and the extension of legitimate commerce have been attacked by the slave-dealers, and a gentleman holding the position of British Consul has been stripped of his clothes, and flouted and jeered at by the traders in human flesh.

The Anti-Slavery Society has done wonders by the employment of moral force, and a long vista is open to it for the beneficial employment of the arm to which it is restricted. I wish the Anti-Slavery Society Godspeed in its noble work, but at the same time I cannot help agreeing with Cardinal Lavigerie, Cardinal Manning, and Lieutenant Wissman in thinking that the time has come for the employment of active means.

I cannot here enter into the description of the methods that I would adopt for dealing with this ever-increasing evil; but though to learn the name or whereabouts of a new lake, river, or mountain I would not burn a single cartridge, I think that it would be right, advisable, and proper to use all the resources of modern warfare in order to rescue the natives of Africa from slavery, rapine, murder, and sudden death.

I am ready to act up to what I write, and would freely give my life in the cause of freedom, and will gladly co-operate in any possible manner either here or in Africa with those who I trust will resolve that this disgrace to humanity shall no longer exist.

SON OF MAN.

"Homo sum; nihil humani a me alienum puto."

LET me not scorn my fellow-men,
Even the bad and base:
For man is man; I feel it when
I look into his face.

Why should I question who or whence?
This is a man. Ah, me!
Although I cannot reverence,
I yet would tender be.

If he be man, this man to serve
Is my prerogative.
The question not, Does he deserve?
But, What have I to give?

The Son of God, 'tis said, of old
Was man. It is enough.
Some thread of true, if tarnished, gold
Runs through all human stuff.

It may be that a reverent eye,
Or that a tender thought,
Will bring the colours out which lie
Unnoticed though inwrought.

The truthless look, the shuffling gait,
The mind that darkly schemes,
How hateful! Yet I will not hate,
But watch for heavenly gleams.

Thus would I treat this fellow-man,
Abased but highly born;
Expectant I his face would scan,
Without a thought of scorn.

ROBERT F. HORTON.

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

A Talk about Poetry.

By JOHN DENNIS.

IT may be as well to begin by saying that this talk is intended for youthful readers of poetry, and especially for those who are just beginning to gain some sense of its beauty, and some desire to explore the enchanting region which our great poets have made their own. That region is not only full of lovely flowers and foliage, but it is full also of precious fruits and healing herbs. For the poets, when they rightly understand their vocation, are our wisest teachers; their song appeals to the heart as well as to the intellect, and the music of their voices lingers in the memory, filling us with happy and elevating thoughts.

You will perhaps ask me to define poetry, but this is not in my power. Many definitions have been given, from the days of the Greek philosophers to our own, but not one of them is, I think, adequate. Well, we can enjoy life without explaining it, and if we could state with scientific accuracy what poetry is, I am sure we should not delight one whit the more in the rhythmical harmony of verse. But if we cannot define poetry there is much about the art which it is not difficult to understand. We cannot fail to see that when the poet, to use Milton's phrase, puts on his singing robes, he is in a state of exalted feeling, in which he sees visions, and is forced, as it were, to utter what he sees in metre. Profound emotion kindles the imagination, and the poet's heart finds no rest until he is able to express what is stirring within him in a beautiful and lasting form. And we see too that, while there may be abundant verse without poetry, there can be no poetry, although there may be much that is poetical, without verse. The substance needs also the form, and it is a mistake to speak of the most imaginative prose work as if it were a poem.

What I wish to do is to take you with me into our English realm, the wealthiest and most spacious in the world, and to give a few suggestions which may serve as sign-posts on your pleasant journey. Let me in the first place guard against a misconception into which a youthful reader is likely to fall. English literature has now become a part of scholastic education, and English poets especially are studied with the minute attention to grammar and syntax which was at one time given only to the classics of Greece and Rome. With this object a play of Shakespeare is criticised, not for its fine qualities as poetry, but for its verbal peculiarities, and the exquisite music of *Comus* is dissected in order to discover the author's idioms and grammatical inflections. To this course of study no objection can be made, but it may be abused, and will be, if the student imagines that while thus enlarging his knowledge of English he is also studying poetry. That must be pursued from the standing-point of literature, not of grammar; and it is only through what I may call, for want of a better term, "literary apprehension," that a poet's work can be understood. If Dryasdust asks you what poetry proves, you cannot answer him; but if once your mind opens to the inspiration of a tragedy like *King Lear*, an elegy like *Lycidas*, or an ode like that on *Intimations of Immortality*, you will feel that the imaginative truth of poetry is as real as a formula of algebra.

Now let me suppose that you know little of the poetry of your country beyond the pieces published in selections and possibly learnt at school, which for that reason you may hate as Lord Byron hated Horace. With the great landmarks of our poetical history you may be slightly acquainted, knowing something about Chaucer, though you have not read his *Canterbury Tales*; knowing a little by report of the luxuriant beauty of Spenser's *Faerie Queene*; knowing how Shakespeare stands among his great poetical contemporaries, as Saul stood among the children of Israel, "higher than any of the people;" and how Milton, the "mighty-mouth'd inventor of harmonies," fallen upon evil days, nourished his great soul in solitude and blindness. Then if you have read any history of the Restoration period, Dryden's name will not be unfamiliar, and you will know how this robust writer and consummate master of English, to use his own expressive words, "made prostitute and profligate the Muse." I suppose too that in your school studies you have learnt something of the poetical history of the eighteenth century, and especially of Pope, that exquisite wit and masterly artificer in verse. Then since your curiosity has been excited in this direction, and I am all along taking this interest for granted, you will have heard of the return to nature at the beginning of the present century, of which poets like Burns and Cowper were forerunners in the last. With Coleridge, the

most subtly musical of poets, with Wordsworth, the most spiritually suggestive, and with Scott, whose verse, when in his highest mood, is like the tramp of soldiers marching to victory, arose a new era in which, had you lived in it, the poetical figure of Byron would have seemed to you as, to all youthful readers of that time, by far the most prominent, while those of Shelley and Keats, who for intrinsic poetical merit now rank with the peers of song, might have been comparatively disregarded. Then you can recall, perhaps, if you are put through an examination, the names of a score of smaller poets—some of them like Moore and Rogers, at one time in the highest degree popular—whose fame in the course of a generation has greatly faded.

And bridging over several years in your retrospect, you are, it may be hoped, on familiar ground when calling to mind the finely modulated strains of our well-beloved Laureate. And yet it is possible, for youthful enthusiasm is not discriminative, and the poetry of the day suits the day, that you are better acquainted with the last idle singer of an idle lay than with the noblest productions of a Browning or a Tennyson.

There are, no doubt, exceptions, but I think that, as a rule, the young readers likely to follow me in this talk will say that I have credited them with fully as much knowledge of English poetry as in reality they possess.

And now I shall be asked, what is the wisest course a reader should adopt, whose heart and ear have felt the power of song, but who is conscious that this love of his, sincere though it be, is but vague and purposeless, since it is not based upon knowledge? Feeling thus, a student will have already made a preliminary step in his journey through this realm, because he will have learned that poetry is not a mere pastime for leisure hours but the highest of intellectual pursuits. And it is more than this, for it touches a man's nature at all points. Let me quote what the greatest of modern poets has to say upon this subject.

"To be incapable," Wordsworth writes, "of a feeling of poetry in my sense of the word, is to be without love of human nature and reverence for God." And then alluding to his own poems he trusts it will be their destiny "to console the afflicted, to add sunshine to daylight by making the happy happier, to teach the young and gracious of every age to see, to think, and feel, and therefore to become more actively and sincerely virtuous." And this agrees with the high estimate of his art formed by Milton, who says that the poet's abilities are the inspired gift of God and are of power (for I must put in a few words what with splendid eloquence he writes at large) to imbreed in a great people the seeds of virtue and religion. If this be true, the study of the great poets will assuredly bring with it abundant compensation, and although as you grow familiar with them you are not likely to say with Goldsmith that poetry is the source of all your bliss — and this is not to be desired—I believe you will find that it has added a new and lasting joy to life.

How shall this study be begun? My first object would be to give you as much pleasure in the pursuit as possible, and as few rules as are compatible with progress. Putting Chaucer aside until a later period, the poets of three centuries offer their gold to you for the digging. Suppose in the first place we enter the realm of Shakespeare.

Before reading the noblest poetry that belongs to this fertile period some acquaintance with the literary history of the age will be of service. You want guidance, for the ways are intricate, and without the use of direction-posts time will be wasted. Gain then at the outset such prominent facts and dates as will show you the relation in which the Elizabethan poets stand to one another, remembering that if a poet is for all time he is also the most faithful representative of his age. There are many text-books that will suffice for the purpose. Mr. Stopford Brooke's primer of literature may help to start you on the road, or you can refer to Mr. Saintsbury's *History of Elizabethan Literature*, a book to be read carefully later on. Of greater help to you perhaps than either will be found the first volume of Mr. Ward's delightful work, *The English Poets. Selections, with Critical Introductions.* Open that volume, and turn to what the Dean of St. Paul's writes about Spenser, and then read his monograph of this enchanting poet in the series of *English Men of Letters.* Meanwhile take up the *Faerie Queene*, for how can you begin your studies better than by reading "the first great ideal poem that England produced and the source of all our modern poetry?"

It is written in a stanza called Spenserian, for it is the poet's invention, and shows what a delicate ear for harmony he possessed. Read two or three cantos aloud, so that you may get into the swing of the verse, and do not distract your attention by referring to notes or glossary. What you need at first is to catch the spirit of the poet and the music

of his rhythm. You must not be daunted by the extraordinary length of the poem, since the connection of the books is sufficiently slight to allow of any one of them being read separately. If you do not read beyond the first book, which is the finest, never mind; but I cannot help hoping that you may find yourself impelled onwards, for this "sage and serious poet" has alluring ways, as many a poet and poetry-lover has discovered. In proof of this I may perhaps be allowed to quote what I have said elsewhere:—

"There is probably no English poet," save Shakespeare, "who has exercised so wide a sway in his own country. It was by reading the *Faerie Queene* that Cowley became 'irrecoverably a poet.' The author of this incomparable poem was the poetical guide of Milton, the admiration of Dryden, who styles him 'inimitable,' the delight of the youthful Pope, the inspirer of Gray, the constant companion of Scott and Southey, of Shelley and Keats, and the favourite poet of Charles Kingsley. 'Spenser,' said Sir Walter, 'I could have read for ever.' Southey read the great allegory through thirty times, and regarded Spenser as the greatest master of versification in our language. Keats at seventeen, in the expressive words of Cowden Clarke, 'ramped through the scenes of the romance like a young horse turned into a spring meadow.'"*

This will justify, and more than justify, my asking you to begin your poetical campaign with the *Faerie Queene*. Do not be deterred because it is an allegory. Read Spenser for his poetry; afterwards it may be worth while to study the design of the work more carefully. And I must add, read him leisurely. It is necessary to live with this wonderful poet for a time and to breathe his atmosphere before the reader will feel his power. The force of a great waterfall is at once evident to ear and eye, but the force of a mighty and beautiful river flowing tranquilly between its banks is not obvious at a glance.

Of all our poets Shakespeare is not only the greatest, but by far the best known. May I not take it for granted that you have read some of his tragedies and comedies, and have at least gone far enough in the study to discover that the more they are studied the greater is the wealth of poetical wisdom they disclose. Like Nature herself, the riches of Shakespeare seem inexhaustible. You know probably that his age was as much that of the drama as ours is of the novel, and that he stands surrounded by a crowd of brother dramatists, some of whom are greatly gifted poets. It was an age of song too, and in all our literature there is not to be found more lyrical beauty than in the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods. In this exquisite art Shakespeare is also supreme, and it is this fulness of power in the two highest regions of poetry that excites the wonder of the student. But I wish to point out a third characteristic in which Shakespeare stands far above his fellows. The dramatists of the time are as remarkable for grossness as for poetic vigour, and often, like their successors of the Restoration, may be said to hold a brief for vice. Shakespeare can be coarse, but he never sneers at what is sacred, or panders to evil, or writes as if there were no distinction between right and wrong. His atmosphere is one in which healthy people can breathe. That of his contemporary dramatists is in a great degree offensive and stifling. More I need not say of this supreme poet, except to advise you to gain at least a familiar knowledge of his masterpieces, of *Hamlet*, *Lear*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet* in tragedy; of *Twelfth Night*, *Merchant of Venice*, and *As You Like It*, in comedy; of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, the *Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest* in that marvellous region of Shakespeare's art which seems to belong to neither; and of *Julius Cæsar*, *Coriolanus*, and *Richard III.* in the historical drama. And when these plays have become a portion of your poetical heritage you will still find new worlds to conquer and enjoy which this myriad-minded man has created.

The student of any art will always do well to build up his knowledge by studying its greatest masters. Yet I would not confine your attention to the most illustrious of the Elizabethans, a term which, for convenience' sake, may extend to Milton. There are many pleasant by-ways to be explored, and many a lovely spot of poetic ground where you will be inclined to linger. Often the richness of the soil is more evident than its cultivation; sometimes rank vegetation almost hides the flowers; but this at least may be said of the minor poets of that time, that whatever their faults may be, the uniformity of mediocrity is not one of them. What variety and force there is in Drayton, to whom we owe our most beautiful love-sonnet and finest battle-song! what poetic wisdom and mastery of style in Daniel, whose poem in defence of learning Mr. Lowell considers the best of its kind in the language! what brightness in the sparkling verses of Herrick! what rare lyrics in *The Forest and Underwoods* of Ben Jonson! what tender feeling and buoyancy of spirit in the smoothly-flowing verse of George Wither! Here is indeed ample delight pro-

* *Heroes of Literature—English Poets.* A book for young readers, p. 16. (S.P.C.K.)

vided for all who know how to enjoy it. But art is long, and a talk in GOOD WORDS must needs be short, so I must not linger on my way.

When Shakespeare died, Milton, his greatest successor in our English Realm of Gold, was a child of eight. As he grew to manhood he devoted himself to poetry as the noblest of vocations, trusting, to quote his own words, "that what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I, in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, may do for mine." How nobly he fulfilled the purpose of his early manhood his great epics testify. Truly does Wordsworth say that his soul "was like a star and dwelt apart." In the most dissolute age of our history, in poverty and solitude, Milton breathed the air of heaven, and was permitted to see and tell

"Of things invisible to mortal sight."

We are most of us afraid of enthusiasm in these days, but it is difficult to avoid giving expression to it while listening to the "organ-voice of England." It has been well said that the knowledge a man brings home after foreign travel depends in large degree on the supply he carried out. The same remark holds good, I think, with regard to *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*. The more a reader knows of the art, and of the chief poets of antiquity, the more will he appreciate the consummate skill with which Milton has used his learning, drawing gold from all sources, and yet so transmuting the precious metal that it becomes his own. Before studying these masterpieces, written in old age and blindness, it is well to learn what a perfect voice of song Milton possessed in his youth when he wrote *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso*, and that great hymn on the Nativity which has in it lines unsurpassed in force and imagery even by Milton himself. Ben Jonson wrote some admirable masques, but the only verse of the kind that has taken an enduring place in literature is *Comus*, a poem which may well be called divine, not only because it reaches the highest water-mark of poetry, but for its lofty and Christ-like purity. "That virtue," writes Mr. Masson, "will always in the long run beat vice even in this world, unless the whole frame of things is rottenness, God a delusion, and the world not worth living in or dying in, or thinking about—ransack all Milton's writings from the very earliest and this will be found, in one form or another, the idea ever deepest with him, and most frequently recurring." This is true of *Comus*, but how much more might be said of a poem that would suffice of itself to give Milton a proud rank among his country's poets. Then there is *Lycidas*, which, in spite of much lovely verse of the same character written in later times, still stands, I think, at the head of our elegiac poetry. Add to this the two descriptive poems, as perfect of their kind, and we have a small volume of poetry unsurpassed in the rareness of its quality by any youthful poet. Here, indeed, are "infinite riches in a little room," and free to all who value beauty and truth. It has been said that *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained* are more talked about than read. It may be so, but I am sure that no reader who has once felt the inspiration of Milton's genius can ever neglect them. Henceforth they become a portion of his intellectual life. No poet has used the English language with the sustained harmony of Milton. Sublimity of imagination and an exquisite ear for rhythm are this poet's chief characteristics, and in these great qualities he has never been surpassed. The advice I gave with regard to Spenser may be followed also with Milton. Read him at first as Dr. Johnson advised people to read Shakespeare, with a disregard of the commentators. Afterwards you will find Mr. R. C. Browne's notes, in the Clarendon Press edition of the poems, of very essential service.

Milton's latest poems were published in 1671, and now, with a word or two of explanation, I propose leaping over a century. Dryden, great though he was as a didactic and rhetorical poet, transcendently great too as a satirist, has written none of the essentially imaginative poetry which attracts and ought to attract the young. The same remark applies to Pope, whose place in our literature is unique, but this place is not due to creative imagination, and Pope's wit and poetical felicities will be better appreciated in later years.

Passing over Goldsmith, whose *Traveller* and *Deserted Village* (like his far-famed *Vicar of Wakefield*) have for young and old an irresistible charm, and reminding you that Collins's fine Odes and Gray's immortal Elegy belong to this period of poetical dearth, I come in this hasty survey to William Cowper, whose *Task* was published in 1785. Here we have a poet eminently truthful and direct. He looked straight at nature, and if his interpretation of what he saw is not profound, like that of his great successor Wordsworth, it is always honest. Thomson,

whose name I purposely omitted when alluding to his contemporary Pope, showed also a marvellous recognition of the grander aspects of nature, and is also a loving observer of her beauty in meadow, wood, and river. For this great gift he has received, and justly, no slight meed of praise; but unfortunately Thomson's style and mannerisms give an artificial tone to his descriptions. His daintiest piece of work is the first canto of the *Castle of Indolence*—do not fail to read it—but his power has more scope in *The Seasons*, once one of the most popular poems in the language, but its glory has become dim to the modern eye. I am afraid that *The Task*, which was once equally popular, is no longer familiar, but it is not a poem to be neglected, for Cowper is a thoroughly original poet, and here we have some of his best work. To him nature was so dear that the simplest objects please and suffice to yield inspiration. In this he resembles Wordsworth, but, apart from their different modes of looking at nature, you will observe one striking difference between them. Cowper, one of the saddest of men, has an abundant sense of humour; Wordsworth, by his own confession, one of the happiest, has none. Many other points of contrast might be mentioned, but this will suffice.

Read Southey's biography of Cowper, a charming book, written in the perfect style of which Southey was a master, and you will understand how completely the poet's verse is the outcome of his life. He is the poet of the family, and, like Longfellow, is never so happy as when he keeps near the hearth or describes the familiar rural scenery, half-village and half-country, that surrounds the home. The fine gold of poetry is mixed in Cowper's case with a good deal of dross, and owing to his sad mental state, some of his religious views are narrow and morbid. In his case the young reader can afford to leave much unread; but to appreciate Cowper he must make himself acquainted with Books iv., v., and vi. of *The Task*, with *Charity*, *Conversation*, and *Retirement*, with the lines *To my Mother's Picture*, with the peerless sonnet to Mary Unwin, and with the lines also addressed to that dearest companion of his sad life. The tragical pathos of *The Castaway*, the joyous mirth of *John Gilpin*, and many delightful occasional verses, show the versatility of this poet's genius. Add to this Cowper's exquisite felicity as a letter-writer and the considerable success he achieved as a translator of Homer, and you will understand in some measure the claims this gentle poet has upon every student of literature and poetry.

Gladly would I say something also of Cowper's greater contemporary, Robert Burns,

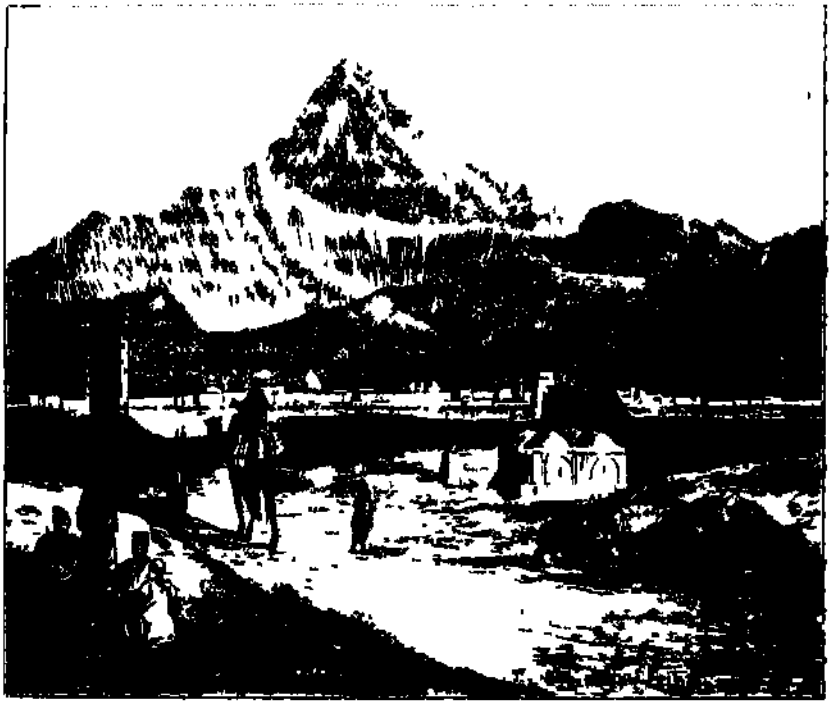
> "Who walked in glory and in joy
> Following his plough upon the mountain side."

He, too, came back straight to nature whenever he wrote in his native dialect, while in his purely English poems, and also in his correspondence, he is often highly artificial. Burns stands in the front rank of song-writers, never surpassed, and, considering the variety as well as the merits of his lyrics, it is not too much to say, never equalled. To remember how he sometimes desecrated his transcendent genius, and while seeing with clearest vision what was right followed what was wrong, is among the saddest of poetical recollections. Genius is no excuse for vice, and the light that leads astray is not from heaven; but we ordinary folk who have no genius are just as liable to fall as Burns, just as guilty, if we do fall, and there is not one of us whose consciousness of weakness should not force him to say—

> "The best of what we do and are
> Just God forgive."

And now I have tried to give you, though very imperfectly, a glimpse of our English Realm of Gold from the imperial sway of potentates like Spenser and Shakespeare to the gentle rule of Cowper. To know the poetical country well that owns men like these as legitimate sovereigns will need months and even years of delightful travel; but it is something to know a little how the land lies, and if, as a sign-post, I have directed you aright, my task will not be a vain one. But I feel that my slight help as a practical guide will be useless unless at the same time I can inspire you with enthusiasm for this noble study which, above all others, demands feeling as well as knowledge. If any young reader were to ask, "What is the use of poetry?" I should answer, "Of none whatever at present to you, my friend." There must be some force of passion in order to appreciate, however imperfectly, a poet's ardour, some glow of imagination, in order to yield due reverence to his supreme power, and if ever you are conscious of this passion and of this imaginative life, you will no longer ask, "What is the use of poetry?"

I hope to have a second talk before long about the poets of this century, to one of whom—a poet young in years but consummate in art—I am indebted for my title, "The Realms of Gold."



Mount Demávand

FROM THE CASPIAN TO THE CAPITAL OF PERSIA.

By Dr. C. J. WILLS, Author of "The Land of the Lion and Sun," "Persia as it is," etc.

SECOND PAPER.

BETWEEN Kasvin and Teheran there is literally nothing to see. The various halting places are mere rest-houses, chāpakhānas as they are called. A description of one suffices for all of them. The post-houses near the capital are kept in good repair, the farther from Teheran you go, as a rule, the worse is the condition of the post house. In the first place the post-house is a sort of fortress; it is a square edifice of mud bricks having a round tower at each of the corners, and a big gateway with a substantial door; three sides of the building are occupied by the stables, and in the wall of three sides of the courtyard are brick mangers for thirty horses; the fourth side of the square contains at either end a granary, and on either side of the big doorway is a small room, never exceeding ten feet by eight in size, with an arched roof and a mud floor. There are no windows to the two rooms, and when you shut the door, if there be one to shut, you are in total darkness. The mud walls of these rooms are a bright and glossy black, which is produced by the smoke of the fires lighted by successive travellers. In the cold weather your travelling Persian prefers to stop up the chimney with a brick, and light his fire in the middle of the room. Very often, however, there is another apartment on the roof over the big gateway, but though it is enjoyable enough in summer, it is so cold in winter as to be uninhabitable; for the Persian winter is an extremely severe one, men and animals are at times frozen to death upon the mountain passes or buried alive in the deep snows, and the traveller who rides post knows what it is to have his moustache and beard converted into a gigantic icicle, while snow-blindness is one of the commonest of his misfortunes. In the centre of the courtyard of the post-house is a brick platform a yard high; on this, in summer,

the traveller who is posting snatches a hurried rest, or drinks his cup of tea and smokes his pipe, while fresh horses are being caught and saddled for him. At the post-houses probably eggs, possibly a fowl, water and firing can be obtained, nothing else, absolutely nothing; so that the traveller is nearly entirely dependent upon his own resources. Strange to say, riding post in Persia is the favourite means of locomotion. To a man who is accustomed to horse exercise it is peculiarly enjoyable; it is true that the roads are mere tracks, that the horses are only changed every twenty to twenty-eight miles, mountain passes, morasses, deserts of sand, and deserts of salt, have often to be crossed; then rain storms, snow storms, and dust storms are of frequent occurrence, while the horses are often half starved, full of grass, lame, broken-winded, vicious, sore-backed, or worn out from age and fatigue; it is true, that an average kit, including saddle, &c., of sixty pounds, must be carried, that sometimes there are no horses, and that then the miserable animals have to continue for a second or even a third stage; and that although one or more of the horses may be good, the third may break down utterly, or one's servant from fatigue or laziness may have to be left behind. Yet with all these drawbacks those who have travelled in Persia unanimously declare that there is no pleasanter way of seeing the country, no more enjoyable means of travelling. The writer himself has ridden from Ispahan to Teheran, two hundred and sixty-two miles, in thirty-nine hours twenty-five minutes; but very much faster journeys are made when the post-house people are heavily feed, or the rider is expected. The post-house keeper, and the post-boys or guides, are the only inhabitants of the post-houses.

When it is said that the post-houses are the only objects that strike the eye on the journey from Kasvin to Teheran, and that the country for the most part consists of stony desert, hills and mounds of bare earth, and distant mountains of varying shades of brown, and that towns and villages are conspicuous by their absence, it must not be forgotten that we are gazing all the time upon the distant view of Mount Damávand, which is 18,600 feet high, and is a semi-extinct volcano. During the whole of our journey from Kasvin, although we see no sign of course of the capital of Persia, yet Mount Damávand continually bounds the landscape, towering above the distant mountains, its crest covered in snow. All through the weary journey we gaze at the mountain with a hungry longing, but it is only after we have actually entered the city and got into its real neighbourhood, that we are able to realise its size. "How far off is it?" Ten miles, possibly twelve, is our reply. We are considerably surprised to find that it is four days' march from Teheran.

Of late years the Shah has taken it into his head to fortify the capital, and there are moats and ramparts of the most pretentious description. The gates of the town are closed at night with great solemnity, and it is only possible to enter if you have the pass-word. One passes through the town for the first time with mingled sensations; there is a great deal of crass poverty, and there are also innumerable barbaric evidences of magnificence, many signs of wealth, and a general appearance of gaiety and bustle. The streets are crowded, everybody is gesticulating, smiling, talking, and shouting. The

Dervishes.

men are clad in the gayest colours; pinks, sky blues, pale greens, coachpainter's yellow, seem to be the favourite hues. The head-dresses are bewildering in their varieties—big turbans of black, green, or white; sheepskin hats, some of long undressed undyed wool, many of the costly fur of the Astrachan lamb dyed a jetty black; brown felt hats innumerable, from the round skull-cap of the labourer, to the tall conical hat of the dervish, having embroidered upon it in gaudy silk texts from the Koran. Men of the servant class are distinguished by a bright silk scarf rolled tightly round the bottom of their skull-caps of felt. All these fellows wear leathern belts, or girdles of bright shawl, the long *kammar* or straight sword hangs upon every man's hip. The priests, the doctors, and the learned men, march along at a dignified pace wrapped in great cloth cloaks of bright colours, having sleeves fully four feet long; an occasional European is seen invariably distinguishable by his *sola topi*, or sun helmet; and there are crowds of women, but every one of the women wears the hideous garb of blue and white described in the preceding chapter, and their appearance is decidedly weird, startling, and unpleasant.

Suddenly a great crowd of servants appears walking six abreast, there are half a hundred of them at least, one of them carries a golden hubble-bubble glittering with gems. They are a very merry party, this band of servants, all laughing, talking, and gesticulating at once; behind them rides, on a priceless steed with gold caparisoned harness, a heavy-looking stout man muffled in a cloak of Cashmerian shawl trimmed with sables; it is the Maimar Bashi, or chief architect, one of the Shah's fathers-in-law; he is on his way to the court of the Asylum of the Universe, and looks remarkably unhappy; he has the reputation of great wealth and extreme parsimony.

And now we notice a very peculiar thing, at the gate of nearly all the houses basking in the morning sun is seated an extraordinary individual in an eccentric costume, before him are several dust pies, each pie is surmounted by an orange or a sprig of foliage. As soon as he perceives us he demands alms with an eldritch scream, he performs a sort of solo on a buffalo horn, and then he holds out one of the oranges as we pass by, and then he calmly spits on the ground and curses us as an infidel. These gentry are dervishes. Every man of position throughout Persia when the Persian new year approaches (it is at the end of March) finds a dervish encamped at his door; there the man stays with his dust pies and his oranges for many days and nights until he is bought off with a present, which varies in amount according to the dignity and generosity of the giver. Every man of consideration, every great personage is gratified with this peculiar compliment, and until he is bought off, the dervish sits at the door patiently demanding alms all day, and making night hideous by frantic solos upon his buffalo horn. The dervish's stock in trade is the eccentricity of his appearance; he never cuts his hair, he invariably carries a small axe or mace of polished steel (as shown in the illustration) and an engraved calabash is slung from his wrist by a brass chain—in it he places the food and alms he may collect; an antelope or panther skin serves him for carpet or bedding. Many of the Persian dervishes are wandering lunatics. A dervish never does any work, his vows are simply those of poverty and implicit obedience to a spiritual chief, to whom he hands over a considerable portion of the sums extracted from the credulity of the public. One man is in the habit of going about entirely naked. There is a wealthy dervish, a man who has a great reputation for sanctity, and who goes yearly, at the Shah's expense, to some distant shrine to pray for the king's health. He rolls his head incessantly upon his shoulders, and perpetually vociferates Ali—oh! Ali—oh! He is very corpulent, dresses in white, and wears no head covering. He is treated with the greatest consideration and honour in every town through which he passes. He is well known throughout Persia, and large crowds turn out to stare at Ali—oh! whenever he appears. Dervishes are often professional story-tellers, and obtain a good living by their improvisations and recitations; every door is open to them, they take their place unbidden at the meals and entertainments of rich and poor alike. The writer was never able to extract from any Persian a valid reason for the extraordinary consideration shown to dervishes and their vagaries, the invariable answer was a smile, and a stock phrase, "They are God's creatures."

A visit to the Persian bath, or rather to that Armenian bath which is used by Europeans, takes away all feeling of fatigue, and we feel quite equal to accompany our host, an Englishman residing at Teheran, to a dinner party at the house of a Persian grandee. We don't start till eight, for a

fashionable Persian is a man of late hours. When our host had given the invitation, he had considerately asked his guest whether he would prefer a Persian or an European dinner, and the English friend, who was an old soldier, had wisely elected the Persian one. It was the real thing: there was no compromise, the writer and the man in whose house he was staying were the only Europeans present, and both being old hands and speaking the language fluently, the fact of their presence was absolutely no restraint upon the guests. We rode down the fine street called the Boulevard des Ambassadeurs, and then plunged into a series of unlighted and unsavoury lanes, running between high windowless mud walls, many of them so narrow that it would be impossible for two laden mules to pass each other. The few stray shops that we see are all closed, all save the *bakkals*, or general dealers' shops, the kabab-sellers, and the dealer in sheep's trottors, who seem to be driving a roaring trade. Suddenly we come to a big doorway, around which is a little crowd of gaily-dressed servants, there are fifty of them at least; these are the servants of the guests, of whom there are only ten, and it is the custom in Persia that not only the guest, but as many servants as he may choose to bring with him, have to be fed at the host's expense. We dismount, and the little crowd politely makes way for us. We enter the house, a ragged servant running before to announce our arrival. We pass through several mean-looking passages, and come to a low door; a curtain is raised, and we step into a large paved courtyard, which is ablaze with lights. In the centre is a large reservoir of water in which a fountain is playing; there are great sunken beds of flowers and many orange-trees, from which hang innumerable Chinese lanterns. Our host greets us at the door of the courtyard, shaking hands with us with as much effusion as if we were his long-lost brothers at the very least, and crossing the lighted court we enter the great room which is devoted to the entertainment. There we find the other guests seated upon the floor, and all talking at once in a loud voice, all save one, who is saying his prayers in a corner; but even he nods to us, and though he is saying his prayers, he ever and anon stops to join in the conversation, and then continues to pray with renewed vigour and solemnity. There is a gorgeous, but, at the same time, a chaste magnificence about the room which surprises us; furniture there is absolutely none, but the magnificent carpets are extremely valuable, and the walls themselves are a sight for sore eyes. The room resembles the Alhambra Court at the Crystal Palace, but there is no colouring, absolutely none; for the walls, what little we see of them, are pure dead white, and made of plaster of Paris covered with translucent varnish. There is a great Saracenic arch forming a recess in one side of the room which is at least twenty feet high, and all around the walls are tiny recesses of a similar character a yard square. From a yard above the ground up to the great coved-painted wooden ceiling is one vast mass of elaborate mirror work or ornamentation, representing birds and flowers with curious geometrical patterns of intricate tracery, cut in the dazzling white plaster work; the gorgeous effect of so many thousands of pieces of mirror, in which there is no perceptible join, is easier to imagine than to describe; a great chandelier with a hundred candles, each protected by a bell-shaped shade of glass with a ruby edge, hangs from the centre of the ceiling; many-branched lights of a similar description stand in the recesses of the wall. The side of the room towards the garden is formed by an immense window thirty feet by twenty, the woodwork of which holds innumerable tiny pieces of coloured glass in an intricate geometrical pattern of gilding, but for eight feet the great window is thrown up, giving a view over the flashing waters of the reservoir and the masses of lamplit foliage and flowers.

A band of musicians is concealed beneath the window and is playing furiously; a solo singer with a very powerful voice is screaming a love song in a high falsetto, to which there is a tremendous chorus, which is joined in by many unseen voices, and emphasised by the roll of drums and the clash of cymbals.

Everybody is smoking and talking his hardest. Each man has in his hand his very best *kalian* or bubble-bubble, and some of these pipes are of immense value and great magnificence. We join in the conversation, which is not devoid of wit. The gentleman who was praying now leaves his corner, and ever and anon the guests help themselves from the china dishes, piled high with confectionery, which are placed upon the floors in silver trays, and tiny cups of very sweet tea are continuously handed round; and never for a single instant during the whole entertainment does the singing and the music cease, or even flag. A file of servants enters and a turtle-dove, hot and smoking from the

fire, is handed to each guest upon a small spit. And then the host whispers something to one of the guests, there is a general titter, a whispered order is given, and the servants retire; one man re-enters bearing a tray covered by a veil of embroidered silk, he places the tray upon the floor in the centre of the circle of talkers and discreetly retires; the master of the house takes off the embroidered covering, and a number of bottles of European wine, and several decanters of the strong delicious vintage of Shiraz, and a great flask of clear arrack, and numerous drinking vessels of crystal and silver are disclosed. In the next hour the host and his Mahomedan guests make a clean sweep of the contents of the tray. Then the drinking vessels are collected, replaced in the tray, and decorously covered again; the confidential servant, dressed in silks and satins of gay colours, reappears and removes them, and then a troop of servants file silently into the room, each man bringing his master's hubble-bubble. More conversation, more sweetmeats, and a great deal of laughter. At ten o'clock the master of the house claps his hands, a great roll of embroidered leather, eight feet long and four feet wide, is unrolled and spread upon the floor in the centre of the room; half-a-dozen great porcelain bowls, filled with fruit sherbet, in which float great lumps of ice, are placed upon it; four great circular silver trays are arranged in a row down the centre of the great sheet of embroidered leather; a flat loaf of bread two feet long, a foot wide, and half an inch thick, indicates the seat of each guest, and serves him at the same time for food and platter. And then the buzz of conversation suddenly ceases. We all take our places, kneeling upon the floor, and sitting upon our heels. "Bism'-il-lah" (In the name of God), cries our host. This is the invariable short grace of the Mussulman, and then everybody falls to, hammer and tongs.

There are tiny lambs roasted whole, salmon which has been brought packed in ice, upon the heads of runners from a distance of a hundred miles, appetising kabubs of lamb and venison, fowls and partridges (in silver bowls) stewed to rags, and served with strange coloured sauces of the richest kind; great heaps of boiled rice in steaming pyramids, white rice, green rice, coloured by an artful admixture of herbs, rice boiled with saffron of a ruddy gold colour; omelets and sweet dishes, innumerable little china cups of toothsome pickles, small china bowls containing various thick soups, but not a single joint is to be seen.

Everybody eats away as if he had never tasted food before. There are no forks, no spoons, no plates; but every man's hand appears to be dipping at once into the innumerable dishes. Occasionally our host, with his mouth half-full, grunts out an entreaty that we should taste some particular delicacy, and in twenty minutes all is over. Iced rose-water is poured upon the fingers of each guest from a silver ewer, and he wipes them upon a delicately embroidered napkin.

About a tenth of what has been provided has been consumed by the party, the rest is removed, and gobbled up with surprising celerity by the great tribe of hungry servants. Pipes are brought once more, but there is little or no conversation; the Persians say that "to talk after a good meal is the act of an ill-bred man, or a fool."

And then we get up and bid our hospitable friend good night. And as we leave, we see that the mysterious covered tray is being taken to the banqueting-room, and we know that our fellow guests and our host will drink, smoke, and gamble, until an unholy hour in the morning. And then we mount our horses and ride slowly through the silent unlighted streets preceded by our lanterns, which are an absolute necessity; and we don't meet a soul upon the road save an occasional military-looking policeman who, armed to the teeth, keeps watch and ward over the silent city of the King of Kings, for this is one of the innumerable titles the Shahs of Persia arrogate to themselves.

The opening and closing of the bazaars in the great cities of Persia is always signalled by the musicians at sunrise, and at an hour before sunset, from the top of a lofty tower in one of the principal squares. The tune is ever the same, strangely cacophonous to Western ears, still it is "something distinctly resembling an air," and after a long residence in the country it is possible to appreciate Eastern music. They play away merrily for full twenty minutes. Usually there are many more drummers than are represented in our picture. The great trumpets which are made of massive metal, and are as much as a man can carry, can be heard from every corner of the bazaar, and are used for this especial purpose alone. At the first notes of the musicians upon the *nogara khana* (the music tower) the door-keepers unlock the great gates of the bazaar, and the

crowd of craftsmen and apprentices hasten to open their shops When the tune which notifies the closing is played, the shopkeepers put up their shutters, while a drum and fife band generally promenades the principal arcade playing the same merry air, then everybody hurries out and the gates are formally closed, not a soul being left in the great vaulted thoroughfares, save the soldiers at the guard house, and the doorkeepers of

"They play away merrily for full twenty minutes"

the caravanserais which debouch on the bazaars, and even the strangers and foreign merchants lodging in those caravanserais, if they don't succeed in getting outside the bazaar before the gates are closed, must re main in their quarters till the next morning Once the doors are shut crowds of fierce and hungry pariah dogs fly up and down the deserted arcades in a yelling chorus During the day every trader flings a crust to one

particular beast, just enough to keep body and soul together, but no more; and woe be to the unfortunate thief who should dare to enter the bazaar at night, he would assuredly be torn in pieces and eaten. In the day-time the pariah dogs remain curled up asleep in holes, drains, or upon the roofs; they are seldom in evidence except in the case of females with puppies; they always, in order to appeal to human compassion, bring their litters into some conspicuous place, and though the dog is an unclean beast to the Moslem, yet the mothers manage to rear their offspring in some nook of the crowded mart, and no one dares to injure the growing guardians of the hive of industry.

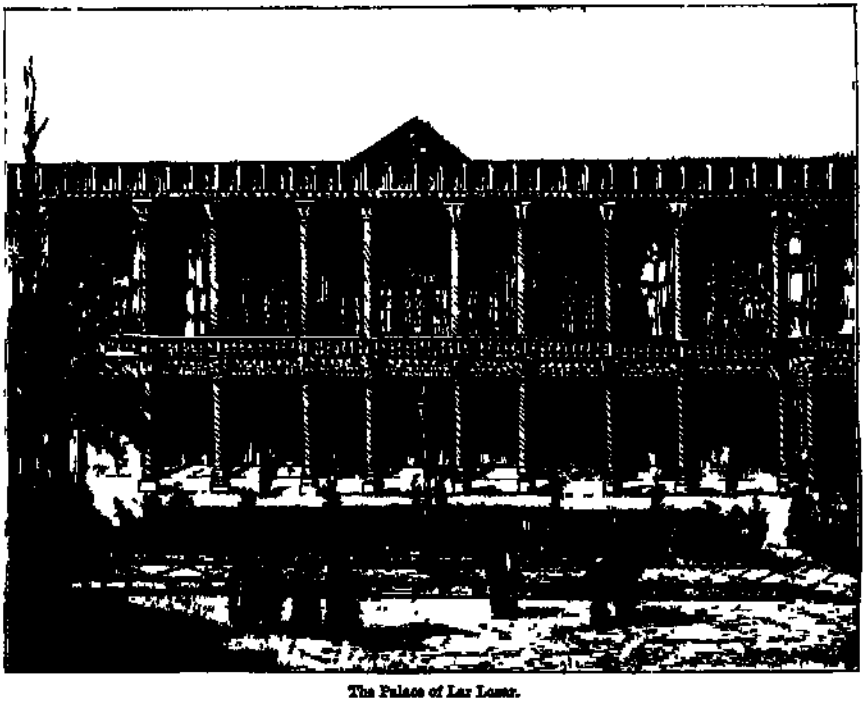
The bazaars themselves are a sight to see, and once seen can never be forgotten. A bazaar in the East is literally a street where there are shops, but in the great towns "the bazaar" signifies ranges of shops, the roadway between which is covered by an arched roof, and the entries of which at night are rigorously closed and guarded. To tell the truth, the Persian bazaars are inferior to those of Constantinople, but they are very fine and exceedingly well worth a visit. The great arched roof renders them surprisingly cool during the hot summer, and wonderfully warm in winter. Each shop has a little platform outside it; upon this platform sits the trader, and around him are piled his wares in bewildering profusion. They have an ingenious system in Persia of producing healthy competition by aggregating the various trades in particular bazaars. The silversmiths, the jewellers, and workers in gold, have each a bazaar of their own; so have the shoemakers, and one is easily aware of the situation of the coppersmiths' bazaar by the deafening clangour produced by many hundreds of the artisans who are all working away at the resounding metal at once, as if for dear life. We all remember how interesting at the Indian Exhibition was the little handful of artisans tranquilly working away, and singing over their work; the same thing is seen in the Persian bazaar upon a gigantic scale. There are the silversmiths fusing the metal into ingots and bars, hammering at the plates, designing, engraving, chasing, and soldering; the work is seen in progress from the very beginning, and woe be to the unfortunate wretch who shall be detected in using alloy or an unnecessary quantity of solder. The workers in leather, in copper, in iron, the manufacturers of textile fabrics, all give a continuous industrial exhibition of their own which is open to all the world, free, gratis, for nothing. The confectioner produces his sweet stock in trade under the eye of the purchaser. The Persian likes to have everything made specially, and sits by to see it done, to make sure that what he buys is fresh, and that he isn't cheated. It is not to be wondered at that the bazaars are the favourite lounge of the middle and lower classes. All day long the great arches of the bazaar are thronged by a noisy, pushing crowd, hurrying and gesticulating, but all in high good humour. Here come the mountebanks, the buffoons, the proprietors of dancing bears and monkeys, the street conjurors and the man with the tame lion; the itinerant vendors of flowers, lettuces, pipes, and hot tea; the sellers of eggs and poultry; the dealers in weapons and second-hand clothing, and innumerable hawkers. It is not to be wondered at that the European traveller finds it very difficult indeed to tear himself away from the innumerable attractions of the Persian bazaar. The *bric-à-bac* hunter may come upon a priceless piece of *faience*, which he may possibly secure for a few pence. Here one may occasionally pick up a numismatic treasure, which the owner is glad to part with for a little more than the price of the metal; but here the stranger must beware, for skilful forgeries of old coins are not unknown, even in Persia. But there is one honest custom invariable in the Persian bazaar; if a purchaser is dissatisfied with his bargain, the seller is always ready to return him his money, *if he brings back what he has bought within twenty-four hours.* This is a custom never departed from.

At first Teheran seems to the stranger to be a city of palaces. Innumerable large buildings, when seen from a distance, have a great appearance of magnificence; they seem at the first glance to be built of white marble; the real fact is that they are mere plaster of Paris over brickwork and wood. There is a profusion of painting, gilding, glass, and mirror-work, the whole combined producing an effect of florid grandeur, which, in our cold climate, might possibly appear extravagant, but which in a sunny Eastern country is perhaps not out of place.

The palace of the Lar Lazar is an instance of this, and needs no further description; the excellent illustration, from a photograph, gives a capital idea of it. The total absence of smoke causes these plaster palaces to last for many years, and it has been previously remarked that the great central plateau of Persia is the dryest country in the world,

damp and rheumatism being absolutely unknown. In the houses of the upper and middle classes there is no external magnificence, a high mud wall and a big doorway in stone, brick, or plaster work, being all that is to be seen from the outside. Even the palaces of the king are, as a rule, simply of plaster and brick. For massive stonework we must go back to pre-Mussulman times, but when it is remembered that, as has been said, even a mud wall will stand for several centuries in the pure dry air of Persia, it is not to be wondered at that the Persians stick to their brick and plaster work.

The present king has embellished his capital with numerous tiled gates—vast structures of striking appearance. They are built of burnt bricks, covered entirely with floridly-coloured encaustic tiles, in elaborate patterns, mostly geometrical, having centre-pieces and panels containing pictures, in tile-mosaics of colossal size, of scenes from the mythical history of Persia, generally taken from the descriptions of the poet Firdausi. It is perhaps only just to say that these great tiled



The Palace of Lar Lostar.

triumphal arches, to the European eye, only produce the startling effect of huge pieces of crockery. But should we wish to see Persian tile-work in perfection we must look for it in the more ancient structures, we must visit the semi-ruined shrines of local saints, we must go to the sacred cities of Kum, Meshed, or Ispahan, or look at the half-ruined turquoise blue mosque of Tabriz. Modern tile-work has little claim to refinement; but the distant view of the immense pine or melon-shaped domes of the older mosques and colleges, of turquoise blue, with simple traceries of black, yellow, and white, are beyond praise. Some of the favourite shrines in Persia—notably those of Kum, Meshed, and Shah-Abdul-Azim (this latter is only ten miles from Teheran)—have been covered with tiles, on each of which is a surface of *pure* hammered gold, varying from an eighth to a quarter of an inch in thickness. The gorgeous effect of these wonderful monuments of Mahomedan piety, glittering in the strong sun, and standing out in contrast to the ever-cloudless Persian sky of turquoise blue, may be better imagined than described.

A HOLIDAY TRAMP THROUGH DORSET.

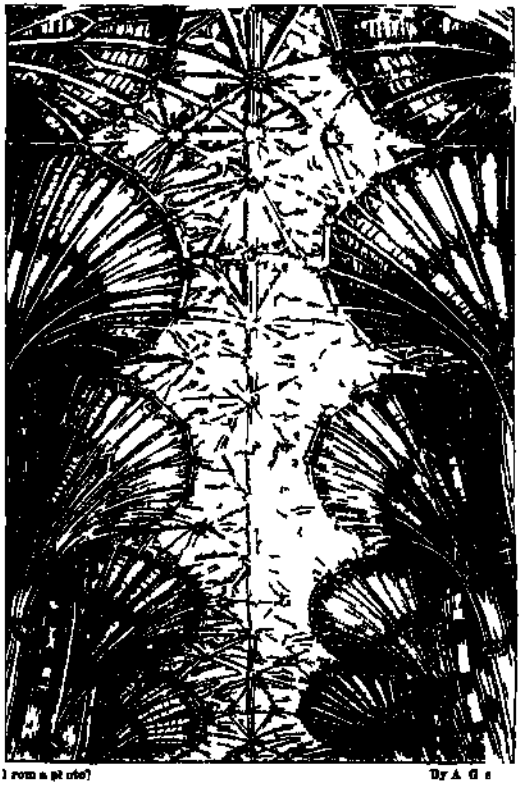
By the Rev. JOSEPH OGLE

AN American guide-book, giving expression, no doubt, to the very general opinion of our transatlantic cousins, describes France as "an uninteresting country on the way to Switzerland." And the general opinion about Dorset seems to be that it is an uninteresting county on the way to Devon and Cornwall. While thousands of tourists hurry through it every year to the region farther west, Dorset, with the exception of Weymouth and one or two other points on the coast, is an almost unknown region to the health and pleasure-seeking public. The very guide-books give it scant attention, and turning over their barren pages the reader is likely to come to the conclusion that there is nothing to see and that he had better go elsewhere. There are, however, as a matter of fact, few parts of the county where a man with a short holiday, a slender purse, a stout pair of legs, and a dash of the Bohemianism that delights in what is unconventional, can spend his holiday so pleasantly and get so much for so little—at least that has been our repeated experience.

We invite the reader to accompany us upon one of our many tramps through Dorset. Starting by the London and South-Western express from Waterloo, we are set down, in less than three hours, at the only town in the county at which the train stops. We are at Sherborne, a quaint old town of some six thousand inhabitants, clean and well kept, with crooked, irregular streets and many gabled houses, such as artists love. Town it is now, but it was a city once in the far back past before 1076, and hopes to be a city again, whenever Dorset shall be erected into an independent diocese, as Cornwall and Nottingham have been. The hope is founded, not on the central position of the town in the county, for it is at the extreme north, but on the possession of a magnificent abbey church. Originally a Norman building, and still retaining in the piers and arches that carry the lantern tower and in its south porch its original character, it has been transformed into a church in the Perpendicular style. Externally it looks heavy, but the interior, restored some twenty

years ago by the late Earl Digby and his heir, G D W Digby, Esq of Sherborne Castle, impresses one more than some of the great cathedrals The perfection of the proportions and the almost unique groined roof in the shell or fan pattern make it one of the finest churches in England

Just outside the town on the east is the ruined castle once the palace of the Bishops of Sherborne and after the removal of the see to Old Sarum of the Bishops of Salisbury and later on the home of Sir Walter Raleigh In Sir Walter's time the castle had ceased to be a comfortable abode, though still a place of strength and a bow shot away across the lake he commenced the house now called Sherborne Castle It has no architectural pretensions but is curiously built in the shape of the letter H and stands in the midst of one of the finest if not one of the most extensive parks within the four



From a photo By A Gibbs

Sherborne Abbey Groining of the Nave

walls At this house the Prince of Orange rested a night on his memorable march from Tor Bay in 1688, and in the dining room the printing press was set up, on which was printed his address to the people of England Local tradition affirms that it was here that Raleigh's servant threw the bucket of water over his master when he found him smoking, supposing that, as smoke issued from his mouth, he was on fire, and that in an arbour still preserved in the beautiful pleasure grounds overlooking the lake and park, Pope who was undoubtedly a frequent visitor at the castle, wrote part of his 'Essay on Man

Besides the abbey and castle Sherborne possesses a public school founded out of the ruins of the monastery by Edward VI, which under a new scheme has grown to considerable proportions of late years and now the town from that decay which seems to be the inevitable fate of all towns that depend entirely on agriculture

In a fine old mansion known as Sherborne House Macready took up his residence at the close of his theatrical career where he was visited by many celebrated men among whom was Dickens who picked up from the sign boards exhibited in the town some of the curious names which appear in his Mr Crummles Macready originated organized and conducted a night school for boys and young men of the working class, and by the kindly and sympathetic interest he manifested in all that pertained to the welfare and happiness of his poorer neighbours, earned their undying gratitude No man who ever lived here is so generally and affectionately remembered The grey haired men who were in his night school are never tired of telling of the impressive way in which he concluded

each session. Placing the members all round the room, and putting a Bible into each hand, he would have them read round, verse by verse, the Sermon on the Mount, which he called his Litany.

After a few hours spent in wandering about a locality so charming and so rich in associations with the past and a night's rest, we turn our backs on the quiet old town. Just as we are getting clear of it we pass a bridge over the river Yeo which carries our thoughts back into the long-buried past once more. This West Bridge reminds us of the saintly Aldhelm, the first Bishop of Sherborne, who died in the year 709, and who gave to the Saxon people the first of the only two portions of the Scriptures which they possessed in their own speech. Thirty years before the Venerable Bede, in his monastery at Jarrow, translated the Gospel of John, Aldhelm had translated the Psalter. And Dr. Barnes, the Dorset poet, says that he was so anxious for the welfare of his flock who were living in utter heathenish disregard of all religion, that he was wont to gather them about him on this spot and sing to them the substance of the Gospels in the only language they could understand. One tries to picture the scene—the rapt face of the aged ecclesiastic, the wondering gaze of the rude half-savage peasants clustering round him as they listened to the wondrous story of the divine love—the whole framed in by the green meadows and wooded hills that are much the same to-day as they were a thousand years ago.

Leaving the bridge behind us our road leads us up one of those richly-wooded hills on the south, from which we catch glimpses when we look back, of large parts of Somerset and Devon in the distance to the north and west. Once on the top of the hill we look over the southern part of the vale of Blackmoor, a vale dear to hunting men, and the scene of many a good day's sport with the hounds. Four miles of quiet sylvan scenery and we are abreast of Holnest House, the residence of the late Mr. J. S. E. Drax, formerly M.P. for Wareham. The house is said to be full of art treasures and curiosities gathered at enormous cost from every part of the world, and open to public inspection. But we have not come to Dorset to visit museums, and so pass on. Three miles more through rich woodland, and leaving Castle Hill and the Dungeon on the left hand we find ourselves ascending Lyon's Gate Hill towards Minterne, and looking back we have an unsurpassed and uninterrupted view of as fair a tract of country as one could desire to look upon—the great plain of Dorset and Somerset stretches away toward the Bristol Channel, which is hidden from sight by the faintly seen Quantock and Mendip Hills thirty miles away.

Passing Minterne House, the seat of Earl Digby, a great Irish absentee landlord, on the left, we meet a couple of cyclists riding tandem, who as they pass exclaim, "Well, this is a beautiful country;" then pausing for a moment or two to notice the figure of a giant, with grinning ribs and extended club, cut out in the turf on the face of Revels Hill above us, after the fashion of the famous white horse in Berkshire, a figure 180 feet in length, the origin of which has given rise to much curious speculation, and which is said to have been here at least a thousand years—we make our way to the sleepy, decaying town of Cerne Abbas. Here was once a flourishing abbey, only a few ruins of which still remain standing. The comparatively perfect Gateway Tower gives some idea of its former splendour. At present the whole town is following the example of the abbey and falling into decay. Far from railways, off the main lines of traffic, and with no industry save agriculture, it may be that nothing could save this little town, bosomed among the chalk downs, from the melancholy fate which is overtaking it. Still it is sad to see houses untenanted, neglected, and falling into ruins, and to notice evident tokens of poverty on every side. After a pilgrimage to the holy well near the abbey, we visit a most curious smuggler's retreat—a long gallery running between the ceilings and roofs of some houses, and extending the whole length of the street leading to the abbey. Here a large quantity of smuggled goods could be stowed away, and the smugglers could either hide or, making their way along the gallery unseen, could escape the pursuit of the revenue officers.

Having tramped upwards of twelve miles we take this opportunity of seeking refreshment for the inner man, who begins to be clamorous. And then turning our backs on Cerne and its sleepy hollow we face the formidable ascent of Highcombe Hill, and have our reward in far-spreading views over hill and plain, varied at every turn of the road, which now runs upon a lofty ridge of land, with peeps into deep coombs in which nestle lonely farm-houses. The shrill cry of the pewit is about us, the sound of sheep bells comes up faintly from the pastures on either hand, and the bracing air puts new elasticity

into our steps. It is worth all the journey from town to breathe the air on Highcombe Hill. Well is it for us that it is broad daylight, for woe betide the traveller who shall miss his way here on some dark winter's night; his cries would only be mocked by the whistling wind, and shelter there is none. A mile or two of gentle descent, which we hardly notice, so completely are we occupied with the ever-changing panorama, and we cross the Great Western Railway from Yeovil to Weymouth, and a mile of road between tall hedgerows of thorn, and hazel, and beech, brings us to Evershot. This is as trim and well-kept a village as Corne is dilapidated. Everything is in apple-pie order, the streets are swept and the houses have a clean and comfortable look, with good gardens attached. No signs of poverty meet the eye. The Earl of Ilchester, who lives a mile away at Melbury House, and owns the whole place, manifestly takes good care of Evershot. Evershot is to Melbury what Edensor is to Chatsworth, and quite as beautifully situated. It is just the place one would expect a weary business man to choose wherein—

> "To husband out life's taper at the close,
> And keep the flame from wasting by repose."

Seen on a glorious summer's day it recalls the vale of the Castle of Indolence—

> "Was nought around but images of rest;
> Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
> And flowery beds, that slumbrous influence kest."

The amount of interest which our appearance excites betokens that tourists and knapsacks are not often seen, that we are well out of the beaten track; and the quaint dialect in which the rustics express their opinion of our appearance and our business is well-nigh unintelligible to the uninitiated. Here is a fragment of a conversation which we overhear, and which may serve as a specimen of the Dorset dialect. A man is at work mending his garden-fence by the roadside. A little girl, his daughter, is standing near him. Addressing her, he says,

"Zarah, do ee go in 'ouse arter thik 'ammer."

"Where's it to?" she asks.

"In my box," is the reply.

Sarah disappears, and presently returns hammer in hand. But the presence of strangers seems to make her shy, and she hangs her head and pauses, whereupon the father inquires,

"Be 'e goin' to give ee to I?"

The sun reminds us that the afternoon is drawing on, and as we have still eight miles to go, we somewhat reluctantly leave peaceful Evershot, with its curious old church, the tower of which has a grotesque appearance with its solitary pinnacle, and ascend to a high, irregular table-land, where the houses are few and far between, but the views are one long succession of ever-changing beauty, which must be seen to be understood. Never shall we forget the impression made upon us by that afternoon walk. Presently we come to a lonely cottage, once a toll-house, where the road divides, and we inquire our way.

"Which is the road to Beaminster?" we ask of the woman who answers our knock.

"They both lead to Beaminster," is the reply.

"Then, which is the shortest?"

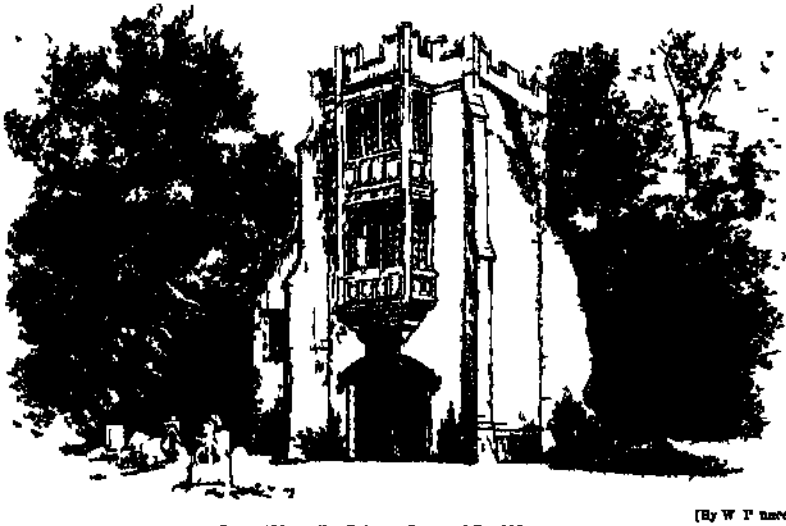
"Both the same distance."

"Which is the best road?"

"One as good as the other," we are told.

Thus left to our own resources, like the Holy Willie of Burns, we take "the left-hand road," and soon see the fair old town which boasts of having been the first in England, after London, to have its streets lighted with gas, lying in the hollow far beneath us on the right. Away over the town is Whitesheet, and then the wooded peak of Lewesdon, which almost reaches the dignity of a mountain. Right in front of us is "The Vale," through which the Char meanders towards the sea, backed up by the hills about Lyme, cleft by the "Devil's Bellows." More to the left we see the glancing waters of the English Channel, and more to the left still a faint cloud of smoke indicates the whereabouts of Bridport. As the dusk begins to deepen towards night, we reach the White Hart, a fine old-fashioned hostelry, and, not without a sense of relief, cast ourselves and our knapsacks down after our most delightful tramp of eight-and-twenty miles, and prepare to do justice to the good things liberally and speedily provided by our host.

Since the time when Beaminster led the van of progress and lighted its streets with gas things have changed, and changed for the worse. The population is rapidly decreasing; no less than a fifth of the inhabitants disappeared between 1871 and 1881, and the exodus continues. We see signs of the change everywhere when we saunter forth next morning. Many of the best houses are vacant, and a general atmosphere of depression hangs over the place. There is nothing specially noteworthy in the town itself, but it is beautiful for situation, and in every direction there are lovely walks through rich and varied scenery. We take time this glo-



[By W. P. Emery.

Cerne Abbas—the Gateway Tower of the Abbey.

rious morning for one of them. It is but a couple of miles to Netherbury through Parnham Park, with its avenues of magnificent elms, and past the grand old hall, the seat of Lady Oglander. We ring at the door of the hall, and just as we are turning away, supposing the place deserted, we hear certain thunderous noises within, and presently the door is opened by a tottering old retainer, who invites us to enter. A tenant's mansion for us for Parnham has not been changed these hundred years to all appearance. It is pleasant to hear the old soul talk of the days so long ago when the silent old house resounded with the laughter of the children whose portraits still hang upon the walls, but who have themselves long since passed away. We stroll on through the woods, where the cawing of the rooks contrasts with, and attracts attention to, the perfect repose of the scene. We wandered by the side of the dancing, laughing river Brit, which seems in a mighty hurry to reach the sea, till we come to Netherbury and then retrace our steps.

Beaminster has been the scene of at least one romantic adventure, the memory of which is kept alive by a lonely little burial ground—a tiny plot thirty feet long and twenty broad—almost hidden by the trees that surround it, known as "Daniel's Knowle." Among the many dissenters, zealous for the Protestant cause, which he professed to champion, who joined the standard of Monmouth and fought for him at Sedgemoor, in what Macaulay calls "the last fight, deserving the name of battle, that was fought on English ground, was a lawyer named James Daniel. Unhurt in the battle, he managed to get safely back to his home in Beaminster. Here one night he had a dream, in which he seemed to hear a voice bidding him to 'go to the west.' Believing that he was thus warned to escape danger, he instantly rose and went to a lonely barn on his estate a mile to the west of the town, and concealed himself under some straw. He had scarcely left the house when it was surrounded by troopers who searched for him. Not finding him there, they went to the barn and stabbed the straw in every direction in the hope of discovering the fugitive; but, happily for him, they missed him, and, with many imprecations, went their way, and he survived upwards of a quarter of a century. Upon the site of that barn he desired to be interred, and here he and his descendants for seven generations sleep in peace.

Immediately outside Beaminster, as we resume our tramp, we commence a stiff climb of over two miles, then winding round Lewesdon we reach the village of Broadwinsor. The high road—and it is now literally high—runs along a narrow edge connecting the two highest points in the county—Lewesdon and Pilsdon Pens. From either of these hills, which rise about a thousand feet above the

sea, the eye sweeps the Channel on the south from Portland Bill to Start Point, and on the north looks away to and over the Bristol Channel. Glastonbury Torr seems quite near, and on clear days the Welsh mountains can be descried in the far distance, while Exmoor and Dartmoor are easily seen. The views here, though somewhat different in character, are finer and more comprehensive than those from Yes Tor, the highest point of Dartmoor. They have this further advantage, that the summit is more easily reached and no guide is needed.

Leaving the road and scrambling up a short but steep grassy slope we stand upon the top of Pilesdon. After feasting our eyes on the magnificent views, and a glance at the Roman encampment that crowns the height, we have time to notice a large, old-fashioned house in a richly-wooded ravine at our feet—a house that ought to have an interest for every Englishman. It is Race down Lodge, where Wordsworth settled with his sister Dorothy in 1795, where for two years they "industriously employed themselves in reading, writing, and gardening," a house of which his sister wrote that it was "the place dearest to my recollection in the whole world. It was the first home I had." Here he wrote his tragedy, *The Borderers*, and here Coleridge visited him in 1797, and the two formed that friendship which was to endure through so many years, and exercise such a lasting influence, not only on the two men, but on English literature. One repeoples the place and goes back in thought to that first eventful evening when the two met. One sees the plainly-furnished dining-room, with curtains drawn and candles lit, and sees Wordsworth produce his manuscript and read to that audience, "fit though few," his new poem, "The Ruined Cottage," afterwards embodied as the story of Margaret in the first book of the "Excursion." We hear the welcome words of honest admiration bestowed upon it. And after tea we listen as Coleridge, in his turn, repeats two acts and a half of his tragedy *Osorio*. And one sees those who so often wandered together among the hills and dales of the Lake District, wandering over these highlands of Dorset, and letting these scenes of beauty that now fill our eyes fill theirs.

Resuming our tramp once more, we pass Marshallshay, the tower of whose church can be seen far out at sea, though it is several miles inland; and then we wind around the hill called "Lambert's Castle." There are here, as on Pilesdon and other neighbouring heights, distinct traces of a Roman encampment, and here, far from any town, fairs and

Lyme Regis.

(Reproduction from Frith's Photo Series.)

races are annually held. It is fortunately not the race week now, and the skeleton of the grand stand is the only indication that this lonely wind-swept hill is ever invaded by a shouting and excited crowd. We see no human being on the hill, and can afford to smile at the brand-new board warning trespassers that they will be prosecuted. There does not seem to be anybody to trespass.

Again the road lies upon a backbone of country, giving grand views on both sides. For miles it is like a private drive—broad greensward on each side of a good road, shaded by avenues of Scotch fir. Just touching Devon at Hunter's Lodge Inn we have a gently sloping road through a rich and smiling valley down to the little seaside town of Lyme Regis. It clings to the side of a steep hill, some of the houses looking as if they needed but a touch to send them rolling down into the sea. Its principal street is bright with shops and alive with visitors, who have wisely thrown off the conventionalities of towns, and are dressed in brilliant and easy costumes. At the foot of the town a rude time and water-worn breakwater, built in the time of the Plantagenets of stones unhewn and uncemented, and called the Cob, runs a short way into the sea, within whose sheltering bend two or three craft of light burden are discharging or receiving cargo. It was here that the ill-fated Duke of Monmouth landed on June 11, 1685, and here, at Lyme, that the great Pitt, Earl of Chatham, loved to retire to recruit in the intervals of Parliamentary life. And here, with a glance up and down the wild, rocky, storm-beaten coast of Dorset, we end the first portion of our holiday tramp.

We have travelled nearly fifty miles, but, with the exception of the two cyclists mentioned above, we have met no tourists or travellers of any kind. Do any of our readers want to get "far from the madding crowd;" to meet with a simple, unaffected people; to breathe pure, invigorating air; to pass through scenery now rich, well-wooded, and highly cultivated, then bleak and bare, with far-stretching views of hill and dale, of stream and sea; to put up at modest yet comfortable inns, where they will be received with old-world cordiality and let off with moderate charges;—in a word, do they want to get into the real, unsophisticated country and be free from touts and waiters and *table-d'hôte*, and all the complicated discomforts and restraints of fashionable and much-frequented resorts? Then we say, Try Dorset.

THE ORIGINATOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE FOR POOR TOWN CHILDREN."

Mrs. Elizabeth Nossiter—In Memoriam.

FORTY years ago a girl of twelve years, the happiest member of a happy family, lived on the edge of Queenstown Harbour, spending her days partly on the top of the cliffs at school, and partly at their foot at play, drinking in at every turn a sense of the beautiful and a love of nature. Five brief years and she *is* in London, without father or mother (for these were too closely united in life to be long parted by death), amongst relations who are almost strangers, and amongst strangers, some of whom were as kind as relations. Another five years and she is in Cornwall, beginning a honeymoon that lasted more than thirty years, the idol of the school children, who are always besieging the house to carry her off to "see mother" and have a Cornish tea. Still another five years, and she is living in Wales on the side of a mountain, a staid matron of twenty-seven, a constant anxiety to the managers of the colliery school, who are greatly concerned at the number of half-holidays she coaxes out of the schoolmaster (who is mere wax in her hands); and many a bright afternoon is spent out of school, instead of in it, climbing the hill that shuts in the narrow valley, whose paths are grimy with coal-dust, looking beyond into the broader world, of which sheep are almost the only inhabitants.

The scholar who most delights in these escapes from school work and the narrowness of life is a deformed boy of twelve, the self-elected school bell-ringer, who is unable to climb the hill, and so makes the ascent on the back of the schoolmaster; but the delight of all makes a deep impression on the mind of the thoughtful woman who was to be the forerunner of a great work not even yet more than begun. In 1868, still another five years gone, she is in London, again the beloved friend of any number of school children. The teacher of a small class of young children in

a large day school is ill and her place is taken by our amateur instructor, and in three days the average thirty scholars have become a hundred, while routine is lost sight of, and the inspector (who happens to visit the school) sternly records in the Log Book the fact that "the woman in charge of the class during the absence of the proper teacher is not certificated, and therefore cannot be recognised as a teacher." It is quite certain he could not recognise anything in her beyond the absence of a certificate duly signed.

Saturdays are spent with the elder children in Epping Forest, Greenwich Park—anywhere where natural beauty is to be found. Even the sacred school time is broken into by parties to the British Museum, the various art galleries, all most readily opened to them. At one of these, the British Artists, a boy of eleven who was the despair of his teachers, who would learn nothing and "cared for none of these things," was the most enthusiastic in admiration, the most critical in examination, and out of this visit came the discovery that he was really a genius in wood carving—that give him a bit of wood and an old knife, and he would produce wonderful boats.

Five years later, 1873, Greenwich Park and Epping Forest have suffered eclipse. In a moment of burning enthusiasm it was asked, "Could we not go to the Isle of Wight for a week?" and after some years of doubt (engendered by good-natured friends, who prophesied every evil that could possibly happen) a school party to the Isle of Wight for a week was duly announced, was looked forward to with frantic excitement by those who were going, and with dismay by prophets of failure, was carried out at an average expense of about fifteen shillings, and looked back upon as a brilliant success, absolutely without any speck upon its splendour of achievement. For years afterwards, as a friend records it, the Isle of Wight party was expected to be a complete success, and always proved so.

But even this was not enough for an earnest mind that saw how much misery London has to show the most casual onlooker—how utterly the sense of beauty, whether material or moral, seems to be crushed out of the lives of the poor in large towns. One party a year, for one week in the year, was as nothing; and one day the newspapers of London contained a brief statement that a fortnight of country life would be given to any poor child, free of any cost, in the house of Mrs. Elizabeth Rossiter, at Halstead, near Sevenoaks. *Punch* reprinted the letter, "on the chance of it being genuine," though that seemed "too good to be true." But in less than a year "Mrs. Rossiter's country home" was a household word in many a poor quarter of London.

In another five years, 1883, the small cottage in Kent had become the large house in Essex, near Ingatestone, where, throughout nine months of the year, a score of poor children were always to be found. But far more than this. By her example Mrs. Rossiter had shown how children could be received as guests without any rules or restrictions, but those of ordinary home life, could be trusted to be obedient and honest as well as joyful. By her writings she had drawn wide attention to the needs of children for "nature as a teacher as well as a medicine chest," and a society was established for boarding out poor town children in cottages. Every year many thousands of children are so rescued, for a few days, from the cramping misery of London life.

Mrs. Rossiter's work is still far in advance of the work of the society, in that she received the very poor, who can pay nothing; that she received them into her own house, not sent them to people as poor as themselves; that she received them in numbers large enough to give full scope for enjoyable companionship; most of all, in that she regarded country life as an essential element of education for all town children. But she always expressed a firm belief that the society would outgrow its present restrictions and take a broader view of its work.

A last five years, and we come to a day in July, 1888, during which rain fell in torrents, as if the heavens wept for sympathy; and in this flood of rain the funeral service of the Church of England was read over the grave of a woman whose life had been spent for others, of whom it has been already said by many, "children shall rise up and call her blessed," the originator of "Country Life for Poor Town Children."

All that now remains is to set up the memorial stone, which Mr. Burne-Jones is designing (as an act of friendship), to express the love of so many friends. Then the little grave in Camberwell Cemetery will be a land-mark of love for children. A photograph of Mrs. Rossiter and this stone will be sent to those subscribers desiring it, by Miss Olver, 207, Camberwell Road, London, but it is hoped all donations will be of small amount.

W. ROSSITER.

NIGHT-SONGS OF THE SEA.

I.

A ROLLING, restless, moaning sea—
A flush of sundown overhead,
And waves that murmur bodingly,
With tinge of dying red;—
O sea, what words of mystery
Are these thy voice has said?

Hast thou a legend of the sleep
That comes to all at eventide?—
The sweet reposing, calm and deep,
That cannot long abide?
Or of the secrets thou dost keep
In caverns undescried?

II.

In midnight calm the waters lie
With heavy, long, and slumbrous sound;
The sleeping coast and starless sky
Are shadow-bound,—

Save where with intermittent ray
The lighthouse flashes from the shore,
And crying sea-gulls through the grey
Wheel o'er and o'er.

It sends its message from the coast,
A steadfast angel of the dark,
While passes like a flitting ghost
The fisher's bark

III.

How like a guilty self reproachful soul
The water foams and breaks,
Whilst far beyond its everlasting roll
The glimpse of morning wakes

Dash o'er the lighthouse, madly-vexed sea!
O gulls, awake and wail!
Yon shattered mast that quivers drearily
Proclaims a dismal tale

And yet afar there lies another Life
Where seas nor tempests are—
Beyond the trouble of this weary strife,
Beyond the morning star.

Poor breaking hearts, ye know not what is best,
Whose eyes are blind with tears:
How can ye see the Paradise of rest
Which lies beyond the years?

