

"Good Words are Worth much and cost little."—Herbert

GOOD WORDS

FOR 1882

EDITED BY

DONALD MACLEOD, D.D.

ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS FOR SCOTLAND

And Illustrated by

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SOME HINTS FOR A LIFE OF DEAN STANLEY.

BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

SINCE Arthur Penrhyn Stanley's death many notices of him have been published. We have had a charming account of his early home life and training, and two able reviews of his last book. From across the Atlantic there has come a most eloquent tribute of affection and regard, and the simple French narrative of pastor E. Fontanés has sought to place the Dean of Westminster before us, and leave each reader to form his own judgment on the remarkable picture.

If in some quarters there has been manifested a desire to appropriate Dean Stanley as the representative of the opinions of the writers who have undertaken his eulogy, this is scarcely to be wondered at: though probably no man was ever more difficult to refer to any particular school.

We are sure sooner or later to have a full biography of this remarkable man; and, if worthy of its subject, a most important work it will be. But a long time may elapse before its ample materials can be arranged and elaborated. His oldest friends may well be gone before that time. Meanwhile, a friendship of more than five-and-forty years may excuse this attempt to add the following imperfect sketch to what has already been published, in the hope that it will teach some important lessons to those who seek to be led by Stanley's example.

He ought not, if he is viewed aright, to be looked upon as the founder or leader of any exact school of thought. He had, like every earnest Christian man, two great aims ever

before him, from which his whole writing and action flowed—he desired intensely, first of all to live a blameless life; secondly, to do to others as much good as possible in his generation, by using for God's glory, and in Christ's cause, those gifts of intellect which had been bestowed on him. His place as a guide of others is to be found in the degree in which he fulfilled these two purposes of his being, according to his own peculiar character. Perhaps no true believer in Christianity proposing to himself these noble purposes was ever more abhorrent of all dogmatism. Absorbed as he was in the great objects of his life, it was not the habit of his intellect to formulate opinions; hence he was liable to be misunderstood, and his reticence on matters of doctrine puzzled at times even his best friends. Of course, it is natural to classify him as a Broad Churchman; but before any one undertakes to write his life, it is most desirable to form a clear conception of Stanley's position with reference to that school, and also distinctly to understand what that school, as it exists in the Church of England, is. If it is taken to include all persons who are neither Calvinists, Ritualists, nor Sacerdotalists, and if the sole bond of union amongst its members is a common protest against these extremes, it will, of course, consist of such heterogeneous elements that it can have no consistency, and very many of those who belong to it will have no standing place in a Church which upholds certain positive statements of doctrine. The school of thought now repre-

sented by the true Broad Church party of the Church of England carries us back to Chillingworth and the Cambridge Platonists, and Burnet, who, with all his faults of political intrigue, was an earnest believer in the great fundamental Christian doctrines, and was famous for his powerful inculcation of them in the addresses, to hear which, tradition says, the people of Salisbury flocked to his private chapel. His love and admiration for Leighton (whom he classed in the same school with himself) makes a marked distinction between Burnet, as a member of the early latitudinarian school, and the professors of a mere cold, undoctinal latitudinarianism. This school in its origin certainly never substituted outward obedience to the rules of Christian morality for an appreciation of the fundamental Christian doctrines which embody the principles upon which Christian practice rests.

If a union in a professed adhesion to the practical precepts of Christianity took the place of a deep conviction of Christian doctrine in many of our eighteenth-century divines, this arose from the general coldness in matters of religious feeling which had at that time overspread all schools of Christian thought. The true Broad Churchman in the Church of England is not a man who depreciates Christian doctrine, but one who insists that the doctrine to which he adheres shall be really Christian, *i.e.* such as was really taught by Christ and His apostles, not the aftergrowth of a later and deteriorating age. Hence his standard of doctrine is found in Holy Scripture, and the earliest creeds reflecting Scripture, not in the metaphysical distinctions and argumentative subtleties and dogmatic judgments of Fathers or of Church Assemblies, based upon no certain warrant of Scripture. He holds that the Gospel is very simple; that it can be gathered in its essential features by the least instructed from the plain statements of Holy Writ; that there the great central truths on which the soul lives are written as with a sunbeam; and he looks with sorrow on the contentions about names rather than things which make up so large a portion of so-called theological controversy. Hence he is very tolerant of diversities of opinion in all who have not so adulterated the simple Gospel of Christ, as to look upon those who do not accept their peculiar shibboleths as thereby debarred from participation in the blessings to secure which Christ died. Against limitations of the Gospel message, and anathemas arising therefrom, he is not tolerant; but he strives to embrace as brethren

all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity; he seeks not to be intolerant of any, though they may be intolerant of him, and he discriminates as far as he can between the true simple faith of his antagonists and their unauthorised additions. He believes, too, that in the formularies of the Church of England, reasonably interpreted, he finds a closer adherence to the primitive Gospel than in those of any other Church.

Now, it is generally said that Arthur Stanley was the leader of the Broad Churchmen of this age. He certainly was far the most eminent of those who professed what are commonly called Broad Church opinions in the Church of England. But the question may fairly be raised how far his want of sympathy with distinct doctrinal statements made his position unlike that of the early Latitudinarian divines. In order to answer this question it is necessary to look carefully to certain peculiarities of his mind, and of the position in which, as years went on, he felt himself placed.

Of his deep sympathy with Dr. Arnold's teaching there can be no doubt. To him, through the biography, is owing the wonderful influence which Arnold's views of Christianity have exercised over the world, both in Great Britain and in America, and no one can fairly study the character of Dr. Arnold in his own writings and in the biography without acknowledging that he clung, as for his life, to the fundamental Christian doctrines; that his belief in them leavened all his actions, and supplied the major premiss of all his reasonings on religious and moral questions. To the fact of Stanley's sympathy with the teaching of his master must be added the delight which he took in simple hymns of a Scriptural character. The walls of his wife's bedroom when sickness forbade her to leave it, and she was not capable from weakness of holding a book in her hands, were covered with those simple Scottish hymns and fragments of psalms which she had learnt from her childhood, and which his love placed within her sight that she might at all moments of weakness enjoy their consolation. It was only a few days ago that a lady whom I had not supposed to have any acquaintance with him, told me with emotion how, when her own mind had been troubled some years ago with doubts respecting the central Gospel truth of the Resurrection, she had recourse to him as a stranger, and had her doubts removed, her faith strengthened, and her heart comforted.

How was it, then, that this feature of his

character was so little understood? In the first place, he was naturally reticent on what are commonly called "religious experiences." From hereditary connection he was brought up in an atmosphere uncongenial to any exhibition of religious feeling. He never had charge of a parish, and, therefore, had little practical knowledge of the impossibility of winning access to the uninstructed conscience without direct appeals to religious feeling, though no man was more tender-hearted than he.

Again, the historical element in his intellectual character was so predominant that the delineation of the outward exhibition of man's life, and of the scenes in which it was lived, left comparatively little room for any deep probing of the secret motives of religious feeling on which the whole outward manifestation of life is based.

Again, he was almost morbidly alive to the uncharitableness of many who make much of religious feeling and strict dogmatic statements, and are deficient in the long-suffering tolerance of Christian charity. Hence he became almost bigoted against bigotry and intolerant of intolerance. When he saw any one whom he thought to be a good man harshly treated on account of a supposed want of religious feeling or strict orthodoxy, he threw himself with a chivalrous disdain of consequences, and at times even an overlooking of facts, into the defence of the weak. It was like Frederick Maurice losing his character by the defence of Kingsley, and living to be himself defended by the friend whom he had rescued. If he did not extend this intolerance to sacerdotalists when they were evil-spoken of, it was because he had persuaded himself that no degree of tolerance for them would ever make them tolerant of others, and perhaps he occasionally failed to separate his estimate of the man from his horror of the intolerant doctrine which the man maintained. There sprang up in him, especially in his latter years, a forced determination to treat all unorthodox people as if they agreed in the main, and really unconsciously maintained orthodox opinions. Notable examples of this weakness are to be found, especially in his lately published volume of essays, in which Renan and Matthew Arnold find themselves strangely side by side with Pusey and Keble. He was indeed in this respect so regardless of the opinions of ordinary men, that it is no wonder he incurred a great amount of obloquy, and was looked upon with much suspicion.

No one ever knew him personally without

loving him. If his Catholicity was in excess, it was based upon the Christian love which springs from a charitable spirit. He certainly embraced within the limits of his Church sympathies every one whom he believed to be following in the steps of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is impossible for any one to maintain that he ought to be classed with free-thinkers, who knows how many doubting souls he has comforted and supported in the time of their greatest trial, by that sure evidence of the pervading historical truth of the narratives both of the Old and New Testament, which his Lectures on the Jewish Church and his Essays on the Apostolical Age, rightly understood, impart to every intelligent reader.

It certainly must be allowed that his position amongst Anglican divines is entirely unique. The Church of England suffered grievous loss when he disappeared from amongst its chiefs. No clergyman, perhaps, who ever lived exercised over the public at large, and especially the literary and thoughtful portion of it, so fascinating an influence. The charm was a personal one, whether diffusing its power through his writings, or his preaching, or his conversation, or his kindly acts of friendship to rich and poor. His was the charm of a loving Christian nature, endowed with unrivalled intellectual energy of a very peculiar kind; a master—above all other men—in that vivid historic power, both of speech and writing, which, more perhaps than any other gift, irresistibly attracts both the unlearned and the refined.

I proceed to note some further reminiscences which may help us better to understand and profit by this simple, yet complicated character. Arthur Stanley certainly showed all through his life a marked respect for those who were older than himself, or whose position entitled them to be treated with respect. In this he was very unlike the self-confident assertors of independence so common in the nineteenth century. By nature he was truly modest, and all through his life as far from self-assertion as any man who ever lived. When I first remember him taking his place in society, he spoke little, and seemed much more ready to listen to others than to be heard himself. It was not till as years advanced, and he found himself carried by the force of his ability into a position of commanding influence wherever he went, that he gave vent to that lively and instructive flow of anecdote which made his conversation, perhaps, the most instructive, and certainly the most interesting, of any of his

contemporaries. I well remember Stanley's first coming to Balliol to reside, after he and James Lonsdale had won the two scholarships of the year—he from Rugby, Lonsdale from Eton. The reputation he brought with him, and the proofs he gave of a knowledge far beyond his years, soon convinced me, when I became tutor in his second or third year, that except in the philosophy of Aristotle, there was not much that he had to learn from me. W. G. Ward, the author of "The Ideal of a Christian Church," had been elected a Fellow of Balliol with me. When Stanley first arrived Ward was a devoted disciple of Dr. Arnold, ready to push every one of his theories with remorseless logic to any conclusion, however startling, and it soon appeared that he startled himself, and like many others since, was ready to make a sudden bound from limitless speculation to the narrowest bonds of ecclesiastical authority. Fortunately he did not convince Stanley, who was thrown greatly into his intimacy, either of the accuracy of his sceptical inferences or of the propriety of applying the antidote by which he sought to neutralise their effect. It used to be said that Ward's logic was irresistible if he only had a fact as the foundation on which to construct his argument. This habit of mind led him, through exaggeration of the force of isolated statements, and a total neglect of other statements by which they had to be balanced, to hurry to conclusions which became altogether false from having been based only on a half truth. He had fallen, about this time, under the marvellous fascination of John Henry Newman's preaching and personal intercourse, and the new apostle soon displaced the old. Newman in his "Apologia" has certainly intimated that the terror of that period of his life was that liberalism of which he considered Arnold as the personification, and from which he looked for nothing but ruin to the political, social, and religious life of the nation. Ward was a man of too honest, vigorous, and enlarged a mind to give himself up entirely to the new bondage in which for a time he had found refuge, and, unless I am much mistaken, his subsequent career in the Roman Catholic Church, to which before many years he conformed, has not been without its troubles to those who naturally sought to restrain his vigorous and somewhat eccentric spirit.

It might naturally have been expected that Stanley, subjected to an influence so potent as Ward's, would, from the vein of poetry in his nature, from his love for all that is picturesque, as well as his susceptibility

to the enchantment of every old historical scene reproduced, have yielded to the prevailing spell. It was a time when Newman reigned supreme in the ministry, and captivated the most promising of its youth by the freshness of his persuasive fancies, clothed in the purest and most forcible style of writing and of speech. The very appearance of the man had in it something to attract and subjugate, and seemed to carry his admirers back to the ages in which his spirit lived, and which he sought to reproduce in a modern world. Very few escaped the fascination of that powerful personality, which, for good or for evil, certainly altered the character and history of the English Church for many years. Dr. Jeune, the late Bishop of Peterborough, a man as little likely as any one to be influenced by it, used to say that no man was safe from Newmanism, as it was then called, till he had had it; and when questioned as to how he himself had not been subjugated by the prevailing epidemic, he alleged that he had only escaped by having been absent in America during those dangerous years.

It is remarkable that these powerful influences altogether failed to attract Stanley. Indeed in later years the remembrance of them, and of what he had gone through in connection with them, seemed to have left some bitterness of feeling, which made him scarcely just in his estimate of the great man who was the centre and mainspring of this movement. His own early training in a Whig household, in which liberalism was the very breath of the whole family; his connection from his boyhood with all that was eminent in the liberal camp in politics; the far deeper influence of the great religious liberal chief to whom he owed his intellectual training; something also in his own nature abhorrent from the then fashionable "doctrine of reserve" which draws an unfair distinction between esoteric and exoteric teaching—all these combined to secure him. Like all good Oxford men, he loved Oxford intensely, and as years went on he looked back with much sorrow to the days of Newman's influence, before he joined the Church of Rome. He could not but deplore that Arnold's sudden death had frustrated the hopes which sprang up on Lord Melbourne's selection of him for the Professorship of History, and that not Arnold's but Newman's influence had dominated amongst the Oxford residents. He felt that thus the prevailing religion of the place and the reforming spirit of the age had been brought into sharp antagonism, instead of

being united as they might have been by the ascendancy of a Liberal Christian school of thought. He felt that the religious party in power cared little at that time for the practical improvements for which the most eminent sons of the University had long sighed. He felt therefore that henceforward University reform was sure to drift, as it has drifted, more into the secular channel; he knew indeed that nothing could be more alien to the theories and wishes of his great master, and therefore, though he more or less cast in his lot with the tendency which had become inevitable, he could not, I think, altogether repress that soreness, which the thought of the far better things that might under happier auspices have been achieved, brought ever present to him.

Yet it was not till later in his life that this feeling developed. I remember well that when he returned from his first great tour and found the University in a ferment from the Protest of the Four Tutors against the publication of Tract XC., he could scarcely forgive me for having taken part in this measure, which by calling attention to the insidious progress of the new or revived old opinions, and the lengths to which they were being carried, seemed to him to restrain that liberty of thought, which it was, if I may venture to say so, his weakness to reverence with a love almost greater than his love of truth itself. But this kindly feeling towards the professors of ultra sacerdotal opinions within the Church of England did not last long. It seems to have been based chiefly on personal friendship far Ward, and was in after years rudely dispersed, if not at an earlier period, at last by the efforts, so long successful, of Dr. Pusey and his friends to withhold from Mr. Jowett, on account of his theological opinions, the salary which was reckoned due to his professorship of Greek. The impression, rightly or wrongly, deepened gradually in Stanley's mind, that the system of the Oxford school, as it was then called, contained within it the elements of a persecuting spirit,

and that if predominant it would recognise or even tolerate no form of Christianity but its own.

It had been of the very essence of Arnold's system to foster a wide-extending bond of Christian union embracing the whole nation. His well-known repugnance to the admission of the Jews into Parliament was accounted for by his strong feelings in this direction; and when long after his death it seemed a simple matter of the highest expediency, if, not of justice, to admit to civil privileges the harmless professors of the faith of the Old Testament on account of their great stake in the country and their known tendency to range themselves on the side of morality, law, and order,—those who followed Arnold still did not abandon the theory that the institutions of the country ought to be stamped by the profession of Christianity, if England was to continue a Christian nation. Hence they all desired that a Christian character should be impressed on the whole national life, and they looked with great suspicion on every sectarian theory, under whatever name it might disguise itself, which taught that a sharp distinction could be drawn between the Church of Christ and the State, and that the State, either in promoting education or in the discharge of any of its other important functions, could safely be allowed to drift into mere secularism, while the Church representing Christianity complacently contracted its operations and was content to abandon its national character.

I earnestly desire that these peculiarities of feeling and sentiment to which I have so imperfectly drawn attention should be estimated in every judgment of my friend and in every attempt to set forth the lessons of his life. He must live in the annals of the English Church amongst its brightest ornaments. His character, though so marvellous in its simplicity, is, like his position amongst his contemporaries, not easy to understand. To those who read them aright they will teach ever fresh lessons of far-reaching influence.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

[BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.]

"And when he came to himself, he said, How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger!"—ST. LUKE, xv. 17.

THERE are two tests to which we have the right to submit every religion. There are two questions which we have the right, and which it is our duty, to put to every one who

claims to come to us as a teacher from God. And these two questions are, first, "What have you to tell us concerning the nature of God?" and, secondly, "What have you

to tell us concerning the nature of man?" We have the right, and it is our duty, to put these questions, because religion is the science of the relations between God and man. Every religion, therefore, properly so called, aims at giving us some information concerning these relations, and concerning the duties which arise out of them. It follows from this that every religion necessarily and primarily bases itself on certain facts, or alleged facts, in the nature of God and in the nature of man, which must create and condition these relations and duties. What God is or may be to us, and what we are or may be to Him, necessarily arise out of what God is in Himself, and what we are in ourselves. Every religion, therefore, must necessarily have its idea or theory concerning God, and its idea or theory concerning man. And we have a right to ask every religious teacher for these theories before we hear him speak of the relations and duties arising out of them; and by the truth or falsehood of these theories all the rest that he has to say must be judged, so far, at least, as this, that if he tell us anything concerning God, or concerning man, which is demonstrably false, which our reason or our conscience rejects, we must reject him. It is not that we may do so, or that we ought to do so, but that we are so constituted—happily so constituted—that we simply cannot accept his teaching. We have the right, then, as I have stated, to say to every teacher of religion: "What have you to tell us of these two great questions? Rehearse for us the articles of your belief concerning God and concerning man." And of these two tests it is quite clear which is the simpler and the surer one. Obviously the second. We know the nature of man, or think we do. Of the Divine nature we are necessarily and naturally in comparative ignorance. We do know something of human life and of its conditions, and therefore he who tells us that concerning man's nature which we know to be untrue has lost his claim upon our attention when he goes on to tell us something concerning God. If he has told us earthly things which we simply cannot believe, how can we believe when he goes on to tell us of heavenly things? Convicted of falsehood, or of absurdity, as regards the visible, he can have no trustworthy message for us concerning the invisible.

Now it is to this test that I propose to submit that religion in which we Christians profess to believe. Let us consider in the light of this test—as regards its theory of

humanity—the religion of the Bible. There is a theory concerning man's nature and condition on which the whole of this book, and all it professes to teach us, is based. We ask you to consider whether this theory approves itself to you as true; and we propose further to contrast it with certain other theories that we are asked to accept instead of it. And we do so with this desire and hope, that—although on the one hand, if the theory be demonstrably false, we cannot accept it—yet on the other hand, if it seem true to our nature; if there be in its account of us that which commends itself to our very innermost being; if, when the teacher speaks, the very flesh and heart within us cry out, "I know that to be true;" if this revelation, or this professed revelation, thus find us at depths of our nature, to which none other can reach, then we may be the more willing to listen to the teacher as he tells us of things that we have not seen—of the Divine nature that we cannot of ourselves comprehend, of the relations between it and us, of the duties, hopes, fears, promises, and helps of the future—the vast and infinite future—that lies, in all its varied relations, between humanity and God. To all these things we shall be the more prepared to give heed, because of the revealing and verifying light that his teaching will have shed upon a nature that we do know, and that to some degree we do understand.

Let us then define, in the first place, what is the test to which we propose to submit the Bible theory of humanity. I propose to bring it to the test of one admitted and notorious fact in the nature and condition of man, and to see how it explains that fact, and how it proposes to deal with it. And the fact is that described in the words I have prefixed to this paper—namely, the admitted and notorious one of the exceptional unhappiness of man. Our Lord in this parable of the Prodigal Son confronts Himself with this fact, as every teacher of a gospel, or good news, must do if he is to win the attention of mankind. The hero of this story, the prodigal son, is, as you see, a sufferer, but he is more than that—he is an exceptional sufferer. All the other creatures described in the parable—the lower servants of the Father's house—"have bread and to spare:" he alone suffers hunger. And, more than this, he is a strangely exceptional sufferer, for he who suffers is infinitely superior to those who are happy. They are but the hired servants in the house, and he

the son—raised above them all in nearness to the Father and Ruler of the great household—he alone is perishing with hunger. Is this a true description then of humanity? Is it true that man is unhappy, and that he is exceptionally so? That man is unhappy we do know; that at least is a fact in all human experience. All our own knowledge, all that we know of the experience of others, all human literature are full even to triteness of the commonplace of human unhappiness. The poet, the philosopher, the moralist, the satirist treat it in different ways, but they all acknowledge it. The sadness, the sorrowfulness, the weariness, the littleness of life force themselves upon the knowledge of all. Men may laugh at this sad life of ours as they do in one mood, or weep over it as they do in another mood; they may madden over it as they pore upon the mystery of human misery, but the confession of all alike, at some time or other of their life, is one and the same: "Man that is born of woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery." This, at least, is an accepted and notorious fact in our nature and history, but there is more in it than this. Man is not only unhappy, but he is unquestionably the most unhappy creature in creation. By contrast with him all other creatures may be said to be happy. Nay, are they not actually so? Is not the life of the lower animals one of almost pure physical enjoyment? The mere joy of life, the happiness of existence that we see and envy in the little child, and which the little one loses as it grows up to boyhood and to manhood—how strongly marked it is in the animal creation! Their lives are untroubled by care, untroubled by anxiety, untroubled by the fear of death. "They see a happy youth, and their old age is beautiful and free." In the whole of their joyous existence they have perhaps but the one single pang of terror or of pain that ends it. But man is an exception to all these. How comes it, that as you ascend from one rank to another through all the orders of animal existence, by slow and regular and uniform progression—how is it that when you come to man, the outcome of the ages—man, the perfection of all these existences, each rejoicing in its progress, each in its turn as it grew up and passed away contributing something to the scale of creation, and so passing on into something higher—how is it that when you reach the crown and glory of all creation you come to something infinitely more

unhappy than all the rest? Man seems to pay the price of his rank and standing in the great household of the universe by this, that he is capable of an infinity of agonies. He yields for all his greatness a tax of misery that all the others are exempt from. This, too, is an admitted fact. And yet this is not all. We might be told, and fairly told, that this, after all, is but the working out of that great law which governs all creation—that the susceptibility to pleasure must always be purchased by a corresponding susceptibility to pain, that you cannot have the high sensibility which gives delight without at the same time being liable to the exquisite suffering that arises from the disturbance of this. And so it may be said that if man is at times the most unhappy, he is at times the most happy creature in creation, and that a happy man is, at any rate, infinitely happier than a happy brute. This is true; and yet what a strange, what a sad out-look this gives us for that progress of our race of which we hear so much in our day! Is it then true that man's infinite progress to perfection must still be infinite progress towards pain? Is it true that in the distant ages, as man advances still further and further to the very glory and perfectness of his being, he must advance still more and more to keener agonies of martyrdom? Is the crown of completeness that science has to offer to humanity so largely and so necessarily a crown of thorns? This is not a happy prospect; this is not altogether a gospel for humanity.

But this is not all; this is not the strangest part of the mystery of human unhappiness. The strangest thing connected with the unhappiness of man is this: that he differs from all other creatures that we know of in this respect, that he is often unhappy directly in proportion to the degree and extent to which he obeys his own nature. Consider this for a moment. All animals that we know of, save man, seem to be subject to this twofold law. Each creature has, on the one hand, its instincts, its desires, its appetites; and, on the other hand, in the climate or element in which it exists there are corresponding objects of gratification for these. Given the concurrence of these two; given the appetite that craves, and the object which satisfies that appetite, and the animal is perfectly happy in itself, and needs no more. It has "the portion of goods that falleth to it," and it desires nothing further.

Now, rise from the animal to the man; pass, as we are told nature has passed, by slight and imperceptible gradations, from the

lowest to the highest stage of animal existence—to the human, in which there is but a slight anatomical difference of structure between the anthropoid creature and the man—and then you come to the strange fact that this law is altogether reversed. You come to a creature who is often eminently unhappy just because he has obeyed the strongest impulses, enjoyed the gratification of the most powerful instincts of his being. He suffers from two different causes, which are mighty factors in the pain of suffering humanity. One is the pain of satiety, and the other the pain of remorse. Give the man all the portion of goods that can fall to him, or that in his wildest dreams of covetousness and ambition he can desire for himself; give him health, wealth, strength, keen intellect, vivid imagination, gratified ambition; give him all these and heap them on him in an overflowing abundance of wealth, until he revel in the fullness of his enjoyment of them; and if human history and human experience tell us anything they tell us this: that when he has enjoyed these to the very full, and just because he has so enjoyed them, there begins to be felt a famine in his pleasures, there comes the weariness of satiety into his heart and soul. The eye is not satisfied with all its seeing, nor the ear with all its hearing; and worn, blasé, exhausted by the pursuit of pleasure, which still something in him compels him to pursue, the man wearies at last of his very life. He finds that, somehow or other, there seems to be still some end of his being beyond possession and enjoyment which he cannot attain unto; that, somehow or other, his life does not consist in the abundance of the things that he possesses. How is this? Why is this? How is it that you find an animal—when you come to man—that the more its instincts are gratified, the more it often becomes unhappy?

Mark now the other source of human pain and sorrow. It is remorse. How does it come to pass, that when man obeys the strongest impulses and instincts of his nature he is not, like other animals, therefore happy, but therefore miserable? How is it that when he does this, he does not, as we are told all other animals before him did, rise a step in the scale of creation, but that he sinks and knows he has sunk and fallen back towards the brute? What is the reason that when a man has yielded himself to some one or other of the strong inherent instincts or passions of his nature, there so often wakes up in him a feeling of shame

and remorse? Why is it that he is haunted by the furies of an accusing conscience? It is a strange fact, when you consider it in the dry light of science, that when an animal, because he is an animal, does that which is natural, he becomes unhappy. Test this by a single instance. Take a case in which you see some stronger human animal dealing with a weaker one. Take the case in which you see some strong and savage man, who has just savagely stamped out the life from the weaker creature whom he once vowed to cherish and protect. The strong animal stands beside the weaker, a triumphant illustration of the law of the survival of the fittest. The human herd has just been weeded of one of its weaker elements, as happens in herds of other animals, by a useful violence. Why is it that such deed of violence fills you with indignation, and that you proceed to rebuke that man, and to charge him with having broken law? "What law?" he may ask you; "the law of society, the law that you have made for your convenience and your protection against my strength,—what other law?" "The law of your nature," you will tell him. "What law, and what nature? My nature! Why what I have done is natural, or else I could not have done it. It was because my nature moved me to do this that I have done it; why do you tell me then that it is unnatural? You appeal to my conscience. My conscience has proved itself feeblar than the passion which has overmastered it. In the name of science, then, in the name of purely materialistic science, which knows of nothing but force, I maintain and plead that this force in me which you call conscience, has not the right to rule, has not the scientific right to command. It has proved itself the weaker element in my nature by the very fact that it has given way. Why, then, am I to mutilate one part of my being at the bidding of another? How do you know that I am not the new type of future humanity, stronger and fiercer than yourself, and therefore all the more likely to survive you? True, I am in the minority just now, and so has ever been the type of the new creature, in the first exercise of its new and nascent strength. What is there in me that you can point out to me, and say by virtue of this fact in my nature that I am doing what is unnatural and wrong? You might as well blame the balance because it inclines to the heaviest weight, or the chain because it snaps at its weakest point." Such is the unanswerable plea of the natural man

who is obeying his nature; and yet although that plea is scientifically unanswerable, there is that within him which is answering him all the while, fitfully and intermittently, it may be, in proportion to the strength of those instincts and passions to which he naturally gives way, but never, perhaps, entirely silenced. There is a voice within him which pleading weakly at some times, powerfully at others, tells him that what he is doing is evil, unnatural, deadly even to his own nature; the voice of conscience will sting him with remorse, and haunt him with the shame of memory; will plead as some discrowned and dethroned monarch pleads in vain, for his legitimate rule against his revolted subjects. And the man will feel this, and he will know too that it is no use to feel it, that he cannot bring all parts of his nature into subjection to that which claims to rule the rest. He will tell you, "I am unhappy because of this very disturbance and contest in my nature between the law which claims to be supreme and fails to prove its supremacy, and the appetites that are ever proving their right to rule by the very fact that they dethrone my better nature and rule me. 'Oh, wretched man that I am, who will deliver me from the law in my members' that has subdued and conquered the better law in my mind, and that is bringing me into captivity to what I feel and know to be the law of sin and death?" This is the misery of man, this is the strange, exceptional misery of man.

And now with this fact we confront the teachers of the new gospel for humanity, the gospel of materialism, the gospel which weighs, and measures, and calculates the forces of matter, and tells us that these are all. We confront them—those who maintain that we are merely the orderly and the necessary product of laws that rule all matter—we confront them with these facts; we say, explain to us, if you can, the strange difference between this human animal and all other animals with which you are acquainted. Tell us what is wrong with this machine, which should be the very perfection of all machines; tell us why its movements are so incalculable, so erratic, so violent at times, and so self-destructive. Can you explain to us this strange disorder and contest between its constituent elements and forces; can you lay your hand on this or that part of it, and say, here is the evil, and not there? Or can you, at least, however ignorantly, try to amend it: can you put to rights your machine, if you cannot explain it? Can you make it

keep temperate time and measure, and do that work in the world which you believe, but which you have no scientific reason for believing, that it was meant and designed to do? If you cannot do this—and at any rate you have never yet attempted to do it—if you cannot do this, then stand aside for a moment or two, while we tell you something about it. Hear what we have to say, we believers in the supernatural, we obsolete theologians: listen for a moment or two to our theory, on which we try to account for these facts: listen to us while we tell you what we at least try to do with this machine. The Bible theory concerning man is not one of continued and uninterrupted progress, though it is a theory of progress. It is a theory of interrupted progress. The Bible history of man is this, that he is not his true self, that he is a creature not in his proper and true element. What the Bible tells us concerning man is this, that he differs from all other creatures in the universe, not in fine and imperceptible degrees, but in kind: not in anatomical differences of structure merely, but in this essential difference, that the God who made him—whether it were by an instant act of creation, or by an infinitely protracted creative act of evolution—in the hour when He produced him on the earth, fashioned him in His image, and gave him as he did so that mystery of mysteries, a spiritual nature, with a free and self-determining will. It tells us further that the nature of that spiritual part of man is such that only in communion with and obedience to the Spirit which made it, can it find its true happiness; that the only place where man can be happy, if he can find it, if he can attain to it, is the Father's home. It tells us more. It tells us that the curse and the disorganization of this nature of man have been, that in the exercise of this strange and mysterious spiritual power of free will with which he was gifted, he has wandered away from the Father's home, and claimed selfish and solitary possession of the goods the Father lavished upon him; it tells us that the origin of all human sin and sorrow has been this, that man has said, "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me,"—give me the wealth of the imagination, the treasures of the affection, the strength of the intellect,—give me all that distinguishes and glorifies me as a man, and let me carry all these away into the far country of selfish possession and enjoyment without God. The Bible reveals to us that all man's misery is the result of this vain effort on the

part of man to do, in this world of God, without the God who made him; that all the immense ennui of life, all that wretchedness of satiety that makes man from time to time, and now more than ever, ask—"Is life worth the living?" is but the sublime discontent of the soul that was made to rest in God and cannot find its rest in anything less than God: the soul that was made to find its peace and enjoyment, its life and sustenance in the infinite, and cannot satisfy itself in the finite. This is the Bible explanation of the satiety and of the remorse of man whenever the lower part of his nature conquers the higher.

And one thing more that revelation tells him. It assures him of that of which no scientific or anatomical analysis of his nature, no merely human psychology, can ever assure him, that the voice within him which claims a sovereignty over all his being is the voice of a rightful sovereign; that the warning of conscience is nothing less than the echo of the law of God; that the claim of this disrowned and dethroned monarch to rule is a rightful claim; although it lost the power to enforce it when the spirit of man revolted against its Maker, and lost thereby its command over its own lower vassals, the appetites which rise in perpetual rebellion and strife against it; but that this is still the rightful monarch, and that the misery of his soul comes from the revolt of his nature; that he is not a true man when he is miserable; that it is because he is not living in his true element that he is unhappy. It reveals to him more than this. It tells him, what revelation alone can tell him, that there is a remedy for his unhappiness. "Rise up and go to thy Father!" The far country in which thou art dwelling must ever be swept again and again by periodic famine, as the soul in thee, the immortal soul, fails to find its life, its sustenance, there. The swine-husks of sensual pleasure were made for lower animals in creation, they were not made for thee. Come to thyself; return to thy better and saner self, go to thy Father, and there find the rest, there find the peace, there find the harmony and the reunion of all thy being; there gain the power to make thyself a true and perfect man; there become in very deed what thou wast made to be, the very crown and perfection of all created beings, because thou shalt have regained the lost likeness of the perfect Creator.

Now, we are not afraid to contrast these two philosophies, theory for theory, idea for idea. We are not ashamed to say—we unhesitatingly

do say—that ours includes all the facts of the case, and gives at least a consistent account and hypothesis for those facts; and that the other does not. But is that all we have to say? Are these but theories against theories? Are we but opposing a dream with a dream when we set the idea of the scientist against the idea of the religionist? Not so. Ours is an historical religion. It bases itself upon one life in the past, it is ever renewing and revealing itself in many lives ever since that life was lived on earth. It bases itself on the life of One who all through His existence, as far as we can know it—and the story of His life, if we accept it as true at all, reveals to us the very innermost workings and thoughts of His soul and heart—was a perfect man whose nature was unstained by impurity, unvexed by sensual or evil impulse; a life that was passed in entire and complete obedience to the will of the Father. His was a soul that never knew the hunger of the exiled and rebellious son, because it was ever "meat and drink to Him to do His Father's will;" He who gives us this picture of human unhappiness, as consisting in the wandering from the Father's home, was Himself the perfectly obedient Son. But that is not all. That life which He lived, that life of perfect obedience,—to which all its sorrow came from without, and only came from the fact that all around Him were not as He, perfectly obedient to his Father's will—that life, He tells us, He can supernaturally give to us. "I am come that ye might have,"—not merely knowledge of your lost condition, which any moralist may give you; not merely statements respecting your nature, which any philosopher may try to give you,—but "life," new life. "I am come that ye might have life, and have it more abundantly." And He who promises us this restored, this undying life, and who promises it to us as a supernatural gift, what attestation does He give us of His claim to bestow it? He gives us not merely the miracle of His own existence, which might be a solitary and exceptional one, but the miracles of His healing and restoring within the domain of the natural life of men. He tells us, "You who might otherwise believe that you are the slaves of physical law, and who vainly struggle to free yourselves from the overmastering tyranny of your own natures, contemplate what I have done in the region of the natural, and learn to trust me, as you behold how, when men bring to me those who suffer from physical disease and

agony, I heal them with a touch. Look at me, those of you who are vexed with storms in your own souls, and see how, with a word, I have stilled the storms of external nature. Look at me, you who feel the utter helplessness of your resistance against all evil, you who feel yourselves as in some hideous death in life, swathed in the terrible habits that bind you, the very grave-clothes of corruption and of sin. Look at me, as you see my meeting with that young man carried to the grave, before his mother—mourning as mothers have mourned over young men dead in trespasses and sins,—listen to me as I say, ‘Young man, arise,’ and as you listen to that voice, and as you know that it is the voice that has stilled the storm and waked the dead, learn to trust in one who tells you, ‘I have power to still the storm in your heart, to heal the diseases of your moral nature, to raise you from the grave of sin and death.’”

And in the last place we have this fact to allege, that all along the history of the Divine society which He came on earth to found, we have instances of this restoring and healing power. We do not say—it were unjust and untrue to say—that all Christians have been moral and able to subdue their nature. It would be equally unjust and untrue to say that all materialists have been immoral men, and have yielded to their lower nature; but what we do say is this, that all along the history of Christianity, where the word and the name of Christ are preached, we do meet with what is nowhere else to be seen, the miracle of regeneration and conversion. We do find that men rise up suddenly and go to the house of their Father, and that they declare that they have there received a strength and a blessing which they never knew before. All down the ages,—ringing clear and distinct above all the cries of human strife and sin and misery,—there come to us the litany

of the penitent, the joyful hymns of the reconciled. We hear and we see—thank God that we can see—how drunkards suddenly become sober, outcasts chaste, profligates pure, churls loving and bountiful; and we see that this is attributed by each, and all, to the fact, that they had heard a voice that bid them rise and go to the Father, that they had obeyed it and had been healed. Yes, men may mock at all this; they may tell us that the “Father’s house” is all a dream, that the Father has no existence; but the robe and the ring with which the returning prodigals are clothed and adorned are facts they cannot deny. The comely robe of righteousness that is seen to cover some sinful soul, the jewelled gifts of grace that are suddenly seen adorning it, these are facts, patent and visible, and it is not scientific, it is not philosophic, to ignore such facts in the history of human life. We repeat it then, that our theory, the gospel theory,—the Bible theory of the fall, the restoration, the deliverance of man,—is the one which best accords with the facts of man’s nature, of Christian experience, and of human life. And if this be so, may we not respectfully ask of modern science not too hastily to reject a philosophy of humanity so manifestly superior to any it has yet devised solely because it implies the “unscientific idea of a God?” May we not even express, in our turn, our doubts as to those scientific denials of a God which invariably imply such insufficient and unscientific ideas of man? May we not, in spite of these denials, still dare to trust the best instincts of our nature, the deepest longings of our hearts, as they echo within us the invitation of the gospel to try the great experiment as to the being of a God which every man may make for himself who will arise and go to his Father? None ever made that experiment and failed to reach the Father’s home.

BALLOCHMYLE.

By ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

A SWEET love-song, whose early touch—
 Ere yet the master-hand grew strong
 To strike the chords that felt at such
 The wondrous magic of his song—
 Was with me, speaking soft and sweet
 From leaf-clad tree, and from the smile
 Of half-hid flowers among my feet,
 That summer night in Ballochmyle.

The Ayr was hush'd from bank to bank ;
 Its murmur, coming through the trees,
 Was as of fairies when they prank
 Their moonlight revels o'er the leas.
 It mingled with the tender tone
 Of lover's earnest plea and wile,
 As I stood listening all alone,
 That summer night in Ballochmyle.

There was no breath of wind to stir
 The grass that grew beside my feet,
 But silent as a worshipper,
 When thought and silence are most sweet,
 I stood : I felt my heart grow warm
 With that soft dew of unshed tears
 That comes, when, as beneath a charm,
 We slip back into vanish'd years.

The spot was fair, but fairer still
 In that high light which falls from song—
 So fair that, bending to its will,
 I only did this gentle wrong—
 I pluck'd some grass, a token meet,
 To take with me. No idle toil !
 Since it perchance had kiss'd the feet
 Of her, the "lass o' Ballochmyle."

The night came on, and in the sky,
 A little space of which was seen
 Between the trees, upon the eye
 One star shone out with wondrous sheen.
 It wore the tender look of love,
 As if some link to me unknown
 Had bound it to this spot, and strove
 To make this haunted place its own.

Sweet dream ! for here love's very soul
 Might dwell, and feel no taint of earth,
 But wander to its passionate goal,
 Or dream, and, dreaming, grow to birth.
 Here might his feet for ever stay,
 And here his heart for ever dream,
 Without one wish to roam or stray
 Beyond the music of the stream.

The moon rose up, and all at once
 From leafy branch and trembling grass
 A murmur, like a sweet response,
 Came forth, and sweet to hear it was.
 And with that murmur came the light,
 That flung o'er all a tender smile ;
 And deepened still the fairy sight
 That held me bound in Ballochmyle.

But is there not a softer gleam,
 Which is not of the moon, that lies
 On grassy bank and wood and stream,
 And touching makes them sanctities—
 A light that, shining far apart,
 Is only for the inner eye,
 That sees the glory of that art
 Which speaks in burning melody ?

Hush ! do I wake or dream ? for lo !
 A spirit wanders up the glen,
 And as he comes a deeper glow
 Bathes all that lies within his ken.
 He moves as in some mood of thought,
 And in the glory which he throws
 Around him his dark eye has caught
 That phrenzy which the poet knows.

He leans against a tree, he turns
 His eye upon the shining stream,
 And in its burning depths there yearns
 The first sunrise of passion's dream.
 Where have I seen that swarthy face
 Which now is radiant with the light
 Of that high look that wears no trace
 Of earth or death to mortal sight ?

Lo ! yet another spirit comes
 With lighter foot and fairer face,
 Each leaf in murmurous music hums
 As on she moves with pensive pace.
 The Ayr grows hush'd, and will not speak,
 And only one sweet breath of wind
 Kisses the roses on her cheek,
 And sways the grass that throbs behind.

She pauses, slowly turns her eye
 On him, the poet spirit, bent
 In half-adoring ecstasy,
 As to some angel heaven sent.
 Then with a low yet tender sigh
 She beckons him : they both pass on,
 And all the light grows dim, and I
 Am left in Ballochmyle alone.

I wake up. Am I still beneath
 The spell of all that early tone,
 Whose music, like the spring's sweet breath,
 Hath made this fairy spot its own ?
 The star shines through the open space,
 The moonlight quivers all around,
 And lays sweet hands of tender grace
 Upon this consecrated ground.

Oh, early love-song haunting yet
 The spot where the immortal trod,
 And breathing, where his feet were set,
 The music of the singing god.
 Oh, maid for ever young ! for who,
 When caught and held by magic song,
 Can feel the years that bear from view
 The common lot that plods along ?

Ah me ! we pass. But through this wood
 Our swarthy singer still will roam,
 And muse in high poetic mood
 Apart from all the years to come.
 While she, his sister-spirit, strong
 In her unfading beauty's smile,
 Will move throughout the land of song,
 "The bonnie lass o' Ballochmyle."



Ice Boats on the Maas.

WINTER LIFE IN HOLLAND.

Drawn with Pen and Pencil.

By R. T. PRITCHETT.

THE English ideal of perfect winter life is that of a Dutchman and his family in their native land, from the end of autumn until the flowers burst in early spring, with the primroses, violets, and wood anemones stretching their necks to welcome the first rays of the vernal sun, and vieing with each other in freshness and simple beauty. One November time is particularly fresh in my own memory, in Guelderland, at the Loo, at a perfect little inn—kind hostess, every detail perfect in its way throughout the ménage. There seemed much pleasure in store for us on the

next day. This will be understood when the programme is known. It was nothing more or less than a day's shooting in the Royal Woods, with the certainty of getting a buck ; and this in Holland is a great thing. Imagine then the anxiety to know the state of the weather and chances for the day. After a grand night's rest and sound sleep, early in the eventful morning, I was called by the Dutch servant, in costume, shaking me, and repeating with great zest and thorough delight the following lines :—

“ ‘ De Bloemen op de Glazen.’ ”



Rotterdam, on the Maas.

“Mynheer, get up, get up.

“De Bloemen die s'winters komen,
En s'zomers vergaan.
Weet U waar die bloemen staan.”

It was very kind of this innocent child of bucolic nature to be pleased with the graceful patterns and beautiful crystals which adorned the windows with sweeping lines and delicate curves, surpassing ferns in elegance of grouping and variety of formation. To me all this joy and novelty was perfect ruin; and, hardly awake, the first thought burst upon me, “There’s no buck.” “*Eheu fugaces!*” This might have been said of the bucks had they been missed, but then the provoking thing was there exists a law in Holland (and a very fair one too) that no one, not even the king himself, may shoot a buck when the snow is on the ground; and this day snow was on the ground. “*De Bloemen op de Glazen.*” So no buck was killed, but the “*jacht*” postponed; and the only consolation to be mentioned now is, that in this winter paper we can speak with confidence and practical knowledge of the winter time in Holland.

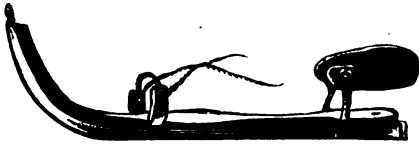
Skates and sledges and ice paraphernalia first demand our notice. Before entering into details we would impress upon our readers that Holland is not in a chronic state of frost.

Really the winters are not so much more severe than our own good average skating seasons; although there is much in Dutch life that has conduced to impress the outside world with the idea that the Hollander is always on the ice. First and foremost, canals are everywhere; and with so much waterway, directly the means of communication become ice, the only thing for the inhabitants to do is to skate or sleigh, and this as a necessity apart from the pleasantness thereof. Again, Dutch painters have worked hard, and as delineators of home life they naturally selected subjects that were so characteristic. Even Wouwerman managed to bring his favourite and ever-present white house in a winter scene of sledges on the ice. In this way the hard winters have been kept fresh in the memory, until at last it becomes an accepted idea that all winters are severe in Holland. One swallow does not make a summer; and because the crown is sometimes seen on a royal head, on public occasions, it is not always worn in the private retired life, even of the palace.

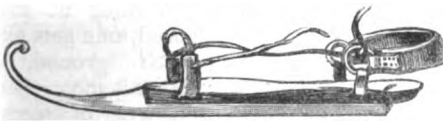
Let us now take the skates. Two kinds of skates are used, each of distinctive character, but both intended for running—straight-ahead travelling—no nonsense of fancy figuring. No; first and foremost rapid locomotion

on the principle inculcated by Euclid, that the nearest way from one place to another is a straight line drawn between those two points. The Friesland skate is very light indeed, and its iron very thin and narrow, not much thicker than the back of the blade of a carving-knife; the wood is low on the blade and close to the ice, and carried up high in front on the prow of the blade, which terminates in a little brass acorn; the blade touches the ice all along the length of the foot. The way in which Dutch skates are fixed on to the boots is likely to take the English skater by surprise, particularly when it is impressed upon him that to tie them on as loosely as possible is the greatest desideratum in the country. Small line or rope, or stout string is generally used, and not straps; these would be too firm, and I think our friends in

With what glee do we pass the hours in this sequestered spot! In Holland the fun of winter life takes other forms; and winter facilitates locomotion, as the highways of summer available for *trek-schuits* become the best thoroughfares for those who skate. In this way, directly the ice bears, visits are made and distances travelled which cannot be done in summer; and, instead of going round and round as we do here on a small confined space, the Dutch make up a party and pay a visit to some neighbouring town or village. A bright winter's morning is always exhilarating, especially to those whose red particles are doing their work satisfactorily; how much more so when cheerful company, free exercise, variety of character, and constant change of scene all tend to mark the day as a red-letter one; and to crown all, comes the pleasant sensation of feeling deservedly tired, with a night's rest well earned. Should the frost be sufficiently severe, a river is most interesting, being on a large scale and partaking more of the character of a fair, which is the case, for instance, on the Maas, at Rotterdam. This is very well pictured in some of the old Dutch engravings; one particularly gives an admirable idea of the whole thing, showing sledges, ice-boats, stalls, booths. Now, the freezing of the Maas is most uncertain; whilst other waters are frozen hard, the Rotterdamers still remain land-bound. The Maas runs very strongly, and the difficulty is for the first coating of ice to form. When a severe frost catches the still high water during the night, then "once begun, soon done," and the crews, who turn into their berths at night, wake in the morning to find themselves frozen in. The canals naturally soon freeze over, and the *trek-schuit* traffic is supplanted by baggage-sledges, large and small. Near dwelling-houses are seen the little box-sledges for the children. These are precisely the same as the seventeenth-century contrivances; the child sits with just room for its feet, and, with a stick in each hand, pushes astern and propels itself ahead. The adult sledges are in some cases simply gorgeous, as the opportunity affords great latitude for form, great scope for variety of gear, harness, and trappings. They are generally rather of the swan outline, the "sleighers" sitting in the body, the driver perched at the back, as on the tail, the sweeping-irons following the curve of the swan's neck; over these run the reins. One horse generally constitutes the team, but in an old engraving three horses in single file are shown drawing a sledge *de luxe*. We



Friesland Skate.



South Holland Skate.

Beverland might be inclined to look upon them as "foppish." This, then, is the Friesland skate. Now let us take the South-Holland form. This is not so much a running form, but is more especially adapted for what is called the Dutch roll. In this South-Holland form the iron is slightly curved, like an English skate, immediately under the foot; its principal characteristic is the very long sweep of the iron forward in front. The fastening is rather firmer, but the same in action as the other.

In England it is delightful to stay at some country house, and, rising early, find a bright winter morning. As we look out over the long sloping lawn, we hope that the lake will bear; and if so, what a treat it will be; how we shall enjoy a good long day! With what zest does one welcome the first turn over the clear, block ice, transparent as plate-glass, bending down in a long sweep, to notice the green weeds temporarily encased below!