ARTHUR L. SALMON

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XXV.—LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

THE angel of death was drawing near to Falkland. You might have heard the sweep of his garments as he stood upon the threshold where Nancy lay upon the couch, her head pillowed upon her father's arm. He sat mute, with a tearless sorrow, an awful sense of everything slipping away from him, and he an old man, helpless, hopeless. Phyllis sat on the floor, clasping her friend's hand, while Jack leant against the window, gazing out upon the moonlit sward, the intensely black shadow of the cedar, and the shimmer of light on the Skene, that mirrored every star, throbbing in the blue ether.

"See," whispered Nancy, "the moon is only a reflection of the great sun, and soon it will fade, lost in the ever-widening arch of day. The moon sinks, but the sun shines. I have had but a little night; but oh! the daylight will be long." She softly stroked the old man's bent head. "Father, you will come soon; mother and I will want dad." Then she called faintly, "Jack."

He went to her at once.

She looked at her father, then at him.

He understood, and murmured huskily, "He shall not want a son."

"Thank you; kiss me, dear."

And the dawn broke in soft rosy streaks and delicate amber light. They watched it as one watches the eyelids unclose of some fair maiden, wondering what the eyes will reveal. Suddenly the hush was broken by the joyous trill of a lark, welcoming the sun.

Nancy started up. "Hark!" She sat with entranced face and uplifted hand, then cried, "O God, take me, too, upon the wings of song!"

Her lips parted, clear and true as ever she sang her swan song:

> "Angels, ever bright and fair,
> Take, oh take me to your care."

It was marvellous the strength she seemed to have. She took no heed of any one around her; her glance soared upwards, as if all barriers of sense were removed, until she came to the words:

> "Speed to your own courts my flight,
> Clad in robes of virgin white."

Then her voice suddenly failed, and, sinking back, an ashy paleness overspread her features.

Phyllis bent forward. "Nan, dearest."

The eyes opened; she stretched out her arms. "Good-bye, Phyl." Then she said wearily, "Father, I am tired; let me rest in your arms, as I did when I was a little girl—Nan's dearest old dad." She lifted her head and kissed him.

Outside the birds were jocund, carolling with delight over their morning toilet; but within—

> "There fell upon the house a sudden gloom,
> A shadow on those features fair and thin,
> And softly from that hushed and darkened room
> Two angels passed, where but one went in."

Nancy Greatorex was only a memory.

Two days after, the last resting-place of the Falkland family in the small, old-fashioned church of Skene was once more opened. It was the strangest funeral ever seen in the country-side; some people were scandalised. Where were the nodding plumes on the lugubrious hearse? where the long-visaged mutes in decorous black? where the long line of mourning coaches with melancholy occupants, followed by a string of closed private carriages, vouching for the respectability of the departed and the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-men? Well, if these were lacking, at least there was some compensation in the want of the other side of the tableau—the usually cheerful faces to be seen returning from the ceremony and the sight of hilarious mutes dangling their legs over the empty car.

Cradled in a wicker basket, lined with mauve velvet, on a bed of sweet spices, Nancy lay. Robed in white muslin, her head pillowed on a cushion, her hands holding a bunch of harebells folded on her breast, her mother's bridal veil covered her. Just as she had looked in sleep, save for the rose-tint in her delicate cheek, she slept now. With her the soul had so permeated the body, the wine of life had so overflowed its fleshy chalice that, though the cup was empty, there came no sense of a complete void. Nancy still lived; all that was sweetest and fairest in her was imperishable. What is it we remember longest? The noise and the bustle that distracts, or the one still hour in a hurried life, when we have been apart, closed in like the pistil of a flower? Is not a spot of green, a single oasis in the desert, recalled when more garish memories have fled?

Out from the darkened room into the radiant June sunshine she was borne by six stalwart yeomen. One would have sufficed for so light a burden, but they felt it was the only mark of respect they could pay to her they had loved. Immediately behind the bier covered with a white velvet pall, came Mr. Greatorex leaning on Jack's arm, then Phyllis and Dot, Sir Bernard and Lord St. Maur. Slowly the little band, headed by the Castleton choir, singing "Brief life is here our portion," wended its way across the river, sparkling and rippling, past the thick tufty grass paddock, where the sleek, meek-eyed cattle lifted their heads wonderingly and gave a gentle low, as if they knew the hand that so often had fed and caressed them would do so no more. The birds sang overhead, and the bees in the clover field hummed drowsily. There was contentment everywhere; but in the beech wood the light was chequered and the sunlight dimmed. The Squire gave a slight shiver as he entered, as if he had stepped into some cool cloister. The boys' clear voices broke into the more jubilant strain of "Jerusalem the golden," the old man looked up and felt his hand could almost touch the portals—no, he had not long to wait. Beyond the wood the villagers and tenantry had assembled, tears fell down many a wrinkled cheek, and murmured "God bless her!" fell like a benison. At the lych gate the procession was met by the old Vicar and Mr. Markham, who led the way to the church. The men laid their light burden down in the chancel and folded back the pall, then that most sublime service of the church began. Dot's more impulsive nature was the only one that showed any outward signs of grief, the others looked as if a great calm had settled upon them—a hush that could not be broken in presence of such an exquisite peace as that which rested on the fair pure face of the dead.

Before the sad words, "Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live" were uttered, each one took their last look of Nancy Greatorex. Then the Squire and Jack, Lord St. Maur and Sir Bernard bore "the lily maid of Astolat" to the last resting-place of her ancestors. The heavy door was thrown back; cold and dank it struck; the tapers glimmered feebly. The gloomy massive coffins in their separate niches were inscribed with the names of many a sire and matron of her race; the newest was her mother's, and next to her they laid the child of her love, from whom she had been parted so soon, only to be soon reunited.

All was over. "The Dead March in *Saul*" sent its solemn notes across the sultry air. Mr. Greatorex started, and as the mourners left the vault, he turned back, and leaning his head against the white pall, whispered, "It is cold, my Nan; you are shut out from the sunlight, child of my heart. The old house is lonely."

Jack, who had lingered behind, saw him stagger. Springing forward, he caught him as he fell.

God had been merciful, for the Squire never realised his daughter's loss. He always fancied she had gone on her honeymoon; he associated the white flowers and dress with a bridal. He would babble incessantly of her childhood and girlhood, seeing that her flowers and books and pets were well cared for as if she were at home. A little puzzled at times he seemed at Jack's presence, but then he would say quite gaily, "She will be back soon, for though she will have seen much and have her husband with her, Nancy never forgets." Every day the old man, leaning upon Jack's arm, might be seen pacing up and down the lawn, but when the first snow fell the Squire had found his daughter, and Jack was free—free to climb the ladder of success or to deteriorate into a mere dilettante or dabbler.

Mr. Greatorex left him £20,000.

But you are a better man than you were, Jack Markham, with a nobler, truer aim in life, and in after years, when you look back upon a prosperous career, you will not be ashamed to own that the fates to you were no mere mythological myths, but three fair girls—your sister, your friend, your love—a triple cord, of which you wear the symbol to your dying day—a twisted chain made up of three shades of hair, and the golden strand that gleams through it seems to connect you with the spirit world. Farewell, Jack. Good wishes go with you.

Life at Castlemount had settled down to its old routine.

Phyllis had gone back to Paris, *en route* for one or two French châteaux, where she was to visit, getting occasional glimpses of her lover and her friend, who were travelling about together. Dot became Miss Dallas's constant companion, and when the falling leaves told of sere October's advent, she took the girl with her to her favourite sea-side resort, where she rented a pretty little cottage, enjoying the invigorating smell of the salt water and the bracing air. It was a primitive spot she had selected for her *villaggiatura*, just a small nest of cottages on the

east coast, with very few houses of any pretension for miles around. Seamouth was built at the foot of a low shelving cliff, sheltered from all winds but the south-east by a promontory that jutted out, looking at high tide as if it were a sheer precipice, but when the tide was low and the white breakers had curled themselves up to rest, a reef of scarped rocks was revealed. The Merlin Scars they were called, and the fishermen's wives always gave a sigh of relief when their husbands' smacks had passed the treacherous corner; though their boys loved to scramble over the rocks and inspect their miniature caverns, often bathing in the basins formed by the action of the surges, their childhood's familiarity with them having the effect of engendering contempt. Seamouth was not a pretty place, except to those who loved to watch the shifting colours as the waves rolled in over the shingly shore, or revolled in glorious sunrises. The only vegetation for miles was to be seen in the little glen—chine, it would have been called in the Isle of Wight—that wandered down to the sand edge. Stunted sturdy oaks and alders grew thickly, and here and there a birch kissed the brooklet that gurgled over the lichened stones. The path wound circuitously up to the cottage that looked cheerily out across the more sheltered portion of the bay. The morning sun made the panes of glass blush with its ruddy glow, and a light breeze fluttered the crimson Virginian creeper till it tapped at the windows as if inviting the inmates to inhale the freshness of the air. It seemed to knock most pertinaciously at one small casement, but it was not till an accompanying pebble was thrown softly up that any response was vouchsafed. A brown head peeped out and surveyed the embodied Eolus, who stood gazing seawards, whistling Mendelssohn's Venetian gondolier song, "My barque, love, is near."

"Cœur de Lion, I don't see it," said a voice from above.

He wheeled round.

"Humming-bird, your tribe has been up and breakfasted long ago. Come and you shall see my barque waiting at the pier, with Tom Sefton in attendance. The sea has only had time to crimp its hair this morning. If you like, we will go to the Scars. You shall be at the tiller and I will look after the sail. We will lead the sunbeams a dance. There is just wind enough to make *The Merry Maiden* show a light pair of heels."

"Humming-bird" disappeared, and in a few moments Miss Dorothy Markham was shaking hands with Lord St. Maur, who the previous week had turned up quite unexpectedly at the cottage.

"Good morning, my lord," she said.

There was always a slight gravity in her first appearance, very different from her ordinary mirthful look—"as if she had stepped into a church," St. Maur remarked.

"Where did the angels take you to last night, Miss Dorothy, that you look so grave?" he asked.

"Angels! I fear it is more often Tricksy and Puck who lead us a wild-goose chase. It is very humiliating that one should be so silly in dreams; but I don't dream much," she added gaily.

"Ah, you have that dreamless sleep all the more to be envied, inasmuch as you have no ravelled sleeve to knit up. It comes more rarely to those who have."

Dot, in her trim blue serge and sailor-hat, suggested anything but ravellings. Standing on tip-toe to reach the deepest shades of Virginian creeper, she arranged a breast-knot for herself, and invested St. Maur with an autumn rose-bud. She looked sorrowful when she discovered it was the last.

"Winter is Nature's sleep, when her mendings are done, don't you think, Cœur de Lion? But I don't like her untidy time, when she is folding up her things."

"It is rather like sorting out a rag-bag," replied he, smiling, "only you must confess her rags are finer than some people's full-dress, like an oriental bazaar."

"Yes, but I mean the gloaming of the year, when the trees look like scarecrows with odds and ends of leaves fluttering in a chilly wind, and those that have fallen lying sodden, before the frost has crisped them up. I should like to be a dormouse during November. I like everything positive, not negative."

"November gales are hardly negative, Miss Dorothy."

He liked to bring out her thoughts; her sudden transitions from grave to gay had the great charm of variety. She never wearied him, child though she seemed sometimes. His speech made her thoughtful as they went down the narrow gorge together. He noticed that to him she very rarely answered impulsively or carelessly, but as if she wished to give him of her best.

She spoke at last with a slightly puzzled expression, expecting him to help out her thought.

"Are they not negations of goodness; as if all evil in nature were let loose?"

"Yes, little Humming-bird, but they are met by the positive, *Thus far*, there is no no negative to that."

Her tone was a little sceptical as she replied,

"How much ruin lies within the 'thus far' the fishermen's wives could tell."

A slight shadow was thrown across the radiance of his face. Then he said gently,

"Thus far, with the addition, no further, is only addressed to inanimate things, for to the soul of man stretches out the illimitable 'for ever and ever.' 'Thus far' meets us everywhere—the sceptic walking, as he thinks, on heights obscure to our more feeble sight, comes eventually to a blank wall that he cannot scale, he immediately concludes that he has reached the end of all things, whereas if he only anointed his eyes with eye-salve, he would read 'thus far' let down from the high Heaven, to which, in his vain conceit, he has never raised his mental vision. Even to him who reverently seeks for greater knowledge, no matter to what depths he may plumb, his dredger comes up at length graven with the words no mortal yet has been able to contravene. But I don't think 'thus far' need trouble you, Miss Dorothy, for it is God's seal, and bears on its obverse, Eternity."

Dot smiled up at him,

"Do you know, Lord St. Maur, when I begin to talk to you I fancy I am starting on a pleasure-trip over a shallow river, but I have not gone far before I find it open out to some great sea."

"There is no thought that does not bear the stamp of infinity," was his quiet reply; but he looked pleased as he glanced down into the liquid brown eyes that gazed up at him in simple, open admiration.

They had emerged from the glen, and were walking along the firm yellow sands. *The Merry Maiden* lay at the pier, looking very trim and spruce, apparently cleaned up for the occasion. Her sail was hanging idly, for scarcely a puff of wind curled the water that lapped her sides. She would have to be rowed out for some distance till she caught the light south-west breeze. Dot installed at the helm did not find her task very arduous, for after a few attempts to make the rowers go *her* way, she discovered that a sea-going fishing-smack was not quite so easily handled as a four-oared gig, so resting her hand on the tiller, not wishing to give up the sign of her authority, she listened to the gentle gurgling of the waves under the boat's prow, and lifted her head to catch the fresh crisp air, wondering if any of *her* thoughts were infinite. Then, when the silence threatened to become oppressive, she said,

"Tom, have you ever seen a wreck on the Scars?"

"Not for many a year, missee. Some eighteen years agone, when I was just married, a steamer ran on in a fog, but the men were all got off, and as she lay there a day or two before breaking up, we managed to save a good deal for the owners. We did a tidy stroke of business, and we got the debt off the smack."

Dot looked quite disappointed. There was nothing thrilling or romantic about it.

"But have you never big storms? It must be a grand sight."

"Oh, ay, I've seen the waves dash quite over the cliff. *The Merry Maid* here,"—Tom stroked the sail affectionately, that was beginning to curtsey to the advances of the eddying breeze as if it could understand—"had a narrow squeak once; not but what she's a gallant little craft, ne'er a better sailer on the coast. This is how it was. My mate an' me was out near the end of the herring season, a shoal had come in, and it promised a fine night for catching. We had just got our nets out, and were looking forrard to an extra pound or two to lay by for the winter, when all on a sudden we felt a sort of swell. There didn't seem no wind to speak of. We looked behind, and there was like a black sheet let down. We made a rush for the nets, and hauled in hand over hand, but the squall was too quick for us; we had to cut 'em adrift and run for it. His lordship knows what that means for us poor sailors. But arter all, money won't save yer life. The wind was nor-east, and blowing in straight on to the Scars. My mate and me, we looked at each other, but soon it was that pitch dark we couldn't see nothing; but we could hear the waves a roarin' over the rocks, and see a white line of bilin' foam. We spoke ne'er a word. We couldn't have heard one another if we had; but we thought of the wife and kids at home, and I said, 'Our Father,' and held on by the tiller; mayhap I might jinky old Merlin yet. Then our mast went by the board, we heeled over and shipped a lot of water, but the little craft righted herself'—her lines is beautiful, as you see, sir—and jest jumped them billors like a cork; and then, Missee, as sudden as it came on, the storm went down, and the rain fell

in buckets. There was a waterspout farther out to sea, but we cleared the Scars and drove across the bay, making the pier where the women were standing, the young 'uns clinging to their skirts, looking out for them as wud never come back again; and then I felt as how the Lord had been in the boat sleepin'—that's a beautiful thought, sir, beros He was weary; seems so human like—but He had heard me say, not as I spoke aloud, 'Our Father.' Then, 'Belay there,' say I to myself, 'wasn't He in the boats as went down?' That puzzled me, sir; didn't seem fair and above board, begging His pardon," said Tom, with no intentional irreverence, "and somehow I can't get it on the square."

"There are a good many things we can't square in this world, Tom. Christ slept, you know, till the disciples appealed to Him for help. He likes us to ask Him. It was not the prayer, but the way it was uttered that He rebuked while he answered it. Perhaps the men in the other boats did not cry 'Lord, save us;' or if they did, how do you know but that by taking them out of the world He had saved them from much sin and suffering in it? and the widow and fatherless—well, the care of them brought out the neighbourliness and charity of many an apparently closed up heart."

"Ay, that it did, sir; and though we lost our nets, my mate an' me, we were mighty thankful for our lives; and friends rose up as we had never knowed of before. You're right, sir; things is square enough if we only look straight."

Then Tom took possession of the tiller, and made a comfortable seat forwards for Dot; and soon the sail was bellying out under the influence of a light south-west breeze, and *The Merry Maiden* curtseyed gracefully to its whispered advances.

CHAPTER XXVI.—CŒUR DE LION.

In the snug drawing-room of Merlin Cottage a little figure stood with her face pressed against the window listening, though it was hardly possible to hear anything but the roar of the blast that shook the frames till they rattled and threatened to give way. The panes were crusted with salt from the spray of the waves as they thundered on to the beach. Dot could catch glimpses of the waters lashed into fury over the Scars and churned into a thick white foam far out to sea. The sky was covered with masses of clouds spreading like a huge pall. Suddenly they were rent asunder by a vivid flash of lightning, as if again there had been war in heaven, and some mighty archangel were hurled into the abyss. That momentary gleam revealed what had not been visible before—a dark speck on the Scars. "Mamsell," cried Dot, "there is a ship on the rocks!"

Miss Dallas hurried forward, but the darkness seemed denser than before.

"Ah!" Dot gave a little gasp; "there's a rocket!"

Silent appeals for help went up, but there was no lifeboat station near, and who would trust himself to those raging waters in an ordinary boat? In spite of the hurricane the listener's keen ears were not mistaken; she turned swiftly and was nearly at the door when it opened abruptly, and Lord St. Maur entered, dressed in a rough pea-jacket and tarpaulin hat.

Dot laid her hand on his arm with an appealing gesture, "Cœur de Lion, is there no hope for those poor men?"

"There are stout hearts and strong hands at Seamouth, Miss Dorothy. I came up to tell you not to wait up for me, if I am late; I am going down again to see if I can be of any assistance."

He spoke to Miss Dallas, but his eyes rested on Dot, who had gone back to her station at the window. Her face had paled perceptibly.

"Do not be alarmed, Humming-bird, I have seen many a storm worse than this."

"Alarmed!" her lips curled scornfully. "I am not easily frightened." She did not turn her head as she spoke, but she grasped the curtains convulsively.

"My lord," said Miss Dallas, "you will not risk your life, I hope, by going into unnecessary danger; remember, it is valuable."

"My dear friend, trust me not to be foolhardy; but my life is neither mine to keep nor lose. I can only promise you it will not be thrown away. Don't be anxious;" for the old lady looked distressed, "and don't sit up too long. Good night."

"God be with you," said Miss Dallas.

Lord St. Maur glanced wistfully at the little figure almost lost in the folds of the curtain, but the girl did not echo the prayer, nor seem to heed, so he went out into the tempest with a strange pain at his heart.

And long after he had gone Dot remained at the window, looking out but seeing nothing.

"Child," at last said Miss Dallas, "you will catch cold. It is too dark to know what they are doing; we will have the shutters

shut and hope for the best. I think the wind is calming a little."

Dot obeyed somewhat reluctantly and crouched down on the rug in front of the fire, her head propped on her hands. The wind seemed to have sunk in temporary exhaustion; then, with howls of defiant rage, with terrific blasts, rushed round the house as if it were some living thing to squeeze the life out. Dot gave a slight shudder and rose.

"I will go to bed, Mamsell; I shan't hear the storm so much under the bed-clothes. Good night."

She kissed her friend and went, with less elasticity in her step than usual. When she got into her room she stood in front of the mirror staring at herself. What she saw was a pale little face with unusually large and brilliant eyes, the mouth puckered into a contraction of pain.

"Alarmed—she! Why did he always treat her as a child?" She stamped her foot; a tiny red spot burnt itself into her cheek. She had let him go without wishing him God speed; she had feared to show him that terror, not for the storm, no, but for him, had blanched her to the lips. The whole of those sailors' lives were not worth one such as his, and he would risk it, she knew too well, without a moment's thought. She saw him brought in drowned, or lying on the rocks battered out of all knowledge, that ugly jagged rock Tom had pointed out to her. The girl nearly screamed at the images she was conjuring up. She had not bade him good night! As quick as thought her dress was off, not for rest but for action. She donned her oldest frock, tied a hood tightly under her chin, and crept softly downstairs. At the back of the house it was comparatively quiet, so she slipped out by the kitchen, and closing the door behind her made for the glen. She was nearly taken off her feet as she turned the corner, but she had provided herself with a strong shepherd's crook Miss Dallas had brought from the Highlands, and bravely struggled on. Branches of trees were whirled about and lay broken at her feet, but she kept close under the bank, clinging to the gnarled roots. The wind blew up the little gorge like a funnel; several times she had to pause to recover breath, but on she went picking her steps; it was very dark, she had often to feel her way, but no thought of going back crossed her mind. The waves were dashing nearly to the foot of the chine, so she took a path that led out to the open. She could see a crowd of people on the cliff, and up the steep ascent she toiled, falling sometimes, but never losing courage; she must bid Cœur de Lion good night if she died for it. Carried on by excitement she never felt that she was drenched with spray, bruised and faint from exhaustion, she forgot it all when she heard the voice that even the tempest could not drown. He was safe, then; she had frightened herself without cause. Dot remained unnoticed in the crowd, watching with intense interest the sling lifebuoy being hauled ashore. "Its last trip," she heard the men say; and an exultant cheer rose, telling that the crew were safely got off. With her heart greatly lightened she joined a group of women who were trying to restore an injured sailor to consciousness. He had been made insensible by a blow from a falling spar, and had only been saved by his messmates fastening him into the buoy and sending him ashore. As the cheers of satisfaction were dying away he lifted his head and gazed round in bewilderment. Staggering to his feet, though still reeling from giddiness, he cleared a way through the crowd, staring wildly from side to side, then clutched at St. Maur's arm,

"Where's the lad? I doan't see the lad!" His agonised tones made every one stop to listen.

"Who are you seeking?" asked St. Maur pleasantly. "I understand they are all off the wreck."

But scarcely waiting—he did not know: that was sufficient— the sailor again started back, searching and crying, "Ben, my lad, Bennie!"

"Muster the crew!" shouted St. Maur.

The cabin-boy had been forgotten. "Stop him, stop him!" And the man was dragged back from the very cliff-edge, where he seemed about to precipitate himself into the raging water. He turned upon his rescuers almost savagely.

"I swore as I'd take him back or never show my face agin. Oh, Lord, I am spent! Will none on ye land a hand? He's the only son of his mother, and she's a widow."

The pathetic Scripture words came from his lips as if unconsciously. St. Maur laid his hand on the man's shoulder. "Never fear! the lad shall be saved."

"I'll go for him, sir;" "and I, and I," one and another offered their services.

"No, Tom, no, good fellows all; you have wives and families depending on you. I am alone; I will go."

Hemmed in by the eager, swaying crowd,

St. Maur felt his hand taken and softly kissed; the touch of those lips thrilled through him, yet he could see no one, for Dot had crept back into shadow; but she could see *his* face, which before had been grave almost to sternness, lit with a sudden glow. She had armed her knight—for what? A shudder ran through her. It was a weird scene; the flare of resinous torches seemed to exaggerate expression as well as forms; figures and faces looked grotesque from the gravity of the shadows and the lurid brightness of the light, while of the hurrying wrack of clouds and tumbling waters the dominant tone was grey, breaking into white where the edges were curled in threatening foam or the rays of a pallid moon encircled her path with a sickly halo. But Dot was conscious of nothing but the progress of that dark speck hurrying over the abyss, hidden sometimes by clouds of spray; she pressed her hand upon her heart lest she should shriek aloud, and thus reveal her identity and suffering. Out on the forsaken wreck the boy had tried to lash himself to the mast with some of the broken cordage, for the waves were sweeping the deck. Half-choked and benumbed he clung on with despairing energy; he would die game. His friend had deserted him, he who had promised his mother that he would look after him, if need were, at the expense of his own life, and now he, like the others, had left him cruelly to perish. Tears rose to the lad's eyes; he had no hand to wipe them away with, so they crystallised on his cheek, and the keen November air froze little furrows down his face, the salt spray stinging like whips; he began to feel he could not hold on much longer; the figures on the cliff began to dance before his eyes, executing, to his excited fancy, some witches' incantations, circling round their unholy fires; he tried to call out; but who could hear his puny voice in the roar of the wind and the rush of the waves? Suddenly the rope that connected the schooner to the land began to vibrate; the boy looked up, and then, oh, thank God! the sling-buoy was seen gliding along. Convulsively he held on. Nearer it came, and nearer. Would it be in time? for the timbers were creaking, the masts were straining; would the good ship go to pieces before help could reach him? He felt as if he must have swooned with the agony of suspense. He was barely conscious of a noble face bent down to him; the lips curved in a sweet reassuring smile, but in the eyes a look of suffering, of grave far-seeingness; for Geoffrey St. Maur knew that he had given his life away at the moment that he had touched its crown, had seen sparkling about him the "ordered drop of life—love." "Je vous achète votre vie." St. Maur was left on the doomed ship alone; the boy was being drawn rapidly to safety, to his friends' embraces, to his mother's arms; while he—he and the coast-guardsmen alone had known that no further help was possible; the ropes, rotten with neglect and disuse, would bear no further strain. Seamouth was one of the worst provided places with life-saving apparatus on the coast. He strained his eyes landward. The lad was safe; then came the echo as of a deep-drawn sob through and above the din around; the rope had frayed and parted. In a moment the cliff was deserted, the whole crowd surging down to the beach. With winged feet Dot flew down to the very edge of the surf. "Tom," she cried, "you will not let him die; he would have risked his life for you!"

He never forgot the agonised wail of anguish as he snatched her back, the tears in his honest eyes. "All right, missee; here's the boat; don'tee be afeared."

But again the girl's voice rose in a shrill scream, then sank to a horrified whisper, "Too late—too late!"

A dark object was seen to flash over the taffrail, then with a grinding, like the rattle in a dying man's throat, followed by a sudden crash, the mainmast fell, breaking the schooner's back; nothing was left but the bow, which, wedged in the rocks, still seemed to defy the angry waves that broke over it in showers of spray. The bay was strewn with wreckage; but Dot, whose keen eyes had never for a moment wavered in their agonised search, seized Tom Sefton as he was on the point of jumping into the boat, "There there—I see him!" Then to herself as she covered her face to shut out the sight, "Drowned!"

Geoffrey St. Maur was laid at Dorothy Markham's feet. She laid the senseless, bleeding head upon her lap and smoothed back the matted hair; no one there had a right to dispute her claim to him; he was hers in death at least. She heeded nothing till some one elbowed his way through the crowd and knelt beside her. He eyed her curiously for a moment, then, in answer to her unspoken pleading, busied himself with the prostrate figure. Then, as in a dream, she heard his voice say, "He is not dead, only knocked about; lucky he had a life-belt on. Can you fellows find anything to carry him on?"

Half-a-dozen bearers immediately volunteered, and on a plank they bore him up the glen.

Miss Dallas had not been able to rest, but sat up waiting for her guest. She had listened at Dot's room, but hearing no sound and seeing no light, concluded that the girl was sleeping. Suddenly the quiet of the house was disturbed by the opening and closing of a door, then a quick, hurried footfall, and Dot entered, dripping with salt water, her brown eyes burning with their intensity of pain, her face white but perfectly calm.

"They are bringing him up, Mamsell," was all she said.

"Child, not dead!" Her lips quivered.

"No, there is hope, the doctor says; but there is no time to waste."

As quickly as she appeared she flashed out, and was found by Miss Dallas feverishly raking up the smouldering embers in Lord St. Maur's room; then she disappeared, and, with Mrs. Hawkins's assistance, who, like her mistress, had not been able to sleep, got hot water and linen ready for the doctor's use. Miss Dallas was astonished at the girl's self-possession and coolness. Soon was heard the steady tramp, tramp of the bearers; then Dot gave a little shuddering movement, and vanished; but not for long; she crept out and crouched outside his door.

Oh, what hours it seemed before Miss Dallas came out and saw the dark little figure. Dot started forward, her lips could form no sound, but the old lady relieved her anxiety at once.

"He will get round, dear child, there seem to be no internal injuries, his arm has been set and the cuts on his head are only scalp wounds, but he has got a severe shock to the nervous system."

Without a word Dot flew back to her room and locked the door. She put her hands over her mouth, she wanted to laugh or cry, or do both at once to relieve her feelings. Once again she looked in her mirror; this time it did not reflect a pale or terrified countenance, her face was glowing with a warm colour, that seemed to ebb and flow in waves of strong emotion. That she was not Dot, she was quite convinced; some extraordinary metamorphosis had taken place, caused by what, she was too weary to discover. It suddenly struck her she was still in her wet clothes, so she disrobed, and wrapping herself in her dressing-gown stretched herself out on the hearth-rug. She fully meant to keep awake, but she had overestimated her strength and soon was sleeping like a tired child. The late October dawn was breaking when she awoke. Quickly she dressed and stepped into the passage, taking up her station at Lord St. Maur's door.

Hawkins peeped out. "Is that you, Miss Dorothy? why, you are looking like a ghost."

Dot shook her head impatiently. "There is nothing the matter with me; how is he?"

"Oh, he's getting on famous. The doctor stayed all night and has just gone; do go and get some breakfast, little miss, or you'll get as helpless as his lordship is."

Dot turned sorrowfully away, they all thought her a child. She may have been that the day before, but now she felt able to do and bear anything a woman could for him, but he need never know it. She was like the little violet, if he plucked it and laid it in his bosom, no flower so blest; but if he crushed it under foot unthinkingly, what matter, it had died through him. Miss Dallas noticed the sudden change in the girl, and it distressed her. That Dot worshipped "Cœur de Lion" she knew, but she had thought it a sort of reverential feeling for one so much older than herself and so worthy of admiration; now it came upon her that the child loved him, as a woman loves, counting the cost and paying the penalty willingly.

The old lady pondered whether she should not send her home, under the plea that she was rather overstrung with fright and excitement. She had almost made up her mind to write to Mrs. Markham, when Dot, who had been standing listlessly by the fire, said, "May I see him, Mamsell?"

"He is all bandaged up, dear, the sight might shock you."

Dot smiled pitifully. "He could not look worse than he did when I saw him on the beach."

"Dot, really I have forgotten to scold you for doing such a daring thing; what would your parents have said if anything had happened to you?"

Miss Dallas tried to look severe, but failed lamentably.

Tears sprang into Dot's eyes. "Mamsell, when I went up to my room I intended to go to bed, but I remembered I had not said good-night to him, and as if in a nightmare I saw him"—she spread out her hands as though to drive away the vision—"as I really did, with a white bruised face, and I know he would go to the death if called upon. You need not tell him I was there, he might

think"—she paused—"not that it matters what he thinks, I am only little Dot, a child to him."

Miss Dallas drew the girl to her and kissed her, feeling greatly moved, knowing "the shy secret she fain would hide." Her mind was made up. Dot must go away, it might not be too late. She was too young to be the victim of a life-long devotion.

But somehow that letter was never written. Miss Dallas felt it rather weak, but she could not resist Dot's appealing eyes, so she took her into the darkened room where Lord St. Maur lay. With light footsteps Dot approached the bed, Miss Dallas partly drew aside the curtain and Dot took the right hand lying outside the coverlet; it folded itself over hers at once, and at his whispered "Dorothy," the roses came again into the girl's cheek, and the rapture of a devotee transfused her face. She could not trust herself to speak, she only touched his hand with her lips, then almost frightened at herself hastily left the room.

And Geoffrey St. Maur lay still thinking. The instant he felt the warmth of her lips, he knew she had been near him the previous night, she had not turned to wish him God speed, and yet she had followed him down to the beach. What a strange, fanciful child she was! Child—no, the touch of a child could not thrill through him as hers had done. For the first time he began to analyse his feelings, but the analysis only left him dissatisfied with himself, and with the consciousness that he wished she had not gone away so quickly. He hardly knew how the day passed, he felt weary and beaten, quite a new sensation for one who had never known physical exhaustion, but for the moment he forgot it all when he heard a soft voice say, "I have come to bid you good-night, my lord."

He extended his hand. She gave him hers that fluttered in his clasp like a frightened bird.

"Why would you not bid me adieu yesterday, Dorothy? I did not think you could be so unkind. Humming-birds have beak and talons to wound with after all."

He felt that she tried to turn aside, as if to hide her face.

"Do not be afraid to look at me, I cannot see you," he said gently.

The strong man was more helpless now than she, and an exquisite pity flooded her heart.

"I could not say good night, I felt such a coward when you were going into danger."

"And yet you were not afraid to brave the storm alone."

"How did you know I was there?" she asked, startled into involuntary confession.

"You gave me a message with your own lips, did you not?"

She had no time to reply, for Hawkins interposed somewhat severely,

"You really must not talk, my lord, or we shall have you ill. It's time you went, Miss Dot, his lordship must not be worried."

Dot could have laughed; she knew he was glad to have her near, but she must conciliate Hawkins, who might lock the door, so she went obediently. But for two whole dreary days she did not see the invalid. Sir Bernard arrived, having been telegraphed for, and he and Miss Dallas and Hawkins waited upon him, and she who loved him better than them all was shut out. They did not seem to imagine she could want to see him, so she wore herself out with long walks, but could not sleep or eat. She saw in the glass that her face was growing pale, and her eyes heavy, all the piquant brightness gone. She began to think it probable she should die young, and was mentally selecting her gravestone, when Miss Dallas interrupted her somewhat depressing study.

"Dot, Sir Bernard has gone out, and I have a slight headache. Lord St. Maur wishes to know if you would go up and read to him."

The gravestone fell to pieces, and the epitaph she was composing lost its feet as Dot sprang to hers.

"Oh, yes, I shall be very glad."

She seemed suddenly possessed of Atalanta's heels as she ran lightly up the stairs. How delightful to be of use to him! The blind was up, but the curtain of the bed nearest the light was drawn, so Dot seated herself in a low chair near that he might hear. After she had read for a time he said,

"Humming-bird, what is the outside world looking like?"

She went to the window.

"There is a soft wind blowing in from the sea, which is of a grey blue; the tide is nearly full, only the highest points of the Scars are sticking up. The horrid things, looking so peaceful after their cruelty! The water is lapping over them quite softly; two or three boats are rowing about, to see if they can pick up anything from the wreck I suppose. The sky is of a very pale blue, with light downy clouds floating about. 'Cœur de Lion,' you will soon be up to see

everything with your own eyes. I am so bad at describing."

There was silence a moment, then St. Maur asked,

"Miss Dorothy, why do they keep me so much in the dark?"

Dot felt a sickening fear creep over her. She went to the bedside and looked at him. The bandages did not cover his eyes. She touched him.

"Cœur de Lion, it is not dark. Can't you see me?"

He turned his head.

"No; I know you are there by your voice but I cannot see you."

She drew aside the curtain.

"Not even now?"

"No."

This time it was said half doubtfully, as if he ought to see her, as she expected him to do so. He heard her hurriedly cross the room, and then he became conscious that he was alone. He looked about. It was quite dark to him, and yet she had seen to read. The awful possibility flashed through his brain—he was blind!

SUNDAY READINGS FOR OCTOBER.

By the EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

THE SPIRIT OF GOD IN NATURE.

Read Psalm civ.

THERE are two verses in Scripture which, taken together, express the breadth and fulness of the work of God's Spirit. In the first chapter of Genesis we are told that "the Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters," thereby suggesting to us a sphere of operation not usually recognised; and when reference is made to the highest manifestation of His power in the lives of men as witnessed at Pentecost, it is said in St. John's Gospel "The Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified." The combined teaching of these separate statements is suggestive.

It has been the fault of religious schools that too great an opposition has been created between the natural and the spiritual. The distinction is undoubtedly very marked, as we stated in previous Readings, between what is termed "the natural man," and "the spiritual." The character of Saul the persecutor differed not only in degree, but in kind, from that of "Paul the apostle and servant of Jesus Christ," yet there was very much in the life of him who could look back on his early manhood and honestly assert that "touching the law he was blameless," which we dare not attribute to any other influence than that of God's own Spirit. Nevertheless, how much lower was that type of life from the one he afterwards received! Although St. Peter was a very different man after Pentecost from what he had previously been, yet who would deny to the young disciple who left all and followed Christ, qualities which were nothing less than gifts of divine grace? We must not attribute these earlier attainments to some godless thing we call "Nature" in order to suit our theological theories.

We find in the word of God a glorious picture presented of the unity of all worlds. The divineness of the things we call secular is fully vindicated, while "the glory that excelleth" is claimed for what is emphatically spiritual.

I do not care to explain the statement in Genesis, "The Spirit of God moved over the face of the waters." The language must not be treated with a base literalism, when it is the mystery of creation that is being set forth in a series of graphic pictures, essentially religious rather than scientific, poetic rather than prosaically historical. We must banish from our minds every material conception and take the passage as expressing the formative and energising work of the Divine Spirit in bringing order out of chaos, and light out of darkness. It therefore broadly asserts that all natural order is of God, and that the development, or, if you will, the evolution whereby the objects we see attained their perfection, has been under divine guidance. It is thus that natural science may be regarded as a true theology, and instead of being looked upon with suspicion, should be hailed as being a form of revelation, wherein through those modern prophets who have interpreted for us so much of what has been hitherto concealed of the ways of God, we gain wider and grander views of the universe. It is ennobling when we learn from Scripture that all this fair world, these healthful laws that are in ceaseless operation, and all the long history of beneficent change and progress which we have been taught to trace in the physical world,

ought to be linked to what is behold on the new plane of spiritual and moral advancement which we behold at Pentecost. The pages of science then become truly religious, and every opposition ceases between the secular and the sacred.

In harmony with such conceptions of the connection between the spiritual and the material, we have in the word of God a suggestive vindication of the divine in those gifts of human genius which modern religionists have been accustomed to relegate to the things which belong to "the natural man." With a boldness which puts to shame our grudging, hesitating, and feeble apprehension of the breadth and richness of the divine influence in common things, the Old Testament recognises the skill of the architect, musician, and artisan as direct gifts of the Holy Spirit. Thus it is said of Bezaleel, "See, I have filled him with the Spirit of God in wisdom and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass." It was as the fulfilment of a divine purpose that singers and trumpeters were appointed from the children of Levi. Music was their gift, it was God who had bestowed it, and it was to be used to His glory. It was from God that Solomon is represented as receiving the power of statesmanship, enabling him to guide the politics of the nation. The valour of Joshua, the bravery and physical strength of David, are equally ascribed to divine influence, while such matters as prudence in council, or generosity in offering of our substance, instead of being classified as merely worldly, natural, secular qualities, are traced to the working of the Holy Ghost in men. These instances are surely not mentioned in Scripture as being exceptional, but in order to reveal principles that are universal, and to teach us with marked emphasis how "every good and perfect gift is from above."

But if we believe that God never does leave Himself without a witness, and that the very rain and sunshine and fruitful seasons are the gifts of Him Whose Spirit once moved over the face of the waters, we are entitled to go further and say that in the common humanities, in the love of parent and child, in the heroic self-sacrifice of the patriot, in the thoughts of wisdom uttered by great thinkers in every age, we must recognise nothing less than the same holy influence which inspired the prophets and was shed forth in new and perfect fulness upon the Church at Pentecost. The thoughtful Christian should therefore regard with reverence all that is beautiful, and wise, and loving in our humanity wherever it occurs. The poor mother whom some would dare to place in the category of home heathen, but who works in magnificent self-sacrifice to clothe and feed the little ones who cling to her, although her home may be a den in the city slums, and although she never enters a church, and scarcely knows the name of Him who died for her—yet surely the light that burns where these thin fingers swiftly work, and where that wan face tells of sore privations willingly endured that these little ones may have the bread she denies herself, has been kindled from a divine source. Who would presume to call a love like that a worldly, secular, godless thing, while the rapt experiences of the wealthy, and probably useless pietist are termed spiritual and divine? No, Scripture is very bold, and we shall not err in being bold also, when taking a wide and healthy view of this universe, we vindicate for Him all that is noble in human history; all that has been chivalrous and brave; all that has been elevating in the song of the poet or in the creation of the artist. Handel, Beethoven, Michael Angelo, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, were in this sense divine gifts to our humanity; for it was not assuredly from the spirit of evil, but from the Spirit of God they derived their genius. We would deny at once the letter and the spirit of Scripture if we doubted this. The prophets of Israel teach us this lesson with repeated emphasis. What we would term secular history becomes in their hands intensely sacred, and they constantly show how kings, and captains, and statesmen, and the influences which determine political life have a divine as well as human aspect. These men saw God working in all nations. He was not confined by them to the little land of Israel, emblem of the true Church, nor to any group of chosen people, but was to be seen in Egypt, Babylon, Tyre, Persia, and Greece, as well as in Jerusalem. We therefore ought never to give a grudging recognition to that "soul of good" which is so often found in things imperfect or evil, believing that the feeblest spark of generosity or of kindness is a light from heaven; for

> "Wherever through the ages rise
> The altar of self-sacrifice,
> Where love its arms has opened wide,
> Or man for man has calmly died,
> I see the same white wings outspread,
> That hovered o'er the Master's head!
> Up from undated time they come,
> The martyred souls of heathendom,

And to His cross and Passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.
So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal force,
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it rearbase to;
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls;
Guide, Lawgiver, and inward Word,
The Eternal Spirit of the Lord."

SECOND SUNDAY.

GOD DWELLING IN MAN.

Read Isaiah lxvi. 1—2; 1 Cor. iii. 11 to end.

We have endeavoured in the previous Reading to learn what is taught regarding the work of the Spirit of God in creation and in the progress of humanity, and have tried to vindicate the divine side of all elevating gifts of genius and every instance of goodness and love which may be found in man. In doing this we but follow Christ, who claimed for the kind act of the Samaritan, heretic though he was, a higher religious character than was possessed by priest or Levite. It was, indeed, the delight of Jesus to discover goodness in unsuspected places. It was with great joy He beheld a faith in the heathen woman of Phœnicia, or in the Roman centurion, that He had "not found, no, not in Israel."

But all this renders the exhortation, "Friend, come up higher," more emphatic. If we gladly trace the operation of the Divine Spirit in "the fair humanities," in the beautiful affection, the noble self-sacrifice, and unquenchable devotion to duty, which do so much to redeem this fallen world of ours, we ought to rejoice still more in the thought of what humanity may become when it is filled with the fulness of this same Spirit of God, and quickened with the very life of Jesus Christ. That is a false humanitarianism which would rest content with the lower sphere of attainment, when the highest has been made possible. It is a falling out from the great march of progress, of which all things speak; for to move upwards towards the perfection that is in God must be the greatest conceivable end of the intelligent creation. We become untrue to the light already given if we desire not the fuller glory of which the earlier has been but the earnest and prophecy. Jesus Christ is the measure of our humanity. We never can know what we possess till we see what humanity is in Him. And Pentecost was the revelation and pledge of the power through which we may be made sharers of His life.

It was in the light of the fresh and wondrous experience of the power of the Holy Ghost in the early Church that St. Paul, addressing the Corinthians, asked them, "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" He knew how terribly mixed was that society of believers, and what dreadful failure had marked the career of many in that Church. Yet he boldly reminds them all of the great fact which remained true in spite of their unfaithfulness. "Ye are a temple of God, and the Spirit of God dwelleth in you."

The image was borrowed from Hebrew rather than Gentile associations. The Jewish members of the Church would at once have appreciated the meaning of St. Paul, and the Gentile converts would have had no difficulty in grasping the elevating thought, how each man and woman among them was called to enshrine the divine life and character.

But what does all this mean for us in this nineteenth century? Is it a fact that the Spirit of God, and nothing less than the Spirit of God, dwells in those who are holy and good?

The statement is noble and elevating in whatever sense we understand it. The Spirit of God in man! Attach any meaning you please to the term "the Spirit of God;" you may believe, as I do, that it signifies the Holy Ghost, the third Person in the glorious Trinity, whom Christ promised to send from the Father, and who was shed forth on the Church at Pentecost; or, you may mean by the Spirit of God no more than that the mind of God is imparted to man, and that as we speak of "the spirit of science," or "the spirit of the age," or "the spirit of purity," so by the Spirit of God being ours, no more is intended than that His character is reproduced in His people, and that what then dwells in them is of the same nature as what, in its fulness, is in God. But whether the one belief or the other is received as to the force of the term, the assertion remains, and must be regarded as one of the most ennobling conceivable. "Know that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you."

There was a form of belief then common among the Greeks which presented at once an analogy and a contrast to what St. Paul was teaching, for the temples of the pagan deities were supposed to be somehow dwelt in by the god whose oracle they enshrined. It was also said that the worshippers who partook of the mysteries, and the servants who were attached to the temples, were in certain moods possessed with the spirit of the god whose festival was kept. The state

of frenzy into which these sometimes fell was attributed to such influences, and much that was vilest in the ancient religions was excused on the ground that the persons who so degraded themselves were under the sway of a god. Such beliefs serve to contrast the difference between the moral conceptions which belonged to the old and the new faith of the Corinthians; but both of these beliefs, Christian and pagan, confirm the truth, that we generally are in character according to that which we worship. The honouring of the gods of Olympus, and the deifying of nature, which lay so much at the root of the ancient mythologies, and which grew into a consecration of what was basest, present a warning even to our own age. When we look up to nature as the all in all, we will gradually sink beneath nature, until we become "given over to vile affections." The moral health of society depends on its religious faith, and the only security for its well-being is in the recognition of the holy will of the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, by whom and to whom are all things.

THIRD SUNDAY.

"HOW CAN GOD DWELL IN MAN?"

Read Psalm viii. and John xvii. 15 to end.

But reverting to St. Paul's statement, "Ye are a temple of God," it may be asked, "How can God dwell in man?" The question put in old times may be repeated with a new sense, "Where is the house that ye can build for me, saith the Lord? Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool." And yet, as we think further upon it, we may assert that there can be no dwelling-place so fit as that spirit, which may be in us as it is in all holy intelligences.

For where can God really dwell? Where is the region into which He can best enter and fill with His highest glory? It may perhaps be replied that heaven is that region; but what and where is heaven? As we speak of it we may gaze up into the unfathomable sky and dream, as we did in childhood, that there is some realm there, far beyond the clouds and stars, which is the dwelling-place of God and the great home where the pure saints and holy angels continually worship and adore Him. Let it be so; yet consider a little further what you intend. Be it that there is such a locality, in which the visions described by seers and prophets are literally realised, who behold "a throne high and lifted up," surrounded by the ranks of burning seraphim and the multitude of the redeemed, which no man can number. Be it that there is a material place, and that the pictures we are familiar with of the golden city with its many gates, represent actualities. Yet we are not thereby delivered from the difficulty which the question suggests, Where does God dwell? For no thinking man would for a moment identify a material throne or a city enclosed with walls with the abode of the Infinite and Invisible Deity. It must be in the spirits of holy beings who know Him and respond to His excellence, rather than in gates of pearl or in pavement of precious stones; rather in the love which fills every heart, than in some definite locality, that we find the true heaven which is the dwelling-place of God. The great sky which with its starry splendour arches over our earth, may in a figure be called the throne and seat of His Infinitude and Power, and this green earth, with its million beauties, may in a poetic flight be termed the footstool on which rest the feet of the Almighty, for it bears everywhere the traces of His goings. But it is obviously in metaphor that we can speak of God being in things like these. We may say that He is in them, even as the spirit of the sculptor dwells in the stone which he has shaped into an undying expression of his own thoughts of beauty. Yet it is in a secondary sense alone that the sculptor is said to live in his work. Lovely as it is, the cold, passionless stone repels him who seeks communion of soul. *That* can never be the shrine into which the human spirit of the man who carved it can enter, as it can enter, heart into heart, soul into soul, life into life, when friend meets friend and "thought leaps out to wed itself with thought." God is indeed in all His works; He is immanent in every law which controls the universe in unbroken order; He is in the fragile loveliness of the flower, and in the changeless strength of the mountain; in the summer air as well as in the grandeur of the storm; for all these things His hands have made, and they are expressions of His wise and powerful will.

But we require something more than this, more vital, and more closely identified with God, before we can speak of His dwelling-place. We dare not say that God dwells in things material, because the spiritual requires the spiritual for its true reception. It is not in the array of forces everywhere at work, or in the mechanics of physical law in ceaseless activity, that He who is righteous-

ness and holiness and love can dwell. These cannot receive Him or respond to Him, any more than the mere thing which the artist shapes can understand the joys and sorrows and aspirations of the man who made it. It was a pathetic and suggestive episode in the life of Heine, when tottering from weakness he went to the Louvre and sat down before the Venus of Milo that had hitherto been to him the embodiment of that ideal beauty which he had deemed sufficient for the spirit of man, but soon rose with the bitter cry, "Thou art but stone, these arms cannot clasp me!" He recognised the fact that he required One whose love could enter his soul, and whose embrace was the communion of mind with mind. When man seeks a dwelling-place for his own being he seeks another soul into which he can enter and which can share his convictions. It is not in the paper and ink which carry his words that the poet lives, but in the generations who have caught his fire, and in whom the glow of his genius burns on for ever. The world of matter cannot receive him, but there is a world of human passion and hope and aspiration which is the great home of his soul. And so is it that the true dwelling-place of God, who is a Spirit, must be the spirit-world, where are the beings who can receive His thoughts and become glorified in the apprehension of what He is. The golden city pictured by seer and prophet becomes poor beside this vast Spiritual Temple. The Holy One can dwell only in holy beings. He who is pure resides in the pure in heart; they alone "see" Him. God who is love abides wherever there is the loving spirit, for "he who loves dwells in God and God in him." Wherever there is a spiritual life in man or angel which is godlike in its righteousness and purity and love, there God dwells; there is God present; it is the divine dwelling in the creature; there is the real heaven and dwelling-place of His glory; so that we can with new force appreciate the question of St. Paul to those Christians in Corinth, when he would have them realise the grandeur of their calling and the infinite possibilities involved even in the first breathings of the higher life which they had received. "Know ye not that ye are a temple of God, and that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you?"

FOURTH SUNDAY.

OUR EXPERIENCE OF THE TRUTH.

Read Numbers xi. 23—30, and Ephesians ii. 1—10.

After all that has been said, the further question arises whether there is anything in the experience of the Church which indicates that, in point of fact, it is the Spirit of God which dwells in His people. Is man, in short, such a being that he can attain to what is divine and spiritual through culture, or are the divine and spiritual, in the highest sense of the term, the direct result of the indwelling and influence of the Spirit of God?

We know that there have been men who have risen far above their fellows in sanctity and in the apprehension of the ways of God. When we compare them with other men we are struck, not by a difference in the degree only, but by a difference in the kind of spiritual life which they possess. They seem to move on a higher plane and to breathe another atmosphere. Nay more, we may be able sometimes to contrast what the same man was at one stage of his experience with what he became at another, and in doing so we observe a change in his tastes and affections so complete that we can scarcely connect the two; the later period is so completely opposed to the former that it is impossible to believe that it is no more than natural development, or that the culture of what had once been had produced that which we see now.

Another series of experiences throws light on these contrasts. There are familiar instances, both in the present and in the past history of the Church, in which the change from the old nature to the new has been so sudden and abrupt as to preclude the conception of natural growth and culture. Within a few hours Saul the persecutor became the servant of Christ. The proud Pharisee and intolerant zealot had perished. He was a new creature. A new life, with a new range of aspirations and sympathies, had taken the place of the old life with its passions and ambitions. Or taking one among countless instances in recent years. Compare Thomas Chalmers when he first entered the ministry, full of antipathy to what he termed "fanaticism," keenly intellectual but coldly religious; contrast such a man with the Chalmers of after years, burning with love to God and man, fired with unquenchable enthusiasm, and filled with a spirit which kindled life in thousands. This change from indifference to a heart which was wholly possessed with the love of Christ could never have been the effect of that culture of his natural powers in which he was so long engaged. No one would have more emphatically rejected such

an explanation than would Chalmers himself. Were we to have asked him, or any of the millions who have passed through similar experiences, whence they derived the power which had so altered their characters, they would unhesitatingly reply that it was not of themselves, but from above, even through the quickening of the divine Spirit in them.

Indeed, no thoughtful man will be inclined to attribute to self-culture that hunger for the living God, that thirst for holiness, that apprehension of the divine glory, that intense love to Jesus Christ and to the brother man which may have become his truest experience. The vision of the divine which has fascinated him was not the result of education. Even in its lowliest form we can each tell that it has not been of ourselves that we have been convinced of evil, made ashamed of our selfishness and impurity, or brought to long for a better life. We did not find these convictions; they found us. They came to us often in spite of ourselves; they grasped us and governed us even when we would have thrown them off. They did not reach us out of our own past. May we not say of them, even in these elementary shapes, that they have been visitations of the living God and the strivings of His Holy Spirit within us; the stirring of a life in us which is of the same nature as His own; the coming of One who desires to enter in and to make us His continual dwelling-place, a temple in which He may abide in the ever-increasing fulness of His love and purity and goodness!

We know how strange this way of writing must appear to many. People talk nowadays so much of their disbelief in the supernatural that they may relegate the truths we have been discussing to the great ash-pit of out-worn superstitions. And if by their incredulity regarding the supernatural they mean the rejection of all conceptions which imply arbitrary breaches of law, and all such superstitions as belong to the olden world of ghosts and goblins, the quackeries of spirit-rapping, and suchlike, we agree with them. But the conclusion which we have learned to draw from all that the material and spiritual worlds teach us is that there is nothing else than the supra-natural at work every hour, around us and in all things, that God is present in all His works, and that it is not in a figurative but literal signification we can say to every one in whom there is the life that was in Christ in its righteousness and love, "Know ye not that it is the Spirit of God that dwelleth in you?"

But there is another side to this truth, for there is in man what distinguishes him from the mere "things" that are around him, and which, without any choice, are according as they are made to be, like the clay on the potter's wheel, which must take whatever shape the plastic skill of the artist may please. There is that in man which can reject God, and say "I will not" to His commands. Man may close the door of his heart to the divine approach and open it to the voice of sin and wickedness, until that which might have been a temple of God becomes a moral charnel-house. There is a terrible sense in which it may be said to them who have thus yielded their spirits to all evil passions, "Know ye not what this is which you are choosing? Know ye not that this is the spirit of hell which is becoming yours as you make yourselves sharers of rebellion and of hate?" Man may indeed quench the divine Spirit, which in some form or other reasons with us all. We may shut the ear to the voice which whispers of what is pure and noble and generous, which would reveal the divine love in us and lead us into the blessed inheritance of goodness which may be ours through Him; and, refusing Him, we may open the sympathies to base dreams and sensual passions and to the lying flattery of our own self-will. All this is within our power, and as we sow we shall inevitably reap. But it is not the will of God that we should so act. He has redeemed us for the highest possible destiny. Our baptism witnessed at once to a fact and an immeasurable possibility of good, when we were called God's own children, and every conviction which visits us is the appeal of His Spirit to our spirit, and the promise of all things if we but hear and obey.

devoted to her late husband's principles as she was to himself, and on his death she was chosen his successor as Manager of the Association.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

IT was one thing to decide that Lady Worborough was at liberty to take up her residence at Worborough Court, and another thing for her ladyship to get there. The mere shock of the accident from which she had suffered would have killed some women outright. The bout of starvation by which she was content to follow it might of itself have resulted fatally. She must have been blessed with a noble constitution to begin with, though in one way at least she had been doing her best to ruin it for years past, and even now her passionate and imperious will continued to assert itself. She would go to Worborough Court. The doctor assured her that she might die upon the way, and declined to sanction her removal. All the same, she would go to Worborough Court.

"My dear madam," said the doctor, "it is at present impossible for you to make a journey. Perhaps in the course of a week or two it may be safe to remove you. At present it would be little less than criminal to attempt it."

My lady hereupon became certain that the doctor was a member of that widespread society which conspired to rob her of her rights—her right by this time being clearly defined as the right to do, at any given moment, precisely what she wished. He had entered into a compact with Lord Worborough to keep her a prisoner in that horrible house. She stormed and raved herself into a condition of utter weakness, and for four or five days afterwards lay quite helpless at the benevolent mercy of doctors and nurses. When she had recovered strength enough to venture on a second outburst she indulged herself. She would go to Worborough Court or die. They had almost killed her by throwing her into a rage. They knew her infirmity of temper, and they all worked upon it and traded on it. They wanted to find a means to kill her safely, but she would disappoint them, banded cheats and villains as they were. She threw the whole household into chaos on this occasion, and refused to be quieted until she had raged herself once more to a standstill, and could no longer articulate a word.

I learned all this, and something more, from Dr. Mason, who now made a call upon the patient daily. There are few people whose passive endurance of foolish whims and unreasonable rages can be compared with that of a doctor, and Mason, who had had an experience extraordinary alike for extent and variety, had at one time practised in lunacy, and was as little affected by her ladyship's wild tantrums as glass is affected by water.

"The fact is," he told me, "there is an actual discernible touch of madness in these displays of rage. The woman begins, so far as sanity is a thing to be measured, in a frame of mind as sane as yours or mine. But she starts with the definite intention of handing herself over to delirium, and she does it. If she likes to kill herself nobody can be very sorry, and nobody can prevent her from doing it."

This talk took place in my own study, rather late one night, when the doctor had seen his last patient for the day, and could afford to smoke his sole cigar. He prized that nightly enjoyment very dearly, and as he was in great request amongst ladies it was only possible for him at a time when he could make tolerably sure that none of his patients would send for him. Knowing my intimacy with Pole he was pretty free in his comments on the situation, and Lady Worborough's character appeared to interest him deeply.

"It's a queer room, that," he said, "with its two opposites in it. It's really a little astonishing to reflect that they belong to the same species. Lady Worborough doesn't guess who her nurse is, and in an odd sort of way she's developing a liking for her. Not that there's anything astonishing in that, *per se*. Almost anybody might be excused for taking a liking to Miss Delamere. By the way," he interjected, "I have been once or twice in danger of making trouble. Meeting Miss Delamere here without that Sister of Mercy raiment of hers, I have been half inclined to forget my old acquaintance, Sister Constance. She lives in my mind as Miss Delamere. I think of her as Miss Delamere, and my instinct is to speak of her as Miss Delamere. Now that instinct might bring about an awkward position if it were yielded to in Lady Worborough's presence. You understand me, Denham. I'm not disputing the goodness or beauty of the action. But

women have a curious love of romance. They like to find themselves in romantic and picturesque situations. It is meat and drink to a woman to be a living part in a moving story. We drudge along, contented with our daily duties, and after four or five-and-twenty have no particular desire to be mixed up with wonders. But a woman is never tired of the romantic aspect of things. I'm a great believer in the sex myself, and a great admirer of it, but if you'll look at the question, a great many of the best feminine qualities are bound up with this love of romance, and are almost a part of it. A woman of ninety is just as ready to discover a romance as a girl of sixteen. They never tire of it."

For my part I have never been too fond of analysing human motives, when they happen to be either good in themselves or to lead to good results. It may be worth while to analyse the motives of a rascal, and to discover the grounds he has for self-excuses, and thereby to minimise one's natural loathing for him. But though some find it amusing and instructive, I have never cared to macerate the motives of the good in search of the one possible thread of folly or of meanness which may run through them. There are plenty of people in the world who are willing to take up that task, and I prefer the other. So I declined to follow up the question of feminine romantic instinct which the doctor had started.

"You really think," I asked, "that Lady Worborough is growing attached to Miss Delamere?"

"Bless you, yes," returned the doctor, who, though profoundly good-hearted, was yet a bit of a cynic in his way. "I've seen a sort of affection displayed by a rattlesnake for its keeper."

I had hardly intended to put the question in that light. I had been bred in the belief, though I have since had to abandon it, that there is in every human creature somewhere to be found a touch of goodness, and I was certainly very far from believing Lady Worborough to be amongst the most inhuman of her kind. She was passionate and scornful and self-willed, and had been guilty in intention of one most cruel and terrible crime, but it had not occurred to me to place her outside the reach of human sympathy. Indeed, I thought it very likely that if the key to her heart could but be found, there might be a chamber in it somewhere yet, where some relics of affection and tenderness were stored. I thought that Mary Delamere was as likely as any creature in the world to find that chamber, and even to be welcomed into it.

"We have had to pack off the hired nurse to-day," the doctor continued, as he nursed his solitary cigar, and made the most of his enjoyment of it. "She is an excellent woman, and I have sent in a report of her conduct which I fancy will be of use to her. But her ladyship either couldn't endure her, or made up her mind that she wouldn't endure her. The nurse stuck to it like a Briton, but when at last it was decided that she should go she was the happiest woman in London. I have sent in another to succeed her, but she is a copper-haired lady of peppery temperament, and I fancy there will be another rupture very soon. In point of fact her ladyship's shindies with the nurse were not intended to do much more than to express a preference for Miss Delamere. If ever she grows strong enough to be removed to Worborough Court she will want Miss Delamere to accompany her. She's quite sufficiently ungracious and disagreeable with the companion of her choice, but with everybody else she is a constant brash of bitter waters. There are loads of people in the world who, if they were invited to discriminate between Richard the Saint and Robert the Sinner, couldn't for their lives endure to say that Richard was better than Robert. They'd say that Robert was worse than Richard, and find it soothing to themselves to indicate the difference in that fashion. In a really benevolent humour they might say he was a great deal worse; but they wouldn't get higher than that. It's Lady Worborough's fashion of complimenting Miss Delamere to fly into rages with the paid attendants. It's noticeable that she never flies into a rage with her."

He went on smoking with that air of subdued, intense enjoyment which is only displayed by the self-denying devotee of tobacco, and shortly resumed.

"There's another thing, my boy. Miss Delamere's a lady, and Lady Worborough is not a lady, and in her secret soul she's afraid of her attendant's breeding. She dare not launch out on her as she does at everybody else. It's curious, when you come to think of it, how important we all are to ourselves. It hurts us to be despised, and above all things in the world we can't afford to despise ourselves. To despise one's self is a thing that most men of sense arrive at, at one time or another; but nobody does it willingly, any more willingly than he puts his hand in the fire. And, don't you see, when you

want to conserve your own good opinion, it's useful to have just a little shred of somebody else's to train it by. Anything will serve. The blankest, barest wall in the world is good enough for ivy to cling to, or the rottenest old tree-trunk that ever got ready to tumble. But the healthiest hop or scarlet-runner won't grow without what we call a risel in my part of the country. It must have a stick to hold on to."

He took a long pull at his cigar, and after rolling the smoke about enjoyingly in his mouth, expelled it by the nostrils, and went on again, with the air of a man satisfied with his own philosophic attitude.

"If I were a betting man I'd bet a million sterling to a halfpenny that in case Lady Worborough should ever be strong enough to go down to Devonshire Miss Delamere goes with her. I can see her winding her coils about her closer and closer day by day. I doubt if she'd care to take the trouble if she knew her nurse's real name; but she's making up to her bit by bit, and leading her on to believe that she's the only creature in the world to cling to, and flattering her with the belief that she can soften her, and believing in it just a little bit, mind you, and being softened just a little bit in reality. There's a lot of human nature in man, my young friend, and we are mostly made up of humbug."

"Come, come, doctor," I urged; "is there any humbug on the other side?"

"Did you ever," the doctor asked me in return, "read Pascal's panegyric on salt? I could write a similar panegyric, if I were to give my mind to it, on humbug. It holds the world together. Kill it outright, and you would kill benevolence, philanthropy, love, and friendship. Everything includes a bit of make-believe."

I fought hotly against this shameful heresy; but the doctor refused all challenges to personal example, and sheltered himself behind the ample breastwork afforded by generalities.

"Well," he said at last, "you fight in defence of your goddess very pluckily. Of course I have the best of the argument, and have had all along. That goes without saying. But if you need it for your comfort, I don't mind admitting—she isn't a goddess; but she's a rare good woman, and if we were all like her we should be ready for the millenium."

"We should be more than ready for it," I responded; "we should be living in it."

"Well," he answered, with a deep, rolling laugh, which I had discovered to be in him a most expansive expression of good-fellowship, "if you set any store by Miss Delamere's society, you'd better keep an eye upon the patient. She's trying her best to wean her away from you, and to enlist her in her own cause." He rose, and threw the remnant of his cigar into the fire, stretching out his arms afterwards in an abandonment of rest, looking smilingly at me the while.

"Denham," he said with sudden seriousness, "I don't often talk about these things. It's my business to attend to ailments which are purely physical, and I don't pry into the spiritual machinery any farther than is necessary for my purposes. But I saw a sight this afternoon. I have told you already how Lady Worborough's twining herself about Miss Delamere. When I went in to see her this afternoon she was sitting propped up on a bed-rest in a heap of pillows, and Miss Delamere was sitting at the bedside. They were holding one another's hands, and Miss Delamere was reading out of the Bible. Nice, pretty, clear, grave voice she has." He said this with an air of transparent commonplace, which I took to be somewhat exaggerated.

"There is a good deal of humbug in the world, doctor," I said quietly. He pretended for an instant not to see my drift, and then responded—

"You're quite right, Denham. There was a little bit of it there; but it was all on one side."

I asked him why the unhappy woman should not be drawn towards some tender and sacred thoughts by Mary's constant patience and kindness.

"I dare say she is a little bit," he answered. "But she pretends to a good deal more than she feels. She wants to have a lady about her. She wants to feed her own sense of self-esteem. There may be some affection mixed with it, but it isn't very real. And when you know, as well as I do, what a general hash alcohol can make of the human emotions, you may come to be of my opinion about a good many pyrotechnic displays which excite admiration and wonder just at present, and set your own internal fireworks going by the mere contact of a spark."

"I shall have some hope," I said, "if Lady Worborough begins on any ground to care for Miss Delamere. Do you think she will ever be able to go to Worborough Court?"

"If she could command her temper," he responded, "she might gain strength in a

week or a fortnight; but the whole thing is a question of time. She won't last a year, and if she goes on fretting herself as she does, she'll wear herself out in half the time. *Tant mieux*, say I. But then I'm a brute and a cynic, and a believer in the doctrines of Utopia."

I saw no more of him, and learned no more of the actual progress of this history for a week. At the end of that time he came again. Clara had some slight ailment which really demanded no particular care, and he came more for the pleasure of a chat with me than for professional reasons. I was able to offer him the cigar he liked best, for in that matter, as it happened, our tastes agreed, though we found ourselves differing widely on matters of far greater importance.

"Her ladyship will take possession," he said. "There is a mighty change for the better in her ways and manners. She goes now like sweet oil upon a whetstone. She has got a kind of mania to the effect that we are all in a conspiracy to kill her by pretending that she can't go down to Worborough Court because she isn't strong enough, and so leading her on to outbursts of temper. Now, with a kind of half crazed cunning, for in point of fact that's what it actually comes to, she has made up her mind to defeat our machinations, and has taken up the line of the resigned and suffering martyr. She does whatever she is told to do. She takes her medicine and her food with the most touching submissiveness, always with a plainly expressed belief that they are poisoned for her, and she clings to Miss Delamere with a surprising tenderness. She hasn't changed the copper-haired nurse this four days, and everybody is touched by her resignation and new-born gentleness. Meantime, I have discovered that a little servant has been bribed with promises to smuggle in brandy and laudanum. I anticipate an outburst, but I have been compelled to see that young woman out of the house. I offered to bet you a million sterling to a halfpenny that Miss Delamere would accompany her. Now, I will give the solar system against a used lucifer match Miss Delamere will go if Lady Worborough goes."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It was not only from Dr. Mason that I had news of the change which had taken place in Lady Worborough. Night after night Mary returned full of it, and opened her heart to Clara and myself without reserve. She had none of the doctor's practised knowledge of the world, and I do not believe that all the knowledge of its own ways the world could bring her could ever have taught her his fashion of looking at things.

"She is softening," she would say. "She is so changed I hardly know her. She clings to me in a way which I find very touching, and sometimes the poor thing makes allusions to the past and the sad mistakes of her own life, which almost bring tears into my eyes. She is very unhappy and very much alone. I asked her this afternoon about her friends. She gave a little dreary laugh. 'My friends? I have worn them out years ago. I have no friends.'"

This, I am fain to confess, sounded more real than Dr. Mason's account would have led me to think it. But then, in this story as in every other, so much depended on the telling. The doctor told it cynically, and was more than half right, I dare say. Mary told it sympathetically, and I fancy she was not much more than half wrong.

By-and-by, to my own surprise, came an invitation to myself. Why, the sick woman demanded, did Mr. Denham keep away? The most obvious answer to that query was that Mr. Denham had had no reason for going; but when the inquiry was once made there was nothing for it but to accept the invitation it indicated, and to pay Lady Worborough a visit. I was the readier to do this because of the conflicting nature of the testimony I received about her. I was a little anxious to see for myself how far the change in her manner was real and how far assumed, if assumed at all. I made my way to the house the following afternoon, and after a little pause was shown into her ladyship's chamber. She was certainly a great deal improved in aspect since we had first lighted upon her in Green Hill Court, and the memory of what she had looked like then made so strong a contrast with her present aspect that she looked much better than she really was. When the first effect of surprise had left my mind, I saw that there was still something of that same ghastly fatal look which I had remarked before. Everybody who has been in close attendance upon an invalid doomed to a long and lingering illness, and doomed past recovery, sees these strange fluctuations of expression. The sick face brightens and fills out, but visible under that surface improvement the unmistakable marks lie scarcely disguised.

She held out a weak thin right hand as I approached her, and I confess that, as I took it in my own, the unexpected gesture of amity

and welcome made a considerable impression upon me.

I asked after her health, and she responded with a feeble lightness that she was better, much better.

"The doctor shakes his head, but then he is not here to encourage me. That is no part of his business, but I know from my own feelings that I am mending very fast. By-and-by I shall be running about again."

One could say nothing to kill a hope like that, or even to chill it by a breath, but ignorant as I was I knew better than to believe it. I managed to say something about courage being of infinite use in such a case, but she seemed to take little heed of my answer, and only motioned me to a seat.

"Sister Constance tells me," she said, "that she has known you for quite a long time. You are not like the others. I can see that for myself. You are a great friend of Lord Worborough's!"

In one interview already chronicled she had alluded to my intimacy with her husband in terms which were anything but flattering. I recalled them now, and though it would have been absurd enough to remember them with malice or with anger against a creature so afflicted, the remembrance certainly saved me from accepting her present overtures with too great alacrity. I answered simply that her husband was the greatest friend I had in the world, and waited to hear further.

"You look unsuspicious," she said, "and you are not very old. But I wonder that you have not found him out." I thought that I knew most that was to be found out about him already, but I said nothing. "That, however," she went on, with a martyred smile which gave me the first real clue to her temper and intention, "was not what I wanted to talk to you about. I want you to carry a message to Lord Worborough. Will you take it for me?"

"Certainly," I answered.

Mary was standing gravely at the foot of the bed with a piece of sewing in her hands. I gave an involuntary glance at her, which she did not see. I had a feeling of awkwardness in conducting any conversation about Pole in her presence, but it was not to be avoided, and the only thing to do was to go through it without betraying either her or myself.

"You will not believe what I am going to tell you," said Lady Worborough, "but it is true all the same." Her manner bespoke so remarkable a resignation, so profound a certainty beforehand of being misunderstood, or even maligned, and gave so ostentatious a prophecy of forgiveness, that I was ready for almost anything in the way of mischievous suggestion. "I have resolved not to be disturbed by it any further, because I can see that my only hope of safety lies in keeping quite calm and quiet. Dr. Mason and nurse James, who went away, and the nurse who is now here, and one or two others whom I could name, have had instructions from Lord Worborough. The doctor was so foolishly candid as to tell me that my only chance of recovery lay in keeping quiet, and since he let that slip I have contrived perfectly to battle his lordship's intentions."

"And his lordship's intentions are——?"

"Lord Worborough," she answered, with a smile which expressed at once knowledge of her own shortcomings and forgiveness for this injurious husband, "Lord Worborough knows my infirmity of temper." I thought that very much more than probable. I thought of one or two of the horrible scenes Pole had sketched for me, and I recalled the exhibitions I myself had seen. "He has instructed his creatures to do their best to betray me into fits of violence, and his object, of course, was to bring about his own freedom. You know how anxious he has been to be rid of me, Mr. Denham. When that absurd and groundless report of my death was circulated, he made no inquiry. He set up a stone to my memory over the body of a stranger."

I answered that I was intimately acquainted with the whole history of that episode, and she gave me just one swift sidelong glance in quite the old fashion. It was as quick as a glance well could be. It lasted no longer than a flash of lightning, but it illuminated everything, just as a flash of lightning will. Her ladyship, however, was not playing to me alone. She had an audience of two, and I suppose she fancied that she was carrying half of it with her. She must have known beforehand that I knew too much to be cheated in that barefaced way.

"I have asked you," she said, "to carry a message to Lord Worborough, and you have promised." I inclined my head in silent assent to this, but I began to guess what the character of the message was to be, and to think it very unlikely that her husband would receive it at my hands. "You may tell him, if you please," she continued, "that sickness has not had the effect upon me which he anticipated. I am a good deal subdued by it, and in place of being more easily

angry, I find that I am growing patient. The doctor's indiscretion was a great help to me, and Sister Constance helps me continually. You may tell Lord Worborough that I am armed against any annoyance he may bring to bear upon me. I am resolved to live, and I am resolved to get strong enough to go to Worborough Court as soon as possible."

Mary had taken a seat near the foot of the bed, and was sewing with apparent tranquillity, though the red spot which burned upon the pallor of her cheek told me something of what was going on within doors.

"That is the message you desire me to deliver to your husband?" I asked her. It would be futile to pretend that I was not angry, but it would have been more futile still by far to have shown anger there. I took a leaf out of her ladyship's book, and was almost as meek and long-suffering in manner as herself.

"That is my message," she responded.

I told her I would willingly do anything in my power to oblige her. "But your ladyship will see," I urged, "that if I take this message—if I even so much as name it to him, I shall at least give myself the air of thinking it worth mention."

"You decline to take it, then?" Her voice was quite sweet and amiable; but I got another quick illuminating glance before she spoke.

"I am afraid," I answered, "that I must decline to take it. I cannot even appear to share in your belief."

"Will you ask Lord Worborough to call upon me?" she asked, "so that I myself may give him the message?"

"I must beg your ladyship's pardon still," I answered.

"Oh, my ladyship, my ladyship!" she said, in a tone of gentle irony. "What has a poor stricken creature like myself to do with earthly titles of honour?"