Sledges on the Maas.

have already contrasted the small surface skating in England with the opportunities afforded in Holland for skating excursions. Let us follow one of these latter in good weather, good spirits—with a good breakfast as a basis of operation, and good company. We soon start off, for little time is taken to tie on the skates, and are hardly under way and settled down to our work before we meet people coming in from the country. Every one seems to be on the ice. Even the “Aanspruker,” — a functionary combining “Undertaker and Registrar of births, deaths, and marriages,”—with knee-buckles, shoes and buckles, and cocked-hat, has taken to his “runners.” Notice the streamer from his hat; that is a general signal that he is announcing the arrival of some dear “little stranger.” If there be no streamer then his mission registers on his face an expres-

sion of melancholy, for it is a sad one to announce the death of some one by saying, “Mynheer’s compliments, and he is dead.” This announcement is generally made to some dozen houses on either side of that whence the message is sent and where the event has occurred.

Travelling at good speed, one gets over much ground, or rather ice. Such changes of scene! now a delightful view of some old mill or picturesque group—now some bright combination of colour. Sometimes there is the variety of coming upon a patient angler. What weather for such sport, or rather what sport for such weather! We must look at him; he has cut a hole in the ice, arranged a seat with straw, and round the back raised a fortification to keep the wind off. How one of Lord Elcho’s shooting screens would have comforted him! Then he has a “vuur



The “Aanspruker.”

stoof" and "komfoortje," and a brazier by the side with a kettle on. Would Isaac Walton have enjoyed this kind of sport? Hardly. To enjoy winter weather, good wholesome exercise and strong circulation of the blood are both required. As our friend the "piscator glacialis" perseveres with his mission—I forgot to mention that he had not caught anything—we continue our excursion, and soon get out into the open. Erelong is announced a "Sail ahead! Look out!" And down she bears on us. Let us pull up awhile. It is an ice-boat, and one of the features of ice life, not only now, but in olden days. They must have been very picturesque and quaint, with their carvings and gilt and ornamented sterns—gay and bedecked as the stern of an old yacht which now is used as a crockery store on a canal at the Hague, or shown in some of the pictures of Dutch Admiralty yachts. Notice now how she glides with a light breeze. Dutch ice-boats are real boats with runners out, port and starboard, parallel to the keel; the steering is performed by means of an iron bar over the stern. When the captain wishes to ease the boat off or throw her up into the wind, he presses this as a lever into the ice to windward or leeward and she comes round. You will very likely notice in the illustration (page 13) that the mast leans over, as if she felt the wind, and as a boat does in the water; this is intended and provided for in the following way:



Fishing under Difficulties.

the mast passes through a hole in the thwart of the boat, and is stepped in the bottom of the boat. The hole in the thwart is one-third larger than the diameter of the mast, and whichever way the wind blows the mast leans over as the sail fills. This little fancy is rather in keeping with a quaint liking the Dutch have for imparting an artificial bend to their gaffs and bowsprits. They must be very fond of wind to make the gaffs look in a calm as if it were blowing hard.

Another feature of ice life. Crossing a large expanse, a solitary booth is seen right in the track; as we approach it we find it is a kind of impromptu "cabaret," or refreshment booth, with a notice in large letters—

"HEETE MELK EN KOVD JENEVER."

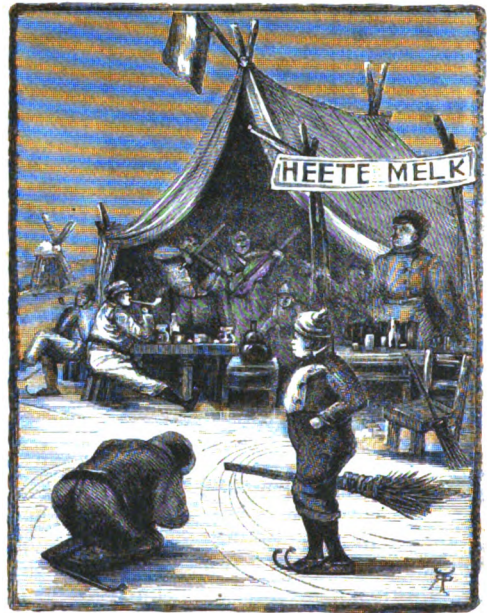
This is the favourite beverage on these occasions, and on our arrival we find a little cluster outside, some availing themselves of the invitation very readily, some resting, and some listening to the strains of a fiddle and guitar which are playing inside—to draw customers, we imagine, within the magic circle, where the "heete melk en kovd jenever" will catch the olfactory organs of the passer-by. At a station like this much information can be obtained as to the state of the ice—whether there are any dangerous places or large cracks. Should there be a bad crack unmarked it is expected that the first person seeing it will indicate it in some way.

From Rotterdam there is one favourite run. The city of Gouda, so famed for the old stained glass in the cathedral, and more



Market Skating on the Maas.

generally associated with the manufacture of Dutch pipes, is about fifteen miles from Rotterdam. Amongst the variety of pipes made there is one called the wedding pipe; it is three feet three inches long in the stem; the bowl is ornamented with coats of arms. The Dutch make festivals of the copper wedding, the silver wedding, the golden wedding, and the diamond wedding. On the occasion of the copper wedding the stem of the pipe is ornamented with copper leaves twining all the way up the stem, and at each successive festival the leaves are renewed according to the date of the commemoration, which seldom passes the golden. In Amsterdam I once saw a diamond-leaved pipe which had been prepared for a seventy-fifth wedding. Three-score years and ten of happy married life is a marvel indeed, and falls to the lot of very few; and this is more noticeable in a city so pungent in bad smells as Amsterdam undoubtedly is, especially about the month of August, when the canals are what the citizens themselves describe as "verschrikkelijk krachtig," or "terribly strong." After this description of these wedding pipes, and remembering their length—thirty-nine



Half-way House on the Ice.



The Night-Watch.

inches in stem—the reader can imagine that it requires good solid skating to carry one of these fragile things from Gouda to Rotterdam—skating. One of the correct things to do at Rotterdam is to skate to Gouda and bring back a wedding pipe unbroken, and, if circumstances admit of it, take it as an offering to your *fiancée*. Fifteen miles and back is, of course, no great distance when we think of what fast skating implies. The fastest skating done in this country is about one mile and a half in five minutes and five seconds, good ice; but I am assured by very competent judges that a Frieslander outruns this, but not with a wedding pipe in his hand.

We have now one more character to introduce in this winter sketch. It is the "clapperman," or watchman, with his simple weapon of alarm, a sort of thing to frighten birds rather than burglars. He calls the hour of the night and the weather. Asked how long he has been clapperman he answers, "Thirty years." "And have you caught many thieves?" "Caught thieves!—my duty is only to frighten them." And this he seems to have done effectually. As he walks off he says good night and farewell; and so must I, as this is my last article on "Holland" at present.

CONCERNING TROUBLES TO COME.

A Consolatory Essay.

"I GOT a heavy blow on the head this morning," my friend Milverton said to me one day a good while ago. "It was a very heavy blow: and it was of such a kind that it occurred to me that it was a specimen of a good many which are likely to come to me at this age which I have reached. They will come at intervals, very knock-down blows, till at last I shall not be able to get up again, but must go down finally." As Milverton said these words, he smiled. But it was a smile which I do not like to see. In these latter days one knows the signs of a very sore heart. A great man once said in my hearing, concerning one much tried, "He used to look wistfully at me, as if he wished to say something: till I could not bear it." We, who are growing old, know the peculiar look. Probably such as look us in the face have seen it, sometimes.

It was a heavy blow which had come to that wise and good man. It was not a physical blow on the head, but a moral one. Not upon the literal skull, but upon that in us which we commonly call the Heart, the stroke had fallen. You know the experience, my reader in middle age: some younger readers know it too. At first, you are stunned. You can only bear, and look about you blankly. Then consciousness grows vivid: and you are aware that all the nature within you is jarred, and that all things outside you are somehow wrong. This may last a good while. One has known folk very fractious and hasty-tempered under the experience. One has known folk very patient, subdued, and kind. Gradually the stricken mortal picks himself up, and tries to get away from his trouble into some sort of Retreat; commonly that afforded by hard work. Milverton had his special fashion of getting away. He was a charming writer: the unknown friend and helper of many whom he had never seen. This blow on the head should be a subject to write about. He would describe his trouble: describe it in a veiled manner which did not tell too much: play with it: try to smile at it: turn it round and round till he got it in a point of view where it did not look so ugly or so black. Thus he reached the hearts of very many, in like manner tried: thus he soothed and cheered them, some little.

But that is not the point, just at present.

The thing which impressed me, upon that departed day, was this: It was not that morning's blow, though it was a jarring and weighty blow, which frightened my dear friend: it was the prospect of others like it. It is commonly the Out-look that breaks us down. Not but that the day has been which beat us into the very dust, God knows: very quiet and self-possessed people, of whom you would not think it, have burst out (though not in the hearing of human ears), "I cannot bear this: it will kill me!" You do not know what your composed acquaintances have gone through: what they have felt and said. Still let it be repeated, under all troubles short of the very bitterest, it is the Out-look that beats us. It is not the Present, but the Future, that breaks us down. But I suppose that though we were told so long ago to "take no thought for the morrow," and that "sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof;" we poor creatures, from the nervous school-boy up to the anxious statesman, are likely to endure, by anticipation, the cumulative evil of many coming days. The Race is changing, in lesser things, in the process of the ages: there can be no doubt of that at all. But at the core of humanity, there abides the capacity of fear for the future: and it appears as though it would not go.

You know with what strange vividness there come back to us, sometimes, the little ways and the brief sayings of those who are gone. There comes to me, in this instant, a street of shabby dwellings, an ugly and uninteresting street, leading from the centre of a great town towards one of its suburbs: and I hear the voice of one who is lost to us saying, quietly and sorrowfully, with a little change, words familiar to many: "The changes that are sure to come, I fear to see." We were returning from church: where we had heard the lines quoted (as the author wrote them) in exactly the opposite sense. I have no doubt that next day, in the urgency of a very busy life, the good man had utterly forgotten that he ever said such a thing: but in the caprice of memory it remained with me. The fear was needless. That brave heart need not have been sore, nor that sagacious head perplexed. He was taken away before the first shadow had fallen upon him of that which he feared. The changes will come, sure enough. They are

not in the least degree what you are imagining, my acute reader; and you could not guess them. But come when they may, he will not see them. So much is sure.

I believe that many people plod heavily though their daily work and worry: rise in the morning, go out to out-door occupation, sit down at their writing-table at home, look at the faces of their children, and even at the steadily-wearing belongings among which they live: fearing the changes which must come. And assuredly when you have topped the summit and have begun to go downhill, this is many times so. Strength and spirit for work cannot last: the step cannot always be light and active as it would need to be if the day's task is to be done in the day: and the right hand which has served you so faithfully through all these years, must stiffen, to say the least. I often remember how the wife of one who did with his might what his hand found to do if ever mortal did so, told me of the awful day on which he pointed to that hard-wrought right hand and said, "It's powerless." He was but sixty. He said few words more: and before sunset of that bright autumn day he was gone. I could easily frighten you, reader with grey hair and with much depending on you: for I know the things of which I am often afraid myself. But I am sure we are wrong in being so much afraid as we are: and what I desire in these pages is that we may cheer and help one another. And this is not to be done by bidding a man who dreads that a ghost is following him to whistle and look another way. Just the opposite of that. We shall not be cowed by undefined fears. We are not going to walk onward, hearing heavy footsteps behind us, and afraid to look round and see what is there. We do not pretend to be very brave. For that matter, all I know are arrant moral cowards. But we shall pluck up courage enough to look in the face the things we fear: to scan them from head to foot: we must know the truth. The truth, at the very worst, is never so bad as the vague terror of what is coming, which embitters the entire life of many anxious men and women.

I want to know, What exactly it is that we are all afraid of: we who are growing old, who have grown old?

I have a strong conviction that if we go right up to some very threatening Shapes, they may even melt into mist, and prove to have been nothing at all. Likewise, that certain Troubles which seem sure to come,

and which have weight and dimension, may be abated by taking their measure, and composedly reckoning them up. This is a world in which to actually count what appears a large number always greatly diminishes it: and in which to get a heavy mass into the scales and resolutely weigh it, does, if the weight be what is called Moral, almost invariably bring down tons to pounds. There are few things in this life which are properly to be called Intolerable. I never forget that there are some few which are all that. But, please God, such will not come to us commonplace folk, living our quiet life. I cannot in any way understand or imagine how a Martyr bore the fires. Yet, in sober fact, where the supreme endurances have been appointed to poor human creatures, a strength and patience that were thousands of miles above mere humanity came from SOMEWHERE. And the reward was unutterable. The Noble Army of Sufferers stand apart, this world not worthy of them: the Best of the Church and the Race.

What are we afraid of? What are the Troubles to Come, which we fear to see?

I shall begin with a comprehensive trouble, including innumerable troubles, the anticipation of which I know for certain fact to lie heavy on many aging men. But before naming that grave and large trouble, I wish to say that I put aside from this chapter the little fears which are merely morbid: which you rise quite above when you get into good bodily health, and which you sink into when you are physically run down. I put these aside: though I know that they have their place in the mind of more than you would believe; always latently present to consciousness like the pain of a tooth threatening to ache; and sometimes (as through a sleepless night) coming down upon a poor soul very jarringly and heavily. To be maimed in a railway accident with its awful forces; to have your precious manuscripts and other possessions burnt; even to be bitten by a mad dog: of such things there are human beings, still sane, who walk in continual fear. And there is one ghastly terror, which I will not even name, which I *know* to be present oftentimes in what may be called the second plane of many people's thoughts. One of the greatest authors of this century lived under it, with little cease. You know, too, that very many, old and young, are in a tremour of apprehension daily when post-time is near, fearing the coming of bad news. There is just the one

way of successfully treating these painful alarms. Keep yourself in good health of body and mind. Then they will go, and you will smile at them, and wonder that you were so foolish. *They* are on the borderland of proper unsoundness of mind, and they must be dealt with accordingly. Not that it is any special comfort to classify them thus; as though one were putting them where we ourselves could not by possibility have anything to do with them. For even as a competent authority will tell you there is not in this world a perfectly sound horse, so sure is it that there is not in this world a perfectly sane mind.

But the grave and much-including Trouble to Come, of which, as the years pass over, we tend to walk in fear, is that which may be called Breaking-Down. The cloud hangs over many. Here is a change which is indeed sure to come: and the coming change casts its shadow before it. To young folk, it seems so far away, that it need not be taken into account at all. But the day comes, when trying possibilities loom near, and cannot be put out of sight. There are those, still vigorously doing their work, who anticipate many times the season when strength and heart must fail: anticipate it vividly, and with sorrowful minuteness of detail. They realise, too clearly, how things will be. The work will be there: it ought to be done: it used to be done, very thoroughly: but it cannot be done now: if done at all, very lamely and imperfectly. There is a profession, well known to me, in which I have often seen, with a very sore heart, how aging men, not now equal to their duty, still struggle to get through it. I have beheld their little ways, not without a tear: yes, even in days when it was not a sympathetic tear, for not imagination itself could picture one's young self as placed so. And there are walks in life, wherein divers mortifications come to finely-strung souls that feel them keenly, when nerve and strength are failing. For they are sometimes placed among coarse mortals, wholly without sympathy, who would always explain the most devoted labours by saying "The man was paid for it;" and who were quite ready to tell an old man that he was "sair failed." There are transgressions of which one is not ashamed: let me confess one. On a certain day, I was in the chamber called a Vestry, with a clergyman of fourscore who had just come from the pulpit, having preached. He had been a great preacher in his day: and even in their ashes there abode something of the ancient fires.

But the grand voice of past years was gone, and the old energy of manner. It was a very pale copy of what had used to be. Yet the venerable preacher was well-pleased with himself: and two younger ones thanked him warmly for his good counsels, and spoke kindly of his energetic tones. There was an official by, who listened impatiently; and then added, "Oh no: ye shouldna try to preach noo: ye see ye're uncoly failed." He probably would have said more: but that one who was present strongly took him by the shoulder, turned him round, and said in his ear with inexpressible bitterness, "You're a heartless fool!" The mortal gazed blankly, but he was stricken dumb: and the individual who thus frankly addressed him lived a hundred miles off, and did not care whether he was aggrieved or not. I am not supposing the sorrowful case in which food and raiment are provided only while the old man can earn them: though such cases are. And I have known brutish persons who would press the fact home to the quick of a nearly-broken heart.

There are those, not quite old, who have received a Warning. They know that in the machinery of physical life there is a screw loose which cannot be tightened: there is a jarring crank which you cannot get at to set right. There is something which cannot always go on. The trouble, which must prevail at length, is growing. They see the way before them, very plainly: the way of pain, of depression, of incapacity for work, of lack of sympathy and patience in people round, who will wish one out of the field, to make room for another. It is a little thing yet, you often think: but you know you are fighting a losing battle. It will grow stronger: you will get weaker. And it is a curious fact, and not quite a pleasant one, that even kind good men will laugh at an aged pilgrim in high place who has lived long under sentence, and who some day announces prematurely how that which he has long dreaded, has fallen upon him: will tell it as an amusing story even after the dreaded stroke has come down at last. I am not speaking now of fanciful presentiments, but of assured certainties of trouble coming. I know that sometimes, as the unexpected occurs, so the expected stays away. In the experienced mind, aware of this, a contradictory mood arises. The man's mental stand-point is this: Such a trouble seems likely to come: I may say I expect it. And yet I don't expect it, because I do: for I know that the expected does not happen, and that it is unlikely that the

likely will occur. Only those lacking in depth of insight will discern a bull in the poor Irishman's declaration concerning his pig: "It did not weigh as much as I expected; and I never thought it would." It is a perfectly familiar spiritual experience.

I do not think any reader can say that I have put this "Trouble to Come" before you slightly. I should like to say a great deal more about Breaking-Down: and I will do so some day. But I think I have spoken keenly about it: and made it just as bad as the fact. I do not mind confessing that to me, who have served for many years in a laborious place in life, it has been thoroughly painful and distressing to say what has been said. The great threatening Spectre is before us, fairly. No doubt, I see at this moment a great deal more than I have said: a great deal more than I dare to say. But so do you, my reader in middle-age. You have your own thoughts and anticipations. And now we are going to Tackle the threatening Spectre.

For one thing, we may quite reasonably pray daily, and humbly hope, to be fairly equal to our work as long as we live. Very many hard-wrought mortals are allowed to work up to the very last. The time in which men and women are definitively laid aside from the duties they did in the latter years of their life, is many times very short. Sometimes it is not at all. There was one, in high worldly station, who on a certain day did a great day's work: and then spent the evening in cheerful talk amid a very loving household. That evening, speaking of an old friend whose faculties had wholly failed but who still vegetated, he said he would wish to see added to a sublimely-good collection of brief prayers, in which already Christian people ask to be delivered from Sudden Death, one petition more: *From lingering illness, Good Lord, deliver us.* At midnight he said a cheerful farewell (it was farewell): and next morning they found him tranquilly seated in his easy chair: spared a lingering illness, honourably released from the anxieties of his great office: having worked faithfully to the last. I do not say that any of us should ask for such a removal. It has come, assuredly, to the best I have ever known, and the dearest. And if it come to any of us, it will doubtless be the right thing for us. And it is not at the last that we are to prepare for what is beyond. Nor do we, in fact, best prepare when we know that the very End is upon us. But should it be better for us to Know, and to be able to say some-

thing to those whom we shall leave behind, a very few days of withdrawal from the accustomed task would be a sufficient time;— would be a long time.

Then, even if we live to be older than we are likely to do, we may be enabled to do our work respectably to the very end. One has known very responsible work done, and well done, after four-score. We must take good care of ourselves: obey the laws of health: practise strict temperance: I would even say, be practically what is called a total abstainer, though you need take no pledge. Work the machine carefully: and it is wonderful how cheerful you may be to the last, and how calmly happy. Very much will depend, doubtless, on how your children turn out. And they will all turn out well: they will be good, and kind, and patient with you, as you were with those gone. It is a great thing too, the sense that the work of life has been decently done; and that there cannot be much more to do. Do not fancy that when strength fails, and you know it has failed, cheerfulness must needs go. The day came on which good Dean Hook, who unconsciously thought aloud, was heard, as he addressed himself to ascend his pulpit in Chichester Cathedral, to say "I shall never get up; I am sure I shall never get up:" and by-and-bye, "Well, I have got up after all." It was a sad falling-off for the strong and fiery Vicar of Leeds. Yet the old man was quite pleased and happy. The disability had come: but it had come so gradually that it was hardly felt: and love and honour had gathered round him, as they will round you if you deserve them. He was more than resigned; the grand, warm-hearted, hasty-spoken, lion-like old dignitary: who never had got his deserts. You remember how Montaigne, in age, said "I am ready to jump out of my skin with joy, as for an uncommon favour, when nothing ails me." You will, by imperceptible degrees, be brought to a level where you will be thankful for a little thing, and conscious of a tranquil, pervading satisfaction. Do not fancy, young folk, because you are sorry for aging people, that they are in the least degree sorry for themselves.

And should the exceptional trial be appointed to you, to be quite laid aside (which is the trouble we most fear); it will not be so bad when it comes. It is wonderful how one is helped to be resigned. I knew well one of the greatest of preachers, ordered under pain of death to preach no more: how placid and content he was, though the work was

done which he did so supremely well. When Lord Campbell was at the Bar, there was a time when he thought he was dying. He wrote afterwards to his brother, "The disappointment of all my ambitious projects cost me much less than I should have expected. I was chiefly distressed in anticipating how the news would be received by you, and still more, I think, the shock to be sustained by our poor father." You ought to remember the charming description in *Copperfield* of the old man, paralysed and asthmatic, perfectly happy in his chair which the little elephant his pretty grandchild pushed about: radiant with satisfaction though limbs and breath had failed, "such a good old fellow to make the best of a thing." There is Help to be had, which may make us all like Mr. Omer, at least in this. There is a moral work of

helpful usefulness which may be done, even from a wheeled chair. There is such a thing attainable, as a strong faith that we are being led by the Right Way: though we should not have chosen it for ourselves. The place may be reached, even by you and me, in which the daily utterance from our heart may be the *Fiat Voluntas Tua*. There was one who completely broke down, was quite laid aside, and had to live in total eclipse, who yet could say,

"I argue not
Against Heaven's hand or will; nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up and steer
Right onward!"

This is only the first of the Troubles to Come. There are three more, specially to be thought of. But I have reached my limit: and that must be on another day.

A. K. H. B.

MY FIRST SALMON RUN.

By F. F.

OVER the brown moor under a sullen sky, which had a damp, misty look as of rain clouds not long departed—squish, squash, through the peaty mire we trudged, a piscatorial Pylades and Orestes, so far as a love of the art which we practised in common went, though I was a gentleman born and my companion was Jock Coulter, the village cobbler, one of the best and keenest brothers of the angle I have ever met. Poor Jock! he has long since gone to his long rest beneath the old yew-tree in "the old kirk-yard," beside the Whammle-burn, which in life he loved to wander by so well. From the first thread and pin of the infant angler Jock had trained my early efforts up to the capture of the noble burn trout of two ounces, and many a dozen, many a score of dozens, of much larger burn trout had Jock and I deluded by various means in company; and last year the sea trout came up the Whammle, and many a fine and lively two and three-pounder had I succeeded in bagging under Jock's able guidance. But to-day there was more important game afoot; to-day I came of age in an angling point of view, for I bore upon my shoulder a brand new salmon rod presented to me by a wealthy uncle lately returned from shaking the pagoda tree in Eastern climes. It was a lovely little Forest rod, sixteen feet of tough hickory glittering in its new varnish and brazen fittings, and I was burning to exercise it for the first

time. My father was a retired navy captain who, having served on good stations where prize money was to be made, in the old palmy days of Britain's supremacy, had raked together a respectable competence and then came back to finish his retirement in his native village. Trout fishing was free everywhere in those days, but salmon fishing was almost as jealously regarded as it is now, though, perhaps, less scrupulous methods of killing the fish were adopted. But the rivers were not blocked up with nets then as they are now, and there were enough and to spare for all. So when I boldly walked up to the Laird of Tillyvrackie as he was riding through the main street of our village, and preferred my request for a day's salmon fishing on his water, having entirely failed in inducing my father to make the application for me, who would not have asked a favour of mortal man on any consideration, my delight knew no bounds when the kindly old gentleman said "Ay," smiling at the thanks I could hardly get out in my eagerness, but adding, with a touch of characteristic caution, "If ye catch ane, Geordie, it's to be a' yere ain, my man, but gin ye catch mair joost bring them up to the hoose, ye ken, and I'll be glad to see ye, for ye're a braw angler, I'm tauld," and tapping my cheek with his cane in kindness he rode on, and I made off hot foot to my friend Jock Coulter big with the tremendous news I bore him. Then

what a mustering of lines and hooks and feathers ensued! "She'll be joost the richt height in the morn," said Jock—"she" in the vernacular always meaning "the river"—the Doughty River, of which the Whammle-burn was a tributary, "and we'll try Whammle-foot first. There's aye a fusshe hides there a wee after rain, and a brown turkey or a gled-wing is the verra thing for it. Clar't pig's woo' wi a ginger tail and a black streaket heckle should tackle him," and he rummaged the materials out of an old bag of odds and ends, and proceeded to construct that *lusus naturæ*, a salmon-fly, according to the rules of art then in vogue.

What the salmon take such a monstrosity for is a question which no man has yet satisfactorily answered; and what the Pophams, Silver doctors, Durham rangers, and Jock Scotts of more modern day may be supposed to represent, with their golden toppings, gorgeous ruffs, and gold and silver tinsels, is still more marvellous and uncertified. It is, as Hamlet says, a "bait of falsehood that takes the carp of truth;" if it takes the salmon of truth, what the salmon takes it for does not perhaps so much signify. However, half-a-dozen flies of varying size and suitable to the occasion were put together by Jock before I allowed him to quench a thirst which was one of his characteristics, and which he always averred was distinctly traceable to the leather which he wrought with, I am bound to say, as seldom as he conveniently could. A lapstone, he argued, was in itself a dry detail, and tapping one all day and drawing a wax-end through leather a thirsty occupation. Albeit, I have seen him reduced to quite as painful straits by the action of drawing trout out of the water. But Jock, though he "took a glass," never got "fou," save on very rare occasions; a brilliant twinkle of the ee and a strong tendency to tell astonishing yarns was the outside of his offence in this respect. "Tee-tottleism," as Jock called it, he held in mortal antipathy. "A mon that couldna always be a mon an tak' tent o' himsell was nae mon at a'."

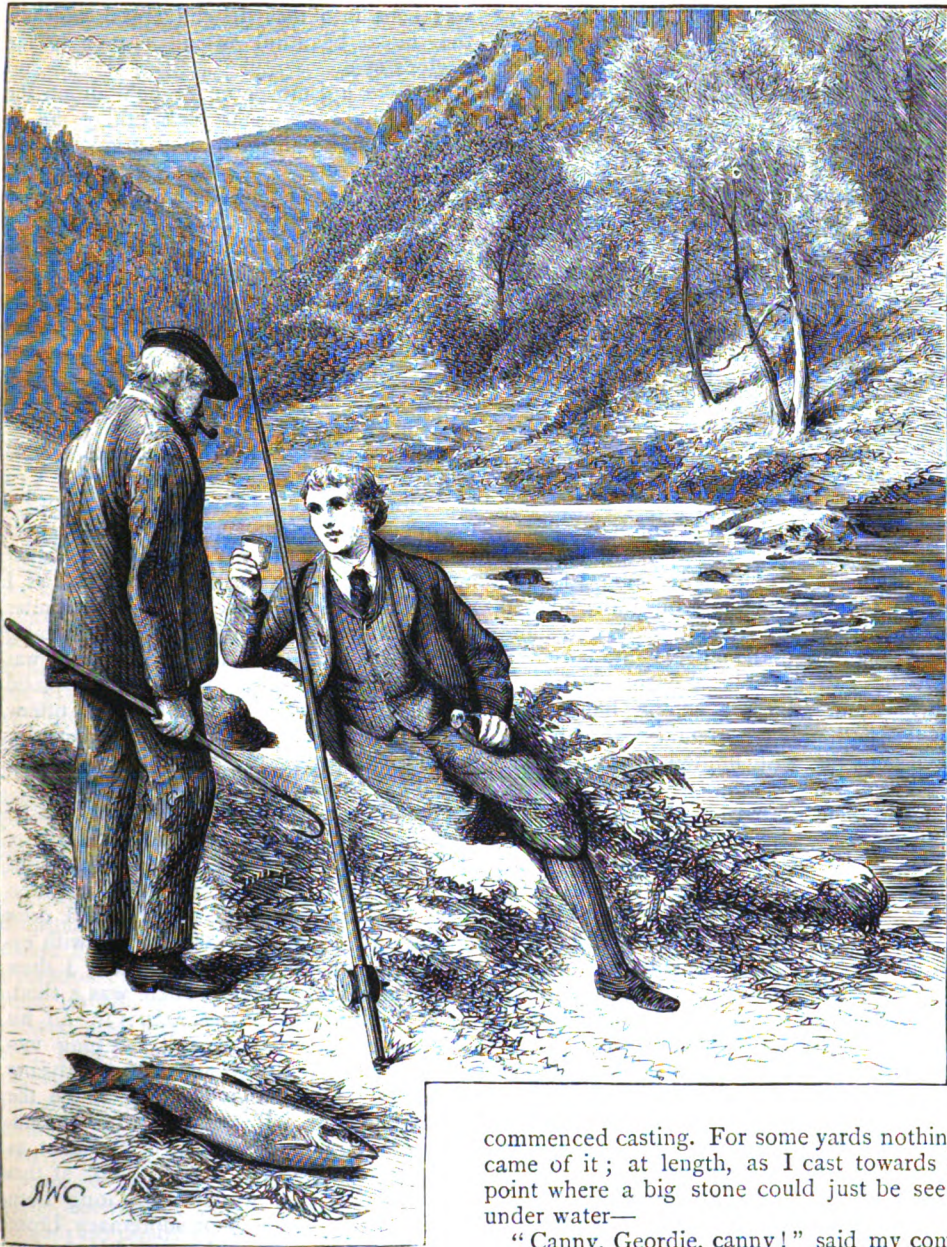
"To sleep, perchance to dream," again says Hamlet, is "the rub." Hamlet was not a fisherman that I am aware of, though he knew Polonius for a fishmonger. But to sleep without dreaming that night was "the rub" with me. What terrific single combats I fought with monster salmon, perfect krakens, and how I woke, so to speak, with my line broken and salmon gone, again and again, till about six o'clock, when a handful of gravel at my window-pane awoke me to

the sense that Jock awaited me below! How I dressed that morning I never remember, but everything went on the wrong way and had to be reversed, and, like Ebenezer Scrooge, I made "a Laocoön of myself with my stockings." Never mind; they were properly applied at last, and down I went, and snatching a hasty cup of milk in one hand and a pile of buttered oat-cake in the other, I made the briefest breakfast which I ever did. Then seizing the rod and reel from the corner where I had placed them, I sallied out to join Jock. How well I remember everything that morning! I with the rod, Jock wielding the deadly gaff as his insignia of office, as we left the gate.

The morning was misty from showers overnight. The sun had made no way in the heavens as yet, and the laverock, which usually sprang aloft from the meadows at this hour to meet him, was silent. The rowans and the birches were weeping for his absence as we broke away from the cultivated land out on to the broad brown moor, for the glory of the heather was not yet. I can see the glistening pools of black peat water and the grey boulders scattered erratically about, with snags of silver-barked birch, thousands of years old, and impenetrable to age apparently, which made startling contrast where the labours of the peat cutter had thrown them aside. Ben Vrackie, enveloped in mist, was only visible as to its lower slopes.

There was nothing moving on the moor save a far-off shepherd and his colley looking for a stray sheep, and they marched with heads bent down, as though the morning had damped even their seasoned natures. As yet the pipe of curlew and the whistle of plover was silent.

"It'll be a braw morning for the fushing!" said Jock. "She'll be in graun ply, and I'd no winner but ye got a fusshe, or even twa." Another hundred yards or so and a dull rushing noise met our ear. "Mon, ye're in luck, she's over the stepping-stones I'm thinking, and if sae ye're sure of sport." In a few more minutes we came upon the river, a moderate-sized salmon stream, spread out and shallow just here, with a range of big stepping-stones, which ran across the ford, but of which little could be seen now, as the water was rushing over them tumultuously. Nasty, dangerous stones they were, too, at times, and more than one person had been drowned in trying to pass them in flood, but we couldn't afford a bridge then, and had to put up with the stones or go five miles



"Waiting for clouds."

round. While I put the rod together Jock rigged up the cast and looped it on, and then we proceeded a few hundred yards beyond the flat to Whammle-foot, a fine swirly salmon cast, where Whammle fell into the Doughty. Taking my stand on a convenient strand I reeled off a dozen yards of line and

commenced casting. For some yards nothing came of it; at length, as I cast towards a point where a big stone could just be seen under water—

"Canny, Geordie, canny!" said my companion, "if there's a fusshe in a' the river it is there;" and just as my fly swept over the stone a great boil and swirl rose immediately under it, and a "There he is!" from Jock, as I struck upwards sharply and instantaneously.

"Hey, mon, mon! ye just pu'd the flee clean awa frae him. Had ye let it bide in the watter he'd have had a taste o' it, for certain; mind, now, it's a gowden rule when ye

see a saumon rise, count three before ye strike, an' if ye dinna feel a rug o' him by then ye needna strike at a'."

Very good advice possibly, but utterly futile to a keen youngster on his first salmon. We rested the fish for a few minutes, and tried him again, but he was sulky at having his breakfast offered to him, and then pulled away again, and would have nothing more to say to us. I fished on down to the end of the cast and got a dashing rise, but I found it was only a big yellow trout, of three pounds, which I very soon disposed of, with a certain amount of contempt; and yet when trout fishing I had tried that trout most carefully with a variety of lures over and over again, for I knew him well, and many a time my heart had been in my mouth as he came up cautiously and critically inspected my fly or minnow, and then with a wave of his tail, expressive of his contempt for it, retreated to his watery fastness; and yet to-day, because I chanced to be after salmon, I looked on him as inferior ware, while he who had so cautiously looked into moderate offers and reasonable four or five per cent. bargains, where he had a fair chance of getting off with bait and all for a scrape, like a rash speculator, thinking he could realise ten or fifteen per cent. with limited liability, risked his all in one mad rush, and lost it. Verily the world of fishes may be likened unto that of humanity in many respects.

After this we went on up the river till we came to a very fine stream, called the Spinning-wheel, from a big deep eddy, which in high water was always visible beside it. The fish, if they took at all, usually took on the outside edge of this, where the water was thinner than in the middle of it, and you had apparently to cast up stream instead of down, in consequence of the eddy. All this had been explained to me by my Mentor as we came up to it, and I made my casts as well as I could, though perhaps not with all the skill of a master, for once or twice the line got into the eddy, which partly drowned the fly; and this, as it happened, did me no disservice, for as I pulled the fly out of it once I felt a pluck, and I gave an answering stroke, thinking it was possibly a small trout, and the next moment my reel was whirling and screaming like a circular saw, for a salmon had taken the fly deep under water, and made no break on the surface.

"Mon, ye're in him, and ye'll see a ploy the noo," shouted Jock, in great excitement.

Down into the deep eddy plunged the heavy fish, taking out line rapidly, while my rod

was bent into that delightful arch which is the most beautiful of all curves to the angler's eye.

"Move up, move up, or he'll droon the line in the eddy," said Jock, taking me by the arm like a policeman, and urging me up the stream, and I should have been in a difficulty but just then the fish came up to the surface just above the eddy and made a tremendous leap in the air, and so helped me to get the line straight again. What a glorious sight it was to see that noble fish, a good twelve-pounder, springing out of his native element to seek refuge in another, and coming down with a splash that made my blood tingle and my heart beat! Then he took a violent rush down stream on the farther side of the eddy, and once more the reel discoursed delicious music. "Ye'll hae him full surely," said Jock, "for it's a fine deep watter, and there's nae obstructions." For several minutes the fine fellow made frantic rushes up and down, but as I wound him in after each they grew shorter and shorter, and I felt I was becoming rapidly his master. My excitement was æsthetic, intense—and to all languid, placid natures, if you want to feel too, too utterly utter, I say hook your first salmon, and if you want to penetrate the depths of despair, lose him.

"Lead him in to that strand, Master Geordie," said Jock, as the fish rolled over on his side and gave a heavy but futile plunge. I did so, and Jock, standing knee-deep with extended gaff, waited till I drew the fish within reach. Slowly and with extreme caution, supine on his side, I drew him nearer and nearer. There was a short, quick stroke, and *Salmo salar*, in all his silver armour, was dragged, flapping violently, up over the yellow sands, dyeing them with his life blood as we made the rocks echo with a lusty cheer, whereat suddenly Ben Vrackie came out of the mist, as if to see what was the matter. For at that moment the sun, which had long been battling with the clouds for supremacy, broke through and dispersed them, and bathed us in a golden light, as if to celebrate the auspicious occasion.

"A'm gey and glad," said Jock, "that didna happen a quatter o' an hour since, or we'd no hae gruppet this fine fellow;" and he knocked him on the head with a stone promptly, after taking out the fly, which was firmly fixed in his upper lip. Then we retreated to a ferny bank to contemplate my prize, and I produced a flask—one of my

father's—filled, I am constrained to admit, surreptitiously with the old gentleman's own Glenlivat, at sight whereof Jock's eyes glistened, and he drank the death of my first "fusshe" with much appreciation and all the honours. Then for an hour we sat down and gazed at the beauty in varied postures and settings, and he was lovely and unrivalled in all. One may in after years retain but a hazy recollection of his first sweetheart. There is a doubt possibly whether the hair was golden or dark, whether the eyes were blue or black, but one never forgets one's "first salmon." You can remember him to the colour of a fin and the complexion of a scale; and so we sat and gazed, for the sun remained unquenched, and it was useless, as Jock said, at this time of year, "to vex the watter" in such weather. If we got a cloud or two by-and-by we might get a pull on "Tangle-Brecks," the queer name given to a rough stream about a half mile up; and that was our best chance of another fish, and as we returned in the evening we could give the fish at Whammle-foot, if he were there still, another invitation; but the water was falling, and with this sun, even if a cloud came up, we'd do well to change the fly for a smaller one, as the water was thinner on Tangle-Brecks. Luxuriously reclining among heather and boulders—a species of upholstery not to be despised—we mandered and looked about us. It was a lovely scene! Above the Wheel-stream the river was shallower, and was dotted with opposing rocks of all sorts of fantastic shapes. The sun had awakened nature to active life once more. The birch-trees soon ceased to weep, and dried up their tears, shook out their tresses in rippling masses, and waved them gracefully in the soft, light air. The restless water-ousel dipped and flitted from stone to stone with incessant motion, now picking up some unfortunate beetle after a smart chase under water, now rapidly shooting away up stream, "peep, peeping" as he flies. A couple of pretty dottrels are busy in the higher ground behind, no doubt in anxious domestic cares for the young family in the shallow nest beneath those stones. A solitary greenshank leaves the sandy spit and wails its melancholy note as it flies rapidly away to its more congenial home near the tideway. From the sides of Ben Vrackie come the musical and plaintive pipe of the curlew, and the whistle of the plover sounds shrilly over the adjacent moor; and above the rush and roar of the river, which is ceaseless, and like the drone of a huge bagpipe, the angry peewits scream and

scold us vigorously and noisily for invading their domains. Up the river two black-head gulls come sweeping and tacking to and fro, quartering the shallow water from side to side, like setters on a moor in search of provand, and unlucky is the miserable parr or wee troutie who cannot ensconce himself under some sheltering stone. For with a dash fate descends upon him from the black-head's bill, and he is borne to that bourne whence no wee troutie is ever known to return. See, yonder, on a stone, too, that sly old water-rat, who has just been carrying straw to furnish his nest hard by—an industrious housekeeper and much maligned member of society—and who is preening his whiskers now, like the buck he is, to make his appearance pleasant at home; and having completed his toilet, possibly by the aid of the glassy mirror at his feet, or more possibly without it, he drops off the stone with a "plop," and is away to join his mate in that forty-shilling freehold of his under the bank. Inanimate nature is gorgeous under the sunlight. The rocks around are vivid with lichens and mosses, which might almost defy the artist's craft, and the wealth of vegetation that crops up between the loose stones is a sight to see. Even the very midges are wide awake and on the look out for prey, though sorely incommoded by that midge-disperser, Jock's pipe, a short black clay, a shiny relict of extreme antiquity, which Jock smokes with placid and Grand Turk-like contentment, though it is terribly strong tobacco, of the sort called twist, black and deadly in its nature at any rate to all midges and other objectionable insects; and thus we pass a pleasant hour, chatting over the recent struggle and waiting for clouds.

At length, taking a stout piece of cord from his pocket, Jock fastens the fish, head and tail, in a bow, and we rise to make our way to Tangle-Brecks, for a cloud is in the sky which promises soon to serve our purpose anon, when we reach the cast. It is a fine rough stream, and the sun is by this properly obscured. At the very third cast a big head and a large dorsal fin rolled up in the foam, and I was fast in a large fish, but I did not get the point of the rod up quick enough, and the fish with one rush got on the far side of a big rock and cut me. Not an unknown thing on this stream by any means. My lamentations were loud, but Jock's were deep. I was a novice, he a philosopher. I thought the glory of the day was departed, but Jock knew better, for there was corn in Egypt yet, and another

cast and fly being rigged up, about two-thirds down the stream I stuck in another fish, and after a desperate give-and-take combat, which need not be described, Jock gaffed a nice ten-pounder. Then we had lunch: for the careful housekeeper, knowing the carelessness of youngsters as to creature comforts, had taken the precaution to put a packet of ham and oat-cake into my jacket-pockets over-night, and it proved remarkably serviceable. After lunch the weather got bright again, and we sauntered slowly back, stopping now and then to admire a view or notice some natural curiosity, for Jock was something of a naturalist, and had a rough knowledge of plants, in his way, and a walk with him was not quite unprofitable, for Jock, though not by any means a faultless specimen of humanity, was of a type common in Scotland formerly. He had great natural intelligence, and had contrived to pick up scraps of knowledge which were surprising in a man of his station. As a disputant upon political or denominational topics he was a tough antagonist, as stiff as a stone dyke and immovable as a hill-top. He had plenty of mother wit and a dry, caustic humour; was fond of a crack with an old crony, though taciturn with strangers, and, as I have said, he was a "drouthie" subject, and much preferred doing any one else's work to his own. He lived, as he said, like the minister, by mending soles, but I am afraid his earnings on this account were scanty. Give him a fishing-rod or a reel to mend, or a dozen

flies to tie, or an old gun-lock to rectify, and he wrought at it *con amore*. Anyhow, there Jock was, and he was good company, and had taught me all I knew about sporting.

Towards the end of the afternoon we reached our starting-point at Whammle-foot once more. "She's doon some inches since the morn," said Jock, "and a smaller flee yet will fit her. Sit doon and rest till the sun gaes behind yon peak, and then we'll try and fox the cunning rascal that was too many for us in the morning." I followed his advice, and with most successful results, for the good fish rose at the first cast without hesitation, and fastened nobly, and after a most prolonged and stubborn resistance we got him out, the best fish of the day, full sixteen pounds, and marched home with flying colours, I with one fish and Jock with two, and I don't know which was the proudest. The laird was so delighted with his share of the spoils, that he then and there gave me a general permission to fish upon the same conditions; and he had no cause to regret it, for if (as often happened) I only got one fish I always sent it to "the house," and the old gentleman was fond of salmon and asked no questions, being a wise man in his generation. I have killed all sorts of fish since then in all countries, for there is always a hook about me somewhere. But I will never forget Whammle-foot nor the Spinning-wheel, where I got my first rise and "my first salmon run," if I live to be a hundred.

A TIME OF PEACE.

GOLDEN leaves, and a golden day;
(Lights are warm when the year is old:)
 Rushes whisper, and branches sway,
 Gossamer shines and drifts away,
 And the empty fort is still and grey;
(The river flows like a tide of gold.)

Long ago from that dim hill-crest
(The year was young, and lights were pale:)
 Brake the thunder that scared the rest
 Out of the rich vale's languid breast,
 Till day died faint in the clouded west;
(But only the river tells the tale.)

Golden rays are about your face,
(Mellow lights are the old year's crown:)
 Come to the old war-haunted place;
 Come with your spell of peace and grace
 To the heart where strife has scarr'd its trace;
(The river sings as the sun goes down.)

Golden ways are before our feet;
(While the year wanes the rich light glows:)
 Life is stored with the garnered wheat,
 All the bitter has turned to sweet,
 After the battle the rest is meet;
(The song goes on as the river flows.)

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE QUEST OF THE LAMP.

MERRY sunbeams shot through the Gothic windows and arches of the old abbey, and kissed the flashing wavelets of the Firth: they laughingly cast the kisses back and rippled purringly on to the sea. Criffel lifted his grey head to a calm sky, and a shade on his weather-beaten face suggested that even he was blinking at the sunlight. The tower of the abbey threw one long black shadow across the ground, which sloped gently down to the shore; tiny pools dotted the green and grey surface, glinting like the bright eyes of elves through the long grass. The shadow was divided from the sunlight by a straight line.

A man stood within the shadow, light playing at intervals on his face as he bent towards the girl who sat on a large moss-covered stone, her whole figure radiant in the sunshine. Their thoughts were pleasant, for both were smiling. The man was speaking.

"And they gaed on, and gaed on, and gaed on till they cam' to a light. It was a wee light, but it was bonny and bright to them in the dark wood. It was a long way off though, and the bairns were weary: but they joined hands and toddled on together, making for the light. The nearer they got, the bigger it grew, and the laddie began to think that it was the dawn—that it must surely be the sun itself rising!"

The man spoke softly, and seemed to be only repeating a fable to amuse his companion; but there was an undercurrent of earnestness in his tone.

"The lassie wanted to get hame, and she was a wee feared, for the winter afternoon was dark. The laddie had found her astray in the wood, and promised to guide her to her folk, but he seemed to be taking her farther and farther away from them. 'Are we near them now?' she would whiles speir. 'We'll get there sometime,' was all he could say, for he was not very sure of the road himself. At last they got to her father's house, and she was safe; but the laddie lost—himself."

The girl lifted her smiling face, and the sunshine seemed brighter to the man. Hers were big, quiet eyes: grey-granite, and yet full of a tender warmth.

"But what became of the light?" she inquired, as if, being told a child's fable, she were resolved to display a child's curiosity about detail.

"Ah! it is still before him. He has not reached it yet."

"Surely he cannot be wandering in the wood all this time," she said, laughing; "for you said it was winter when he saw the light, and we are now in autumn."

"Yes, it was in winter, a long time ago. The laddie is now a man, and has had some hard tussles with the world; but he is still seeking that light. He lost sight of it altogether once; and then, after a while of darkness, it shone on him again."

"It must have been a will-o'-the-wisp, then."

"I believe it was, and so did he, sometimes, for he was a fanciful loon, and given to seeing parables in everything that happened. This you will understand when you hear the rest. The day after his adventure he found a pebble which he thought was shaped like a heart, and he thought at the same time that it would be a pretty keepsake for the wee lassie he had found in the wood. But he had to leave his home without having a chance of presenting his treasure to her. So a fantastic notion took possession of him."

"What was that?"

"He had heard the legend of Devorgilla, and how she had caused the heart of her guidman to be buried with her in the abbey. One moonlight night, when he believed nobody would see him, he howket a big hole here and buried his pebble, calling it his heart; and he dreamed about becoming a great man, and of some day bringing the wee lassie to his secret place to raise his treasure that he might offer her the real heart with it. What would you say about such a sentimental young fool, Miss Musgrave? He could not come to a good end, you would think?"

"Did he?"

"I cannot tell; but judging by his folly I should not give much for his prospects. You see the lassie he had fixed his mind on was a princess, and he was Aladdin without the lamp."

"You ought to complete the legend: let him discover the lamp and win the princess. There would be some satisfaction in that."

"I have no doubt he would think so. But you see I do not know the end. Remember he is still seeking the treasure, and does not like to approach the lady until he has found it. Meanwhile she may be given away to some neighbouring prince, and Aladdin's success may come too late."

"Then they would both die of broken hearts! That would be cruel; only it is not likely to occur if they are sensible folk."

"And if they are sensible folk what will happen?" he inquired, amused by the playful seriousness of her manner.

"She would set to work and do her duty; Aladdin would never find the lamp and yet be content."

"That would not be romantic."

"Contented people are never romantic; but they are the happiest."

"I am not so sure of that. Discontent is the genius of discovery, and our Aladdin is more useful, and therefore happy, in pursuing his phantom, than he could be if he were to settle down satisfied that his quest was hopeless."

"Perhaps you knew him?"

The man hesitated; then, bending forward and the light shining in his face:

"Ay, or some one like him, and he is dreaming still about the princess."

"Has he not seen her again?"

"Oh, yes, he returned and saw her—more beautiful than ever in his eyes, and as far away from him. She was happy and contented in the midst of friends, and likely soon to become the chosen one of somebody. She knew nothing about the lamp or the toiler after it. She did not even remember that she had been lost in the wood, and that she had been rescued by a strange laddie."