I answered, "What indeed?" in a tone as near her own as I could make it. It was not kindly, I dare say, but I was growing a little sick of the savage farce she played, and was willing to end it as soon as might be. Mary glanced up at me with a startled and almost frightened look, and half arose as if in anticipation of an outburst. But Lady Worborough merely turned her head upon her pillows, and looked at me with a glance of amused intelligence. It was the very first sign of humour I had seen in her, and I was both relieved and pleased. I had regretted my words as soon as I had spoken them, but her ladyship was in the mind for self-control, and was evidently determined not to be shaken from it.

"So," she said, "you will not even ask Lord Worborough to come here?"

"To listen to that accusation? No, madam. I cannot undertake to do it. Lord Worborough is in London, and if you have any serious reason for wishing to see him, I am sure he will come to you with all reasonable speed. But you are armed so strong in patience that you can afford to allow these wicked machinations to go on unnoticed."

"I should like them to be put a stop to," she said, with a resigned sigh at failure. "I know my own infirmities, as I have told you. My temper is not of the best, even now."

I was wise enough to keep to myself my own opinions upon that matter, and when I had sat in silence for some time she stretched out her weak and wasted hand again with an expression of tolerance and meekness which would have done credit to a saint. I was unregenerate enough to rejoice in the certainty that she was greatly disappointed in not having made me angry, and that she was boiling inwardly beneath that sanctified calm of hers. I had a more legitimate ground for satisfaction in the fact that the interview had come to an end with no outbreak on either side.

"I am not angry at your refusal, Mr. Denham," she said, "though I am disappointed by it. I had hoped that you would take my message. I like you, and I hope that we may see more of each other."

This was a wish I could not echo, but I got over my leave-taking with as good a grace as possible, and left the house, glad that the ordeal was at an end. Walking homeward, I had time to think things over, and I came to two definite conclusions with respect to her ladyship's condition and intentions. She had about as much belief in that story about Pole and the conspiracy between him, the doctor, and the nurses, as I myself had. But the change in the manifestation of that remarkable temper was real, and had a real purpose. She had discovered that it was possible to get almost as much satisfaction out of the act of maddening other people, as by maddening herself.

It was so much more wholesome, so much safer in her present condition, that the discovery naturally tempted her towards experiment. Then, above all other things, she wanted to get down to Worborough Court, and to establish her reign there. Thinking

how brief her triumph must be, attended with how many pains of mind and body, I began almost to wonder at myself for having grudged it. When your enemy is strong and knows how to be harmful, and you have a right to dread his implacable, unsleeping hate, it comes natural to the heart to hate him in return; but when he lies vanquished and helpless, or even when his capacity for mischief is strictly measured and confined, you can begin to pity the gnawing miseries of his disappointment. I have disliked one or two people very strongly in my time, but I have never hated anybody. I have thought sometimes with Hamlet that I was pigeon-livered and lacked gall to make oppression bitter. But I have known good haters—without loving them—and have, in a vague and shadowy way, no doubt, savoured in imagination the bitterness of the gall which poisoned life to them. Of all people in the world I know none so pitiable. Hate is the true Tantalus torture. It cannot be slaked. Of its very nature it refuses to be satisfied. To satisfy it were to kill it, and it craves for immortality, alike for its victim and itself. I am not speaking of dislikes which pass for hatred, but of the real, royal thing itself.

As for poor Lady Worborough, it was surely worth no man's or woman's while to stir her venom, let her make what outward show of it she might. I am not master of the technicalities of the case, but if I remember rightly what Dr. Mason told me, the paralysis was mounting, seizing little by little; like an enemy advancing across a whole country, slowly, driving life before it step by step. Her general aspect, to the untaught eye, would have seemed all the while to improve with considerable regularity, and she herself was fully persuaded that her ultimate recovery was certain if she could but repress those outbursts of passion which she now recognised as being dangerous to her.

In the course of two or three weeks Mary brought intelligence of the doctor's permission for the desired journey. We got news of clasped petitionary hands, and prayers and tears from Lady Worborough to Sister Constance. She would not, could not, go without her. She was bent on going, would brave death itself to go, but the great lonely friendless house frightened her. It was quite conceivable even then, though I did not realise it until later, that her ladyship's lie had grown into a reality for her, and that she really dreaded to be left altogether alone amongst strangers for other than merely sentimental reasons.

Mary took the whole matter with that direct simplicity which was a part of her.

"I have promised to go with her," she said, in answer to Clara, who at first was strongly opposed to the idea. "If I had met her in another way, or had learned of her suffering in another way, it might have been different. I cannot leave her now. I believe," she added frankly, "that I am the only creature in the world she cares for and the only one she trusts. I must stay with her until the end."

It was so impossible, all things considered, to discuss the question, and the whole position of affairs was so unprecedented, that we were compelled to say very little about the decision. I received another message from Lady Worborough, requesting me to call upon her, but I was convinced that she was using me as a sort of instrument through which she might possibly play upon her husband, and at first I sent back word that I was otherwise engaged and could not then find time to visit her. The message was repeated, this time through Mary.

"She wants John," said Mary, turning upon Clara, "to accompany us to Worborough Court. For my part I should be glad if he would do it. I do not think that she will try to make things uncomfortable by the way."

"Go," said Clara. "I should like to know that Mary was comfortably installed there. And mind, my dear"—this was addressed to Mary, and spoken with much vivacity and determination—"you are not to make a martyr of yourself down there. That woman is quite capable of asking you to accompany her down there for no other purpose than to make your life unbearable. And now I come to think of it, I shall be very glad if Lady Worborough has taken a fancy to John and wants to see him often. I don't care much what her purpose is if the freak only brings me pretty constant news of you. You will go and see Lady Worborough, John, as often as you are asked, and you will keep your eyes open and let me know the truth about what is going on down there. I am not going to lose Mary, or have her hurt, for all the Lady Worboroughs in the world."

I called on Dr. Mason that evening, and learned from him that his permission for the journey had actually been given. The doctor who attended the case under him was to accompany the patient and to spend a day or two with her. He would carry with him notes of the case and instruct any local prac-

titioner Lady Worborough might choose. There were three or four great houses within a radius of four or five miles, and a considerable number of wealthy residents, so that it was quite certain that there would be some really capable medical man in the neighbourhood.

During this time I saw but little of Polo. Notwithstanding the close friendship between us, it was impossible that he should be a visitor at my house during Mary's stay there, and he had taken up his residence in a dreary little villa by the river, a dozen miles from town. On his invitation I visited him there the day before the intended emigration to Worborough.

"My wife," he said, "has refused to sign the document of peace between us until she can sign it at Worborough. You are going down with her? I heard as much from the lawyer. Goldsmith is to be there to meet her. I shall take my seat in the House at the beginning of the session and start on work of some kind. I have two or three ideas floating about in my mind, but I haven't decided yet. Miss Delamere is well?" He put the question with an odd abruptness which it was easy for me to understand. I told him all about her, and I told him also of the engagement his wife had attempted to lay upon me. It was one thing to tell him that I had refused the office, and another to have been her ladyship's messenger. "That would look a little like madness," he said, "and I would rather think that she had not been altogether responsible for herself all along. Mason tells me that her life is a question of months only, and it would help me to the state of mind I want to get into if I could think it was not herself who has done all the mischief. It's a hard matter to trace responsibility at any time, and the people who sin are in the main the people who are punished. She has suffered enough for all her sins, even if she went to them with her eyes open, for they were of a sort which bring their own punishment."

I believe that after this until the end, and beyond the end of that tragic episode, when he was happy and useful, and found full scope for the exercise of all his gifts, he never nourished an angry thought or spoke a bitter word about his wife. I had not been sure of my own wisdom in telling him the story, but since it persuaded him that she had all along been irresponsible, and since it helped him to forgive her, and to be tender and pitiful in his thoughts of her, I could hardly have done a wiser or more friendly act.

Next day we started off, Mary, the young doctor, and I, accompanying the invalid towards that installation for which Lady Worborough longed so passionately. Polo had sent his carriage to convey the patient to the railway station, and her eyes glittered with pride at the sight of the equipage and the liveried servants. There was another servant in waiting for us at the terminus, deputed to accompany us upon our journey, and at the few halting-places on the way he appeared at the door of the railway carriage to know if his services were in any way required. After each of these visits the poor woman brightened perceptibly, and when we had once passed Exeter her spirits mounted almost to fever heat. The sight of two other carriages waiting for her at the local station, and of more liveried servants, so excited her with pride and the sense of conquest that what with triumph and fatigue, she had to wipe away a tear or two.

She had been to Worborough Court before, but not under similar auspices. On her first visit she had conquered the place, as it were, by sudden stealth and stratagem, now she came like its mistress, and was received with honours which, to her eyes, must have seemed almost regal. She was carried to her own carriage and laid down in it amidst the wondering gazes of a score of onlookers and loungers, and then we were all borne swiftly and smoothly off, the young doctor and I bringing up the rear. The lodge gates swung open before us, and we drove up the long curved avenue between the stately trees which stood grim and gaunt against the fading brightness of the upper skies. The house gleamed with lights, and the hall, from the outer dimness, shone with a golden splendour. The doctor leapt down from my side to superintend the conduct of Lady Worborough to her room. She carried a fan in her hand, and as she was borne past the lintel she stretched out her arm and struck it, as if to say that she claimed it for her own.

She was extremely prostrated by the journey, but she rallied for the moment, and turned her face towards Mary with an exalted smile.

"You are welcome, my dear," she said, "to Worborough Court."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

She was carried at once to the chamber which had been made ready for her, and I was left alone. The housekeeper personally conducted me to my room. She had been there in the late Lord Worborough's time,

and she and I were already acquainted with each other. I thought she lingered about me unnecessarily, and supposed that she was very curious, and eager to talk if I had but given her an opening. I made no conversational advances, and she was too well disciplined by long service to initiate operations, though I dare say it cost her a considerable effort to repress her desires that way. I sat for a long time alone, thinking of the paralysed woman brought to live in that great lonely house and in that solitary, miserable splendour. There had been something melancholy from the first in the mere prospect of Pole's accession to wealth and title, and she, poor thing, had been the sole cause of the shadow which rested on that brilliant fortune. Even she herself became pitiable in the gloom for which she was herself responsible. She had only triumphed by force of her misery, and to have all and to enjoy nothing is surely a bitter and pitiable lot. I found my own thoughts such poor and unexhilarating company that I was well pleased indeed to be joined by the doctor. He also had begun to find the place oppressive, and he confided to me the fact that though he had never been so handsomely lodged or paid in the whole course of his life, he would be glad when he could get back to places less mournful, if less distinguished.

Goldsmith, who started from town an hour or two after our arrival at Worborough, appeared next morning rather less glossy and smiling than usual, after a cold night's journey. Pole's lawyer travelled by the same train, but the two reached the Court by different vehicles, though within a few minutes of each other. It fell upon me to receive them both, and Goldsmith was evidently unhappy at my presence, which he could hardly have expected. When he had changed his dress and breakfasted, his native courage reasserted itself a little, and he made some faint overtures to talk. Pole's man of business was a very stately personage, who might himself have been the owner of the place, and he and Goldsmith were so far asunder that they might have been born in different planets. The little Jew solicitor was by no means as ready to recognise this difference as the man of higher standing, but it existed, and it made an impression, even upon him. Pole's lawyer was a little ruffled, in a lofty way, at meeting a person of Mr. Goldsmith's aspect and manners, and once at least he gave him to understand in my hearing that their meeting bore an exclusively business charac

"Old cock's a bit stuck-up, don't you think, Bister Dedham?" said Goldsmith, appealing to me. "He's been longer in the professiod than I have, and I dare say he has a more profitable connectiod, but a solicitor's a gentleman, and nobody can be any more."

He was propitiatory with me, and ill at ease in the remembrance of our last interview. I told him roundly that if Lord Worborough's solicitor knew what I could tell him he would have refused the meeting altogether. I added that nothing but his lordship's dread of scandal had saved Mr. Goldsmith from the ignominy of being struck from the rolls, and that I wondered somewhat at his audacity in coming there, even at Lady Worborough's command.

"Well," he said, with a sort of desperate resignation, "I shall never get anybody to understad what happened. You wait till you get Lady Worborough about you, Bister Dedham. There isn't much she couldn't make you do if she set her wits to work about it. She ain't a bit like ad ordinary womad. Ad ordinary womad wouldn't have let me idto such a risk. You're no fool you know, Bister Dedham, judging by the look of you. You'd dever have dreabt of taking on a risk like that. If anybody had told me *I* should do it I should have kicked him. I've kicked a man before to-day od a question of outraged honour. But Lady Worborough is exceptiodal. She's a very robarkable persod, is Lady Worborough."

Pole's lawyer, as I could see, was anxious to get his business over and begone, though since he could only catch the night train at earliest, and had no other affairs in the neighbourhood, he was as well placed at Worborough Court as elsewhere. Her ladyship certainly appeared to think so, for she made no haste to see him. The morning was, for the season of the year, particularly mild and sunny, and a little before noon she caused herself to be carried from her rooms on the first-floor, and was set into a bath-chair, which had been by her orders disinterred from the coach-house. It was a very ancient affair, and though it had been cleaned and furbished as completely as the time permitted, it sent a certain ghostly odour abroad upon the clear wintry air. Nothing less would satisfy Lady Worborough than that I should push her about the gravelled drive in this cumbrous and ancient vehicle. I received the request certainly with some surprise, and at first, as I confess, with a little anger, but it did not seem worth

while to argue it, and I obeyed her wish. I had arranged already to go back to town with Pole's lawyer, and since my stay was so extremely brief, it seemed on the whole worth while to humour the stricken and self-willed creature.

"I want to drink in this lovely place," she said, when I presented myself in obedience to her wish. "Push me to a little distance, please, so that I can admire the house. I feel very well and strong this morning, and the fresh air will do me good. I shall soon be walking about again, the doctors are quite confident of it."

As a matter of fact the doctors were quite confident in an opposite opinion. Neither of them believed that she would ever walk again; but she so clung to her own belief, and so emphatically reiterated it in their presence, that she had to all appearance persuaded herself that they shared her view. She brooked no contradiction, and the slightest sign of it in respect to a desire so dearly cherished as this would arouse a dangerous paroxysm of anger.

When I had wheeled her to a distance of a hundred yards from the house she asked me to turn her round. She was buried to the chin in a dark fur rug, and she wore a black bonnet trimmed with scarlet. The sombre colour of her surroundings and the bright scarlet ribbon between them threw her face into a strongly accented pallor. Her thinned features and bright dark eyes had an eerie and almost preternatural look. She called me to her side, and sat looking at the house, without speaking, for quite a considerable length of time. Then she turned her eyes upon me with a repetition of that same strange and exalted smile I had seen the night before.

"That is Worborough Court," she said, nodding her head almost imperceptibly, "and I"—with a repetition of the same slight gesture—"am Lady Worborough."

There was something so odd in the tone and in the words that I could not help looking at her rather keenly. She took note of this, and answered my look with another smile, which seemed to cover a meaning of some sort, though I could not divine it.

"I am Lady Worborough," she said, "and that is Worborough Court. Those two gentlemen at the windows are the lawyers, I suppose. Oh, yes, I recognise Mr. Goldsmith. Will you signal to them, if you please? Wave your hat to them. They are bound to see you."

I did as she requested, but the signal brought out Goldsmith alone. Pole's lawyer had either not seen it or did not recognise it as being meant for him, or did not care to answer that informal summons.

"Wheel me a little farther," said her ladyship. "They will follow."

I obeyed her again, and wheeled her away from the house with extreme slowness. Turning my head, I saw that Goldsmith was following us at a more rapid pace, and would soon overtake us. He came up with us in a while, panting somewhat, and her ladyship once more demanded to be turned round.

"That is my house, Mr. Goldsmith," she said. "I am pleased to offer you its hospitality."

Goldsmith glanced at me, and a little later slipped behind the chair and whispered, "I say." He said nothing further, but tapped his forehead significantly. I feigned to take no notice of him, and Lady Worborough asked in a cold, clear voice—

"What do you say?"

Goldsmith, with a sidelong look of dismay at me, answered confusedly that it was a very beautiful mansion.

"I am very glad," she said, in a voice of satire, "that it enlists your approval. Mr. Denham, let Mr. Goldsmith take your place. Come and talk to me. Mr. Goldsmith, wheel me towards the lodge. Stop when I tell you. I want to secure as many points of view as possible. It is one thing to watch the house as you approach it and another to turn round and secure different points of view when you are going away."

Goldsmith followed her directions, as I had done before him, turning and pausing when she bade him, and turning round and going on again when she bade him. At each survey of the house she named it—"That is Worborough Court"—in a placid triumph. I did my best not to look at Goldsmith, but I knew that he was making faces to attract my attention, and whenever I did look his way he touched his forehead with a forefinger, and his lips inaudibly shaped some word, always the same word, as I could see, though I could not hear it. By-and-by, when we were within a little distance of the lodge, I suggested that it might be wise to go back again, and, to my astonishment, she consented.

"Turn me round, Mr. Goldsmith. The air is a little chilly. It is very kind of you, Mr. Denham, to be so careful of an invalid. I am very much obliged to you, I am sure."

There was a tone of mockery in this, as there was in most things she had said in my

hearing, but I was getting used to her by this time, and paid no heed. As we turned slowly round I saw for the first time that Mary was approaching us, and I supposed she came to warn her patient that it might be unsafe to stay too long in the open air.

"Well," said Goldsmith, bringing the chair to a sudden standstill, "that's the rummest start I ever knew in my life."

"What is?" her ladyship demanded, without making an effort to turn.

"Why, that is," Goldsmith answered.

I made a gesture, and gave him a look to silence him, but Lady Worborough observed me.

"Come here, Mr. Goldsmith," she said. "What is it you describe as a rum start?"

He came round, staring in bewilderment from me to the advancing figure of Miss Delamere, and Lady Worborough's glance followed the direction of his eyes. I had never guessed until that moment that Mary was known to Goldsmith, or had any reason to guess it.

"What is it," she demanded, "that you find surprising in the appearance of that lady?"

"I don't know," said Goldsmith, evidently bewildered by my gesture, and, as I can well guess, by the expression of my face. "I don't know that there's anything surprising in the young lady. Only, she's the last person in the world I should ever have expected to see here."

"Indeed!" said her ladyship, with set eyebrows, and keen, glittering eyes. "And why?"

Goldsmith spread his hands abroad with a deprecatory gesture.

"It's no affair of mine," he said. "If she's pleased to be here, and you like to have her here I've got nothing to say to it."

"Are you mad?" she asked him scornfully.

"Not much I ain't," responded Goldsmith. "If you choose to have Miss Delamere about you, of all the yng ladies in the world——"

"What?" she shrieked, turning madly round on me, and tearing at the rugs which were folded about her. The cry was so shrill and piercing, so full of rage and amazement and terror that I seemed never to have heard anything like it before from human lips. Mary came forward swiftly in alarm at this wild cry, and the wretched woman, who had released her hands, waved them threateningly at her with a mad repulsion.

"You will do yourself a mischief," I cried, and made an effort to return the furs to their position. She repulsed me with an unexpected strength, and then clutching the rug tightly in her thin, ungloved hands, sat, wordless at first, glaring at the new comer. Then her lips began to move over the white teeth clenched below them, and in a little while she spoke with a self-repression which was no less than horrible to look at. The white teeth were never opened, and she had a look of thinking that she had them fast set in something she was eager to rend.

"So you are Miss Delamere," she said. "You have come here watching to see me die that you may marry my husband. That is the meaning of your Christian charity and goodness, is it? You have come down to this great, lonely house to poison me. Oh, you traitress! You wicked, smiling traitress. If I could get at you I would pull you into pieces with my hands."

At first Mary was so bewildered at the cry, and so overwhelmed by this mad accusation, that she could answer nothing. In the very midst of its impossibility the accusation itself had a hideous kind of probability in it. Even to me, the fact that it could not in any distorted dream have entered my mind, carried no weight against it. It was hideous and unimaginable and beyond all conceivable madnesses untrue, and yet I really think that for the moment it struck as heavily as if it had been truth itself.

"You must have been a very wicked woman, Lady Worborough," said Mary, tremblingly, "to think such thoughts. You cannot really think them. You do not really think them. John," she stretched out her hands to me, and I took them in my own, "do you think that she can really believe a thing like that of me—of anybody?"

"You shall take nothing from the house," said Lady Worborough, still speaking with her teeth clenched together, and the same dreadful set expression of her rage. "You shall not go from here until everything you have is searched. We shall find poisons, and there is a law to punish you. Oh, you wicked, wicked, smiling traitress!"

"What are you talking about?" said Goldsmith. "Nobody wants to poison you."

"Are you in the plot?" she demanded, turning her eyes upon him.

"Yes," said Goldsmith. "I suppose I'm in about as much as there is of it. You'd better get in out of the cold at once. You'll be catching your death if you don't, and then there'll be no need for anybody to poison you. Put that rug up, and let me wheel you into the house."

Goldsmith's stolid indifference did something towards calming the rest of us. His disdain for her ladyship's suspicion was so real and unaffected that even she was a little disarmed by it. But she had at least a woman whom she recognised as a rival in her presence, and having never been easily placable in her own life was not likely to allow herself to be readily pacified here.

"You shall go," she said, "but you shall be searched before you go. You meant to poison me. Why else should you come here?"

"I never asked to come here," Mary answered, stooping gently over her, her voice and manner in strangest contrast with those of the woman she addressed. "I came because you asked me, because I thought you clung to me, and would rather have me near you than anybody else you knew. I came because I was sorry for you."

Lady Worborough looked darkly at her without answering.

"Go on," she said drily. "Wheel me back to the house. You go before"—addressing Mary. "I won't lose sight of you. You meant to poison me."

Goldsmith set the chair in motion, and Mary and I went on a mere trifle in advance, a foot or two only.

"Keep your eye upon her, Goldsmith," said her ladyship. "She wants to drop behind and run away."

Mary paused for an instant and laid her hand upon the wheeled chaise in which the poor thing sat.

"I do not know," she said with great gentleness, "how you can have thoughts so foolish and so wicked. I will go, if you wish it, and if you wish it you may have everything belonging to me examined."

Lady Worborough shot out a hand and clutched her by the wrist.

"Go on!" she cried to Goldsmith. "I have her now. She won't get away from me!"

Mary laid her free hand upon the hand which held her, and I saw that her eyes filled suddenly with tears.

"Can't you believe, poor thing, that I was sorry for you—that I was very, very sorry for you?"

Her ladyship suddenly released her, with a curt command to go on in front again. One of Mary's tears had brimmed over and had fallen on her hand. She brushed it away hurriedly, as though it had scalded her, and folded herself tightly in her rugs. I offered my arm to Mary, seeing that she was in need of some support, and begged her not to give this monstrous accusation a moment's thought.

"I am not troubled by it," she answered. "How could I be? But I am very sorry for her."

I said something about its being a poor reward for all her kindness, but, to my momentary amazement, she answered that it was not unnatural, and, turning round upon me, demanded if she had been in the wrong to come here. I told her very warmly that she had acted throughout the whole matter like a saint, and after that we went on to the house without exchanging a word. I had known minutes before that the servants had heard Lady Worborough's first cry, for they had gathered in a knot at the hall door. Some of them were still standing there when we arrived. They were silent and respectful, but attentive. It was easy to see that they were curious as to the cause of the scream, and the set face of their mistress, and the traces of Miss Delamere's tears must have been enough in themselves to confirm their natural suspicion of a scene. I dare say that I myself showed some sign of disturbance, though I did not think of this at the time. The invalid chair which we had brought with us from London was standing in the hall, and was ready on our arrival.

"Lift me out," said her ladyship, "and carry me to my rooms. Let that woman go on before, and watch her, so that she cannot run away."

I conducted Mary up the stairs, and left her at the door of Lady Worborough's apartments. We waited there in the corridor until the invalid was brought up in her chair, then the door was thrown open, and Mary entering before her she was carried into the first chamber.

"Come in, Mr. Denham," she said to me in passing. "Come in, Goldsmith. Stay here, all of you."

Goldsmith had followed the chair up-stairs, hat in hand, and now stood the most self-possessed of any one of us, waving the hat to and fro, and grinning, as if amused, though his smile was certainly a little uneasy.

"Send everybody here," cried her ladyship to one of the servants when we had entered. "Send Lord Worborough's lawyer here and all the servants. Go some of you to this woman's room, and bring down everything she brought into this house. Everything! Do you hear?"

"Lady Worborough," I said as quietly and as firmly as I could, "I will not permit you to place any indignity upon this lady."

I turned upon Goldsmith and the servants, and bade them leave the room, and, a little to my surprise, they obeyed me. I had been there before in the old lord's time as his guest, and in close intimacy with their present master. A good many of the old servants had been re-engaged, or had never actually been discharged, and one of the men who had assisted in carrying her ladyship up-stairs remembered me. It was he who led the way, and the others followed him. Her ladyship raved, and commanded them to stay, and one of them did actually linger until I pushed him gently out from the room. When our accuser had gone quiet again I told her that since Miss Delamere was pleased, in face of this monstrous accusation, to have her belongings examined, I had no objection to offer. The examination, however, should be made decently and in order. It was in itself sufficiently shameful and insulting, and nobody should witness it except they two, the doctor and the woman appointed to make the search. She, after a long battle, consenting to this, I rang for Lady Worborough's maid, and instructions were given to her to gather the whole of Miss Delamere's belongings, and to bring them to that room. Next I dispatched a message for the doctor, and he and the maid arriving at almost the same instant, I left the four together.

THE FLIGHT OF INSECTS.

By the REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

WHAT can be more familiar to our ears than the busy hum of insects on a fine summer day, or, to our eyes, than the happy insects themselves, as they flutter, dart, glide, or hover, according to their kind?

Yet I very much doubt whether one person in a thousand has the least idea of the radical distinction between the flight of insects and that of the vertebrates, or thinks that any real difference exists between the wings of birds and bats and those of the insects. But, except that in each case the wings perform the same office, they have nothing in common in point of structure, being evolved from different organs of the body.

In the vertebrates the wings are modifications of the upper pair of limbs, the necessary surface being obtained by a development of the skin in the bats, and in the birds by a development of hairs into feathers. No one ever yet saw a bird or a bat with four legs and a pair of wings in addition to them, or with four wings and a pair of legs. No vertebrate animals have normally more than two pairs of limbs, and if by chance such a creature should come into existence it would be a simple monstrosity, like the six-legged sheep or two-headed calf which may be seen in travelling shows.

But, as most of my readers are aware, all insects have six legs, neither more nor less, and *in addition to them* must possess two pairs of wings or their rudiments. The wings of insects are therefore not obtained by modifying the limbs, and we ought therefore to ask ourselves the source whence they are derived. Again, let us take any flying insect—say a dragon-fly, as being easily examined—and note the manner in which the wings are connected with the body.

Both the legs and the wings are attached to the thorax, but in totally different fashions. The legs belong to the lower surface of the thorax, and are united to it by joints which resemble in general structure those of the vertebrates. But the wings are connected with the upper surface of the thorax, and not a rudiment of a joint can be seen. Again, the wings of the vertebrates are moved by external muscles of immense comparative dimensions, which quite alter the form of the creature; while, as in any of the butterflies, wings of enormous spread are often attached to bodies so slight and feeble, that we may well wonder whence the owner obtains the power to work them with such efficiency, and to sustain the body in the air for so long a time.

Nor do our difficulties end here, for we have to account for still deeper mysteries.

Some insects use all four wings in flight, such, for example, as the dragon-flies, bees, wasps, and may-flies. Some, like the beetles, locusts, and the "hemipters," or half-winged insects, only use the hind pair of wings for flight, the first pair being greatly thickened, and forming covers called "elytra," beneath

which the flying wings can be sheltered when not in use.

In many insects, such as the common blue-bottle-fly and the gnat tribe, one pair of wings appears to have vanished altogether; but in reality they are only undeveloped, and still exist in a rudimentary form. In the case of the bluebottle they form tiny "alulæ," or winglets, while in the case of the gnat they are shrivelled up into a pair of little slender spikes, the tips of which are knobbed. These rudimentary wings are called "halteres," or balancers; and small as they are, and insignificant as they appear to be, they exercise so powerful an influence on the flight that if one of them be cut off the insect seems quite unable to guide its course. The halteres are very conspicuous in any of the insects which are familiar to us under the title of "daddy-long-legs," and their structure can easily be made out with an ordinary pocket-lens.

Yet another mystery.

How are the flying wings folded under the elytra? Where are the muscles by which the folding is accomplished? How can an insect—say the common dyticus—fold its wings both longitudinally and transversely; and how can the earwigs and rove-beetles pack their ample wings under such tiny elytra? Nothing but careful dissection can supply the key to these problems.

In the insect tribes, as comparative anatomy shows us, we find that nature seems to have taken a totally new departure in structure. The whole vertebrate system has disappeared, and is replaced by an absolutely different organisation. There is no distinct brain, and the body is composed of thirteen horny rings or segments (the head being, for convenience' sake, considered as a single segment); and each segment has its own tiny brainlet or ganglion, which furnishes nerves to its own segment and to no other.

Then the whole respiratory system has been altered. Insects have neither lungs nor gills, but breathe through a series of apertures or "spiracles," set upon the sides of the body. These spiracles are the entrances to a most elaborate system of air-tubes, by which the whole of the interior of the insect is permeated, extending even to the ends of the limbs and the tips of the antennæ.

Veins, arteries, and heart are alike wanting, the place of the heart being supplied by a single pulsating tube, called, from its position on the back, the "dorsal vessel," which extends from the front of the head to the extremity of the body. Instead of being confined within arteries and veins, as is the case with the vertebrates, the blood is thrown loosely into the tissues, being driven round and round by certain valves in the dorsal vessels. Again, in the vertebrates the muscles are outside the skeleton, whereas in the insects they are inside it, and in consequence are not so perceptible as those of the higher animals.

The reader may probably wonder why, in treating of the flight of insects, I should think it necessary to describe the general form, together with the nervous, respiratory, and circulatory systems, while I totally neglect the limbs.

The reason is that the wings of insects are modifications, not of the limbs, but of the organs of respiration. They are composed of two membranes and between them run the "nervures" (which in their office much resemble the veinings of a leaf). Upon these nervures the double membrane is stretched, and all insect wings are formed on the same principle. You might naturally think that the delicate and transparent wings of a fly, and the thick elytra of a beetle can have little in common. In reality, however, they are both constructed on the same principle. The elytra possess the same double membrane, only upon them is deposited a considerable amount of "chitine," *i.e.* the peculiar horny matter of which the rings of the body are formed.

A similar structure is to be seen in the crustacea. When a crab or lobster casts its shell, the body is quite defenceless, being covered with a coating of soft material. But, particles of lime are rapidly deposited on the soft surface, and in the course of a few days a new shell is formed.

The nervures are composed of chitine, hollow, and contain within them the breathing tubes of which mention has been made. Any one can see the use of these tubes by watching a moth or butterfly when it first escapes from the chrysalis. The wings are nothing more than small knobs of soft, damp material, which give no intimation of their form or colour when perfected.

The insect clings to some support, always with its back downwards. It then begins to take a series of deep inspirations, which drive the air into the tubes and cause the wing to expand. The insect aids the process by continually shaking the wings, and in a short time these organs are ready for flight. Indeed, unless the process be rapid, the membranes become dry, and then the

wing cannot be farther expanded. Entomologists who breed their lepidoptera are careful to construct the cages so that the newly developed insect may at once climb to some elevated spot to which it can cling while shaking out its wings. Unless this precaution be taken, the insects will be "cripples," and valueless for the cabinet.

Now for their attachment to the body.

They are fastened, not jointed, to the chitinous plates upon the upper surface of the thorax, and to those plates, and not to the wings themselves, are attached the muscles that work them. These muscles, which look just like those of a lobster's claw, can be easily seen by removing the side of the thorax. A very simple experiment will show that the movements of the wings are due, not directly to the muscles but to the plates to which they are attached, and on which the muscles act.

Take a newly killed dragon-fly before it has had time to stiffen, and press with a pin-head or pencil on the upper part of the thorax just between the wings. You will find that both pairs will be suddenly thrown forwards, exactly as if the insect were alive and in the act of taking flight.

Unseen, unsuspected, but constructed with the same care as the remainder of the wing, is the mechanism by which the peculiar movement of flight is accomplished. Were the wing-beat to be simply up and down, the one would be neutralised by the other, and no progress would be made. But, by the mechanism which has been mentioned, the edge of the wing is presented to the air as the upward stroke is made (like the "feathering" of an oar-blade) and passes through it with but little resistance.

What is the mechanism by which the wings are folded?

Longitudinal folds, like those of the grasshopper or wasp, we can easily understand, the nervures working on their bases like the sticks of a fan. But when the wing has to be repeatedly folded transversely as well as longitudinally, we must look for some other structure. This is to be found in the wonderful wings of the earwig, one of which I have just spread and placed under the microscope. The outer nervure is of very great strength, and is twice jointed, so that it can be folded like the wing of a bird. From the wrist, if we may so call it, radiate twelve smaller nervures, looking very much like the bones of a bat's wing. These give off branches which reach to the edge of the wing, and these branches are furnished with separate hinges of their own, somewhat resembling a pair of parentheses placed closely together, thus ().

The mode in which the insect folds its wings is as follows. First it closes the whole of the nervures, just as a fan is closed. Then it folds up the closed nervures at their three joints, so as to reduce the wing into a very small compass. Lastly it bends its long, slender body backwards, and with its forceps takes hold of the folded wings and draws them into their places under the elytra.

Still we have not answered the query respecting the power by which such a wing is expanded or closed.

As far as I can make out, it is as follows. Watch a common ladybird take to flight. You will see that the wings are flashed out in a moment. Watch it settle, and you will notice that the insect does not close them as rapidly as she opened them. On the contrary, the ends of the wings protrude for some little time from the elytra, and are drawn gradually inwards. It seems to me that muscular power has little, if anything, to do with the expansion or contraction of the wings, and as if we must look to a different cause.

The reader will remember, that the wings, being modifications of the respiratory system, have the hollow nervures filled with breathing tubes, which equally serve the office of blood-vessels. Now, supposing the wing to be collapsed, and blood to be forcibly injected into the nervures, the natural result would be to stiffen them, so as to expand the membrane which they support.

The folding of the wings is, I believe, purely mechanical, and due to the natural elasticity of the hinges, which remain closed until they are forced open by the injection of blood into the nervures. Take a newly killed earwig, draw out one of the wings to the fullest extent, and then let it go. No sooner is the force removed than the wing mechanically folds itself, as has been described, and will do so even when separated from the body. This property renders the spreading of an earwig's wing a task of some difficulty, the nervures springing back into their folded condition as soon as the external force is removed.

Some beetles, like the common rose-chafer, can expand and close their wings without opening the elytra, a long and narrow aperture being made on their outer edges through which the wings can pass.

The rapidity of movement of an insect's wing is almost incredible, in many species,

such as the humming bird, moth, and the hovering flies (*Syrphus*) being so great that they are actually rendered invisible, and only look like a sort of halo on each side of the insect.

The "busy hum," to which allusion has been made, is due to the vibrations of the wings, and fortunately affords a means by which the number of vibrations can be counted.

We know that certain musical notes are defined by the number of vibrations which are required in order to produce them; thus regulating the "pitch" of that particular note. Now there is an instrument happily called the "siren," because it sings under water, which can produce an almost illimitable number of vibrations, at the same time emitting the sound appropriate to that number. Attached to the siren is a dial which registers the vibrations as they are produced.

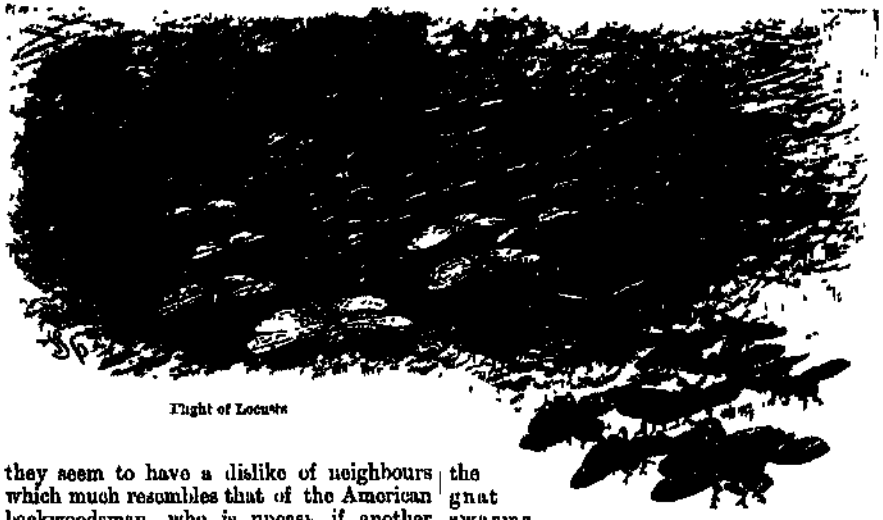
So supposing a certain note to be uttered and we want to know exactly how many vibrations are required to produce it, the siren is set in motion. As its revolutions increase in number so do the vibrations, and when the note of the siren coincides with that which is on trial, a glance at the dial will give the number of vibrations. In this way it has been shown that the common house fly beats its wings about six hundred times per second.

So varied are the wings of insects that there is no bird whose flight does not find a parallel in some insect.

A swarm of flies

For example, the flight of the butterflies are exactly paralleled by that of the night jar, and imitated by that of the bats. The drifting flight of the owl finds its parallel in that of the soft clad thick bodied night moths. That of the humming bird moth exactly resembles the flight of the bird from which it takes its name, while the hawk moths sufficiently explain themselves.

Some insects, such as the hovering flies which have already been mentioned, are strangely solitary in their flight. You never see two of these flies near each other, and



Flight of Locusts

they seem to have a dislike of neighbours which much resembles that of the American backwoodsman, who is uneasy if another house be within ten miles of his own hut.

You may be standing, as I have just done, under the shade of a garden tree, when suddenly a syrphus appears. How it arrived you cannot see. You move a hand and it is gone, but how it went you cannot see, so swift is its flight. Remain quite motionless and it will reappear as mysteriously as it came, hanging suspended in the air, so motionless, except for the halo-like wings, that you can count every black bar on its flat yellow body. Another syrphus now appears, but in a moment is charged by the first-comer, who drives the intruder away and then returns to its former position.

Some insects fly in pairs, while many prefer company to solitude. Some, however, associate in such multitudes that they darken the sky, and at a distance look like black rain clouds. Even our own winged ants often take to the air in such multitudes that they have been mistaken for columns of smoke, and caused an alarm of fire to be given. Indeed, these insects never fly except in company, and such a sight as a winged ant amusing itself on the wing after the manner of the syrphus or butterfly is unknown.

There is even one butterfly which always appears in company. This is the celebrated Bugong of Australia, which makes its periodical appearances in vast flights, and for a time affords plentiful nourishment to the natives.

The common gnat is another of these socially inclined insects. In our country, the gnat swarms do not assume any great importance, but in some parts of the Continent they are of vast dimensions, and as is shown by the illustration, can even shut out the landscape from sight.

The most familiar example of social flight is afforded by the locust swarms, with whose ravages we are all familiar. They are, however, not altogether injurious to man, for although they certainly devour the crops which he has planted, they in their turn afford a large supply of nourishing food, which can be dried and stored up as a provision for the future.

There is one point in these great swarms which has always struck me as a remarkable problem of insect life. These creatures when swarming are so close together that they look at a little distance like a solid mass and have no room in which to alter their flight. How then can each insect be so closely surrounded on every side by its companions and yet preserve sufficient space for the rapid movements of its own wings without striking against the wings of its comrades?

Lastly, I must mention that insects owe much of their buoyancy to the air-tubes that permeate the body, which in many cases, such as the cockchafer and the humble-bees, expand into chambers of considerable size; thus offering another parallel with the flying birds, whose large air-cells within the body, added to their hollow and air-filled bones, render their bodies very light in comparison with their dimensions.

"WEST HIGHLANDERS" AT HOME.

OF the many different breeds of cattle in the British islands the "West Highlander" is at once, far and away, the hardiest and handsomest. Of perfectest symmetry from lug to hoof, from crest to flank, from tip of horn to tail, he is, whilst still in the unmolested enjoyment of the freedom of his native glen, next to the stag, the handsomest creature of the wilds; and, hardier than even the "antlered monarch of the waste," a genuine West Highlander will survive a long protracted winter, under the arctic severity of which the stag will droop and die.

Most of our readers are probably acquainted with the West Highlander only as they have seen him at the fairs and "trystes" of the South; and even then a drove of the right sort, pure-bred two and three-year-olds, will always attract a crowd of admirers; with the invariable result that even when markets are at their worst, and other kinds of cattle are driven off the stance unsold, a lot of genuine West Highlanders will always find ready purchasers. By the time he has reached the South, however, the Highlander has necessarily lost much of the fire of eye and stateliness of step and tread so characteristic of him in his own upland glen, while yet his hoof is on his native heath, and his name is MacGregor!

But to be seen aright, the Highlander must be seen at home; and if the reader will accompany us on a pleasant moorland walk of a few miles, we shall introduce him to something like close acquaintanceship with one of the largest herds of genuine West Highlanders in the kingdom.

It is a bright, breezy day in early August; and leaving the farm house after a big substantial luncheon, such as you can eat only in the Highlands, and of quantity and quality sufficient to make you feel a sense of strength and comfort unspeakable, and fit, like Wellington's veterans, "to go anywhere, and do anything," we pass over an intervening ridge, and are in the glen beyond. We are two (*three*, if the reader is a good fellow, as we dare say he is, and he does us the honour to join us), for we are accompanied by a son of the farmer, or "tacksman," a fine young fellow of some twenty years of age, with Atlantean shoulders, and a frame of intertwisted whipcord and steel, to whom a rough round of twenty miles among the hills is no more, dear reader, than is to you a walk in daintiest slippers across your study floor. Our young friend is attended by a favourite collie, "Tweed" by name; an admirable dog we are assured, and as we can well believe, for he is of the old rough-haired breed, strong-limbed and compact of frame, with a pair of big brown eyes beaming with sagacity and *sense*. Lightly clad, as best befitting a rather warm day, and what we know must be a long walk, and each of us with a stout stick in hand, our way is up the glen, along the right bank of a stream that winds its serpentine course by many a heathery bluff, and many a meadowy flat, and many a clump of birch, and mountain ash, and alder, in frequently recurring curves of easy sweep—true Hogarthian "lines of beauty"—downwards to the sea. The stream to-day is in full and varied song, if such a phrase may be allowed. On a perfectly calm day, or when the wind blows with something like steady breath, right up or down the glen, the voice of the stream, as heard from the path above, is a drowsy monotone, like the hum of innumerable bees. When, as to-day, however, the wind is from the south, blowing not up or down, but right athwart the glen, it is not the voice, but many voices of the stream that rise and fall in varying cadences, and make a weird, wild music of their own. To understand it you must notice that the glen lies east and west; and owing to the altitude of the hills on either side, the wind that blows from north or south can only find access by saddle-back depressions in the heights, by rift, and gulley, and gorge, and scaur; and once in the glen it bustles and blusters about as if it had lost its way, strangely fitful and capricious in all its movements. As it goes wandering around, and crosses and re crosses the stream, it takes up the river voices as playthings, and makes wild music with them. The hiss and sob of waterfalls, the flop and gurgle of eddying pools, the babble, and purl, and jingle of bouldery rapids and sandy shallows—these it takes up and tosses about the glen, and up and adown the steeps in a way that makes you understand, if philosophically inclined, how in the superstition of the North those upland solitudes are peopled by hosts of invisible spirits, whose voices are often heard in loud contention or friendly confabulation, though they be themselves unseen.

The shootings and fishings of this large farm, comprising, along with the meadowy strath below, many square miles of mountain

and moorland, and capable of "carrying," as the phrase is, something like five thousand sheep, besides cattle, are in the hands of the tacksman himself, and both are excellent. The stream, as we can see, is swarming with trout in every pool—not of large size, to be sure, oftener under than over half a pound—but an hour or two's angling gives you a basketful, and grilled or nicely fried they are about as delicious a concomitant as could be desired to the other good things of a tea or breakfast table in a first-class Highland farm-house. Grouse, too, are plentiful, as they themselves bear witness, rising in frequent covies to the right and left of us, with a whirr of wings and an angry "Goc-goc-tchirr-r!" on the part of the scarlet-eyebrowed male, which, being interpreted into human speech, is saying as plain as plain can be, "What in the world are *you* doing here? Don't you know that you are intruding?" We pass on, nevertheless, now and again rousing a mountain hare, which scampers away with curious kangaroo-like leaps and bounds, very different from the long, easy, *ventre-à-terre* stride of the brown hare of the grassy parks and cultivated lands below, when, startled from her form, she stretches to full speed, and, in Gaelic phrase, "her heart is in her mouth with fear." When one of these mountain hares starts to right or left of us, it is amusing to see how Tweed erects his crest and pricks his ears, for the instinct of the chase in such as he can never be wholly obliterated. He is too well-trained a dog, however, to go chasing hares; his business is with sheep and cattle, and, in any case, although Tweed would, perhaps, rather not confess it, he would have no chance at all after a mountain hare amongst those rugged steeps of knee-deep heather, and sprinkled along their slopes, as if from a Titanic pepper-box, with innumerable boulders.

Seeing us amused at Tweed's longing look after the scampering hares, our companion, with a tender regard for his favourite's feelings that would have insured him the benediction of St. Francis of Assisi, says, smiling, "He'll not be pleased, sir, unless he gets something to do. Do you see the sheep scattered over yon green slope, just beneath the far-away peak to the left? Here is my binocular with which you can see them better. Tweed shall go and bring them over here, and we can sit down and rest until they come." The working of a good dog on a steep hill-side is a really interesting and beautiful sight, and we are delighted with the proposal. What is very remarkable, and no less pleasing than remarkable, is the quiet, confidential way in which our friend Duncan speaks to Tweed, and how readily the dog understands what is required of him. "He understands Gaelic best," Duncan observes with a smile. "Tweed, 'teich a mach thall.' Tweed, over yonder; away!" That's all, spoken in a quiet, kindly tone of voice, that has something in it, too, indicative of the speaker's conviction that the command will be obeyed. And obeyed it certainly is, and quickly too; for before the words are well spoken Tweed is dashing down the steep, with a perfect understanding of what is required of him, and a thorough knowledge also of how quickest and best to do it. Across the stream and up the rugged steep beyond goes Tweed at such a pace as soon brings him to a long, blue ridge above and behind the slope on which the sheep are feeding. Making his presence known by a bark, though he is too far away for us to hear him, he circles in a rapid sweep round the upper and outer sheep, and makes them close in on their companions, who are already huddling together lower down. There are some five or six score of black-faced wedders, and, having collected them into a crowd, Tweed's business is to drive them down from terrace to terrace and steep to steep into the hollow of the glen. Of all kinds of sheep, three-year-old wedders like these are the most difficult for a dog to manage, and it is a most interesting and beautiful sight to see how admirably the dog works, and the varying outlines of the flock, as adown terrace and ridge and slope they descend the heights. Now they are huddled together in a crowd that, in turf phrase, "might be covered with a blanket;" anon they spread out like a fan. Again, in an attempt to break away, there is a stream to the right, which the watchful Tweed no sooner checks, driving the runaways back upon their fellows, than there is a similar stream to the left, only to be checked in the same way; and so, with constantly varying outlines of formation, the snow-white cloud of sheep descends to the meadowy flats below. When they near the river, which has to be crossed, Duncan, with a wave of his hand, directs the good dog towards a shallow ford on the stream immediately below us, and by that particular ford accordingly the sheep are made to cross to our side of the glen. Another wave of Duncan's hand lets the dog know that he *is* to take the sheep up in our direction; and up they come, and are made to pass before us in close

order, like a body of troops before the commander-in-chief at a review. When they have passed by, a couple of quietly-spoken Gaelic words tell Tweed that "that will do." The sheep spread out over the hill-face and begin to feed, while we, mindful of the main object of the day's excursion, again take stick in hand and proceed on our way.

Half an hour or less takes us over the steep and rugged shoulder of Ben Garbh, and, once we reach the summit, before us lies the huge circular basin—more than a couple of miles across—of the famous *corr* or sheiling of Coirre-nan-Ian, an immense grassy meadow surrounded by a wild engirdlement of mountains, whose peaks, tempest-torn and grim, rise in all directions to an altitude of three thousand feet or more. In the exact centre of this richly grassed and magnificent corrie is a small tarn that, viewed from the height on which we are now standing, is a perfect oval of richest amethystine purple and blue, gleaming and glittering gem-like, as the sunbeams take it aslant, in beautiful and striking contrast with the dark emerald of the meadows around. We can see that a tiny streamlet issues from the lower end of the lakelet, and after winding through the meadow disappears in the depths of a wooded ravine below; and there is little difficulty in understanding that this streamlet, creeping like a serpent of silver through the emerald, is just the river of the glen, in the first infantine stage of its career, after just issuing from its source, the dark-blue, water-lilied tarn. From the ridge on which we have been looking at all this, it is an easy descent into the corrie below. On a small knoll in a corner of it is the herdsman's house, if house it can be called; a most primitive habitation in which the honest herdsman, Dugald Livingstone by name, lives an all-alone, Robinson-Crusoe life, whilst in charge of the cattle throughout the summer and autumn. Dugald sees us coming and advances to the foot of the brae to meet and welcome us. His hut—what archæologists would call a survival of the "bee-hive dwellings" of the ancient Celts—is built of grassy turfs, with turfs too over a few birch cabers for roof. We have to stoop, as if "giving a back" in leap-frog, in order to get in; and our first feeling is that from the glorious sunshine without, we have suddenly crept into utter darkness within. It is not quite that, however; by closing our eyes once and again for a few seconds, and slowly re-opening them, the pupils soon dilate sufficiently for us to perceive that we are in a pleasant twilight, "a dim religious light," a phrase, by the way, as applicable to Dugald's sheiling hut as to the choir of the proudest cathedral in the land; for, as we learn afterwards from our companion, Dugald is a man of sincere and fervent piety, saying his prayers evening and morning, and reading a chapter—sometimes many chapters—of his Gaelic Bible every day. Dugald has a wife and family in the strath down by the sea; but for four months of the year he lives here by himself in the solitudes of Coirre-nan-Ian. As we look around, we notice that the hut is circular, about ten feet in diameter. The turf wall is five feet in thickness, so that the four small recesses, with a foot-broad sill for holding such modest necessaries as a teapot, cup and saucer, spoon, knife, &c., do not seriously affect their strength. These recesses are lancet-shaped and slightly canopied at top, just like the saints' niches on the buttresses of mediæval monasteries and chapels—Roslyn, for example. There are no stools or chairs, the only seat being a fifteen-inch broad projection of turf at a convenient distance from the ground, and running all round the inner wall. At one side about six feet of this turf sofa is recessed into the wall sufficiently to form a roomy enough sleeping-place for one person; and Dugald tells us that, spread with fresh rushes and ferns, and with a couple of blankets to draw over him, he finds it as dry, warm, and comfortable a bed as any one need desire. A large flag-stone in the middle of the floor indicates the fireplace; and a circular hole in the roof serves the double purpose of letting out the smoke and letting in a little light. There being no windows, the only way light can enter is by the low doorway and by this hole in the roof. Dugald keeps two or three she-goats to supply him with milk, of which we now drink a brimming bowl apiece, qualified by a dram from Dugald's diminutive "grey-beard," of antique shape, and which he assures us belonged to his great-grandfather.

But the evening is advancing apace, and we tell Dugald that we have come to see the cattle. Where are they? The reply is that they are in Cuil-na-Meintich—the moss-land recess—a quarter of a mile away; and thither we proceed accordingly. On leaving the hut our companion directs our attention to a green knoll a little to the left, and there we behold Tweed and Dugald's two dogs sitting on their haunches, their heads close together, and evidently enough in the full enjoyment of a friendly confabulation.

"WEST HIGHLANDERS" ON THE MARCH.

By J. MacWhirter, A.R.A.

Page 711.

"There they are, sir," our companion says with a smile, "exchanging news! Tweed telling how things, from a canine point of view, are getting on in the glen below; and Dugald's dogs telling their story in return; very likely describing their last jolly hunt after an otter by the stream, or hill fox that ventured into the corrie in the hope of picking up a flapper duckling for breakfast from amongst the reeds by the tarn." Dugald suggests that Tweed had better be left at the hut till our return; and when, in some surprise, we ask why, it is explained to us that at sight of a strange dog, the half-wild cattle are apt to get into a state of dangerous excitement; and as honest Tweed is a stranger, it is best to leave him behind. Is Tweed then to be tied up in the hut, we wonder; not so; his master simply speaks to him two or three words in Gaelic, and the well-bred dog, although looking a little disappointed, instantly lies down beside the hut, and there awaits our return.

Cuil-na-Mointich, where the cattle are grazing, is hidden from us by a long green mound of considerable height; and it is only when we have crossed a broad stretch of meadow and ascended to the top of this mound beyond that we are privileged to look, for the first time in our life, on a famous herd of "West Highlanders" at home. There they are, slowly feeding over the mossy flat—two score cows with their calves and sixty two- and three-year-old heifers (counting young and old some seven score head in all). The prevailing colour, we notice, is black; but some of them are dun, others reddish brown, a few of a pretty dappled grey, and two or three of the six-months-old calves as creamy-white as the cattle of Chillingham and Cadzow. And now they have seen us every head is for a moment lifted high at gaze, and then they quickly form into a semicircle, facing in our direction, the cows and heifers in front, the calves in the rear. As we descend into the flat, in order to have a closer look at them, their excitement increases; the younger heifers toss their heads threateningly, whilst some of the cows depress their heads, their muzzles to their knees, and, bull-like, paw the ground with such vigour that big lumps of turf and moss are sent flying to the rear. All this, you must understand, because Dugald is accompanied by strangers—our friend Donald, to wit, and ourselves. When Dugald is alone they know him and his dogs too well to be in the least alarmed. Unaccompanied by Dugald we are assured, and can very well believe, that any one venturing into the corrie would be in a position of no little danger. It was only a month or six weeks before our visit that a shepherd from a neighbouring farm thought he might venture to pass through the corrie, by way of making a short cut of it on his way to the strath below. He was accompanied by his dog, as a shepherd always is, and the moment the cattle got sight of him they charged down upon him in the wildest rage. Fortunately for the shepherd, the stream was close at hand, and he plunged in, the water up to his shoulders, and scrambled through to the opposite bank, whilst his dog, that did not so quickly take in the danger, had to put forth his utmost speed to escape the bellowing herd that pursued him for a mile. Even now, though under the protection of Dugald and his dogs, it is with a feeling of no little trepidation and alarm that we approach within some fifty yards of the excited herd. If the truth were known, we would rather have been a mile away. Donald, however, assures us that there is no danger; and what next happens is this; whilst the cows retain their formation, the heifers gallop away excitedly to the left, and then, suddenly wheeling round, they advance full gallop in our direction, coming to a halt in regular line like a troop of cavalry only when within ten or a dozen yards of us. As they stand there before us, tossing their magnificently-horned heads, they form a cattle picture such as it would have delighted Rosa Bonheur to transfer to canvas, and, without going so far abroad, such, too, as our own Gourlay Steel and Donovan Adam and John McWhirter could paint, and paint thoroughly well and to the life, if only theirs was the opportunity that is ours to-day. But we have at present to think of something else. A splendid dun, a three-year-old with a wonderful span of horns, bolder than the rest, takes a step in advance, and fiercely pawing the ground, looks as if she was about to charge. And however it may be with our friend Donald, who is probably familiar with such scenes, the writer of these lines is in truth becoming uncomfortable—*entre nous*, dear reader, very seriously afraid of the threatening attitude of the enraged beauty before us, when—not a moment too soon, as it seems to us—a single word from Dugald to his dogs so causes the aspect of affairs to change that in less than a minute we are reassured and completely at our ease again.

To understand what happened it is necessary to notice that Dugald's dogs are big,

powerful animals—a cross between the rough-haired collie and staghound, and they make the finest cattle dogs in the world, manifesting in happiest combination the *nous* and sagacity of the collie with much of the strength, speed, and hardihood of the deer-hound. Well, a single word from Dugald to his dogs, and they dash at the rampaging queys with a demonstration of fang and fury that makes them instantly turn tail, and scatter galloping over the meadow to the tune of "Deil tak' the hindmost." The clatter of hoofs is as of castanets and the swaying of horns as of trees in a gale. Although the dogs have almost instantly ceased pursuit away and away go the queys in wild stampede, never once stopping until they join the cows and calves that, we notice, have by this time resumed their grazing, as if a little study of the case had satisfied them that from our presence in the corrie no harm at all is to be apprehended. The queys, it is evident, cannot come so readily to the same conclusion, for they form again into close order of battle, and with heads erect, continue to gaze in our direction, still suspicious of our intentions, and watching our every movement.

But the fast-declining sun, and the black shadows of the north-west precipices, already creeping into the corrie, and in long streaks and curiously outlined patches, eating up the emerald of the meadows, warn us that it is time to turn our faces homewards; and homewards we go accordingly, with a brief halt at Dugald's hut, where Tweed welcomes us with much intelligent wagging of tail, and in his full brown eye a look of very genuine pleasure at our return. A drop from Dugald's grey-beard fortifies us for a quarter of an hour's ascent of the south-eastern rampart of the corrie; and after that we are again in the glen, and fast following the windings of the river to the strath below. We do the distance to the farm-house in something like half the time we took in making the ascent; and by nine o'clock we are seated round the supper table, eating of the plenty before us with the appetite of men who, having had a most pleasant day among the hills, are now healthily and honestly an hungered. "NETHER LOCHABER."

THE BASTILE AND THE TOUR EIFFEL.

ON the Champs de Mars, in this autumn of 1888, meet two centuries, and so incredibly different are the associations of either that it is difficult to believe that in Paris lives a man, a scholar, a professor, still performing his duties, who might with the retentive memory of childhood have beheld the real Bastile overtopping the end of the Rue St. Antoine. Fifty-five years have elapsed since the writer of these lines saw another tiny child hang from a nursery window a coloured pocket handkerchief, on which was emblazoned the glowing countenance of William IV. It must have been "the king's birthday," and if the said writer were spared to survive intact another half century, the memory of that red-and-yellow handkerchief, flaunting against a row of trees in what was then the very heart of old Birmingham, would not have died away. M. Chevreuil, as he stares up at the iron girders of the Tour Eiffel, which looks like a series of railway stations piled one on the top of another, may therefore recall a cake purchased in the quaint old *pâtisserie* of St. Antoine, or the blue-and-red coats of the Gardes Françaises.

Of the Tour Eiffel the one charm will be the view from the top; if anybody ever gets there. It was said of an American rail-splitter, that he could put up so many rails in a day that it took him two days to get back to the point whence he had started. That American is doubtless engaged at this moment on the Tour Eiffel, and when he has riveted the last bolt on the topmost bar it will take him a couple of months to come down! And then the tower will not be, morally speaking, as high as Notre-Dame, which dominates seven centuries. And the griffins, and the elephants, and the lions, and the devils who dwell up upon the cathedral towers (seldom remarked by visitors, but splendidly described by Victor Hugo); and even the tall thin angel, who never takes his stony eyes off that one particular spot in the Parvis Notre-Dame, will laugh silently to themselves at the notion of any tower built of iron bars rivalling the majesty of Notre-Dame de Paris. Nevertheless it will be a fine thing to be able to see over ninety miles of France, and all the windings of the Seine from St. Germains to Mantes, on to Rouen and—the sea!

The reproduction of the Rue St. Antoine achieves a very extraordinary illusion, and is much more thoroughly carried out than was our Old London. A long strip of the famous street, widening into a place, has to be tra-

versed. Somewhat smaller than the reality, but with proportions duly kept, the frowning height of the Bastile loses none of its effect. The gabled houses jut against the blue sky, and the Hotel d'Ormesson, which is still extant and may be found at No. 112 of the actual street, stand close to the church, its architecture that of the later Bourbons. The familiar dome of the church connects past and present in a really bewildering manner, but the interior is used as a curious museum. The slated roof of the Tavern of the Children of Bacchus overtops another little tiled roof *en pigeonnier*. Indeed the roofs are of all shapes and sizes, and appear to have been clapped on with a delightful disregard of all order or original intention. The tavern is painted in two colours, and the holly-branch, tied on to the old ensign of wrought iron, swings with it in the wind.

And so on, and so on of the other houses; the pottery, the printer's with its strange collection of hand-presses and antique tools, the shop where they sell the tricolour fans, and where a great stuffed bear leans out of the upper window with a fan between his paws; the elegant gable of the optician's, the public writer's open stall, the little tower with the sun-dial, and the Hotel of the Golden Lion, with its lordly ensign and creaking weathercock. All these are really bewildering to a spectator gifted with historic imagination. Is it all stone, or wood, or stucco? The scene seems solidity itself. Are we here, or there, or where? Enter for a moment through the portal of the church, and before you have gone ten steps you are confronted by the ghastly figure of Latude swinging in mid-air in his futile effort of evasion; beneath him are the dim roofs and towers of the town; it looks like *la réalité vraie;* and a sensitive visitor hurries on, unable to bear the sight. Three immense pictures are aided by real foregrounds, as in a panorama: a prisoner received by the Governor, a fine handsome young fellow, a scion of the nobility, defiance on his face, while two officials search his portmanteau and the pockets of his coat; another, Camille Desmoulins haranguing in the Palais Royal; the third, the pouring forth of the mob in the street. All these are as real as though windows were opened on each scene, and the light is skilfully managed from above. See also the Lettres de Cachet, and the piteous written appeals of Latude, victim of Madame de Pompadour.

Then, as you pass out again from the portal, see the civic guard, the aforesaid Gardes Françaises, marching past in their blue-and-red coats and their cocked-hats; they are playing a queer old tune, and they look—exactly like their own great-grandfathers! The woman who sits sewing in a tub has resumed her grandmother's place and occupation. The two men who are jogging along with the sedan chair offer you the last chance this mortal life will ever afford you of riding in that antique conveyance. You can seize the opportunity for a slight payment. If you wish to try the sensation of swinging *à la lanterne* there is the rope ready in the air above your head.

But, ah! if you mount the steps to the battlements of the Bastile, on which many human figures are moving, you will look across the gracious imagery of the old street to a real Paris, in which the Tour Eiffel is slowly creeping to the clouds; to a Paris in which is no king, no queen; capital of a kingdom in which sit no secular provincial parliaments, long-robed and austere, elected by Provinces gathered one by one to the Capet Royalty, this by marriage, those by conquest, barter, or intrigue. It seems hardly worth while to climb so high to overlook the shifting panorama of the Champs de Mars, encumbered with huge scaffolding and miles of iron bars, where a factory which must be the mother of all the fog-horns in Europe gives out the most unearthly howls that ever broke the summer air—where the twentieth century is evolving its ideal, and nobody any longer thinks it worth while to "*prêter serment*" to anything at all. Probably had we lived in 1789 we should have idealised the times of the Grand Monarque as the embodiment of poetry; and had we been born with St. Simon we should have learnt the traditions of Henri at our father's, the old duc's, knee. We have gained in average justice, we have gained immensely in average kindness. We no longer issue *lettres de cachet*, nor torture, nor tax *à tort et à travers*. Yet the heart has a touch of pain in returning again to the outer world; in saying, "Adieu, old times," when Frenchmen struggled mightily against a mighty past; times when Napoleon, a youth, had yet to rise upon the astonished peoples; when diplomacy owned a Talleyrand; when the villain of the piece was a Robespierre, and the year of grace Eighteen Hundred, with all its wondrous prophecies of science, was wholly veiled from the generation of Eighty-nine and Ninety-three!

BESSIE PARKES BELLOC.

Ponta de S. Lourenço
and Lighthouse, Island

MADEIRA.

By ELLEN M. TAYLOR, Author of "Madeira; its Scenery and how to See it," etc.

FIRST PAPER.

TO many persons who, for health or for pleasure, undertake the voyage to Madeira, the approach to this "Queen of the Ocean" is full of interest and expectation.

The gradually increasing warmth indicates an approach to more genial latitudes, and within four or five days of leaving Plymouth or Dartmouth the arrival at Madeira in bright sunshine is a surprise and delight to the traveller who has left autumn fogs, winter frost, or east winds behind him.

There is, however, the reverse of this picture, at times through the winter, when heavy rains and a stormy sea may disappoint the traveller on arrival.

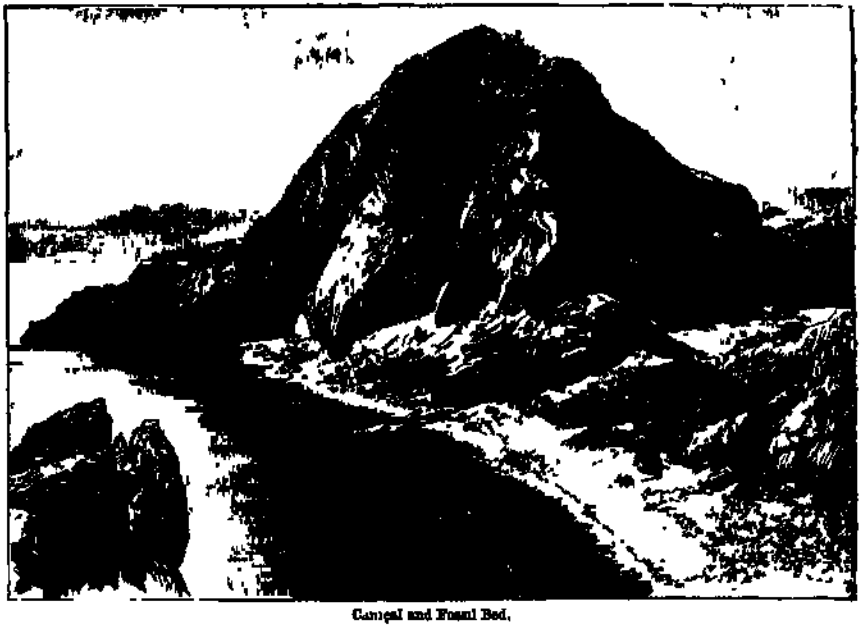
Porto Santo, the first of the Madeira group, discovered in 1417, lies about forty miles to the north-east of Madeira. Its name signifies Holy Haven, and was given by the tempest tossed crew of a vessel from Portugal, fitted out by Prince Henry the Navigator, with the object of exploring the coast of Barbary. Instead of proceeding on their voyage, the mariners determined to return to Portugal with the glad and exciting news of their discovery, which was received with great rejoicings, described in the old chronicles of "Gomes Eannes de Azurara," who wrote as early as 1452. Volunteers were quickly forthcoming, anxious to colonize this new possession of the crown of Portugal. And it is interesting to read in the chronicles of Fructuoso that Christopher Columbus at one time lived in Porto Santo, and married the daughter of Perestrello, the first governor. He made a livelihood by making charts, and occasionally visited Madeira. Even at that time his charts were in great demand. Old writers suppose that it was he who first introduced the Madeira group into existing maps.

Fructuoso states that in 1486 a Biscayan vessel arrived at Funchal, much battered by storms, and the crew utterly worn out and famished. Columbus gave shelter and food to these men, but, weakened by their suffer-

ings, they all died, and their pilot bequeathed to Columbus their papers and charts, with valuable matter for thought and enterprise.

In 1419 Prince Henry fitted out another expedition, the command of which was given to João Gonsalvez Zargo. He made a short stay at Porto Santo, and set sail westward with a fair breeze, one morning in June; by noon his hopes were realised, and he and his companions beheld with joy and wonder a grand mass of mountains rising almost everywhere abruptly from the sea; high cliffs, verdant in some parts to the water's edge, whilst waterfalls dashed over their precipitous sides; inland a mountain range, thickly clothed with wood, whose summits were lost in the dense cloud, which, attracted by these forests, had for so long obscured this larger island from the Porto Santo colonists. At once Zargo named this Madeira, signifying timber in Portuguese. A long range of rocks running out from the mainland obliged the commander to take a more southerly course, and on rounding the reef Zargo named it Ponto de São Lourenzo, after one of his companions. A good lighthouse was erected on an islet at the extreme point some years since.

It seems difficult to believe that these rugged volcanic rocks can at times present a



Caniçal and Fossil Bed.

brilliant appearance to those who land for a ramble, when the gay blossoms of *Mesembrianthemum, Nodiflorum*, and *M. Crystallinum*, together with their frosted-like leaves and large seed-pods full of crimson juice, combine to give a fresh and bright aspect to these barren-looking rocks. The Fossil Bed is near Caniçal, the broadest part of Point S. Lourenzo, and is a curious and interesting spot. Roots of trees, apparently in a fossilised state, may be seen strewn thickly near the surface; but scientific observation has decided that these beds have been formed by the fine sand, encrusted by the action of wind and spray on roots, which, though they have crumbled away, have left their form in the hardened crust in which they were encased. From this spot an extensive and grand view of the north coast is obtained, the rocks near at hand are very gay in spring. A large ox-eyed daisy, a beautiful sea-stock (*Matthiola Maderensis*), the golden blossoms of the common broom, and a recumbent vetch of a rich red and yellow colour, transform these rugged rocks into one of nature's lovely gardens.

Funchal, from almost every point of view, is charming, owing to its bright and sunny aspect. Zargo chose this part of the island for the capital, as it combined many advantages, and from the abundance of fennel he

called it Funchal. Situated at the foot of a mountain range 4,000 feet in height, it is in a measure protected from north winds. During the winter months, however, these hills assume an Alpine aspect after a fall of snow, and then the chilled air is felt even in the lowlands, but the atmosphere of Funchal, always so clear and clean, must be a comfort, even a luxury, to every one.

The streets and houses are very irregular, and in some parts picturesque, but much more so are the several roads which radiate from the town to the mountains. In many places, the rough trellises which project over plantation and garden walls present a luxuriant mass of bougainvillea one sheet of colour, or it may be the scarlet passion-flower climbing to the upper branches of tall trees; bignonias, roses, *Plumbago Capensis*, and many others, which bloom almost all the year round.

An avenue of plane-trees forms a good entrance into the town from the landing-place on the beach; it leads into the Praça da Constituicão or Promenade, at one end of which stands the cathedral, or *Sé*, while at the western end the public gardens are a great embellishment to the town.

The rapid growth of palms, camellias, and other trees and shrubs, bears testimony to a climate in which almost everything will thrive. Tree-ferns, arums, roses, carnations, all seem to do well.

The Sé was begun in 1508. It has no claim to architectural beauty, beyond some delicately cut stone spiral pinnacles on the exterior of the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament. Here a fine date-palm in an outer court adds to the picturesque effect of the whole. The roof is composed of the finest cedar, and panelled in quartrefoils. The north transept forms the chapel of S. Antony of Padua, and the south transept is the Lady Chapel.

The large hospital on the north side of the Praça was founded in 1511. On the same side is the Sailors' Rest, and the Submarine Telegraph office. The south side is filled with shops of native industries; excellent wicker-work tables, sofas, chairs, and baskets, at moderate prices; embroidery, inlaid woodwork, walking-sticks, parrots, canaries, pretty little African birds, cages, and a variety of articles which, though inexpensive, are novel to a stranger.

In the Rua do Aljube, on the north side of the Sé, are several working jewellers' shops, and some pretty native gold work is attractive. Farther on we come to the *chafariz*, or fountain in a square. This is surrounded by small drapers' shops, who put on their gayest appearance on Saturdays, making a display of bright prints and gaudy scarlet and yellow handkerchiefs, to tempt the peasant women who congregate here, not only to buy, but also to sell.

On one side two or three are seated on the ground by their piles of homespun and hand-woven Sergilha, a cream-coloured, or brown linsey-woolsey, strong linen fabrics for household use, and good close-textured huckaback. Passing through with rapid steps are some strong peasant girls with loads of wicker-work chairs and tables on their heads, looking fresh and active, even after their walk of seven miles from Camacha, the mountain village where this industry gives employment to many. A family of charcoal-burners next appear, begrimed, and with a half-starved look, carrying their heavy burdens, and very anxious to dispose of them.

Impromptu Sleigh.

Sometimes two or three women from Ponta do Sol form a bright addition to the scene. They still wear the native costume—a very substantial homespun petticoat, striped with various brilliant colours, which, nevertheless, harmonize well with each other, the laced bodice over the high linen chemisette, and the large red or blue baize cape reaching to below the waist, make not only a becoming, but very comfortable costume, and one cannot but

regret that limp-looking prints and dowdy shawls are fast taking its place.

One can hardly realise that this quiet, sleepy town of Funchal was once the scene of much turmoil and bloodshed, being sacked in 1566 by a large company of French *cossarios*, or freebooters; their commander, De Montluc, being the son of the French Marshal of that name.

In October, very early one morning, a boat conveying some passengers from Sta. Cruz, a small town on the south coast of Madeira, to the adjacent island of Porto Santo, descried three large armed vessels at anchor off Villa Baleira, the little town of that island.

Landing their passengers as soon as they could at a distance from the villa, the *arraz*, or captain, of the boat determined to return to Sta. Cruz as speedily as possible and give the alarm. But the enemy had perceived them, and one of the ships lowered a boat filled with armed men which started in pursuit. Although many shots pierced their sails, the Sta. Cruz boat, what with a favourable breeze and energetic rowing of the crew, left their pursuers far behind, who returned to their ship. Arriving at Sta. Cruz, just as the church bells were sounding the "Ave Maria," the arraz proceeded to the Church square and announced to the people there assembled the alarming news of the arrival of the dreaded French *cossarios*.

On hearing this the Capitao Mor of Sta. Cruz and Machico wrote a despatch then and there to the Governor of Funchal, Francisco Goncalvez da Camara, and sent on the arraz in his boat with the letter. The Governor's reply reached Sta. Cruz next morning, encouraging the people not to be afraid, as he considered the danger had been much exaggerated, little thinking, poor man, of the terrible scenes so near at hand!

During the morning the excitement at Machico and Sta. Cruz was much increased by the appearance of the French vessels rounding Ponto de São Lourenzo, and measures were taken to oppose the freebooters' landing. To the relief of the people, the ships kept on their course, and passing Funchal, anchored at the Praya Formosa, a long stretch of beach three miles to the westward. Here De Montluc landed his men, dividing them into three companies. They advanced on the town by separate roads, the commander taking the most direct. As he entered the *Carreira*, he was met by a procession of friars; Frade Alvaro de Mirando, who had as a soldier distinguished himself in Morocco, leading them and carrying a large cross. De Montluc ordered his men to fire, and the Frade with five others was killed.

The freebooters reached the Governor's castle without resistance. So rapid had been their landing after anchoring their ships, that Da Camara, the governor, had not had time to collect his men, and moreover those he most counted on had fled to the hills. At the castle, however, they were met by shots from the artillery on the battlements, and getting into the neighbouring houses they were able to keep up a hot fire with their arquebuses, which so disheartened the gunners that on their officer, the Constable of the Castle, being killed they retired into the castle. De Montluc and his men soon effected an entrance, putting all they could find to death.