"She must have been very young when it happened, then. I could never have forgotten such an incident."

"She was very young, and she had so many pleasing things to occupy her mind as she grew up, that it is no wonder she forgot that unpleasant winter afternoon; for it was unpleasant to her although so beautiful to him. Now for a great surprise: her name is Devorgilla, but she is always called Ellie."

"Why, that is my name!"

"Yes, you are the lassie, I the laddie, and the heart is lying there under your feet. Shall I dig it up?"

He stooped, seized a wisp of the long grass, and remained watching her face, as if waiting for her command to unearth the treasure.

After a brief pause, during which her expression indicated that she was puzzled by

his revelation, she rose, saying, with a light, blithe laugh—

"You promised to tell me something which should amuse me as much as the minister's lecture on archæology, and you have kept your word. What fun it would be, Mr. Armour, if what you have been telling me were true!"

"That would depend upon how you regarded it," he answered quietly. His face was in the shadow again, and he recognised how utterly unconscious she was that he had been speaking in earnest. "Supposing it had been true, would you only laugh at it as a joke?"

"You know I could not do that."

"Then what would your answer be?"

She blushed slightly, and was for a moment a little awkward; but she looked frankly in his questioning eyes.

"I do not know."

It seemed to him as if some mysterious breath added the word "yet" to her decisive sentence. Perhaps his wish formed it out of the sound of the light wind passing through the ruins. At any rate, it was a pleasing fancy to cherish, and he was obliged to be content with it in the meantime; for a number of the friends with whom they had journeyed to the abbey, and who had been examining the interior, now came out and joined them.

"Truants!" exclaimed a nimble little gentleman dressed in black: his long white hair curled under his soft felt hat, his fresh face, active movements, and agreeable, although shrill, voice proclaimed him the liveliest, if not, as he declared himself to be, the youngest of the party. The clatter of his tongue might have been heard by the truants long before he appeared.

"You have missed the whole account of the founding of the abbey, and you will go away as ignorant of its architectural details as when you came."

"The general effect is fine," observed Armour gravely.

"Not a doubt of it, sir—not a doubt of it; but you did not hear *me*!"

There was a simple faith in the importance of the implied loss which at once elevated the minister above suspicion of vanity; and if some did laugh, there was no note of ridicule in the tone, but hearty appreciation of the man and his ways. Patrick Moffat, the minister of Thorniehowe, had been one of the most misanthropical of men until he had passed his forty-fifth year; then, without any visible change of circumstances to account

for it, he rapidly developed into one of the liveliest of boys at three-score-and-ten. He was perpetually romping with the muses or playing at shuttlecock with the sciences. He dabbled in ail the arts and philosophies, and was as happy sitting on a dykeside discoursing his wisdom to a ploughman as he was in the drawing-rooms of greater folk.

At present he was the leading spirit of a skirmishing party of the British Association. Everybody was happy under his leadership, and enjoyed the pleasures of a picnic spiced with the sense that they were in some mysterious way contributing to the advancement of science and higher education. And so they were. Some of the young ladies were surprised to discover that archæology was by no means the dry and uninteresting subject they had formerly imagined it to be.

Of course they were fortunate in their weather and scenery. The eyes of youth and health will make any landscape beautiful; but here were sights to gladden even the jaundiced. As the party drove along, hills and dales were radiant in the sunlight; the ripe grain was swaying under the soft wind; the air was full of sounds of life and mirth—birds and burns were blithe; and the sharp whetting of scythes mingled with cheery voices in the harvest fields. The merry clatter of the horses' hoofs on the dry road was like a running accompaniment to the other sounds.

"It's just a day for every mortal to rejoice and sing," exclaimed Mr. Moffat enthusiastically.

John Armour thought so too; and so did Ellie Musgrave, who had a vague, pleasing sense that some new joy was entering her life.

CHAPTER II.—THORNIEHOWE.

ALTHOUGH Thorniehowe was a small place, it was large in its own estimation; and although it was distant only a few miles from the county town, it was the centre of a considerable district. It was governed by a baillie, who was by local courtesy always called provost, and two councillors. Formerly it had been a thriving weaving village, the busy shuttle making joyful music in every cottage. Now there were only a few hand-loomers at work, and the inhabitants were mostly employed in agriculture and in the large paper-mill down by the riverside.

The mill was the pride as well as the main support of the place, although it had been looked upon with suspicion and disfavour when it commenced operations. It had

known many vicissitudes, and had changed hands so frequently that folk said there was something uncanny about the place, and looked upon every new tenant on his arrival with kindly but pitying eyes, as one who was "just temptin' Providence wi' a paper-mill."

John Armour changed all that. The mill had been vacant for some time and was in a dilapidated condition when he took it, so that his temerity obtained for him even a larger share than his predecessors of the kindly pity of the villagers. The wonderment, too, in his case was greater than in that of the other unfortunate speculators, for he was identified as a laddie who had been partly educated at the parish school, and who, after a long absence from the place, had returned to set up as a manufacturer. The wonderment, indeed, was not unmingled with something like dissatisfaction in the minds of some honest bodies when his identity became established.

"Whaur can he hae gotten the siller, is what I say," observed Tawtie Pate, stirring his fourth tumbler of toddy, looking round as if he had expressed the wisdom which he knew was expected from him by his cronies.

Pate was a contraction of Paterson, and Tawtie was the cognomen or "to-name," derived from his chief article of trade, potatoes. Tawtie Pate was acknowledged to be a man of vast experience in the world, owing to his travelling so much about the country in the course of his business, and to his having been at least once in London on the occasion of a cheap excursion. So, when he propounded that remarkable question, it was echoed gravely, as if it somehow answered itself.

"Here's me," he continued, "auld enough to be his father, an' I wouldna' start the mill though they were to gie it to me rent free."

"Nor me aither," said the souter, virtuously repudiating the offer as if some one had been pressing it upon him.

"Look at them that's tried to mak' it pay, and every ane o' them has lost by it. Maxwell was the last ane, an' ye'll no deny that he had plenty o' backin', an' he said the deil 'imsel' couldna' gar it pay. Hoo can John Armour expect to do it, then? Him that I mind a wee callant at the schule."

"Ay, an' I mind him, tae, wi' naebody but his auld grannie to feed and claithe him," added Tawtie Pate.

"He was aye a cliver chiel, though," said the grocer, "an' I was hearin' that he got a hantle o' siller oot o' that American war."

"He might easy hae found a better use for

it," was the summing up of Tawtie Pate on the whole question. "It would need a fortune to keep the place gaun for twelve months."

The mill, however, was not only kept going, but was soon extended. New machinery was added to or replaced old; a new block was added to the building, and the number of workers, male and female, rapidly doubled and then quadrupled. Armour was recognised as one of fortune's favourites; where every one else had failed, he succeeded, and he was as popular amongst those who remembered him in his boyhood at the parish school as he was amongst those who only knew him as the successful man.

He was about thirty-five years old, rather above the average height, and muscular; he had dark hair and short whiskers, large brown eyes, smooth regular features, and that square brow which generally accompanies firmness of character. Thus with youth on his side, a fair fortune before him, and now the probability of winning for his wife the woman he had long loved, he appeared to possess all the main requisites of happiness. And he was happy—more than most people, he often thought—as he had reason to be.

He could not say that he had worked hard to gain all this, for work had been his play; he had not the slightest consciousness of being in any way cleverer than his comrades; he only happened to think of things at the right moment and to do them. So it was in the matter of the American greenbacks which laid the foundation of his fortune; he happened to have faith in the Northern States, and the result amply justified him, although for some time he had to endure a good deal of ridicule about his mania for greenbacks. So again with the paper-mill; he happened to want to return to Thorniehowe; the mill was to let on very advantageous terms, and he accepted them. At the same time he happened to discover a slight improvement in the method of preparing pulp which enabled him to produce it more cheaply than others; and so the ball rolled on at his foot, apparently seldom requiring the least kick from him.

He was as much surprised himself by his success as any one could be, and he had far less faith than others in its continuance.

"Some day somebody will stick a pin into the windbag and I shall collapse," he would say jestingly to grannie.

"Aweel, Johnnie, my laddie," Dame Armour would answer, addressing her grandson as usual as if he were still a boy at school; "just let the windbag burst and flee

awa'; sae lang as you keep a stout heart and walk straight you needna fash about onything else. You can aye mak' saut to your porridge onyway."

"Ay, grannie; but where is the porridge to come from? Salt alone would scarcely help the stomach."

"We'll manage some way, never you doubt, laddie. I haena come to my years without kenning how to fend for myself."

Dame Armour was a tall, strongly-made woman, in her seventy-first year. She had been very handsome, and she was stone blind. She was cheerful of heart, as active about domestic affairs and as sensitive to dust as the most energetic young housekeeper could be. Mr. Moffat used to declare in his merry way that there were only two really young people in the parish—namely, himself and granny Armour. They had in truth entered their second childhood, and he was proud of his new birth.

From his babyhood she had had the care of her grandson. She had worked for him, and watched over him with a devotion which grew with the consciousness of his growth. The blind woman had come with her bairn to Thorniehowe one cold January afternoon, and taken lodgings in one of the weavers' cottages. Whence she had come, or why she had chosen this village for her abode, was never clearly known. She worked hard, knitting and sewing, paying her way and keeping her own counsel. However hard the times might be no complaint was heard from Mrs. Armour. Although evidently quite as poor as her neighbours she could on occasion contrive to spare something out of her own store for those who were in need.

Curiosity about her previous history gradually faded away under the influence of her cheery, helpful presence; and from the first her affliction had imposed a respectful silence on the good-natured folk amongst whom she had settled. The boy grew up robust and active; clever in the school, and in time useful in the paper-mill under one of its unfortunate tenants. When he was about fifteen, Mrs. Armour and Johnnie quitted Thorniehowe to go to Glasgow, as was understood. From that time nothing definite was heard of them in the village until it became known that Johnnie Armour was the new tenant of the paper-mill. He and his grannie returned to Thorniehowe and quietly took up their abode in the cottage belonging to the works.

Cunning as John Armour thought himself in preserving his secret, grannie was aware that something else besides the works

were interesting him. Every movement of his foot, every note of his voice expressed his humour to her, and she had never yet failed to interpret the signs correctly. So, on the evening after the excursion to Newabbey, she stopped knitting when he entered the room.

"You have had a pleasant day, Johnnie," she said, smiling.

"Ay, grannie, a capital day, and everybody enjoyed the trip. The minister was as blithe as ever."

The dame resumed her knitting, the announcement she had half expected was not coming yet.

"I suppose the other folk were blithe tae," she observed quietly.

"I'll give you a full report of the day's proceedings as soon as I have looked at these letters. What is it, Janet?"

The question was addressed to a servant girl who had opened the door.

"The mistress is wanted," answered the girl, and disappeared.

Mrs. Armour instantly rose and walked slowly out of the room. Her expression had suddenly changed, as if she understood the summons to be an unpleasant one. She found the foreman of the mill waiting at the door.

"Thorburn's no weel," he said in a low voice, "and he wants to speak wi' you without the maister kennin'."

"What's wrang wi' him, Andrew?"

"I'm no sure. He says he's deein' an' he is terrible ill. He's had a dram of coorse, but I think there's something else the matter wi' him."

"Whaur is he?"

"In the hoose, sittin' aside the fire an' shiverin' as though it was the deid o' winter."

"Wait a minute, and I'll gang wi' you."

She procured a shawl and accompanied the foreman to a small cottage which stood by the roadside a little way beyond the mill. At the door she stopped: there were low sounds as of some one moaning in pain within.

"Wait here for me, Andrew. I am feard he is bad this time."

CHAPTER III.—HECKLE-PINS.

DISPOSED as grannie was to be patient to a degree with any one in pain, there were symptoms that she was not in her customary mood, as she lifted the latch at this moment.

She entered a long, low-roofed apartment, the window of which was like a broad stripe, stretching nearly the whole length of the

wall, and indicating that the place had been formerly occupied as a weaver's shop. There was no loom now. The plain mahogany furniture was ample; a carpet, a piano, and various other articles not usually found even in the best room of a workman's cottage, betokened that the occupant had some apparently incongruous tastes. The room would have been comfortable if the things had been tidily arranged; but disorder was master of the situation. And it was a kind of disorder which might be called methodical, being evidently the habitual state of things.

The dust was "just inch deep," as grannie declared when her finger touched the little round table, on which stood unwashed dishes and the remains of several meals. On the dusty floor were scattered sheets of a newspaper, books, and parts of dress, as if they had been dropped from the hand anywhere as soon as they were no longer wanted. The doors of the box-bed were opened, and the confused state of the bedding showed that it had not been made that day at any rate.

Warm as the day had been there was a fire. In front of it, seated in a large high-backed arm-chair, was a man so swathed in blankets that only his head of short curly white hair and his white face were visible. The face was accustomed to be clean-shaven, and the absence of the razor rendered its appearance stubbly and dirty. The features were well formed and, in spite of their present sickly complexion, suggestive of the possession of pleasing qualities in other days.

The man lay back on the chair, eyes closed and lips clenched. He was unconscious of grannie's entrance. She, with the deft guidance of her staff, approached him quickly and touched his face with her hand. He started and, opening bloodshot eyes, stared at her without expression.

"It's you, grannie," he said huskily, but the voice was not unpleasant. "I thought you would never come—it seems hours since I asked for you."

"I came the minute Andrew let me ken you werena weel, and I'm sure he wouldna put aff time on the road."

"No, he would not put off time: I did that. I knew you would not care to be fashed so soon again, and I did not want to fash you. You don't know how long I put off sending—but oh, Lord, it's terrible to be so lonely! Not a creature to speak a word to; not a dog or a cat that one might cry to—nothing to do but to lie here and crave for the release that is so slow in coming. Worse—to feel that all this torture is going on and

there is not a soul to care a button about me. It's horrible."

He spoke with the bitterness of one who has a long score to settle with fate.

"Weel, weel, I'm here noo," responded grannie in a conciliatory tone, as she arranged his blankets more comfortably and punched the pillows at his back so that they might yield his body better support. "Was there onything particular you wanted wi' me?"

"Yes, there was, but I can't get hold of it now. That's what stings me; I can't keep a thing in my head for five minutes together. Suppose I'll remember it after you go. I cannot get it."

"Never heed it then; it canna be of much account or you would have minded it. Just bide quiet or it comes back. What's like the matter wi' you?"

"The old complaint. I'm down again. The pain won't give me a minute's peace once it starts. But I think it's the end of the tether this time. I hope it is—I shall be glad if it is."

"Hoots, man, folk that are aye deein' live lang."

"That's a pity; for folk that are like me are of no use to others, and they are a curse to themselves."

"You might be o' this use—when you canna thole yoursel', you might hae some consideration for us and gie us nae mare to thole wi' you than you can help. You have sma' need to complain."

A short laugh from the man, that was all the more bitter because it was so feeble.

"You say that! You don't know what it is to have to complain about that most cursed of all things, self. Tell me how to get rid of that, and I shall say you are right—I have nothing to grumble or groan about. May be this is what you would call remorse—nothing of the sort; it's only regret that I have been such a fool. If I had only taken the other turning instead of the one which pleased me; if I had only walked straight on instead of halting and swaying from side to side; if I had thought only of self at the right moment, everything would have been different. But the *if* can't help me now. A false step, totter, clutching wildly at the air and—here I am, a poor worthless creature as you have said, and as I know."

Grannie was used to similar outbursts of lamentation and self-reproach, which sprang as she was aware not from remorse for whatever evil he had done, but from regret for the good things he had missed by his folly. At other times she had learned that it was

best to let him rail away at himself until he tired; but to-night his appearance caused her more anxiety than usual, and she spoke pityingly—

"I never said you were worthless—I wouldna say that about ony livin' creature, but you are an ungratefu' creature no' to be thankful for the mercies you hae gotten."

"That's true," he muttered, now staring at the fire, and as if he saw something there a dreamy expression of interest slowly kindled in his eyes. "That's true, and it's another reason why I'm glad that you will not be fashed with me much longer—Will you sit down?"

He spoke very quietly now and abstractedly, as if absorbed in the visions in the fire.

"I want to get you some tea and a bit o' something, for Andrew tells me you hae had naething a' day, and that's no' the way to get weel, ye ken."

She moved about the place as if familiar with it, briskly preparing a nourishing meal for the invalid. At one moment she moved towards the door as if about to call Andrew, but altered her mind and proceeded with her arrangements unaided. The man seemed to have forgotten her presence.

There was something eerie in the stillness of the place as in the deep gloaming the tall blind woman moved noiselessly about, and the man lay quite motionless under his pile of wraps staring at the fire. The crackling of the coals, the ticking of a little clock with a big voice, the occasional sound of passing wheels and of people speaking in the road rendered the stillness the more marked. Now and then she paused behind his chair, listened, and went on with her work.

"Here, man, tak' this; it'll maybe warm you," she said at last, holding a bowl before him. It was not tea she had made, but gruel.

He put the bowl aside gently, and as if he did not wish to offend her.

"It's kind of you, grannie. But it's no use; I cannot swallow."

"You maun try. This is baith meat and drink; and it's easy swallowed. Come, now, try and tak' it to please me."

She was coaxing him as if he were a child, and a twitch of pain disturbed his features for a second as he looked at her calm, patient face turned so earnestly upon him. He took the gruel.

"I wish I could see as well as you," was his thought.

"That's wise-like," she said, finding the bowl empty; "and the next thing you'll hae

to do is let me cry Andrew in to help you into your bed. A guid sleep will set you on your feet again."

"No, don't call anybody in yet. I remember what it was I wanted to tell you. It all passed before me whilst I was watching the fire; and it will stay with me now, it was all so clear. There it goes again, like a panorama, or a wraith! Did you ever see a wraith, grannie?"

"I am thankful to hae been spared a' that kind o' nonsense; and it would be a heap better for you if you would get it out o' your head."

"But it is not nonsense, and I am not havering, grannie, so you need not be frightened on my account. I know quite well it is only memory taking visible shape to the mind's eye; but it is wonderfully real. I am thinking about how I wandered into Thorniehowe without a friend or a home, and how I found both where I had least right to expect them. I am thinking of all that has happened since then, and I see it acted over again by those figures in the fire. I see you trying to help me, and myself trying to do as you wished, and I see that it is useless. As long as I stay here, you cannot have any ease of mind; and I can have none, knowing that. If I live through this night I shall say good-bye to you to-morrow."

She took a chair beside him, and held one of his hands in her own. She looked grave, but there was not the faintest symptom of impatience or of fear regarding his condition remaining in her expression.

"Folk here ca' you crackit Jock Thorburn, and I ken that you are wrang in the head whiles; but I never ken'd you say sic daft things as you are saying the-night, and yet speak sae like a sober, sensible body. Whar would you gang, suppose you gaed awa' frae here the-morn? Clever as you are, there are no' mony would put up wi' half the fash you hae gi'en Johnnie Armour."

"I have no notion where I might go to, and it would not matter. Back to America if I could manage it; anywhere, provided it was away from Thorniehowe. You would be glad to see the back seams of my socks, at any rate, would you not?"

"I'm no saying that I wouldna, if I ken'd you were able to tak' care o' yoursel'; but I canna be sure o' that. There is nae reason that I can make out why you shouldna gang on your way here, as usual."

"There is a reason," said Thorburn, with a sudden gleam of excitement in his eyes; "I am afraid of doing him harm, and I can-

not stand it. So long as I seemed to be of any use to him, it was well enough; but after what I have learned to-day I must go. I have served him faithfully—that is something; I have helped him when he did not know it—that is something. I want to carry that knowledge away with me, and it will be a bit of comfort to me in whatever hole I may find to hide myself."

"And what is it you have been hearing that makes sic a difference to you?"

"Have you never thought that he would some day want to marry?"

"Mony a time; and I would be real glad to see him settled, for in the course of nature I canna hope to be muckle langer wi' him. What about that? It's the natural course o' things; and the only wonder to me is that he hasna thought about it lang syne."

"He has thought about it now, and the lass is Musgrave, the fiscal's, daughter!"

Mrs. Armour was amused. As if she had not known all about it long ago!—watched it growing, and comprehended the strength of her Johnnie's affection better than anyone but himself—as yet! What gowks men are, she was thinking, to fancy that because her eyes were closed she could not detect a lover. Her laddie himself was quite satisfied that she had no suspicion of his love, and all the time she had found the unmistakable signs in his voice and manner whenever anything relating to the Musgraves occurred. She knew it by the lightness of his foot whenever Ellie was near, or he was about to see her; and she divined the depth of it from her knowledge of his earnest, passionate nature.

And here was Thorburn, too, speaking as if it were possible that she had not even reflected upon the probability of her grandson's marriage!

"Weel, she's a fine lass and a great friend o' mine, and I'm sure she will make a guid wife. What ails you at her?"

"Nothing, nothing," answered Thorburn hastily, but he seemed to shiver as he spoke; "if he has set his heart upon her he should have her, and— It ought not to be through me that he should run the risk of losing her."

He spoke the last words so huskily that they would have been too indistinct for any ordinary listener.

"I dinna see what you have to do wi' it," said grannie soothingly. "You're no weel the-night, and you're makin' bogies to skear yourself."

"I wish that was all," he said; "but I learned to-day that this Musgrave is the

same who was Graham's friend. . . . You know now why I must go away."

Grannie's face became pale, and she sat quite still, like one listening breathlessly for the sound of some inevitable calamity—as if a huge rock were poised over them, and with the next breath of wind it must fall and crush them. Motion was impossible; there was nothing to do but await the doom.

"I wish you would speak," muttered the man; and even his restless accents were a relief to the spell-bound woman. "I am cold, and it's dark; the gloaming is short already—Ay, very short," he added, as if applying the gloaming to his own career.

She rose, drew the blankets more tightly around him, then lit the lamp, which stood ready on the mantel-piece, made up the fire, and returned to her seat. Her cheeks had resumed their ordinary hue; all her movements had been performed in a quiet, methodical way, as if the ordinary avocations of the occasion were going on mechanically, and the machinery was unconscious of any check.

The man was relieved by her attentions, but her silence and strange calmness at an announcement which had disturbed him so much, instead of soothing, appeared to stir some petulant irritation in him.

"Well, are you not in a hurry to get me out of the way? Will you not be glad when I am gone altogether?—for good, as the saying is? And it must be for good in this case."

She did not answer him yet, but passed her hand gently over his face and through his white hair. His red eyes became wet; he took the hand, clasping it as if he were saying good-bye on the eve of a long journey.

"Puir body, puir body," he muttered, going back, in his agitation, to the vernacular of his youth, the memory of which lingers in the Scotch accent, no matter what time and custom may do to modify its expression. And the old pet words return the more broadly to the tongue the deeper the heart is stirred. "Puir body, ye hae been sair tried, and it will be a guid day for you and everybody when the earth has me. . . . I think I'll go now."

He made a movement, as if to rise from the chair. But it was a feeble movement, and her hand easily pressed him down again. His head sank back on the chair, and he breathed heavily.

"Be quiet, man, you can do nae guid

trying to rise afore ye're able," she said, as if a sick child had been breaking rules.

"You want to get me awa', grannie, and I want to go."

"I didna say I wanted ye awa'; and as for deein'—that'll be when the Lord wills. What we hae to do is to make the best o' things just as they come into our hands, and when that's done there is nae mair for us to worry about. I'm no sure that I hae aye dune the best. It's no aye easy to tell what is the best, or you wouldna hae been here sae long without Johnnie Armour at any rate kennin' the ins and outs o' the matter. But that's an account I hae to settle for mysel'. What we hae to consider enow is, how we are to get you weel; and it's clear that you canna move frae this spot until that's done."

"But I am well enough to rise and go at once; and I must do it. The account you have to settle is for hiding me—for helping me to try my weak hand at mending the harm done. You shall not have another day of that worry on your mind even if Musgrave should not recognise me."

"Content ye, man—content ye, there's time enough! Or bide a minute or I get Andrew, so that he may be here to kep you frae fallin', and you'll see what havers you are talking about gaen awa'."

Whilst she spoke Thorburn made another effort to rise, and again sank back helpless, groaning.

"What am I to do?"

"Bide whar you are, I say, and be thankful. You see how weak you are, and you'll just hae to be guided. What you hae telt me is no pleasant, though in ae way I'm kind o' glad o't—I'm glad it was that upset you and no a'thegither drink. The fiscal has seen you mony a time since you came here, and never jaloused wha you were. Sae there's nae need for doing onything particular in a hurry. We can take time."

The man in his weakness clutched eagerly at the straw of hope she held out to him.

"Even if he did suspect, I could easily tell him that he was mistaken; that——"

"Na, Jock, na," she interrupted so quietly that both the sadness and the rebuke might have passed unnoticed in their simplicity. "We may haud our tongues and let folk judge us accordin' as they find us; but we'll tell nae lees about what we hae been. You'll be able to tak' a' that in better the-morn. I maun see and get you settled for the night."

"And to-morrow?"

"The-morn we'll see how you are."

"As you will," said Thorburn, with that kind of resignation which betokens a settled conviction of the utter inutility of anything he could do.

He did not offer any interference with her arrangements. She called Andrew, and bade him first send his wife to her, and then go on to the doctor's for a good strong dose of "the mixture for Thorburn." Mistress Lawson arrived immediately, as Andrew's cottage was the next one to Thorburn's. She was an active little woman, with much shrewd sense in every particular except one: she was totally unacquainted with silence. When she was not speaking she was singing; and when she was not doing either she was snoring—at least so malignant gossip had it.

"I would hae been here a while syne," she explained on her entrance; "but wi' a' thae wee anes it's no easy gettin' awa', there's aye something to dae amang them. I was here no lang afore you cam' in though; but he was in ane o' his tantrums this afternoon and wouldna' let onything be dune for him. That's hoo you see the place this way."

Eppie Lawson felt bound to make this statement as she had undertaken to keep Thorburn's place in order. Talking all the time as freely as if the invalid had been deaf or insensible she quickly made the bed, washed the dishes and swept the floor. By that time Andrew had returned from the doctor's with the mixture, which was simply a sleeping draught. Then, still acting under grannie's influence, Thorburn was assisted into bed.

"Ay, grannie, ay," he muttered with a bitter smile, as he felt how absolutely necessary Andrew's assistance was to him, "you are right, it is no use thinking of moving from here."

"I hae seen you waur nor this, sae you needna' lose heart. What I'm maist concerned aboot enow is wha I'm to get to bide wi' you a' night, for I canna leave you here your lane."

Amongst his other eccentricities Thorburn had always inhabited the cottage alone, Eppie Lawson coming in whenever she could find time to serve him. This she did chiefly out of her desire to please Mrs. Armour, and partly because the man's curious ways interested her. "He is sic a lonely body," she would say to the neighbours, "and sic a droll cratur wi' his pianny, that I couldna' help ha'in' pity on him, and we're neebors forbye, you ken, and Andrew's real taken up wi' him." She solved the present difficulty.

"Babbie Howison's at hame. I'm certain she'd be willin' to come, an' you couldna'

hae onybody better nor her for keepin' her een open. It's my opinion she never sleeps, and she's a capital nurse forbye, you ken."

That was settled, and Eppie herself brought the nurse. When these necessary provisions for the invalid's comfort during the night had been made, Mrs. Armour prepared to leave.

"Guid nicht! and I hope the draught will mak' you sleep. I'll come early in the mornin'."

He held her hand a long time, gazing vacantly at her face.

"Good night!" was all he said, and he closed his eyes as the tall figure of the blind woman passed out at the door.

Would he ever see her again? It was quite true, as she had said, that he had been as bad as this and had recovered. He had been as weary of life before, as indifferent to all its possible pleasures and as thoroughly satisfied as at this moment that he would never regain strength to lift his head, and yet he had survived and been able to take some part in the world's affairs. But it seemed to him that he had never before known anything like this terrible coldness of brain and body. It seemed to him he had never before experienced the horrible sensation that he was not a man—however weak and sickly—lying there, but a tombstone. The grotesqueness of the nightmare-thought brought a grim smile to his face as he read the cruel legend which he bore:—

"A WASTED LIFE."

CHAPTER IV.—ON HIS OWN ACCOUNT.

GRANNIE took up the stocking and resumed knitting as if she had been only a few minutes absent from the parlour in which she had left Armour. He had been busy, and he was too much accustomed to her ways of coming and going without speech to take special note of the time which had elapsed. They would often be for hours together without exchanging a word; she plying her wires, he busy with books, papers, or chemical apparatus. She would absent herself for hours, as on the present occasion, return to find him apparently just as she had left him, and drop into her place as if there had been no interval.

The room was fitted up as a combination workshop, library, laboratory, office, and parlour, and, in spite of—perhaps in consequence of—heterogeneous furnishing, was a comfortable place. At night, when the lamps were lit and the curtains drawn, it was quiet and cosy; during the day it was always cheery, as it seemed to catch the first glint of

the sun's rising and the last of his setting. The large window opened to the garden, at the foot of which was a broad strip of meadow; then the river, sweeping round a bend of the bank with a long, rapid, noiseless motion which made it appear almost still; on the other side the ground at some parts rose abruptly, and pleasant terraces led up to substantial-looking villas; beyond was a billowy landscape, its green and yellow fields and brown moors, veined with grey dykes and roads and black hedges.

Armour's garden, full of old-fashioned roses, berry-bushes, and fruit trees, filled the room with gracious perfumes. It had always a somewhat unkempt appearance, and weeds were not unknown even on the paths, for there was no regular gardener; but it was pleasant to walk in and quiet. There were occasions, however, on which peace was banished, and the noisy mirth, as of a fair, reigned instead. This was when Armour opened the gate at the foot of the garden and admitted from the meadow a band of bairns to run rampant amongst the grossets, rasps, black and white currants, apples, and pears. The place temporarily represented a commune at the first distribution of property, and the fun did not last long enough for the sense of possession to provoke much misunderstanding amongst the little communists. The wildest and merriest of the boys was the minister; and standing beneath a huge apple tree, watching that none of the urchins fell, he would make his complaint that he was not allowed to climb trees; first, because of the difficulty of getting up; secondly, because of the difficulty of getting down; and, thirdly, because of the danger of tearing his breeks. The thirdly always provoked a shout of triumphant laughter: the communists felt there was something in which they were greater than the minister—they had no fear of tearing their breeks. He never "improved the occasion," and yet these bairns, boys and girls, went away with a lesson in their hearts which was never rubbed out.

"I wish there had been an Armour's garden in my day," observed Mr. Moffat at the close of the first of these frolics.

"It was the remembrance of a wish of that kind which made me think of bringing the bairns here," replied Armour. "I must have been a very wee chap at the time, for it is like one of my first memories—standing out there looking at the trees loaded with apples, and so hungering for one that I was just at the greetin', because I was not big

enough to climb the wall and take my fill. I feel the water in my mouth now. What a pity apples lose their flavour as we grow older!"

"What's that, Methuselah," said the minister with mock gravity, "about the soo an' the draff?"

Armour's house was a square, squat, homely-looking building, turning a grimy-grey face towards the village, whilst the back was almost covered with roses. The construction of the interior suggested a rabbit-warren, there were so many odd little rooms and bits of lobbies leading nowhere; but on the ground-floor there were three large apartments—the kitchen, the drawing-room, and Armour's retreat. Servants found it a lonely dwelling, and the odd sounds which the wind always creates in such a house had often filled the minds of strapping lasses with imaginative terrors. But there was no loneliness in John Armour's busy life.

"Have you been out, grannie?" he asked as he rose to put away some papers.

"I was doon seeing Thorburn. He is in a bad way again, and he talks about leavin' us."

"Leaving us! What has put that into his head? Is he hurt because I found fault with him last week?"

"He never named it. He says he wants to gang awa', and I am doubtful there will be nae haudin' him back as soon as he gets strong enough to flit."

"That's nonsense. I'll go over and see him."

"You had better no gang the-night. He's got a potion, and you would maybe just prevent him sleepin'."

"Very well, it will be all right in the morning; and some time to-morrow I expect to have a bit of news for you."

She knew that he was smiling and looking at her with his bright, earnest eyes to see the effect produced by his mysterious announcement. She felt the hope throbbing in his voice, and its nature was no mystery to her. She had intended to speak to him about Thorburn, but she did not wish to disturb his pleasant thoughts if she could help it. Besides, the explanation she had to make was a painful one, and there could be no harm in delaying it a little longer if it could not be dispensed with altogether. So she drew a long breath, relieved herself by the reprieve, saying—

"I dare say it will be a' right the-morn. Noo tell me about the news you expect:

SECRET



"THE GOLDEN SHAFT."

it's guid, I suppose, or you wouldna hae mentioned it."

He walked up and down, halting before her chair occasionally to examine her placid face, then, smiling, pass on. At length—

"It is good news, I expect, but it may be bad. I am going to have an important interview with Mr. Musgrave to-morrow. You used to be good at guessing. Can you guess what it is about?"

"Easy; it's about his daughter," was the quiet reply, without the slightest suggestion of surprise.

"Why, how did you know?" exclaimed Armour, his eyes full of pleased amazement at her extraordinary perspicuity.

"I couldna tell exactly how I ken'd it, but I hae been expecting to hear this for a lang while; and there are mair than me looking for it. Eh, Johnnie, Johnnie, you are just a bairn yet to think that you could keep sic a thing secret."

Amused by his simplicity, she shook her head at him as she deftly twisted the worsted round her little finger, dropped the loop over the wire, and vigorously began a new round of the sock.

Armour was pleased enough that she should have divined his secret, as it saved him some awkwardness in revealing it to her; but he was decidedly taken aback at learning that others knew it.

"I can fancy it possible for you to have discovered it; but how could other folk suspect it?"

"Other folk are aye pairin' their neebors, and though they whiles mix the wrang couples, thae dinna count amang the right anes. You hae been often enough at Torthorl in the six months past—to say naething o' your being sae sib wi' the fiscal himsel'—for onybody to see what you were after. What does the lassie say to you?"

"Not much—yet." His memory still dwelt on that phantom word which he had heard at the Abbey. "Very likely it will all come to nothing."

"Then it will be your ain fault, for she's a braw lass and a guid lass, and the marrow o' ony man I ever saw."

"That's just it, grannie. She is——"

And being started in the song of her praise, he did not tire of singing. He had a sympathetic listener, and sympathy loosens the tongue more than wine. He was like a young poet who has long in secret gloated over his verses and now for the first time repeats them to another, finding new charms in every thought, fresh cadence in every turn

of the measure. The poem Love had grown so beautiful that the poet marvelled at it, and scarcely dared to think that he might call it his own.

On all subjects it had been his custom to make grannie his confidant; and in the evenings together it was his custom to describe to her his speculations and plans for the future; taking her homely counsel always with respect, and giving it grave consideration. On this particular subject, however, he had hitherto remained silent—shy of approaching it even with her.

Now, his lips being unclosed, he told her the whole story of his great hope, and how his gossip with Ellie at Newabbey had made him resolve that to-morrow he should put his fate to the touch. His excitement was too great for him to remark how quietly grannie listened to him. Whenever he had anything in which he was much interested to communicate to her she would usually drop the knitting on her lap and allow her hands to rest idly on it, whilst her face was turned to his with an expression of serious attention. Instead of that, she continued to knit steadily, her head bowed over the work as if she were watching the formation of the loops as well as counting them. The only encouragement she gave him to proceed was an occasional "Ay, ay," or "An' do you tell me sae?"

"You see, grannie, as I know that Mrs. Musgrave always talks a great deal about family connections, and as I come from nowhere and belong to nobody but you, I think it is necessary to tell the father and mother at once, so that they may have the chance of objecting in time, if they should fancy that I am not good enough for their daughter."

At that grannie lifted her head and spoke.

"You are right to be particular at the beginning, John; for it's little use being wise ahint-hand. They're no' likely to put muckle weight on my opinion in the matter, or I would tell them that, bonnie and guid as their daughter may be, they'll travel a long day's journey afore they find a better man for her than the ane that's seeking her."

"Prejudice, grannie—all your prejudice," said Armour, laughing. "However, I have no doubt the fiscal will let me pass, but I expect the mother to be curious about things with which, according to my notions, she has no business."

"And what will you say?"

The question was asked in what was a very hesitating way for grannie. Her words, springing from a clear vision of right and wrong, were usually prompt and decisive. At

present she appeared to be in doubt as to what she ought to say, and spoke as if she were fatigued.

"Say!—why, simply this: that I am John Armour, master of the paper-mill, Thorniehowe, and that I am in this business especially acting entirely on my own account. She can have unexceptionable references as to character, means, and so on; and if that is not satisfactory, I am afraid it will not be in my power to give her further information. She must accept me for what I am myself, and not for what my people are or may have been. What else is there for me to say?"

The old woman's white face flushed for a moment as with pride whilst she listened to the honest ring of his voice, and realised the frank bravery with which he took his place as the equal of Ellie Musgrave.

"There should be nae need for anything else. But——" she paused a moment, then continued slowly; "the thought is forced upon me mair the-night than it has ever been before that I ought to let you ken——"

He interrupted her, placing his hand gently on her mouth.

"There, you are not to worry about that. You told me long ago that it was best I should know nothing about the past, and I am content. Those who care to have anything to do with me must also be content to take me as they find me. Now, good night."

CHAPTER V.—URGENT PRIVATE AFFAIRS.

EVERY time she thought of it, a dreamy, wondering smile lit Ellie's face—it would be droll if Armour's legend should be true! The drollness, however, would not arise from there being anything ridiculous in his suit; but from the fact that he was so totally unlike any of the vague shadows which had risen to her mind's eye whenever she had associated the idea of love with herself. For of course she had thought of love and had had lovers; but hitherto the thought had been of that indefinite kind which is born of the constant suggestions of it made by the ordinary events of life; the lovers had assumed that position without her sanction.

There was for instance Wattie Dunlop, the provost's son, who, when she was about eleven used to cast sheep's eyes at her in the kirk: and she, a very prim little maiden at that time, proudly affected entire unconsciousness of his admiration. Then, when she was two or three years older, there were half-a-dozen lads who sent her valentines, and she, whilst secretly gratified by these symbols of triumph, used to blush so dread-

fully when her father teased her about them! And then there was young Houston, the doctor's son, who for a whole year contrived mysteriously to turn up at every house she visited, and to meet her wherever she walked. True, he only looked at her, stammered his hope that she was quite well, and gawkily walked on as if the meeting had been quite accidental; or, if the meeting were in a room, would retire to a corner and continue to stare at her, very palpably trying to look "as he were na' lookin' at her." His attentions were so assiduous that they became unpleasant and ultimately frightened her so that she went about like one haunted. He went away and she was glad; but for a long time afterwards the ghost of this "gomeril" lover troubled her. It was with a sad, kindly smile that she recalled this bogie now; he could never follow her steps again.

But in all her experiences there had been no realisation of love in herself; it was still a thing far apart—a thing that she might speculate about and dream about; but she did not feel it near herself. Had it found her now unawares? She was not conscious of anything extraordinary having happened; but there was a kind of tremulous expectancy of something strange about to happen. She had always liked John Armour, and there was a sensation of pleasing pride inspired by the idea that he preferred her before all other womankind. But everything around her remained as before: there had been no grand transformation in animate or inanimate nature as she had vaguely imagined there would be, or ought to be, when one fell in love. If some outward manifestation were a requisite sign of having attained the happy state, then she was not yet in love. All the same it was pleasant to recall John Armour's earnest face as yesterday he told his version of the story of Aladdin.

It was pleasant, too, on this bright morning to see him striding across the field which formed a short cut between Thorniehowe and Torthorl House, the gleaming blades of dew-steeped grass shining like silver around him.

"What brings Armour so early?" said her father, with whom she was making the round of the garden as was their habit when the fiscal had a little time at his command after breakfast.

The question was speedily answered by Armour himself.

"I want to speak to you, Mr. Musgrave, and thought I might find an opportunity of doing so without wasting your time by coming

over and walking into the town with you. I hope you are to walk to-day."

"I am that, and I am glad to think it is nothing serious you have to speak about since we can chat it over on the road. When I saw you coming in such haste and so early I concluded there had been a robbery at the mill at least."

"Well, the matter is important," answered Armour, a little awkwardly, but laughing; "and may be you will think there is a kind of robbery in it."

"On such a fine morning as this I shall give the supposed thief the full benefit of the doubt," said the fiscal good-humouredly, as he stood swinging his big umbrella like a pendulum from his clasped hands behind him.

"But you are joking, Mr. Armour," was Ellie's dubious observation; "there has been no robbery?"

This was more awkward still, but Armour was able to see the comical side of the position, and he felt himself kin to the Irishman who, having stolen the priest's bacon, relieved his conscience by confessing the theft to the priest.

"I believe not—that is, not yet," he replied with a curious twinkle in his eyes; "but I cannot say more until I have your father's opinion as to whether or not I am at liberty to do so. I expect you will hear of the matter soon."

"Oh, it is of no consequence since there is nothing to be alarmed about. When you spoke of a robbery I was for the moment afraid that your house had been broken into and grannie hurt, perhaps. How is she?"

"Quite well, thank you, and although she is aware of what has happened she is not easily scared."

"I'll answer for her," was Mr. Musgrave's decisive comment. "When Mrs. Armour has an encounter with burglars—well, it is not Mrs. Armour who will run for it."

"That is just why I should be afraid of harm coming to her," Ellie said, as they all laughed at the fiscal's expression of faith in grannie's courage.

"Come along, Armour, and as you want to have a talk with me, we can keep inside the planting and get out by the toll. Take care of yourself, Ellie, and by the way you had better remind your mother that young Fenwick is to take his kail with us to-day. You might come too, Armour—there will be nobody else except the minister."

"That would depend upon some arrangements I have to make to-day."

"So be it; you'll come if you can. There will be a plate for you."

So, swinging his big umbrella lightly, Mr. Musgrave strode away.

"I hope I shall see you to-night," said Armour, as he was shaking hands with Ellie.

The hope she fancied was expressed with more emphasis than the occasion appeared to require, even with the remembrance of what had passed on the previous day. She had no clue to the meaning he attached to their meeting again in Torthorl House that evening. She could only politely echo his hope and say, "Good morning."

He hastened after his friend, who was apparently so much interested in the progress of a belt of young trees which he had recently planted as to forget why he had a companion on his townward journey.

Richard Musgrave, the procurator-fiscal, was in public one of the most detested of men, and in private one of the most admired. The detestation was given to his office; the liking to the man. He was a shrewd lawyer; a practical, kindly-disposed man; a giant in stature—over six feet in his stockings—and all bone and muscle. His large strong features, clean shaven, had a severe and somewhat coarse expression, and his glittering grey eyes were the terror of evil-doers. But when he laughed, as he did most heartily on the slightest provocation when off duty, there was a thorough geniality in his voice and look which smoothed away all the hardness of his face. His hair was straight, short, bluish grey, and plastered close to his head. As regarded the head, it was one of the few boasts he permitted himself, that for size it would have satisfied George Combe, or any other phrenologist.

He had studied law in Edinburgh; after he had been well established in practice he married the seventh daughter of a poor Lord of Session. Her dowry consisted of a little money, many airs, and a few influential connections: the latter he appraised at their due value, and made the most of as opportunity offered. He had gathered "some bawbees," more he had inherited, and he had a comfortable little income from his office as procurator fiscal.

"Well, Armour," he said, having concluded a useful disquisition on the merits of larch and fir which was thrown away upon his companion, "you are not minding a word I am saying. Of course you are thinking about your own affairs, as I am of mine, forgetting yours, and that number one is the dominant figure, no matter how big the others

may look. What is this business you wished to consult me about?"

It was true that Armour had been thinking about his own affairs; he had been anticipating this question, and trying to shape the simplest and most direct answer. As is usual in cases of much importance when words have been carefully selected and phrases formed for use at a given moment, he said something quite different from what he had intended. But it was entirely to the purpose. He took a breath and gulped out—

"I want to marry your daughter."

The fiscal halted, wheeled round, and looked hard at John Armour, with the air of a man who has been peremptorily told to "stand and deliver," and who is prepared to make a fight for it. But the frank, honest face submitted calmly to his inspection, and a hesitating smile played about the mouth.

"You evidently believe in hitting straight from the shoulder," said Mr. Musgrave, at length recovering from his astonishment, and now inclined to be amused by the singularly abrupt mode in which this important communication had been made.

"Have you any objection?" quietly persisted the other; for having plunged into deep water at one bound he was now cool, and resolved to strike out steadily for the shore.

"You might give me time to draw breath, man, and to get the thing clear in my head. I dare say this would have been an easy enough business for my worthy father-in-law—he was used to it. But it's my opinion that even he would have louped if a blunderbuss had been fired in his lug like that. I have only one daughter, and I am not used to be told that somebody wants her for a wife."

"And I am not used to asking for one; so you must excuse my awkward way of broaching the subject," rejoined Armour, at comparative ease now, seeing the good-humoured way in which Musgrave was taking the affair.

"Awkward! It's scarcely decent! Man, when I set about the same business I got the finest sheet of letter-paper that was to be had; I shut myself up in my room and penned the most elegant epistle that I ever wrote. I began by asking his lordship, in the most respectful terms, to appoint a day and hour when he could see me on most important business. Then I stated what the most important business was; and next I gave him a *précis*—as concise as was compatible with perfect perspicuity—a *précis* of

my present circumstances and prospects, with a few particulars as to habits and unexceptionable references as to character. That was how I set about it, in a calm, a dignified, sensible manner, and no just ram-stam, as though I were a Fenian trying to ding down a town-hall."

"I wish you had kept a copy of that epistle, Mr. Musgrave. I would have asked you to let me see it so that I might use it as a model for one to yourself."

Musgrave grinned, and began to walk slowly, his head slightly bowed.

"Ay, man, you're willing to learn, and that's a good sign. I keep copies of every letter of importance I write, and as that was one of more than ordinary importance I have the copy yet. But it would be no use to you now, as you have taken your own way, and we must consider the case as it stands. Now that I have got breath answer you me—has *she* any objection?"

"I do not know."

"Have you asked her?"

"Not exactly; but I believe she understands something of my—intentions, I suppose, is a better word than feelings."

"It will do very well at any rate. So you have not definitely put the question to her?"

"No; before doing that I wished to make sure that you would not altogether dislike it."

"Humph—that was as well, Armour. There is some sense in your way of going about the business after all." (This abstractedly as he walked on, his chin a little closer on his breast.)

Armour continued with subdued impetuosity as he saw his friend wavering as to what answer he should give—

"You know something of my position, Mr. Musgrave. I know that there is something disagreeable in my parents' history. I do not know what it is, I do not mean to inquire, and I do not think you, knowing me as you do, can consider it necessary to inquire further either."

The fiscal did not speak; his steps became heavy; his hands were again clasped behind him on his umbrella, and his brows were contracted. Any one acquainted with his ways would have known that he was occupied with very serious reflections indeed.

Armour became anxious and somewhat impatient.

"I cannot, of course, pretend to be a rich man," he proceeded firmly, "but my circumstances will enable me to offer your daughter a suitable home, and most people would consider my prospects good."

"It's no' that, Armour, it's no' that," muttered Mr. Musgrave, as if speaking to himself.

"Then if your objection be on the score of other matters, I say you have no right to make it!"

Mr. Musgrave lifted his head and eyed the speaker gravely: there was sadness as well as some rebuke in his expression.

"You judge too quickly; I raised no objection. I begin to think it would have been best if you had followed my old-fashioned ceremonious plan and written me a letter, so that I might have been able to give my answer full consideration in private."

"If you know anything which, in your opinion, renders me an undesirable husband for your daughter, tell me. It is surely just that you should give me an opportunity of removing it if it be in my power."

Armour was struck by Mr. Musgrave's peculiar manner; it impressed him with the idea that there was something in his mind which he hesitated to reveal. This impression was deepened by another long pause. Presently, Musgrave—

"I do not remember ever having been so much puzzled how to act. You know that I like you, Armour, and if Ellie likes you, there is nothing that would make me object to the match. But, you know, the guidwife has particular notions about forebears, and we might have some difficulty in settling matters to her satisfaction."

"Is that your only ground of objection, sir?"

"I don't call it an objection precisely."

"Well, then, is it the only cause of your hesitation?"

In referring to the guidwife's idiosyncrasy, Musgrave had partly resumed the

air of mock-meekness with which he sometimes referred to her, and which contrasted comically with his huge form and known firmness of character; but at Armour's persistence his expression again became grave. This time it was only for an instant, however; and whether it was that his doubt was removed, or that he simply put it aside, he spoke with his usual freedom.

"Man, there are surely a dozen reasons why I should hesitate to hand my daughter over to you or any man. Albeit you seek to be mother and father and everything else to her, you must allow that our feelings ought to have a little consideration. There's my hand; you have my free consent to win Ellie, if you can."

Armour gripped the hand gratefully, and although he did not utter the words, he was saying to himself, "I *will* win her."

"You'll observe, if you please," continued the fiscal dryly, "that I said *my* free consent. You'll have to do the best you can for yourself with her mother. I'll put in a good word for you whenever I can venture to do it; but that is all I can promise."

"With your good word and Ellie's—if I can win it—I have no fear of the result," rejoined Armour.