Finally, he, with his sword streaming with blood, entered a large reception-room, where Da Camara and about three hundred ladies and gentlemen were assembled awaiting their fate. As De Montluc advanced, purposing to kill Da Camara, the ladies cried for mercy, saying, "Sir, do not kill him; he is our Governor!" The French commander spared him, and assuring the ladies that they need have no fear, left him in their custody, thinking no doubt that such a craven-hearted governor was not worthy of a guard of soldiers.

While all this was happening at the castle the company who entered the town by the north gate had met with stout resistance from Gaspar de Braga, who met them in a narrow ascent; being a very strong man, he killed several Frenchmen before he fell mortally wounded. Near this ascent was the Convento de Sta. Clara, to which the freebooters directed their steps; but the very high walls surrounding the convent completely checked them. Although they mounted on each other's shoulders, they could not effect an entrance, for stones thrown from within as soon as they reached the top of the wall completely dislodged them. The terror-stricken nuns eventually escaped to their property, the Great Curral das Freiras, literally the nun's fold. Thwarted here, the Frenchmen hastened to join their companions at the castle.

The company which entered by the south gate found themselves near the large Fran-

Funchal from the Pulheiro Road

ciscan Monastery, to which Frade Monteiro and the other murdered friars belonged.

This and the handsome and very wealthy church dedicated to St. Francis occupied the ground now laid out as a public garden. The vicar, Frade João, and the sacristan, Frade Roderigo, had been very active and hidden all the treasures belonging to the church, but had not had time to escape, so when the Frenchmen entered the church Frade João, who was an old man, had gone to his cell and got into bed. Frade Roderigo escaped into the bell tower, shutting the strong doors behind him; but he was at last captured and put to the torture, as he would not divulge where the treasure was hidden; being true to his trust, he died bravely. They cut off his head and kicked it about the square. Finding Frade João, they made him get up, and putting him also to torture, he disclosed where the hidden treasure was, and so saved his life, but was obliged to attend upon and cook for the Frenchmen, who found the ample larder doubly well stocked with viands of every description in preparation for a feast, on the impending reception of a novice into the monastery. On taking possession of the hidden plate and treasure the freebooters were amazed and overjoyed at the value and beauty of their

booty, for the churches in Funchal had had many rich offerings when they were built Their rage, therefore, was great when in the cathedral they found everything of value had been removed After digging in several places, and coming only on recently buried corpses, they desisted, just missing the spot between two graves where all the church plate, precious stones, and treasure were buried, wrapped up in a red and yellow cloth, uncovering a corner of which, they, fancying a corpse was enveloped in it, covered it up quickly

Village of Camara de Lobos, or Seals' Den

The vestments, crosses, altar frontals and hangings had been taken on mules to the mountains. The freebooters expended their rage and disappointment in mutilating and destroying all they could.

Meanwhile, the captain of Sta. Cruz, Thomé Alves, and Antonio de Carvalhal, a gentleman of extensive property on the west side, collected as many men as they could, and by means of messengers agreed to effect a meeting and do what they could to stop the massacre and pillage in Funchal, but De Montluc, hearing of this, sent them word that should they move a step for this purpose he would put to the sword Da Camara and the ladies who had taken refuge at the castle. Thus checked, the forces dispersed, much to the vexation and distress of their leaders, who felt angry and indignant at such a termination to their endeavours. In Funchal all were paralyzed with terror; hundreds had been massacred, all the churches despoiled and defaced, warehouses and shops ransacked, and the streets in a deplorable condition from the numbers of dead bodies lying unburied. On the fifteenth day after his arrival, De Montluc, who was suffering from a wound on his knee, which had become much inflamed from great excitement and revelries, on hearing that the long and anxiously looked-for vessels from Lisbon with succour were announced as in sight, in a frenzy of despair and fear, died. His lieutenant, Bouchard, hastened to collect his followers, who to the sounds of drums and trumpets embarked. From their ships they fired on the town as long as they could, and then set sail for the Canaries, the vessels so filled with booty that they threw overboard much of what they had been laden with. The people of Funchal, helped by many who arrived from the country, endeavoured to restore order and cleanliness, burning the bodies of the dead, and of those animals which had died from neglect; but it took many years for the city to recover from this terrible disaster. The ships from Lisbon arrived too late to chastise the cruel Frenchmen, though a vessel had been despatched to summon aid from the mother country as soon as it was possible after the arrival of the *corsarios*; but we may suppose that the sympathy and help of the new-comers was very grateful to the people who had gone through such peril and distress.

Many of the country churches had also been pillaged. Several ladies and their children had fled to the mountains, and were nearly dying of starvation. These at once returned to Funchal, and fortunate were those whose homes had not been burned to the ground. The old chronicler states the number of the freebooters to have been three thousand.

The absence of wheeled conveyances strikes the newly-arrived visitor, but the want is supplied by sledges drawn by strong oxen. These serve for transporting pipes of Madeira wine from the vineyards to the town, bringing luggage to and from the shore, and for various other purposes. As soon as their burden is deposited the driver jumps on to his empty sleigh and enjoys balancing himself steadily while his *candiero* (literally *link* boy) guides his oxen and encourages them with his voice.

Impromptu sleighs are made of long poles tied together for bringing huge loads of firewood from the pine woods in the uplands.

The *carro* holds four persons comfortably, and the oxen can draw it up the steepest roads; but for any distance it is necessary to have two yoke. Far pleasanter is the hammock, in which properly-arranged cushions enable the traveller to undertake a long journey with little fatigue: three and even four bearers are required if it is a journey of three or four hours, that while two are carrying the others may rest.

Just out of Funchal to the west, in a commanding situation, stands the Hospicio da Princeza D. Maria Amelia, in a charming garden. It was built in 1856 by the late Empress Dowager of Brazil in memory of her daughter, who died in Madeira. One wing is devoted to men and the other to women. The patients are of the poorest class, and are well cared for and nursed by the sisters of the order of St. Vincent de Paul, who also devote themselves with great earnestness to an orphanage and ragged school commenced by them. Out-of-door relief work amongst the sick poor is also carried on by the sisters with unabated zeal, and gives relief to many.

The orphanage is almost self-supported by excellent laundry work on the French system, in which the elder girls excel, also by plain needlework. The teachers undertake the fitting up of hammocks, &c. An annual bazaar for the raising of funds towards building the orphanage and schools has met with kind encouragement from some of the residents and visitors, including among the latter many persons of distinction.

Further on a little way we come to the Seaman's Hospital, which was begun in 1882

THE RIBEIRA DO CIDRAO, IN THE GREAT CURRAL VALLEY, MADEIRA.

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by Mrs. Gordon Duff and Dr. Goldschmidt, with the hearty help and co-operation of Messrs. Blandy Brothers & Co. as trustees and treasurers. Sailors of all nationalities, except Portuguese, who have their own hospital, find a comfortable bed, good medical and surgical attendance, excellent nursing, and the cheerful brightness so essential to recovery. Several cases of bad accidents, including severe compound fractures, have been successfully treated, and amputation, when necessary, skilfully performed. It is with deeply thankful hearts that many sailors who have been landed at Madeira, after suffering terribly, in many cases for days, after a fall from aloft or from other accidents or illness, have left this house of rest, rejoicing that for their fellow-sailors who may be brought here in distress all will be done to alleviate their sufferings and every endeavour made to restore them to health.

Dr. Goldschmidt and Dr. Vicente Machado are the honorary physicians; Miss Van Schormbeck, a Dutch lady, the matron; and Mr. Thomas Thicke, the honorary secretary. The hospital makes a small charge for each patient, and is supported chiefly by donations and contributions.

Camara de Lobos is a small fishing town about five miles to the west of Funchal, very picturesque as you approach it, but dirty and redolent with fishy odours on a near inspection. Its name means seals' chamber, and was given by Zargo, when he and his companions reached this little bay, for many seals were seen on the reef which forms this inlet. It is worth while continuing this expedition as far as Cabo Girão, a sea cliff 1,934 in height. From thence a fine coast view is obtained of the coast as far as Ponta do Sol. The road, though roughly paved, is rideable.

The Camara de Lobos district produced some of the finest vines, but the *Phylloxera vastatrix* completely destroyed the vineyards here some years back. The peasants, however, are now replanting their lands with new stocks. Before arriving at Camara de Lobos you cross the Ribeira dos Soccoridos, and it is surprising to learn that this river-bed, broad as it is, contained a full flowing stream when Zargo discovered it, and the country looked so beautiful that two youths from Lagos, in Portugal, begged leave to be allowed to land.

Zargo permitted them, ordering the boat of Alonzo Affonzo to go on shore. The youths thought to cross the river by swimming, but the water ran so rapidly that they were carried away, and would have been drowned but for their companions in the boat, who, perceiving their peril, succeeded in saving them. With deep thankfulness Zargo gave it its present name, which means "the River of the Rescued." Furthermore, this river served as a highway for the great logs of timber cut up in the ravines of the Great Curral, which were precipitated by slides into it. This timber, cut up into firewood, was the fuel used in the sugar-mills. Each mill-owner sent his own workmen, who put private marks on the timber, then floated it when the rains had increased the river's depth. Arrived at its mouth, where the river-bed was flat, they pulled it out with iron hooks fixed into long poles, and piled it in stacks against the sugar-making season. Many fatal accidents used to happen in this exciting work, and at times much of the timber was carried out to sea and lost, had the rain swollen the river overmuch. It is grievous to read of this wholesale destruction of these noble forest trees, and the consequent drying up of this grand river. One can form but a faint idea of former beauty from the remnants one sees now amongst the *Til, Vinhatico, Teixo, Pão Branco*, the graceful drooping cedars, and many others.

The scenery at the head of this Soccoridos Valley is very imposing, where the Ribeira do Cidrão (see full-page illustration) flows at the base of some of the highest of Madeira's picturesque terraced mountain peaks, before it joins the Soccoridos River. In winter, during heavy rains, this usually placid stream becomes a raging torrent.

On the way to the great Curral the wide river bed of the Ribeira dos Soccoridos is crossed by a temporary bridge, as the torrent one severe winter swept away the one first built. This ravine is one of the grandest in Madeira, and extends from the sea to the base of the highest mountains heading the Great Curral. In winter during the heavy rains the river is much swollen, a great contrast to the usually placid streams flowing amidst huge boulders to the sea.

The vegetation in these great ravines is full of interest. Cactus, euphorbias, fig-trees, bananas, sugar-canes, pomegranate, and myrtle clothe the more southern cliffs and terraces, while on the highest parts ferns, mosses, lichens, semperirvæ, and saxifrages abound in beauty.

(To be concluded next month.)

VIGNETTES OF A NORTHERN VILLAGE.

By MARY LINSKILL, Author of "The Haven under the Hill," etc.

III.—THE LADIES OF LONE LEVENTHORPE.

CHAPTER I.

"DARK—quite dark! and only three o'clock in the afternoon!"

"It has not been light to-day."

"You may say it has not been light this week, for the matter of that."

"It is never light in winter at the bottom of Leventhorpe Wood. I should have thought you had lived in it long enough to have found out that."

So the two ladies had broken the long silence of the November afternoon. Miss Wyvern was sitting by the fire with idle hands—always a cause of irritation to her. But since her sight was not good, gas not to be had in a district so remote, and candles too dear for her affording, the poor old lady had no alternative. Miss Caroline was, perhaps, less to be pitied. She was at least ten years younger; and the ten years between fifty and sixty are said to be years that tell. Miss Caroline could do many things that her elder sister had to forego to her sorrow. This very afternoon, for instance, Miss Caroline, by sitting quite near to the window, disregarding draughts, and straining her eyesight not a little, had been enabled to embroider nearly the half of the crown of a baby's cap. Poor Miss Caroline! What became of the babies' caps? They were slight matters to stand between a human being and starvation.

A grey day without and within; two elderly, grey-haired women sitting in a long, grey, narrow room. "Dreary, weary," if not with the long day's work, then with the long day's lone enduring. Yet they knew what work meant, too; they had had to know of late. What becomes of the fortunes that dwindle away when lone and helpless women are left with none to see, none to care? Do the shops and houses always disappear in landslips? Do the farmsteads always take fire just before the insurance becomes payable? Do the shares in shipping (as a rule uninsured) always get dashed upon hidden rocks in the ocean? Do railway bonds always come into collision, and so get themselves destroyed? Does fatality *always* lie in wait for feminine inheritance?

Of course, the answer lies ready:—"Feminine incapacity"—that covers all.

A daring woman might ask, "Incapacity for what?"

It would need a woman yet more daring to dare to answer the question during her lifetime. A true woman can only answer by her death.

I have known answers—few and brief. They were forgotten before the sound of the dropping earth had ceased to echo beyond the grave-yard.

"At the bottom of Leventhorpe Wood," Miss Wyvern had said, but these words would not have given any idea of the position of the tall, old, narrow house in the depths of a wooded ravine, at least a mile and a half from any human habitation. There was an atmosphere of rudeness and wildness about the solitary little place. A waterfall fell over the rock at the end of the small, uncared-for garden, and you reached the gate by means of a narrow, unsafe-seeming wooden bridge which crossed the Leventhorpe Beck just before it fell over the brown rock, and became Leventhorpe Foss. Nobody knew much about the foss in those days. There were no guide-books, and the two histories of Hild's Haven said nothing about so small a matter as the tiny foss at the bottom of the woods of Leventhorpe.

Grey and dreary the day had been; greyer and drearier was the twilight. The low dark clouds came up over the tops of the leafless trees, turning the greyness to blackness. Down below the shadows deepened and deepened, till at last there seemed to be a very midnight of impenetrable gloom.

They were all alone, the two ladies; always alone. While their father lived they had kept servants; they had had horses and carriages at command. But that was long ago. All that was left of those days was sad yet rather proud remembrance.

They still had thankful moments, the two poor old sisters; they acknowledged to each other now and then that they should be grateful for the mere fact of a roof to shelter their fast whitening heads. They knew that there were women in the world as well born as they were, who yet had no foot of earth to call their own. When the Miss Wyverns locked the garden-gate at three o'clock, and then the door of the little courtyard, they yet felt important in their way.

"Only three o'clock and nearly dark," Miss Wyvern repeated once more with her wearisome iteration, as if she had forgotten that

nobody ever expected more than six hours of daylight at Lone Leventhorpe in winter. It was not light till nine, or later, in the morning; and twilight began to draw in somewhere about two or three in the afternoon, according to the state of the weather. It was a long twilight, a longer night. No wonder the two poor old ladies were growing sad, depressed, and even worse than that, they were growing bitter; and they knew it.

They did not draw the old russet-tinted moreen curtains, and they did not light the candles—they seldom did till six or seven o'clock; but Miss Caroline stirred the fire into something approaching a blaze, and Miss Wyvern grumbled a little at her extravagance, and then by way of atonement put on an extra piece of wood. Life is always dramatic, if only in a subdued sense.

Yes; it was a dreary afternoon, very, very dreary; but it was only one of dozens; nay, hundreds. The two ladies relapsed into silence; the clock ticked loudly, slowly in the corner, the ashes dropped from the grate with startling insistence; and more than once a mouse stirred behind the wainscot. These were the sole reliefs.

It was five o'clock at last. There was a loud groan behind the dial-plate, a few more monotonous beats of the pendulum, then five loud, harsh strokes of the brazen hammer on the brazen bell. It required all the nerve that Miss Wyvern was possessed of to bear the hourly striking of that antiquated clock, but it is probable that either of the sisters would have risked an attack of palpitation, or even a touch of epilepsy, rather than have taken off the striking-weight from that ancient time-teller.

Five o'clock! In another hour Miss Wyvern would light the candle, and Miss Caroline would bring in the oatmeal jar with the saucepan, and then the making of the gruel for supper would fill up another hour quite busily. That was all—all the hope, all the event, all the excitement. Nothing was likely to happen at Lone Leventhorpe; nothing ever did happen, save the making of the oatmeal porridge. That was the one occurrence of the evening.

At present Miss Wyvern sat in her worn leathern chair dozing; but not as elderly ladies usually doze. The poor old mouth was drawn with heavy lines of misery and care; the poor closed eyes were sunken with dark rings that told of privation, severe, long-continued; of much suffering—silent, never-to-be-spoken-of, never-to-be-understood suffering.

Miss Caroline was not in the mood for dozing or dreaming. Something—she could not at all say what—had stirred her soul, stirred it to thoughts of other days, when she was a young and happy girl, with a beautiful elder sister, a loving mother, a father who was passionately devoted to his children, without ever betraying his devotion, and a brother—one only brother—a winning, bright-haired, wild-brained boy. Caroline had loved her brother, and no one knew how she had grieved for him since the day when he had suddenly disappeared—driven from home by the severity of a father who worshipped the ground the boy walked upon. That was nearly twenty years ago. They had heard nothing of Carlton since then, not so much as whether he were living or dead. All that Caroline thought of in connection with him was that everything had seemed to go wrong at Lone Leventhorpe after the day of his departure, all had been dark after that—dark, and very desolate.

Dark! Everything was dark now, everything was silent. The silence alone was enough to make a living woman despair. And Caroline Wyvern was very much alive yet.

Still they sat there, the two sisters. Miss Wyvern had roused herself from her nervously painful sleep. Caroline saw that her eyes were open, fixed upon the flickering flame of the pinewood. Suddenly, very suddenly, they were opened more widely still; Miss Wyvern started in her chair, like one suddenly affrighted. And Miss Caroline had full sympathy for her. It was a trying moment that had come to break the monotony of Lone Leventhorpe at last.

CHAPTER II.

The sisters rushed together to the still uncurtained window, and Miss Caroline made haste to open it.

The sound—the thrilling, moving, beautiful sound—did not cease. It was a woman's voice—a soft, low, exquisite voice, liquid, flowing, passionately-cadenced.

A few moments the sisters stood listening, trembling, hand-in-hand, as they had not stood for many years.

They could not yet discern the words that the sweet and wonderful voice was singing out there in the darkness. Now and then it seemed to blend with the faint rush of the waterfall, now and then with the sobbing of the night-wind rising among the fir-trees.

"Let us go to the garden-gate," Miss Caroline said at last, and, stepping out through

the open window, they went down the gravel-path.

And yet the voice did not cease from singing. Miss Caroline could discern some words now:

In the land of Home together, past death and sea.
* * * * *
No more change or death, no more
Sad——s alone."

So the beautiful voice went on, while the sisters stood, still hand-in-hand, like little children, still trembling, more because of the new and strange and sudden emotion than because of the chill, mist-laden wind, that was blowing through the trees.

There was a pause in the singing, a few moments of absolute silence. It was Miss Wyvern who broke it. She opened the garden-gate with a sense of extreme daring, and, taking a step or two forward, she raised her poor, weak, old voice to the uttermost pitch of which it was capable.

"Who is it? . . . Who are you? . . . Why are you singing out there in the dark?"

A slight rustle was heard somewhere in the misty darkness; a figure was approaching—a slight, tall, feminine figure. It drew nearer, came quite near, and stood for a moment as if in timid uncertainty. This was reassuring.

"Is it—is it any one we know?" Miss Caroline asked politely. "I thought once I seemed to recognise the voice."

"You have not heard my voice before—you have not seen me—no!" was the reply. And there was an unmistakable touch of some foreign accent in the tone.

"You are a stranger, then?"

"Yes, signóra; I am a stranger. . . . I do not wish to remain strange."

Miss Wyvern's hearing was not so quick as it had once been. She hardly caught the new-comer's words, but the tone of the voice, the inflection of it caused her perturbation which she could not understand.

"Who is it, Caroline? What does she want?" the poor old lady urged with some trepidation. "If it's anybody that wants to come in, why don't you ask them?"

"I *do* wish to come to your house, signóra," the girl replied. It was evident from both tone and manner that the speaker was no more than a girl. "I do wish it much. . . . I have travelled from very far that I might come to your home."

"Then say at once, please, who you are," Miss Caroline Wyvern demanded with increase of purely emotional dignity. She was amazed at herself, but she continued bravely. "We live alone, my sister and myself. We do not know many people, and—well, I must tell you at once—we do not care to entertain strangers, not unless we know something about them."

"No . . . but that is wise. . . . Yet you knew something of my father. It is long ago, perhaps, yet you did know him. . . . He was your—your brother."

There was another pause, speechless, tearful, helpless.

"My brother!" Miss Wyvern said at last. "*My brother!*"

And Miss Caroline echoed, "My brother Carlton!"

"Come in; oh, come in, my child!" Miss Wyvern began in tears and tremor; but shall it be admitted that a shade of suspicion was creeping into Miss Caroline's soul. She followed her sister and the stranger into the house; then she lighted the two lamps and the four candles that were on the mantel-shelf and the brackets, doing all this with the unconsciousness of extreme nervousness. The room seemed quite a blaze of light when she turned, a little calmer for the effort she had made, to look into the face of the pale, dark-haired girl who stood, still with a certain timidity, as if awaiting her fate at the hands of these two bewildered old ladies.

"You are Carlton's daughter, you say!" Miss Caroline began, speaking in anything but reassuring tones. "What is your name? How old are you? And is your father living?"

The girl lifted her beautiful blue-black eyes calmly to Miss Caroline's face.

"The father?—no, signóra, he does not live since five weeks past. . . . I am eighteen, and my name is Adrienne."

"Won't you sit down?" the eldest Miss Wyvern asked, for once her sympathy getting the better of her fear of her sister's displeasure.

"Grazia, signóra," the girl replied, sinking wearily into the nearest chair.

Miss Caroline had seen now the pale worn face—the anxious look underlying the natural calmness; she had seen, too, certain unmistakable traces of resemblance, not so much to her brother Carlton, as to his long dead father. The deep mourning of the girl's dress was not without its influence. Miss Caroline was wearing an old claret-coloured merino; Miss Wyvern's dress was of much-worn myrtle-green cloth. The contrast in colour could not but strike to the heart of people so conventional as the Wyverns.

"*Five weeks*, did you say?" Miss Wyvern asked with a kind of awe.

"Five weeks, signóra."

"Tell us something more," Miss Caroline begged, sitting down close to the girl, unfastening her cloak and bonnet, and trying to hide the tears that would rise and fall. "Tell us more of your father. Remember it is nearly twenty years since we saw him."

"It is nineteen years since we heard of him," Miss Wyvern interposed. "And that was only a word, an uncertain word. A friend had seen some one like him at Rouen."

"At Rouen! Ah! I did not hear him speak of that. We did live in Italy—in Venice, in Milan, in Verona. . . . He is now in Venice. . . . He does rest there, since these five weeks, beside *mia madre.*"

"Your mother?"

"Yes, signóra. . . . She did go to rest, to peace, many years ago."

"She was a foreigner?" Miss Wyvern asked, with a touch of something grating in her tone.

"A foreigner? . . . Ah, si, signóra, un' Italiana. She was of Verona, the beautiful Verona, where the Ferraras have lived so long. She did sing at La Scala, that is at Milan; and she did die there on the evening of the last time she had engaged to sing. I was with her. I was only a little child, but I remember so well. The beautiful colours, the lights, the lovely flowers. And *la madre* sang so—oh! they said more glorious than ever before. And she did seem overcome; and when she was sinking down, I did run to her; but she would not look at me; no, nor speak to me, not once, though I did entreat her so."

"And your father, where was he?"

"He was near her, but she was not aware. He had leapt out from the box to the stage; but she did not know. . . . And then for a long time, for many days, *he* did not know—he knew nothing. There was no one but old Bianca to speak to me at all."

"But he *did* get better. . . . That was long ago, you say?"

"Ah! yes. . . . But he was no more quite well. . . . And at the last he did say to me that I must come to England, to you; and every day he gave me more of the instructions. . . . But—but, signóra, I will tell you of these things another time. . . . I . . . I am a little weary now."

The girl had spoken with increasing difficulty, as the sisters were beginning to discover; and now she sank back upon her chair in silence, in deepening pallor, while the Miss Wyverns busied themselves in making tea and toast. It was at least an hour later before Adrienne felt strong enough to answer the many questions her two aunts were burning to ask. Their interest grew with what was given it to feed upon.

CHAPTER III.

It would perhaps be a mistake to say that Miss Wyvern was a more blunt-mannered person than her sister, Miss Caroline; but there were decided differences in the kind of bluntness each sister displayed. Miss Caroline had the brusqueness of quick nerves—too quick and enthralling at times to enable her to perceive that other people might be suffering from the same painful sensations. Miss Wyvern's manner was, in general, ungracious and ungainly; but this largely because she had no social nerves of any kind. She could say a keenly rude thing, ask an exquisitely painful question, without dreaming of human trespass. Miss Caroline could, on occasion, be equally rude, equally painful; but, as a rule, she was aware of it, especially a moment after the thing had been irrevocably done. Now and then she excused herself by imagining that circumstance had goaded her on to the bitter word, the ungentle deed; but the excuse was not always satisfactory. She was acquainted with the suffering that comes of self accusation.

Naturally one of the first inquiries made of the new niece was this: "Why had she chosen to introduce herself at Lone Leventhorpe in a manner so unprecedented?"

The girl had had a cup of tea, with sufficient food of a sort, and she was resting after a long and arduous journey—resting in more ways than one. The light of the lamp, the glow of the pinewood fire, lent a new warmth to her countenance, the deep blue eyes took a new lustre; altogether, though she did not dream of it, the stranger was looking very lovely, very gentle, very winning. She aroused herself to answer her aunt's question.

"Why?" she said softly, wonderingly. "Ah, I do not know why . . . Shall I confess to you that I had been out there, in the—the *boscito*, the woodland—yes, for many hours—since the early train did come from York?"

"And you stayed outside all day?"

"Yes . . . I could not come to your door. No, I could not. I was a—a coward, you call it? Yes, I was that!"

"I can't understand that sort of cowardice."

"No? *I* cannot understand. It came to me all at once, and then it did become worse. I think it was because I am poor. If I had had money I could have come—yes,

I could have come then! I did try to come; but no, I could not—not till the darkness *made me* come. I was afraid of the night out among the trees. . . . Then it did occur to me to sing, and I sang the song my father loved always, ever since the mother did sing it to him first. . . . It seemed to me that I could sing it, and then die. . . . But you came, and I shall not die—no, not yet."

The girl had much more to tell—the story of her later life, her wandering to and fro with her father—now in possession of apparently unlimited funds, and now in the despair of almost absolute want. It had been a strange life for a young girl to live; yet her father's care had been close and sheltering; this even the Miss Wyverns could perceive. It needs no deep knowledge to discern the purity, the beauty of a human soul.

It was late for Lone Leventhorpe when at last Miss Caroline showed the stranger to her own room. For that one night she herself would share her sister's room. Better arrangements could be made on the morrow.

It was a touching evidence of the state of her emotion that she had lighted a tiny coal fire. It was blazing in the grate cheerfully, and everything that Adrienne could need was awaiting her.

"You say your boxes will be at Thurlsoe to-morrow?"

"They are there now, Aunt Caroline. . . . And you are very good, yes, and very kind. . . . My father said you would be kind always."

"He was not kind to us," Miss Caroline said in her own brusque way.

"Was he not? . . . But he was sad when he spoke of you, of his home—yes, he was very sad and sorry. And often he said, 'Too late, too late!'"

"And it *is* too late!"

"Is it? Is it too late for everything? Is it too late for you to love me a little? For me to love you it is not too late at all, if you will let me. And I hope you will; I do hope that! . . . I have been so lone, so very lone!"

"And I have been lonely too," Miss Caroline said; "more lonely than you have been. . . . You had your father; I had no one."

"No?" Adrienne replied questioningly, and wondering inevitably what sisterhood might mean. She had not lived long enough to know how little the word might include, still less could she know or dream how much the word might cost.

There was a brief silence. The fire burnt a little less brightly; Miss Caroline stirred it into a blaze, and then stood back, leaning against the foot of the old oaken bed.

"Aunt Caroline, *you* are not happy—no, you are not really happy," Adrienne said, coming forward and grasping in a warm, affectionate grasp the yielding arm of the older woman. "I can see, I do know, that you are not happy! . . . You will let me try to—to make things different? You will not shut me out because of what is past? . . . No, I know you will not! . . . I need that you should love me . . . yes, and it may be that my love will grow to be something to you—I mean that you may come to care for it, that is, if I am good, and I will try to be; yes, and I do feel it will be so easy to try. . . . Aunt Caroline, you will let me love you?"

Miss Caroline had no words; she strove to stifle the sobs that rose, and struggled for expression. "Love," the love of a cat, a dog, a bird, would have been something to be grateful for. And now to have a warm, throbbing, genuine, spontaneous human love offered to her—this was too much. Lone Leventhorpe was all at once enchanted with happiness. But Caroline Wyvern did not say so; no, not even to herself.

CHAPTER IV.

It need hardly be said that the coming of this young girl, though not of too bright a nature, as brightness goes in these days, yet made a noticeable difference in the life of the elder ladies of Lone Leventhorpe. Adrienne, when once fairly rested, proved to be stronger far than she had seemed at first—to have more vitality, more capacity for planning and arranging; in a word, for making the dreary, abject life lived hitherto into quite another thing. And all was done with such gentleness, such felicity, such lovingness, that a new atmosphere began to diffuse itself, an atmosphere of brightness, of happiness, such as had never even been dreamed of at Lone Leventhorpe.

At first, the poverty, the grimness, the terrible lack of all life's finer courtesies and signs of affection, of refinement, had weighed upon her with an almost deadly weight. It was all so new, so strange, so unexpected. That she should have had, or found, strength to cope with a state of things so painful, so depressing, so unaccustomed, was a little satisfaction to herself. There was no one else to see, to understand, to encourage.

She had been used to uncertainty; to staying now at the Hôtel Cavour, at Milan, and now living in an attic at the top of some

palazzo on the Grand Canal at Venice. But the attic had been flooded with the roseate light that steals over the Euganean Hills; it had had a marble floor; it had held nothing grim or wretched, and the dinner of fish, or fruit, or light vegetables had seemed always delicious, and more than sufficient. But though all was altered at the bottom of the Leventhorpe Woods, the ability to make the best of what might be remained. The disposition had been hers from the beginning.

It was of use in the new surroundings. Change had to be wrought gradually, gently, almost imperceptibly, and Adrienne seemed to know how this was to be accomplished. Not one improvement was brought about with abruptness. She suggested a morning walk for herself; found the way to Thurlsoe, to the market-garden there, and brought back her threepennyworth of vegetables with triumphant, if silent, pride. Another day she was enabled to reach Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea, and to return with two or three small whitings, a crab, or a tiny lobster. Such inexpensive dainties (and they were made into real dainties by Adrienne's skilful hands) were unknown at the bottom of the woods of Leventhorpe. The two old ladies, wearied with years of boiled potatoes and cold mutton, were not ungrateful.

Almost daily Adrienne went to the one village or to the other. Lone Leventhorpe was about equi-distant from each. For the most part she had to pass over ice-bound roads. The winter sun shone at times; the ice crackled under foot; the air was exhilarating. The girl would return with a flush on her pale, thin cheek, a brightness in her deep-blue eye; a look that now and then was like the foreshadowing of happiness; and the look did not fade away all at once; often it lingered through the day.

"What is it?" Miss Caroline said one afternoon. "Is it the sight, the sound of the sea? You always come back from Thurlsoe looking as if something had happened."

"And something does happen, Aunt Cara, every time I go to the haven. . . . Ah! I have never told you *all*, not quite all; I never could, because I never knew how much was mine to tell. . . . Yet he loved me—*I know he did.* Yet why should he go away all at once without really telling me?"

"Of whom are you speaking?" Miss Caroline asked in her own chill way. And Adrienne could not reply in the tone she had been using.

"Oh, only of—of the Signore Arnold Leland. He did come to Venice with the gunboat, the *Clytie*. And we, that is papa and I, came to know him, and he, the father, liked him much; and then—then I liked him too—no, I did love him; but he had first loved me. . . . Yet he went away so suddenly, before the *Clytie* went. And I—we did never know why."

"There was some reason, you may depend," Miss Caroline said sententiously.

"Yes; of course, without a doubt. . . . But, ah! it is sad not to know."

The door of the room was opened as Adrienne finished speaking.

"Going to snow!" Miss Wyvern exclaimed, imagining she was echoing her niece's last words. She was growing deafer, speaking louder every day now. "*Going* to snow!" she repeated with a touch of sarcasm. "Well, if you are not too much occupied, you will see that it is snowing now."

CHAPTER V.

CAROLINE WYVERN looked up. Her lip and cheek seemed to grow suddenly pallid in the grey twilight. Turning to glance at the face of her sister, she saw the same fear, the same apprehension.

It was certainly snowing; not the big white flakes that may mean a passing shower, but the fine white powdery snow that descends at first like a soft veil, and almost invariably means a prolonged snow-storm.

There was silence in the room for awhile. Adrienne did not understand quite all that the silence meant. She saw that the small white flakes were beginning to fall faster and faster, drifting all one slanting way, from the sullen east to the yet more sullen west; she saw a sudden whirl when the wind came from the seaward, which swept the snow more closely against the window panes. But no fear touched her heart as yet. She did not dream how it was with the two poor old ladies by her side; how the heart of each was sinking with the weight of far-off years of bitter experience; how each one was involuntarily recalling the experience of other homesteads of the neighbourhood, which had been "snowed up;" and, though there were often men and horses on the spot, had yet suffered to the point of starvation. For some winters past the Miss Wyverns had endured the touch of fear from time to time; and whenever it had been possible to them they had laid up such small stores of provisions as might help to save them from death by starvation, an event never far off from the

thoughts of unprotected and unprovided-for women. The event itself would surely have less of horror than the lifelong dread of it.

As the sisters knew, there was especial reason for dreading a prolonged snow-storm just now. The pecuniary result of the last half-year's settlement which they had had with the man who acted as their agent had been less by some pounds than usual. The five or six tenement cottages at Thurlsoe-on-the-Moor, which were now all their possession, had each required something in the way of repairs, and two of them were unlet. The tenant of a third had declined further tenancy without the formality of giving up the key, or paying the rent, so that the children of the hamlet had been enabled to enjoy the cottage as a play-room for several of the severest weeks in winter, with the result that not a pane of glass remained in any window, or a panel in any door. All available firewood, including three rude wooden bedsteads, with the screen between each one, had helped to make a "Fifth of November" bonfire. *That* cottage was a wreck. All these trifles helped to make up the sum of pain on that evening when the snow-storm set in.

"But no, it may not be so bad—not so very bad," Adrienne said cheerfully, going to the window, trying to look up through the gradually increasing, gradually whitening fall. Of course she only yet partially comprehended the fears of the sisters. "But if it is bad, Aunt Elizabeth, if even it is very bad, I can go to Thurlsoe in the morning. Oh, yes, I should like it; I should like it much! I can be home in two hours; and I can ask the miller to bring you in his waggon all that we shall want; yes, all that would suffice for a snow siege! It will be—yes, it will be what the English people call 'fun.' Oh, yes, it will, truly. And now let us prepare—let us make a list—a catalogue of all the things we shall want. I will begin now, in my pocket-book. First, the tea; we cannot live, we English ladies, without our tea. How much must I buy, Aunt Elise?"

There was a little silence, a little sniff, half of misery, half of annoyance.

"I thought you had had more sense, Adrienne," Miss Wyvern said, with cap-ribbons quivering, and odd little breaks of indescribable nature in her voice. Presently she added in softer, more regretful accents, "You forget, child, we haven't a sovereign in the house."

"No, Aunt Elise? Is it so?" the girl said, looking up in perplexity. Then, in brighter tones, she added, "Ah, I remember, I do remember I have both the two sovereigns—the two that remained when my travail did end. How glad I am! It is not much, no; but it will buy the tea and some vegetables for the potage; yes, enough for a lengthened snow-storm. . . . And you will let me go, yes? Say you will?"

Miss Caroline had been watching the snow-fall silently, but now she turned from the window, saying with utmost gravity—

"Adrienne, you will not go to Thurlsoe to-morrow, no, nor the day after. And it will not be your Aunt Elizabeth or myself who will hinder you. . . . Don't say more now. I feel that I have been to blame. This has been on my nerves for days past, only I couldn't put a name to it. Now I can. We must make the best of it. Don't say any more."

CHAPTER VI.

The three ladies of Lone Leventhorpe slept in the same room that night. It was a long, low, bare-looking room, and a couple of ancient screens insured sufficient seclusion; while the sense of comfort and security afforded by the nearness of companionship was very great.

Every now and then through that first night Miss Caroline left her bed and crept silently to the window. Miss Wyvern heard, the creaking of the old flooring affording a betraying sound. She sighed heavily behind the ancient green moreen curtains, then asked in a whisper—

"What is it like now, Caroline—any better?"

"No better at all. There is no change."

"It's still snowing?"

"It is snowing heavily."

"And the wind? Is it that I hear; or is it the sound that is always in my poor head nowadays?"

"It is the wind."

"It keeps on rising?"

"It seems worse every hour."

So the dialogue was repeated at intervals throughout the night with trifling variations. Neither sister slept; Adrienne slept and dreamed fitfully.

At daybreak, or rather when the day had broken as much as it was likely to break, the white desolation that met the eye everywhere was as beautiful in appearance as it was terrible in significance.

The snow was still falling, whirling in clouds that seemed to be of greyish dusky yellow if you looked upward, of the softest

and most exquisite whiteness if you looked down.

For awhile thought itself seemed hushed.

Adrienne looked from the tall narrow window at the end of the passage, gazing with half-unwilling admiration. Never in her life had she seen such strange wonderful beauty. Its influence was felt to the uttermost depth of her soul, but as yet it was all untainted by fear. Not even the intense white faces of her aunts could indue her with any feeling that could be called dread.

The breakfast-table had been arranged by her own deft hands with even greater daintiness than usual, the small pinewood fire was burning cheerfully. The Miss Wyverns sat silent, pale, fearful; yet Adrienne strove to turn the edge of their anxiety, were it but a little. There was no response.

"You are not thinking hard thoughts of me, Aunt Elise?" she said, after a longer pause than usual, broken only by a deeply hysterical sound that had become a sob, rather than the usual "sniff." "You are not thinking that I am careless, unsympathetic, that I do not suffer with you? I do, I do! I have been looking over all the—the stores, and——"

"And there isn't two days' food," Miss Caroline interposed brusquely.

"There is but one loaf of bread," said Miss Wyvern, with another and a deeper sob; "and there is not a basinful of flour."

"But the loaf, Aunt Elise, it is a monster," Adrienne said cheerfully, sliding her one slice of dry toast under the edge of the big old-fashioned tray as she spoke. "And there are the biscuits—nearly half-a-tinful. And of the flour there is some more in another jar; yes, enough to make a *panellino*. And there are the potatoes; and oh, yes! there is the dried fish, I had forgotten. Oh, we shall have sufficiency for a long, long while. And we will be happy and have hope. Do say that we will, Aunt Cara!"

"Let me see the tea-caddy?" Miss Wyvern begged in tremulous tones.

"Yes, Aunt Elise. It is not much, the tea, no. So I did make it very thin this morning, yes; and it is not disagreeable. I do like it much better myself; but for you it is not so nice, and I am sorry. Oh, do think again, do relent, do let me go to Thurlsoe before the snow is deeper. I would get some one to bring me back with the purchases. Do, please let me go."

Miss Caroline's temper was on the verge of giving way.

"Don't speak of that again, Adrienne," she said with suppressed vigour. "You know nothing of an English snow-storm, of the state of English country roads, especially of such roads, such snow-storms as we have in the North Riding. A volume couldn't contain the account of the deaths on the moors and by lone hedgerows, that have happened in my lifetime, in our own immediate neighbourhood. Only three years ago a man was lost, not five miles from Lone Leventhorpe, and his body was not found till seven weeks later. Then the snow melted, and the poor fellow was found with eyes wide open, a smile on his face, and the general appearance of one who had died within the hour. He had *tried* to cross a few miles of the moor to dig a grave for a young mother who had died in childbirth. Instead, he found *his own* grave. That is one instance out of twenty that have occurred within my own recollection, and you wish us to let you go to Thurlsoe—to let you go alone? Perhaps a little consideration will show you how *we* are looking at the matter."

"I *do* see, Aunt Cara, I do see. And you are too good, too thoughtful. Yet cannot you look a little at the matter from my *side*, too? I have been here so long; I have eaten of your bread, I have never repaid you, and I know that but for me there would have been more of—of everything in the house. Oh, I have seen how you have tried to hide from me the—the difference. And now, *now* when I might be of use, I—I may not. Yet, I will be good. I will do as you say; and not speak of it—of going to Thurlsoe any more."

"You will not speak of it? Good," said Miss Caroline, laying an impressive hand upon the girl's arm and looking into her face with eyes expressive of much determination. "But I want *something* more than that. I want a distinct and decided promise that you will not try to go from Leventhorpe without our knowledge. You must give me your word that you will not go outside either of the gates without permission. One word will do. I can trust you."

The girl looked up with a pained face. "You have taken away all my hope, all my pleasure, Aunt Caroline. But I will give you the word. I will not go."

"You had meant going?"

"Assuredly."

"We can die together," Miss Wyvern said with another depressing sob.

Adrienne spent the remainder of that day

in such brushing and sweeping and scouring and brightening, as made the old house almost sparkle in its dreariness. When noon was fairly past, and no change came in the weather, she put on her hat, her jacket, her thickest boots, and went out to the yard, to the woodshed, and found work enough there to keep her warm till the late twilight. She was proud enough then of the pile of wood in the recess beyond the kitchen fire; while poor Miss Wyvern could hardly conceal her dismay at the sight of a veritable woodstack immediately under her precious shelves of old blue delft. It was a sort of desecration, inevitable doubtless, yet awakening much the same emotion as was awakened in her poor old heart whenever she remembered the tradition of the stabling of horses by Cromwell in the nave of York Minster. A pile of pinewood knots under the shelves of ancient blue stoneware!

"We can't freeze for awhile, Aunt Elise, that's one comfort."

"How much coal is there in the coal-house? None, I suppose."

"There is some, not a great store. You were going to send for some more this week. But look at this wood. Think of the cheeriness that lies there, and of all the warmth. But for me, I do not think I shall ever want to see a fire any more. I am so warm, so—well, yes—so happy, if only that doesn't sound cruel. But, oh, my aunts, be happy, too! Let us try to make the best of it all, at any rate till we come to the worst. Then we will be brave, quite the three bravest old ladies that ever were snowed up at the bottom of the Woods of Leventhorpe."

CHAPTER VII.

THE second day was as the first had been; the third day passed more slowly and heavily than the second. The fourth day of that white entombment seemed as if it must surely be the last.

There was no attempt now to keep up the ordinary routine of living. Adrienne yet did what she could to keep up a show of bravery. Now and then she read aloud for awhile; and as a rule, when she did so, the two Miss Wyverns fell asleep, the one in her own old chair, where she had slept away many precious years, the other on the sofa, which was a rare occurrence. But it was well and wise that they tried to sleep. The hunger pain was less; the fear was kept in abeyance. Yet the waking was very terrible.

It was growing more terrible, and as the hours went on they awoke more frequently; and each time the facts of their present existence had to be faced afresh.

More than all, Adrienne dreaded these frequent awakenings.

"Caroline, where am I? . . . What is it? Why is the fire so low? Why is the light so bad?"

"You are wakening again, Elizabeth! Why can't you remain quiet?"

Then would follow a pause, a struggle, a long, low heart-rending sob or two. Then more quiet, more sleep. Then another awakening. So the fourth night passed.

None of the ladies of Lone Leventhorpe went to bed on the fifth night.

The snow was still falling, falling. The heavens above were still black; the earth beneath still frost-bound, and impassable—more impassable than ever.

At about three o'clock in the morning of the next day the ladies were all awake, all shivering with cold, though Adrienne had kept the fire burning, and had over and over rearranged the shawls more warmly and comfortably about her aunts. Yet they could not sleep. They sat there, cowering forward in the faint yellow firelight, looking more wan, more death-like than ever.

"Adrienne," said Miss Caroline presently, "can you sing? Have you strength left to sing?"

"I think so, Aunt Cara; I will try," the girl said with the quiet sweetness of her happiest days. "What is it that you would wish me to sing?"

"The hymn you sang last Sunday night."

"The one to the spring?" was the surprised inquiry.

"Yes . . . if you can, if you will."

Without more ado the girl began singing the beautiful hymn, "For all Thy Love and Goodness." For a time it seemed as if no more inapposite words could have been chosen; but when she came to the verses:

"Oh, to awake from death's short sleep like the flowers from their wintry grave!
(Thy Name, Lord, be adored!)
And to rise all glorious in the day when Christ shall come to save!
(Glory to the Lord!)

"Oh, to dwell in that happy land where the heart cannot choose but sing!
(Thy Name, Lord, be adored!)
And where the life of the blessed ones is a beautiful, endless spring!
(Glory to the Lord!)"

when Adrienne came to these words she understood, and she sang with a fervour, an intentness of aspiration, that seemed to change the aspect of the hour completely. She would have been glad to die that mo-

ment herself, and she knew that those who were listening eagerly to her every word would have been equally ready to lay down the heavy cross of life at that moment.

Then for awhile they spoke to each other, not in words to be recalled or written down.

When it was nearly daybreak again, Adrienne felt weary, more wearied than ever before.

"You must lie down again now," she said to the aunts; "yes, you must sleep for an hour or more, and then you shall awaken to find a little secret. . . . I have kept it long, till the last. . . . But, yes, sleep now, for a little while."

To Miss Caroline it seemed certainly as if the "little while" might mean the sleep that knows no waking. Yet she composed herself with some sense of satisfaction, and in her ears the words were echoing over and over,

"Oh, to awake from death's short sleep like flowers from their wintry grave!"

And then Adrienne set herself to the revelation of her little secret—none other than the preparation of a breakfast for her two aunts, to be composed out of the hidings of the four days past, the food she herself had pretended to eat. None but a skilful cook could have prepared such a meal from such resources. When the Miss Wyverns awoke and found it all ready, looking dainty and tempting on the table by a bright fire, they could not keep back the unbidden tears.

"What has happened? Has some one been here? Has the food been sent to us?" Miss Wyvern asked. But Miss Caroline understood it all at a glance.

"Where is the child?" she said, trying to stop the hysterical sobbing that assailed herself at last. "What has become of her? Adrienne! Adrienne! Where are you?"

CHAPTER VIII.

THEY found her presently. She was lying on her own bed, in the chill, dull room; duller for the still falling snow, which was as an outside curtain; grey, and cold, and heavy.

Yes, Adrienne was lying there, and alone, but yet not silent. The power to keep the keys of silence was gone.

Miss Caroline heard the murmured words before she reached the side of the bed; and her own name was among the first sounds she could distinguish.

"I did tell you, Aunt Cara," the girl was saying. She was lying outside the bed; and she was not undressed. Her face was pale and drawn, her eyes were half-unclosed, but evidently "the sense was shut." "I did tell you, Aunt Cara, I did tell you much; but there was much yet that I could not tell you; no I could not, though I wished it so greatly. . . . I could not say how I hated- yes, that was the word, *hated*—the Signóre Chinali. And when the father did wish so much that I would—would like him, nay, that I would marry him, would be his wife, as he did wish and pray, then it did seem a sin that I grew to hate him more and more. And then—then there was Arnold—Arnold who loved me so, and did so entreat that I would give a little love to him. I, who would have died for him; and yet I had to seem so cold and stern. But I did tell you of that, of how he came to Venice, and how he was the commandant of the ship-of-war; did I not tell you all? . . . Commander Leland! . . . . How I did dream of his very name, yes, night and day, night and day; and I did hardly know which of the dream was of waking and which of sleeping. . . . And I can see it all now, the day, the hour, the time when I used to walk with old Bianca up and down the Riva della Schiavoni; and Arnold was there; and he used to pass; and first, after he was introduced to me, he did bow to me, and then after we had met at the consul's palazzo, again then he did speak. . . . . And we came to love each other, oh! so soon. I did not know, I could not tell, that love might come to one so—so unexpected. . . . And it was then that Arnold went away, and I did not know why. . . . Some day I shall know. But it will be too late; yes, it will be all too late!"

"Adrienne!" Miss Caroline said, taking the girl's chill hands in her own, which were equally chill. "Adrienne! Nothing is too late for you, nothing! . . . Be brave, be bright, be good; yes, be good, and obedient!"

The girl seemed to listen; to try to recover herself at the sound of these words.

"Obedient! Aunt Cara! . . . Have I not been that? Have I not?"

"Yes, child, that and more than that, a thousand times more! But now I want you to try to taste a little of the soup you made, and left for us. We have had some, both of us; and now I want you to take a little of it, a very little, just to please me."

"The potage, yes? I have forgotten. Was it not nice? No, it could not be, it could not; you were not able to eat it? No?"

"Adrienne!" Miss Caroline exclaimed in a sharp, painful key of expostulation. She

could say no more. At last the brave nature yielded to nature's cruel pressure; at last the strong nerves, or the nerves that had tried to seem strong, gave way. Caroline Wyvern bowed her head and wept, wept with the abandonment that is only possible once or twice in a lifetime. And there was none to stay her weeping.

It was some comfort to the two women that they could weep together.

And still the snow was falling, falling upon the frozen snow of six past days.

It was a long hour, that hour of silent, hopeless, hungry weeping. Quite hopeless it was, so hopeless that when at last a sound broke upon the stillness it caused only the faintest fluttering of wonder as to what the cause of it might be. What could happen now?

The sound was repeated, more distinctly, more impatiently.

"It is, it is, some one knocking at the door, Aunt Caroline!" Adrienne exclaimed, raising herself from her pillow, and listening with dilated eyes and recovered strength. And a third time the sound came,—convincingly enough now.

"I will go, Aunt Cara," she said springing, from the bed with all the flushed tremulous excitement of extreme weakness. "I will go. . . . Yes, let me go to see who it is."

"Be quiet, child! Your Aunt Elizabeth has opened the door. She is talking to some one!"

The girl listened; the sound of a voice, a strong, deep, unforgotten voice came echoing up the cold vault-like stair where the mist seemed to have gathered, and to hang like a white canopy overhead. And as she listened she grew less pale than before, her thin hands twined themselves tightly together, her pallid lips unclosed.

"Aunt Cara, let me go!"

"Why? . . . Why do you wish it? . . . It is some stranger."

"It is no stranger. . . . He is not strange to me. . . . It is—I know it, I hear it, I know the voice, yes, I do know it too well. . . . It is Arnold. . . . It is Captain Leland!"

It was perhaps even a merciful thing that once more all consciousness left Adrienne's brain; and this time to a more serious extent than before. The Miss Wyverns had opportunity for making explanations, painful, humiliating explanations that the girl did not hear. Waiting only to leave one kiss upon Adrienne's cold white brow Arnold Leland rode away again, a sadder man than when he came.

It was nearly three hours later when he came back, driving a dog-cart from the inn at Thurlsoe, and sharing the seat with Doctor Tatham. At the back sat a woman, an old nurse, "My friend, Mrs. Mortimer," the doctor called her. She was comfortably wrapped up, and had in her charge some baskets of very carefully chosen provisions. She had instructions given to her before leaving Thurlsoe; instructions she was well able to comprehend. She knew how things must be at a place like Lone Leventhope during a prolonged snow-storm.

"Do your very best, Mrs. Mortimer!" Arnold Leland begged as he unpacked the dog-cart of its contents; and then ushered the old nurse into the presence of Miss Wyvern, who was first a little dignified and tried to be stern, and then broke down pitiably.

"Never mind, ma'am, never mind!" said Mrs. Mortimer, understanding only too well; and, taking from Captain Leland's hands a flask of good port, she poured out a glassful. "Never mind, ma'am; I've seen folks cry afore to-day, an' for worse reasons. We'll be all right in an hour or two. . . . . An' now, where's the other ladies?"

* * * * *

Two hours, two whole long hours had passed by before Adrienne came down to the grey drawing-room where Arnold Leland was awaiting her—standing there alone in the dim fire and candlelight. Yet it was not so dim as to prevent him seeing afresh the loveliness of the woman he loved. It was a wan, pallid loveliness; almost he feared that she might fade from his side while he watched.

He was a brave man, but not a bold one. Though his hand was outstretched readily, though there was a bright, glad smile on his brown, but not too-handsome face, he yet hung his head a little, as if some doubt or fear had to be met and conquered.

He held her hand—both her hands—and he drew her nearer to him by degrees. She did not seem strong enough to bear the passionate demonstration he yearned to make.

When at last she lay with her head on his shoulder, sobbing out her gratitude, her love, her relief, then the doubt, the fear faded from his countenance rapidly.

"You *do* love me, Adrienne—you do love me a little? For all you have been so cruel, yet say you love me a little."

"*I* cruel? . . . Cruel to you?"

"Yes; what else was it? hiding yourself from me like this?" . . .

"But you did go from me, from Venice; and you did not even tell me why."

"I thought that you knew why. I was made to believe that you did. It was something old Chinali said; but I won't weary you with that now."

"No, you shall tell me after; and I have much to tell to you. It was all so strange, so terrible!"

"You shall spend your life in explanation if you will. Only *now* you must sit down on this sofa, and let me make up the fire again; and put your feet on this footstool, and this shawl round your shoulders. . . . Look at it—straight from Persia, but not half good enough for you! . . . No, don't even look at it now. . . I cannot bear that you should give any attention to anything but me. . . . I am greedy; hungry for every look, every word. . . . Give me another kiss—just another."

The kiss ended in a sob, half of pain, of yet unforgotten terror.

"Arnold, think of it! A few hours ago I was dying, dying not of hunger for affection, but of hunger for bread. Help me that I do not forget. . . . It was so terrible, so much worse than you can think! . . . And I do believe that the experience did come to me that I might *know*, that in my own heart and soul I might know the terror that comes of the thought of dying for the need of food. . . . It is not the pain—no, it is not the physical pain—it is the horror, the inexplicable mental horror—the horror that seizes the soul. . . . I cannot tell you what it is—no, I have no words . . . *but I can always feel;* so long as I do live I shall feel that spiritual terror of dying for the need of common human bread."

"Adrienne, my child, my child, don't speak of it again to-night!"

"I will not."

"You shall speak of it after—you shall tell me after; and God grant that we may never so much as suspect that any human being is in want without doing the utmost we may do to relieve the want. Of course I don't mean that we can do much to stem the wide torrent of human misery; but we shall be the more alert to discern the needs of such as seem only on the verge of the current. And I fear much it is they who suffer the more keenly."

Later in the year Arnold Leland came to see by slow signs and rarely betrayed confessions that his fear in one instance at least had not been misplaced. When the two Miss Wyverns had set up their precious household gods in a pretty cottage at Thurlsoe-by-the-Sea; when they had made friends and neighbours everywhere; when they could go to church twice on Sundays and thrice in the week, without being more than drenched by a shower of rain; when they had acquired full command of their new maid-servant, who had come from a farmhouse on Langbarugh Moor—then they did not mind confessing how life had gone with them during the terrible years that had preceded the coming of Adrienne.

And Adrienne herself? Well, I heard from her yesterday, a long cheerful letter, written from a Portuguese "Quinta." She is happy; she says that her husband is, if possible, happier; but she reminds me once more of the winter she spent at Lone Leventhorpe.

THE END.

A MODEL FACTORY IN THE VAL-DES-BOIS.

By the Rev. M. KAUFMANN.

THE spinning factory of Harmel Fils is situated in a broad and thickly-wooded valley at no considerable distance from Reims. It is reached by an avenue of trees, chiefly poplars, which hide from view the weaving-sheds and homely cottages of the operatives, until the traveller comes up quite close, when suddenly he finds himself in the midst of a group of buildings, all bearing the stamp of sanitary comfort and peaceful ease. Every cottage has its tiny vegetable garden, and there are general recreation grounds. There are schools, libraries, baths, and lavatories, even a hostelry for unattached bachelors, all on a modest scale, but well calculated to fulfil their immediate purpose of ministering to the material and moral requirements of a contented community. The principal and most costly building of the place is the chapel, placed in a central position, and at once reminding the visitor that the bond which unites the families of employers and employed is that of Christian union and religious sympathy. As he lingers on the spot, he will notice with agreeable surprise, frequent exhibitions of free and happy inter-

course between the masters and the men, strangely contrasting with the prevailing conditions of factory life in the neighbourhood.

Here we have an instance of the practical effects of Christian socialism, and, as such, it deserves our attention none the less for the fact that we meet with it in the country which may be said to be the cradle of modern socialism, and which has been most fruitful in the production of socialistic schemes and failures, when these schemes have been subjected to the test of practical experiment.

The factory in the Val-des-Bois was founded in 1840 by the father of the present owners, *le bon père*, as he was usually called by the working people of the place. He had left his home and paternal factory in the Ardennes to establish himself in this locality, and on his arrival was much struck with the contrast in the religious and moral habits of the working people in the two places. His first endeavours were directed towards the improvement of the moral and religious condition of his own workpeople. For twenty years he continued his efforts, but in vain. He met with nothing but apathy among his own people and antipathy in the irreligious outside world. At last he called to his aid a few Sisters of Charity and Brothers of the Ecoles Chrétiennes for the purpose of educating and Christianizing the employés of his establishment, and the change, he tells us, was marvellous. The account of his subsequent successes reads like a strongly-seasoned missionary report, though evidently written without any conscious design on the part of the writer to lend sensational interest to the story, how the organization of "La grande famille" became complete by infusing the religious ardour, or to give point to the moral drawn from the tale as to the duties of the Christian employer—"la mission sociale du patron."

It is unnecessary, however, to dwell on this part of our subject, interesting as it would be to draw a touching picture of simple faith, not free from a touch of superstition, in one of the modern captains of industry, not by any means deficient in common sense and business capacity. We would rather proceed to describe the industrial life in and the working of economic institutions connected with the establishment.

In the first chapter of the "Manuel d'une Corporation Chrétienne," by M. Léon Harmel, giving a full account of its scope and intention (a work to which we are mainly indebted in the present sketch), we have clearly laid down the principles on which it is based. It thus speaks of the employers' responsibilities:—

As "industry without religion and without faith has produced pauperism, that malady of modern societies, in which material misery and moral degradation are found side by side," it must be the first duty of the employer—and Harmel Fils practise what they preach—not only "in strict justice to satisfy the demands of his workmen by paying fair wages," but also from a spiritual and temporal point of view to fulfil the duties of a father towards them. Unless this is done, the demoralizing influences of factory labour in destroying family life, and the loosening of the personal bond of union between the masters and the men where industry is carried on on a large scale, will seriously affect the purity and peace of society. Nay, more than this, the "question about work and wages must be referred to the law of God, which sometimes obliges the employer to grant more than what the laws of supply and demand can compel him to do." These are commercial principles of a much higher order than those generally met with among employers of labour. They are, if faithfully carried out, the best refutation of such random statements as that of Guesde, a prominent socialist, in his pamphlet on Collectivism, that the exactions of the feudal lords were nothing in comparison with those of modern employers, whose profits he stigmatises as "la dîme et la corvée patronale." A glance at the rules and regulations of the Harmel factory shows on the contrary that not only justice, but generosity, guides these "seigneurs du capital" in their dealings with those whom they employ.

Permanent engagements are the order of the day in the Val-des-Bois. "We are extremely reluctant to dismiss the men. With us, it is well known, they are not looked upon as instruments to be got rid of when lengthened use has diminished their value. During the stoppage of work, owing to the factory being burnt down in 1874, salaries continued to be paid as before; and the same happens now whenever a partial discontinuance of work occurs in consequence of a break-down in the machinery." The result is that the workmen are attached to the firm and regard themselves as members of the family. There are no disputes about wages, and they rarely leave their present employment to "better themselves" elsewhere. Wages are paid partly by the day and partly

by piecework. Premiums are thus held out to encourage superior skill and energy whilst securing a certainty of weekly earnings. The rate of wages is made independent of the ordinary vicissitudes of trade. "We have never lowered our tariff, whatever the crisis we ourselves have been affected by, our wages have always followed an ascending scale."

Man is not regarded in the light of a machine in the ateliers of this "Usine." His moral and religious welfare is looked after and promoted by a network of associations, whilst every effort is made outside the factory to cherish home-affections and to preserve or restore family life, and also to protect the employés against contamination by the flippant irreligiosity and immorality of the outside world. "The object of our organization," says M. Léon Harmel, "may be summed up under these two heads: The associations are intended to militate against the temptations of evil surroundings; the working men's councils to support the direct authority of the employer, so often defied in these days of vaunted equality." We will introduce our readers to both, and first to the associations.

In a population engaged in factory labour, owing to the disturbed condition of family life, the need of association is felt keenly. The dulness of the lonely lodging and the sense of utter isolation weighing upon the mind, left to its own resources, inclines men to associate and to draw strength and cheer from mutual companionship. In France, where home-life, under the most favourable circumstances, has fewer attractions than in this country, community of interests incline men of the same calling to meet in public places of resort, and one variety of these are the "cercles," or working men's clubs, which are most of them tinged with socialism, as *e.g.* the "Cercles d'Etude," where all the burning questions of the day are discussed in a wild, revolutionary spirit. To establish associations on a totally different principle was one of the first things undertaken by the managers of the factory in the Val-des-Bois. But they felt that community of interests, such *e.g.* as bind together the various members of a benefit club, is not sufficient, having only selfish ends in view. "An association does not become a civilising power until it is founded on the principle of mutual love," and the chief characteristics of such associations are that they proceed from a religious principle, that they try to work out the moral and material welfare of the members—in short, to use the words of Wordsworth, most aptly describing what is here aimed at—

> "Social life
> Through knowledge spreading and imperishable,
> As just in regulation and as pure
> As individual in the wise and good."

First and foremost comes the "Cercle Catholique d'Ouvriers" in the Val-des-Bois, a kind of Christian working-man's club for the purposes of recreation, the organization of fêtes, musical performances, theatricals, also of religious processions and other aids of the religious life and worship. The masters preside over the weekly meetings of its councils; but, in order to maintain independence in the expression of opinion, all decisions are arrived at by means of secret voting. In fact, these council meetings have been organized chiefly for the purpose of facilitating mutual intercourse between masters and men on the principle of Christian equality: "When one sees in the workman a brother of the Divine Carpenter of Nazareth the love felt for Him enables one to get over the most formidable obstacles;" and, again, "Our Catholic societies prefer plainness of speech; the heart here is open for all who can offer good advice." The members of the council become "apostles" among their comrades, and in their religious propaganda are aided by the Almoner and Director, who represent the ecclesiastical authority under which it is carried on. Corresponding to this association of men there is the association of St. Ann, consisting of "Christian Mothers," also holding their council meetings in such a way as not to interfere with home duties. The ladies belonging to the employers' families preside over them, and there are corresponding ecclesiastical superiors to aid them in their charitable efforts for the promotion of the social and spiritual welfare of other women and children. There is an association of young girls—L'Association des Enfants de Marie, and of young children, L'Association des Saintes Anges, not to mention minor varieties, all of which form a network of societies, uniting the various members of the community for religious and social objects, to supplement the deficiencies of family life, but with no intention of substituting for it the common life of the association.

There is another organization, a "Service charitable," to render reciprocal services of kindness and sympathy to those who stand in need of it. Every Monday a "réunion de charité" takes place, consisting of ladies and house officers, to take into consideration cases of sickness and distress; every Tues-

day a kind of working party, consisting of workwomen with a lady president, meet for the purpose of providing for nursing and tending the sick, or looking after babies when mothers are temporarily disabled by confinements or casualties—in short not only is everything done for the people, but a great deal is left for the people to do for themselves under the fostering care of the heads of the firm. The factory is being moralised, and attempts are made at the same time to increase material well-being among the employés, on the simple principle of mutual good-will. The patriarchal authority of the employer is not brought into conflict with the personal liberty of his people, and Christian equality and fraternity are recognised in all relationships between the heads and the hands engaged in the factory. The avowed objects of the *chefs d'industrie* throughout is not to gain popularity among the workpeople, or to win the esteem of their fellow-citizens in the vicinity. "All these ends would be unworthy of us; what we want to do is to increase the number of the children of God, ... and for this purpose we must transform our workers, to make of them men who will do their duty, who will provide for themselves and their families, and be devoted to their children and those near them. We must fight egoism by supernatural devotion; luxury and the love of enjoyment by simplicity and a moderation of desire; sensualism and debauchery by Christian life and purity, that heavenly flower which perfumes human souls with its divine fragrance."

Nor let it be supposed that the economic side of the social problem is neglected in this model establishment. The "Christian Factory" is carried on on business principles, and it is called "La Corporation Chrétienne Ouvrière du Val-des-Bois, Religieuse et Economique." For this reason we will now turn to its purely economic institutions, to show that success in these is by no means incompatible with religious fervour and moral aims, although the "Manuel" lays it down as a general principle that "economic institutions, though necessary, in themselves have no moral force, they are like the body without the soul, and require the vivifying breath of charity."

A special council, called "Conseil Corporatif," consisting of the masters, the "Gardes de la Corporation," chosen conjointly by the masters and the men, and a few foremen and others selected on account of their business capacity, all being members of the "cercle," occupies itself with questions affecting the family, work, the purchase of necessaries, and methods for making provision for future contingencies. Its main object is, however, to cement the homogeneity and harmonious co-operation of all the members of the establishment. Here discussions are raised as to the purchase and sale of goods and measures of administration, as to the nomination and appointment of new employés, as to general expenditure and such-like economic questions. The effect produced is not unlike that of Conciliation Courts in England, where masters and men meet round the same table, and where unreserved discussion on both sides leads to absolute confidence. Whilst the Harmels thus delegate much of their power to subordinates, and share it with them as on an equal footing—objecting on principle to centralized authority or bureaucracy, which they regard in the light of "social materialism," they maintain, without difficulty, their sovereign rights as masters, though they were inclined to regard them as a spiritual trust rather than as a temporal right. Theirs may be said to be a limited industrial monarchy, and themselves to be rulers by the grace of God, whilst the consultative bodies they call in to share their own responsibilities save them from many troubles which are inseparable from absolute government. In short, the corporation is a religious and economic society, formed voluntarily by the heads of families connected with the industrial enterprise, and administered with the concurrence, and for the good of, the employed. The purely economic institutions for getting and spending and laying up in store for future use, such as the Mutual Assurance Society, savings-bank, co-operative flour and bread company, and others, have for their main object restful contentment, rather than providing merely the means of augmented material enjoyment. "The social question is not only a question of nourishment, shelter, and clothing, it is above all things a question of peace of mind; what is important is not so much that the labourer should be more or less rich, but that he should be contented with his lot." Now there is nothing more likely to produce this temper of mind than a comparative security against unforeseen contingencies, such as being thrown out of work by a commercial crisis, or becoming incapacitated for work by illness and growing infirmities in old age, or the dark possibility of sudden death, which often leaves a large family unprovided for. Under the able management

of the Harmels, every opportunity is offered to their employés to make provision against such possibilities if inclined to do so. The advantages of the benefit society, savings-bank, and distribution stores are offered on the spot, and on the security of the firm, without infringing on the liberties of the members. In the latter respect the community compares favourably with the familistère of M. Godin: "The good done here," says a private correspondent of the present writer, referring to what he had seen on the spot, "is not the carrying out of certain very sage principles, as is the case with M. Godin, and the manufacture of certain more or less contented and flourishing human automatons, but rather the establishment of a working example of human sympathy and kindly mutual forbearance, acting as the chief motive sentiment of an industrial group—'never mind elaborate systems but love one another'—is the beginning and the end of the Harmel philosophy."

Let us glance at a few of the results of this method of increasing thrift and foresight. There were, according to the last report published in 1886, 646 members belonging to the Mutual Benefit Society, whose deposits amounted to 7,605 francs 75 centimes for the previous year.

The Savings-bank, founded on the principle that if you make labourers *petits rentiers* you will succeed in moralising them—"though it is not the economy which makes them moral, but the morality which makes them economical"—had at the same date deposits from 129 adults and 206 juveniles, with an aggregate sum total of nearly 60,000 francs. By a peculiar arrangement a bonus of 5 per cent. is received by all purchasers of articles of consumption bought by the firm direct and from favoured tradesmen, and sold again in retail to the working people. A bonus of seven-eighths of net profits is paid to members of the "Corporative" Society, and the proceeds of both are held in reserve for them to accumulate as savings, and payable on their fiftieth birthday, or to their survivors should they die before attaining it. About 159 families were interested at the time of the last report in this fund with an amount of 3,564 francs 35 centimes to their credit. It may be as well to add the following figures:—Out of the whole number of working people, representing with their families from 800 to 900 persons in this "Corporation Chrétienne," there were 472 who made use of the three available forms of laying up savings; that 63,203 francs 15 centimes were put aside in this manner out of 509,354 francs wages received, or 12·50 per cent., and that the percentage of both depositors and deposits has been steadily increasing. The sum total of the "Corporative bonus" paid to purchasing members *pro rata* on articles of consumption either furnished by the favoured tradesmen, or bought direct by the Corporation, from 1875 to 1885, amounted to over 49,280 francs 55 centimes, *i.e.* an average of nearly 5,000 francs per annum.

Not to weary the reader with too many details, we omit statistics referring to minor institutions, and pass over others of an educational and benevolent character to conclude our account in the words of M. Léon Harmel, giving the experience of the masters in thus dealing with their men on the combined principle of patronage and free co-operation: "We have found in these simple natures, under an outside crust, sometimes a little rough, loyal souls, capable of great devotion. The union of employers and employed in the source of their benefits; the time we consecrate to these efforts and the pecuniary sacrifice which they imply, are they not sufficiently compensated, speaking from an industrial point of view, by conscientious work, intelligent care, greater steadiness, and that kind of kindly understanding and confiding affectionateness which make the work of administration much more easy? Is it nothing to see frank looks and open faces, to live surrounded by men who love us, and whilst loving, respect us sincerely and with genuine devotion?"

M. Léon Harmel has lately visited some towns of the South and South-west of France to promulgate his views there among the employers of labour. Well might he point to the dreadful scenes, like that of the murder of M. Watrin at the mining works at Decazeville, where some ten thousand "hands" rose in insurrection two years ago and kicked and trampled the sub-manager to death, an atrocity which M. Baly, a working man's representative in the Chamber of Deputies, characterized as an act of execution on tyrants; well might he point to other similar disturbances at Menceaux-les-Mines, at Lyons, and more recently at Vierzon, all of comparatively recent occurrence, and say: Look on this picture and look on that; contrast the peace and amity in our establishment with the sad dissensions and disputes elsewhere, and you will agree with me that as the gulf which separates classes widens every year, and

hatred bred by selfish greed multiplies discontent on every side, nothing but the Christian spirit penetrating the masses from above can preserve society from the abyss. "The revolution has no other weapons but those of force . . . we have no other but conscience; liberty is our primary instrument, and the Christian Corporation shall give to the labourers that kind of independence which they vainly seek to attain by revolutionary methods . . . When these Corporations shall have become more numerous we shall have inaugurated the resurrection of France, we shall have saved our country by the Christian organization of labour."

This strong belief in the divine mission of "La grande Industrie" is very remarkable in the present religious condition of France, nor has it failed in stimulating other employers of labour to adopt the principle of the "Christian factory." There are at present no less than eight hundred manufacturers members of the Industrial Commission connected with the "Œuvre des Cercles Catholiques Ouvriers," with which the Harmel factory and its associations are affiliated, and of which le Comte de Mun is the general secretary. It may be said, and M. de Haussonville, referring to these efforts in his recent articles on the *Combat contre la Misère* has said it in so many words, that the attempt to return to the mediæval corporation, as a form of modern industry, is an anachronism. But to restore what was good in the spirit of these institutions, and to replace the present inadequate system of free contract between employer and employed by something like a "bargain between Christian partners," and in something better than purely money considerations, is not quite impossible. Pious masters, acting on religious principle, may do much towards restoring something like a patriarchal relationship between themselves and their working people; and so, too, may those masters who themselves lack faith, but have charity, and in whom a high sense of duty or conscientious regard to social obligation supplies ethical fervour in the place of religious enthusiasm. These will carry with them, or succeed in eliminating gradually, that lower residuum of employers who take the simply business point of view. Even these, persuaded by such examples as that in the Val-des-Bois, learn that a humane organization of labour has peculiar advantages of its own, though it may lessen the margin of profit at times. People cannot have their cake and eat it too. Sir William Sidney Smith could not quench his own thirst with the cooling beverage in the bottle he tendered to the dying soldier on the field of Acre; but then, had he done so, one noble deed less would have been recorded in the world's history. So, too, those employers who, like *le bon père* in the Val-des-Bois, follow a high calling of social duty in sacrificing personal ease and economy in liberally providing for the material and moral welfare of their subordinates, will at least deserve and earn the distinction of benefactors of humanity. Papal briefs, episcopal letters of commendation, and even royal words of encouragement like those received by the managers of the model factory of late years, congratulating them on their success in changing hatred and dissension into mutual affection in the practical application of the "social doctrine," are a proof of this. But more telling than these complimentary epistles, and more touching, is the testimony of the men themselves who have participated in the benefits of the "Christian factory."

On Monday, March the 3rd, 1884, and in the eighty-ninth year of his life, Jacques Joseph Harmel, *le bon père*, died, and sad and sincere were the manifestations of mourning in the Val-des-Bois. During the last week of his life small groups of his old workmen were admitted into his presence and blessed by him. Once more, on the Sunday following, he expressed a desire to give his final benediction to the working family, represented by the Conseil Interieur. To the very last he thus remained true to his character of a father in the exercise of his parental authority over his industrial family. On the day of the funeral garlands of flowers covered his coffin, placed there by the workpeople, who also carried him to his last resting-place. Nearly two thousand people followed the funeral, many of them former employés, who had left the factory years before, and came from long distances, and at considerable expense of time and money, to pay the last tribute of esteem to their former patron. The following sentence, extracted from his last will and testament, explains the reason of this undying affection of the men for their master: "Love your work-people; they were my children. You will be their father in my place; you will continue to bring them towards God and do them good."

Such was the work and such were the words of what may truly be called a model employer of labour. The industrial world would be none the worse if there were many more like him.

"ON GREAT WATERS."

THE ship has crossed the harbour bar,
And leaving home and friends afar,
Sails forth beneath the evening star

With prayer of watchers left behind,
It sails before the springing wind
Strong is the bark, and God is kind.

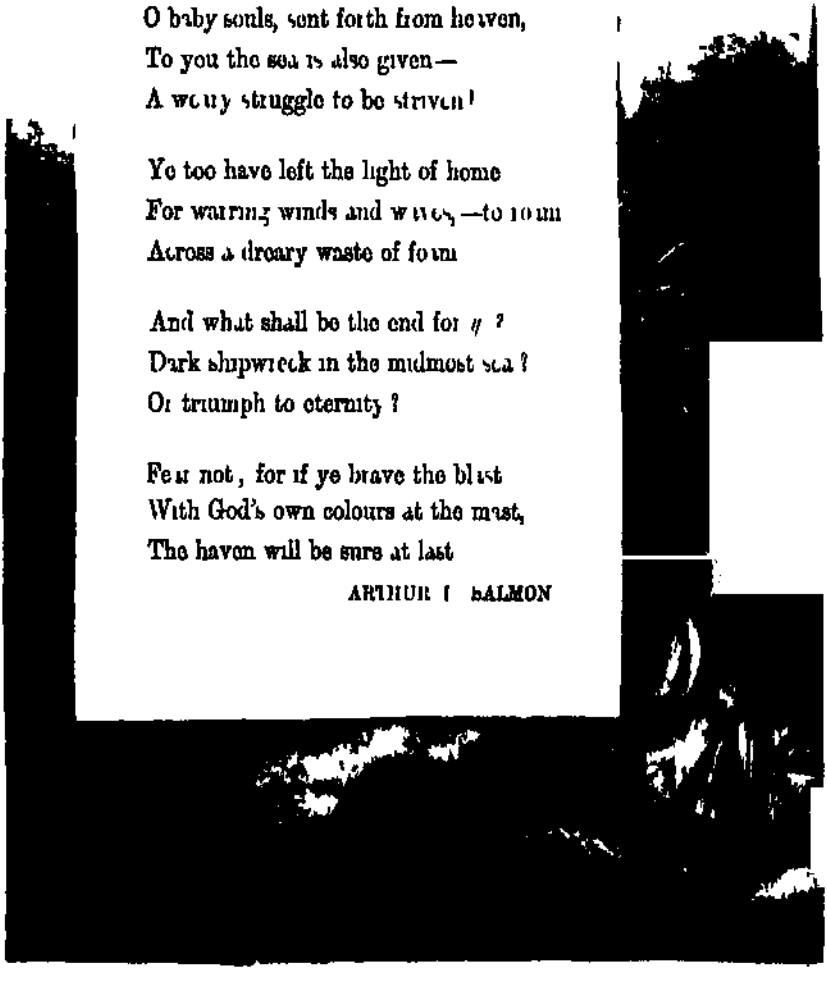
O baby souls, sent forth from heaven,
To you the sea is also given—
A weary struggle to be striven!

Ye too have left the light of home
For warring winds and waves,—to roam
Across a dreary waste of foam

And what shall be the end for ye?
Dark shipwreck in the midmost sea?
Or triumph to eternity?

Fear not, for if ye brave the blast
With God's own colours at the mast,
The haven will be sure at last

ARTHUR L SALMON



'IN QUIETNESS AND CONFIDENCE."

By the Rev. GEORGE WILSON, Edinburgh.

TO live a healthy human life, in quietness and confidence, is not easy in our day. The pace is so rapid; the strain of nerve and muscle is so incessant; the world of thought and opinion has become so large, complex, and baffling; the work of life has become so vast and the day of life so short, that in our struggle to keep the wolf of failure from the door the demon of worry gets into our heart. The modern hero is the man who can preserve a central calm amid such ceaseless agitation, and who, in an age of suspicion, can still trust God and man with the heart of a little child. But it is well to remember that in seeking to live our life in quietness and confidence we may acquire a restfulness and a trustfulness that are counterfeit and unreal. We may create a world of our own in which to live at peace. In that world we are supreme. We make up our mind that noise and hurry shall be unknown in it, by securing that the things which distract and disturb shall be shut out from it. We sustain a spirit of quietness by simply fleeing from noise and a spirit of confidence by nourishing self-reliance. Thus shut in with ourselves and our own interests we pursue our way, thanking our stars—for in that state we have no God to thank—that our digestion is not deranged by worry, and that we have nothing to confide in but our own likings. Quietness and confidence on such lines are purchased at a fearful price. The man who is thus self-bounded and self-confiding is in no sense heroic—in no sense helpful—either to himself or to others. The problem before us is how to secure quietness and confidence, and yet stand true to every duty, sharing honestly the world's work, keeping the heart keen in sympathy with the world's sufferings, paying ungrudgingly the tax of helpfulness to the age and sphere in which we live, shutting out none of the great elemental facts of our outward life and suppressing none of the faculties of our own complex nature. When in the world, just as it is—noisy and busy—in the conflict with the true and the false, the right and the wrong, to play a true, manly, heroic part there, restful and trustful, unhalting and yet unhasting, robustly reasonable and yet with simple faith, is, we think, the life indicated by "Quietness and Confidence."

To the wearied, the worried, and the distracted, seeking quietness and confidence, we commend what the Bible calls "life in Christ." By life in Christ we mean the life in which Christ is supreme as the force that renews, the influence that moulds, the light that guides, the will that commands, and in which likeness to Christ is life's great reward. When there comes to us that personal collapse which the Bible calls a sense of sin, a state in which we see life's ideals shattered, life's hopes quenched, and life's moral strength gone, the Christ of the Bible is presented to us as God's great gift, the light in which His love beams on us, the hand by which God lifts us and draws us to Himself, the refuge and home He provides for us as His wandered children. To see Christ in this light, to bow at His feet, to put our shattered life into His hand, to give Him up our will, and henceforth to be in-ruled and over-ruled by Him as the Master of our life, is, as we understand it, a man coming to terms with God, and entering on the life which God has appointed him to live. This is sometimes called the Christian life, sometimes it is called the new life, and sometimes the spiritual life. We need not trouble ourselves about names. We think of it only as the true life, the life that takes in all the facts, meets all our needs, strengthens all our duties, tempers all our trials, and makes the most and the best of both worlds.

There are few things more blessed in the experience of this "life in Christ," when it is thorough, than the way in which it ministers quietness and confidence. We do not attempt to analyse the experience. When we enter the realm of the spiritual we are in the sphere of mystery. The place is holy ground, and it is not possible fully to articulate all that is there. But the children of men, in all the ages of the Church, and all the diversity of human conditions, have testified that their wearied, worried life has found in Christ a home-like peace and rest and trust. We are content to emphasise these elemental facts, that Christ has promised to those that labour and are heavy laden "rest," and that thousands of hearts can testify that He has kept His word. The "rest" has come to some minds as a calm, trustful, spiritual affinity with the mind of God; it has impressed others as the blending into harmony of all the jarring notes of their own inner life; to others it has brought the quietness and confidence

born of a new attitude and purpose towards their fellow-men; others yet again have passed into the calmness and the confiding spirit that springs from the conviction that the right order of life has been discovered and the true lines of life entered; while some know it best as bringing into time the blessed lull of eternity. For all of us and for each of us the fact is enough that quietness and confidence are among the heritages of the devout Christian soul.

This quietness and confidence is not a mere side or aspect of the true Christian life. It does not merely concern the still life of the soul in the still hour of devotion and meditation. It is an abiding frame of mind, an all-enduring and an all-pervading spirit. It has to do with the active as well as the passive side of life. It is the spirit of the battlefield as well as the spirit of the sanctuary; it goes with the true man into the business-day as well as into his inner room when the feverish day is over. Indeed its priceless value lies in the fact that it pervades the anxious activities of life. If we were never calm, never restful, never in a confiding spirit, but when under the spell of prayer and praise, and devout meditation, the unhealthy retreat of the convent and the monastery would have a strong plea in their favour. But God has called us to live our life in the free air of open intercourse and with the great ordinance of hard work as a main feature in our worship of Him. And in this the calm, restful, trustful spirit of Christ our Master abides with us. He himself lived in a fevered environment the calmest and most placid of lives, never fleeing from a storm of human rage, never turning away from a scene of conflict or existing distress, never closing an ear to a cry of pain, or withholding a hand from a drowning man; ever active, ever earnest, ever industrious and ever peaceful, unworried, and unhasting. As Christ was in this world, He makes those who follow Him through like busy scenes under like active conditions. And this wonderful placidity of the Christian temper rests on solid principles. Christ sends us into the busy working world, as men of rectitude, as men of love and as men devoted, in all things, to the will of God. Righteousness, love, consecration to the divine will, are all springs of life that issue in quietness and confidence. And may we not affirm that where these principles are absent, or any one of them, there will be friction, irritation, fuss and weakness in all our work? There is therefore open to us in Christ, as busy, earnest men, workers, true and honest, in this great workshop of a world, the power of a calm, strong life, where the step may be free, steady, and sure; where the eye may be pure, clear, and swift; where the judgment may be balanced and true; where the will may be reliable by being surrendered; and where fevered brain and heart are unknown.

This life of quietness and confidence is within our reach on reasonable conditions. We reach it by trust in Christ. We are aware that to many this is not an easy condition. Questions of a grave kind lie behind it. Is the record that represents Christ credible? Is the picture of Him as the God-Man reliable? Is the idea of atonement consistent with the honour of God and the state of human nature? Are the miracles of the Incarnation and the Resurrection sober facts? Those of us who, with our fathers, can answer these questions in the affirmative, are still in sympathy with the devout minds in doubt over them. This is not a place to grapple with these difficulties, and ours is not the pen to do it. We can only express the conviction that if a man waits till these difficulties are all removed from the intellectual side, before becoming a Christian, he will never enter into the Christian quietness and confidence of which we are writing. Inspiration, Incarnation, Atonement, Resurrection, are words for realities of which we cannot in this world know more than fragments. But in the Bible, and in history, and in our own spiritual discernment, we have evidence to satisfy us that Christ is trustworthy as the power and the pattern of our ideal life. On this evidence we are asked to make a complete and entire surrender of ourselves to Him. Trust goes out to Christ on the ground of His trustworthiness, and when He is made the rest and stay of our souls, many of the difficulties of the intellect concerning Him are removed by the witness of the heart and the testimony of the life. As Coleridge would say, He has found us. He holds us by the satisfaction of our whole spiritual man, and we realise that we only need to know more of Him, and to be more like Him, in order to be perfectly blessed. The great purpose of our life comes to be to trust and obey Him, and in this our life grows deep and calm.

And the conditions on which this life is sustained and developed are also reasonable and simple. We must at any cost secure for ourselves quiet spiritual resting-places for fellowship with Him whom we have chosen as Master. The quiet Sunday, the simple

worship of the church, the hour of quiet reading or meditation that lifts the heart to God, and the time of private prayer, are institutions in our Christian life that the world must not take from us. To give up these is practically to surrender all. If we are to be truly Christian in purpose and spirit in the activities of life, and if the calm temper of Christ is to be manifested by us in all circumstances, we must often stay the soul on God in seasons of face-to-face communion. These are not the only seasons in which the spiritual life is lived. Spirituality is the underlying permanent element in the Christian life. But where such seasons never come round, and where there is a neglect of that life apart, in which things unseen and eternal are more to the soul than things seen and temporal, there will be very little of the Christian purpose and the Christian temper in what is called our common life. It is at such seasons, and in such communion, that we are endowed with grace to manifest in a busy, earnest world that we are Christ's living epistles of quietness and confidence.

'IT COULD NOT HAPPEN NOW."

ERE country ways had turned to street,
And long ere we were born,
A lad and lass would chance to meet,
Some merry April morn;
The willows bowed to nudge the brook,
The cowslips nodded gay,
And he would look, and she would look,
And both would look away.
Yet each—and this is so absurd—
Would dream about the other,
And she would never breathe a word
To that good dame, her mother.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change;
It could not happen now.

Next day that idle, naughty lass
Would re-arrange her hair,
And ponder long before the glass
Which bow she ought to wear;
And often she'd neglect her task,
And seldom care to chat,
And make her mother frown, and ask,
"Why *do* you blush like that?"
And now she'd haunt with footsteps slow
That mead with cowslips yellow,
Down which she'd met a week ago
That stupid, staring fellow.
Our girls are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

And as for him, that foolish lad,
He'd hardly close an eye,
And look so woe-begone and sad,
He'd make his mother cry.
"He goes," she'd say, "from bad to worse!"
My boy, so blithe and brave.
Last night I found him writing verse
About a lonely grave!"
And, lo! next day her nerves he'd shock
With laugh and song, and caper;
And there!—she'd find a golden lock
Wrapped up in tissue paper.
Our boys are wiser now.
'Twas very quaint, 'twas very strange,
Extremely strange, you must allow.
Dear me! how modes and customs change!
It could not happen now.

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

BISHOP KEN.

BY FREDERIC W. FARRAR, D.D., ARCHDEACON AND CANON OF WESTMINSTER, ETC.

SECOND PAPER.

IN the year 1683, while Ken was living quietly at Winchester, the incident occurred which decided his future destiny. Charles II. designed to build a magnificent palace at Winchester, and he visited the city with the Duke of York and a crowd of courtiers. House-room was not easily provided for so many, and as Ken was now a royal chaplain, his prebendal house was fixed upon as a suitable lodging for Nell Gwyn. Ken refused to admit her. "A woman of ill-repute," he said, "ought not to be endured in the house of a clergyman, least of all in that of the king's chaplain." "Will you not, then, comply with the king's demands?" he was asked. "Not for his kingdom," was the bold reply; and he rendered the attempt impossible by putting his house in the builder's hands and having the roof stripped off. Nell Gwyn was lodged in the house of the more compliant Dean, and every one thought that Ken's hopes of preferment were finally ruined. But Charles II., though a bad man, was no hypocrite. He knew Ken

of old. "I must go and hear little Ken tell me of my faults," he said when he went to listen to one of his sermons at Whitehall. Charles could respect in others the integrity and purity of which he was himself destitute.

In this same year Ken accepted the chaplaincy of the Fleet, and accompanied Lord Dartmouth to Tangier in the hope of improving the morals of the soldiers and sailors in that sink of iniquity. At this period we have a few glimpses of him through the unsympathetic eyes of Samuel Pepys. But a change was at hand. In 1684 Bishop Morley died. Mews, Bishop of Bath and Wells, was promoted to the see of Winchester, and

After the Portrait engraved by Vertue [Print Room British Museum.

Bishop Ken.

when courtiers were applying to Charles for their friends for the vacant bishopric, Charles replied, "Odd's fish! I must have Bath and Wells for the little black fellow who would not give poor Nelly a lodging." He was consecrated on January 25, 1685. Evelyn shows us the brilliant scene of wickedness which was enacted in the long gallery of Whitehall on that Sunday evening, and on the Sunday evening following. It was a scene of inexpressible luxury and profaneness, which has been described in the vivid pages of Macaulay and depicted by the glowing pencil of E. M. Ward. "I was witness," says Evelyn, "of the King, sitting and toying with his concubines, Portsmouth, Cleveland, and Mazarin, &c.; a French boy singing love songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers and other dissolute persons were at Basset, round a large table, a bank of at least £2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after all was dust."

Medal to commemorate Acquittal of Seven Bishops.

For on February 2, Charles had an apoplectic stroke. Ken was summoned with other bishops, and for three days and nights he stayed by the King's bedside. "Ken spoke," says Bishop Burnet, who in general views him with but little admiration, "with great elevation both of thought and expression, like a man inspired." But the King was and had long been a Roman Catholic, and though, on Ken's remonstrance, he dismissed the Duchess of Portsmouth from his dying chamber, he listened with cold obstinacy even to Ken and Sancroft. They barely thought themselves justified in pronouncing the absolution over his imperfect penitence; but he made excuses when they urged him to receive the Lord's Supper. Finally, the room was emptied of its crowd of courtiers, the priest, Robert Huddleston, was smuggled in by a back stair, and Charles received the last rites of the Church of Rome.

Ken went to the beautiful palace of Bath and Wells. He was a poor man, and had to borrow the money for his fees and furniture. Instead of the usual wasteful consecration banquet, he sent £100 to the building of the new St. Paul's. The day had not yet come for that incessant routine of toil and feverish episcopal activity of which the initiative was given by the late Bishop Wilberforce, but Ken set a beautiful example of meekness and charity, and invited twelve poor men to dine with him every Sunday. On April 23, 1685, he walked beside the new king, James II., in the procession to the Abbey, and stood by the steps of the throne at the consecration. During the wretched and ill-starred rebellion of Monmouth he distinguished himself by deeds of mercy to the unhappy prisoners. On July 15, 1688, he was appointed to attend Monmouth at his execution, and he tried to do his duty faithfully, but seems to have shown less tact and sympathy than usual. After this followed the horrors of the Bloody Assize. Ken had the courage to remonstrate with the brutal Jeffrey, and when his appeals were unavailing, he devoted himself to the task of alleviating, to the utmost of his power, the anguish of the miserable victims. He also exerted himself to collect funds for the French Protestants, of whom thousands had been reduced to destitution by the bigotry and despotism of Louis XIV., when he revoked the Edict of Nantes on October 18, 1685. He still continued the life of a loving pastor and strict ascetic. Even when he visited London it was noted of him—

"Whilst other prelates ride in brave carosse,
On foot this humble-minded prelate goes"

The quiet round of his episcopal duties was rudely disturbed by the King's first Declaration of Indulgence, on April 4, 1687. At first many of the Dissenters were deceived by an act which had no other purpose than that to which, with headstrong fanaticism, James devoted his whole heart—the total subversion of the Protestant religion. Both at Bath and at Whitehall Ken preached sermons which were intended as manifestoes on behalf of the Church of England. On April 25, 1688, James issued his second Declaration. He tried to pose as the apostle of toleration and liberty of conscience, while he was usurping an illegal power to dispense with the test of office imposed by Parliament, and was straining every nerve to fill all the important dignities in the kingdom with Romanists and time servers. Unhappily for himself, and happily for England, James ordered the clergy to read his second Declaration aloud in their churches. The clergy, almost to a man, refused, and thereby saved

Reverse Side of Medal.

the liberties of England. The unanimous courage shown by nearly the whole body of the London incumbents was chiefly due to the manly determination of Fowler, Vicar of St. Giles, afterwards Bishop of Gloucester, who, at a meeting of the clergy, got up and said that whoever read the document he would not. Then it was that Sancroft summoned to Lambeth as many bishops as could be convened. On May 18 the seven bishops—Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, Lloyd of St. Asaph, Turner of Ely, Lake of Chichester, Ken, White of Peterborough, and Trelawney of Bristol—signed their memorable petition, and taking it with them, dropped down the river from Lambeth to Whitehall. Sunderland refused to read it to the King, but informed him that the bishops were present. With the same blindness which marked all his conduct, he expected only some flattering acceptance of his cherished design, so that though it was past ten at night he graciously received them. They presented their petition kneeling. He bade them rise, and as he read it grew agitated with rage and disappointment. "This is a standard of rebellion. I am a king; I will be obeyed. Is this your Church of England loyalty? This is a great surprise to me. I did not expect it from some of you;" and then, in his usual fashion, he went on reiterating the sentence, "This is a standard of rebellion." At last Trelawney grew indignant, and answered with great spirit. Ken pleaded with the angry king with calm and noble dignity; and when his arguments were of no avail he simply said, "God's will be done!"

The bishops retired to Lambeth by water, and next morning found to their amazement that some one—was it Sunderland?—had treacherously made their petition public, and that the hawkers were selling it in the streets of London to enraptured thousands.

It is needless to repeat the thrilling story of what took place on the following Sunday, or to narrate the trial of the seven bishops, which every one has read with breathless interest in the matchless narrative of Macaulay. For some time Ken was one of the most prominent men in the kingdom, and during those days of anxiety, and amid the blaze of popularity which followed it, no word escaped him which was unworthy of his stainless reputation.

Then followed the Revolution. On November 5th, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, landed at Torbay. On December 18th James fled. Ken took no part in the Revolution. He joined, indeed, in the unanimous vote for the declaration "that it was found by experience to be inconsistent with the safety and welfare of the Protestant religion to be governed by a Popish prince;" but he was in favour of a regency, which was the secret wish of Mary herself—and he would not declare the throne vacant. William, however, refused to be "his wife's gentleman usher," and said that if he was not made king he would simply leave the nation to itself, and to the tender mercies of James. The resolution was then passed "that William and Mary should be declared King and Queen." Ken was one of the twelve bishops who protested against it. He opposed the new oaths which were required of the clergy, which all but a few of the bishops ultimately took. Among these were Sancroft, White, Frampton, Lloyd, Turner, and himself. On February 12th Ken left the House of Lords for ever and retired to Wells.

His final decision was not arrived at without hesitation, and for this hesitation he was "vehemently assaulted and suspected by both sides." In 1689 he went up to London to consult his old and dear friend Dr. Hooper, Rector of Lambeth, who had taken the oaths. He never withdrew his love and respect from those who in a question of difficulty took a different side from his own, and one evening the Rector almost persuaded him to yield. Next morning, however, he told Hooper that while he did not question that he and others had taken the oaths with a good conscience, he must beg his friend to urge him no more, "for should I be persuaded to comply, and after see reason to repent, you would make me the most miserable man in the world." Upon which the Doctor said, "he would never mention the subject any more to him, for God forbid he should take them."

Intellectually Ken was in the wrong, but morally, with the views which he had always entertained, he was supremely in the *right*. Like other saints of God, he was desperately afraid lest his interests should tempt him into the opposite direction from his duties, and the fact that by taking the oaths he had nothing to lose and everything to gain, constituted to his tender conscience an argument of overwhelming force against his *doing so*.

He was allowed to stay at Bath and Wells for a year, and efforts were made to find some *modus vivendi* by which the deprivation might be avoided. It was in vain. On April 5, 1691, the non-juring bishops were

Bishop's Palace, Wells.

deprived, and in June, 1691, Richard Kidder was appointed to the bishopric, which meanwhile Beveridge, out of respect to Ken, had declined. Kidder said afterwards that "he had often repented of accepting it, and looked on it as a great infelicity." On November 26, 1703, he and his wife were killed as they lay in bed by the fall of a stack of chimneys, blown down upon the roof of the palace by the storm of that tremendous night.

Ken retired to poverty and homelessness. He had as a bishop distributed his income in the cause of charity, and from his six years' episcopate he took nothing away but £700, which accrued to him from the sale of his effects. He used to be seen going on a "sorry nag," and in a threadbare cassock, yet he was not wholly unhappy. He had made a great sacrifice in the cause of conscience. He was welcomed into the houses of his brother Nonjurors, and also of those who continued to be his loving friends though they had taken the oaths. His chief home was the stately residence of his friend, Lord Weymouth, at Longleat, and Longleat derives a far deeper and sweeter interest from the fact that it gave shelter to a saint than from all the other annals of its noble owners. He meekly bore the taunts and persecutions of the Anti-jacobites, and lived for some time a life of danger. Yet he stoutly resisted and denounced the attempt of some of his non-juring brethren to perpetuate the schism by the clandestine consecration of two others as bishops, and he bore all the odium of refusing to go to extremes with his own party.

A gleam of brighter happiness shone on his closing years. On September 6, 1701, James II. died, and he was followed to the grave by William on March 8, 1702. Queen Anne was kindly disposed towards him, and, after the death of Kidder, in accordance with his own wishes, the vacant Bishopric of Bath and Wells was offered to his old friend, Dr Hooper. There is no doubt that he might himself have been restored to it, but he had long determined to end the non-juring schism by a voluntary resignation. He urged his friend to accept it, and resigned. He writes,

> "I crushed by state decrees, and grieved with pain,
> The pastoral toil unable to sustain,
> Most gladly off the hallowed burden shake,
> Than I at first the weight could undertake."

But Ken was not forgotten. The Queen, at Bishop Hooper's suggestion, gave him a pension of £200 a year from the Treasury. Ken, now old and in feeble health, to whom Lord Weymouth had already granted an annuity of £80 a year, accepted the kindly offer, and the last seven years of his life, after the fourteen years of trial which had elapsed since his deprivation, were passed in peace and comfort. On March 10, 1711, he became conscious that death was near, and spent the evening in destroying all of his papers which were likely to perpetuate any bitterness. On March 19, at Longleat, he peacefully breathed his last. On March 21, twelve poor men bore his body to the quiet grave in Frome Selwood. His funeral and

his tomb were of the humblest description, in accordance with the character of his life and his own desire.

So passed away the "seraphic doctor" of the English Church. It has been said that by his three hymns—the Morning, Evening, and the less known Midnight Hymn—he has conferred a greater benefit upon posterity than if he had founded three hospitals. It had always been his devout and earnest wish that the saints of God might praise God in words of his; and that wish has been abundantly granted. His other poems, though they are always beautiful in sentiment and often bright in language, are practically dead. They are poems of a saint, but of one who did not possess "the vision and the faculty divine" of the poet. But it was not in vain that he, like another displaced bishop to whom he compares himself—St. Gregory of Nazianzus—devoted to sacred song what he calls "the small dolorous remnant of my days." There is a value in the thoughts which he expressed apart from the too prosaic verse in which he enshrined them, and they brought him the most powerful anodynes for his many sorrows. If ever he were inclined to sigh that he had been unable to take that view of duty which had been innocently taken by the great majority of the English clergy, and among them by not a few for whom he felt the deepest regard, yet, on the other hand, he must have felt that he had been ennobled and purified by suffering, tried by fire even as silver is tried, that every speck of dross may be purged away. A saint's career hardly ever seems to be perfect unless it be crowned by sorrow. Ken rebuked the Duke of Monmouth, and stood beside him on the scaffold. He had been the spiritual director of Queen Mary; he had been honoured by Queen Anne; he had changed into admiration the sullen dislike of William III.; he had braved the narrow, gloomy, and remorseless fanaticism of James II., after sharing in his coronation; he had faithfully told Charles II. his faults while he lived, and exhorted him to repentance as he lay dying. But though he stood before kings he never could and never would be a courtier. One king imprisoned, another deprived him. Thus he had played his part like a man on the glaring stage of success and publicity, but his figure acquires a yet more heroic and pathetic grandeur as he faces poverty and exile from his home, and devotes the last twenty-one years of his life to song, and piety, and meditation. The Church of England owes him a deep debt for the holy example which shed around him a far brighter lustre than his mitre could confer, and she will ever remember with gratitude that after he had shared with his non-juring brethren their great self sacrifice, his exquisite moderation and charity healed the schism which otherwise might have been continued for many years. He is perhaps the loveliest figure in an age full of moral catastrophe, and there is no reward which he could have more desired than the one which God has granted to him—that as for the past two centuries so for many a generation yet to come, it is in *his* words that in many an English home the outgoings of the morning and evening shall praise God.

Market Place, Wells.

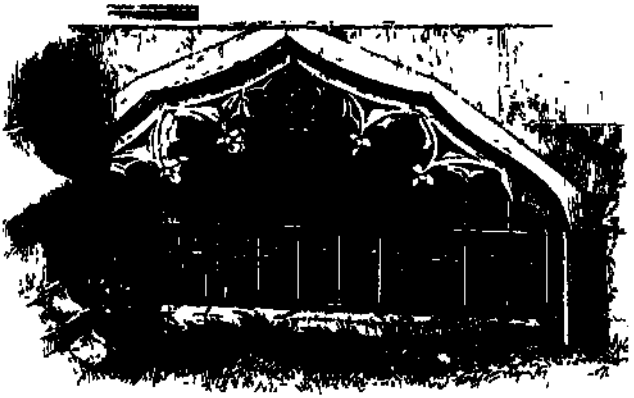
In this paper we have only given the

briefest outline of his life; but all who love his memory will find their reverence for him fully gratified in the new biography by the Dean of Wells. I will end by quoting two verses from the graceful lines upon his grave by the late Lord Houghton:—

"Who was this father of the church,
So secret in his glory?
In vain might antiquarians search
For record of his story;
But precondy tradition keeps
The fame of holy men
So there the Christian seeks and weeps
For love of Bishop Ken.

"A name his country once forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the church's book
And Martyr in the Spirit's!

That dared with royal powers to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
To conquer unresisting."



Bishop Ken's Tomb in Frome Selwood.

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Mabah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XXVII.—DOT'S PROPOSAL.

BLIND! St. Maur fell back on his pillow and struggled with this new terror. He tried to face it, to grapple with it. Never had his belief in an all-pervading, all-embracing goodness, received such a blow. Oh, the cruelty of it! What had he done that this great source of joy should be closed for him?

A blind artist! Serried ranks of doubt stood up with sharp and jagged points like the Merlin Scars to shipwreck his faith. All life had gloried in overcoming difficulties, but then he had not been deprived of light and beauty; nature had filled in all the gaps that might have been wanting to round his existence. Oh, that he had died instead of living an animate log, moving at the will of another! He seemed to have no foothold—none. Instead of grasping anything solid, his hands were full of treacherous seaweed; the rocks he thought invulnerable had turned to crumbling sandstone. He heard once more the roar of the waves, the breaking up of the schooner, a sudden blow, and—darkness. "Oh, Christ, have mercy!" was all he could say, and out of the darkness a voice came clear as if spoken aloud,

"Be still, and know that I am God."

And there was a great calm. He lay as in a trance; he had fought a hand-to-hand fight and had been conquered, lying helpless at his victor's feet, expecting nothing but a sharp stroke and then the end; but the blade was turned aside and the face of a friend looked down on him, a cool hand was laid upon his heated brow. The eyes of his imagination seemed vivified when his outward sight was blotted out. As if in beatific vision he could I have seen the Christ."

"Thus far" he had been permitted to act, now he must learn to endure. But the sorest part of the trial was that "Thus far" was said to his art, that which had crowned his life with glory and delight, his greater self, the outcome of all his thoughts that had beautified and idealised his very being.

"Know that I am God." Had he not recognised Him in the sunshine and seen Him in every flower? Was He hid because a cloud had dimmed the sun? What would his painting have been without one grey tint? and was his life to be one unclouded joy? Would it not be but a poor work of art, this life of his in the end, if the shadows were left out? Yes; he could "be still." So Dot found him. She had fled to her room and flung open the casement; she would suffocate.

"It can't be true," she moaned. "It can't be true!"

Then a strange gleam like a sudden flash of the westering sun woke in her face, gradually settling into a grave, sweet earnestness of purpose, the grey of the twilight that promises a brighter morning. When she saw the peaceful look on Cœur de Lion's face, she fancied he could not have understood.

"Is that you, Dorothy?" he asked. He often forgot the "Miss" now.

"It is I, my lord. I will wait with you till Sir Bernard comes back, if you care to have me."

"I feel like prisoning a bird to keep you caged in a sick-room, little one."

She made no answer; a slight sob choked her voice. He glanced up anxiously. "Dorothy, what are you crying for? Sit down. I want to ask you a question."

Was it about his sight? No; he only asked quietly--

"Was it a protest against my words that made you take my hand that night? It was you, was it not?"

If he could only have seen her blush! She managed to stammer, "It was not true, you know."

He half laughed. "How do you know it was not? Who would care if I were in my grave to-morrow? My next heir would probably say, 'Poor fellow!' and then set about claiming his inheritance."

"Care! Why Mamsell, and Sir Bernard, and Phyllis, and—" she pulled up abruptly. "Oh, it is cruel to say we should not care!" She felt safe in the universal "we."

"And you took the trouble to go all the way to the cliff to show me I was not utterly unthought of?"

"I had not said good-night to you, and I pictured you drowned—dead—as I thought you were when I held you."

She had gone on impulsively, feeling as if she must speak out all the pain of that terrible night; but all that might be implied in her words struck her suddenly. She paused in confusion, then went on hurriedly, "I mean when the doctor was looking at you."

"Dorothy, you were not down in that crowd and storm the whole time?" His tone was impatiently eager.

Tears brimmed over the girl's eyes. Now he thought her unmaidenly.

"Was it wrong?" she pleaded. "I could not, indeed I could not stay away. Fancy, if you had been brought home dead!" Her voice sank to a whisper. "It would have killed me; I know it would." She spoke passionately, then shrank into a corner. How she had betrayed herself! She was on the point of darting off, when Lord St. Maur's voice arrested her.

"Humming-bird, where are you? Give me your hand."

She went forward and laid her small fingers in his.

"Dorothy, do you know that I am blind?" He felt a tremor go through her. "Do you not think I had better have died?"

"Ah, no, no!" she answered piteously.

"Why not? It had been better surely than to live a lonely, sightless man, a trouble to others."

"I wish I had four legs," interrupted Dot. She must say something to prevent herself crying or becoming sentimental, she dared not give way.

St. Maur looked surprised. It seemed a somewhat heartless remark. "Why?"

"I might be your dog Tray then."

"Poor little chained dog," he said, half playfully, half tenderly.

"Chained, no; it would be better than liberty elsewhere."

"You have a self-sacrificing disposition, Dorothy."

"Self-sacrificing, I? You are laughing at me, my lord."

It seemed to matter little to her now that he knew she loved him, he would pass on and forget; only if she could be his little dog Tray, to wait upon him, to guide him, to cheer him and make him smile as she had often done, at any rate until he was strong enough to find one of his own seeking in his own sphere. What noble lady in the land would not be proud to be his second sight? and now he mocked her with the term self-sacrifice, when it would be the glory of her life to look back upon the time when she had been useful to him. How could he understand her presumption? She tried to disengage her hand, but found it held more firmly.

"Laughing at you! you move me almost to tears. Child, do you know what you are doing, offering to throw away your fresh young life upon one maimed, whom you would have to lead about? You tempt me sorely to say, come and be my eyes, my joy, my wife; but my dog Tray must be some hireling, not my winsome Dorothy Markham."

He let go her hand. Dot listened in amazement, wondering delight, and tremulous doubts and fears. Had she misunderstood him? When he loosened his clasp, she felt like a child who has lost its way. She

sank on her knees and laid her forehead on his strong right hand; it moved, and was laid tenderly upon the bowed head.

"Dorothy," he said softly, "do you love me?"

"My lord," she answered humbly, "I am only a little flower for you to pluck or throw away as you will; but if not yours, none else's."

"I will pluck you and wear you in my bosom." Her whole frame vibrated to his words. "Little bird, are you afraid of me? Nestle close, your home is in my heart." Then he sighed wearily.

"Dorothy, I cannot see you; it seems but cruel kindness."

He felt her lips touch his sightless eyes. With his one free arm he drew her towards him, and for a moment her soft cheek rested against his. Then she hastily disengaged herself; she had heard footsteps. Springing to the door she encountered Miss Dallas, and nearly upset the old lady's equilibrium by flinging her arms round her neck and giving her a great hug; but before Mamsell could expostulate Dot had darted down the stair, and without hat or cloak had disappeared into the garden.

"That madcap child!" exclaimed Miss Dallas, as she went up to Lord St. Maur. "I thought Bernard was here; you have surely not been alone all this while?"

"No. Dorothy went away for a short time, but came back to keep me company."

"I really shall have to tell her she is no longer a child, to fly in and out of a gentleman's room in this way. You must excuse her, my lord, she is so unsophisticated and guileless."

"Had she not better remain so?" replied St. Maur quietly. "But I hope you will not scold her now, Miss Dallas; it does not matter, for Humming-bird is going to be my dog Tray."

"Your what?"

St. Maur lightly touched his eyes. "Do you not know, my dear friend, that these are useless?"

"I feared it," she answered gravely; "but perhaps it may be only temporary. I have heard of such cases."

"Oh, that it might be so! But I will not think of it lest it should be an illusory hope. I have had a hard struggle to say, it is well; but I have said it and now I am content, for Dorothy came and said to be my dog Tray would be an enviable position, so as I thought her worthy of a higher station I have asked her to be my wife, and she has not said no. It seems almost wicked to bind her to a blind man, but the temptation was too strong."

"I cannot realise her as anything but a child," said Miss Dallas, with astonishment depicted on her countenance. "I should as soon think of Dot with a toy as with a coronet."

St. Maur smiled. "I think she has shown a brave, womanly spirit lately, dear friend."

"Yes, she has. You are sure, my lord, that it is more than mere fancy or gratitude for her evident delight in ministering to you that has prompted your offer? I should be sorry for dear Joy Markham's daughter to be the plaything of an hour. Forgive my question, it implies no doubt of you, but your generous heart might be deceived."

He extended his hand. "If regaining my eyesight entailed the loss of my little Dorothy, I would remain blind; will that content you?"

"Dot will indeed be a happy woman," said Miss Dallas. "My dear lord, she is the luckiest girl I know; she has the making of a fine character, and to no one could the moulding of it be better entrusted than to yourself."

"You flattering Mamsell! as those who love you call you," said he with a gleam of his old gaiety in his face. "I feel a new man," he continued, "and when Bernard comes back we will have a talk about those eyes of mine, and you will let me see, I mean feel, Dorothy's presence as much as I can; she is like a draught of wine to me, and small as her hand is, you can't imagine how cool and firm it feels, soft to the touch yet reassuring and strong. Hush, I hear her fluttering outside, half afraid to enter; it is wonderful how one can hear when one can't see. This world is made up of compensations. May she come in?"

Miss Dallas went to the door. Shyly glad, with a tremulous smile on her lips and a flitting colour on her cheeks, Dot faced the old lady.

"Come in, dear child, you lucky child!"

"Mamsell," she whispered, "I am so glad he's blind."

"Naughty girl. Why?"

"Because it is a sort of handicap, like points in billiards. And even then I am far behind."

"You enigmatical Dot," said Miss Dallas, smiling.

The girl stepped up to the bed. He raised her hand softly to his lips as she bent forward, saying,

"Cœur de Lion, the sailor and the boy Ben are going away to-morrow, they want to see you and thank you. May they come up? They are with Sir Bernard."

"Don't let them know I can't see, it might distress them," was his reply. "Let them come by all means."

If gratitude could have made up to St. Maur for what he had suffered he would have been well repaid, and after hearing the sailor's story his sympathetic nature felt in great measure rewarded.

Ben was the son of a woman the man had loved from boyhood, but when she grew up she married his more favoured rival. Two years previously to the wreck she had been left a widow in straitened circumstances, and he had again asked her to be his wife. She had refused him, telling him he was worth better than a second love; but he had persisted, and nothing contenting Ben but a seafaring life, he had promised to be surety for the lad on condition that she would have him if he brought her son back in safety.

Tears rolled down the rugged fellow's cheeks as he almost blessed St. Maur for giving the boy life and himself happiness. St. Maur's threatened blindness had got wind in the village and this added piquancy to the man's distress. It was a trying interview, and very angry was the doctor that it had been permitted; so as a punishment "Cœur de Lion" was kept extra quiet. Dot did not mind, for she was allowed to wait on him, and soon learnt with deft fingers to dress his wounds and bandage his arm. By the time he was stronger she had quite regained her elasticity, and teased and tormented him into temporary oblivion of his being an invalid; but under all her gaiety was a gnawing anxiety to hear the verdict of the oculist who was sent for from London. She felt angry with herself for not wishing it to be favourable, it was so wicked; but she could not help it, for then Lord St. Maur would not need her. She had not in the least realised that he loved her, irrespective of the use she could be. He had accepted her sacrifice, as he termed it, and that was enough for her; but if he could see again, he might regret that he had in a fit of generosity, fostered by his weakness, bound himself to her. Had she not, in fact, proposed to him? It had seemed an easy thing to do when he was blind—he could not see her blushes; but oh! to face him and meet his eyes! She would run away and hide rather. She inspected herself in the mirror and frowned at her image; she measured her height from the ground, and stretched her small figure to its utmost, and put on her highest-heeled shoes; but with it all she could not make it much more than five feet.

"Ridiculous!" she cried, and gave her foot its customary little stamp of determination and annoyance. "Yes," shaking her head at her reflection, "simply ridiculous. Dorothy Markham, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. You Lady St. Maur, indeed! Poof! only a midge, when he ought to marry a queen or a duchess. You are perhaps fit to be his little dog Tray, but not his countess!"

She gave a short laugh, more satirical than mirthful, then the large brown eyes filled with tears; she extended her arms as if in renunciation, calling St. Maur by the name she had never used to himself. "Geoffrey, dear love, I will only stay as long as I can be of help to you, and then——

'Open, Father; I am come
Broken-hearted to my home.'"

St. Maur thought it was anxiety on his behalf that made her so quiet and yet so tenderly watchful of his every need that day on which his fate was to be known. While the oculist was with him Dot wandered into every vacant room from sheer restlessness—it seemed life or death with her.

At last she heard Miss Dallas calling. In the old lady's beaming face she read her doom.

"Dear child, it is better than we could have hoped. Mr. Carstairs calls it displacement of the retina, I think, requiring a careful operation, but with every prospect of success."

Dot shrank at that word, but Miss Dallas continued cheerfully:

"He will have to be kept quiet for some weeks, and then he will probably be as well as ever again."

"When is the operation to be?" asked Dot calmly.

"To-morrow."

Save for her old nervous trick of twining her fingers in each other the girl showed no emotion. She stood gazing out of the window at the growing dusk, then with strangely laggard step left the room. Slowly she mounted the stairs and paused a moment at St. Maur's door; a sigh, almost a sob, escaped her, and passing by, she put on her things and went out.

She walked up the cliff and stood staring at the sea. It looked so cold, so like some

face on which the grey tints of death were settling down, that she shivered. She hardly knew which was worse, this calm aspect or when lashed into fury—there was action there, something to do, something to battle against. Now it was death. Wearily she wended her way back. "Cœur de Lion" must find no change in her; her face, thank God, he could not see.

How cheery the house looked when she returned! Hope gleamed in the lamplight that shone on the pretty china tea-service; hope danced in the brightly burning fire and seemed reflected in Miss Dallas's kindly face, and spoke in the cheery ring of her voice as she welcomed the girl.

"Just in time to give us 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates,' my dear. Is Bernard still with Lord St Maur?"

"I do not know; I have not been in."

"No?" The old lady looked surprised. "When you take up his tea, you can tell Bernard his is ready. I must apologise; Mr. Carstairs, Miss Markham."

Dot bowed frigidly. She hated the man who was to bring back light to "Cœur de Lion" and plunge her into darkness.

Soon she rose and found her way to the invalid's room. Eagerly St. Maur said, "Naughty Dorothy, why have you not been to congratulate me?"

"I felt restless and went for a walk. I remained out longer than I intended."

"Were you so fearful the verdict would be unfavourable? Ah, I shall see to paint once more! Think of it, Humming-bird, are you not glad?"

"Do you require me to tell you? How can I but rejoice?"

There was that in the sound of her voice that told St. Maur's quick ear something was amiss. He nearly scalded himself in drinking his tea quickly, lest she should disappear before he had finished.

As he handed her back the cup she said gently,

"Won't you rest? You have done too much to-day. I will sit by the fire and not disturb you till Sir Bernard comes back."

His only reply was to take her hand; it felt icy cold; then he passed his fingers over her face, the cheeks were flushed and the eyelashes wet.

"Convicted," he said quietly. "Sit down by me—so."

She seated herself in a low chair by his side.

"Humming-bird, are you sorry that your self-sacrifice will not be needed, and that after all I shall not require my little dog Tray?"

Poor Dorothy! her worst fears were realised. He would not want her now. She had once showed that she loved him, now she could be brave to hide it. He had been generous in his response to her outspoken desire to give herself up to him; he would have been good to his little wife, she knew; though he might regret the bond he would not show it to *her;* he liked to caress and pet her as a child, but he would want a noble, clever woman for his life's companion, and she was neither; so she answered simply,

"I would not have minded, but of course it is better for you; you always made me think of the sun-god; joy always seemed to flow from you, and you will be glad again, 'Cœur de Lion,' and make others glad."

"My little Dorothy," he said tenderly, "I shall never forget that you were willing to bind yourself to a blind man. Thank God, for your sake, that you will not be called upon for your sacrifice; I always felt I was asking too much."

Dot did not wait for the conclusion of the sentence, but hastily left her place; she could endure no more. As she softly kissed his hand a big tear fell upon it that she had been vainly struggling to keep back by winking her eyelashes. Before he could call her, so great was his astonishment, she had swiftly left the room. While he lay in his easy-chair distressed that he could not rush after her to ask an explanation, she was on her couch stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth to try and stifle the sobs that nearly choked her. It was all over. St. Maur's words, in their cruel kindness, had pierced her through and through. She could only weep helplessly, hopelessly. She had thought herself so brave, but the poor little heart was well-nigh broken. Gradually her sobs died away, and she remained still and passive; she felt as if everything were paralysed, all her powers of impulse suddenly frozen in their course. She wanted to be still for ever, to lie still till she died. "Cœur de Lion" no longer required her sacrifice! Oh, that dreadful word!

How long she lay she did not know. When the maid went in with hot-water as a signal for dressing for dinner, she asked her to tell Miss Dallas that she had a headache, and begged to be excused.

Now as Dot had never had a headache in her life, Miss Dallas immediately went to see what was the matter. She found the room in darkness, the fire nearly out, and Dot

in her favourite position, stretched on the hearthrug. There was such utter abandonment and exhaustion in the attitude that Miss Dallas felt alarmed. She stooped over her and laid her hand upon the girl's head. It felt in a burning fever. She lifted heavy eyes to her friend's face, hardly seeming to recognise her at first, than she started up.

"Oh, Mamsell, you should not have troubled, I am all right, only a little cold."

The old lady looked at her earnestly.

"Dot, there is something on your mind. I have noticed it all day. Have you and Lord St. Maur quarrelled; or are you selfish enough to wish to keep him in darkness for the sake of being necessary to him?"

Dot's lips quivered.

"It does seem wicked," she exclaimed passionately, "but I can't be glad, no, I cannot!" she continued vehemently. "I did not expect him to love me as much as I love him; how could he? but so long as he was blind he needed me, but now I am only little Dot Markham again. He said he should never forget my willingness to sacrifice myself for him, but he no longer needed his little dog Tray. Did he think I would bind him to his word? It was only because I felt something within me that told I could brighten his life that I let him see. Why, I nearly asked him to marry me. At least I showed plainly that a prison with him would be better than liberty without him, and he calls it still a sacrifice! I his wife! I was crazy to think of it. He will go out into the world again and find a noble woman whom he can love. Dear Mamsell, let him think it was only a child's passing fancy. I will go home. I would not wound him for the world. I find I am not so brave as I thought.'

Her sobs broke out afresh. Miss Dallas stroked the curly hair that was tossed and tumbled about with reckless disregard of tidiness.

"Dot, do you know you are but a child after all. I think you are wronging Lord St. Maur. You must have misunderstood him, or your preconceived ideas have coloured your views of his words. I will tell you what he said to me when I asked him whether he was certain of himself, and you can judge of the depth of his affection. He said, 'If to regain my eyesight entailed the loss of my little Dorothy, I would remain blind.'"

Dot sprang up with a cry of joy, her eyes flashing like lightning through a thunder shower. But again her face shadowed over.

"Mamsell, I am not worthy; he is so great and good."

"Gaining or losing his sight does not alter that fact, my dear."

"No, but I get no points." A faint tinge of sauciness gleamed in her smile. "Then you think he will want me whether I am of use to him or not?"

"You silly child!" exclaimed Miss Dallas, patting her cheek; "men don't marry women only for their utility."

"No, perhaps not," said Dot humbly, "but then you see, I am not even accomplished, and only five feet high. I thought he might not see my imperfections and idealise me, but there seems no chance of that."

Then she brightened up.

"I will tell him, if when he sees me again he is disappointed, not to mind saying so. I will try and bear it. I will go and say it at once, it will relieve my mind."

The dinner-bell rang. Dot looked dismayed at her tumbled garb and dishevelled hair.

"It does not matter," said the old lady kindly, "you can dine with Lord St. Maur."

Dot clapped her hands, and hastily arranging her dress, went to St. Maur's room. She opened the door very softly and crept in on tip-toe. All her nervousness had come back. She felt inclined to run away again. St. Maur was impatiently waiting, wondering what he had said to grieve his little Dorothy, when he heard a sigh, and a tremulous whisper of "Cœur de Lion."

"Dorothy," he cried, "little bird, where did you fly to? You have deserted me nearly all day."

"Did you miss me?" she said softly.

"Miss you! how could I do otherwise?"

"Perhaps now; but soon you will not want your little dog Tray."

Again that sigh; and this time it seemed akin to tears.

It began to dawn upon St. Maur what the girl's trouble was. It seemed so utterly incomprehensible to him that she should so have misunderstood his love for her that he could only hold her silently in his loving clasp. Then he drew her down closer till his lips almost touched her cheek, saying,

"Dorothy, am I to lose my wife because I gain my sight? cruel Dorothy!"

She rubbed her curly head against his shoulder, then said shyly,

"You are quite, *quite* sure you want *me* for a wife?"

"Who else?" giving her a gentle squeeze.

"Why, somebody grand and clever and big."

"How was it you did not discover I re-

quired so much before you proposed to me?"

A mischievous smile crossed his lips.

"I only proposed to be your dog Tray. I did not expect——"

The rest of the sentence was lost as she burrowed her head farther out of sight.

"You did not expect that I should want some one, little and piquant and brave. Child, look at me, I like to feel your eyes, though I cannot see them. When I heard that I should regain my sight, my first thought was that I was not dead to my art, you were not first simply because I believed I should have my wife in any case; but next, in the delight of seeing, was the fact that I could watch each ripple on your speaking face, could see it blush and answer to my every thought, could gaze into the eyes that from the first moment I saw them were like lode-stars to me. What do you think brought me here and kept me here? Some one who is not grand nor big, but quite clever enough to keep my intellect from rusting, some one who like the mimosa vibrates to every passing breath or faintest touch. If I am Apollo, that some one is my lyre. Dorothy, you are the music of my life. I had expected a truer note of joy than ever to-day, but instead, some jarring chord has marred its harmony. What is it, little one?"

Dot had remained quite still while he spoke, his voice and words were like heavenly melodies to her tired, craving heart. Her only answer was to stroke his face contemplatively, then as he did not speak but seemed to like the process, she remarked coaxingly,

"Cœur de Lion, will you say just once, 'Dorothy, I love you better than any one else in the world, and I will try not to be disappointed with you when I see you again?'"

She seemed so much in earnest that St. Maur gratified her by repeating it very gravely. Then he kissed her over and over again, as if by that means to express what mere words could not say.

Oh, the happy weeks that followed, so peaceful and so still, so unruffled! Geoffrey St. Maur always looked back to them as to a time of rest, a putting aside to strengthen for life's work; he could look back and thank God.

At last the day came when he was to see the unclouded light of day, when his eyes could bear the garish sunshine. To say that Dot looked in her mirror oftener and longer on that morning than she had ever done before would not be a libel. She put on her brown plush dress—he liked her in brown, she knew—then she robbed the small greenhouse of some of its choicest gold chrysanthemums and fastened them in her lace ruffle. When this was accomplished she surveyed herself from top to toe in Miss Dallas's bedroom, where there was a pier-glass. After a critical examination of the whole effect, she heaved a great sigh, and with a melodramatic sweep of her hand, remarked aloud,

"Well, if he is not satisfied, I cannot help it. I can't do better."

Then she went with a beating heart to the sitting-room.

Once again Geoffrey St. Maur looked out upon God's world; the winter sun shone mildly yet cheerfully, not sufficient to make a glare, but sufficient to gladden and give a clear sparkle to the water. With intuitive sympathy he had been left alone to look upon the face of his friend, his fair goddess, Nature; but for once she did not satisfy, he was just beginning to listen for a well-known sound, when he heard a light footfall, the handle of the door moved hesitatingly. He kept his back turned, to see what she would do. She went swiftly up to where he sat, and placed her hands across his eyes.

"Guess!"

He leant his head back, and she saw the smile upon his lips as he said,

"My Dorothy."

Her hands fell down, and his eyes looked into hers. Oh, they were as blue as ever, and their light seemed to dazzle her as she started back and deprecatingly put up her hand, giving signs of precipitate flight, but he sprang up, and caught her in his arms.

"Humming-bird, your wings are clipped, come and let me look at you."

He held her from him, and gazed his fill at the dainty little figure, the glowing, brilliant face. At first she kept her eyes down, but as a flower is drawn upward to the sunlight, so at last they were lifted as if unwillingly, half-pleading, half-roguish in their expression. How he revelled in every dimple, in the short curly hair that would stray at its sweet will in spite of every effort to keep it within bounds, in the sweep of the long lashes, and the exquisite curves of the rosy mouth that seemed made for kissing! But she could not bear his gaze longer, she drooped and paled.

"Cœur de Lion," she pleaded.

Then he showed some compunction.

"My little brown bird, my precious little Dorothy, Cœur de Lion's Queen of Hearts!"

She nestled in his arms.

"Geoffrey, you are not disappointed?"
He dropped on one knee before her.
"Countess, I kiss your hand."
She laid hers on his head.
"My true knight!"
Then she stooped and for the first time kissed him on the lips.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—ON PILGRIMAGE.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE in Paris—a typical Christmas, of keen frost, of ruddy faces and rubicund noses. It was about four o'clock, and a never-ceasing flow of pedestrians patrolled the streets, preferring locomotion on the pavement to trusting themselves to the four-footed animals sliding along on the slippery asphalte. Everything looked so cheerful, everybody wore an air of gaiety, those who had plenty of money and those who had not looked forward to *étrennes*, whether costing one thousand or one single franc mattered not to the recipients, both would be equally pleased; the value of a gift depending very much upon one's monetary horizon, a single piece of silver looming as large in the eyes of a half-starved child as a hundred thousand in those of a millionaire.

Phyllis heard the children's laughter and exclamations of delight as they inspected the brilliantly-lit and decorated shops, with an answering thrill of joy. She had been making little purchases to take home with her, for she had promised to be at Castlemount e'er the old year had been tolled to his funeral. And it was Christmas-tide. How differently spent from the last! yet she was not unhappy, though she had gained and lost so much; the gain would remain, the loss only be for a time, and so she looked at the representations of the Babe in the manger, or with outstretched hands seated on the knee of the "Queen of Heaven," with an almost childish sense of nearness.

To many a little one the Child Christ comes in the happy Christmas hours, for is He not one of themselves when cradled on His mother's breast?

Phyllis quickened her steps, the sharp air required rapid walking to keep up the circulation. Passing rapidly along till she reached her dwelling her foot was on the threshold, when she turned and saw a small dark-robed figure a few paces in front, reel slightly, then fall. In a moment the girl was by her side, and lifting her up, regardless of onlookers, who evidently thought the poor creature an impostor, bore her into the shop.

Madame Barret hurried forward with the exclamation, "*Mon Dieu! it is* Sœur Madeleine; she has been starving herself to do good to her poor."

With Madame's assistance Phyllis carried her up to her own room, and removing the thin cloak and crushed bonnet, proceeded to apply restoratives and warm the frozen limbs. Gradually Sœur Madeleine recovered. The first moment that her glance rested on Phyllis, she abruptly drew her hands away that the girl was chafing, and covered her face.

"Don't touch me," she said hastily, "I am not worthy." Seeing Phyllis's look of surprise she struggled for self-possession, and laying one hand on her shoulder as she knelt before her, said, "You are like La Sainte Vierge, and I am a sinner."

There was intense self-loathing in her expression as she spoke.

Madame Barret, who had entered with a cup of hot soup, negatived this statement with a vigorous shake of the head.

"Mademoiselle, she is an angel of goodness. See, she is just dying by inches to have somewhat to give to others."

"Nay," replied the Sister, "it is because I must go on Pilgrimage that I am saving, then I shall be healed, but not till then."

"Ah, petite Sœur," cried Madame, "*Priez pour moi*, the saints will listen to you, I have so little time to do anything for them, and they seem so far away, but they come near when one is on Pilgrimage, they say. You will remember me to Notre Dame de Lourdes."

Sœur Madeleine looked up. "Madame Barret, I shall be content if when I lay myself at her feet I hear the Lord Christ say, 'Neither do I condemn thee.'" Then she closed her eyes wearily for a moment, and said, "May I rest here awhile? I must be back by seven."

"You are too ill to go," said Phyllis eagerly. "Won't you stay all night and let me nurse you? you are too weak to move."

"Thank you, you are very good, but I have my work to do, and the time is short. I sometimes get these attacks of faintness, but they soon pass. Rest and warmth will revive me."

Phyllis fetched a pillow and made Sœur Madeleine lie down on the couch, covering her up with a rug, then seated herself in an easy-chair opposite, Lion at her feet. The Sister glanced uneasily at him, and said, "Would you mind putting your dog in the other room? I am rather nervous."

Phyllis complied. Sœur Madeleine covered her eyes with her hand and lay so still that

Phyllis thought they were closing in sleep, but under the shade of the slender fingers they never faltered in their unwearying gaze. They saw a pale, oval face, so pathetic in its look of patient waiting. Her head was thrown back against the chair, and her whole attitude betokened a sweet restfulness, partly engendered by fatigue that welcomed the quiet of the little chamber, and partly by the thought that in another week she would be clasped in Bernard Maxwell's arms and hear his tender whisper of "My St. Cecilia." She little knew how a tiny flush stole into her cheeks, and her lips broke their sad line and melted into a delicate curve, the faint shadow of a smile.

Sœur Madeleine watched her with, oh! such a longing, yearning, passionate desire! It told of a wonderful power of self-restraint and self-abnegation, undreamt-of once, that she was able to lie there, still, as if unconscious, holding fast to her purpose, of which the first step towards fulfilment she intended to execute that night. Six o'clock struck, she started, she had not much time to spare. She found that Phyllis had fallen into a sound slumber; the girl's nerves were overstrung, and her cold walk had made her drowsy.

Slowly the woman on the couch rose, she had been accustomed to sick chambers, so that her step was very noiseless; she donned her bonnet and cloak, and approached the sleeper, and no one was by to rouse her, to say, Wake, Phyllis, wake! Sœur Madeleine stretched out her hands with an appealing gesture, then knelt and kissed a fold of the girl's dress. Softly she went to the door, opened it, and paused an instant as if irresolute, but a low growl from Lion, who though imprisoned heard and disapproved of the stealthy steps, made her close it hurriedly. She went swiftly down the stairs, no one was in the shop; she gave a sigh of relief and darted out into the street. How bitterly cold it struck! She shrank and shivered, but went on, heeding nothing, feeling nothing, but that the end was near. To save her strength she was just going to call a cab when a plaintive voice fell on her ear. Two thinly clad pallid children were crouching on the ground, trying to infuse warmth into each other by sitting close. One, a delicate-looking boy, was saying to a small pinched girl, "Mimi, if we only *had* a *loaf* to take home to mother! I wonder why people are glad at Christmas, when we are cold and hungry? Mother looked so white and only smiled when I kissed her. I wanted to ask her if we were to have no supper, but I couldn't; she never complains, does she, Mimi?"

The boy stopped, for a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he found in his palm something hard and shining. When he lifted his head the donor had vanished. Eagerly clutching the coin he took it to the nearest lamp-post. Yes, there was no doubt about it, it was a Napoleon. "Mother said the Babe in the manger always brought something good," he cried; "come, Mimi, we shall have supper after all."

Sœur Madeleine sped on, she had no money now to spare. Up the long steep ascent of the Rue de Lafayette she toiled; its very directness was welcome, her one idea was to go straight to her goal. She arrived at the Chemin de Fer du Nord in time, and taking a first-class ticket, got into an empty compartment; she wanted to be alone. She did not attempt to lie down and rest, but sat in the corner gazing out on the ever-shifting scene. The train bore her on, through the straggling suburbs of Paris, past long lines of sentinel-like poplars that stretched their gaunt arms over the canals, no longer waterways but frozen hard, a silent thoroughfare. The sky was cold and clear as steel, the moonlight making every outline stand out with razor-like sharpness, and throwing in shadows with Indian ink, so black they loomed. The woman saw it all, but was only conscious of the stars throbbing, each pulsation beating in her brain with maddening persistency. All senses were lost in the one of feeling. She felt the pulsing of the stars, each like a pin-prick marking out the past, tracing the pattern of what *had* been, of what *might* have been. The night passed like a dream; she knew she was on the sea by the hissing and the swirl of the paddles as they turned, and they too seemed to mark the beats of time, of time which would so soon end for her. Once more she stood on English soil; four years before, she had left it broken in pride and spirit, but with the wonderful power of beauty unimpaired; now her foot trod the old accustomed ways, and not her most intimate friend could have recognised in the haggard, old, dying woman, the one who had reigned a Queen of Hearts. No, she was safe from detection. Soon she found herself in London, and after taking a light breakfast, wandered through the streets. It was Christmas Eve. Oh! the happy faces everywhere; and she, an outcast, stood before the door of the house she had once occupied, a bijou residence in Park Lane. How well she re-

membered its elegant fittings, its soft carpets, the whole redolent with the scent of flowers! and she could see the dainty mistress in a flowing velvet robe distributing her smiles as impartially as her pretty cups of tea, and as some like their Bohea sweetened and others do not, so flavouring her conversation with piquant raillery, or tender sentiment, or with graver natures making her large brown eyes put on an absorbed deeply thoughtful look, more intoxicating, because more rare and unexpected from so apparently light-hearted a butterfly. But one night was graven in Sœur Madeleine's memory, when a man had flung himself down at her feet and prayed her to be his wife, and she had drawn her very skirt from him, and he saw the loathing and the scorn in her eyes and had gone out, and the next she heard was, he had spurred his horse over the cliffs and lay a shapeless mass on the rocks below. Like Helen of Troy, the love of her had brought sorrow to many a life; but this man's death had caused her no regret, he had deserved it she thought, but now that cold dark face came up before her, and the slam of the street door as he had gone out in the darkness seemed to echo like a knell in her heart.

Once again she was being whirled along; it had been snowing heavily, and in the gathering gloom the land looked weird and ghostly. "My grave clothes," she murmured wearily. She had reached her bourne at last. There were three miles to walk from the station, a sharp frost had set in, and the snow crackled crisp under her feet. The small, dark, moving object was the only living thing to be seen for miles. Little twinkling lights peeped out here and there, telling of a home; the wayfarer shivered, but plodded on, each step dragging more heavily. She gazed upwards, one by one the lamps in heaven were lit by the angels; she covered her face with her hands, for the sky seemed full of eyes, looking into her inmost soul; but the beating in her brain had ceased, it felt numbed. Still she pressed onward, her strength was failing, but the cottages became more numerous, and she saw the river flowing darkly, silently; if she could but lay herself on its breast! As she neared the village, where the road dipped down between the woods, the snow had drifted and impeded her progress; but the sight of the church tower through an opening in the trees infused new courage. "At last, Marion, I have come!" she cried. With tottering steps the churchyard was reached. Hurriedly she made her way to where a marble statue gleamed white against the blackness of the heavens; snow lay on the steps, and as if in some warm bed or long-looked-for home, Sœur Madeleine laid herself down at the base of the pedestal. And the moon rose, glorifying the upturned chiselled face, and faintly outlining the dark figure lying at its foot.

SUNDAY READINGS FOR NOVEMBER.

By THE EDITOR.

FIRST SUNDAY.

I.—WHAT IS MEANT BY LOSING OR GAINING THE SOUL.

Read Psalm xxxvi., and St. Matthew xvi. 21 to end.

WHEN our Lord puts the well-known question, "What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" we are led to ask, What did He mean by the soul and its loss or gain? The ideas commonly attached to these expressions are very unreal. Many think of the soul as if it were a portion of their nature which may be made the means of either rewarding or punishing themselves; as if it were an entity which is saved when it is put into a place called heaven, and lost when it is put into a place called hell. Closely connected with such views is that class of questions often put by those usually termed "revivalists," when they ask, "Is your soul saved?" thereby meaning, "Have you reached an assured belief that when you die you will, for Christ's sake, be perfectly safe?" A few brief reflections on the significance of what Christ said may help us to see the true relationship of salvation to the "soul."

The first thing which arrests us is the fact that the word translated "soul" in the Authorised Version is the same as that which is rendered "life" in the preceding verses, where it is said, "Whosoever will save his life for My sake will lose it, and whosoever will lose his life for My sake the same will find it." How utterly confused would this become if we were to substitute "soul," in its usual

sense, for "life," and read "Whosoever will save his soul for My sake will lose it, and whosoever will lose his soul for My sake the same will find it." We have only to make such a transposition in order to learn that Christ could never have employed the term "soul" here in its common modern acceptation. Adopting the Revised Version our Lord's words ought to be read thus, "What shall a man be profited if he shall gain the whole world and forfeit his life? or what shall a man give in exchange for his life?" What life? Certainly not bodily life, because He had been just telling His disciples that it is a life they would lose if they refused to die for Him, and a kind of life which would be only deepened by death endured for His sake.

It is therefore clear that by the loss or salvation of the soul Christ meant a spiritual condition which constitutes either the life or the death of a man, a state of character which is heaven, or a state which is hell. To perish spiritually is consequently not to cease to be, any more than the man who has lost his memory or reason ceases to exist. He who loses his soul, in the sense in which Christ speaks of it, may live on and feel and think in this world or the next; but if he has quenched that kind of life which ought to have been his, as made in the image of God and redeemed by Christ, then has he lost "himself" in the most real signification, because he has lost the great gift involved in his humanity.

For the true life of a man is that which links him to the eternal. The purpose of his creation and redemption was that he might be in fellowship with the divine mind. When we possess this life we are joined to the whole family of God in heaven and on earth; when we are without it we cannot enter the kingdom of God or perceive its glory.

That this kind of life is the end and satisfaction of our being is evidenced by the instinctive craving in every man for God and for the absolutely good, and fair, and pure. We all know that there is a life which ought to be ours, a life which cannot be measured by days or years, nor be disturbed by any change of outward circumstances; it is the life of goodness, love, purity, joy; it is the very life of God Himself, and it is the ideal life of man, on the loss or possession of which his salvation depends.

But we are not left to the groping of our better instincts to discover its character, for Jesus Christ has revealed it. "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men." "The life was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness and show unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." We can, therefore, never know what we possess in humanity, or what it is possible for us, as men, to reach, until we see our humanity as it is in Christ.

We are, perhaps, in a better position now to understand the question—What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose this life? It is put as an affair of merchandise. In one scale is placed "the whole world," by which we may understand all that a man may have as distinguished from what he is; all that comes from without; all that the most soaring ambition, the most refined taste, or the wildest passion can conceive; and when in the other scale there is placed the man himself with his infinite capacity for good or for evil, it is asserted that all else is outweighed. The question does not refer to the possibility of possessing both worlds, for we know that "all things" become ours, "the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are ours when we are Christ's," as "Christ is God's." In self-surrender there comes richest acquisition. But that is not in question here, where the matter refers to the unprofitableness of gaining the outward at the expense of the inward.

The unprofitableness of this is apparent. We can all appreciate the greater excellence of a peaceful conscience and of a pure and loving heart, over the possession of untold wealth combined with the empty soul of the miser or the moral degradation of the debauchee. St. Paul in chains was in that sense richer than Felix on the judgment-seat, and John the Baptist in the cell was wealthier than Herod at the feast. But life in God and His life in us mean more than mere goodness and rectitude. Christ stated a condition which must hold true as long as God is God and man is man when He said, "This is eternal life, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." For to be towards the Father as sons, in sympathy with His mind and obedient to His will, is eternally the true life of man, by whatever method or in whatever measure it may be attained.

SECOND SUNDAY.

II.—THE LOSS OR GAIN OF THE SOUL.

Read Psalm xli., and Romans vii. 13—viii. 4.

The loss or gain of the soul, when we understand it as the loss or gain of that life in God which is the ideal of our humanity,

is an intensely real matter; it is being fulfilled in one way or another every hour we live. Each man, whether he wills it or not, is engaged, consciously or unconsciously, in a traffic which involves the most vital interests. How easily may we lose our life in God! With one man it is the toil of business and the constant worry of occupation which so engross him that the higher aims of existence lose their attraction. The nobler ideal which he may once have formed ceases to influence him. He is gaining the world with its material successes and its social rewards, but ever and anon he is aware of pure voices becoming silent which once spoke to him of a better path than that of earthliness. He knows that there is a life perishing within, which was capable of attaining to truer riches than can be derived from any abundance of the things he is possessing. With another it may be ease, comfort, luxury, which are choking down every earnest aspiration once formerly experienced. Or with another it is sensuality and passion which have swept like a blast of death over each fair flower of early purity, and which have petrified each better impulse; while with another it may be nothing more than the nothingnesses of what is termed society. Alas! if for such matters as these we should barter our life as children of God, and the majestic possibilities of our redeemed nature.

And, alas! too, if we should know that we are doing so. If by the emptiness of our prayers and the gradual drifting of our affections from their once purer sympathies; if by the sharp pricks of conscience which now and then arrest us, though in vain; if by the ever-recurring consciousness of the chasm which is widening between us and the heavenly life; or, worse still, if by the terrible possession of a seared conscience, of a heart that is ceasing to feel, and of a will that has become stiffened under the power of habit—alas! if by these and other tokens we are made perforce to know that we are exchanging the blessed life which might be ours for one that is at the best a counterfeit. What doth it profit now, and what shall it profit when every illusion has given place to reality? If now amid the bright voices of earth we are conscious that there is an exchange being made; that there is an undercurrent carrying us away day by day from the calm, blessed life that is for us in God; what shall it be when the end shall have been reached in the possible destiny of one launched on the shoreless sea of existence, and self-banished from the Eternal Good? It is surely of nothing less than this that Christ speaks when He asks, "What is a man profited should he gain the whole world and lose his life?" that life which is his truest humanity—himself in the strictest sense.

But there is another side and a further question put by Christ when He asks, "What shall a man give in exchange for his life?" Or, in other words, what shall he give in order to recover that life in God which he may once have forfeited. It is a tremendous question, for how shall any one buy back lost innocence, a peaceful conscience, tender sympathies, a heart pure in thought, and visited by holy aspirations? No sacrifice can appear too great to the earnest seeker after treasures like these if they have been lost. No penance will appear too painful if there is any promise thereby of recovery. If he can only cut deep enough to remove this "ineradicable taint of sin," how gladly would he welcome the sharpest edge of discipline? But such means as these are tragically vain. You may tear away the flesh, but not the inherent evil, which is too deep, too personal, too terribly "ourselves" to be removed by our unaided strength.

But, thank God, there is a strength for us. Jesus Christ came to seek and to save that which has been lost, to restore the life that has been forfeited, to re-inspire the love and hope and aspirations and courage which have departed. He gives remission of sins, not like a priest pronouncing some words of absolution, but by sending away from our hearts the burden of alienation and rebellion, and by destroying the power of sin in awakening a new love through His own divine love. He restores the life of confidence, and in leading us back to God he makes all things possible. He demands no more than self-surrender to His love and grace, that He may by His spirit "work in us both to will and to do according to the good will of God." In so doing He saves our souls.

THIRD SUNDAY.

ARE THEY FEW THAT BE SAVED?

Read St. Luke xiii. 23—30, and St. Matthew vii. 13 to end.

Such a question occurs naturally to every one who thinks seriously on our human destiny. The man who put it in this instance, was prompted in all probability by curiosity alone. It is a curiosity which is usually keenest when strict views prevail

respecting election and predestination. When that side of truth is chiefly dwelt on which sets forth the inscrutable sovereignty of God, the desire to know what the divine purpose may be for mankind, becomes intensely keen. We may accordingly suppose that this Jew, educated from childhood under a creed in which the most rigid views of election were taught, came to Christ in the hope of getting some authoritative statement from Him, whom he regarded as a prophet, on the mystery of predestination, which may have often puzzled him. And it was plainly to meet a curiosity like this that Christ gave the answer recorded by St. Luke, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate." It was as if he had said, "Whether there be few saved or many is no business of yours. What you have to do is to make your own calling and election sure, and that cannot be accomplished by indulging in idle speculations about other people, but by yourself struggling with your whole energy to enter through the narrow door that leads to salvation."

But the kind of answer we may expect to the question will depend on the views we entertain of the nature of salvation. If we identify it, as that Jew seems to have done, with the next world and with the final separation of the righteous from the wicked, then we enter on a field in which we can have little beyond speculation. The universalist would have his reply, and the narrow sectarian and religious bigot would set up his restrictions and definitions. But there is surely a nearer application of the term salvation which admits of consideration, while we leave in abeyance the mystery that surrounds the awful problem of ultimate salvation, whether universal or limited.

For if by salvation we understand deliverance from sin; if we are justified in applying the principle laid down by Christ, "by their fruits you shall know them," when we seek an answer to the question, "Are they few that be saved;" if we regard it as being primarily what the word originally means, viz., a condition of health, we may discover some solid ground for reaching a conclusion.

The question may therefore be put thus: Are they few or many who show in their lives that the Gospel they profess is actually producing in them the Christlike spirit of love, purity, truth, and righteousness? This seems indeed to have been the light in which Christ Himself viewed salvation when replying to His questioner, because He went on to cast discredit on a religion of opinions and observances, and to insist on the doing of the will of God as the only security. The eating and drinking in His presence, the privilege of hearing Him teach in the streets, and the kind of confidence which that outward nearness and that knowledge of His doctrines might inspire, are represented as quite worthless compared to the goodness of character which may be found among the very people whom the privileged Israelites and privileged churchmen of all ages generally despise and treat as outcasts. "Verily, I say unto you, they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

It is when we put the question in this sense that we find many grounds for serious reflection. Are there few or many whose lives are being savingly affected by the religion they profess, and of whom you can confidently assert that there is a salvation from evil actually going on and a goodness being reached, which is the fruit of their faith and love towards Jesus Christ? There may or may not be much attainment, but is there any growth at all?

When one contemplates the society which we term Christian, with its creeds and observances, the bitter thought sometimes occurs, What is the use of it all? What is the use of sermons and Sundays, and churches and Bibles? What good are they all doing? When we purchase an engine we expect it to accomplish the work for which it was designed. When we, in sickness, consult a physician, we expect that renewed health will be the result of his treatment. But how seldom is it when we go to church, or even to Christ with a certain faith in Him as Saviour, that in a similar spirit we expect to become spiritually better, and to be saved—I will not say from future damnation, which is often the only kind of salvation we associate with these things—but to receive such conviction and strength as may deliver us from what we are, and make us become more like our Lord and Master? It is strange that we are not more astonished at our inconsistency. So completely have things fallen into a stereotyped groove, that in the case of a large proportion of professing Christians, all that is meant by going to church, repeating prayers or reading the Bible, is little more than the observance of a religious custom. When they have done these, they say "we have performed our religious duties" very much as a Jew, having offered his bullock, might have rested satisfied that no other claim could be made upon him.

Or it might be compared to sick people fancying they had done all that was necessary for their health when they had gone at stated times on a visit of courtesy to the physician, listened to his statements, and paid him his fee, while they never permitted a single prescription of his to cross their lips. We make all allowance for the indirect effects of even the most formal habit of worship. We may say with truth that if these habits were abandoned the state of society would be much worse than it is, and that in spite of much unfaithfulness there is a tone produced, and a standard of life enjoined, which are of the greatest value even in the case of the most careless. But after all is said, the contrast between the salvation we profess to be seeking after and the work of salvation in redeeming our lives from evil, is terrible and startling. We ought to be amazed at the manner in which so many among us listen to what is preached, and join in the prayers that are offered, and sing hymns that are requests as well as praises, and, when it is all over, go back to ordinary life to act on the very principles we have been asking God to deliver us from, and to display the very characteristics which we believe it was the work of Christ completely to reverse. "Are they few that be saved?" when thus put, becomes a most searching question.