"Very well; if you're pleased, I'm content. And now that matter's settled I suppose we'll see you this evening."

"I shall be there."

"Ay, I thought so. That reminds me—young Fenwick will be there too, and there's no harm in me giving you a hint that he has found much favour in my wife's eyes. For my sake never let on that I told you!"

They parted at the toll, the fiscal proceeding to his office, Armour speeding back to Thorniehowe.

EVERY-DAY BUSINESS A DIVINE CALLING.

BY R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

IT used to be common to speak of a man's trade, profession, or official employment, as his "calling." But I think that the word, in this sense, has almost dropped out of use, perhaps because it seems inappropriate and unmeaning. Its Latin equivalent has been rather more fortunate, and is still occasionally used to describe the higher forms of intellectual activity. It is sometimes said, for instance, of a thoughtful, scholarly man who is not very successful as a manufacturer, that he

has missed his way, and that his true "vocation" was literature.

It is only when we are speaking of the most sacred or most heroic kinds of service, that we have the courage to recognise a divine "call" as giving a man authority to undertake them. That a great religious reformer should think of himself as divinely "called" to deliver the Church from gross errors and superstitions, and lead it to a nobler righteousness, does not surprise us. It does not

surprise us that a great patriot should believe himself "called" of God to redress the wrongs of his country. And among those who are still impressed by the glorious and awful issues of the ministry of the Church, it is still common to insist on the necessity of a divine "call" to the ministry.

It must add immeasurably to the dignity of a man's life, it must give him a sense of great security, if he seriously believes that his work has been given him by divine appointment—that it is really his "calling." Take a conspicuous case—the case of the Apostle Paul. He described himself as an "apostle through the will of God," as "called to be an apostle." This meant that he had not taken up the great work of his life at his own impulse; it had been laid upon him by an authority which he could not resist. He had, therefore, no occasion for restless and anxious thought about his fitness for it. There was no reason for him to ask whether his knowledge of the gospel of Christ was sufficiently large and deep for so great a task, whether his moral and religious earnestness was sufficiently intense. He was vividly conscious of his weakness and imperfections, and it was a perpetual source of surprise to him that to such a man as himself the grace should have been given "to preach unto the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." But God knew him better than he knew himself, and he was "called to be an apostle," he was an apostle "through the will of God."

This relieved him from inquiries which would have diminished the force and vehemence with which he gave himself to his work. It was a motive for doing his best; for a work to which a man knows that God has appointed him, is likely to be done with courage, persistency, and vigour. It also enabled him to rely with perfect confidence on God's support. He was sure that all divine forces were on his side.

Paul knew that his work, his "calling" in the old-fashioned sense of the word, came to him from God. But no Christian man can live a satisfactory life without a conviction of the same kind. This would be a dreary and an ignoble world if only an apostle could say that he was doing his work "through the will of God," or if only a minister or a missionary could say it. Mechanics, merchants, tradesmen, manufacturers, clerks, doctors, lawyers, artists,—if we are to live a really Christian life, we must all be sure that whatever work we are doing, it is God's will that we should do it.

Do you ask how it is possible for what is called secular work to be done in this way? Let me ask another question—How is it possible, if you are a Christian man, that you can do your secular work at all, unless you believe that it is God's will that you should do it? What right has any man to do anything unless he has a clear and serious conviction that God wants to have it done, and done by him?

It is convenient, no doubt, to distinguish what is commonly described as "secular" from what is commonly described as "religious." We all know what the distinction means. But the distinction must not be understood to imply that in religious work we are doing God's will, and that in secular work we are not doing it.

God himself has done, and is always doing, a great deal of work that we must call secular; and this throws considerable light on the laws which should govern our own secular calling. He is the Creator of all things. He made the earth, and He made it broad enough for us to grow corn and grass on it, to build cities on it, with town halls, courts of justice, houses of parliament, schools, universities, literary institutes and galleries of art. It is impossible to use it all for churches and chapels, or for any other "consecrated" purpose. God made a great part of the world for common uses; but since the world, every acre, every square yard of it, belongs to Him, since He is the only Freeholder, we have no right to build anything on it that He does not want to have built.

He kindled the fires of the sun, and the sun gives us light, not only on Sundays, when we go to church, but on common days, and we have no right to use the sunlight for any purpose for which God does not give it. God made the trees; but he made too many for the timber to be used only for buildings intended for religious worship. What did He make the rest for? It is His timber. He never parts with His property in it. When we buy it we do not buy it from God; we pay him no money for it. All that we do is to pay money to our fellow-men that we may have the right to use it in God's service.

It is as secular a work to create a walnut-tree, and to provide soil and rain and warmth, for its growth, as it is to make a walnut-wood table for a drawing-room out of it. It is as secular a work to create a cotton plant as to spin the cotton and to weave it. It is as secular a work to create iron, as to make the iron into railway-girders, into plates for steam-ships, into ploughs and harrows, nails,

screws, and bedsteads. It is as secular a work to create the sun to give light in the daytime, as to make a lamp, or to build gas-works, or to manufacture gas to give light at night. So that our secular work is just of the same kind as a great part of God's work. Lay a firm hold of this very obvious truth, and see how it affects every kind of secular business.

God made our bodies, and they are "curiously and wonderfully made." Whether they came suddenly into existence in obedience to a divine command, or whether they were the last result of a long process of evolution, does not affect the fact that "it was He who made us, and not we ourselves." When God orders it that a rose-tree should be fed by the earth and the air, by the rain and the dew, and should be caressed by the sunlight and the south wind, till at last it crowns itself with a lovely flower—the flower being gradually evolved from the structure of the plant—that is to me quite as wonderful as if, by a word, He suddenly called a flower out of nothing. It is only the vulgar incapacity to recognise the mystery of familiar things which makes it less surprising and less divine. These bodies, I say, God made. The architecture of the skeleton, the weaving of the tissues of the muscles, the distribution of the blood so as to feed every fibre, the quickening power of the lungs, the authority of the nerves which command motion, the sensitiveness of the nerves which are the instruments of perception, the structure of the eye and the faculty of vision, the structure of the ear and the faculty of hearing, the taste, the smell, the touch, the complex arrangements for articulate speech, are noble triumphs of God's creative power.

But our bodies will perish unless they are fed. Does God mean them to perish? He surely means them to be strong and healthy, and therefore He means them to have food. And a man may therefore say, "I am a farmer through the will of God, for I grow the wheat by which the body which God made is to be kept from starvation; God has made the seed, God has given wonderful qualities to the soil, God has provided the rain and the heat which are necessary for a harvest, God has arranged the order of the seasons; but all that God has done will come to nothing unless I plough the ground and clean it, and sow the seed, and send my reapers into the fields when the harvest is ripe. God takes me into partnership with Himself. He has done a great part of the work, He leaves me to do the rest. I am the servant of His

infinite bounty. The ministers of the Church teach men to pray, 'Give us this day our daily bread,' through me God answers the prayer. I am a farmer through the will of God." Another man takes up the work where the farmer leaves it; grinds the corn into flour, and so prepares it for the uses for which God created it. He may say, "I, too, am doing work which God wants to have done, I am a miller through the will of God." A third man takes up the work where the miller leaves it, makes the flour into bread—into just such bread as he thinks God means to give His children in answer to their prayer; he puts nothing unwholesome into it; he bakes it carefully; when he sells it he gives full weight. And he may say, as he puts his dough into his oven or draws it out, "I, too, am doing work which God wants to have done; I am a baker through the will of God."

The body must be clothed as well as fed, so that another man may say I am a cotton-spinner; and another, I am a cotton-weaver; and another, I am a cloth-weaver; and another, I am a tailor; and another, I am a dressmaker; and another, I am a boot-maker, "through the will of God." In this climate the body will perish if it is not sheltered from rain and snow and cold; so that a man may say, I am a brick-maker, a quarryman, a bricklayer, a stone-mason, a carpenter, a builder, "through the will of God." The products of remote countries must be brought to us across the sea, and men may therefore claim to be ship-builders, sailors, merchants, "through the will of God." The products of remote parts of our own country must travel by road or canal, and the men who build locomotives, who make railways, the engine-drivers, the guards, the railway clerks, and all the railway officials, the men that build barges and the barge-men, the men that construct canals and that watch the locks, the carriers, and all the people they employ, may say that they are doing their work "through the will of God." And when all these have done their appointed service, it is necessary that the goods they have carried should be placed within reach of all the parts of every large town, and that persons should be engaged in distributing them; drapers, ironmongers, and retail tradesmen of every kind, may therefore justly claim to be the agents and ministers of the divine bounty; from their hands men receive the finished articles of use and beauty which have been produced by a great organized army of the servants of God, out of materials

which were originally created by God's own power.

Further, it is clear that God did not intend us to live alone. Human nature never reaches the height of its strength and perfection except in cities and nations. When great numbers of men are drawn together civil and criminal legislation becomes necessary; the peace must be kept, property secured, justice administered, liberty protected. And every minister and representative of the law, from the policeman to the judges and the Lord Chancellor, from the soldier in the ranks to the Commander-in-Chief, may say that he is in his place and discharging the duties of his office "through the will of God." Town councillors, members of parliament, ministers of the Crown, solicitors, barristers, may say the same.

God made the intellect of man as well as his body, and the intellect is wasted if it is not trained in schools and universities, if it is not quickened and developed by literature, science, and art. And so one man is a schoolmaster "through the will of God," and another a university tutor, and another a lecturer on chemistry, and another an architect, and another a painter, and another a poet.*

If I think that my own work, as a minister of the Church, is the noblest and divinest, God forbid that I should ever give any man engaged in any legitimate occupation the impression that his work is not also noble and divine. We are all serving God together.

It may be said that no farmer, builder, grocer, merchant, lawyer ever received a supernatural call to his especial occupation, such as Paul received to his apostleship; and that in secular life no man can be sure that he is doing the precise work which God meant him to do. But I suppose that the paths which were open to the great majority of men in their youth were few; they had a narrow choice. They used their best judgment, and took the line of life which seemed to promise best. Perhaps in their deliberation and ultimate choice they had no thought of the will of God. But now that they are committed to a particular trade or profession—if their occupation is a lawful one, if the work they are doing must be done by somebody—they may fairly assume that they ought to go on with it. The time has passed by for making a change. They made choice of their occupation by what they may call accident, and certainly without any conscious

intention to do the will of God; but some work they must do if they are to serve God, and now there is no other work within their reach. So that, whatever may have been possible to them years ago, it is clear that it is God's will that they should remain where they are.

The principle which should guide those young men and women to whom a choice is still open is very simple, though the application of it may often be very perplexing. Among the legitimate occupations which are accessible to them they ought to ask—in which of them they can use most effectively the power which God has given them. Just now, indeed, a young man or a young woman may be grateful for any occupation offering the opportunity of serving others and getting an honest living. But when there is a choice the first question should be, not "Where can I earn most money with the least labour?" but "Where can I use my strength and faculty in the best way for the honour of God and the welfare of mankind?" The difference between these two questions involves the whole difference between serving God and serving Mammon—between eternal life and eternal death.

Take a strong case. A young man finds that he has a rare gift for scientific observation and discovery; his education has been generous, and he has the opportunity of living a life of research; but he is tempted to engage in business pursuits which offer him the certain prospect of a great fortune. If he yields to the temptation it is clear that he makes the ignobler choice—a choice in flagrant antagonism to the laws of Christ. He was meant to be a prophet and a seer; he was divinely called to make more fully known to men the ways and thoughts of God as revealed in the material universe. Had he accepted his true mission he would have augmented the knowledge of the race, and augmented its power. He has taken a bribe from the devil to quench the divine light which God had kindled; he has chosen to serve himself rather than to glorify God and to bless mankind.

But that question about the choice of a business or profession is a large one, too large to be adequately discussed in a few paragraphs. I pass on to consider how the Christian conception of a man's secular calling will affect conduct.

You, my reader, are a manufacturer, lawyer, doctor, merchant, schoolmaster, clerk, carpenter, engineer "through the will of God;" then, of course, there will be industry and

* To illustrate the diversity and nobleness of the special work of women would require a separate paper.

integrity in the discharge of the duties of your calling. Your work has come to you by divine appointment; you have to fill your place in a divine scheme. Everything will be done as in the eye of God; for the work which God has assigned you, an account must, sooner or later, be given to Him. These generalities are sufficiently clear: look at what may be less obvious.

You are an employer of other men. The labour of ten, twenty, a hundred, perhaps five hundred families, is used and organized under your leadership. Their fortunes are largely in your hands. As long as you carry on your business successfully their strength and skill will have sufficient occupation and they will live in comfort. You are what Mr. Carlyle used to call "a captain of industry." You are *that* "through the will of God." You have charge, within certain limits, of the well-being of your people as well as of your own; and for this trust you must answer to God from whom you received it.

The old and vulgar distinction between what are called the professions and ordinary trades was that in a profession a man has to place his duties to others first and his own interests second, and that in a trade he has a right to care only for his own interests and may leave other men to look after themselves. That was one reason why professions were regarded as honourable and trades as sordid and mean. And if the distinction were accepted the scorn with which people in trade were once regarded would be deserved; for their life would be utterly base and ignoble. No intelligent Christian tradesman or manufacturer who has grasped the true idea of the law of Christ as it affects the secular order will consent that his life should be governed by so intolerable and unchristian a conception. The professional theory is the Christian theory.

A physician has no right to think of the peril to himself from going into a house where there is infection; the code of medical honour requires that at all risks he should use his skill in the service of those who send for him. A captain in the army has no right to think of his own life first; his men are in his charge, and the code of military honour requires that, at whatever risk to himself, he should hold them together and provide for their safety. The captain of a ship accepts the same lofty obligations. If when his vessel is on fire he jumps into a boat and pulls off, he incurs, and justly incurs, universal execration. There are innumerable stories of the cool gallantry with which

sea-captains have stood on the deck in a rough sea, while the flames were making terrible headway, and have seen the women and children into the boats first, then the rest of the passengers, then the crew, and have saved themselves last of all, or, as has often happened, have gone down with the burning ship. That is required by the laws of professional honour.

This high temper, shown in other forms, will inspire a Christian man who believes that he is an employer of labour "through the will of God." He, too, as I have said, is a "captain,"—a "captain of industry." He will think of the safety of his people before his own. He will acknowledge the universal law, that authority is given for service, that honour is conferred that we may defend and bless other men. He will remember that he is a master for the sake of his men. If he trades recklessly, if he consumes in luxurious expenditure the capital on which his people depend for employment, if he sinks it in wild speculations which promise immense returns but may very probably turn out disastrously; if he gambles, that is, with the money which political economists call "the wages fund," and which he holds in trust for men who look to their wages for bread; or if he neglects his business and works it badly so that it slips out of his hands, and if as the result of his carelessness the business breaks down, it is not he alone that suffers; the men he employs are thrown out, and anxiety, perhaps destitution, finds its way into all their homes. Moral evils are likely to follow closely on want of work and poverty. In our complex social life the responsibility of caring for others, not in the way of common charity and almsgiving, but in ways far more difficult, rises as we rise in the social hierarchy. All government is a form of service.

Those who are employed, if they are Christian men, and rightly understand the laws of the kingdom of heaven to which they belong, will show a corresponding spirit. I use the same language to men and to masters. You are a workman "through the will of God;" a servant "through the will of God." Your employer ought to care for your interests whether you care for his or not; you ought to care for his interests, whether he cares for yours or not. A passionate, reckless pursuit on either side of immediate personal advantage is a clear violation of the laws of Christ, "Love thy neighbour as thyself;" "Seek ye first God's kingdom and his righteousness;" "Whosoever would save his

life shall lose it, and whosoever shall lose his life for My sake shall find it."

If these laws were universally obeyed, how greatly life would be sweetened! We should really look on all other men as brethren, and not merely call them so. We should think of them as comrades in a great army, fighting side by side under the high command of God against want, ignorance, disorder, and sin. This would create a mutual kindness and a mutual respect which would bind together

in golden chains all ranks and orders in the State. It would bring on the glorious years for which saints have prayed and toiled, and for which Christ died on the cross. It would be the fulfilment of the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven." So far as any man accepts these laws and obeys them, his secular calling becomes as truly a perpetual service of God as the life of the angels who worship Him day and night without ceasing.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A Biographical Study.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

AS a rule a man's life ought never to be written till he is dead—perhaps not until he has been dead some years. For though in one sense none can know him so well as he knows himself, and of external knowledge gained concerning him the simplest facts are liable to continual misrepresentation, still a certain amount of distance is essential to the breadth and truthfulness of the view—of any view—especially of that most mysterious picture, a human existence.

Why some men are what they are, the influences which made them so, and how far those influences were voluntary or accidental—in short, whether we make our own destiny or have it made for us—who shall solve this eternal problem? Yet anything which elucidates it a little—which nerves us under the grinding hand of fate to counteract it apparently by our own power of Will—that strange quality of which we know neither what it is nor why it is put into us, into some of us and not into others—anything which does this must be wholesome and good.

Therefore, when asked to write this biography, or rather a biographical study of a life not nearly done, I consented, because it seemed to ray out, with especial clearness, that "light in darkness" so needed in this often gloomy world. All the more so, because that its subject is a blind man—blind from childhood, and endowed with no special genius except that marvellous quality just referred to, Will, the most mysterious power that any man can possess, and which no man can absolutely say he does not possess, unless, or until, he tries to use it.

To encourage this—to give hope to the hopeless, and faith and strength to those who have done with hope—is the aim of the present article, written at the request of its

"subject," though not in the way he intended it. He came to me saying that in consequence of the foolish, fulsome, and altogether incorrect biographies that were made about him, he had been urged to write his own autobiography, but had invariably declined. Still, as it was considered that his personal history would advantage his life's one work—the amelioration of the condition of the blind—he would consent to a biography being done of him. "But," he added, "I want you only to do it. I believe you will do it simply and naturally, without exaggeration of any kind, remembering that it is my work, not myself, which I wish to have brought before the public. You shall have the materials; use them as you think advisable. I know you will do your best."

I hope I shall do my best to justify the trust of so honest a man. But my way of doing it is not his way, and in fairness to him I premise by saying so. He wished an article almost wholly upon his work. I felt that the portraiture of the man who has been at the heart of the work was the thing necessary. That conceded, he wanted me to write the biography in my own words; but when I came to go over the mass of materials sent, I found that heterogeneous and fragmentary as they were, dictated at odd times and amidst the ceaseless pressure of business, there was in the reminiscences a freshness, a simplicity, a power of natural graphic colour, which no recolouring by my hand could ever attain to. Therefore instead of retranslating his language into my own, I merely condense it; instead of painting my sitter, I shall make him unconsciously paint himself. He does not like it; he has even remonstrated against it, as giving the impression of egotism, the last quality of which one could ever accuse

him. But I keep firm to my principle, that his own words are better than mine, and have conscientiously persisted in my mode of work, of which I take the sole responsibility.

The "hero" of this biographical study is none such in the ordinary sense. He has never fought a battle nor ruled the destinies of a nation; the only destiny he has ruled is his own; the only battle he has fought is that which we all must fight; but he has had to fight it in darkness not daylight, for Francis Joseph Campbell is a blind man, head and originator of the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Norwood, London.

My first acquaintance with him was on this wise:—Some years ago a friend, Menella Smedley—I give her name, not an unknown one, though her sweet, noble, beneficent life surpassed her books, and both are now ended for ever—Menella said to me, "I wish you would come to see a blind

school newly started in Paxton Terrace, about which I am going to write an article. I am sure you would be interested."

I went, and I was interested, both by the children, their happy looks and their evidently excellent education, but especially by their principal teacher, the head of the school, Mr. Campbell—a little man of unimpressive appearance, whose chief characteristic seemed to be a quiet decision of speech, and an energetic way of moving about as if not blind at all. A person eminently "all there"

—neither self-occupied nor preoccupied, but alive to everything around him, putting out feelers as it were on every side, so as to take in all that was passing, and make use of it.

Such was the impression made by the man himself. His surroundings confirmed it. His little blind family—for it was like a family—seemed so very happy. They laughed and chattered, worked and played—at all manner of school studies and ordinary school plays, just like other children—but seemed more gay and contented than most children. And

their principal, Mr. Campbell, appeared to be the busiest and cheerfulest man alive.

It was summertime, for I remember we soon after invited them all to a strawberry feast in our hay-field, and were still more struck by the gaiety, the absolute happiness of these blind children, who ran about the field and tumbled in the hay with shrieks of enjoyment, so that to

pity them and even to guide and help them seemed wholly unnecessary.

After that day, year by year I watched the school grow into a college. The three little houses in Paxton Terrace were vacated for a large establishment close by, which had for its patrons the great of the land. Instead of tea-parties in our innocent hay-field, the pupils were invited to noble mansions, and even the Queen herself received them at Windsor, heard them sing and spoke to them in her own kind and womanly way. In short,



From a photo. by]

FRANCIS JOSEPH CAMPBELL.

[R. Faulkner & Co.

within a very short space—I believe less than ten years—the Royal Normal College has grown to be one of the most notable establishments for education of the blind in this or any other country. And one man has been at the heart of it all.

Does he not deserve a biography? Or rather does not the world require to see—not only the work which is patent to all, but the man who has done it? who—living still this simple unobtrusive life, and being so absorbed in what he does that what he is never seems to occur to him—ought even in his life-time to be thus presented, almost against his will, to a world which has so few like him, struggling manfully against evil until he has almost converted it into good.

But let him speak for himself:—

“I was born in Franklin County, Tennessee, October 9, 1834. When about three and a half years old, while playing in a yard, a sharp thong of an acacia-tree was run into my eye. Inflammation ensued, which, by bad management of the doctors, was allowed to continue till the sight of both eyes was utterly gone. This calamity produced a great effect upon my parents. It became a law of the family that I was to do exactly what I pleased, and as I pleased. So, naughty and perverse as I may have been—must have been—I only remember two punishments, and, strange to say, both were unjust. The first was once when my two brothers and myself were playing in the barn they both began fighting; I begged them to stop, and my voice brought my father to the spot. He was an impulsive man and rushed forward to punish somebody. It being dark he caught me and punished me. My brothers rushed to the rescue, crying out, ‘It is Joseph—poor, blind Joseph!’ The whole family were in tears, my father quite inconsolable. I was only six years old, but the little incident, which I remember distinctly, did more than anything to prevent my becoming altogether selfish.

“About this time my father had heavy losses; nothing remained to us but a small farm in the mountains, where father, mother, and all the children had to work early and late. I was an exception—no one expected me to do anything—indeed, I was allowed nothing to work with, for fear I should hurt myself. But one day, my father being from home, my mother let me have some wood to cut up and an axe. When my father returned he was amazed to find six cords of wood all cut and carefully packed away. He praised my brothers, and they told him it was I. Next day he went to the village and returned with a beautiful new, light axe for me. Ever after he took the greatest pains to teach me all sorts of farm work. But there were times when I was very dull, especially during the season when all the other children went to school. Oh! the anguish of those dreary, idle, lonely days. Long before evening I would wander off on the road to the school, and sit listening for the far-off voices of those happy boys and girls coming back from their lessons.”

No words can add to the pathos of this simple picture. The little blind boy, the compulsorily idle boy, listening for the voices of the busy children—what a warning to make the blind self-dependent from the first, and to

teach them from the first as much as possible. But hope was dawning for little Joseph.

“In 1844 a blind school was opened at Nashville, and we heard that on April 1st ten blind children would be received there. Day by day my father went to the village, five miles, to make arrangements for me, and came back saying, ‘Melinda, I cannot do it.’ My mother, a brave, noble-hearted woman, would answer, ‘James, we must do it—it is the one thing we have been praying for; we shall lose our chance, the school may be soon full, and then—’

“So she and the neighbours persuaded him, he purchased the things; a ‘sewing-bee’ was held to make my clothes, and in twenty-four hours I was ready to start. A kind old gentleman volunteered to take me in his buggy to Nashville. My father went with us part of the way, riding my own pet horse. When he said in a choked voice, ‘Good-bye, Joseph, my son,’ for the first time my courage failed. Earnestly I hoped the school might be full. When arrived there, my conductor called from the carriage, ‘Is this the Blind School, and is it full yet?’ The reply, ‘No,’ though given in a wonderfully kind voice, sounded to me like a knell. We were made welcome; the one pupil—his name was James—was called, and I was taken to the school-room, and the New Testament, in embossed letters, was put into my hand; I was electrified, and so eager to begin that the teacher sat down beside me, and in three quarters of an hour I had learnt the whole alphabet.”