We are very far from forgetting the vast number who are being verily sanctified and built up in the faith that is in the Lord Jesus, while we painfully recognise the many who say they "hope to be saved," but who pass by the kind of salvation which Christ is pressing upon them. The covetous man or greedy woman may say, even with a certain unction, that they look to Christ, and to Christ alone, for salvation, but they fail to realise that they ought to be saved from giving pence when they ought to give pounds for the advance of His kingdom. The impure may in their better moments hope to be saved by God's mercy when they die, but when the world and its temptations assault them they are as ready to pass as current coin the damnable excuses and proverbs that so often gloss over hideous social sores, as if Christ had never lived. They hope Christ will save them, but have no intention to let Him interfere with their self-indulgence. And ecclesiastics and churches are loud about the doctrines of the kingdom, but seldom seek to be saved from the spirit of quarrel and pride, and to be made like Him who came not to be ministered unto but to minister

But let us rather judge ourselves, and endeavour to make "our calling and election sure" by entering through the narrow door of that character which Christ came to impart, whereby we may share the blessedness of the one blessed home of the redeemed, where all are in true spiritual fellowship with the Father and the Son, through the one Holy Spirit.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

"WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Read Psalm xxxii., and Acts xvi. 16—34

The spiritual character of salvation, man's necessity, and the gift of grace, were never more sharply brought into light than in that hour in the prison of Philippi when the trembling jailor asked St. Paul, "What must I do to be saved?" and when the Apostle, replied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved, and thy house." The rapidity with which this man was received and baptized is a stumbling block to many who forget that he may have been more prepared than at first appears; for there is nothing to forbid the supposition that he had heard Paul and Silas preaching in the streets and followed by the girl, who cried, "These men are the servants of the most high God, who show unto us the way of salvation." The earthquake which shook the building to its foundation would then have served to awaken impressions previously received. Nor are we to imagine that St. Paul said no more than the formula we are so familiar with. The chief announcement of the way of salvation which is recorded as his answer to the jailor was only the text of his sermon, because we read that it was followed by a declaration of "the Word of the Lord." The suddenness may not, therefore, have been so great as it at first appears.

There are many good persons who characterize all such eager questionings after personal salvation as being essentially selfish; but if there is a cant of narrow religionism, there is no less a cant of culture. It is true that the highest form of religious experience is that in which all fears have been cast out by love, and in which the heart is occupied with God and man without any element of self-consciousness. Yet this is not the first or the most natural state of an awakened soul, and the cry "What must I do to be saved?" may be the truest evidence of a struggle to be delivered from a life of selfishness and alienation.

It is a question which may spring from

various causes. It may arise from a terrifying sense of responsibility and guilt, or from a hard and despairing battle against vanity, sensuality, the lusts of the world, the flesh, and the devil; or it may come from the convictions wakened by sorrow and the mystery of existence. And it is not evil, but good, when the soul, even in despair, thus seeks after deliverance, and longs for some strong hand of love which in its own bewilderment it can grasp. The death of all deaths is the criminal indifference or the cultured apathy which is without difficulty, because it either cares not for, or has ceased to believe in, any spiritual good. But the whole Church of Christ in every age bears ceaseless testimony to the fact that there is such a good for men, and it also unites with St. Paul in giving the same grand reply to the questionings of the anxious and penitent, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

It may be that such an answer, especially when associated with the narrow interpretations so often given to it, may sound meagre and disappointing to those who long for realities. They say, "Give us deliverance, and not a mere belief in deliverance." They ask whether it is conceivable that belief in Christ can reach to the fountain of the moral and spiritual sympathies.

This raises too wide a question to be discussed in a brief paper. We can but indicate one or two considerations by way of reply.

As God always works according to law, we must expect that, if the doctrine of the Gospel is true, there must be a necessary and vital connection between belief in Christ and actual salvation, such as we have represented it in our previous Readings. Belief is something more than an opinion or the intellectual acceptance of a dogma. The word itself shows that there is a close relationship to what we are—for "belief" comes from the same root as "life," as "love"—"believe" is just "belive," "belove." Our love and our life are therefore united with our belief. Again, self-surrender is necessarily involved in true belief, just as it is in true love. To believe in Christ is therefore a very wide, and at the same time a very distinct and simple matter. In that belief there are as many sides and answers as there are various wants to be satisfied. A man, for example, has strayed from God like a lost sheep, and finds himself as in a wilderness. He has followed his own devices and has now reached a point where life seems without any path that promises the satisfaction he had once hoped for. For him to believe in Christ is to realise that there is One in the universe who cares for him, and who is able to guide him into the way of peace; it is to listen to the voice that speaks to him and to obey it, following Him who is the Shepherd and Bishop of the soul. In obedience and self-surrender he is saved. Or another, under the despair which the mystery of existence has produced, and feeling the impenetrable darkness which curtains the world beyond, cries for light. That is the salvation he longs for. When such a man believes in Christ, it is the calm acceptance of what is to him unknown, but under the blessed confidence that He reigns whose name is love, and that, whatever happens, all will be in harmony with His good and righteous and perfect will. Or another, like the Philippine jailor, is stricken to the inmost soul with a sense of guilt and responsibility. He recognises himself as "one pollution," and he craves for forgiveness and for a new and clean heart. With him belief in Christ is the acceptance of pardon expressed in a love which takes him at once home to God, even as the Prodigal was brought home to freedom and filial liberty. And those who have found the shallowness and have tasted the disappointment and bitterness of life, believing in Him whose love even now encompasses them, and who has known, as they cannot have known, "the contradiction of sinners against Himself," are by that belief saved from their hard thoughts, because they learn that goodness is stronger than hate, and that in yielding all in love they receive from love the eternal enrichment of life.

The saving act of true faith is frank acceptance of the living Christ our Friend, Brother, and Saviour—the frank acceptance of His forgiving mercy, and the hearty self-surrender of ourselves to Him as our guide, the truth of our humanity, the life of our lives, the rest and satisfaction of our souls. It is not that we hold some opinion, on account of which we hope to be made safe when we die, but that we now prove His power to save us, to win back our affections, to guide our footsteps, to sanctify our desires, to calm our fears, to brighten our hopes, and to instil love, courage, and joy amid the perplexities and temptations of earth. The little child who simply takes the hand of his father, and in doing so finds guidance, support, and peace, presents the best picture of the act of faith Godward. In the belief of self-surrender we gain God.

THE WEAKER VESSEL.

By D. CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Rainbow Gold," "Aunt Rachel," etc.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

I DO not remember to have been often so angry and so grieved at once as this scene had made me. I wished to cool myself, and walking straight into the open air, I encountered Goldsmith, who had lit a big cigar, and was now swaggering with it on the drive with an eye to the impression produced upon the domestics by his raiment and his jewellery.

"What's the meaning of all this, Bister Dedham?" said the little man. "What's it all about?"

I asked him in return how he came to know Miss Delamere, and he beckoned me on one side.

"Mrs. Pole," he said, "set me to work to find out whether her husband was at all in cobbunication with the lady. I'm one of those sort of med, Bister Dedham, who want to do a thing thoroughly when they do it at all, and I wasn't goig to have a lady watched udless I knew her myself. I went down and had a look at her. I went down two or three times, and had a look at her. Charbing yug lady, ain't she? I think, you know, that Lord Worborough displayed uncobbon good taste."

I told him that I did not wish to listen to his opinion upon that question.

"That's just as you like," he answered, "but I've got the opidiod all the same. I went dowd to see her, because I foud out that the fools had followed you instead of goig after Pole. But look here! What's the move? What's she want waiting on Lady Worborough? I suppose she wants to get a dotion of how long she'll last."

Perhaps if I had been in less heat of temper than I was, I should not have answered him at all; but being angry already, and freshly angered by his coarseness, I told him that Miss Delamere had nursed Lady Worborough simply and purely because she was a saint by nature.

"I ain't so green as that," said Mr. Goldsmith. "No, Bister Dedham, that cock won't fight; not with me, adyhow."

It is not of much use to assault a man for being himself, but Goldsmith tempted me sorely. I moved away from him and walked up and down alone, aware that the servants were discussing the curious incidents of a quarter of an hour ago, and that they were consumed by curiosity. In a little while one of them emerged from the hall and came directly toward me. He was charged with a message from Miss Delamere, who desired at once to see me. I found her in a room neighbouring Lady Worborough's. The doctor was with her, and was standing over her in an attitude expressive of embarrassed sympathy.

"You must take me away at once," she said, agitatedly. "I cannot stay here after what has happened."

"I wonder that you submitted to such an indignity," said the doctor. "Without your express charge I would not have stood by to witness it. I have been thinking for a day or two past that Lady Worborough is not entirely responsible for her actions, and the last ten minutes has confirmed me."

I asked if her ladyship gave any sign of being convinced of the falsehood of her supposition, and he answered, "None."

"We left her in a towering rage," he said. "She will do herself a mischief."

It was obvious that the first and only thing was to move Mary with all possible expedition from the house. She herself had already given instructions for the packing of her baggage, and I left her for a moment only to arrange about my own, and to order a vehicle for the little hotel in the village, near the station. When I returned she had almost altogether recovered her self-possession, and we waited quietly until we were informed that our joint orders had been fulfilled. Then we drove away. I thought it wisest to make no allusion to what had happened, and Mary herself spoke of it but once.

"I am very sorry for her," she said then. "It must be very horrible to live with such thoughts about one's follow-creatures. I should never have chosen to nurse her, but it was not left to me to make the choice."

The carriage set us down with our belongings at the little hotel, and we were shown into a comfortless, fireless room there. We had four hours to wait for the train, and when, in obedience to our instructions, a fire was lighted, the chimney smoked so badly that we had to throw open door and windows, and to sit, as it were, in the open air. Altogether it was a cheerless waiting. The

hotel was very small, but it was at least four times bigger than there had been any reasonable ground for making it, and it was no more homely than a desert. When the solitary waiter of the establishment, who looked as bored as Robinson Crusoe must have felt, walked about the unclothed corridor, he made such echoes there in the uninhabited and, I suppose, unfurnished solitudes about him, that I felt as if we were in some house of huge proportions, some Castle of Otranto, with a lonely giant footstep wandering up and down in it. The waiter was shy of strangers, and so unaccustomed to them that he was embarrassed by our arrival. There was absolutely nothing to read in the place, and neither of us was in the mood for conversation. So we waited dismally enough, and anything, however slight, that happened in the road on which our windows looked became an object of contemplation, and took an exaggerated interest. It was not in the least surprising, therefore, that we should both have caught early the sound of a horse's hoofs, going apparently at a headlong gallop. The noise travelled with the wind, and came nearer with great rapidity. I stationed myself at the window, and to my considerable astonishment, the doctor, followed closely by a groom, appeared in sight. The two checked their horses immediately below me, and I ran down-stairs to meet them.

"I hardly have the cheek," said the young doctor, speaking rather pantingly, "to tell you what I have come for." He had ridden like an unaccustomed horseman, and was blown by his exertions. "One of the carriages is coming after us, and Lady Worborough wants Sister Constance to return. She doesn't merely want her to do it, but she's actually wild about it. You know enough about her to know what she's like, when she wants anything."

"She has utterly thrown over that mad suspicion, then?" I asked.

"Completely, for the moment," the doctor answered. "She declares that Sister Constance is an angel, and that she herself is a fiend. She says that she never believed it at all for an instant, but that she was tempted to say it simply because Sister Constance was so good and beautiful that she hated her for it and was jealous of her. That's a problem," the young doctor added, "for some men's reading, but it certainly isn't for mine."

I could do no less than take these strange and unexpected tidings to Mary. The doctor mounted with me, but left me to tell the tale.

"I feel impertinent," he said when I had told it, "in coming here at all. I should feel intolerably impertinent if I were to say a word to influence you, but all the same——"

He paused there, and made a little apologetic gesture as he checked himself.

"You think," Mary asked him, "that it will be better for me to go?"

"It will certainly be better for her," the doctor answered. "Of course you know that she makes a very violent display of any emotion. But she seemed quite dangerously agitated when I left her just now. If you could possibly persuade yourself——"

He paused once more, and made again that little gesture of apology with both hands.

"I will go," Mary answered, "if I can be of service."

"You have always had an influence over her from the first," the doctor answered. "Pray don't think me impudent; I can't help saying how good you are."

His eyes sparkled and his cheek flushed. He was obviously very much in earnest, and if he could have dared would have said more. He had not witnessed her sweet and noble patience all these weeks for nothing, and I had more than once suspected him of setting a higher value upon her than was quite consistent with his happiness. He never spoke a word, as far as I know, to indicate as much, but he had a worshipful way of following her about with his eyes which looked significant to me. Mary was a little embarrassed by his vivacity, but the sound of carriage-wheels came as a distraction, and we all three went to the window. The young medico blushed at her silence, and looked a trifle guilty, as if he felt that it reproved him.

We drove back to Worborough Court without delay, leaving instructions for our luggage to be sent on afterwards, and the doctor and the groom tore on ahead to carry the news of our return.

"Come with me to her ladyship's room when we arrive," said Mary, as we were driven along. "I am afraid of a scene, and your presence may help to keep her quiet."

The servants who were present at our arrival received us with an alacrity which seemed to indicate to my mind that they knew something of the story. I supposed then, and actually learned afterwards, that Goldsmith had been talking. Mary had spent but a day within the house, but her sweet face and gentle ways had begun to

tell even in that short time, as they did everywhere and always.

It is not an easy thing to analyse and proportion one's affections. I have been fortunate enough, on my way to middle age, to have known and cared for a round half-dozen of lovable people, which I take to be a rather unusual allowance for one man. One's affections differ, of course, in kind, although they may be almost equal in intensity. My wife is absolutely aware of my opinion and sentiment, and shares it with me thoroughly and without a sign of jealousy—a rare and pleasing characteristic in a woman. So far as my experience carried me, I believed Mary Delamere to have been the best woman in the world. She never had need to search for affection, but found it offering itself everywhere spontaneously. I took—at this period especially—a tender pride in her, such as I suppose a brother feels for a sister. The pleased willingness of the servants was, I believe, more agreeable to me than to her. It rejoiced me to know that people loved her; and when any phlegmatic creature, as sometimes happened, appeared insensible to her charm and goodness, I was angered. In plain fact—Love me and love my Mary Delamere was a prime article in my creed, which I could hardly have sacrificed to please anybody.

The housekeeper awaited our arrival among others, and came forth with something of a kindly bustle, saying that her ladyship was especially anxious to see Sister Constance at once. We found the invalid lying where we had left her, and her face showed evident signs of recent tears. Her eyes were red and swollen, and her magnificent black hair all wildly disarranged. At the moment of our entrance she stretched out her arms imploringly towards Mary, with a strange moaning noise which I thought eloquent at once of joy and of repentance. Mary took the outstretched hands in her own and stooped a little over her, but the poor thing dragged her hysterically to her knees, and threw both arms about her, kissing her and crying over her in an almost frantic way. This went on for a minute or two, and at first Mary made a gentle effort to disengage herself. Finding it useless, she submitted to these wild caresses, and, putting her own arms about the patient, drew her to her breast. At this Lady Worborough cried at first more violently than ever; but in a while the gentle embrace soothed her, and she lay there, heaping all manner of apology and protestation upon her recovered companion.

"You are an angel," she said over and over again. "An angel! an angel! an angel! How could you come back to me? If anybody had treated me in such a way, I should have killed her. I should have hated her for ever and ever and ever. Oh, my wicked heart! my wicked heart! What makes me hate people so? I have always hated people. I have always hated myself for doing it. Why does God make us to be so unhappy?"

She grew quieter by degrees, and Mary had a way with her which nobody else seemed to know the secret of.

"I shall never forget it," said the unhappy woman. "I shall never forgive myself. I shall carry the memory of it to my grave. I know when I said it, it was a wicked lie. I had to say it. I have no power over my tongue when I am angry."

I was slipping silently from the room, seeing that there was not the slightest necessity for my presence there, and thinking that she might be calmer in my absence, when she called me by name, and begged me not to go away. I was going, she said, because I hated her. Everybody hated her, except the one creature in the world who had most reason.

"And you don't hate me, dear?" she said, addressing Mary. "I know you don't, although you have a right to."

I besought her not to think that I bore her any hatred, and indeed, making all possible allowances for her explosive and capricious nature, her penitence and her affection for the woman she had wronged were so sincere that she touched me nearly. That slow-burning, passionate heart of hers had not been subdued to penitence and apology without an awful inward struggle, and I knew it. She held out her hand to me very feebly, and I took it in my own.

"You don't hate me?" she asked. "You love my husband, and you don't wish me dead?"

I could only answer that I was glad to know she cared; that I was extremely sorry for her, and that I thanked her with all my heart for what she had just said to Miss Delamere.

"But you hate me," she insisted. "You hate me. You must hate me."

"My poor dear Lady Worborough," I answered, "why should anybody hate you now?"

"Ah!" she answered, with a great sigh, "I suppose you can all afford to forgive me. I shan't trouble you long, I know. I've lied

about that as well. I won't see Walter, mind you. I'm not going to make things up with him. I'm not so weak as that yet, and never shall be. It was all his own fault. If he had beaten me as I deserved when I first broke out, we might have been happy always."

There was no reply possible to this astonishing statement, though it might have been true enough to an exceptional sort of feminine human nature.

"You will overexcite yourself again," Mary said gently, "if you talk too much. Let us stay here together quite quietly, and say nothing. It will be better to go away, John, because Lady Worborough is really in need of quiet."

"My name is Adelaide," said her ladyship, with a touch of her habitual wilfulness and irony in the tone of her voice. Then, with a sudden change, "Call me by it. Please do call me by it. *You* hate me, Mr. Denham, all the same. You wish me dead."

"Go away, John," said Mary decisively. "I am sending him away," she added, "because you must not excite yourself—Adelaide."

Her ladyship gave a little gasping sob in answer to the name, a suppressed cry of pleasure and of affection. The daylight was fading by this time, and the fire was already beginning to cast a reddish tinge upon objects prominent in the room, making the shadows deeper by contrast. A great expanse of quiet country lay visible beyond the pale oblong of the single window of the room, and the red glow of the fire made the landscape dim and ghostly. I stole out of the room on tiptoe, and as I turned to draw the door behind me, I saw the two clinging to each other.

CHAPTER XL.

POLE'S lawyer was beginning to be impatient, and I had not left Mary and Lady Worborough more than ten minutes at the outside when one of the servants came to me with a message from him. He was afraid of missing the up train, and was angered at the unnecessary delay. I told him as much as I cared to tell of what had happened, and of the momentary condition of affairs, and he consented to wait another twenty minutes before sending in a message. This, I thought, would give her ladyship time to collect herself, and in her softened humour it was quite possible that she might be willing to give less trouble than usual. It was plain enough that she had already kept the lawyers waiting simply to assure them and herself of her own importance. Goldsmith had no other affairs likely to be as profitable as this, but the other man was differently situated, and had reasons for desiring to get away quickly.

At the end of the twenty minutes a servant was dispatched with a respectfully worded message. Mary herself returned with the answer. Lady Worborough after the excitement of the day had grown alarmingly faint and weak, and had just fallen asleep. She did not think it advisable to awake her. It was certain that most healthy people would have found the wild excitement into which she had been plunged more than a little trying, and to an invalid as she was the day was certain to have been really dangerous. The lawyer hum'd and hah'd, but finally resigned himself, and sat down to write a lengthy letter of instruction to his staff. Mary went back quietly to her patient, and the hours went by in great dulness. I myself should have returned to town by the late train, and was indeed prepared to do so, but for an encounter with the doctor, who came with a face of great gravity to consult me.

"I have just been to see her ladyship," he said. "She had slept for an hour when she awoke, and frightened Sister Constance by her extreme languor and feebleness. I don't like the look of things at all, and I can't accept the responsibility of the case alone. I shall send a telegram to Dr. Mason detailing the symptoms and leaving it to him to come down if he thinks them sufficiently grave, and I shall wire to Exeter." He mentioned the name of a well-known physician there, and added, "He is almost as good as anybody, and he can get down here by the local train by midnight."

"You think things really serious enough for this?" I asked him.

"I think things very serious indeed," he answered. "We have had two or three hours of almost uninterrupted raving, and she is not in a state to stand it."

I decided at least to await the arrival of the physician from Exeter, and by the messenger who carried the doctor's telegram I sent a dispatch to Clara, apprising her of my resolve and the reasons which inspired it.

The doctor, the two men of law, and I dined together, and made a grave party. Goldsmith had heard the news and showed more feeling than I had expected.

"I'll tell you what it is, gentlemen," said Goldsmith, looking from one to the other of us. "This is neither more nor less

thad a judgment. That's what it is. A judgment. You may think it's only a coidcidence, but that ain't my way of looking at it." The doctor asked him what he meant. "You don't know the story?" said Goldsmith. "Well, it ain't ady business of mine to tell it to you. Bister Dedham knows the story, and he understads what I'm talking about."

I understood more than that. I comprehended perfectly Mr. Goldsmith's unwillingness to make anything but a veiled allusion to that history in the presence of a respectable member of his own profession. Pole's lawyer would certainly have refused to sit at the same table with him, had he been aware of the facts of that strange episode. I was not proud of Mr. Goldsmith's society myself, but I could not very well evade it at the time. I occupied myself for a while by thinking what that eminently respectable practitioner would say and do if I should unveil Goldsmith's secret to him then and there. When, after dinner, Goldsmith buttonholed me apart, and started anew his theory that Lady Worborough's disaster was a judgment, I had been thinking so warmly of his scoundrelly participation in her terrible plot that I felt constrained to ask him to address me as rarely as possible.

"It's pretty bitter on a cove," said Goldsmith; "you'd have done it yourself if you'd had that womad standig over you."

He went away, however, and even seemed a little depressed by my disapproval.

The doctor spent most of his time in her ladyship's apartments. She had been got to bed, and was now lying there in a state of marked prostration. I saw him only once before midnight, and then his looks were so sombre and his words so few that I was certain he thought the aspect of the case to be growing graver. Mary, during these hours, I did not see at all, for she remained constantly in attendance upon her patient. It was half an hour after midnight when the physician from Exeter arrived. I think he was the most reserved and guarded person I had over met. He refused to commit himself to any opinion, hopeful or despairing. He did not even say that her ladyship's position was critical, but simply decided to wait and watch. On this unsatisfactory no-verdict I went to bed, but I found myself unable to sleep, and after tossing to and fro for a couple of hours I got up again and partly dressed myself. The materials for a fire lay ready in the grate. I set a light to them, and wrapping myself snugly in a dressing-gown, sat staring at the blaze, and allowed my thoughts to wander where they would. They never wandered far from Lady Worborough and those who were most intimately about her. I thought a good deal of that striking coincidence which Goldsmith regarded as evidence of a judgment. The woman whose body had been passed off as her own, and whom she had pretended to identify as herself, had been injured in the same manner, and had been carried to the same hospital. But I am not a believer in miraculous interpositions of that kind.

I had brought no books with me, and time crawled so slowly, and my own thoughts grew so dreary, that at last I decided to steal into the library, which was at the far end of the corridor in which my bedroom was situated. Lady Worborough's apartments were about midway. I lit a candle, and looking out, saw the doctor in the act of leaving his patient's room. The light I carried attracted his attention, and he moved towards me. We met half-way, and he looked graver and more anxious than ever.

"The pulse is feebler," he said; "the temperature is lower. I don't like things at all."

"What does your colleague say?" I asked.

"He is reserved, but he doesn't look confident. I am inclined to think he will wire for Mason."

I told him of my inability to sleep, and asked him to let me know if the change became more marked. He promised this, and I went on to the library. Having secured a book or two there, I returned to my chamber and sat down to read, with such excellent effect that when I had gone steadily through a dozen pages, I had not the remotest idea of the meaning of a single phrase. I knew that I had been reading diligently, but my mind was busy with other things, and refused to take cognisance of the message the eyes brought it. Having tried again, and having, by dint of resolution, fastened my mind to the first paragraph, I found myself at the end of the third page, in the same position as before. So I gave up the effort, and my mind went wandering again in the mazes of fantastic waking dreams. I came out of them once to replenish the fire, and again when my candles flickered in the sockets and went out. The room I sat in was cosy and homelike enough, and the fire gave a light which would have been clear enough to read by if I had been so minded. But I felt eerie and alone, and the

sense of the likelihood of approaching death laid a chill upon my heart. The shadow feared of men seemed in the house already and touched me where I sat.

Suddenly I heard a cautious footstep in the corridor, and a light tap upon my door. It was the doctor.

"There is no doubt now," he whispered. "She is sinking."

"Is she conscious?" I asked.

"She is conscious," he answered, "but she is suffering from what we call aphasia. She has tried several times to speak, but she cannot use the words she wants. Her phrases are unintelligible."

I told him that Lord Worborough ought, with as little delay as possible, to be informed of her condition. The local physician would know the country, and could tell us how best to dispatch a telegram to town. The young doctor went back to consult him on this theme, and returned with the message that a man was all night on duty at the railway station, and would probably be able to dispatch a message. I had assuredly nothing better to do, and I decided on going there myself. I completed my toilet and set out. One of the servants offered to provide me with a lantern, and I went round to the stables with him to secure it. The night was pitch dark, and so absolutely without a sound that more than once between the house and the lodge I felt impelled to pause and listen. The silence hummed in my ears, and I was glad to break it by the noise of my own footsteps. The gates were closed, and I had to awake the lodge keeper, who came down in a state of great alarm. When I had told him my errand he was eager to take it upon himself, but I knew the road as well as he, and declined his services. It was better to be walking on even in that monotonous unchanging little circle of light with the dense black of the night about me, than to be doing nothing, and sitting in the house with that grim presence growing tangible.

The man at the railway station had nothing to do but to signal the coming and going of luggage trains, and to adjust a point or two. He had his telegraphic signal of course, in the box with him, but that was of no avail. The instrument used for the transmission of messages was locked up in the station. So far as the man knew, the station-master was the only person who knew how to work it. There was nothing for it therefore but to awaken that functionary, and to trust his respect for the great house to secure his goodwill and assistance. I got his address from the pointsman and went out in search of him. I lost my way for awhile, and went stumbling about the village without finding a creature of whom I could inquire, until at last I lighted upon a man with a cart, who gave me the necessary information.

When I had found the station-master, he was extremely civil and obliging and eager to be of service. We went down to the station together, and he signalled for a long time without securing an answer. At last, when we were almost on the point of despair, the gong set up a great clanging, and we knew that we had secured communication. Five minutes later I was back in the dark again, walking towards the Court. The station-master had informed me that if his lordship got the telegram within an hour he could secure a train as far as Bristol, could there take up another after an hour and a half's waiting, and could so reach the village three hours earlier than by the express. I had tacked this information to my message, and was certain that Pole would act upon it if he received it in time. I felt very strongly that if it were possible he ought to see his wife before she took leave of the world. Death clears all scores, and on his side there had, all things considered, been but little rancour. What there might be, I knew him well enough to know, would be buried now for ever.

I was more than two hours away, and it was still pitch dark when I returned. There was no marked further change in Lady Worborough's condition, but her attendants thought her just a little feebler, and had no hope at all that she would rally. Mary, so the young Doctor told me, was sitting at her bedside, and for hours past the dying woman had been holding her by the hand.

"That's a curious little bit of heroism and endurance, in its way," he said. "Did you ever try to sit for hours in one position? It's a great task. At times, it's something of a torture. It's one of those things that women will do. She may have to put up with hours more of it."

The night crawled on, wearily, with its silent stealthy comings and goings, its brief whispered colloquies, its monotonous questions and replies.

"Anything as yet?"

"Nothing."

Sometimes the mere lifting of the eyebrows gave the question, and a grave negative sign of the head the answer. It seemed as if the dawn would never break, but after interminable waiting the windows began to

show a ghastly grey, and lightened slowly, until at last the world was awake again. The dull, windless dawn was in keeping with the thoughts which filled me. The sky and the landscape that brooded under it looked alike cold and desolate, and there was a gloom upon the day. There is a mysterious tie between men and nature at such times, which makes her seem to deride or sympathise with our moods as a sentient thing might. All the while poor Lady Worborough lay slowly dying, and the woman she had plotted to shame and agonise sat by her like some pitying angel, nursing her hand, and soothing her last moments by forgiveness.

Somewhere between eight and nine o'clock a telegram came from Pole announcing that he had started by the train indicated in my message, and was *bringing Dr. Mason with him*. I communicated this to the doctors, and asked if there would be time, in their judgment, for him to reach us before the end came. They thought so, but had no certainty in their opinion.

The elderly lawyer was either an early riser by habit, or was out at an unusual hour that morning. I told him the news, and he received it with a grave tranquillity.

"It is better so," he said.

An hour or two later the housekeeper informed me that Goldsmith had shed tears on learning that the end was now regarded as inevitable. He did not appear at breakfast, and I met him in the shrubbery, red-eyed and miserable. He came to me with no attempt to conceal his emotion, and without an atom of resentment, or even of memory, for our interview of last night. He was not sensitive to the opinion of others, and, except by actual violence, it did not seem easy to incense him.

"I was very fond of her," he said brokenly. "She was hard to get along with, and she had her faults, like the rest of us. But she was kind to me, very kind once, when I wanted it badly."

And so even she had her mourner, and had enlisted the affection of one heart at least, and kept it, though she might have won and kept others better worth the having.

I lingered as long as I dared before going down to meet Pole at the station, in order that I might be able to carry to him the latest intelligence. Outside the railway station I found quite a crowd of people. I suspect that the station-master had divulged the contents of Pole's telegram, which was not a very serious offence in the circumstances. The people were all quiet and expectant, and parted on either side to make a lane for the carriage. One or two of the villagers, whom I had known on earlier visits, came forward and made inquiries. By-and-by came the signal for the train, then the train itself. Then Pole, followed by Mason.

"What is the news?" he asked me.

"I think," I answered, "that you will be in time to see her."

"Has she expressed a wish to see me?" he demanded.

I had to answer in the negative, but I could tell him that she was strangely softened, and that there was some hope of a reconciliation even at this late hour. We entered the carriage and drove away amid the silent salutations on the village road, and I told the story of Lady Worborough's outbreak. There was no need for silence in Mason's presence, for he knew the whole history already, and I had made Pole aware of his knowledge of it. The narrative shocked one of my listeners painfully, though I slid past the indignity of the search without a word, and did my best to emphasize the completeness of the retractation and apology.

"Ah, well!" said Mason, with an aspect of relief, "I am glad that the thing was not of my doing. I allowed Lady Worborough to come down here, and I was afraid that I might have acted like a fool. I understand it now, and it takes a great weight from my mind."

I knew so well what happened afterwards from Pole himself and from Mary's account of it to Clara, that I can tell the story of the scene almost as if I had witnessed it. Mason told me something of it too, though he was very brusque and brief, not caring, I think, to trust himself to too prolonged a narrative. The dying woman was told of her husband's presence in the house, and was asked if she would see him. At first she made no sign at all, but lay looking straight before her. Mary said that the hand she held trembled piteously at the question. It was repeated to her with much gentleness, and turning her eyes round upon the doctor she signalled "Yes." The gesture of the head was faint, but its meaning was obvious. Pole was shown into the room, and his wife looked towards him with what was construed into a glance of appeal and supplication. She was partly propped up with pillows, and her left hand lay upon the coverlid. Mary still held the other.

Lady Worborough looked from Pole's face to her own disengaged hand once or twice, and made a feeble motion of the hand itself

Pole read this sign and took it in both his own. Mary rose and tried gently to disengage herself from the grasp which held her, but it tightened so decisively, and with a force which was so considerably greater than she could have expected, that she resumed her place.

The dying woman tried to speak, and did utter one or two words indistinctly, but they had no meaning to her hearers. She lay with closed eyes for awhile after this failure, and both her husband and Mary felt a change in her hands, a tenseness which at first they thought indicated some spasm of great pain, though they knew only a second or two later that she was but making one final effort of that indomitable will. She quivered in her passionate desire to find the word. She found it and she spoke it, the worthiest she ever spoke, and the last—

"Forgive."

Pole told her that he forgave her everything, fully and freely, as he hoped that his own misdeeds might be forgiven. He begged her that if he had wronged her in any way she would pardon him as truly. The effort it had cost her to find the word had almost exhausted her, and they feared that every breath she drew would be her last. But she heard and understood, and for a moment a smile flickered faintly upon her face. Then a most strange and pathetic thing happened. The feeble hands drew the hands they held nearer to each other across the coverlid, and when they touched released them, and lay lax in death above them.

So I may say of her truly that nothing in her life became her like the leaving of it.

CHAPTER XLI.

A ROYAL master of fiction laid it down as an axiom that when everybody can tell how a story will end, the story is ended. Here, for the rounding of this history, there remain but two or three things to tell. Mary and I returned to town together that same day, and Clara nursed her for a day or two with great assiduity, for now that the strain was over she proved quite overwrought. She was soon herself again, however, and we fell into our own ways of life at home, with some few differences. Pole had never once crossed my threshold since my marriage, and his reason for absence had been understood all along. He came for the first time about six weeks after Lady Worborough's funeral. He was serious at first, but he had always been a man to whom affectation of any sort was intolerable and hateful, and when in the course of our talk we happened to strike a comic fancy, he had one of his old bright and charming smiles in readiness for it. His troubles had aged him, and, young as he was, there was a touch of grey about his hair. The attitude of his mind had grown habitually serious, but he was not at all the man to cling to a departing shadow.

"I don't know," he said, "whether I have acted properly in coming here so soon. I have been guided by you so often, that if you will allow me I will take your advice once more. Mary is still staying with you?"

"Still," I answered, "and will stay, until the only person who has a right to take her away shall come to do it. I have been looking for you for days past."

"That sounds," he said, "like approval."

"It ought to sound," I answered him, "like complete approval. The fact is that if you liked to think so, your position for a time might be embarrassing and delicate. If you do not choose to trouble yourself at all about it, it may grow natural in a day."

Clara, who was of course aware of his presence in the house, came in at this juncture to welcome him. She stayed but for a moment or two, and on retiring said—

"Tea will be ready in five minutes. You will come up and join us, John, and bring Lord Worborough with you."

This indicated clearly enough another opinion on our side, and we followed Clara upstairs. Pole glanced about the room, but Mary was not there. He looked disappointed, and even a little nervous, but almost immediately she entered. They shook hands and we all sat down together, Clara talking at first with a rather forced vivacity. She soon conquered this, however, and the ice once being broken, we got on without further trouble. When we had taken tea, Clara moved into the adjoining room and sat down to the piano. I also sauntered through the folding-doors and stood to listen to her playing. It was by no means as firm as usual, and I was not long in discovering that she was crying softly to herself. But I knew that her tears were very far from being unhappy, and feigned to take no notice. In about an hour Pole said his good-byes and went away. He came again, and continued to come, not half as often as I should have been glad to see him, or I suppose a twentieth part as often as he would really have cared to call.

I remember that whilst these visits were going on, and whilst indeed they were comparatively new, Clara and Mary and I dined

together with that genial old Dr. Fish, of whom I have once or twice found it necessary to make mention in the course of my story. I met at his table the lady of the poor dear Hottentots. It appeared that they had changed their allegiance, and the poor dear Cypriotes were now in charge, after a fashion as mysterious as that of their predecessors. She hinted to me after dinner that Lord Worborough's visits were just a little —now didn't I think so? Were they quite? —Didn't I fancy, now, that they were rather premature? Did I think that they were absolutely and entirely?—well, she might say delicate?

"Dear madam," I responded, "Lord Worborough and Miss Delamere suffered horribly as the result of a wicked and shameful plot. They behaved throughout like persons of delicacy and honour, and they are acting now like people of common sense. It was I who took upon myself to advise Lord Worborough, and his visits to my house are at my invitation."

Whether the general Mrs. Grundy had more to say upon the question I never learned, and certainly never took the trouble to inquire. This particular lady was more abashed than I had meant her to be. She abdicated from her proprietorship of the poor dear Cypriotes for the rest of that evening, and went away early, with effusive "my dearings" and handshakings for Miss Delamere.

When we had quite settled down to the new order of things, and when that sorrowful past had at last sunk from the surface of our lives, we made a very happy quartette. From my dignified height of married man, I looked upon the two dearest friends I had in the world with a profound satisfaction and thanksgiving. Clara, from her extra elevation of dignity as married woman, surveyed them with a pleasure as genuine as my own. The ghastly dead past must have floated up sometimes in their remembrance, as it did in ours, but the great equal stream of time went on and drowned it deeper, hour by hour and day by day.

The haunted man, in his bargain with the ghost, lost all his memories of sorrow with the natural result we know of. It would be as sad to lose our memories of trouble as to lose our memories of joy. But we may all thank God that joy grows brighter in the retrospection, and that sorrow fades.

It was about this time that I received an unexpected visit in my official room. Mr. Delamere turned up there, as distinguished, as well bred, as condescending, and urbane as ever.

"My dear Denham," he said, "I have called upon you with regard to an affair of the utmost delicacy. I have never been able to refrain from a certain feeling of contempt for those people who make a lavish display of the emotions. I have, in fact, now in preparation for the press, a lecture delivered some years ago on the Control of the Emotions as a Sign of the Perfected Man."

I thought within myself that the control of the emotions was no doubt an admirable thing, but that the aspect of power in that direction might be less estimable where there were no emotions to control. But I held my tongue, and Mr. Delamere streamed on, calm, urbane, forgiving.

"I have never," he pursued, "closed my eyes to the fact that your charming wife and yourself have of late considerably influenced the career, the character, and the resolutions of my child. I do not inquire whether her resolutions to divide her life from mine were, or were not, arrived at as a result of that undoubted influence. I even applaud that fineness of sentiment, that high sense of honour in my daughter, which led her to sacrifice the instincts and the cherished associations of a lifetime. I presume that the instincts were inherited, and I cannot, and I do not blame Mary for acting upon a sentiment which I have found only too considerably active in my own career. She has an erroneous conception of the circumstances of the case. But I authorise you to inform her—I should rather say, perhaps, that I beg you to inform her, that I applaud her feeling, but that I consider that she has by this time more than sufficiently justified her own position. I come to you because I cannot again endure to be encountered with coldness by my daughter. I appeal to you as a man of honour to present my case as I have stated it. It is possible," he added, with a touch of dignified pathos which would have imposed upon me completely in the early days of my acquaintance with him, "it is possible that my very whereabouts may be unknown to her. You will find it indicated here."

With this he produced a card, and laid it delicately upon the table, like an artist and a gentleman. He took up his hat like an artist and a gentleman—he really had the most perfect and finished manner I have ever known—and rose to go. I promised that I would do my best, and told him I was certain that Mary would be the happier for the re

conciliation. He thanked me, and went away.

I took the message home that evening, and to be brief, Mary consented very willingly to call upon him, and next morning paid him a visit. As a result of this I wrote to him saying that she would continue her residence with Clara for some little time to come and asking him to visit her and us as often as he pleased. I expressed my joy at the reconciliation, and made myself a great deal more agreeable on paper than I felt internally towards him.

Sebastian had been upon our household list almost from the beginning, and it was like old times to hear him and Delamere, when they met together, orating one at another with all their original solemnity. Sebastian had turned to architecture, and had a theory that the reformation of the world from the great doctrine of ugliness was more easily to be effected in that direction than any other.

"The very streets of London strangle and suffocate the wayfarer," he would say. "The dull, eternal, unbroken straight line wearies the soul with its infinite monotony of repetition. The poisonous fallacy of utility has been the death of beauty."

I suspect that he wrote these things down and committed them to memory, unless when they came freshly from the paternal pump spout and he repoured them.

"I speak of the fallacy of utility, and I protest that I find no exaggeration in the phrase. The first essential in a thing is that it shall not be hideous. The second essential in given cases is that it shall be useful. Because you can pack more squares or oblongs than circles or ovals into a given space we sit in these soul-freezing rooms of ours, among flat walls and ceilings."

Pole was there, and asked him if he wouldn't keep the floors level, if only as a concession. Not to speak it unkindly, Sebastian had grown more tolerant of Pole's form of humour since the latter had come in for a great fortune and a peerage. I daresay that was true of many people, and I am not disposed to be severe on Jones. He smiled allowingly, and proceeded with the development of his theory.

"It is very heartbreaking," he said at last, "but nobody appears to care much. I dined last night with a contractor. One meets such people now and then. He jeered at my contention in a way which I felt to be quite tasteless and almost personally injurious. He positively told me that I need only exceed my average allowance of wine at dinner, and 'top up,'—that was the contractor's expression—with a dose of Old Tom and hot water in order to see the lines of any street arranged in as varied a pattern as I could desire. Of course that closed the conversation. One can't talk with such people. They veil themselves in their own coarse contempt against the light of thoughts beyond their understanding."

But Sebastian was even more enjoyable on one occasion when only Pole and I were present. It appeared that Delamere and he had clubbed together, and had resolved, for the sake of society, to dine in common when not otherwise engaged.

"And do you know," said Jones, "I begin to suspect Delamere of being a trifle selfish in an almost unbelievable direction. We have dined together, I should suppose, since this compact was entered upon, not fewer than a score of times. Now it happens that the man who caters for us at the Albany, though otherwise excellent, is possessed of but little resource or variety with respect to dessert. He has always served up a mere half-dozen of a kind of macaroon of which I am—one confesses to this kind of trifle with no shame—particularly fond. I appropriated them, of course, with Delamere's express consent, on the first evening. They became, so to speak, my property, and I looked forward to them naturally as the close of my repast. Now, last night, and positively also the night before, Delamere deliberately, and with obvious intention, appropriated them all."

Pole said that this was simply brutal, and Sebastian thought the term too strong. Really, he thought it unwarrantably strong. Pole was sorry, but regretted that he could not modify it, and Sebastian expressed his regret at having told the story. He valued Delamere, and had no wish to give his friends a poor opinion of him. For his own part, he was contented to describe the act as an unexpected idiosyncrasy.

I delighted in all this, not merely because it was so charming in itself, but because it showed that Pole still had a laugh left in him, and because he had had a more relishing perception by nature of the fun than I had.

Nothing was said of the one event which we all regarded as inevitable. Clara was full of wonder as to when the news was coming. It came out at length that Pole and Mary had decided between themselves to wait a year, and that they had resolved upon a very quiet wedding. To me, the time seemed to

pass swiftly, and I look back to it now, or at least to all but the earliest months of it, as the happiest of my life. There are few men who can boast of nine months so free from care, so tranquilly, uneventfully hopeful and content. To see the patient look of settled resignation fade from Mary's face, and to see the dawn of positive happiness in it, was in itself a joy which any man might envy. To see the same change in Pole, to watch the quiet hearty humour of the man growing more supple and more at home again within him day by day, was another and an equal pleasure. I thought Pole the best fellow in the world. Almost everybody has that opinion about somebody, but I am prepared to this hour to back my man, and if anybody should prove so fortunate as to win against me I shall never know it, and the winner will have a friend who is indeed worthy of his best affection.

I am getting very near the end now, and have little more to tell. But when I sat, revolving this old history in my mind a year ago, and determining to write it, I fixed upon a title for the story, as if it had been a novel. I decided to call it "The Weaker Vessel;" and that, if ever it should see the light of publicity, is the name it ought to bear. The episode, the remembrance of which decided me upon that title, has still to be told. The title itself has passed into a sort of byword between my wife and me, and we have grown familiar with the name.

It was only a week before the wedding when Clara the younger had been conducted, on a chill but sunshiny day, upon a walk by her nurse. This same Clara the younger has filled but a little place in these pages, though she was known to all hands aboard the family craft as commanderess-in-chief. We were all standing at the drawing-room windows at home, chatting and looking out on the fine bright weather—Clara, Mary, Pole, myself, and Delamere. Clara, Delamere, and myself, were at one window, Pole and Mary at the other. The little Clara was suddenly discerned in the street, toddling forward with outstretched hands and somewhat uncertain footsteps, treating the ridges of frozen mud as if they were half her own height. She had evidently escaped for the moment from her nurse, who was scudding forward in a stooping posture, either to pick her up or to sustain her footsteps, when a wildly driven hansom came tearing round the corner, and dashed in between them. The child was absolutely touched by the wheel, and thrown forward. The nurse girl, recoiling with a shriek, tripped and sat down upon the roadway. By a happy wonder, neither child nor nurse received a hurt worth mentioning, but for the moment my heart was in my mouth, and by the time that Pole and I had torn down-stairs together, got the hall door open, and discovered the pair to be undamaged, I was sick and faint.

I carried the little creature, who was not at all alarmed by her tumble, into the drawing-room, and there was Mary in an arm-chair in a state of perfect collapse. She had fainted clean away. There was a mighty hubbub for a moment, but we all calmed down, and in half an hour's time Mary herself, with a rather white face and tremulous manner, apologised for her weakness. She had imagined that both the girl and the child had been run over.

Delamere was very gorgeous to behold and listen to as he expatiated upon this incident, and turning to Pole, with his courtly and condescending grace, he said,

"You must have pity on the weaker vessel."

An hour later, when Mary had quite recovered and Pole and I were alone together, he delivered his mind of the thoughts which this utterance awoke in him.

"Jack, you heard Delamere speak just now about the weaker vessel."

I remarked that I had noticed the phrase, and that I had had some fancies about it.

"It set me thinking," said Pole. "The weaker vessel! In all things worth while to be strong in, much the stronger vessel, to my mind. How dares that hollow sham to condescend to a creature so infinitely his superior? Did *she* stoop to touch money dishonourably borrowed? And what did I do? Is it any vanity to say to you who know her as well almost as I do that she loves me? Is it vanity to suppose that she felt the separation as bitterly as I did? I know she did, Jack. I know the shame of being public talk in such a business made that sensitive heart bleed many and many a time. And whilst I was away in Paris, gambling, and racketing, and hating my kind, and eating the husks the swine do eat, she was tending her sick and her poor, and strengthening her soul with holy thought and pious living. Jack, my lad, they're better than we are. They're purer and stronger, and more patient to endure."

He was not talkative for a long time after this outburst, but several times in the course of the afternoon I heard him muttering to himself, "The Weaker Vessel!" in a tone of wrathful incredulity.

In the old tales the hero and the heroine always married and lived happily ever afterwards, and this strange episode in my own career shall end as so many other stories have ended—to the sound of wedding bells. Their happy riot has long since sunk into silence; but I know that so far peace and honoured usefulness and deep content follow their music. The wedding was a very quiet affair indeed, as it was long since arranged it should be. There were not more than half-a-dozen people present at it as spectators. Delamere gave away the bride, and Sebastian was there in his character of friend of the family. Sebastian, by the way, brought the only strange lady present. He had so far relented from his theory of beauty and utility as to sacrifice himself at the shrine of a conspicuously plain and outrageously dollared young woman who came from Oleoville, Pa. She was related to the Dodges there, and, as everybody knows, the Dodges are financially big fish even among the biggest.

I was particularly pleased to get a visit from McIlray on the very morning of the wedding, as I was in the act of dressing for the ceremony. I saw him in my dressing-room for an instant, and he was pleasantly excited by the news I had to give him.

"Ah'm glad," said McIlray, "that the good lad is going to be happy. I'll tell ye! Ef I may be permitted, I'll just get away to the church, and have a look at the ceremony from the gallery."

He made his way thither, and when the wedding was over and the handshakings and congratulations were all over likewise, and the wedded pair had driven away, I found him waiting at the church door for me. There was no wedding breakfast, for Pole had too active a horror of the possibilities of Delamere's eloquence on such an occasion to endure more than the bare prospect of it. I know this to have been the working factor in his mind, and in all seriousness I am not disposed to be surprised at his decision.

I should have been glad to meet McIlray at any time, for I had learned to have a genuine regard for him. But with Pole and Mary gone I felt lonely and a little disunited, and he came doubly welcome. We sat and talked about the chase in Paris, and I told him something of what had happened since. Then the conversation languished for a time, until his old unconscious watch-cry broke the silence. It sounded to me, in an odd way, as if there were a philosophy in it, as if it even reconciled discrepancies and expressed a sort of wisdom of generality in little.

"Ay, ay, Denham," said McIlray. "Ay, ay, lad! Ay, ay!"

THE END.

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

By the BISHOP OF RIPON.

THREE men (it is an old story recast) were disputing what was the mightiest thing on earth.

One maintained that princes were strong, for that they could do whatsoever pleased them, and men disguised their passions and knelt before them.

Another said: "Philosophers are strong; for even kings paid homage to philosophers; Daniel was greater than Darius, Diogenes than Alexander, Plato than Dionysius."

A third rejoined: "Women are stronger than kings or philosophers; for kings have forgotten their triumphs, and philosophers their controversies, in a woman's smile."

A woman was standing by and she said: "There is one stronger than kings, philosophers, or women. Philosophers may sway the minds of kings, woman may cast a spell upon philosophers, but the cry of a little child in distress will draw woman from the side of wise men and kings. Strong as all are, they are weaklings before infancy; wayward as they are, a little child shall lead them."

She was right. Watch with me how childhood reconciles all life, and learn to bless the wisdom which speaks to us by a son. It will not be strange that signs and wonders should be wrought by the Holy Child Jesus, for it is childhood that reconciles all life.

1. There was discontent in the land; yet it was a fair land, the streams were bright and full, and they sprang from cool, snowy heights, and tore past the roots of pine-trees and spread through soft, rich plains of meadow-land, and murmured past wide cornfields. The harbours into which the rivers ran were full of ships, laden with the precious and curious produce of other countries, and the air was pure and light and wholesome. It was a land of beauty, and riches,

and health; yet there was discontent in the land.

Anxious faces were seen everywhere. Men looked upon one another with suspicion, or averted their gaze from their neighbours, as if they had something to conceal. They gathered in groups at the corners of the streets, or under the shadows of houses, and broke up hastily if some footstep were heard approaching. All society bore witness to divided interests and conflicting opinions; the spirit of faction and intrigue was abroad; all were distracted between eagerness and apprehension, as though they had much to wish for and much to fear. There was distrust, and so there was discontent, for the king was old, and he had no son, and men looked forward anxiously to know something of the successor to the throne which must soon become vacant; and parties were formed, for many aspired to the crown; and parties bred factions, and factions brought suspicions and fears, and uncertainty drew misery upon all. For men feared to trade boldly when the future hung in doubt; and so business was dull, the wheels of commercial enterprise moved heavily, and gains were small and dubious. Doubtfulness wrought distrust, and distrust brought discontent upon the land. For who could tell which party would prevail? who could tell whether the next king would be the nominee of commercial or patrician interests? Who could tell how the faction that succeeded would wield their power? Who did not feel sure that no defeated party would quietly accept defeat, and acquiesce in the policy of the victor? Nothing but disquiet, dispute, perhaps civil war, loomed dark in the future. No wonder that in the present there was discontent.

While thus uncertainty, intrigue, and fear spread in the land, there came from the palace news which spread wonder and confusion everywhere; a son had been born to the king in his old age; there was an heir to the throne.

In an instant the aspect of the kingdom was changed; factions forgot their intrigues and looked coldly on their former favourites; those who had been fiercest in conspiracy were foremost at the palace in paying homage to the infant prince and loudest in proclaiming their welcome. Intrigues were defeated, for there was an heir to the throne; factions were united, for there was one to whom all could unite in allegiance; trade was revived, for the future became clear now that a son was born; prosperity smiled upon the land—discontent disappeared from its borders; the bright country brightened under the wand of peace and security. The people felt that the infant in the palace was a Son of Consolation to them all—to them, as well as to the king, a child was born—to them, as well as to the king, a son was given. And thus from the little cradle where the unconscious babe lay, his sceptre was mightier than his father's in allaying anxiety, in baffling factions, and in restoring peace.

And I thought how mighty is childhood in stilling the wrath of men and healing their divisions; and I thought how God has reconciled earth's factions by a Holy Child. For all the world is but a divided kingdom; interests are intriguing against interests; class is suspicious of class; nation is distrustful of nation; all are jealous of the supremacy passing into the hands of any one of themselves; like parties in a kingdom, they are aspiring even to the ever empty throne of the world. But God speaks to us by a Son. Unto us a Son is born: His is the vacant throne of the world; He is the heir of all things: He is the Prince of Peace, knitting all earth's rivalries into a holy emulation of mutual love: He is the King of kings, in homage to whom all may unite, and before whom every knee may bow. All jealousies and conflicting interests are reconciled in Him. Ephraim need not vex Judah, when over Ephraim and Judah one king reigns; all factions die before Him; unto every jealousy a Child is born, a Son is given, on whose shoulder all government shall rest.

2. The spot was a choice one. Before the windows of the stately mansion spread a rich green sward which dipped down towards a laughing brook; then the land rose again to carry on its high heaving bosom a thick forest of trees, as plumes upon a warrior's crest. Within, the house was sumptuously furnished; the hand of wealth and the hand of art had combined to adorn its walls and to emblazon its corridors and ceilings with the breathing memorials of a rich historic past and the witnesses of a splendid present. Gay and genial, serene and prosperous were the people who passed and repassed through the rooms; an air of well-bred ease reigned amid the halls, and the voices which broke upon the stately silence were soft and clear, as of those with whom life has dealt kindly; many and fair were the guests and visitors at so choice a spot.

Yet there was discontent in those magnificent saloons; upon the brow of the master

of the house dissatisfaction sat, and she who was his partner in all that splendour wore a look of deep unrest, and suspicion lowered upon the faces of both as some of the visitors passed across the threshold; for every one who might be looked upon as an expectant heir was distrusted in a house where there was no child. Restlessness, suspicion, discontent, began to cast an ever-deepening shadow upon that home, which wealth, and rank, and art had conspired to bless. Even the heavy tapestried rooms and their glittering furniture seemed to frown upon intruders; and, when voices were heard, their tones were as awe-struck tones of those who feel that some evil is at hand. Friends began to forsake the house which gloom was fast claiming as its own; and the burden of a life which has no occupation and none of the sweet blessings of enforced labour weighed upon the spirits and broke down the temper of husband and wife.

But one day a low wail sounded through those stately rooms, and a smile forced itself through the care-lines of the master's face, and footsteps were startled out of their monotonous majesty of pace; women's voices rose louder than before, and the wonted order of the household was set aside. And when months had gone by, the shout of childish laughter was heard, and a mother's eyes looked proud and pleased as two soft dimpling hands and rounded arms were held out in glee, or toyed ruthlessly with her husband's hair. There were little activities in the house now; the mother found a heart to hear of other people's children; the poor women found a readier welcome at her hall; the father was seen to go briskly about his estate with a keener eye, and with a more cheerful patience he heard the tale of needed improvements; evils and even wrongs, which his restless and impatient eye had never noticed, now caught his attention; the half-roofed houses of his tenants were repaired (were there not rosy-cheeked and dimpled-chinned bairns that slept in those cottages?); new schemes for developing the resources of the land found a ready hearing from one whose interests in the property reached beyond his own life.

Faces that had been frowned back from the house, as though they were spies who had designs upon the estate, were welcomed now; with glad triumph, but not unkindliness, the little heir was introduced to those whose expectations his advent had disappointed, but they were easier now in their minds than they had been before; the burden of suspicion has rolled away; they visit that house as men now, not as silent suppliants.

Happier hours, wider confidence, freer speech, truer love begin to grow; the care-lines faded out of those anxious, restless faces of husband and wife. The whole household is transformed; love, hope, faith are its established graces; the brooding friends of melancholy and discontent have taken flight since a child's laughter has wakened echoes among those sumptuous chambers. Master and mistress move more blithely; life has an object and a meaning for them now; they have one to live for now.

And I thought how strong is childhood in drawing to one common purpose the activities of half-divided, half-united men and women, and I thought how the splendours of life receive new meaning when there is one for whom they may be used. And I remembered that the inertness of men who have no reason for exertion is a constant misery to the world; but, that since to us a Child is born, there is no need for any to be idle, or for any to be divided, for that in Him all may find paths of activity—the nursery, the house, the field, the farm, the office, no less than the temple, are sanctuaries where He may be worshipped and honoured by honourable toil; the union of men's diverse characters and diverse gifts is found in Him who is Son of Man and Son of God. For union for union's sake is a myth—union can only be for an object; men unite for their country, for their interests, but never for the barren sake of uniting—it is the common object which draws them together. But this Child Jesus gives all a common object, love and labour for Him. He it is who maketh men to be of one mind in one house. He is the Son who unites hearts and houses. Unto us a Child is born in whom all true hearts may find union.

3. There was despair in a human heart. It was a heart scathed with passion as a volcano is scored with lava streaks. A tumult of wild desires, once gentle solicitations, now grown to be mad, imperious tyrants, has throbbed and clamoured in his bosom; and the doom of the selfish has fallen upon that excoriated heart—the passion which has sacrificed all upon its own altar has driven away all true and noble affection. The curse of solitude has fallen upon the selfish; his companions have fallen from him; he finds himself shunned as a leper by the virtuous, derided as a poltroon by the prudent, regarded as a burden by all. What is life to him? Hateful, objectless, hopeless. What

is the world to him? A spot in which no second chance is given to the fallen. Yea, and what use would any second chance be to one whose hand trembles with premature old age? what interest in labouring for that which at best would but prolong a life of silent agony? What is he anyhow that he should keep an existence which is useless to his fellows and burdensome to himself? Are there not quiet lakes at the base of those great hills beyond the town? Will not their silent depths be a fitting refuge from the world for such an one? The waters may be dark beneath the shadows of the hills, but they cannot be darker than his own thoughts and prospects; they may be cold, but they cannot be colder than the world's looks.

But as he hurries to fulfil his resolve, he comes to a leafy lane where a child has been gathering flowers—bright spring flowers—which beam forth from the clustering growth of the hedgerows. The child is stooping to pick up a fallen flower; he has often with rough gesture and angry word thrust children from his pathway in the street; but going to the chill waters of the black lake he cannot push the little one violently aside. Such a little one was he once. Would he could be such again! The child has risen and is holding out the fresh-gathered flowers in its tiny hand, offering them with the ready unselfishness of childhood to the new-comer. What a little hand it is! No force to fight hard against the hard, strong world! How fair and happy those new primroses look in the child's puny fingers! Flowers in a child's grasp! Feeble things to serve against a rough life! He takes the flowers; he cannot refuse the proffered gift; he cannot damp that simple, generous trustfulness by a refusal; but neither can he leave this little waif in this lone spot, he must retrace his steps and find the child's protector; the still lake below the hills must wait a little longer for its burden and his life.

And as he goes back the child at his side keeps up its simple prattle about the flowers and the birds, about the sky and the trees, and ever and anon will pause to drag forth a bright-eyed flower from its shelter. And the shades of night are falling as that strange pair—a passive, withered man and an untainted child—re-enter the town. He must take the child to his own low abode—the abode he never thought to visit again. He watches as the child sleeps upon his bed. How soft and confiding is the sleep of childhood—not troubled by the painful starts and the expressions of care that creep across the face of sleeping manhood. Will he find the mother? Will he be able to put the child back into her arms and see the look of joy and gratitude rush like the dawn across her troubled face? It would be a sweet reminiscence, it would be a pleasant last recollection to carry with him as he plunged into the cold embrace of those black waters below the hill.

But days passed by and the mother of the child was never found. Perhaps her feet had strayed towards the hills, and the dark fascination of the black waters of the embosomed lake had been too much for her, and the plash of broken waters had wakened faint echoes from the hill-sides as she fled from her child and from her shame. Who knows? But the child remained, and the man's heart began to think less hardly of life, and his eyes turned less frequently towards the hill beyond which the quiet lake was sleeping. He moved about gently, but as one who had a work to do. The child must not starve or suffer. If the child cried, he was at its side; he began to hum some soft tunes, and when the child smiled at the melody, he smiled too, and I think he was glad when he smiled.

And so the months went by, and the man wrought for his strangely-found charge, and the tempest-like passions seemed to turn and join together in one strong passion of industry and fidelity: he worked early and late, and the smile of the child, or its warm, soft kiss, was dearer to him than the heated, passionate embraces of earlier times. A master purpose began to possess his life; to this all his powers did service, and out of the old, spent furnaces of former passions he dug fuel for his new and noble aim. The freshness of his heart was given back to him; he could love that child, purely, unselfishly, patiently. All knew that he was changed—calm, vigorous, wise, gentle, loving he became, who had before been passionate, foolish, rough, and selfish. He always said that the child had no parents, but was an angel of God, clothed in childhood's guise, and sent to turn him aside from wrong and to lead him back to life, true life. Perhaps he was right.

But I thought again—How strong is childhood to transform the characters of men, to stay them in their selfish and self-destroying course, and to point them to a better and a purer life by forcing us to care for them, who, alas! are so prone to care only for ourselves; by teaching us that self-restraint which is

needful if we would care truly for them—yea! by absorbing all the other tempestuous desires into one strong, deep, faithful, high-souled love!

And I remembered that God had sent His Son into the world to draw the thoughts of men away from their sinful, foolish, self-destroying purposes, and to arrest them in the way of death. I remembered how He sought to give us a real work to do in life, better than all we have chosen for ourselves—even work for Him; how He has sought by one overpowering love to drive forth all other and baser loves, and thus to subdue all ignoble affection and all wandering desires; and in His love to renew our characters by ennobling our life, and by sanctifying our hearts. To us a Son is born, to us a Child is given, to show us that there is work for us in God's world and thus, however we may have failed hitherto, to reconcile us to life and life's work, however humble it may be, if only it be for Him, His smile and His love will be an ample reward.

4. There was sorrow in a human heart. For from its very side sweet love had fallen. They had been joined, their loves and hands, in the green spring season; and when the birds were preparing for their southern flight one had fallen, and his spirit had fled to a land farther than the sparrows' flight could reach. So short that bliss of wedded love, warm and brief as fleeting months of the golden summer, with the falling leaves, her hopes and joys fell down; and dull, blank, icy, speechless widowhood fell upon her. Listless she moved; quietly she spoke, but to those who had ears fine touched there was a tone of listlessness in her very voice; and indeed with the fall of love all music had passed out of her life, and all colour out of her landscape. Calm and cold as a deep shadowed lake was the life she lived; till one evening came a change. A cry which began in pain ended in joy. There was a warm new thing of life nestling in her bosom as the morning rose. And another morning is rising upon her heart, the light is coming back into life, the dull greys are banished by a golden sunlight. God has given me back my love, but it is as a child. I see the love which brightened the past, and it is now linked on with a love which runs forward to the future. I have something to live for, now that I have something on earth to love. This sunbeam here springs from a light above. The child here below is a love-link with him who is gone above.

Her step grew firmer, and her eye grew brighter. She had not forgotten the past, but new-found love had glorified it in the work of the present. And I thought how strong is childhood that thus can triumph over sorrow, and put smiles into the saddest face, and laughter into the tear-filled eye! And I remembered that to us, grieving over life's sorrows and losses, a Child was given—that Jesus Christ is the link, and the only link, which reunites all loves sundered by the grave; and that this Christmastide gives us a Child to be hope to sorrowing men and women for evermore—a little child to lead us, and God hath spoken to us by a Son.

Great is the might of childhood to reconcile peoples with peoples, men with men, men with life, and love even with loss. Great and mighty is that childhood of Jesus which this glad Yule-tide preaches to us again. Great and mighty is that Holy Child Jesus who reconciles all things; who, worshipped by all nations, will be the bond of nations; who, adored and honoured in all households, will be the golden circlet encompassing and drawing together all homes; who, being remembered in life and labour, will reconcile us to life and labour; who, kept near to in sorrow, will reconcile us to the sweet teachings of sorrow; and who, showing us how strong are the links of love, will make us triumph over the vain efforts of death to break them.

I know not what your Christmas will be; it will be varied to most of you. To some, indeed, it may be unalloyed joy, joy unmingled by a saddened memory or a painful regret; to others it will be a season in which the joy will be all overshadowed by present pain, or anxiety, or by some weighty, never-lifting sorrow. To most of you it will be mingled; hooded forms of sorrow will be gazing upon your mirth, and you will feel that the eye of sadness is upon you even when you smile.

But gladsome, or saddened, or mingled, whichever your Christmas may be, go and let childhood teach you. As you lift a little one upon your knee, or as you think of the Yule-tides when you were the little one lifted to be kissed by lips that now are cold, remember how God has spoken to us by the childhood of Jesus, and let that childhood teach you that all things are made one in Him; that in it is given the token that all things which seemingly are at variance and strife may be reconciled in Him. Yes! all reconciled in Him—the holy God with sinful man. Kingdoms reconciled with kingdoms, homes within themselves—hearts rent with

conflicting passions made one in Him—and the living and the dead are reunited in Him who grasps in either hand the seen and the unseen world—such signs and wonders are there wrought by the Holy Child Jesus—in whom all things are reconciled.

"All things are reconciled
In Thee, O Lord! all fierce extremes that beat
Along time's shore, like children waves grown mild,
Have crept to kiss Thy feet

"For all grows sweet in Thee,
Since Thou didst gather us in One, and bring
This fading flower of our humanity
To perfect blossoming.

"All comes to bloom! this wild
Green outward world of ours, that still must wear
The furrow on its brow, by print of cave
And tool struck deep, this world by sin made sad,
Hath felt Thy foot upon its sod, and smiled,
The desert place is glad.

"The stricken heart bereft
Of all its brood of singing hopes and left
Mid leafless boughs a cold forsaken nest
With snowflakes in it, folded in Thy breast
Doth lose its deadly chill, that creeps
Unto Thy side for shelter, finding there
The wound's deep cleft, forgets its moan and weeps
Calm, quiet tears and on Thy forehead bare
Hath looked until its thorns, no longer bare,
Put forth pale roses."

THE KEW OBSERVATORY.

By R. H. SCOTT, F.R.S., Meteorological Office.

PASSENGERS to Twickenham by train from Richmond station may have noticed a building standing in a park like space, on the right-hand side of the line, just before they cross the river. The area enclosed between the road from Richmond to Kew and the bend of the river is partly occupied by the Royal Gardens of Kew, and partly by this park-like space, which is called the Old Deer Park of Richmond, and which is let out as a grazing farm. The building situated in the Old Deer Park is the Kew Observatory.

The whole site and the buildings on it have an interesting history. The Old Deer Park was formerly connected with Richmond Lodge, and the actual site of the Observatory was occupied by the Carthusian Priory of Jesus of Bethlehem, erected in 1414 by Henry V. to atone for the murder of Richard II.

This and the neighbouring nunnery of Syon House were those referred to by Shakespeare in his *Henry V.*, where he makes the king, in his prayer before the battle of Agincourt, say

"I have built
Two chantries where the sad and solemn priests
Sing still for Richard's soul"

The priory was situated in a hamlet called West Sheen. East Sheen is a village still existing. All traces of hamlet and priory have disappeared, but in the immediate vicinity of the Observatory foundations of old buildings are frequently found when the earth is opened.

The date of the total demolition of all these structures was about 1770, soon after the accession of George III. The fact was that

the present Old Deer Park and adjacent lands were the site of Richmond Lodge, once occupied by Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards the favourite country seat of Queen Caroline. It is well known that there was no love lost between grandmother and grandson, and accordingly when the latter came to the throne he took pleasure in erasing every trace of the house and gardens which had been decorated at such a lavish expenditure, and which was so thoroughly identified with his grandmother's personality.

The reason that the Observatory was built, and that it received the misnomer of the Kew Observatory, while it lies near Richmond, was that it was erected to replace the old Kew Observatory attached to the Palace at Kew, which had fallen into disuse. It had been at this latter observatory, when the property of Samuel Molyneux, that Bradley had made his famous discovery of the aberration of light.

When the transit of Venus of 1769 was approaching, a Dr. Demainbray, a very eminent French scientific man, who had been Instructor in Science to the King before his accession, induced him to build an observatory in order to take advantage of so rare an astronomical opportunity. Demainbray observed the transit from the new building, and remained its superintendent till his death in 1782. He was succeeded by his son, the Rev. S. Demainbray, who held the post till the transfer of the establishment to the British Association in 1842. During the latter years of his long service he was assisted by his nephew, Stephen Rigaud, Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford.

When the British Association assumed the management of the Observatory, their chief officer, as honorary superintendent, was Mr. Francis Ronalds, who held the position for ten years. Mr. Ronalds was one of the earliest experimenters and discoverers in the line of investigation to which we owe the electric telegraph, and for this service he ultimately received the well-merited honour of knighthood.

In 1851 the Association took the establishment under their own control, and appointed a "Kew Committee" to manage it. In 1871 the Observatory was handed over to the Royal Society, who now direct it by means of a Committee.

I shall now proceed to give a brief sketch of the work carried on at the Kew Observatory. When the establishment was first taken in charge by the British Association, it was contemplated that the building might be used for physical researches of different descriptions, to be carried on by various investigators, and this idea has been carried out up to the present day. Attention was also paid to the development of methods of continuous registration of atmospheric phenomena. During the early years Sir F. Ronalds, while engaged in elaborate researches into the phenomena of atmospheric electricity, found time to devise and construct the first forms of the Kew pattern photographic meteorographs and magnetographs.

The principle of this photographic registration of observations is that a lamp (of gas or paraffin) is kept constantly burning, and that a ray of light from it passes through a slit and is caused to shine on sensitized paper. This paper is stretched on a drum which revolves by clockwork.

In the case of the barometer or thermometer, or, as they are called, the barograph or thermograph, the motion of the mercury with successive changes of weather produces oscillations in the vertical extent of the shadow thrown on the drum, and so the edge of the photographic image, when developed, exhibits a record of the actual variations recorded by each instrument, corresponding to the changes of weather.

In the case of the magnetic instruments, which consist of sensitive magnets suspended very delicately, a small mirror is attached to each magnet, and it is the ray reflected from this that impinges on the drum, and registers thereon the motions of the magnet. Magnets so suspended are practically never at rest, and so the little spot of light reflected from each is constantly moving on the paper.

The chamber in which most of these instruments are situated is a somewhat eery place. It is underground, in order to be kept constantly at the same temperature, and as care must be taken to shield the sensitive photographic paper from all light other than the line or spots it is intended to record, the chamber is all but totally dark. If you are standing in it you see nothing, but you hear the measured beat of the clocks driving the several drums.

The barograph at Kew is in the same chamber as the magnetographs. The thermograph and electrograph are up-stairs, as they must be in close proximity to the outer air. In addition to these photographic instruments there are the anemograph, the automatic rain-gauge, and the sunshine recorder, which record mechanically.

This continuous record of observations has

now been maintained at Kew for thirty years as regards magnetism, and for about twenty-five years as regards meteorology. A moment's reflection is sufficient to show the immense advantages which continuous automatic registration affords over the ordinary method of eye observations at stated intervals, even though these should be as frequent as at twenty minutes apart, as was for a time the case in a series of observations taken by some students of the University of Helsingfors.

Had it not been for the existence of a number of such automatic barographs in these islands, it may safely be asserted that the fact that the eruption air wave from Krakatoa in August, 1883, was sensible in this country, would never have been discovered.

The facts were these. The day after the eruption all the barographs in these islands showed an extraordinary disturbance, with no weather disturbance to account for it. The phenomenon occurred first at the eastern stations, and after a few hours it was succeeded by another which was felt first at the western stations.

Inquiry from St. Petersburg and Lisbon, where the barographs are similar to our own, confirmed the conclusions based on the British records, and the conviction was forced upon the scientific world that the air-shock produced by the eruption actually travelled round the world four times, as many successive disturbances, at intervals of about thirty-six hours apart, having been traced.

The credit of this investigation is due to Lieut.-General R. Strachey, and at his suggestion records were procured from every observatory in the world which possessed an automatic barograph, with the result that the conclusions derived from study of the European records were fully confirmed.

The example set by the Kew Observatory in the continuous record of physical phenomena has been very generally followed. No less than twenty observatories in different parts of the world are equipped with magnetographs on the Kew pattern, while the number of stations provided with Kew pattern barographs and thermographs is almost as large.

It should here be said that the magnetic observations at Kew are entirely maintained by a munificent donation from the late Mr. J. P. Gassiot, the interest of the money being paid to the Kew Committee on the distinct condition that the continuous record of magnetic phenomena and the publication of results shall not be suspended. The meteorological record is carried on at the cost of the Meteorological Office, Kew being the central observatory in connection with that establishment.

I now come to the subject of the verification of instruments. In the year 1852 the testing of instruments was first taken in hand at the request of some of the leading firms of manufacturers of such apparatus. This is the work which has rendered the Kew Observatory justly famous throughout the civilised world, and which has at that place attained a development quite unequalled elsewhere. The growth of this work, during the thirty years from 1855 to 1884 inclusive, has been very decided, as shown by the Annual Reports of the Observatory. A very marked increase at the end of the period is due to the introduction of watch-rating, of which more anon.

An idea may be gained of the amount of work involved in the verifications, when we see from the last Kew report that for the year 1886-7, the number of instruments verified during the preceding twelve months had been no less than 13,761, exclusive of watches.

It is interesting to find that with that large number of instruments coming to the Observatory, the total number of instruments rejected, as unfit for a verification certificate, owing to excess of error or to other causes, was only 346, or about 2½ per cent. Such a result as this says a great deal for the degree of skill to which the manufacturers of these instruments have attained, when they can maintain such a standard of accuracy. Such success is mainly due to the natural action of the principles of supply and demand. The public insist on having instruments of a definite degree of accuracy, and the makers are put on their mettle, and produce what is wanted.

To take one instrument alone, the clinical thermometer, of which 8,668 specimens, more than one-half of the total number of instruments verified, were examined in 1887, and in which the most minute accuracy is required. Before Kew certificates for such thermometers were attainable, errors in graduation of these instruments of a degree, or even more, were far from uncommon. The reader can judge of the value of such apparatus in indicating the fluctuations of temperature of a fever patient. Nowadays the errors of thermometers do not exceed one or two tenths of degrees.

The subject of watch-rating has been mentioned. At Neufchatel and Geneva, and at Yale College, Mass., there have been for some years institutions where watches are publicly tested, but up to a very recent date no facilities for this operation were afforded in London. It was in 1883 that the Kew Committee first decided to undertake this class of work, and, after consultation with foreign authorities, they adopted certain rules for the testing of watches, which are reasonably comparable with those enforced elsewhere.

Watches are received and arranged under three classes—A, B, and C, according to the certificates to be issued with them. In class A the watches (or "movements" as they are called), are under trial forty-five days; in class B thirty-one; and in class C sixteen. The tests are proportionably severer in the higher classes.

To earn a certificate A, the performance must be such that—

"1.—The mean difference of daily rate, under the same conditions of position and temperature, has in no instance exceeded 2 seconds during the period of trial.

"2.—The mean daily rate in a vertical position has differed from the mean daily rate in a horizontal position by less than 5 seconds, and from that in any other position by less than 10 seconds.

"3.—The mean daily rate has been affected by change of temperature to an amount less than one-third of a second per 1° F."

The details of the trials to which watches are submitted during rating may be gathered from the subjoined statement:—

"The trial of a watch entered for a certificate in Class A will occupy 45 days, divided into 8 periods of 5 days each, and 4 intermediate and extra days during which the watch is not rated.

"1st Period.—Watch hanging in vertical position, with its pendant (ring for suspension) up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"2nd Period.—Watch in vertical position, with its pendant to the right, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"3rd Period.—Watch in vertical position, with its pendant to the left, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"4th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, in the refrigerator, at a temperature of about 10° F. (4° Cent.).

"5th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"6th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial up, in the oven, at a temperature of about 98° F. (37° Cent.).

"7th Period.—Watch in horizontal position, with dial down, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"8th Period.—Same as the first, watch hanging in vertical position, with pendant up, at the ordinary temperature of the room.

"The intermediate and extra days, during which the watch is not rated, are at the commencement of the 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th periods, which are extended one day each for that purpose, the first day's rate not being taken into consideration."

For Classes B and C the tests are less strict.

The growth of this system of watch testing has been such that in the successive years 1884 to 1887, the number of watches examined has been respectively 42, 344, 490, 150, or 1,344 in all.

In the year 1886 the testing of marine chronometers was commenced, inasmuch as hitherto there had been no opportunity afforded to the public of rating these instruments in this part of London. At Greenwich chronometers, but only for use in the Royal Navy, are tested. At Bidston Observatory, near Liverpool, such instruments are tested for the public; but naturally it is only captains visiting Liverpool who can avail themselves of the facilities afforded them by the liberality of the Mersey Docks and Harbour Board.

Chronometers are tested on a different principle from watches. They are all tried for thirty-five days, and the temperature is varied so as to reproduce, as closely as practicable, the conditions to which the chronometer will be exposed, say, on a voyage to New Zealand and back, where the torrid zone must twice be crossed, and high southern latitudes must also be visited.

Up to last Michaelmas twenty-seven chronometers had been tested.

In 1865 the operation of swinging pendulums was first undertaken at the observatory for the Indian Government. The object of this work is to ascertain the variations in the force of gravity at the earth's surface. The most convenient way of effecting this is by swinging a pendulum, a so-called "invariable pendulum," at various points. Sir Edward Sabine conducted the most elaborate researches of this nature that have ever been carried out, and his observations extended from Bahia in 13° S. Lat. to Spitzbergen in 80° N. His pendulum gave in London 86,400 beats a day, at Spitzbergen 86,483; but at the Island of St. Thomas, in the Bight of Benin, only 86,269.

As has already been said, this work commenced in 1865, when the late Captain Basevi swung at the Observatory certain pendulums which were to be employed on the great Trigonometrical Survey of India. These operations have been repeated on various

subsequent occasions, with the same pendulums and with others, and arrangements are at present in progress for a set of similar experiments, as a final test of the results obtained.

Solar photography has been another subject to which much attention has been devoted at Kew. In 1855 Sir John Herschel had suggested the importance of taking a photographic picture of the solar disc on every day the sun shone, and three years later the first photoheliograph was completed under the superintendence of Mr. de la Rue. The instrument was maintained in operation at the Observatory, with but few intermissions, from 1859 to 1871. Since that date free-hand drawings of the condition of the sun's surface, on every day that it was visible, have been made, on the same plan as that followed for many years by the late Hofrath Schwabe, of Dessau. The Hofrath's original drawings are preserved among the archives of the Royal Astronomical Society. They extend from 1825 to 1867, and as the Kew committee have had all these drawings copied carefully, they possess a complete pictorial history of the sun's appearance for sixty-three years, from 1825 to the present date. The discussion of this has already led to very interesting results.

Of other investigations conducted at the Observatory there is a goodly list; but I shall only mention a few.

Sextants are extensively tested, and arrangements are now in progress for the testing of telescopes and of photographic lenses. A hydraulic press, working up to four tons, has been provided for testing thermometers destined for deep-sea work, where they may be exposed to excessive pressures in really deep soundings. Not only are thermometers tested specially for pressure, but also, if required, thermometers can be tested at the freezing point of mercury by the use of solidified carbonic acid. Thermometers for use in rigorous climates like that of Canada, should all be tested in this way.

Experiments are also going on with a system of duplicate cameras, situated some eight hundred yards apart, to determine the altitude and the motion of clouds.

It is from observations of this nature, carried out on cirrus, or "mare's-tail" clouds, that it is possible to foresee important changes of weather hours before our instruments at the surface of the ground, such as the barometer, give signs of their coming. Unfortunately it requires great skill and considerable practice in an observer to enable him to make such determinations as shall be of real value in forecasting.

The Kew cloud-camera observations are not instituted for forecasting purposes, but to throw light on the actual levels at which clouds float, on the rate at which they travel, and the laws of their motion—each of them matters of great interest in meteorology.

The foregoing is a very imperfect summary of the work done at Kew; but it may be sufficient to show the great importance to British physical science of the existence of such an establishment, situated at a distance from any disturbance caused either by the proximity of other buildings or passing traffic. At such a place investigations can be carried on without any risk of interference from ordinary visitors, and with the certainty that, for meteorological researches at least, the atmosphere of the observatory will be perfectly pure, and, in fact, be prejudicially affected solely by the close proximity of the building to the river.

GEORGE JOHN PINWELL.

By JOSEPH SWAIN.

A THIRD amongst the dead artists with whom I was brought into close business and friendly relations was George John Pinwell, a man of undoubted genius, who has left many choice specimens of his ability behind him, which only serve to heighten the disappointment a true lover of art must feel at his early death. Pinwell was born at Wycombe, Bucks, in the winter of 1842, and although he came to London at a very early age, his love of country life and country scenes inspired his pencil in after years with far more power than did the scenes of fashionable life with which he became familiar in the metropolis. He studied in Mr. Leigh's school of art, Newman Street, Oxford Street, and his lack of a thorough technical training was sadly apparent in after years. During the four closing years of his life many pictures of his presented a curious combination of his best and his worst work. These were years when, it must not be forgotten, he was conscious that he had not long to live, and as they passed a deepening sense of sadness took possession of him that he would not live to accomplish the great ambition of his life. This was to paint a picture by which his genius should be handed down to posterity. For this work he was nearly all his life making sketches. The subject was suggested by Bunyan's "Vanity Fair;" but at his death the picture had made too little progress for any one to judge aright of the qualities with which he had dreamed of endowing it. This was not the picture called by the same name sold at his death. Pinwell began to work for *Good Words* and *Once a Week* in 1863, and for the *Sunday Magazine* in the following year. With few exceptions there was not much beauty in his female figures One of the exceptions is "Aunt Patience," a single figure of great beauty, which appeared in *Once a Week*, September 5, 1863. Another in June 6th of the same year, is an illustration to a story entitled "Blind," where Katharine is seated in a bay window. "She was tall and slight, with a small head set on her throat like a queen;" but the scene is defective from the absence of blind Michael, who is the motive of the story. "Madame Barjac, of Orbec," is another instance of the success with which he could construct faces. This was a story entitled, "Not a Ripple on the Sea," and appeared in the same journal July 11. The old woman, with a high cap drawn over her eyes, sits on a chair at an open door, looking out over a fine expanse of sea and sand. Her head is partly turned towards the narrator of the story—a very feeble piece of work, and strikingly poor compared with the power displayed in the drawing of the old woman. Pinwell infused much character in all his drawings—as, for instance, in his illustration to Dora Greenwell's "Christmas Carol," which appeared in *Good Words* for 1864. Turning over his pictures no one can avoid the conviction that he was deeply moved by the pathetic side of human nature, and that his spirit had more kinship with the lost and sorrowing than with the contented and joyous amongst mankind.

I remember calling upon him once at his studio in Newman Street in 1865 or 1866, I cannot remember which, on a matter of business, and finding him at work amidst surroundings of a more than unusually untidy character. The place was filled with lumber—

artistic lumber of every kind; damaged casts, dusty dresses, fragments of armour, pictures in every stage of progress, hanging curtains, dilapidated chairs; and there were candles stuck in the necks of wine-bottles. After settling the business I had with him he took me into his confidence, and told me in playful terms that he meditated a serious change—he intended to marry. The chief reason, however, was one of a most amusing character: it was that he found the drain upon his resources for models was too great, and he put it in the form of a question, Do you not think that it would be better for me to take a wife? Feeling that he had made up his mind on the subject from a better consideration than the one communicated to me, I heartily assented, of course, and in due time, what I have every reason to believe was the happiest event of his life, took place. His marriage was an exceedingly happy one, and his studio in his new home at Adelaide Road, N.W., soon exhibited signs of the pleasant change that had come over him.

In 1865 Pinwell made seven illustrations to Dalziel's "Arabian Nights," published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. The best of these were "The Prince and the Ogress," "The Sultan and his Court at the Fish-pond," and "Sinbad the Sailor."

The year following Pinwell executed the most important series of his book illustrations; this was the edition of Goldsmith, published by Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Tyler. Speaking of them the *Spectator* said:—

"Mr. Pinwell may be congratulated on having really produced an illustrated Goldsmith, and not after the fashion which has long obtained among us, certain pictures of more or less value, to which the text of an established author is appended. His drawings really help us to understand, or at least to realise, the meaning of a writer who deals in broad contrasts rather than in subtle differences of character; and as the difficulty of such illustrations is the greater, so also is the artist's merit when it is overcome."

The *Athenæum* said:—

"Messrs. Dalziels' issue is that of the work of artists of considerable ability, men who delight in what they do, who have given attention to their tasks, and who really 'illustrate' the theme put before them. There is a pretty little point, which may be named to justify our remarks, in the sketch of the vicar hanging up the epitaph, where one of his sons holds the hammer, the other the box of nails, and the vicar himself is gravely setting the frame straight against the wall."

About this time great interest was excited by the use of body colour in water-colour drawings. Too little care was given by Pinwell to the chemical qualities of his pigments, such unfortunate combinations as emerald green and cadmium, and these with vermilion, are frequent in his earlier work, and, in consequence, after a few years these colours turned black and had to be repainted.

When an idea struck Pinwell's fancy he never seemed willing to let the subject go. Thus, for instance, in May, 1865, he drew for the *Sunday Magazine* "The Lost Child,"

A Beat in St James's Park.

a frequent incident in our metropolitan streets, but one which the true artist alone can illuminate with deep pathos. This subject lingered in his mind for several years, until January, 1870, when he treated it much more elaborately in a picture which appeared

In St. James's Park.

in the *Graphic*. The thought is the same, the interest aroused by a lost child, but there are fresh figures introduced and the grouping is more artistic. In the latter he introduces a flower-girl with tattered dress and broken boots, very beautifully drawn.

If Pinwell did not succeed in imparting refinement and finish to his drawings on wood, those qualities were not lacking in his water-colour sketches. One of the drawings he made in the hour and a half competition at the Langham Club is in my possession; this is "Cinderella and her Fairy Godmother." The exquisite beauty of the girl's face is unapproachable in any picture of his, and the whole is powerfully treated. This had to be completed in the time allotted, yet the power of colouring which it displays could not be excelled.

Another picture which exhibits his best style is "A Seat in St. James's Park," which appeared in *Once a Week*, June 26, 1869, and was etched by Herkomer. Upon the seat are five persons, three of whom are sunk in unutterable misery—a woman and her son, who are trying to earn their living as street musicians, and an elderly broken-down gentleman, who with bent head and sternly frigid face reviews the mistakes of a past life. There is a comedy going on between the soldier who whispers to the nursemaid by his side, and the unconcern of childhood is happily embodied in the child playing with a balloon, under the observation of a little girl. In the background women gossip over their baskets, a married man hurries by carrying some birds home for dinner, and others walk their several ways, heedful only of their own business. The accompanying original sketches were made for this picture.

On the opposite page is an illustration, drawn by Pinwell on wood, which has never been published before. This is a representation of Jesus with Martha and Mary, and is treated in a curious unconventional, but by no means attractive, fashion.

In January, 1875, the year of his death, Pinwell was occupied in illustrating Miss Ingelow's story, "Fated to be Free," which ran through that year's volume of Good Words, and the subjoined head of Mrs. Malcombe appears in the January number. This head is one of the best examples of Pinwell's finished work. The old lady, it will be remembered, is giving instructions about her funeral to her sons, Daniel and Augustus, both old men.

Pinwell was elected, 1871, an Associate of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, and a Member in 1871.

His best-known pictures are the "Pied Piper with the Rats," and the "Pied Piper with the Children" (etched by Macbeth); "The Lost Found," "A Seat in St. James's Park," "The Old Clock," "Landlord and Tenant," "Vanity Fair," "The Elixir of Love," "The Sisters," "Children with Calf." Many of these pictures passed into the possession of Mr. Edward Dalziel, and at their sale in 1886, "A Seat in St. James's Park" realised £120 15s.; "Children with a Calf,"

Mrs Malcombe.

£56 14s.; "Vanity Fair," £49 7s.; "The Elixir of Love," £84.

After four years of conscious decline in health Mr. Pinwell visited Tangier, but the advantage he derived was only transitory; he died, September 8, 1875, and was buried in Highgate Cemetery three days afterwards.

Mr. J. W. North, who was acquainted with both Walker and Pinwell, writes:—

"It is impossible to imagine a greater contrast than existed in the temperaments and physical characters of these two men. Walker was most delicately sensitive, and it is doubtful whether his death was not due as much to the fearful depression of spirits under which he laboured after his mother's death, as to the effects of his disease. Pinwell, on the contrary, was bright, gay, and lively up to the last day of his life, although he foresaw with perfect clearness his fate. [His latest work bears indications to many of a rather more gloomy feeling having possessed him.] Pinwell was an intense admirer of Walker's work, and wished much to know him intimately.

Jesus with Martha and Mary.

"I remember going with Walker one evening to see Pinwell at his home in the Adelaide Road. Pinwell had then been seriously ill with the first symptoms of consumption, while Walker was apparently perfectly well, and continued so for more than a year afterwards, yet Pinwell survived Walker a good many months, and telegraphed to me the sad news of his unexpectedly sudden death. Pinwell had the best animal spirits of any man I have known, a great deal of natural wit, good taste and feeling for music; and being blessed with a perfect wife, his life, though very sadly short, was an enjoyable and happy one. His education had been much neglected, but he had great delight in literature and poetry, and intense feeling for the romantic side of things, so that in spite of his never having acquired the polish of the schoolboy, he was well informed in the truest and best sense. He began life as a designer for patterns, and had remarkable talent in composition. He was in the same way as Walker (but with more visible cause) indefatigable in trying to work out his ideas to greater technical perfection. Pinwell was all round a very self reliant man. For a short time, probably in 1864, or early in 1865, he was with Mr. Whympor in Lambeth.

"Mr. A. B. Houghton, the artist, celebrated for his scenes of Eastern life, was at Pinwell's funeral, seemingly then in his usual health. I remember he said to us, as we stood round the grave after the burial, 'Ah! my boys, you will be planting me here also before three months,' and it was so."

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN.

By the Rev. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

IF the horrible and unnatural disclosures made of the condition of childhood in London be beyond doubt—and if stipendiaries, and juries, and judges are to be relied on, those disclosures are beyond doubt—then, in some serious respects, it is a clear disadvantage to be born a child of the Christian capital of the world.

Presuming upon the general good conduct of fathers and mothers, we have allowed low wretches who have taken upon them fatherhood and motherhood to inflict tortures on babes of which it is impossible for grown men merely to hear without wincing. What with our gin-shops and their poisonous and maddening draughts, our growing betting mania, our baby burial clubs, our thousands of house-to-house child insurance agents, there is springing up amongst us a systematic child injury, torture, and murder—has sprung up and has quickly grown to serious proportions—at which pagan Rome might have blushed.

Here is a specimen of two hundred and twenty-five cases of attempted starvation of children. It is in as tidy a house and by as sober a pair as their respectable street contained. At the point at which the Society got possession of their child her weight should have been 63 lbs., and she actually weighed 41 lbs., not much more than the weight of a skeleton of her years. The tight-drawn skin over the dry, fleshless bones made her move angularly, like a victim of rheumatism, though she suffered from no disease; her little figure was bent as with infirmities of age, and on her poor remains of limbs were marks left by beatings of a buckle-ended strap from her father's loins and a stick. Her eyes protruded through dark rings of pain, and her voice was the low, husky whisper of the dying. This emaciated condition was deliberate work. Seven months before she had been brought home from her grandmother's to a stepmother, who did not want her. She had often gone a whole day and night without food. The marks were of beatings for "stealing" it when her "mother" was out.

Such was the off-hand charge of the horrible creature against a hungering, dying child who had merely picked crumbs from her father's larder. For the theft her thin limbs were made sore by beatings in the bedroom, where she was afterwards shut up with neither bread nor water for thirty-six hours. She then ventured to beg from their neighbours. They were "disgraced" by the neighbours' interference on the child's behalf, and she was beaten and locked up again, and afterwards was forbidden to go out. What food the woman chose to give her, and only that, must she have. And on that she was seen to be slowly, surely dying. Then the woman went to the doctor for "something for worms," and got it; and when death had cruelly crowned her plans, she would have gone for a certificate and have got that, and there would have been a procession from the church gate, and an "I am the resurrection and the life," and another little grave in the churchyard—that would have been all. To-day the father who "punished" his child for taking his bread, and the woman who planned her death are in penal servitude, and the girl is a comely and happy child, with her basket on her arm at her errands.

The Society has done wonderful work for the friendless children of the dead. But it has done scarcely less for the children of the living. To any one accustomed to the sight of the beautiful ways of mothers with their sick children such a story as this is incredible, and only the fact that the guilty pair are in prison for it could convince them it must be true. In this case the Society only avenged the dead. The death took place in winter, in a bare room, on a mattress. The child, a girl, had but two garments on: a chemise and a print frock. There was no blanket, no coverlet, no sheet. The window was curtainless; the nights were frosty. There was no fire in the grate, nor had there ever been through all the long illness. There was no food, no physic, not even a cup of water to drink. Through all the pain of her slow, weary dying, she had been untended, whilst for some weeks before she passed away she had been quite unable to attend to herself: she could not turn in bed, she could not raise a limb. Her bones almost protruded through the bed-sores which added misery to her misery. Happily, during many of the last days through which she lay in darkness and bitter cold, while actual death was slowly taking place, unconsciousness must have been as kindly to her as death; she possibly felt nothing, but gently breathed herself away.

Her father and mother—they brought her no share of their tea nor crumb of their bread. They had blankets for themselves; they had fire too.

We have all passed the delicate child carried in the arms or leaning up against the wall, hawked in the street for charity. Here is a horrible disclosure of what may be suffered even at a mother's hand at once possessed of the demon thirst, and tempted by the easy charity which "passes by," but not "on the other side," and gives its penny. A pallid face and a cough were the ghastly little fellow's power to win coppers from pitiful hearts; and, weary and sick and dying, he was made to wander about the streets with his begging mother, with no other reward for his pain and toil than, at the long day's close, to be left to make his way as best he might, wet or dry, to a wretched home and a supperless bed, while his mother lounged from gin-shop to gin-shop, or sat, till turning-out time, in her cosy corner by the fire, sipping herself drunk. All this, be it observed, was *quite legal*, so far as the use to which the ill child was put, and is everywhere legal to-day. At length the boy became so weak that he could only get about by feeling his way along the wall, or hanging to the skirts of his mother. Still she dragged him out to move pitiful people to give pence. Sore of bone, faint with hunger, dying of disease, he went his daily way, till at length he staggered his last, fell down on the stones, shivered a little and convulsed at the mouth. A passing workman took pity, picked the living skeleton up, and carried him to his wretched home, from whence he was moved to the workhouse, and, in a day or two, to the grave. Towards the end, neighbours had pleaded with the woman not to take him out any more. Sometimes she heeded; but it did not pay her to do so; so she took him out again. At length when she did yield to the neighbours' pleadings, in order to get his no longer useful dying done, she put him into a tub of cold water, leading him naked into the open air to do it, he meanwhile feebly pleading, "No, no." He was put in and kept there, some said, an hour. But he did not die, and did not seem so near death as folks thought; so she took him out again and made another penny.

Of the inventiveness of cold-blooded determination to be rid of a child the following surely is a final example.

At the age at which the Society got possession of him his normal weight was 60 lbs., his actual 27 lbs. Every bone could be counted; what little flesh there was on them was marked with bruises and wounds, old and fresh, from beating with a walking-stick and straps and a birch rod. They were on the head, the hands, the wrists, the back, the face. In this emaciated condition he had been made by "mother," as he called her, to carry flat-irons, one in each hand, up and down stairs, going his weary way up and down, up and down, from early morning till late at night. Each iron weighed 7 lbs.; together they were more than half his own weight. He had sometimes carried them from half-past seven in the morning till nine at night. Often for thirty-six hours he had had nothing to eat, and, what must have been worse to bear, nothing to drink; through nineteen of which he was going along his weary, useless way up and down steep cottage stairs, with his merciless weights in his hands. When at the long intervals the woman chose to give him food he was never allowed to stop to eat it, nor was he ever allowed to have enough; to have once had enough to eat would have been heaven to him; with such food as he was allowed to have his brother had to feed him on the stairs as he went to and fro.

If it happened that he saw a chance of a crumb and took it, and was found out, his sore, thin limbs were beaten for stealing. He got at the cat's meat; he was punished by more weary tasks, "to keep him out of mischief." When the woman went out he was locked in the coal place. Weary and sore and ill, he sometimes stopped and fell against things, or dropped the irons; then she beat him with her remedy for all his soreness and faintness and hunger, a walking-stick, a rod of thorns, or a strap; and at times she added a pinch of salt to the raw wounds she had made. She forbade him to go out, for he had once stolen away beyond their gate and begged bread of a neighbour. In a very little while he would have quietly expired in bed, the doctor would have certified some disease as the cause of death, and that would have been the end of the matter.

The pair were tidy, sober, and thrifty, with a clean cottage and "savings" in the bank.

Here is the condition in which three of the hundreds of little hawkers it has dealt with were found, whose parents, like the parents just named, were comparatively well-to-do. Two children occupied an upper room, dilapidated, filthy, open to the tiles—which had themselves openings to the

sky, wind and rain coming freely through. A straw mattress was on the floor, both mattress and floor being filthy, damp, and rotten. The window under the eaves had missing panes, which were blocked up with rags and bits of wood as best a child could block them. Here the children slept. They were hawkers. There had been three of them. After perpetual toil and pain one had just died. Happily, this master of the situation was not brutal. There were no bruises on the children. He never hit them or even cursed them. He only left them to make their living in a public legal way, supplying them with something to hawk, and all they made they had for themselves. He was fattish and humorous, and smiled leeringly. He was well dressed in his way, and when the Society arrested him he had deposit-notes for £25 in his pocket.

It is a mistake to suppose that poverty, or large families, or ignorance—as ignorance is understood—has anything whatever to do with cruelty. The proportion of comparatively well-to-do and well-informed who have fiendish dispositions towards children is found to be greater than those who are very poor. Teetotalism, indeed, may only replace the open and loud methods by methods more legally wise, safe, and difficult of detection. The educated villain is only smarter in his savagery; needing a freer, more educated agency to deal with him. He does his work in superior ways. But the helpless child is got rid of all the same. The Society has prosecuted two doctors and a clergyman, and has taken their children from some people who were certainly not unaccustomed to good furniture, all of whom could play the fiend and madman with a child.

Here is a sample of what an own mother in affluence can be—a professional singer. One midnight she returned home full of wine and wrath to take her morbid delight in tortures. First, she belaboured the child with what came to hand, which happened to be a convenient length of india-rubber tubing, and then she sent the little bruised body crying to bed. The mother vouchsafed no reason, and by the child a reason was not expected; it was all a part of her wretched existence. While the child undressed, the mother strode about the house till the thirst for more cruelty came over her. Then, armed with the india rubber tubing, she followed the child up-stairs, entered her room, and dragged her out of bed.

"Oh, mamma," cried the child, clinging to her mother's hand, still sobbing bitterly from previous pains, "don't beat me any more." It was the servants who overheard it. The only answer in her mother's heart was merciless belabouring her all too naked little limbs—back, legs, breast, till the child fell upon the floor. Then she dragged her up by her hair, lifted her on to the bed, and strode out of her room, leaving her to cry herself to sleep. But the child dare not.

It was midnight and bitterly cold, and she was in the dark; but she huddled on a few of her clothes, stole down-stairs, and left the house. Snow was falling in the forsaken streets, and frosty winds were blowing. With her feet bare, her head uncovered, her clothing of the scantiest, sore with blows and stupefied with grief and dread, the child, alone, made her way through the streets to the house of a friend four miles away, where she arrived at her friend's about half-past one; they took her in and warmed her, and dressed her bruises, and put her to bed.

As a matter of fact it is only at personal risks and by breaking the law that these horrible things are brought to light. Children belaboured in the streets and squares of the land are under the clear, sharp protection of the law. But the room in which a man locks up his child is practically absolutely without law. Law has never tried to deal with what goes on inside the rooms where infants are whose absolute ignorance and helplessness need law the most.

One of the wonders of this Christian land,—doing, as it is, so much to make the life of the mother of a child that should not have been born horrible with hardships—is that it does so little to save the life of her child from the terrible cruelties into which such hardships plunge it, poor innocent helpless thing as it is. Everywhere, her child is a drag to her. Everywhere, doors are shut against her, for her child's sake. No; not everywhere. Gin-palaces, thronged open-air resorts, pestering insurance agents, baby farmers, full of lying promises, these all offer her their respective ways out of her difficulty, and start her free again. She needs other openers of her prison doors than are offered her in these, if the freshness of her humanity is to be saved and the dignity which is Christian is to be ours. Here is a picture of one of the avenues which is offered to such mothers in the advertisement columns of almost every newspaper, and which it is the business of this Society to discover and to put down.

Seven ghastly little children, babies indeed, were found in an ugly box of twelve feet

square. They had been there all winter. In its coldest weather there had been no fire. One had a small woollen cross-over covering on neck and chest, another had round its body a swathing of flannel. The rest were quite naked. They were all blue with cold. They were left in the room alone, rolling in filth. The window was hermetically sealed. All of them had sores, some on the head, some on the thighs, due to dirt. Four were suffering from rickets, one from curvature of the spine, one from bronchitis. The youngest child lay in a basinette, rotten and soaked. It was a year and six months old. The oldest was five years old. None of them could stand. The legs of them all when they were lifted up dangled like the calico legs of dolls. They were quite insane and inanimate. They feebly moaned and screamed when touched. The floor on which they sat was bare boards, through which draughts came up from outside. The window was without blind or curtain and was without a light at night. On opening the door the stench made a woman the Society sent ill, a man vomit. An officer said that when the baby was lifted out of it, the basinette alone was "enough to scent a street." The total weight of five of the children was seventy-seven pounds, while the total weight of average children of their ages was one-hundred and thirty

Two of the children, though filthy, were farther from death than the rest. And why? Moneys were still due on these. They were all, alas! children that ought not to have been born.

To-day they are all in good health, have learnt to smile, to laugh, and walk, and may be seen on rocking-horse and rocking-boat enjoying the children's kingdom, and the monster who was murdering them is picking oakum in Wells gaol.

This hideous place was never seen by the distracted mother. Knowledge of it was obtained through advertisement, and the plausible, hideous-hearted wretch fetched them.

To get at such people, and to bring their conduct within the law such as it is to-day, requires a skill, and patience, and time, which only specially trained and free men can be even expected to undertake. The police authorities everywhere welcome the Society's officers, and render them every assistance so far as their regulations will allow. By such baby-farmers, money is to be made only by the neglect and ill-treatment of children. They get the child's mother's money down once for all. Then come the offers of house-to-house life insurance canvassing agents who go about every town street and country road.

If the children insured are killed by illegal means, the payments to the society are all to the good. Or if the insurers do not see much chance of the child dying within the time they expected and they got tired of paying, the same thing happens. But if neglect brings a fatal disease, the advantage is to the insurer. Each of the above four children — their mother's payments (£40) *being completed* — were insured, for 15s. if dead within three months; 25s. if within six months.

This is what the insurance agent said, "When I insured them, I noticed that their condition was not bad, but on my later visits I noticed that they were very much neglected."

The moment the Society began its inquiries the insurance was dropped, and in one week the children began to mend. It was in their improved condition that they were weighed. The Society has had in hand cases where insured children have been sent out suffering from bronchitis, consumption, and diphtheria, one for coal, two for beer, in snow and rain, in the night, with scarcely any clothing on. All three are dead. Many insured children it has found covered with bruises on the body and on the head, old and new, and in a horrible state of emaciation. One it took from a cold stone passage, set there in its nightgown between wide open front and back doors in a through draft, in the month of February, when a north-east wind was blowing. The mother, who had £7 secured on its death, sat at her hot breakfast by a warm fire, in her room on the other side of the passage-door. Rents, rates and scores at the grocers are paid off in this way.

Here is a discovered attempt to harry a girl to death: she was found in the street — out in the night. When found, the night had passed. She was almost without clothing; she shivered so that she could not walk; she was carried to the Police Station, where she was thought to be dying. Her mother when found was ready with the lie that the child had run away, but her own statement, confirmed by others, was, that she had been beaten and deliberately shut out. She had on two garments, thin and cotton, slippers and no stockings; and it was winter. She was a step-child, in consumption and insured. Five days after, she was dead, with marks of blows upon her back and head and the grazings on her thighs and knees of cellar

steps, up which she had been dragged when too far gone to walk. Two of this woman's children were found out under almost identical circumstances. Her children are all taken from her.

"It's no use," said a doctor, before a House of Commons Committee, "attending an insured child." The so-called insurance of its life is really an insurance of its death, is, as Mr. Justice Day justly calls it, "an incentive to murder."

The Society has done grand work in this direction. "It deserves the gratitude of the community," the same judge said at a recent Wells assizes. But it is only at the beginning of its work. England is honeycombed with unscrupulous agents of infant insurance societies and baby-burial clubs.

Why do these things exist, and those dreadful dungeons in which often nothing is to be found, but the filthy plank floor for a bed with not even prison-fare for the supper, where the drunkard kicks his prisoners for delight? There is but one reply; because England lacks in every town and village of the land the beneficent agency of this Society. That it uses great discretion in the selection of the men and women to prosecute, is shown in the fact that it convicted ninety-six out of the hundred of them. While it does its best for the victim's welfare, its object is not to provide food and clothing for suffering destitute children, but to provide the treadmill for those who inflict the suffering and make them destitute. I have omitted all the cases of wounds and broken limbs, and scalds and burns, and other monstrous tortures, which it is impossible to imagine. Let the reader get for himself "The Child of the English Savage," "Tortured Children," and "A Fourth Year's Work," all of which the Society will gladly send free.

This young Society, but four years old, has dealt with 800 cases affecting two thousand children, and deserves the sympathy and help of every well-wisher to the child of the evil and to the credit of the land. Its office is 7, Harpur Street, Bloomsbury, W.C. Its Treasurer is R. Ruthven Pym.

THE REALMS OF GOLD.

A Second Talk about Poetry.

By JOHN DENNIS.

I MUST begin this talk with the remark, which may not be evident to every young student of poetry, that popularity is no test of merit. Poems of slight value or of none have, for some temporary reason, had a great reputation with uncritical readers, and then, after a few years, have taken their place among the books that nobody reads. As you gain an acquaintance with the history of English poetry, you will find several striking illustrations of this truth. I will give one, which may serve as a starting-point for what I have to say about the poets of this century. In 1792 Samuel Rogers published the "Pleasures of Memory," and in six years that mellifluous but vapid poem had reached ten editions. So highly did Byron think of Rogers's art that he ranked him above Coleridge and Wordsworth. At the present day Rogers, if not quite dead as a poet, is chiefly to be remembered for having preceded the great poets who flourished in the first half of this century, and for having survived them all. On the other hand, during long years Wordsworth was the most unpopular poet in England.

Coleridge, whose name is "second to none of all time for splendour and sweetness of inspiration," was laughed to scorn by the early critics of his verse, and Keats was unsparingly ridiculed in the *Quarterly*. Yet these three poets stand now in the front rank, while some of the poets of that day who, like Moore, made fame and money by their verses, are now seldom read.

If you ask me which is the greatest poet of our century, I answer without hesitation Wordsworth; but I know that the qualities which give him that position are not such as young readers generally appreciate. Wordsworth has not the picturesque life and energy which distinguish Scott; he has not the passion any more than he has the morbidness of Byron; he has not the enchanting music of Coleridge or of Shelley. Sometimes, too, he is terribly prosaic, and his want of humour often leads him to mistake childishness for simplicity. These are his defects as a poet, but his virtues infinitely outweigh them. More than any English poet except Shakespeare, Wordsworth sees into the life of things; his imagination does not

create new worlds, but it enables him to give a new meaning and beauty to the world in which we live. He is at once the humblest student of nature and the profoundest. Yet for Wordsworth, external nature has no deep significance apart from humanity, and its "still, sad music," to quote his own words, is heard throughout his verse. But though pathetic he is not melancholy, and his song, like all noble poetry, inspires courage and faith. Joy is the highest stimulant of the poetic art, and Wordsworth, who said he was one of the happiest of men, when a sad hour comes, as to all of us it will come, instead of desponding, sees the light beyond, and by the time he nears the close of his verse sings with the sun in his face. You will see this Wordsworthian characteristic in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," in the "Leech Gatherer," in the "Happy Warrior," in the "Lines composed above Tintern Abbey," and in several of his incomparable sonnets and shorter lyrics. I think that in your best moments you will best appreciate Wordsworth. When you feel most the beauty of life and its seriousness, you will find how much there is in his poetry to delight and to invigorate. He is indeed one of the wisest of poetical teachers, and a distinguished living poet, writing to me of Wordsworth, expresses the belief of many when, comparing him with Milton, he says that he does not think him the least of the two: "If he is less lofty he is deeper in thought and wider in the range of the humanities." For some time, probably, you must take much of Wordsworth's greatness on trust; yet if you have an ear and heart for poetry you will surely feel a thrill of pleasure in reading the lines "To the Cuckoo," "To a Highland Girl," "To the Daisy," "She was a Phantom of Delight," "The Solitary Reaper," "Yarrow Revisited," and the lines beginning, "I wandered lonely as a cloud." I think too, you cannot fail to be struck by the classic dignity of "Laodamia," by the noble elevation of the "Ode to Duty," and by that highly characteristic poem, "The Old Cumberland Beggar." As you grow in years and knowledge the more will you feel Wordsworth's power, and that his genius is equally at home in the highest theme and in the humblest—in the "Ode on Intimations of Immortality," and in such ballad-verses as "The Reverie of Poor Susan," and "We are Seven." Sir Richard Steele, with an exquisite appreciation of womanly goodness, said finely of Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that to know her was a liberal education. A similar praise may be awarded to Wordsworth. To use his own words, he gives us "nobler loves and nobler cares," and the purity and sweetness of his verse exercise the same elevating influence of which we are conscious in the presence of a gracious Christian lady.

Before parting from Wordsworth I must point out one striking characteristic of his poetry. No English poet, not even Shakespeare, dear though his love is to

> "This precious stone set in the silver sea,
> * * * *
> This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,"

is more of a patriot than Wordsworth. He has written, indeed, no spirit-stirring lyrics like Campbell and Lord Tennyson, no lines which haunt the memory like the "Breathes there a man with soul so dead" of Scott; but in a series of sonnets, marvellous in force and glowing with suppressed emotion, he has proved the warmth of his love for liberty and for England, the native home of freedom. There was a time, in the earliest years of this century, when England had to face Europe in arms, and was, as a great orator and preacher said, "most critically placed in the Thermopylæ of the universe." It was then that Wordsworth wrote the poems which testify that he also, like Milton, could make his voice sound like a trumpet. And as we listen to that voice now, we feel that we may add the name of Wordsworth to that of the two mighty English poets whose spirits animated his verse:—

> "In our halls is hung
> Armoury of the invincible knights of old;
> We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
> That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
> Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
> Of earth's first blood, have titles manifold."

No one appreciated Wordsworth's genius more highly than his friend Coleridge, but Wordsworth, though he said that Coleridge was the most wonderful man he had ever met, does not seem to have greatly estimated his poetry. And yet that poetry ranks with the most original and the most musical in the language. No poet had ever a more exquisite ear, and no two poems are more unquestionably the work of poetical inspiration than the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel." Coleridge is the poet of the supernatural, he is also the poet of the beautiful, and there are lines and stanzas in his verse not to be surpassed for charm. It is strange to remember that all his loveliest poetry was written within the short period of five or six years; still stranger to think how small in bulk is the treasure left by this wonderful

poet. When you have read the two poems already mentioned, "The Three Graves," "France, an Ode," "The Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," "Work without Hope," "The Garden of Boccaccio," "Kubla Khan," "Love," "Dejection," and "Youth and Age," you will, I think, have read all the verse of Coleridge that is of prime excellence. Other poems there are we should be greatly sorry to lose, but those I have mentioned belong to that rare order of poetry on which Time will lay his hand in vain.

Coleridge lived to face the approaches of old age. He was indeed an old man before his time. John Keats died at twenty-six, but these poets, who had no more personal knowledge of each other than could be gained in a hand-shake, had this in common—a rapturous sense of beauty, an ear for rare harmonies, an imagination that carried them into far-off regions of romance where

> "Magic casements open on the foam
> Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn."

And—

> "Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
> Through caverns measureless to man
> Down to a sunless sea."

Walter Savage Landor, a true poet, but far better known by his prose writings, called Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey three towers of one castle. If I were to talk to you freely of these famous men, I should exhaust the little space at my disposal. Southey, though he had a great gift of invention and much poetical energy, has no claim, as a poet, to be ranked with his two friends. He has written a few beautiful poems and some imperishable prose,—I hope you have read his "Life of Nelson"—but his moral character and his splendid courage as a man of letters are more impressive than his poetry, and I do not think Sir Henry Taylor is wrong in his judgment, that take Southey for all in all, "it may be said of him justly, and with no straining of the truth, that of all his contemporaries he was the greatest MAN."

Very different is the judgment that must be passed upon Shelley, a poet full of noble impulses and yet with regard to the chief duties of life, wholly destitute of conscience. Of his sad life I need not speak here except to point out how the want of a firm moral ground gives vagueness to his verse. Mr. Matthew Arnold describes him as "a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." He has wings, if ever poet had, and rarely rests upon the earth at all. Unlike Wordsworth's "Skylark," it cannot be said of Shelley that he is true to the kindred points of heaven and home; rather like his own skylark he is a scorner of the ground, and from the cloud-land in which he loves best to dwell "showers a rain of melody."

So much passionate nonsense has been written about Shelley, that there is a danger lest, in the love of truth and in the exercise of common sense, we should be tempted to depreciate his genius. This, however, will be impossible if we are familiar—as every student of poetry ought to be—with his lyrics, in which the singer's voice attains an altitude that has been rarely if ever surpassed in English song. The little volume of poems from Shelley selected by Mr. Stopford Brooke will introduce you to the finest gold of his genius. Read the love lyrics, "Epipsychidion," "The Sensitive Plant," "Ode to the West Wind," and the pieces which Mr. Brooke has classed under "Poems of Nature and Man," and you will be able to form some idea of this poet's art. Shelley is among the saddest of poets, and in one of his poems written in dejection he says:—

> "Alas! I have not hope nor health,
> Nor peace within, nor calm around,
> Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
> The sage in meditation found,
> And walked with inward glory crowned—
> Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure."

And then he adds that he could lie down like a tired child and weep away his life of care. But Shelley knew, as Coleridge knew, that the best nutriment of song is joy, and that "thence flows all that charms or ear or sight," and one of his loveliest lyrics is an invocation to the Spirit of Delight.

> "Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
> Spirit of Delight,
> Wherefore hast thou left me now
> Many a day and night?
> Many a weary night and day
> 'Tis since thou art fled away.
> * * * *
> "Then art love and life! O come
> Make once more my heart thy home."

"Much have I travelled in the realms of gold," said John Keats, and though he died at the youthful age of twenty-six, the fruit he gleaned from his travels is of the richest flavour. Keats is one of the most poetical of poets. He lived for poetry. It was the supreme joy of his life, his hope, his work, his constant thought. On this his ambition was centred, and young though he was there are indications that he took a just estimate of his power. What you will chiefly observe in his earliest poems is a luxuriance of imagery and a want of the restraint a poet

owes to art. In the later poems there is also a lavish wealth of imagery, but it is combined with a perfect mastery of form and an incomparable felicity in the use of words. Indeed I do not know anything more remarkable than the way in which, as a poet, Keats sprang from boyhood to full maturity in a space of little more than two years. In his character there were grave defects which seemed to be lessening before he died; in his verse the over-sensuousness and laxity of style that mark "Endymion" were quickly exchanged for the calm beauty of "Hyperion," and for the glowing and yet artistic expression of such poems as the odes "To Autumn," "To a Nightingale," and "To a Grecian Urn."

"No one else," says Mr. Matthew Arnold, "in English poetry, save Shakespeare, has in expression quite the fascinating felicity of Keats, his perfection of loveliness;" and it is this felicity in the use of words and poetical phrases that makes him so dear to young readers. Read "The Eve of St. Agnes," and you will understand something of the art which gives to Keats a place among the great poets. Read "Hyperion," and you will see how despite his love of luxuriant imagery, he was able to curb all extravagances of language and fancy and to rise into the serene region of the epic poet. This is not all. The sonnet is a most difficult form of composition when the poet aims at expressing a really fine thought within its narrow compass. Yet this difficulty has been overcome by Keats, and his early sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," ranks with the best in our literature. As I owe to it a beautiful title for these talks about poetry, I cannot more appropriately say farewell to Keats than by quoting it:—

> "Much have I travelled in the realms of gold,
> And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
> Round many western islands have I been,
> Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold,
> Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
> That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
> Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
> Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold;
> Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
> When a new planet swims into his ken;
> Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
> He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
> Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
> Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

The name of Sir Walter Scott is one of the greatest in literature and, which is better still, one of the purest. He wrote nothing of which a good man need be ashamed, and there is in all he wrote a wholesome and invigorating power. George Eliot speaks of Sir Walter as "that beloved writer who has made a chief part in the happiness of many young lives," but I believe that the readers who find Scott a delight in youth, love him also in old age. The Waverley novels are a literature in themselves—books inexhaustible in charm and inspired throughout by poetic feeling. I should like to say much about these great works, for great they are in imagination, in humour, in variety of knowledge, in reverence for what is noble, in breadth of toleration, but this is not the place. It is the fashion of some critics to depreciate Scott as a poet, chiefly I think because his verse has no affinity with that most in vogue nowadays. If his poetry was hard to understand and needed commentators it would probably be more admired. His forte is that of the ballad-writer, and he has the ballad-writer's carelessness and dash. He has also his spirit and pathos, and there are passages in his verse—Flodden Field, in "Marmion," for example—which are unequalled of their kind in modern literature. That poem is perhaps Scott's masterpiece, and it is interesting to remember that much of it was composed in the saddle when in anticipation of an invasion the poet acted as a volunteer cavalry officer. "In the intervals of drilling," a friend says, "Scott used to delight in walking his powerful black steed up and down by himself on the Portobello sands, within the beating of the surge; and now and then you would see him plunge in his spurs and go off as if at the charge, with the spray dashing about him. As we rode back to Musselburgh, he often came and placed himself beside me, to repeat the verses that he had been composing during these pauses of our exercise."

The six introductory epistles to "Marmion" form perhaps the portion one would be least willing to lose, for the heart of the writer is seen in them. "The Lady of the Lake," the most popular of Scott's poems, is not equal to "Marmion," or even to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel," in the higher qualities of the poet. It is too much of a story in verse, and in poetry the interest of the story should not predominate. As a lyric poet Sir Walter has genuine power. In the simplest words he produces the most striking effects and his voice of song is always sweet. So heartily do I love Scott that I should like to say to you, read all that he has written, but if you have not leisure to do this read his best poems and leave for some more convenient time "Harold the Dauntless," the "Bridal of Triermain," and if it must be so, "The Lord of the Isles." You cannot fail to enjoy the spirit of his ballads, and if Lockhart's delightful

biography of his great father-in-law, long though it be, does not draw you on from chapter to chapter, from volume to volume, by an irresistible attraction, it will be a proof I fear that this most loveable of men, whom Wordsworth happily called "the whole world's darling," is less dear to you than he deserves to be.

It is a great and painful change to pass from Sir Walter to Lord Byron, who was by far the most popular poet in England sixty years ago. It is difficult now to understand how with such poets before them as Wordsworth, Coleridge and Shelley, readers preferred Byron; but much of the preference was due to his extraordinary personality. He wrote in energetic verse of his private affairs, and people who loved scandal or sympathised with an emotion we now know to be unreal, liked to read it. He was a nobleman of striking beauty, and a poet of extraordinary though ill-regulated genius. His eccentricities and excesses were the talk of society, and people who ought to have known better excused his vices on the plea that he was too great a genius to be bound by ordinary rules. Much of his poetry rings hollow, and far from being genuine metal is little better than pinchbeck. On the other hand, there is much that shows a sincere though often morbid love of nature, and in his best work an energy, reminding us of Dryden, carries the reader along with a force to which he is compelled to yield.

I cannot believe that Byron will be ever again a popular poet, nor do I understand how Mr. Matthew Arnold, who loves Wordsworth so well, can place Byron by his side, and call the two a glorious pair "pre-eminent in actual performance among the English poets of this century." Byron's immorality, which is that of the mocker who has no respect for virtue, is against him in the race for fame, but there are also distinctly literary and poetical qualities in which his work is deficient. In style he is slovenly, and for the finer harmonies of verse he has no ear whatever; his subject matter is frequently meretricious, and his egotism sickly. He had indeed great qualities, but they are rather those of the wit and satirist than of the imaginative poet, and unfortunately these powers are so wantonly exercised that Byron sometimes spoils his finest work. It may be possible I know to point to poems in the large mass of his poetry that will contradict this estimate,—lovely oases in a spacious desert, but I venture to think that I am right in the main.

I shall not be surprised, however, if young readers disagree with me. Byron's verse though not musical is forcible, and poems or stanzas easy to learn by heart and of incontestible merit are to be found in all selections. If you admire such pieces as "The Isles of Greece," the Stanzas to his sister, the address to the Ocean, the brilliant picture of the night before Waterloo at Brussels, "The Prisoner of Chillon," the opening lines of the "Corsair," the lines on Death and the two stanzas on Solitude, it is not for me to say your taste is false, for I learnt all these passages in boyhood and can repeat them still.

And now I want to draw your attention to a poet who was a young woman of twenty-five when Lord Byron died, and with her passionate enthusiasm for the poetic art probably felt what Mr. Matthew Arnold expressed years afterwards:—

> "When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
> We bow'd our head and held our breath.
> He taught us little; but our soul
> Had felt him like the thunder's roll.
> With shivering heart the strife we saw
> Of Passion with Eternal Law,
> And yet with reverential awe
> We watch'd the fount of fiery life
> Which served for that Titanic strife."

Elizabeth Barrett, who became the wife of the profound thinker and great poet who is happily still with us, was a verse-maker from her childhood, and in early womanhood gained large acquirements and learning. She read Greek with ease, and translated the "Prometheus Bound," of Æschylus, yet the sanity and moderation of Greek poetry does not seem to have influenced her own productions. She is by far the greatest female poet, not of England only, but of Europe—the greatest and also the sweetest. If Mrs. Browning's taste and judgment had been equal to her inspiration, her place would have been with the first poets of her country. Unfortunately her passionate enthusiasm, her sensibility, and high imagination, are exercised without the self-restraint which should guide the pen of the artist. "An author," said Dryden, "is not to write all he can, but only all he ought." Mrs. Browning, like Dryden himself, too often forgot this wise rule, and in the midst of verses perfect in their simplicity and beauty, the reader often lights upon stanzas that make him shiver. She turns adjectives into nouns, coins words that are false to the idiom of the language, and forgets that grammar has some claims even upon poets.

But in this talk about great poets I want to call forth your admiration, and not to

criticise defects. There is a time for criticism, but it must be based upon love, and the more you read of Mrs. Browning's poetry, the warmer I think that love will grow. Like a true woman, she puts her heart into her verse, and her loveliest poetry is due to personal feeling. The little we know of the story of her life adds an interest to her poetry. We think of the enthusiastic girl in early life gathering knowledge from all sources and in all languages. Books were her world; and what a happy world it is! Slight in figure, "with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face, large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, and a smile like a sunbeam"—how pleasant a picture is this of the young scholar and poet! Possibly her mind had been overtasked by long years of study, for at the age of twenty-eight she broke a blood-vessel in the lungs. Two years later, while trying to recover health at Torquay, a brother whom she much loved was drowned in her sight; and from that moment the poet's health seemed to break down utterly. But love, which is stronger than death, came to her rescue; and how love saved her she describes in those wonderful sonnets in which, under the pretence of a translation from the Portuguese, she addressed her lover and husband.

"Then love me, Love! look on me . . . breathe on me!
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,
For love to give up acres and degrees,
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with Thee."

And so the invalid, strong in hope and joy, was carried away from England to dwell under the sunnier sky of Italy. There her baby was born, and some happy years of wedded life were spent in Florence, where she lived long enough to witness the independence of a country she dearly loved, and to which much of her verse is dedicated.

It is often the case that a poet's fame rests upon short poems. It is so with Gray and Collins, with Burns and Campbell, and although "Aurora Leigh," a poem containing twelve thousand lines, has some irregular bursts of poetry which even Mrs. Browning has never surpassed, I think you will gain, as I have done, the greatest delight from her lyrics and sonnets. Seldom has she written a flawless poem, but she has written many in which the beauty is so exquisite that its faults are unheeded. Such, for example, are the "Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Cry of the Children," "The Deserted Garden," "My Doves," "Sleeping and Watching," "A Sabbath Morning at Sea," "Cowper's Grave," "A Child's Grave at Florence," "The Swan's Nest," "The Sleep," and that remarkable though far from perfect poem, "Lady Geraldine's Courtship." Now if you read these lyrical poems, and enter into the spirit of them, you will find yourself in a new world of poetry—a world that owes its existence to Mrs. Browning's genius. An accomplished versifier may give you pleasure if he has some share of fancy and language, but he cannot carry his readers into a realm which is at once strange and beautiful, for that is the supreme gift of the poet. Many a graceful poem is written in these days, which we read, like, and forget in a week, but a true poet will not allow you to forget him so readily. His strength of imagination holds you captive as the Wedding Guest in Coleridge's poem was held by the Ancient Mariner, so that you cannot choose but hear. It is a great thing to have a voice; the poetaster has only an echo.

In this respect, but in no other, Thomas Hood resembles Mrs. Browning. He is a minor poet, but a true one, and a true humorist also, although forced, unluckily, to make fun for his daily bread. I think you will like his serious poems, and some especially in which humour is blended with pathos. If ever man loved the art Thomas Hood did, and among the singers of the century I may venture to say he must always hold a place. If you ask me my reason for so confident an assertion, I reply that Hood has in his best poems great perfection of workmanship, the simplicity that instinctively avoids what is meretricious, much poetical sensibility, and sufficient imagination to see with perfect clearness the object he describes. There is art as well as the deepest pathos in the "Bridge of Sighs," and to have written a poem like this and a poem like the "Song of the Shirt," is to have done far more probably for the good of his kind than many a man has done whose charity strikes the world more forcibly. Do not suppose, as some kind Christian people do, that all work for God must be done in one direction. It is good to distribute tracts and blankets, good, as St. James says, to visit the fatherless, good to praise and pray, but it is also good to write poetry, for that is to exercise one of the noblest of gifts, and, as George Herbert

"A verse may find him who a sermon
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

Hood, the most prolific of punsters, had a reverent spirit, and his poetry is full of ten-

derness and humanity. He has a sprightly fancy too and an ear for music. His "Dream of Eugene Aram" would alone suffice to rank him with the poets; and such lyrics as "Ruth," "The Death Bed," and "Fair Ines," confirm the title. What a mixed charm, peculiar to Hood, of mirth and sadness, there is in "A Retrospective Review!" and how sweet and quaint a fancy, reminding one of the Elizabethan lyrists, there is in the little piece called "Flowers," in "The Forsaken," and in the short lyric, beginning—

> "The autumn is old,
> The sere leaves are flying;"—

and in the ballad—

> "It was not in the winter
> Our loving lot was cast;
> It was the time of roses,
> We pluck'd them as we pass'd!"

And now I must say farewell to Hood, who perhaps scarcely deserved a place in a Short Talk from which so many fine poets are necessarily excluded. I thought, however, that you probably knew him only as the author of comic annuals and *Hood's Own;* and there is a humanity and sensitiveness of feeling in his verses which meet with a quick response in the earlier years of life. Two or three of the singers that have passed away, although dear to some of us, must be passed by with but a word or two. Keble has his special place as a Christian poet; so has Charles Tennyson-Turner, the laureate's brother; and little as Hartley Coleridge has written, it suffices to prove that sometimes, though very rarely, genius descends from father to son. It has been said that he led a wasted life. I do not know; but there was much in it to be sorrowed over. It is something to be loved as he was, and his bitter experience was not without fruit in his verse. When you read his sad story and his beautiful sonnets, as some day you must, you will like to think of the erring but not ignoble poet who, when his head was grey, was "nor child, nor man, nor youth, nor sage," lying by the side of his noble friend and affectionate counsellor, Wordsworth, in Grasmere churchyard. What poet could have a sweeter resting-place!

It is difficult to break off when so much remains to be said. Of the great living poets who, like their forerunners, illustrate the poetical glory of the century, I must say nothing, because to speak of them, however slightly, would need a talk as long as that I am now bringing to an end. Lord Tennyson alone claims so much love and admiration from young readers, his verses, rich in thought and enchanting in melody, so live in the memory, that a few words about him would be idle words, and for those there is not space. Long may we keep him with us! for although he has been writing poetry for sixty years, not yet is his natural strength as a poet abated; and I know no poems written in his youthful prime which bear more marks of inspiration and of his consummate art than "Rizpah" and "The Revenge," which are the works of an old man.

Some day, perhaps, there may be a chance of rambling more at large with you in this wide and brightest realm of literature. Meanwhile remember that, although my words about poetry may be weak, all that is enchanting in music, sweet or ennobling in thought, may be found in the poets of whom I have spoken to you. I can but talk, they can sing; and if you have an ear to listen you will gain a pleasure that does not fall away as you grow older, but will add a fuller and deeper joy to life as the years move on.

Once more in parting let me urge you not to be satisfied with such knowledge of the poets as can be gained from reading about them. All the talk and all the reading are worse than useless unless you resolve to study the great works which the poets have left us, unless you come to know these works not as school exercises but as living creations. I am not asking you to gain this knowledge hurriedly or by wearisome effort, but I do ask you not to rest satisfied with the pleasant amusement of turning over poetical selections or reading criticisms, but thoroughly to study some great master, like Spenser or Milton; and while doing this you need not refrain from making many a pleasant ramble, in what I may call the by-paths of poetry, where the ground is covered with wild flowers, and "beauty born of murmuring sound" fills the heart with gladness. In this happy mood you will not feel the praise of good old George Wither too great when he exclaims:—

> "Poesy! thou sweet'st content
> That e'er heaven to mortals lent;
> Though they as a trifle leave thee,
> Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
> Though thou be to them a scorn,
> That to nought but earth are born,
> Let my life no longer be
> Than I am in love with thee."

SAVED AS BY FIRE.

By E. M. MARSH, Author of "Marah," "Edelweiss," etc.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HIS VENGEANCE.

THE lights in the Rectory shone with a warm glow upon a happy group. There was the Rector, surveying the scene from his vantage ground in front of the fire, benevolence in his very eyebrows. Mrs. Markham, in her accustomed easy-chair, was unusually silent. Happiness is a wonderful quietus; but her face perfectly corresponded with her name. Jack sat listening to an animated conversation between Sir Bernard and Lord St. Maur. Dorothy was vibrating about the room like a butterfly, generally settling down on the arm of "Cœur de Lion's" chair, looking the living embodiment of Hebe; glowing life in every radiant feature, in the saucy, pouting lips, the flashing, melting eyes; life in her every free, untrammelled movement, that seemed to radiate and emanate from the new source of all her being—the love that had transformed Dorothy Markham from a playful, light-hearted bird into a winsome, thoughtful, yet blithe maiden, with more of earnestness in her words, without the loss of her piquancy. Sometimes she hardly understands what Lord St. Maur can see in her, and has qualms lest he has taken her out of gratitude, and because she showed she loved him; but every day she realises better the depth of Geoffrey St. Maur's love for his little "Humming-bird."

Bernard Maxwell looked on with a tinge of envy. When should he be so blest? He vowed to himself that when Phyllis came she should never leave him; he would keep her if he had to use bolts and bars. Dot seemed to have divined his thought.

"Sir Bernard, you will not let our Phyllis go again; we must conspire to keep her; her search is useless; do persuade her to believe this, and if not, use compulsion." She stamped her little foot, adding, "I won't marry Geoffrey till she becomes Lady Maxwell, *there!*"

Lord St. Maur put his arm round the tiny waist. "We might have a double wedding, eh, old fellow? Miss Trevylian can surely not be cruel enough to keep me in single blessedness; she always declared she did not know how to repay me for my kind attentions. I shall tell her how she can do it now, and make herself and you happy. I really think with Dorothy, her mother must be dead. Use your utmost eloquence, Bernard; Humming-bird here and I will back you up."

Sir Bernard smiled. "I swear she shall; 'but me no buts' this time. My dear Geof, how splendid it will be!" He got up and walked about quite excitedly. "Geof, you shall have the Castlemount Jointure House until you come into your own. There is a room just made for a studio in it, and we will dine with each other alternately, when the girls can talk over the merits of their respective husbands, quarrelling amicably over which is the noblest specimen of mankind, and we can chat upon old times, before we saw either of our fates. Now I really must be going. Margaret must not spend her Christmas Eve alone. Think over my suggestion, old boy."

"I need not think a moment, my friend, mamma," he laid his hand affectionately on Mrs. Markham's shoulder, "has answered for me, she shall not lose her daughter yet a while."

"Then that's settled," said Sir Bernard; "a merry Christmas and a happy new year to us all! The omens are promising. Good night."

Lightly his footsteps echoed along the Yew Alley. Humming the old madrigal *Cantando va di*, he entered the churchyard.

The dark figure at the base of Lady Maxwell's statue did not hear a manly stride upon the crisp snow, the cold and exposure had done their work. The moonlight now streamed full upon her, her veil was thrown back, and her head, pillowed on her arm, lay with the face turned upwards, with a smile upon the lips; the marble above her did not look more calm and peaceful. Sir Bernard recoiled when he saw the recumbent form, his heart standing still with an intuitive fear that blanched his cheek. He could hardly bring himself to look at her, so terrible was the dread of what he might see. The first glance made him almost laugh at his folly.

"Conscience doth make cowards of us all," he muttered. "Only a tramp, poor creature!"

Only a tramp! Look nearer, Bernard Maxwell. He bent down, intending to carry the unconscious woman to the Rectory; he

knew she would get shelter there; but as he stooped something in the upturned face made him recall Phyllis. What brought her to his mind? He knelt, and as he did so, another scene rose before him—his mother's death-bed, and a white, scared face, looking entreatingly at him, as if for mercy. He sprang to his feet and clutched at the pedestal. Who said—Murderer? He looked up, the stars were like drops of blood; he looked down, the very snow seemed flecked with blood-red stains. Here, at his mother's feet, Bernard Maxwell knew that his vengeance was completed. He had hunted her to death! Drops of perspiration stood upon his forehead; then he stooped again and laid his hand upon her heart, it still beat, though faintly. He lifted the inanimate form; a pang of intense pity thrilled through him as he felt the poor wasted body, light as a leaf in the strong man's clasp. He wrapped his fur-lined coat about her to try and thaw the frozen pulses into animation. If, as he dreaded, it were a corpse he was carrying, then farewell to "St. Cecilia," for he had slain her mother. The soul he had not thought of, but now he was brought face to face with the actual life, killed through him. He felt giddy as he almost staggered up the terrace steps, and tapped at the boudoir door. Miss Dallas opened it, starting back at the sight of him, so haggard did he look.

"Ah, dear, have you saved a poor creature lost in the snow?" She bent pitifully forward.

"Don't touch me, Margaret, there is the taint of blood on me."

He little knew that the woman in his arms had said much the same thing only a few hours before. Then he continued hoarsely,

"Is there a fire in my mother's room?"

Miss Dallas answered with some surprise,

"Yes, all the rooms are being aired just now."

"Send for Mrs. Hawkins," he said, and without another word carried his burden straight to Lady Maxwell's apartment, drew the couch up to the fire, and laid her down. "The doctor will be here directly," continued Sir Bernard, "I told the lodge-keeper to fetch him."

While he was speaking, Miss Dallas was trying to force some brandy through the tightly closed lips: she could not understand Sir Bernard's anxiety, for not the faintest suspicion of the truth had dawned upon her. He stood gazing down, living the old scene over again, until his cousin gently turned him out of the room. The housekeeper and she would look after the poor woman. Sir Bernard paced up and down the corridor till after the doctor's visit. When he came out from his patient, the Baronet asked as indifferently as he could,

"How is she?"

"Poor thing," said the little man, "she cannot live long. Want and cold have done more quickly what disease would eventually have accomplished. She is evidently half-starved"

"What do you call long, doctor? Will there be time to communicate with any friend?"

"My dear sir, I cannot tell to an hour, but she will not see the new year. I may be wrong of course, some people have wonderful vitality, but I should imagine it would be a happy release, she has suffered much apparently."

Then wishing Sir Bernard a merry Christmas, Dr. White braved the keen air, well protected by a muffler his worthy spouse had carefully wrapped him in. Sir Bernard walked into the library and sat down. Dying of starvation! His manhood rose up in revolt at the thought. With the consequences of his action, he had never troubled himself. She was bad to the core, he had never given her credit for any redeeming quality, and she had come to perish at his mother's feet. The saint and the sinner. It was no mere accident that had brought her there, he was sure, she had repented, and this was her expiation. There was no comfort in the knowledge that he had not kept his oath to spurn her, even if she knelt before him imploring pardon. She had craved no mercy at his hands during her lifetime, and in death only a grave. And now she was lying—oh, irony of fate!—in the very room where her victim had died. Where the curse had fallen, there to be removed. But, alas! his vengeance had slain a life, and that life had given being to his "St. Cecilia." Was she not doubly lost to him now? How could she lay her head upon his breast and look into his face with loving, trustful eyes, when her mother's corpse would come like a gaunt shadow between, and Medusa-like, freeze the warmth in her daughter's veins! Starved to death! He had pictured her sinking low, falling down, down in the social scale, but always in luxury; would she not have sold her soul for gold? But the face upturned to the moonlight had looked pure as St. Cecilia's own. How had she lived that now in death she could lie with the peaceful smile of a forgiven child that had been crooned to

sleep? Had the torrent of his vengeance, which he thought would have broken down the barriers of a fictitious respectability and laid bare the slimy ooze at the bottom, only served to reveal the grains of gold in the water-worn channel? He felt his brain reeling. All his preconceived notions were beaten down, crushed. He bowed his head in intense self-abasement, at last he could say, "Mea culpa!"

CHAPTER XXX.—FORGIVING AND FORGIVEN.

THE door opened softly and Miss Dallas stood beside Sir Bernard with no words save the gentle stroke of her hand upon his hair. He lifted his face, and she took him into her arms as she had done when he was a boy. Then she spoke. "Bernard, I found this tightly clasped in her hand; your perception was keener than mine, how could you have known her?"

She showed him a piece of paper in an envelope; on it was written, "Bury me at her feet, and on the stone put 'Gwendoline.' 'Neither do I condemn thee.'"

Sir Bernard crushed it. At last he inquired, "Does she know where she is?"

"No; she only seems conscious that she is cared for. She has not opened her eyes yet. Oh, Bernard, what a wreck!"

"You will send for Phyllis at once, Margaret?"

"Yes; I will telegraph the first thing in the morning. She can be here the day after, if she starts by the night mail."

Sir Bernard rose. "Let me see her before she dies. She must know that Bernard Maxwell is not quite a fiend."

Silently the two went into the room. At a sign Mrs. Hawkins left, and Sir Bernard bent over the bed. The light was subdued, but he could see the attenuation consequent on suffering, the hair almost white, the lips once so rosy and piquant drawn in a sharp line of pain. Now that he looked at her, he wondered how he had recognised that altered face; surely it must have been that he expected her, had felt that she, whose life had been interwoven with his own by a thread of sorrow and a thread of joy, could not pass into the unseen and unknowable without a sign.

All he wanted now was to hear how she had lived these years. He stood with a pitiful musing expression, thinking of the past, when he was suddenly brought to the present by a pair of brown eyes that were gazing up at him with a half-scared, half-entreating look.

So for the moment they remained; then she put up her hand as if to ward off a blow, while her eyes never moved from his. When she spoke, it was not with any appearance of triumph, but with a quiet conviction. "You are foiled, Bernard Maxwell; your curse cannot touch me now. Leave me to die in peace. Why do you haunt me?" Then more impatiently, "Why do you come between us again? Was not your revenge complete?"

Miss Dallas came forward and gently soothed her, giving her a restorative ordered by the doctor. She took it with the obedience of a child, seeming dazed by seeing familiar faces and finding herself in a luxurious bed, when the last she had remembered was a cold stone for a pillow and the snow for sheets. Her eyes wandered restlessly from one to the other; her nurses were so silent, she almost fancied herself in Hades, waited on by ghosts, whose very kindness was a mockery. Sir Bernard simply could not find words, and Miss Dallas had been instructed to keep her patient quiet. But she was now thoroughly aroused. Objects were becoming familiar; was it a nightmare, or was there a cold, dead figure on that couch, just as it had stood when last she had been in the room? It was a refinement of cruelty to bring her there and torture her with the memory of the past.

The enfeebled, half-benumbed brain gave way, and as Sir Bernard was stepping back noiselessly, he was struck with horror to hear a piercing cry. He started to the bedside. She was sitting up, pointing to the couch. "You have brought me here to kill me where she died. But you shall not, Bernard Maxwell; you shall not, I tell you. I will die at her feet, not where you cursed me!" She tried to fling off the clothes.

Firmly but gently Sir Bernard held her. "Gwendoline Trevylian, be still."

At that name her strength and her resistance gave way. "Do with me what you will," she murmured feebly.

"Gwendoline de Marcie, I brought you here that where the curse fell, there it should be removed."

Again she gazed at him as if fascinated, while he continued earnestly, "I recall it utterly. I, Bernard Maxwell, bow my head and say, 'Mea culpa.' May God accept my atonement!" Hastily he turned away, and left the room.

The invalid lay perfectly still, tears trembling on her eyelids like drops of liquid fire. A soft hand was laid on hers.

"Madame de Marcie, do not grieve. The past is irrevocable, but the future lies before us without a stumbling-block. Rest and regain your strength. We have been searching for you for months."

"For me?"

"You shall know it all in a day or two, when one whom we love comes, one who has healed all the wounds inflicted in the past. Now sleep, assured that friends are near."

A soft kiss was imprinted on the invalid's forehead. It seemed like the open sesame to unlock the frozen gates of tears. She flung her arms round Miss Dallas's neck, whispering brokenly—

"God bless you and reward you. I can do neither, nor atone—too late." She added remorsefully, "I can only die, and even in death I am your debtor. Do not call me de Marcie, that hated name, I am Sœur Madeleine."

Miss Dallas soothed her, saying, "One whom you cannot have forgotten has the wherewithal to pay. Be content, you shall know all soon; but perfect freedom from thought and care you must have, so I will answer no questions," she continued, half-playfully, as she saw her patient was about to speak.

The long night wore away. All slept save the Master of Castlemount, who sat brooding over the sudden destruction of all his hopes. Phyllis was doubly lost to him. What could she have but loathing and contempt for him and pity for the victim? She would not understand the provocation; all she would see was a wan, starving woman, hunted to death. She had given in so utterly, left him master of the field almost without a struggle. He had often wondered why; he had thought her a woman of indomitable courage and resolution.

Her letter!—his blood turned cold. Yes, she had written to him before disappearing, and he had flung it aside in disdain. What had she to say to him that he did not know already? But now he would give anything to possess that letter. He remembered he had been standing by his writing-table at the time. He started up and unlocked each drawer, making a careful search. No; nothing like it was concealed anywhere: it must have been thrown out with the waste paper. Now if she asked him about it, and he had to confess that he had flung it from him in disgust! Oh, the cruelty of it! Yet believing what he did, could he have done otherwise? Her subsequent repentance could not wipe out her former guilt, and yet his vengeance he knew had been thwarted utterly; he now realised that he had failed to make her the vile thing he had—yes, he must confess it—*hoped* she would become, that he fully intended she should become. He started up, he could not rest; it was a self-inflicted penance to go and look at her again, but something seemed to drive him to gaze upon his work. He went in, Sœur Madeleine lay sleeping, with the same tender smile upon her lips that had been there when he found her; then, as if under the influence of his disturbing presence, she stirred restlessly, murmuring softly, "Phyllis," as if that name were a safeguard from evil. She had not forgotten her child, then, was Sir Bernard's somewhat surprised thought. A mother's heart beat after all under that frivolous exterior; or was it that the pale lamp of death was lighting up the past? Was it a flicker of memory before the end? He dreaded lest it should go out before Phyllis could arrive. But by the following day the invalid had rallied slightly. Very still, very content, scarcely speaking, save with the large brown eyes that studied the faces round her with a strange sense of unreality. At last she said, half wistfully,

"It cannot be for long, dear friend. I feel as if I must apologise, like Charles II., for being such an unconscionable time in dying."

Miss Dallas replied, "Nay, but you must not be in a hurry to die. We do not want to get rid of you, and perhaps after to-night you may wish to live."

Sœur Madeleine shook her head. "No; my work is done; my time is come. God have mercy upon me, a sinner."

The day wore on, and in the gloaming Sœur Madeleine lay and watched the sparks that broke in showers of gold as the wood crackled and sank in the large grate. What had her life been but a spark, flashing for a moment, then going out in blackness. The thought of her daughter haunted her. An irrepressible longing came to send for her; but no, she had looked happy when last she had seen her, why disturb her future? She need never know that her mother lived; so best; and with a great sigh and aching sense of renunciation she chose to keep silence. The smile on Phyllis's lips had decided her; had the girl worn the old sorrowful look it might have been otherwise.

The door opened softly; the invalid turned her head. Could it be, or was she only dreaming when she thought herself awake? Oh! the pale, sweet face and lustrous eyes, lit with an eager anxiety, half of pleasure,

half of pain! Sœur Madeleine's eyelids closed to keep in the lovely vision; she would wake only too soon to find it a phantasm of the brain. But the voice! could she mistake its music?

"Is she sleeping, Mamsell?"

"Wait, dearie, till I get a light."

Sœur Madeleine trembled with excitement. She was not the victim of an illusion after all, and her child was evidently known and loved here—where her mother had been driven out with curses! It was too bewildering. "Coals of fire," she muttered; "coals of fire."

Light footsteps approached. Miss Dallas held up a candle, while her companion bent forward. With a stifled cry she drew back. "Mamsell, it is Sœur Madeleine!" then almost jubilantly, "I knew she could not be wicked, *my* mother!"

Sœur Madeleine looked up and stretched out her arms. "Phyllis!" she cried, with passionate yearning.

The girl kissed the pale, wan face, and pressed her cheek to hers and held her close, as if to shield her from some evil, as if her warm young life would give back the vital spark to her who had been shut out from the glow of love, to whom love had been only pain; then she sat down on the bed and stroked the thin hand.

"Mother," she said caressingly, "if you had only known me that night what suffering you might have been spared! *I* could not have recognised you."

"I knew you all along, my child, but I wished you never to hear that your mother lived. Why should you learn to despise and contemn her? She had sinned and suffered enough without that. Ah! Phyllis, you may do so yet when you have heard my story, but forgive me, dear; forgive me."

"Mother, hush! I know it all, and have known it for nearly a year. Did you not read the advertisements in the papers? I have sought you sorrowing, and you all the time were daily passing my door. Oh, mother!"

"I never bought a paper. I used to watch you, and when you looked glad I was content, but when sadness stole over your face my lot felt harder. That night you sheltered me you had a happy smile upon your lips, and the flash of the diamonds on this slender finger told me whence came the joy. Then I was ready to die, and I came to her feet. My life would have ended there had not Bernard Maxwell found me and carried me—sinner that I am—here, where his mother died. His revenge is blotted out in this his atonement."

"Oh! mother, he has suffered, for his heart is gentle, though he seemed so hard to you. You will forgive him, my own dear mother."

"Forgive him! I thank him for his vengeance, it has saved me so as by fire."

Sœur Madeleine lay stroking the jewelled hand that clasped hers, when, coming in contact with the ring, she raised it for closer inspection. Her clasp tightened.

"Oh! child, how did you get this? I remember it well; it was hers, and you can bear to wear it! Take it off, or it will burn like a circlet of fire."

Sœur Madeleine's face quivered with emotion; it was almost beyond her power to grasp the fact of Phyllis's acknowledged presence in the house, a welcome visitor; she felt as if she must cry out against it; what could it be but a mockery? Her daughter's next words nearly stunned her.

Phyllis looked down and kissed the ring, saying, with a tender inflection of voice, "Bernard gave it to me; my love Bernard."

Sœur Madeleine turned her head aside with a groan.

"Mother, let me be your peacemaker. The curse is removed, for I am to be Bernard Maxwell's wife."

"Oh, God! can this be true? My child bear her name and title? Oh no! no! no! Phyllis, you cannot know it all; how I—*I* was believed to have caused her death, and that here, in this very room, he cursed me and blasted my life. The union cannot be blest."

Phyllis paled. "I knew it before I knew that Madame de Marcie and Gwendoline Trevylian were one and the same, and I shrank from Sir Bernard at first, for I felt he had slain a soul, if not a life; but he won my love unconsciously, and suddenly I woke to know he was my all in all; and he asked me to be his wife, me, simple Phyllis Trevylian; and earth and heaven wore a new aspect for me. For one month we were happy—God only knows how happy!—and then I showed him a portrait of you, done by my father, and"—the girl's voice trembled—"we parted."

"He spurned you?" asked Sœur Madeleine eagerly.

The colour flushed into Phyllis's face. That hour of pain would never quite be stilled, but no blame should attach to him, so she answered, "No; it was as much my doing as his. I had to seek you, so I went to Paris; we employed detectives and adver-

tised, but all to no purpose; then he came to me and implored me to go back to him; his life was wrecked without me. At first I resisted his appeal; your daughter and Lady Maxwell's son could not mate; the curse would cling by heritage, I said; but he overcame me. Was there not a traitor in my own camp, my heart pleading against my judgment? Yet I would not suffer him to stay with me, nor would I return with him until some definite news of you might be gained, so he entrusted me to his friend, Lord St. Maur. Then one whom I loved lay dying, and I came home."

"Home!"

"Yes, mother; this has been my home for more than two years; your Phyllis has been guarded and loved."

"Sir Bernard must have known who you were from my letter," interrupted her mother.

"Letter! what letter? He did not know, I am certain."

"Then perhaps it never reached him. God's ways are inscrutable," murmured the invalid. "But go on; I may not have long to listen."

"You know my aunt is dead?"

"Poor Julia! No. She was good to you, my Phyllis, when your mother had deserted you, and she kept my shameful neglect a secret?"

"I never knew but that you were dead, and it was quite by chance that I came to Castleton just at the time they were in need of an organist, and Miss Dallas, dear 'Mamsell' made me her companion. I was with her a year before I saw Bernard. Mother, if it pain you, I will give him up, but oh, I pray you, do not exact this sacrifice. I ought not to love him perhaps, seeing he has injured you, but I loved him before I knew it, and now I might tear out my very life and yet not banish him from my heart. Mother, he has known very little of real love since his mother died, and I think he needs me."

Sœur Madeleine raised the girl's hand to her lips.

"If Bernard Maxwell can swear that no cloud brought on by thought of me shall ever throw a shadow upon his love for you I dare not interpose; it is the doing of a higher power than I can withstand, that has joined such sundered lives as yours. I have prayed daily, 'On me the curse, not on my child.' My prayer has been granted."

The thin hands folded themselves together, and her head sank on her daughter's arm.

She said feebly, "Phyllis, dear, I will rest awhile, then perhaps I shall have strength to bid Bernard Maxwell farewell; he and I have something more to say to each other before we part for ever, and I would fain see you together."

Phyllis sat and watched her. How different from what she had pictured the meeting would be, a meeting that she had almost dreaded, lest she should be ashamed of her mother! A great fear had always haunted her that she should have to blush for her who had given her birth, finding her in some gilded shame, beautiful, but baleful in her influence still. But instead, there, pale, wan, dying, lay the woman she had sought, with no beauty left, save that which could not fade, the sweetness of her smile and the charm of her silvery voice. Spiritualised, purified, all earthly stains burnt out in the fire of self-sacrifice. And Phyllis was glad, the dexter line upon her shield was erased, she would not bring disgrace upon the Maxwell name, she dared to love Sir Bernard now, nor feared to show her love. She had not seen him since her return; did he think she would blame him for her mother's death? She longed to go to him, but she could not free her hand from her mother's clasp, so she sat, wondering why he did not come to her.

Sœur Madeleine slept fitfully, till far on in the night, then she awoke as if refreshed, but she herself knew the end was near. She said, "Phyllis, will you send for Sir Bernard, I would like to bid him good-bye and feel assured that he has put a seal upon the past."

Miss Dallas, who was in the room, rose quietly, and in a few moments Sir Bernard entered.

Phyllis sprang forward. She wished to show him her love was unaltered in spite of her mother's sad fate. The sight of him redoubled her tenderness, for imprinted on his face were the traces of remorse and renwakened pity for the life he had so ruthlessly pursued.

Never had Phyllis thrown so much of passion into her embrace. As he clasped her in his arms she drew his head down and kissed the sad eyes that looked at her, as if pleading for pardon.

There was no more self-justification, he had said "Mea culpa;" *that* she could read.

Sœur Madeleine, looking on, saw the love, almost amounting to worship, in his gaze, and felt satisfied. She had distilled the poison into his cup, but her daughter had been the antidote.

Then Phyllis led him up to her mother.

What a coward he felt! she had yet to learn that he had not read her letter.

Sœur Madeleine looked from one to the other, then she said, "Bernard Maxwell, is it true that you sought my daughter Phyllis for your wife even after you were made acquainted with her parentage?"

He bent his head, he could not speak as yet.

"You still think her worthy to take your mother's place? Ponder it well. You love her now; may you not, like your father, tire of your wife?"

Sir Bernard put out his hand with a repellent gesture, and a spark of indignation at such an accusation from her flashed out of his eyes.

There was a quiver of pain on Sœur Madeleine's lips as she continued. "You think it impossible that a syren voice could tempt you from her side, but if you had received my letter, which unfortunately it seems you did not—" She paused, for Sir Bernard gave a little shudder, then with a passionate despairing glance at Phyllis, said hoarsely—

"I did receive that letter."

"And read it?" Sœur Madeleine started forward as if more quickly to catch the words that seemed so difficult to utter.

"No, I threw it from me, and it was lost."

Phyllis recoiled a step, and her mother sank back murmuring, "True to your vengeance to the last!"

"I sought for it when I knew who you were, but it could not be found; I would have given half my wealth to have possessed it."

His humiliation was complete. He had added another drop to the cup of bitterness the dying woman had to drink, and Phyllis had shrank from him! His punishment was almost greater than he could bear. He made a step forward, his face pale, his hand trembling, as he extended it.

"Gwendoline de Marcie, I crave your forgiveness, whether you sinned as deeply as I believed, God is your judge, not I. Before you stand at His Tribunal tell me how you have lived since we parted. Will you take my hand in token of forgiveness."

She looked up at him, and sorrowful compassion woke in her brown eyes. She laid her thin fingers in his strong palm, then she turned to Phyllis.

"My child, will you raise me, I can speak better in a sitting posture, my breath is failing me."

Tenderly Phyllis arranged the pillows, then seated herself by her side while Sir Bernard leant over the back of Miss Dallas's chair.

"When I left England," began Sœur Madeleine, "I still possessed the charm of loveliness, which no doubt would have gained me plenty of lovers, if not a husband, but, my child, I had looked upon your face, unknown to you, and Gwendoline de Marcie was dead to the world. I thought to hide myself in a little out-of-the-way spot in the Pyrenees I had once passed through. I was almost penniless, save for the little money I had gained by the sale of my jewels and furniture, so I joined a nursing sisterhood located near the Pyrenean village I had selected for my retreat. In the performance of my duties I caught the small-pox—it left me as you see me. I cannot tell you how I rejoiced that the last link that bound me to the past was gone. During my illness I was haunted by fears of the future—with the scorpion lash all my past follies stung me into new terrors, the fear of death, of judgment, pursued me. I fancied a life of self-denial and restraint might bring me peace, so when I had recovered I entered a convent on probation. That year of endless routine, of prayer, and fasting, and vigil, was nearly my death.

"A voice cried within me, 'Go out, none can recognise you, save some lives for the one you embittered. Live always under the cross; some day perhaps your burden may fall off.' I left the convent, and as Sœur Madeleine went to Paris. I was not a Roman Catholic at heart, though to please the Comte de Marcie, who was a staunch Legitimist and son of the Church, I had conformed outwardly, but now I was free to do as I pleased. I adopted the dress of a Protestant Sister of Mercy, but let it be known that I belonged to no particular sect, a free lance, in a different sense from what I had been before.

"In the lowest slums I worked out my own salvation, but yet I had no peace. I saved others, myself I could not save, till one night, faint with watching by a sick bed, I fell into a sort of trance, and the dear Lord stood by me and said, 'Come,' and I followed Him, and lo, He went to all my old haunts and showed me the footprints of His blessed feet, where he had gone before, so that when I thought that I had been alone He had been there all the time, and had opened the doors to me, but my eyes had been holden; and when I woke I was glad and at rest, and wherever I went afterwards, though I could not see Him, I could hear His

footfall ever leading on, exhaling the perfume from the precious box of spikenard with which I had anointed His blessed feet, the Magdalen's tears; and so I was not afraid to enter where no solitary man would have dared to venture, but Sœur Madeleine was always welcome. Thus I knew the curse had been taken away."

She paused to take breath. Phyllis moistened her lips with a little stimulant, then she went on,

"The idea had long possessed me to die here, and, as I felt myself growing weaker, I hungered for the time when I should be laid at Marion Maxwell's feet, all the evil and strife at an end. I saw you once in the Church of St. Roch, and knew that you too had suffered. I used to watch my daughter constantly, but no one marked me; I had been so used to glide along apparently intent upon my duties, that I was not easily detected. At last I had saved enough money, and the very night I had intended to start for Castleton Phyllis picked me up fainting, but my purpose was fixed. I wished her to be in ignorance of my existence. The sight of me could only embitter her future, and so I left her and found my way here to die. I do not forget that to you, my old enemy, I owe some solace in my last hours. Let me hear you say that you freely forgive me. What may perhaps make it easier for you, I will say, as I hope soon to meet your sainted mother, that I did not sin so deeply as you imagined. For my child's sake forgive me."

Sir Bernard left his place and looked upward a moment, then he bent down.

"Madame de Marcie, I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven." Very solemnly and earnestly he spoke.

A silence that might have been felt reigned in the room. The tears trickled softly down Phyllis's cheeks. Sœur Madeleine turned towards her.

"Kiss me, my daughter. You saved your mother once. Let me feel your hand in mine to the last."

Phyllis bent over her. "Sweet mother, good-night."

"Good-night. What a glorious morning it will be for me!" Then she composed herself to sleep. The hours slipped by; the invalid lay very still, save when she looked up at Miss Dallas, saying, "You will not forget—'Neither do I condemn thee.'" Then in the quiet watches of the night they heard her whisper, "At her feet!" A smile of unutterable beauty rested on her face, and she slept the sleep that knows no waking.

CHAPTER XXXI.—LOST AND WON.

It was over: the weary search, the first thought as each morning dawned—"I shall find her to-day." Phyllis need never have left Castlemount, but she had done it for the best, walking, as she believed, in the path of duty; but not for her the reward, but for him. She rejoiced that it was so. Her tender love saw all the struggles Sir Bernard had passed through—the remorse, the desire, if possible, to atone. Was it not for her sake he had forgiven? Her exquisite sense of justice was far too true ever to visit on him her mother's death; all her longing was to make up to him for the past. He had, perhaps, misjudged her. She had said she was not so guilty as he thought, but there had been no attempt at self-justification on her part; she had been content to say, "Mea culpa," and to bear the consequences. Sir Bernard and she had mutually forgiven, and now, in the land of spirits, the saint and the sinner had met, and in the light of the great White Throne all the shadows would flee away.

Phyllis stooped and kissed the wasted face, which had regained much of its youth, now that the wrinkles had been smoothed away, and sweet peace reigned over the placid features. Was it not well with her? Ay, passing well!

Some one entered, but Phyllis never moved until a hand was laid on her shoulder. Sir Bernard stood behind her.

"See," she said gently, "she is at rest. I dare not mourn. So best; she is forgiven. I might have had years to wait, but God has been good to me, and to you I owe her recovery, my Bernard." She turned her face upwards as she leant against him, a great love shining in her eyes, but he would not see it.

He had gazed upon the Medusa's head, and it had frozen all the warmth at his heart. Phyllis's love seemed a mockery in the presence of that clay-cold form. So he only said in a stunned sort of way,

"My handiwork! Phyllis, are you not afraid to touch me? Do you remember that ride to Landon Point, when I told you there was no blood upon this hand? He held it out with an expression of loathing. "In my hard self-righteousness I gloried in my work; even when I knew whom I had punished, I felt compunction only for your mother, none for Gwendoline de Marcie; but when I saw that figure at *her* feet, and realised that she had come to the dead for mercy, having received

none from the living, I felt I was a murderer —she was no longer your mother, but a weak, perhaps erring woman, yet a woman; and I had foresworn my manhood, my noble mother's training. And all for what? To forge a weapon with which to pierce my own soul.

"The very fact of her coming here to die shows how little capable of gentle feeling she thought me. Before that pale, pure face, for the first time like yours, 'St. Cecilia,' I could not say, she came to flaunt her misery before my eyes, to point me out with horrid skeleton finger as the one who had driven her to death, but because she believed I had no heart to be wounded, was callous to all sorrow that my revenge had brought; and had I not given her cause so to judge me?" He groaned and turned aside.

Phyllis listened, a cold chill creeping over her. Was he going to put her away? Was her love nothing to him after all? She stood before him with outstretched hands.

"Bernard, by the death-bed of your mother there fell a curse, by the bedside of mine there falls a blessing; do not throw it from you. It is a temptation of the evil one, this bitterness of remorse, the lash that stings in his punishment, not the tender chastening of a father."

Her form seemed to dilate, her eyes glowed.

"Let me exorcise the demon. You have tried to do it and have failed. You and I"—she looked up solemnly—"and God will accomplish it. Bernard!"—her voice rose to an imploring cry—"Oh, my love, hold me; my life, my happiness are in your hands. How can you have forgiven if you have not forgotten? How can *she* rest in peace if she knows her sins are visited on her daughter?"

"Not hers, mine," he interposed huskily, then laid his hands on her shoulders and gazed into her eyes, that never flinched nor wavered from their loving steadfastness. He continued, "I left you when I thought your mother had slain mine. How much more should you not shrink from me through whom yours was hunted to death? You said I might doubt you, and think she is her mother's child. Did you not hear *her* say I was my father's son? He was cruel by nature, and what have I been? Something whispers in my ear, You have his hard revengeful spirit. If with nobler instincts you could sink so low, what might you not become? Why take a young pure life and sacrifice it to your selfish desires? In death she separates us more than in life."

His hands fell, but she clasped them in hers and kissed them, holding them close while tears filled her eyes.

The greatness of his repentance was gauged by the depth of his hatred and revenge. He was suffering his morbid fancies to obscure the right. To cast away the brightest ray of light that had ever shone upon his path, and wilfully shut himself into darkness, Phyllis knew could not be the true way. She would not give him up; it seemed as if she, the good angel of his future, must combat the demon of his past. Away with all false modesty! She must not let him commit moral suicide. She drew his hands round her waist and clung close to him while she spoke.

"Dearest, listen to me. Do you know what you are going to do? Not content with destroying your own life, you seek to kill mine. When I thought it was for your good I did say, 'Let us part,' but I cannot say it now. Bernard, where you go I go. Am I vain? Am I foolish? I know I am necessary to you. You may try to put continents between us, but I shall be with you, or I shall be—dead! If you want to do a greater wrong than you ever did my mother, you will drive me from you. She had sinned against you, I am guiltless of all wrong, save that of loving you better than all else."

She stepped back and raised her lily face to his.

"Bernard, if you have ceased to love me, tell me quickly. If you must strike, strike home!"

She pressed her hand upon her heart. He stood looking at her, at the passionate glow in her eyes, in which despair was just waking. He saw the piteous quivering of the lips, the abandonment of self in the whole attitude, as she half leant forward with yearning gaze. Could he resist her? He knew he could not. He held out his arms and

> "She fled to" him "and wept,
> She half inclosed" him "with her arms,
> She pressed" him "with a meek embrace;
> And, bending back her head, looked up,
> And gazed upon" his "face.
> 'Twas partly love and partly fear,
> And partly 'twas a bashful art,
> That" he "might rather feel than see
> The swelling of her heart."

No word was spoken. He loved her. She wished to hear no more. No matter that he kept silence, he loved her still. She could read in his glance, in his clasp that held her as if defying any power, human or divine, to part them. Gently she drew herself away

from him. Turning again to the dead, she kissed the folded hands, saying,

"Good-bye, sweet mother, rest in peace; your Phyllis will try to atone for the past."

She knelt down beside the bed, and Bernard Maxwell stood and watched her, his good angel. Why should he refuse the blessing offered him, and throw his one chance of happiness away? If Phyllis were a living reproach to him, it was not more than he deserved, and her love would sweeten the medicine of life. Why fear to drink the bitter though healing potion if she held it to his lips? He flung aside his doubts, and as he saw the weary droop of the kneeling figure, he lifted her tenderly and bore her, scarcely conscious, to her room.

The days passed as if in a dream. Snow still lay thick over the imprisoned land, hushing every sound, making everything lie in a deep, calm sleep. On New Year's Eve Sœur Madeleine was borne to her rest. No more strivings and fastings and vigils—at rest! And Phyllis seemed to read in the marble face above her lowly grave a glance of thanksgiving as well as hope. Then as she paused to take a last look, a sense of desolation crept over her, she had gained a mother's love only to have it snatched from her, she was alone in the world; but Bernard Maxwell drew her hand through his arm and held her close, and she was comforted; they had no one now but each other. If there was not the joy at the Castle that night that pervaded the Rectory, at least there was a blest content. If the promise of the year had not been fulfilled, it had only been delayed. With a purer joy at his heart than he had known for years, the owner of Castlemount looked back upon the past. He was seated alone in the library after dinner looking over his mother's letters. Reverently he had untied the ribbon; it had not been touched since he had rearranged and docketed her correspondence four years ago. Oh, the dear handwriting, faded now, but still as dear. At last he lifted one that had an unfamiliar look; addressed to his father, he thought, at the first glance, for there was the title; but no, it was clear enough in full, Sir Bernard Maxwell, Bart. He turned it over, it had never been unfastened! The writing was different and the ink comparatively fresh; he stared in astonishment, the letter dropped out of his hand, but he snatched it up feverishly, it should not elude his grasp again; now he should know the truth. Once more, by some strange fatality, Gwendoline de Marcie had sought Marion Maxwell's protection, and he it must have been who unwittingly placed her letter there, and there it had been kept from destruction, as if sheltering itself in the folds of her all-embracing charity. He had found what he had sought in the last place he would have dreamed of looking. She had said "Forgive," but he had not heeded; he had flung that letter aside, and lo, it lay, as it were, under his mother's hand; he had cast out the woman herself and she was resting at his mother's feet; he would scarcely touch the tips of her fingers in life, and after her death her daughter would lie in his bosom. Never had a life's purpose been so thwarted as his.

He broke open the envelope and slowly read the letter, twice over; then he sat thinking awhile with his head upon his hand; but not for long his reverie, he seized a pen and wrote.

Miss Dallas and Phyllis were in the boudoir, inwardly wondering why Sir Bernard did not join them. The girl sat in a low chair by the fire, Lion at her feet. Her black dress made her look very pale, and the months of weary waiting and heartache had told upon the oval of her face, and given it a sharper outline, but nothing could detract from the beautiful softness and glow of the large grey eyes, or spoil the curves of the mobile mouth. She was musing upon the difference between the two New Year's Eves—the last, brilliant and gay, she the acknowledged queen of the revels, clad in a shimmering robe; this, in sable garb, she stood beside a new-made grave. But yet she was happier now than then; she had not had the anchor of Hope as now, the certainty of Bernard Maxwell's love; the storm had been weathered, a safe harbour gained at last. Wrapped in this blessed content she was disturbed by Hawkins bringing in a little packet.

Opening it with a slight feeling of dread, she found a short note and a letter, she opened the former first and read—

"PHYLLIS,—I have found the letter bound up in a bundle of my mother's, when you have read it you will see that I, I only am to blame. I have vainly struggled against my fate; my good angel seems to have left me, the demon of the past clutches me and cries, 'Thou art the man!' Farewell!

"Yours unworthy,

"BERNARD."

Phyllis sighed, though not hopelessly; she had only another battle to fight. Then she

turned to the longer epistle, perusing it with mingled grief and satisfaction. It ran—

"Bernard Maxwell,—You have kept your word; you have had your revenge. The society that knew Gwendoline de Marcie will know her no more; but if you think it has been your own unaided power that has brought it about you are mistaken. Pitted against you alone I should have won, won, I tell you, and defied you; but you had no fleshly arm on your side. Do you flatter yourself it was you I shrank from? Nay, it was a cold dead face, a patient suffering face that I saw in you. The hand lay powerless, but it struck chill upon my heart and paralysed my powers of defence. You will ask, why do I take the trouble to tell you this? Only because you and I will meet no more on this side of the grave, and I would fain let you know something of the real woman whom you cursed; I would fain have you know the truth regarding your father and me. For the curse clings, Bernard Maxwell, it burns; but some day I know it will be removed, when I lie at Marion Maxwell's feet. You call me an adventuress, worse—your hate prompted your belief in my utter wickedness. Coquette I always have been, but not so base as you think. Your father's love for your mother had died before I ever saw him; I kept him from those who would not have been so scrupulous as I. Mock at my having such a thing as scruples if you will, but I declare to you I played with your father, I made him feel my power; but he never sinned against his wife, except as such a man will always sin, in thought and desire. After your mother's death he came to me, he grovelled before me. Bah! how I despised him! He prayed me to be his wife. I drove him from me with bitter, stinging words. As one who had sold her soul for gold and position and adulation, as one gasping for purer air, the air of her innocent childhood, I looked upon your mother, a star shining in another realm than mine. *I* take her place! Not so low could Gwendoline de Marcie sink. She might have made me a better woman but for your hatred, that kept a barrier of suspicion between us. Even when as a boy I tried to win you, and saw the contempt in your eyes, you nearly made me wicked, made me what you believed me to be. She was like a drop of cooling water to me, poor wretch in purgatory! She died, and your curse for the moment froze the good in me, and I bethought me of a young life that owed its being to mine. I had married when only eighteen a young medical man of good family, but poor; at twenty I was a widow. My husband had become acquainted with the Comte de Marcie by being of assistance to him in a street accident, and he became our constant visitor. After my husband's death the Count made me an offer of marriage on condition that I gave up my child. The offer was too tempting to my vanity; I accepted it, and sent my infant to a sister living in a quiet English village. I never saw her again till last week. I might have claimed her after my husband's death, but somehow I fancied she would have her father's grey eyes, that would haunt me with a reproach upon my gay Bohemian life; but in my waning prestige I thought of her, and wondered what she was like. Surely I could tempt her by the same means as I had been tempted, to sell her beauty for wealth and rank. I felt certain she was beautiful, and I, as mother of the lovely peeress, would gain an assured position; but she was saved. The very day I had made up my mind I got the news that I was penniless; my man of business had deceived me. I am not utterly heartless; I could not take my daughter from certain comfort to share my precarious fortunes. But the craving had come to me to look upon her face once more, so I went down to the village and, thickly veiled, wandered about, trusting to meet my sister or my child Phyllis. Everything looked sleepy as of old. I knew that I would not, even if I could, go back to the old life. I had tasted of the tree of good and evil, and its flavour clung to my palate. I ended my wanderings at the church, where I heard the organ pealing. Music had always swayed and dominated me. I went in and sat down in its cool, quiet gloom, and let the music sink into my being. I hardly knew I was listening, but I felt strangely, unaccountably moved. The organist was playing the 'Dies Iræ.' Oh, that dreadful day, that day of judgment! Marion Maxwell, my accuser. I shivered, and my heart cried, *Miserere*. Then, as in answer, the 'Agnus Dei' from Mozart's First Mass in C seemed to whisper the way of salvation. I had sinned, let me atone. I was seated in a pew, lost to all but my own bitter thoughts, when footsteps roused me. I looked up. Walking down the aisle was my daughter Phyllis. There was no mistaking her. She was a Treyylian, and looked at me with her father's eyes. Yes, she was lovely; sorrowful for one so young, yet with a sweet peace that seemed to soothe my heated brain. I felt I must

speak to her, I must hear the tones of her voice, so as she passed me, with a slight glance of surprise at having had a listener, I rose in my seat, and she stopped. I thanked her for her music; it had come like a healing message, I said. She smiled, a gratified smile, replying, 'Yes; I want no other companion. I am glad if it has comforted you; it always does me.' So I asked her if she were alone, and unhappy. 'Alone, yes; unhappy, oh, no. My aunt is very good to me, and the organ fills up my lack of human interest.' For a moment I felt tempted to tell her who I was, and take her away with me; but take her to what? Alas! I had nothing to offer, only a mother's love, in which she could believe but little after long years of desertion, so I let her go, and the light went down around me: nor will it shine again until I reach the other side. I am going abroad. I shall probably join some nursing sisterhood, and try to find in helping others some alleviation of my own regret. Farewell; we shall probably never meet again. If you can, forgive me. I have asked for no mercy at your hands. I do not desire any; but if there be mercy in heaven your curse shall prove innocuous; it shall not slay my soul. I sign myself, for the last time, by the name you know,

"GWENDOLINE DE MARCIE."

Phyllis sat still with the letter clasped in her hand. How well she recalled that episode, and, what had not struck her as singular at the time, her aunt's anxiety to hear if ever she saw the lady again. Had she hoped it was her sister? The girl replaced her mother's letter in its envelope, then tore up Sir Bernard's note with a half pitiful but confident smile—she would win yet—and went out into the hall. For the first time since her return she opened the organ and began to play Schumann's weird song, "Ich grolle nicht."

Sir Bernard, in the library, heard the strains and, startled, rose from his seat and listened, then he softly opened the door and stood concealed by the tapestry.

Yes, she was right; he had hugged the serpent, and now it was gnawing his very heart strings. Then, as he had heard it first, with the same passionate pleading as for a soul in pain, the "Agnus Dei" woke the echoes of his nobler self and melted the hard crust that had been forming, engendered by his remorse. She had kept her promise, to come to him when he needed her, unasked; to come to him upon the waves of melody. With pauses between, the long-drawn chords died away, then Phyllis heard the passionate appeal—

"St. Cecilia!"

She turned her face as he had seen her first, his vision of St. Cecilia, so pale, with tears in the lustrous eyes, but with a light in them for him never to be extinguished till she lay in the grasp of death.

He drew her gently to the embrasured window-seat.

"Let me see the moon glorifying your face to me as it did that night, no longer a vision, but a blessed reality," he said.

Then very still they sat. Were they thinking of those two fair women, separated in life, united in the grave, linked now by a living bond, the love of their children?

"Bernard," at last whispered Phyllis, "promise me one thing."

"Anything," he replied. "What can I refuse you to-night?"

"Then promise me this, that never by word or look shall the past come between you and me; it is blotted out. Let me see you smile as you used to do, and this sign erased." She passed her fingers lightly between his eyes, where a furrow came whenever anything worried or annoyed him.

Before he could reply the bells in the village church pealed out. He sprang up, and throwing back his head, while his eyes shone with their old fire, he exclaimed—

"Phyllis, you are answered! 'Ring out the false, ring in the true!' You and I together will welcome in the New Year, you and I, St. Cecilia, the luck of Castlemount!" He stooped and kissed the fair brow, then opened the door.

The moonlight gleamed upon the snow, sparkling like a silvery veil upon the sleeping earth, and the New Year's bells floated their mystic music on the air. One knew not whence it came or whither it went, save that it was winged with hope. The Old Year, with its sins and sorrows, was past, the New Year had come, laden with faith, hope, love.

"Bernard," said Miss Dallas's gentle voice, "did I not speak truly? A Maxwell never fails of his purpose."

He looked down at the girl by his side.

"My St. Cecilia, I thank God for her."

She raised glad eyes to his face and, like the music of the bells, her words fell softly on the listening night.

"Not St. Cecilia, only your wife Phyllis."

THE END.

"The moonlight gleamed upon the snow sparkling like a silvery veil upon the sleeping earth, and the New Year's bells floated their mystic music on the air

The Great Curral

MADEIRA.

By Bayard Taylor, Author of "Matthias Wynn's Travels and New Spirit of the Age."

SECOND PAPER.

MOST of the people who visit Madeira have been told of the Great Curral, but few comparatively have descended the rugged zigzag road winding down its precipitous eastern side and penetrated to the isolated hamlet and church nestling nearly 2,000 feet below on a plateau which itself is 2,000 feet above the sea. Great peaks rise majestically from this valley and form a vast amphitheatre. Even on the south side the mountains seem to enclose the valley, where the river narrows, before it emerges into the wide Ilheo dos Soccorridos.

The ascent in hammocks from the Curral hamlet to the Joumbas Pass is a very arduous undertaking, but a party with double sets of bearers will speedily reach the top, from whence a magnificent view presents itself. From this point the traveller commences a descent on the north side of the island through the Lor Ventura Valley, almost if not quite the grandest of the many great ravines in which Madeira abounds. Here immense combined forest trees, waterfalls, interesting ferns, mountains, and mighty masses of perpendicular rocks. Madeira is especially rich in basaltic rocks. One great pinnacle standing alone on the slopes of Pico Ruivo, called the Homem em pe, or Standing Man, rises as a sentinel sentinel guarding the ascent. There it has stood for ages unmoved by the wild tempests that at times rage about these mountain peaks.

The traveller who has the energy to take a three hours journey from St Anna to see the sunrise from the top of Ruivo passes this mighty rock in the dim light which adds much to its majestic and mysterious appearance.

In the Isabel de Loyal, on the north coast, there are also some curious basaltic pillars. Visitors to Madeira who only see the south part of the island can have no idea of the variety and grandeur of the scenery in many parts of the north side, the deep ravines clothed with evergreens and heaths in great luxuriance, and many interesting plants, wild flowers, and ferns.

Between Porto da Cruz and Fayal stands the majestic Penha d'Aguia, a mountain standing alone at the mouth of the valley,

The Brazen Witch Human sacrifice Man standing upright

with one of its sides rising to a height of 1,910 feet from the ocean, its outline from every side being grand and picturesque especially when viewed from the Funchal roads. One of the favourite excursions from Santa Cruz. Its summit is wooded with well-grown shrubs the most numerous being the pomegranate and myrtle. The ascent is very difficult, and seldom undertaken.

For those who cannot take these longer and more fatiguing excursions, there are several pleasant and easy rides within a short distance of Funchal which will give some idea of the scenery of the island.

Some content themselves with an expedition to the Curral das Romeiros or Little Curral as it is generally called within a short ride from Funchal. This is a deep and wide ravine of great beauty. The mountain ridges are in many places clothed with pine woods reminding one of parts of Switzerland.

On the 15th of August *Dia de Nossa Senhora do Monte*, the Festival

of the Assumption, this precipitous and winding road is gay and animated with *romeiros* or pilgrims hastening to the church at the Monte, from Camacha, Camgo and many eastern parishes crossing the Curral to its western slopes, on which the church is built. The roads leading to this parish are filled with happy good tempered crowds on foot hurrying to the *festa* the cheerful music of *machetes* and *violas* helping to beguile the way. The former is like a small guitar with four strings and the latter is a curious instrument having twelve sets of wire strings. Those *romeiros* who bring votive offerings to the shrine in the church are glad to accomplish their object and listen back to their probably distant homes.

Many simply amuse themselves by listening to this music to which is added impromptu couplets shouted in a wild manner, regardless of any time by peasants who have a reputation for this special accomplishment.

Picturesque groups sitting on the hillside enjoy their picnic repast under the shade of wide spreading Spanish chestnut and oak trees.

The waterfall in the Curral ravine is well worth a visit and is about an hour's walk from Funchal. Ascending the Caminho do meio and striking on a *levada*, or watercourse, to the west, you soon find yourself in the heart of the mountain gorge, the cliffs around and above you clothed with an indigenous and interesting vegetation, and a waterfall of no mean altitude dashing in clouds of spray from rocky ledges veiled with ferns and mosses. The *levadas* are constructed on various levels from the rivers in order to facilitate the irrigation of the terraced uplands so industriously cultivated by the peasantry up to a certain altitude. Beyond that the vegetation consists of pine woods, and again, higher on the mountains only laurels, bilberry bushes, great heaths and ferns will thrive; but in the glens and on the borders of *levadas*, a lovely and interesting variety

of plants ferns and mosses afford much pleasure to those plant loving travellers who penetrate so far

Fructuoso in his "Chronicles," tells a curious story in connection with this part of the country Among the early settlers was one Marcos de Braga, a noble from Portugal a man of immense strength and courage His estate was about three miles from Funchal When upwards of seventy years of age he signalized himself in the following way A mulatto slave had escaped from his master into the wild land above Marcos de Braga's house and having clothed himself in skins to which he would attach anything that would rattle he would at solitary travellers and attack them robbing them of all they had and adding a thrashing if they had no victuals with them His wild appearance and violence struck such terror all around that folks accounted him as no less than the devil Marcos de Braga hearing these reports determined to satisfy himself as to the truth and started off alone to the locality as a traveller Suddenly out of the brushwood leapt this rattling figure Marcos instead of running away as all the others had done closed with the creature and after a painful struggle so completely overcame him that pinioning him down he divested him of his skins and rattles and beheld the runaway slave Disarming him

Waterfall in the Corral Ravine.

securely, he brought him to his house, and employed him, yoked to an ox, to plough his lands. After thus chastising him severely, he delivered him over to his former master, to the great satisfaction of those who had suffered at his hands.

Fructuoso also records a wonderful feat of strength accomplished by this same man. Braga was in a measure prisoner on parole in his own house, about two miles above the town, for some crime which he had committed.

There were to be great festivities in Funchal on the birth of a prince of Portugal, and a bull-fight on an open space before the cathedral was looked forward to as one of the chief sports. Braga sent a petition to the judge that he might have liberty for that day, and take his turn at the bull-fight. Leave having been granted, he further begged that the largest and strongest bull might be reserved for him. Awaiting his turn in a neighbouring house, at last he appeared clad in a handsome costume of the period, with simply a stout staff in his hand. The bull rushed into the arena with so wild an aspect that the bull-fighters retired in haste, leaving Braga alone to face the animal. Advancing with his staff in one hand he waved the other at the bull, who, putting down his head, plunged forward as if to toss him. Braga received the shock on his staff, which he had planted firmly before himself, and before the bull could recover himself, placing his hands on the bull's horns, he vaulted heavily on to his neck and broke it, the animal falling dead at once. This feat of strength was greeted with shouts of applause.

There appears to have been some remarkable men among the descendants of those who first settled in Madeira, men who had seen active service in the fierce and sanguinary wars of that period; and such names as Albuquerque, Aragão, Beringuer, Bettencourt, Cabral, Castro, Doria, Drummond, Spinola, Jervis, Mondragão, and Schomberg are still well known. Noblemen from many courts of Europe seem to have been attracted by the romantic history of the discovery of Madeira, the beautiful island so lately colonized and so productive. The vines and sugar-canes sent from Sicily by order of Prince Henry the Navigator, were then in full beauty and luxuriance, bringing a plentiful return, and encouraging those who were industrious to bring into further cultivation many almost inaccessible spots on the highlands above the town.

RECREATIVE EVENING SCHOOLS.

By Mrs. THORPE, Author of "King Frost," etc.

IT has been lately stated by an eminent writer * that the religious question and the social question are the two which will be the important ones for the end of the nineteenth century.

At the root of the social question lies the education of the children who will in a few years be the men and women of the country, who will then be either its backbone, brain and skilful hands, or a mass of formless inadequacy which will sink us low in the scale of nations.

Does the Compulsory Education Act, in its present form, render the future of these children an assured one, as it was meant to do? If not, what remedy can we find? These questions have been anxiously asked by men of wide experience and philanthropy, and the Recreative Evening Schools are an attempt at an answer.

After eighteen years' experience of the present system, some terrible gaps are found in the children's lives.

We find the attendance at the old night schools decreasing year by year. Between 1880 and 1886 there was a decrease of about 20,000, which decrease still continues. Indeed, these schools were only meant for those who had not been taught at all. We find our children passing the required standard and leaving school at an age which becomes earlier every year—the average varies from eleven to twelve or thirteen. It is lowest in manufacturing towns, where the children are quick-witted and fairly well fed. We find these boys and girls turned adrift to earn their own living at an age when the Factory Act itself forbids their full employment, so that they are left without even the discipline of regular work at a time when brain and body are alike plastic, when they are too young to have formed fixed habits of any kind, too young to have that "love of learning" which Sir John Lubbock tells us "is better

* "The Religion of the Future," by M. Emile de Laveleye, in the *Contemporary Review* for July, 1888.

than learning itself." It has been often remarked by teachers who see their scholars after the interval of a year or two, that they find them deplorably changed in body and mind. It is not uncommon to find that a child who passed Standard V. at school cannot pass Standard III. a few months afterwards.

We find these children absolutely ignorant of any handicraft or art-work, and therefore without resource in the way of amusement. Sometimes their very learning has been harmful, as when ideas of wrong-doing have been suggested by persistent reading of the police news. We find these children growing into a class which, from sheer incapacity to do anything well, will never rise above starvation point. Mr. Samuel Smith, M.P., who has given great attention to this subject, says* that he has travelled on the Continent on purpose to make inquiries on this matter, and he had been told in every city --Zurich, Stuttgard, Nuremberg, Chemnitz, Berlin - that the class of ragged squalid children practically does not exist in any of them.† In the United Kingdom some half million of children are dependent on rates and alms, and another half million are miserably under fed and under clad. There is no class in Germany to correspond with this, though, of course, there is poverty. He added that when he returned to Liverpool he saw more human misery in the streets than he had seen throughout Germany. We have a large population of two or three millions of persons habitually on the verge of destitution, and two or three millions more but little removed from destitution. This class is largely recruited from the boys and girls between twelve and twenty, who, restrained neither at home nor at school, and unprovided with amusement in any form, turn into the streets, attracted, as Mr. Besant tells us, by their lights and varied life, and are thus exposed to the dangers which make the child life of our city slums hideous and degraded beyond that of any country on the Continent.

We find the evils of surplus population increased by the number of young Germans who come here, and by their more thorough training, perhaps also by their fewer wants, beat our own countrymen in almost every department, and drive them out of our own offices and workshops.

Is the difference one of race or of education? The emaciated and emasculated physique of our very poorest classes threatens to be a blot on our nationality, but, broadly, endurance and energy are still the birthright of every English child; so we turn to the training.

We find that in Austria and Germany, with small local variations, attendance at school is compulsory till the age of fourteen, and attendance at night classes for two hours twice a week is required for two years afterwards—so that the least educated child is not thoroughly emancipated from the discipline of school until sixteen. Afterwards there is a term of compulsory military service, which is a valuable physical training, besides enforcing habits of obedience.

Five years ago* we had nothing, of a popular nature, to take the place of these things; now, Recreative Evening Schools have spread throughout the length and breadth of the land, in town and country, and are filled by thousands of children who come at once on leaving the day school, and who, instead of idly lounging about the streets, are enjoying the bright and varied teaching of science or history, illustrated by simple experiments or the magic lantern, and are strengthening their muscles by the graceful exercise of musical drill, or are developing their artistic tastes in carving or modelling.

The idea of recreation for tired children is carried out, as well as the teaching of arts and handicrafts fitted to develop artistic and technical skill in the worker, and calculated in themselves to adorn the home or to command a little money if turned to such account. It has been found, even in Germany, in several towns that the evening teaching twice a week, being desk work, has had to be changed to work on Sunday morning from nine till one, the effort required being beyond the capacity of tired children. It has unquestionably been found in practice that those schools are the most successful where the recreative element has been most largely introduced. It has also been found that the assistance of working-men managers has been most valuable and important; they seem ready to work tirelessly, and they know the needs of their class, often with the intensity given by felt loss. The idea of these schools did not reach this form all at once; it had been for years in the mind of its originator and it is only by degrees that

* Letter to the *Times*, October 4th, 1887. Meeting of Recreative Evening Schools Association, Albert Hall, Nottingham, December 12th, 1887.

† "I found no groups of dirty and miserable-looking children in the schools which I visited."—Matthew Arnold, in Special Report on certain points connected with Elementary Education in Germany, Switzerland, and France, 1886.

* Recreative Evening Schools in their present form were started in Nottingham in 1884.

it has grown into its present state of efficiency.

These schools are now started in all the large towns of the country. In London alone, from Christmas to Easter, there was an average attendance of 6,630 scholars; but what still remains to be done may be estimated from the fact that in London 80,000 children leave the elementary schools every year, and there is a population of about 500,000 young people, many of whom have to earn their own living, and who need therefore both teaching and recreation in the evening. In some towns, each scholar leaving the day school is cared for individually. The list of those who leave, with their addresses, is given to the Managers of the Recreative Evening Schools, who visit the homes and impress upon the parents the advantages of attendance at the Recreative Evening Schools, and the necessity of regularity. Thus a link is formed which leaves no child to slip unhelped into the dreary abyss of forgetfulness and stupidity. One working man manager, whom I have the pleasure of knowing, proved the strength of his interest by visiting for sixty hours in one week, when he was out of work.

But our operations are hindered by practical difficulties. By the Education Act no Government grant can be obtained unless instruction is given in the "three R's." This is found in all cases to deter many from coming. Children revolt from a return to the teaching from which they have just been emancipated, and prefer their aimless wanderings in the streets; whereas they show the greatest eagerness to learn some handicraft, to see the wonders of the lantern, to stretch their sinews in the harmonious exercise of musical drill. Those schools where all is interesting, and where handicrafts are taught, are constantly compelled to turn away the scholars, who flock in greater numbers than can be received or taught.

Mr. C. G. Leland, of Philadelphia, who has studied the subject of industrial art in schools, gives it as his experience that "an interesting industry is conducive to moral culture." It certainly drives away the deadly dulness and vacuity that tend to the publichouse as the only amusement, for he who sees forms of beauty growing beneath his fingers is not tempted to relapse to coarser delights.

Moral culture is the supreme need of these boys and girls. Many of them have no example of industry, thrift, and self-restraint before their eyes; some of them inherit strong tendencies to all forms of self-indulgence, which can only be counteracted by the expulsive force of higher interests, and yet these children are turned off to fight the battle of life as best they may at a terribly early age. Can we wonder that they do not develop a love of work when there is no department in which they can excel, when the exhaustion produced by growth and the surroundings of their lives are alike calculated to dull their dawning intellectual faculties, and to undo the habits of industry which have not had time to consolidate?

In spite of the numerous schools already established, hosts of these children are still appealing to us for help—or rather, they are touching our sense of their need the more deeply in that they are themselves unable to realise it.

A bill has been prepared to be brought before the House of Commons, seeking for Government help; but press of business has crowded it out for the present. In the meantime, the children cannot stand still; they are either growing up into health and industry or drifting downwards, to be still more hopelessly beaten by foreign competition, to sink into that residuum of poverty and crime which fills the workhouses and prisons, burdens the taxes, and is a blot on our fair fame as a nation.

It may be that these Recreative Evening Schools are not a complete panacea; but they will do much to help. The winter session began in October, and any information as to methods of work or teaching will be willingly given by the Secretary of the Recreative Evening Schools Association, 37, Norfolk Street, Strand; the Secretaries of the Local Associations; or Rev. Dr. Paton (the originator of the movement), Forest Road West, Nottingham. The work is so varied that there are few who cannot help in some department: there are lantern-slides to be prepared, musical drill, wood-carving, brass-work, modelling, sewing, millinery, reading, and cookery to be taught. It does not need splendid abilities—only thoroughness and regularity. The teaching must be good as far as it goes, and the class must not be left to look vainly for a teacher who never comes. Amongst those to whom the gifts of culture have come easily, there must be many who will be ready to stretch out a helping hand to lift these uncared-for ones to a higher level, to open to them the possibilities of a useful life, to guard them in

their most critical years, and to lead them, by habits of industry and skill, to rise above the terrible level of incompetency which is always at the edge of starvation.

All ranks have already joined this movement, which is headed by H.R.H. Princess Louise, upheld by distinguished statesmen, prelates, and scientists, and practically aided by working-men and women themselves. So here is a national movement, in which the chasm yawning between the classes and the masses is bridged by the hands which meet in one common work, inspired by one desire to raise our young people to a higher level of happiness, knowledge, and nobility.

These schools, like the first Sunday school started by Robert Raikes in the old house in Gloucester, have originated quietly and in obscurity, but, like those other schools, they appeal so directly to the heart of our common humanity, that the benevolence which is alive and eager now as then may be trusted to carry them on to ever-increasing success.

A RAILWAY WHISTLE.

By ALEX. H. JAPP, LL.D.

IT is sometimes said that the world knows nothing of its *greatest* men; it is very certain that the world does not know much, if anything, of some of its most faithful servants, or in the least realise what it owes to them. How few when they hear a railway whistle regard it as anything but a noisy and unnecessary interruption. Very few, indeed, are they who know that to the ears of some it speaks in very definite language, on which they must act with the utmost decision and dispatch. In certain parts of the metropolis where there are railway lines there are recurrent outbreaks of complaint about the railway whistles, and the tone of most of the angry letters sent to the newspapers when the fit is on has invariably been such as to encourage the idea that the railway drivers were a kind of incarnate fiends, who delighted to make night as well as day hideous by the use of their shrill whistles, and to torture the ears of the wakeful. Unfortunate the light sleepers may have been, placed in such perilous and trying proximity to a railway; but certainly the railway drivers could not do other than they did, for they are bound by the very strictest rules, and must not touch the whistle save when duty calls.

A railway whistle is a definite signal which, amongst other things, brings the driver of the train directly *en rapport* with the signalman in his box. There he stands; you may often catch a glimpse of him when travelling as the train slows into the terminus or junction. He is surrounded by rows of bristling steel handles, all of an exact height. These are the shafts that work the points. They are all carefully numbered. Besides these there are in the box clocks of peculiar construction, right in front of the row of shafts: telegraphic dials and bells, as well as telegraphic despatching desks; books of record, which are most jealously kept and studied. If you had ever spent a few hours with signalmen in their boxes, as I have done frequently, both by day and night, you would find often in their hands a book somewhat resembling a time-table, but double the size of page, and pretty thick too. This is the "Working Time-Table" or "Appendix to the Working Time-Table," of the Company which they may serve, so far as it concerns them. This is a document which it would surprise not a few to read – puzzle not a few perfectly to master and remember. It tells all about the stations on the main lines and branches; gives the law of regulation of clocks in signal-boxes; has a list of all the stations and signal-boxes connected with the Message Telegraph Circuits; classifies all these stations and signal-boxes which perform train signalling; carefully sets down in tabulated form all train telegraph arrangements, and follows this up with a special list of leading stations, in regard to which there are any special points to be attended to; then comes a long catalogue of "Whistles for Engines," then a careful drawing of route-indicators, with the arms in positions for the various signals, and after this a list of all route-indicators. Then follows a list of Points of Inclines for intercepting railway vehicles, a list of stations where "ramps" are kept and places where signalmen are responsible for their safety, rules relating to signal lamps, &c., &c.

All this information the signalman in his box must read, and he must master all of it that bears in the most remote manner on his own station and its relation to others by telegraphs and signals. And as details are constantly being modified to meet the de-

mands of extending traffic, or from other causes, he must keep himself very carefully up to time—so to speak; he certainly must not be like the Bourbons, "Learn nothing, and forgot nothing." And I confess that when I look at a "working time-table," or see a signal-box now, I never fail to have strengthened in me my sense of the responsibility, importance, and ability of the men who labour there.

If we take our start from the railway whistles, we can work round the main circle of a signalman's duty. Strictly speaking, however, we should say that the word "whistle" is a misnomer in the sense we have used it in the heading, but there is no other word that could be popularly used for our purpose. There are whistles and whistles—the long and the short whistle, for example, carefully distinguished, and there is the cock-crow. By the combination of these, or the repetition of them, you have a complete code of signals for all stations for up and down trains, each having its own proper distinctive whistle, unmistakable to the signalman, were it possible that he could for the moment be absent or oblivious. Here, for example, to make matters more plain, are the whistles for Buchanan Street station, Glasgow:—

From Main Down Line to No. 1 Arrival Platform	1 Whistle
From Main Down Line to No. 2 Arrival Platform	2 Whistles
From Main Down Line to the Back Road	3 Whistles
From No. 1 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box	1 Whistle and 1 Cock-crow
From No. 2 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box	2 Whistles and 1 Cock-crow
From the Back Road to the Main Up Line, by the Crossover Road south of Signal-box	1 Long and 1 Short Whistle
From No. 1 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line, by Crossover Road north of Signal-box	1 Whistle
From No. 2 Arrival Platform to Main Up Line	2 Whistles
From No. 3 Carriage Siding to Main Up Line	3 Whistles
From No. 4 Departure Platform to Main Up Line	4 Whistles
From No. 5 Departure Platform to Main Up Line	5 Whistles
From No. 6 Carriage Siding to Main Up Line	6 Whistles
From Main Up Line to No. 1 Arrival Platform, by Crossover Road north of Signal-box	1 Cock-crow
From Main Up Line to No. 2 Arrival Platform	2 Cock-crows
From Main Up Line to No. 3 Carriage Siding	3 Whistles
From Main Up Line to No. 4 Departure Platform	4 Whistles
From Main Up Line to No. 5 Departure Platform	5 Whistles
From Main Up Line to No. 6 Carriage Siding	6 Whistles
From No. 5 Departure Platform to Siding at back of Signal-box	1 Cock-crow
From No. 6 Carriage Siding to Siding at back of Signal-box	2 Cock-crows."

There are, of course, emergencies when engine-drivers may be forced to use the whistle—such as a person on the line or other risk of "danger," and then a margin must be allowed to the discretion of the driver; but the rules are imperative that the driver is not to whistle more than is absolutely necessary, and for a very good reason, the more he whistles the more he may confuse. This is a common form of direction in working time-tables:

The signalmen at So-and-So, guided by the time-table, by indicators on engines, and verbally by the station officials, being in possession of information as to the trains for which points are to be put in position and signals cleared, drivers are not to sound the engine-whistle more than absolutely necessary—such as a short whistle before putting on steam when the starting-signal is given, a whistle to warn anyone who may be on the line, or when instructed by any of the station officials to give any particular whistle as a signal to the signalman or otherwise; and it must be distinctly understood that no such thing as long and repeated whistling for signals to be taken off, or from any other motive, except in some extreme emergency, can be allowed at So and-So.

In the daylight, therefore, the railway whistle has its own special significance wherever heard, and is never a sound at random; but in the darkness of night or in fog when other signals cannot be seen, it soon becomes evident of what use and importance it is. It is then one of the most available links between drivers and signalmen. In fact, railway traffic, as now conducted, would not be at all possible without it, and the codes on which it rests. A signalman then is a man on whom a vast deal of responsibility lies, he must have a clear head and a good memory, a cool nerve and a steady hand. This is his ordinary duty: he must look to open signals the moment any train is telegraphed to him and enter the same with exact time in the proper column of a book. Then he must set his points, where this is necessary, and when the train

has passed, he must telegraph on to next station, enter the time and fact in another column of his book, and then relieve his points again to be ready for the next train. Every one knows the semaphore formula, "up arm for danger; down arm for clear line." And it should be borne in mind that this is not only the procedure for passenger trains; but for all trains whatever, nay, even for light engines, or for pilot engines, and ballast engines, and engines passing for purposes of relief or for a hundred other reasons; all are telegraphed, signalled, and entered without "respect of persons," because to the signalman the returning coal or ballast engine is just of as much importance as an express train—it may wreck an express train if by any oversight it were getting wrong or run on the wrong metals. The signalman's book is therefore a complete record of everything that goes on by the metals past his box, and his primary duty is to keep his section clear, or, if blocked, to let all concerned clearly know it.

In some cases, as in that of big towns and extensive junctions, the work goes on as ceaselessly by night as by day. Then the goods trains roll along, then the empty trucks come back, then the extra engines come in. All have to be dealt with in the way we have described and entered in our signalman's book, which is an extended index of all the traffic of the company at the point with which it deals. There is no end of extra or special things to which the signalman must attend and have always in readiness—one of them is the fog signal, which is most important. In the depth of winter or in thick fogs, the signalman then has to trust almost wholly to his ears. Immediately that he has cleared one train, and got his points straight, out he goes a little distance up or down the line, as the case may be, for the next up or down train, and there he attaches by a sort of wire fixture to the metals a kind of slightly raised band containing an explosive material. This is the fog signal, which stands to him in the place of an engine-indicator in the daylight. When the first wheels of the engine pass over it, it explodes and gives the signal.

Every signalman must be a fair telegraphist; for though in many cases telegraph boys are kept, he must supervise and watch them. "It is imperative that every signalman be able to work the needle instrument expeditiously," and "signalmen are held responsible for the telegraph boy's attention to duty." In cases where there is no telegraph boy, which, of course, happens at what are deemed the less important stations, the signalman is also the telegraphist; and he is thus directed: "Messages to signal-boxes where there are no boys must be telegraphed very slowly and distinctly to enable the signalman to read them."

But the signalman's judgment has of necessity a good deal left to it, and that in circumstances that may be most trying. Now and then we come on directions "not to use the wire save when necessary." And to give some idea of the work that in special cases and cases of danger may arise the following may be cited:—

"In the event of a line being blocked near a telegraph box, information must be sent along the circuit at once, stating the time the line is likely to be blocked, and the stations on the circuit must be advised when the line is again clear."

The signalman's vigilance is constantly called for, whether the line be worked by "train tablet," as is usual now on single lines, or by what is now known as the Absolute Block System. He must be always on the alert. But so important now is the Absolute Block that it may be well to describe it a little more fully for clearness' sake.

Its object is to prevent more than one train or engine moving in the same direction between two signal-boxes at the same time. This is done by bell and gong—the bell for up trains, and the gong for down trains; and there is, of course, in this a complete code of signals by arrangement of beats applied to indicate exact advice. Thus, for a passenger train, three beats on bell or gong; for goods train, four ditto; for mineral train, five ditto; for light engine or engine and van, six ditto. The semaphore arm which has been raised in advance is to stand at "Danger," and is to be lowered only by the signalman in the signal-box in advance in acknowledgment of the advice of the "Preparatory Signal" of an approaching train or light engine. All out-door fixed signals are so worked as to show to drivers of approaching trains the same signals as those shown at the same time on the Block Telegraph instrument. No signal is cancelled until after it has been acknowledged. In the copy of "Working Rules" in our hand, which was in use by a man of long experience on one of the Scotch lines, the following has been carefully underlined by him, and will exhibit the systematic observation and dispatch required of the signalman:—

"When a train, having an engine assisting behind, passes a signal-box, the signalman, *after* having trans-

mitted the Block Signal, and after having received the acknowledgment thereof, must give one beat on the bell or gong to the signalman in *advance*, to let him know that the train has an engine behind it, *which must be acknowledged by one beat, and registered in Train Book accordingly, under the heading of Remarks.* If the train passes the next signal-box without the assisting engine, the signalman there must conclude that it has broken down on the section, and must not lower the semaphore arm in the signal-box in the *rear* until the engine has been removed from the section.

"When a train or light engine passes a signal-box without having a tail lamp on the last vehicle as a 'last vehicle' indicator, the signalman must not lower the semaphore arm in the signal-box in the *rear* until he has given Nine Beats on the bell or gong (the signal to stop train and examine it) to the signalman in *advance*, and ascertained from him by means of the needle instrument that no part of the train has broken away, although it has no 'last vehicle' indicator upon it."

In addition to the duties we have named, the signalmen on most lines are charged with the duty of taking at the signal-boxes the numbers of the engines under their direction :—

"Signalmen must, as far as possible, ascertain the numbers of all engines which stop at their boxes, and enter the same in their train books. This is necessary to enable the working of the engines to be correctly traced."

When trains are late signalmen on duty must be late too :—

"When trains are late, signalmen must remain on duty, if necessary, until they are past, and at all signal-boxes and goods and mineral yards, stations and junctions where shunting engines are employed, and goods or mineral trains late in arriving, signalmen must not go off duty till the work is finished."

The following paragraph about arranging transfer from day to night duty, and *vice versâ*, will indicate that the signalman does not enjoy the luxury of short hours, whatever else he may enjoy :—

"In double shifted signal-boxes where there are no relief signalmen, the change from night to day duty must take place on the Sunday preceding the pay. For example, the man who has been on duty for the fortnight will be relieved at 6 p.m. on the Saturday by the man who has been on night-duty, and who will remain on duty until the traffic permits the box to be closed at midnight on Sunday morning as the case may be. The man who has been on day duty for the previous fortnight will open the box on Sunday night or Monday morning as the traffic demands, and will be relieved at 7 a.m. on Monday by the man who has been on night duty. The shift from night to day duty for the fortnight will then take place at 7 a.m. and 6 p.m."

There may be some differences in detail in the working of different lines, but in the broad the same principles hold for all. The signalman in all cases have not only to receive the signal, clear, and telegraph, but to keep exact and faithful record. The least slip on his part might at any moment be fatal. In some cases there are in a single box as many as forty or fifty shafts, which have to be constantly in use. The putting of the hand on one instead of on another, separated only by a few inches, might be the cause of a collision, with death, and injury, and miserable torture to hundreds of men, women, and children.

Talking to a man who has been pretty nearly all his life employed on a railway the other day, he said, "Well, so far as I know railway work, I can't understand why the signalman should be so poorly paid. All the signalman gets is about one-half the pay of a driver. Now, I do not say as the driver don't deserve all he gets, but I do say as the signalman ought to get more. A good driver has some 7s. or 7s. 6d. a day, often working on Sundays, thus making something like from £2 5s. to £2 10s. per week regular. Your signalman, even though a first-rate hand, has only from 23s. to 25s. per week, and less experienced men acting as assistants only from 18s. to 21s. Now, it can't be said as I'm an interested party, becos I never worked in a signal-box, nor any of my folks, and my own father is a driver, and 'ave been so nearly all his life, leastways all my life, and long 'fore I was born. I speak what I feel about a set of men as deserve much better nor they get, but that ain't sayin' much now'days, though, after all, 'tis a'most saying everything. They have long hours, hard work, and little pay, and they work with the head just as much as the manager of the line does. The slightest slip on their part might lead to no end of disaster—loss of life and loss of limb, and pain and sorrow all round. And yet how often do we hear of efforts made by the poor signalmen to get 1s. or 1s. 6d. a week advance of wages? Why, we should hear something else than complaints about whistles if the public only knew what rests continually on the signalman's care and correctness; that is, the safety and lives of themselves, their wives and children, their friends and relatives, for everybody travels nowadays, at least goes down once a year to get a whiff o' country air or a wuft o' sea breeze; and certainly they could not get to their destinations with dispatch, and in safety and peace, if it were not for the care and attention of the signalman in his box, with his clocks and telegraphs, his shafts, and record-book, and all the rest of it."

I quite agree with my friend in this plea for the railway signalmen of the United

toil, fathers and mothers, husbands and wives, masters and servants, and yet they were "saints."

SECOND SUNDAY.

SAINTSHIP, 2.

Read Exodus xix. 3—6, and 1 Peter ii. 9—17.

What is it, then, that the term "saint" implies as applied to Christian people? The Hebrew, Greek, and Latin words which are translated into our English word "saint" are all founded on the conception of dedication to God. Consecration to a divine purpose is the thought which lies at the root of each of them. The saint is, therefore, he who has yielded himself to God, and who lives under a sense of the supreme claim which God has upon him.

Out of this conception of consecration arises the more common one of personal holiness. Holiness, purity, godlikeness are the results of true consecration, because he who yields himself to God becomes separate from everything that is contrary to His divine will. He keeps himself "unspotted from the world." It was to make us sharers of His own holiness that Jesus Christ came to earth and died for us. Those who are His are therefore "called to be saints," because they are called to stand aloof from all that is false, impure, unloving, or contrary to the mind of Him Whose they are and Whom they serve. The separation imposed upon the saints does not therefore consist in an abnegation of society, or in uncongenial isolation from the interests with which the advance of civilisation and the welfare of mankind are so closely associated. Commerce, literature, art, politics, science, with its innumerable truths and beneficial applications of truths, have all a side that is saintly in the best sense. The separation which God seeks is from the wrong use of the world, and of His gifts; and the most difficult of all duties which the Christian can fulfil is to continue in the world, with its good and its evil, and yet to live there as a saint, bringing into every relationship the purity, truth, honesty, gentleness, and love which elevate common things, sweetening them with their own savour, and consecrating all life by the service of Christ everywhere, and in all things. If we shrink from the name "saint" because we associate the word with ways which we deem neither desirable nor attainable, we must remember that there is no lower rule for any one who loves Christ than to be a saint in the fuller, healthier, but not less exaltol, sense of being consecrated in every thing to God.

We must not imagine that the name Christian is easier to be borne than the name saint. Both put before us the same idea Jesus Christ, and both may well appear so high as to make it difficult to fit on the conceptions they convey to the ordinary life in which we are engaged. It may seem incongruous to ask the merchant to be a saint in the Exchange, or the clerk to be a saint among his brother-clerks in his office. The word suggests affectation and peculiarity which are qualities no one likes. The demand will appear overstrained as long as we attach an unreal meaning to the term but it ceases to be either incongruous overstrained when we recognise it as simply calling us to fulfil our every-day part under the influence of the Christian spirit. When we give ourselves first to God then all else becomes comparatively plain. The very instinct of love to God and Christ will teach how to act and speak; for in God's sight that man is a saint who, because he loves God, puts religious principle into the goods he sells, taking care that they are honest goods, or into his commercial transactions which he takes care are honourable transactions. That tradesman is in God's sight a saint who, because he serves the God of truth will allow no "scamped" work to leave his hands. That young man is a saint who, while he lives a full, healthy, cheerful life yet admits no impure thought or allows a cowardly self-indulgences to have dominion over him. That woman, also, is a saint who, through the love of Christ, seeks by deeds of gentleness and in sweet words of brightness and of peace to make those around her happier, better, truer, and more loving to God and to others. It is from the love of God and of Christ it must all spring, and when that love is there the daily life will flow forth holy and beautiful, so that the calling of the Gospel will be fulfilled in us and by us, whether we assume the title of saint or not.

THIRD SUNDAY.

THE PROMISES OF GOD.

Read Psalm lxxxi. and 2 Peter i. 1—11.

St. Peter describes at once the glory and the use of the divine promises, when he says, in his first Epistle, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust." Such

promises are a chief standard by which to measure our growth in Christian life; for as they tell us what we may become, we are made conscious of the distance at which what we have attained stands from the attainable.

The promises are of various descriptions. Some are general and unconditional, like the assurance that seed-time and harvest, and summer and winter, shall never cease. Others are made dependent on human conduct. The forgiveness of sin and the peace of God are not bestowed like the rain and sunshine; they are promised only to the penitent, the obedient and loving. Again, some promises belong to the future, as when we read of the blessedness when the kingdom of God shall have fully come. But "the exceeding great and precious promises," alluded to by St. Peter, refer not to the future, but to the present, for they are connected with "the things that pertain to life and godliness," and to the process now going on, whereby we "escape the corruption that is in the world through lust."

The use of the promises which St. Peter sets before us, is expressed in a startling phrase, It is that we should "become partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

We scarcely require to be reminded that the expression, "partakers of the divine nature," cannot refer to such attributes of God as omnipotence, omniscience, omnipresence, which are not communicable to the creature, but are the prerogatives of Deity alone. But the spiritual character of God, as understood by the words goodness, righteousness, purity, love, and the consequent joy and blessedness which flow from their possession, is offered to us in Jesus Christ. The unity of sympathy which binds spirit to spirit, nature to nature, is promised by the Father to His redeemed children. Godliness is but another name for God-likeness.

If we would know what that divine nature is, of which we are called to partake, we behold it in Christ Jesus. And as we say so we are arrested by the fact that it was manifested in our humanity. It is in every way suggestive, and in itself the highest promise, that our humanity could have expressed God, so that the lips of a man could say with truth, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father." It is full of an equal significance, that the only instance we have of a perfect man, was when human nature was linked to the Divine, and appeared in complete unison. Jesus Christ becomes thus "the exceeding great and precious promise" of redeemed humanity. The richest gift God can bestow on the creature, is to make him like His own Son, possessing the heart and mind which Jesus Christ possessed, towards God and towards man. "To grow up unto Him in all things," to have "Christ formed in us;" "daily to put on the Lord Jesus Christ," and to be "like Him at His appearing," should be the object of all our endeavours, the aim of all our hopes, the highest heaven of all our aspirations. If the discords which now make our lives a source of pain are to pass away, it can only be by having all life attuned to that clear pure note of holy love which Christ struck amid the confusions of earth.

But while this "partaking of the divine nature" is the great end of the divine promises, yet it can never be reached at a bound. We are never made perfectly like Christ by a stroke of omnipotence, but through a long and often painful education. Nevertheless, from the first and feeblest breathing of the religious life, up to the fullest response rendered by the saint in light to the divine will, there may be traced some approximation, some likeness, however faint, to the mind that was in Christ Jesus. The very cry of misery and self-loathing over sin is an "Amen" to God's own condemnation of evil. The longing to be better, and to be made free with the freedom of Christ, is a response to His will; and at every further stage we can mark in the increase of gentleness, love, obedience, spiritual sensitiveness and insight, further advances made in likeness to the Great Head.

But while we may realise how growth up to Christ is the most precious of all promises, yet the question suggests itself, how is this to be reached by us? The answer is, that there is not only a promised end, but promised means for obtaining it.

To enumerate the various means promised to us, whereby we may become partakers of the divine nature, would be to trace the marvellous variety, manifold as are the manifold wants of sinful and suffering men, whereby God meets us with His grace and comfort. The complete forgiveness of sin, the guidance of the Good Shepherd, the education of our wills by sorrow as well as joy, the grace that is bestowed with the daily duty; these and numberless other promises might easily be quoted. But the great promise of the Father through which all may become possible to us, is the gift of the Holy Ghost. In that promise is involved all needful conviction, life, enlightenment and sanctity. It is His to work in that inner region

of sympathy, where we are most shocked at the discovery of indifference, of depraved tendencies, of a perverted will and evil affections. If Christ is the promised end, then His grace and forgiveness, His love, and truth, and guidance, and the gift of the Holy Spirit which He has bestowed on the Church, are the promised means. And these are to be used so that we may escape the corruption that is in the world through lust. The promises can never be fulfilled if we insist on abiding in that corruption, our interest engrossed with earthliness, our Bibles kept closed so that divine truth shines not on our lives, and our hearts closed, so that the love of Christ has no entrance. There must be a willing turning on our part to the divine promises, if we hope to attain to the blessed end set before us in Christ Jesus.

FOURTH SUNDAY.

THE WORD WAS MADE FLESH.

Read Isaiah vi. 1—7, and John i. 1—14.

What does this name, "The Word," mean? To those who are acquainted with the many notions that are combined in the Greek "Logos," the impossibility of giving an adequate account of it within our limits will be apparent. It may be sufficient to state that it means both reason and speech, the highest form of thought and the expression of that thought. As applied to Christ it teaches that He possesses the thought of God and reveals the thought of God.

But, accepting the definition of "Logos" as combining thought and the expression of thought, we may consider the value of the name as applied to the Incarnation.

Thought, being invisible, remains unknown except it is expressed. In like manner "No man hath seen God at any time," and if we ask, "What does God think, and what is His will concerning us?" the answer is, Christ is the Word, the direct expression of the divine mind. He is not a dead word, like the limited utterance of a printed book; He is a living Person, who, having been "in the beginning with God, and who was God," is the perfect spiritual representation of what God is, "the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person."

No doubt the sharpness of the contrast is exceedingly great which the idea of the Incarnation brings. Dare we associate such words as these, "All things were made by Him, and without Him was nothing made that was made?" and again, He "was in the beginning with God, and He was God," with a veritable child lying in a manger, and with the life of Him who was for years, as boy or man, a villager among the villagers of Nazareth, then a homeless wanderer, and Who was crucified and buried? Must we not defend every just idea of the divine glory from such narrowing conceptions? Must we not break the force of the contrast by believing with the Roman Church that she who bore Him was not like the other daughters of men, but one who was immaculate, herself born without sin? All such teaching springs from a certain unbelief in the fact, so startling, so incomprehensible, that He who was "in the form of God, and counted it not a prize to be on an equality with God," did really "empty Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men."* Yet it is just the sharpness of that contrast which gives value to the truth. The nearer we bring Him to ourselves, and the more we see that it was not another kind of humanity, but our actual nature, with its every weakness, that He assumed, the brighter become our hopes, the more certain is our redemption. Whatever separates Christ from us weakens these hopes. Whatever tends to impress the faith of His having been born our brother and Saviour tends equally to ennoble our common life.

But how can we moderns, who pride ourselves on the new thoughts we have gained of the Universe, tolerate a belief which would make us think of Him by Whom all was created appearing among us as a man, and living a life bounded by the limits of human flesh and blood?

Many replies may be given to such a question. One, however, may for the present suffice. It is not difficult to see that the infinitude which was expressed in Christ was not of the kind to which these objections apply; for there are many modes of the infinite. When we speak of the infinitude of God we are bound to think of something else than infinite size, height, depth, length, breadth, or duration. Infinite goodness, infinite love, infinite purity and holiness, infinite beauty, are not to be reckoned by such attempted measures of the measureless as we apply to the depths of space when we try to express it in figures. We do not calculate mercy as we compute geological cycles; we cannot weigh truth as we find the weight of a star. The physical and the moral occupy different spheres. Therefore when it is

* Phil. ii. 6, 7. Revised Version.

asked whether the infinitude of God can be expressed in a human life, we reply that it may be so expressed, for in Jesus Christ we behold the infinite beauty and holiness and love and truth of God Himself. There are other powers besides those of force. If there are physical powers there are also spiritual. Power may dwell in an idea as well as in a thunderbolt. The sphere of morals requires neither size nor space; it needs intensity alone. Spotless purity may shine in the eye of a child as much as in the stainless heavens. The infinite goodness and mercy and love of God can be expressed in a single vivid act, fulfilled in a few seconds, and on some spot of earth that can be measured by yards or inches. These last in their limitation cannot put bounds on the illimitable glory of the former. Moral beauty requires nothing more than perfection to make it infinite. It defies arithmetic, for there is no number which can represent loveliness. It shines to the eye of the spirit, exhaustless in its glory and unfathomable in its mystery and grace.

And thus it is that when we think of the Infinite which tabernacled in our humanity, we are led to the vision of an absolute sinlessness, a perfect goodness, a stainless righteousness, a measureless love. "The Word became flesh and tabernacled among us, and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth."

Therefore, as at this season we, in common with the whole Church of God on earth, go back in thought to Bethlehem, and ponder on what the shepherds saw, who came from the starlit hills, and knelt beside the rough couch where lay a poor child, and as we are filled with wonder while we trace the influences which have already streamed from Him Who was then the babe, or meditate on the promise which has yet to be accomplished in its fulness, we may, amid the perplexities of the present, have faith in the future. It may sometimes appear as if we dare not sing the song which heralded peace on earth when we look out on Europe, armed with every engine of destruction, or contemplate the crowds of poor and wretched and the masses of sinful men and women, who are the disgrace of our civilisation. We may feel it would be better to fall on our knees and cry, "God have mercy on this sin-laden earth! We have heard of the great hope which gladdened the hearts of the fathers and of the glad tidings declared to adoring shepherds; but the world is full of misery, and there is no peace yet on earth. Oh, that Thou wouldst rend the heavens and come down!" But we need not so despair. The development of every divine purpose is immensely slow. Bethlehem was the scene of the implanting of a new life in humanity, which is the pledge of spiritual restoration to God. Not at once certainly, not in a thousand or in ten thousand years perhaps will it be accomplished. Even already can we trace some growth. The world is not what it once was. The very shame with which Christendom is learning to look on its unfaithfulness to the Christian ideal shows that the leaven of the new kingdom is not lost. And as every ray of the purer light we now enjoy is traced back to that little spot in Palestine where lay the "Infant of Days," we can rise into a joyful confidence. Although the vision of a redeemed humanity may tarry, yet "it will surely come," "at the end it shall speak and not lie." We may therefore wait for it in prayerfulness and in peace.

FIFTH SUNDAY.

THERE IS NO ENDING.

Read Psalm xxxvii. 23 to end, and 1 Thess. v. 1—10.

There are in Scripture three solemn conclusions that mark the close of vast epochs: "God ended the work" (Gen. ii. 4), "It is finished" (John xix. 30), "It is done" (Rev. xxi. 6). The first ends creation, the second redemption, and the third, occurring at the crisis when all things are about to be made new, terminates the long history of the Church on earth. Eternity lies behind the first, and eternity opens beyond the last, while between these two periods stretches the field on which falls the light of human history.

And yet while these different sayings speak to us of things ending, they teach us still more emphatically that there can be no end, that every conclusion is a step in the great stair which climbs out of the darkness of the past, and disappears in the darkness of the future. Every end leads to a new beginning. The three passages we have brought together sufficiently illustrate this principle. The conclusion described in Genesis, when the heavens and earth were finished, marks the close of a period, the duration of which it is impossible to express in figures. What may appear to us a very eternity was required for the slow cooling of this once flaming planet, the condensing and building of strata upon strata, through upheavals and decay, and for the

gradual making—or, if you will, evolution—of the various tribes of living things. But when we have reached the point which is called "the finishing of the heavens and of the earth," we find that it was only the commencement of the marvellous story of humanity.

In like manner the "It is finished" at Calvary marks the end of another epoch, comparatively brief but of vital intensity. It was not the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ alone which closed there, but the period preparatory to redemption, enriched by the lives of patriarchs, law-givers, prophets, and by type and ritual all leading up to Christ, and finding their fulfilment in Him. Yet the "It is finished" uttered by the dying Messiah, if it closed an epoch, also opened that new period which embraces the history of the Church, from its beginning at Pentecost till there shall be heard the mighty "It is done" which shall announce the completion of the mediatorial kingdom and the commencement of the kingdom of glory.

As every end thus forms a beginning, so there is no "dead past," for the concluded past continues in every future. Each piece of coal or lime we use is an epitome of voiceless pre-historic ages. The times before Christ have their influence on the Church now. We are not only "the heirs of all the ages," but we are their product. The past lives in us.

These reflections have an important bearing when we connect them with our own circumstances a the close of a year, and have reached one of those stages in our brief career when we are made perforce to hear a solemn "It is finished" tolled from the great clock of time. A year may be something less than as "a drop in the ocean of being" when we measure it by the vast epochs of which we have been speaking, but it signifies a great deal to us whose allotted number is so few.

We say that the year is ended, with all its teaching and opportunities, its joys and sorrows, to be for ever associated in some minds with gladness, and in others with griefs never to be forgotten. But we would mistake the nature of that ending if we imagined that the past is wholly dead. We are to-day what we have become owing to that past. There is not a habit which is not a deathless legacy from bygone years. The harvest we now reap is from seeds that have gradually ripened. Innumerable little acts have produced the mature strength of the character which is now our own. The good man of to-day, whose right sympathies appear like an instinct, is but an embodiment of long faithfulness to conviction, even as the riponed scholar is the result of hours diligently employed. There is not a lineament in the soul of any saint which is not connected with some old struggle or triumph. And the past of the careless, the self-indulgent, the sensual, the vain, idle, and frivolous lives equally in them. A man may undoubtedly change, and the great sinner may, by the grace of God, become the great saint. But the experience of all who do so change is one of the greatest proofs of the deathless nature of the past. Every habit which had acquired strength will inflict the greater agony in overcoming it. The very memory of lost years will be bitterness.

But there is a more hopeful lesson, for every end marks a beginning, with new opportunities and glorious possibilities. Whatever our past may have been, each new day, and the new year that comes, brings what may become a fresh start in life for the worst and for the best of us. If there is an indestructible influence in what is bygone, there is an inspiring helpfulness in forgetting the bygone, so far as throwing aside the hindrances which its memory may create, and in rising up to run the race God is setting before us with the courage that is kindled by a forward gaze.

Would that the young would realise the value of their opening years, and remember that every habit they form must tell on their future. If, therefore, they would avoid the misery of many a future struggle, or perhaps future despair, let them live from the first in obedience to highest duty, walking with a good conscience both towards God and man.

And if the snows of age and the chilling of old fires may be speaking to the aged of opportunities that can never be recalled, and of the fewness of the days that remain, we would entreat them to throw off the dulness which benumbs the will, and go to Jesus Christ, their living Saviour, for grace in their peculiar time of need. The new year which is coming is as rich in possibilities for them as for the youngest, if they will only use it with faithfulness.

And may we be permitted, as we close these "Readings" for the year, to wish that the Divine blessing may rest on those who may have followed them from month to month, and to express the hope that the new year about to dawn may be a Good New Year in the fullest sense to them and theirs.

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