So here was struck the key-note of that intense craving to learn, that marvellous persistency in learning which has characterized the life of this blind man. He continues:—

“Those were halcyon days; the school, or rather family, consisted of the earnest teacher, Mr. Churchman, a blind gentleman, his affectionate and kindly wife, and two pupils. We took all our lessons in their private room; but some more pupils came, and regular school work had to begin, especially music. I shall never forget my first singing lesson. I had succeeded so well in my other studies, that my teacher called upon me first. He sounded A. I opened my mouth, but the result must have been very funny, to judge by the effect produced on my listeners. I was asked to ‘sing a tune’ in vain. Then the teacher hummed one for me to imitate—also in vain. It was discovered that I could not tell one tune from another.”

(A very curious discovery, when I repeat a remark which Mr. Campbell cursorily made after the last annual concert of the Normal College, about a cantata which I praised. “Yes, but we had little time to practise; I first read the score between the Crystal Palace and London a fortnight before we sang it.” Also another remark which I then heard from a noted tenor singer: “That blind man, Mr. Campbell, teaches music better than any sighted teacher I know.”)

“Well, I was considered hopeless; was told I could never learn music, but must take to basket and brush-making, &c. Piano lessons were regarded as a waste of my time, and forbidden. The other boys laughed at me. I was left out in the cold. But, determined not to be beaten, I hired one of the boys to give me secretly lessons in music, and I practised whenever I could. Three months after, the music-master, also blind, acci-

dentially entering the room, said, 'Who is that playing the new lesson so well?' 'I, sir.' 'You, Josie! you cannot play. Come here. What have you learnt?' 'All that you taught the other boys, sir.' He laughed. 'Well, then, sit down and play the instruction-book through from beginning to end.' I did it. Fifteen months after I gained the prize for pianoforte playing, a medal with the motto, *Musica lux in tenebris* (which motto is now above our music-hall at the college). Our school being very poor, we could only afford one piano, on which there were so many to play that I had to rise early and practise from four till seven A.M. This winter of 1845-6 was intensely cold at Nashville. Our river was frozen over. We could get no coal for a whole month; we had to manage with a single fire. Very few lessons were done, but I practised from five to six hours daily, working for half an hour, and then running into the play-ground and rushing round it ten times, which made a mile, and back to my piano again."

Such a boy was sure to make a remarkable man. By this time his sight must have been quite gone, but not without leaving some faint remembrance of the visible world.

"I am often asked if I can remember how things looked. According to my philosophy, no two people ever see a thing in the same way. Each sees it differently. They talk, each giving a separate idea, and I catch the idea of all. In this manner I have seen Niagara, the White Mountains, and even the Alps. But many beautiful things seen before I became entirely blind are indelibly impressed on my memory, such as our grand old orchard, with its peach, apple, cherry, and plum-trees; and the clover-field of twenty acres, an expanse of brilliant red and white stretching out behind it. To this day I often go to my piano in the quiet evening and see it all again, the flowery land of my birth.

"Then the stars. I wonder if other children love the stars as I did? As my sight faded, my mother took me out every night before putting me to bed and made me look up at them from the piazza. Little by little the curtain was drawn. One night I could see nothing. 'Why is it so dark? Why does not God light up the stars for your little boy?' I remember to this day the tears which fell on my face as she carried me up to bed.

"One vivid recollection just before I became quite blind influenced my whole life. Wheat threshing was going on. I sat playing in the straw. Our old coloured nurse, Aunt Maria, somehow got into disgrace. I heard the stern order, 'Bring the cow hide!' I saw and shall never forget the instrument of torture, and poor Aunt Maria kneeling before it, begging for mercy. I have been an abolitionist ever since, thank God!

"A few years later something happened which firmly settled my convictions. When I was a school-boy I had a very severe illness, a fever. After the crisis I remember waking up as if out of a long sleep. It was the middle of the night; a fire was burning. I heard sobbing in a corner of the room, and asked who was there. It was Aunt Milly, one of the hired servants of our college, and the mother of ten children, nine of whom had already been sold and scattered she knew not where. Mary, her last, was still a child. Her master had promised to keep her, and in hiring Milly to our Principal it had been arranged she should come back home and see the child regularly. The cause of her sobbing, which I insisted upon her telling me, she explained thus:—"Massa Joe, I went last Saturday home to see Mary. She not at the gate.

Milly 'fraid she very sick. No Mary in kitchen. Cook says, "Go and ask Massa." Milly rushed in to old Massa. "Where's my Mary?" "If you mean the little nigger, she's on her way to Mississippi," said he, and told me not to fret, and he'd give me a new gown at Christmas. But I falls on my knees before him. "No, you won't be good," says he, "then I'll just give you the cow hide," and Milly got it.' Boy as I was and Southern born, after this story I was an abolitionist for ever."

And in one instance which will be told later on, Mr. Campbell suffered severely for his principles. But throughout his life, his one aim, after the instruction of the blind, has been the enfranchisement of the slave.

He has given me varied "jottings of child-life," and "jottings of school-life," from which I have taken these extracts, of course condensed, for a practised literary hand can usually put into six words exactly the same thing which others express in twelve, but it has been mere condensation, not alteration, and I call my readers' attention to it, and have been glad to use it thus instead of re-writing it, just to show in what a strangely picturesque and graceful manner a blind man can put things, to say nothing of the deep pathos of his exceeding simplicity. His details of boy-life, given with great minuteness, show that little Francis Joseph must have been, and have tried hard to make himself, very much the same as other boys.

"I was very fond of hunting and fishing, in company with my brothers. I could ascend the most inaccessible mountain cliffs; I became an expert climber. Once far from home we decided to quit the path, and descend the steep face of the mountain, swinging ourselves from tree to tree. I could climb any tree that I could clasp with my arms. In my boy-life among the mountains my chief enemies were the snakes, rattlesnakes, copper-heads, cotton-mouths, and vipers. Often I stepped unconsciously over them, sometimes on them. Once, working in the corn-fields, I took up a large snake in an armful of corn. It struggled to free itself; I felt it, and threw it violently from me, which probably saved my life; the snake was killed, and I resumed work. I wonder if I have the moral courage to face equal dangers and difficulties still!

"To all our farm animals I was devoted, especially the farm horses. My father kept one especially for me. She was a fiery, wide-awake little cob, but if she had been a human being she could not have understood my blindness better. She would come to me anywhere—wait patiently for me to mount, which I could do without saddle or bridle—and though on her metal with others, with me she always carefully picked her way. Even in the mountains I could trust her implicitly, giving her the rein in difficult places, sure that she would carry me safely over.

"My father's farm was heavily mortgaged; he could not afford me a university education, so I determined to earn the money and educate myself. Music lessons was the only way. So I got two pupils, daughters of a Mr. Allen. One of these young ladies seated herself at the piano. I sat beside her. 'What shall I do?' she said. Now, I could play brilliant pieces; as a blind boy-pianist I had been petted and

praised: ladies had sent their carriages for me. I thought myself a wonderful musician; but it was all by ear—by rote. I had never learnt the art of teaching. What did I really know? How was the music written? How, above all, was I to teach a sighted person? And I must teach—it was my only way of getting education.

"I said to Miss Allen and her sister that they must just play to me to-day, next week we would make a regular beginning. Then I walked off towards the cemetery; the man was just locking up, but he let me in. I went to the monument of General Carrol, and sat down on its lowest step. What was I to do? Even to live I must earn money—to educate myself well, considerable money. And my music, which I had depended on, had crumbled away at the first touch. Our teacher at the Blind School did not know his business. This I now thoroughly realised. He could not help me—what must I do? The chilliness of night came on. The city bells seemed to ring with a mournful sound. Suddenly I thought of General Carrol, on whose tomb I sat. He once was a poor boy like me, yet for twelve years he was the idolized Governor of Tennessee. I sprang to my feet, my mind was made up.

"That night I went to find a Mr. Taylor, an Englishman, pupil of Moscheles and Méndelssohn, probably the best pianist in America. But he had had an unhappy life, and was considered a sort of bear. Not asking me to sit down, he inquired, 'What do you want?' I stammered out, 'Mr. Taylor, I am a fool!' 'Well, Joseph my boy, I know that; I have always known it, but it is less your fault than that of your teachers.' Then I told him my story, and implored him to let me begin music again, under his guidance, from the very beginning. 'Do you know what you ask, boy? Your teacher is my friend; he is a good violin player, but he cannot teach the piano. Get his consent and I will teach you.' The clock struck ten as he spoke, but I went off direct to a good friend of mine, Mrs. Bell, who was one of the great influences in our Blind School, and knew everybody. I told her everything. She arranged the matter. The following Thursday at seven P.M. I was seated by Mr. Taylor at his piano, and did not leave it till eleven. Next day the two Miss Allens had their first lesson from me. A year later, when I was just sixteen, I was appointed teacher of music in the very Institution where I had first been told I could never learn music."

These facts involve a curious and much disputed theory. Most musicians will agree that to attempt to teach the beloved art to any one not a born artist, or with at least a tolerable ear, is worse than useless—impossible. Some say even culpable, as it wastes time which might be better employed upon other things. Yet I have heard it asserted, and by an accomplished musician and music teacher, that every human being has an ear and a voice, if properly cultivated. And Mr. Campbell's own experience with his pupils is, that few of them when they first came to him showed special genius for music.

Therefore in his case, as in many others, we must fall back upon the theory that work is genius. Also, that the quiet darkness in which the blind live is peculiarly favourable to the development of any gift connected with the two senses which they have in compensating proportion to the lost sense, viz. hearing and touch. Moreover, music and the making of it is such an exceeding happiness, a mixture of toil and pleasure, in which the pleasure far surpasses the toil, that the deduction drawn is obvious. In all systems for the education of the blind with a view to lifting them to the ordinary level of self-dependent, self-supporting human beings, music ought to hold the primary place, for in this, so far from being more heavily weighted in the race than their brethren, the chances are that they will run lighter, being disencumbered of some hindrances which sighted people have to contend against. For the same reason many piano-forte tuners allege that when a blind tuner is properly taught his business, he surpasses all others, from his excessive delicacy and exactitude of ear. (*To be concluded next month.*)

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

By J. ALLANSON PICTON, M.A.

ON New-Year's Day we turn over a new leaf, if not in our conduct, at least in our calendar; and to so hopeful a race as mankind this is almost always a happy change. The possibilities that lie hidden in the turns and chances of life have a strange fascination for us, as is shown in the passion for gaming, a taste for which, however chastened and repressed, lurks even in the most prudent mortals. Thus it is that, somehow, we find a gleam of promise in the solemn words, "Thou canst not tell what a day may bring forth," and we readily incline to the prognos-

tication of unexpected good rather than of unanticipated evil. Why not? God is good; and the world is not half so bad as some weeping philosophers would make it. Perhaps, however, the sigh of relief with which most of us abandon the old year, and the eager expectation with which we turn to the new, have not so pious an origin. By a curious illusion the 1st of January seems pre-eminently to open up to us an untried region of life; and where all things are possible we test our luck with revived interest. Thus in sailing down an unknown river every fresh turn is a crisis

in the voyage, and we watch with re-awakened curiosity the opening of the next reach, thinking perhaps it may reveal scenes more lovely or impressive than any we have passed.

Whenever chance and change are concerned, men have weakly supposed that they could increase their knowledge by observing omens, and improve their prospects by the use of charms. So we find still in existence many New-Year's observances which originally were supposed—perhaps are still in some places—to have some influence on the future. The superstition of the "first foot" is a case in point. The first to come into the house in the New Year must be a dark-haired man, or ill-luck awaits the family. A woman, whether dark or light, cannot bring good luck, a belief which sets in marked contrast the ideas of past and present times. "One man among a thousand have I found," says the preacher, "but a woman among all those have I not found." In days when such was the estimate formed of the sex, we cannot wonder that a woman should be unwelcome as a first visitor on New-Year's Day. Why in our country, coming as we do mainly from a light-complexioned stock, a dark-haired man should be a good omen, is a question difficult to answer. It is said that the real object of fear is red hair, because of a constant tradition that Judas the traitor was red-haired. If so we can understand that all light shades might be suspected of a tendency to sandiness, or be so reckoned by association. At any rate a black-haired man was on the safe side. But the custom is not quite universally the same. In an early number of *Notes and Queries* a correspondent reported that in his neighbourhood a light complexion brought a good omen and a dark one the reverse. Perhaps this may be a relic of stubborn Saxon prejudice in favour of Saxon locks.

But New-Year's Day, like a birthday anniversary, has an aspect towards the past as well as towards the future. The gifts, the congratulations, the rejoicings, that hail the natal day of any honoured member of a family, derive most of their meaning and value from associations with the family history. The young, of course, think more of the future than of the past; but as life is prolonged, more and more of the interest of our anniversaries is made up of recollection—less and less of anticipation. So it is with the festivities that appeal to the social sympathies of a community or a nation. The 4th of July is naturally, amongst Americans, an opportunity for much eloquent

prophecy concerning the future. But as the nation grows older the antiquarian interest diffuses itself gradually over patriotic orations. Old family names, villages, or towns celebrated in the revolution, but now of comparatively little import, are dwelt upon with grateful remembrance; and perhaps observances are springing up here and there such as can only be explained by town or family customs of a hundred years ago.

Such observations apply with special force to festivals common to many races, and having their origin far back in the forgotten infancy of mankind. Sharing in such customs, we have no thought of the future at all. Use and wont, association and habit, are the only forces that bind us to the ancient observances. To minds of an antiquarian turn it becomes a matter of absorbing interest to know, if possible, how it came to pass that a particular day was so set apart from all others, and why it is observed with special ceremonies or with particular meats and drinks and adornments. Amongst these widespread, ancient festivals New-Year's Day may fairly be reckoned, because, as I shall endeavour to show, it has to some extent appropriated observances belonging to a very general and ancient festival, common, at least, to the whole northern races of mankind. When Burns's "Auld Farmer" addressed his New-Year's morning salutation to his "auld mare Maggie"—

"A guid new-year I wish thee, Maggie!
Hae, there's a ripp to thy auld baggie,"

he does not seem to have been in the least aware that he was observing a custom that had come down to him from heathen ancestors in their celebration of yule. Dr. Jamieson, in his Scotch dictionary, tells us that it was a custom to keep the last handful of corn gathered from the previous harvest, and on the morning of Christmas Day to divide it amongst the horses and cows of the farm as a sort of hansom of coming plenty at the next harvest. It is impossible to doubt that this is a custom dating back to the ancient observances of Yule-tide, transferred to New-Year's Day, with much else of an analogous character, at the "godly and thorough reformation" in Scotland. The well-spread table also, which used to be, and perhaps still is, in many parts set opposite the house-door to let in the New Year with suitable hospitality, is in all probability connected with the older custom of letting in Yule in a similar manner.

This connection of New-Year's rejoicings with the Christian feast of Christmas, and through it with the pre-Christian Yule and

Saturnalia, explains the constancy with which popular observances have stuck to the 1st of January, even when the new year has been formally and legally reckoned to begin at a different time. Down to 1751 the legal New-Year's Day in England was March the 25th, though Scotland was before the southern kingdom in abandoning this ecclesiastical mode of reckoning. But to popular feeling the New Year, even in England, began on January the 1st; and so far as it was customary to observe the opening of the New Year at all it was this latter day, and not March 25th, that was celebrated. But then, as now, much more was made of the New-Year's festival in Scotland than in England, and the reason is obvious. The Scotch people were animated by a much more thorough determination than were their southern neighbours to throw off every vestige of Romish ceremonial, and they looked upon the Christmas feast as an intolerable remnant of the old leaven. Hence the ancient festivities were suppressed, not merely by authority, but by the almost unanimous resolve of the people. Still, the old Adam is strong in his propensity to junketing and carousing. The ancient fathers of the Church were compelled to make a compromise with him by christening the heathen festivals, and devoting them to ecclesiastical memories. The Puritan democracy of Scotland did not take that course; but, by a happy thought, transferred to the 1st of January a considerable number of the merry customs formerly belonging to Christmas Day.

A very remarkable instance of the transfer of Christmas or Yule observances to New-Year's Day is given by Dr. Jamieson. It used to be the custom on Christmas morning to skim the surface of the household well at the earliest moment after midnight. Special blessings were supposed to attend the member of the house who succeeded first in getting, as the phrase was, the "skim or ream" (cream) of the well. It was also customary to take a handful from the store of corn, and to gather kail at the same time. Part, at any rate, of these observances was transferred to New-Year's Day. In describing the customs of New-Year's Eve Nicoll has the following lines:—

"Twall struck—twa neighbour hizzies raise,
An' liltin', gaed a sad gate,
The flower o' the well to our house gaes,
An' I'll the bonniest lad get."

That this superstition had a heathen origin, and one of very remote antiquity, there can be no doubt. In a well-known passage of the *Æneid*, quoted also by Dr. Jamieson, *Æneas*

is described as drawing water from the top-most surface of a fountain while he fills the air with loud invocations of the gods.

But Scotland is not the only place in which these observances, originally belonging to the almost universal festival falling at the end of December, have been specially devoted to the consecration, as it were, of the New Year. A contributor to *Notes and Queries* in December, 1865, extracts from a book of French superstitions connected with the Christmas holidays, a description of the special honour paid to wells and fountains on New-Year's Day. To go as early as possible to the well or fountain upon the New-Year's Day, and to offer it an apple or a nosegay, was supposed to have a happy and wholesome influence upon the water, and likewise upon the welfare of those who drank it. In South Wales, also, as stated in the *Athenæum* for February 5th, 1848, the children were in the habit of drawing a jugful of water on New-Year's morning from the village well, and carrying it about with them from house to house, while they sang the following rhymes:—

"Here we bring new water From the well so clear, For to worship God with This happy New Year. Sing levez dew, sing levez dew, The water and the wine; The seven bright gold wires, And the bugles they do shine.	"Sing reign of Fair Maid With gold upon her toe! Open you the west door; And let the Old Year go. Sing reign of Fair Maid, With gold upon her chin! Open you the east door And let the New Year in."
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The phrase "levez dew" in these verses is curious. It seems to have been taken for the French *levez Dieu*, as though referring to the elevation of the Host. It may have come down from Norman times, but how it should have got into Wales I am not sufficiently an ecclesiastical antiquarian to explain. More probably the phrase is Welsh—"llev Duw," call on God. At any rate the words associate the time with religious observances, and though the Fair Maid may very well be the Virgin Mary, it strikes me that the rhymes are a distant echo of pre-Christian observances in honour of heathen divinities.

This association of New-Year customs with Christmas observances helps to suggest the reason why the New Year has been very generally dated by the northern races from the beginning of January. Various other days have been assigned for the commencement of the year, both by Heathen, Jews, and Christians. But the suffrages of the vast majority from very early times have been in favour of our present custom. The truth is, that long before mankind were very exact about their chronology, or had made up anything like an accurate calendar, they had very naturally fixed upon the winter solstice

as the proper occasion for a great holiday. Without giving our approval to the fanaticism which finds in every epic, and every fairy tale, and every ancient ceremonial a solar myth, we may fairly allow that the waxing and waning of solar light and heat were so supremely important to our primitive forefathers that they were likely to observe the phenomena with the closest attention. In ages more remote than we care to reckon they noticed that the bright divinity, after travelling farther and farther away from his votaries, came to a pause in his journey, and then began to mount triumphantly once more towards the height of his heavenly throne. This standing still of the sun, therefore, was the natural occasion of hope and rejoicing. "When things come to the worst," as the common proverb says, "they must needs begin to mend;" and when winter had reached its depth men began to look with expectation towards sunny days once more. Hence we find that everywhere—at least among Indo-European races, and the same thing is true of the Greenlanders—the time of the winter solstice was a sacred festival. Amongst the Romans it was the Saturnalia, when, for a period varying from three to seven days, the whole population surrendered themselves to feasting and merriment. On one day masters and slaves changed places, the latter sitting at meat and the former attending upon them. The Lord of Misrule was anticipated by the election of the king of the feast, who directed the revelries according to his own caprice and the rule of "follow my leader." With a curious analogy to the practice described in the late Dr. Norman Macleod's chapter on "New-Year's Day in a Highland Parish," the mummers used to dress themselves up in the skins of various beasts. But the connection of the Saturnalia with sun worship is too obvious and too well established to need enlargement.

Not perhaps so obvious, and yet equally certain, is the relation of the Teutonic festival of Yule to the same inveterate idolatry. The question of the origin of this word has indeed driven philologists mad. This is surely not too strong an expression when we call to mind the desperate suggestion of one learned and venerable person—that their national feast was named by the Goths Jul in honour of Julius Cæsar, or of another that it was derived from the Hebrew Jubal, Jubilee, by the omission of the radical *b*. I shall not risk any such fate by adding conjectures of my own. I will only say that there appears to be a ray of

reason in the suggestion, that the name is directly or indirectly connected with the "fagra huile" (fair wheel) of the sun. Perhaps, however, the connection of the ancient festival with sun worship is best established by the period of the year devoted to it, and by the obvious association of all analogous festivals with the commencement of the sun's return towards the north.

A verbal relic of the Teutonic Yule is almost certainly to be found in the term "hogmanay" applied in Scotland, and formerly in the east of England, to New-Year's Eve. The use of this term in England is, or was till lately, preserved in the following rhymes, sung by street roysters in Yorkshire on New-Year's Eve:—

"To-night it is the New-Year's night, to-morrow is the day;
And we are come for our right and for our ray,
As we used to do in old King Henry's day:
Sing fellows, sing hag-man-ha!"

"If you go to the black ark, bring me ten mark;
Ten mark, ten pound, throw it down upon the ground,
That me and my merry men may have some;
Sing fellows, sing hag-man-ha!"

The refrain, "hag-man-ha," is evidently the term "hogmanay," drawn out by being sung to the last emphatic notes. Many conjectures have been offered as to the derivation of this word. An attempt has been made to connect it with the French phrase "*au gui l'an neuf*," or with "*au gui menez*," lead to the mistletoe. This, however, is very forced, and cannot be considered philologically sound. The earliest authority for the French custom seems to be a Bishop of Angers, who in 1598 obtained the passage of a law to put down disorders incident to the celebration of the holiday. He says the cry "*au gui menez*" was derived from the Druids, who went out to get the *gui*, or mistletoe, shouting and hallooing all the way. Of course the Druids did not speak French, and the word *gui* is of Latin origin. According to this theory, therefore, the cry must have changed with the language. Such a change is, however, unlikely. Old customs kept up for custom's sake usually preserve obsolete words and phrases from dead languages, as well as ceremonies that have lost their meaning. There is no evidence that the cry "*au gui menez*," or "*au gui l'an neuf*," ever had anything to do with the mistletoe. In every shape the words are much more likely to be a desperate effort to give a French form to the Teutonic phrase represented by hogmanay, and formerly diffused everywhere amongst northern nations. "*Hög*," as is well known, means "high," and the two following syllables appear to be a broken-down form of the Teutonic "*monat*," anciently *manoth*

or *maneth*. In not very widely dissimilar forms these words for "high" and "month" are found both in High and Low German, and in Norse as well. One point in favour of this derivation is that it accounts for the initial *h*, which was not so capriciously inserted by our forefathers as it is by the vulgar amongst their descendants.

If it can be shown that hog-manoth would in old times have an appropriate meaning, this derivation may be regarded as fairly established. Now, in "High Mass" we have an instance in which the adjective is taken to express peculiar sacredness, and "hog tide" ("high time") means a festival. In the time of Charlemagne, December was called "heilig monat," which, if "high" may sometimes be used for "holy," was nearly, if not quite, synonymous with "hog manoth" (high or sacred month). We may suppose it, then, to have been a term applied generally to the month specially sanctified by the festival of Yule. Afterwards it was more definitely appropriated to a particular day or days, and finally attached itself to New-Year's Eve. The phrase was carried by the Franks into France, and when, through the influence of Roman traditions, they began to magnify the New Year, an effort, not very successful, was made to turn the Teutonic words into French. Norse invaders carried the phrase to Britain, where it seems to have survived longest in the Eastern Counties and in Scotland, both being specially exposed to Norse invasion. Thus, while kingdoms have risen and fallen, while languages have been born and died, while the face of the whole world has been changed by new religions and new knowledge, two little words in the mouths of children of to-day bind us by an obvious connection to the pre-historic days when our fathers worshipped the sun and moon and all the host of heaven.

Another connection of modern New-Year customs with heathenism is to be found in the notion that the period is specially favourable for practising the arts of divination. When men supposed the winter solstice to represent a great crisis of nature, and the emancipation of the sun from adverse powers that were leading him away captive, it was natural enough that they should be specially observant of the omens then occurring, and should have imagined that in these they read their fortunes for the coming year. As a last lingering relic of such a comparatively healthy superstition, we have the practice of divination by opening the Bible at haphazard, and taking as prophetic the first words that

meet the eye. Not many years ago a lady passing a cottage door somewhere in the Midland Counties on New-Year's morning, fell into conversation with the good woman of the house, who in her solitude was not aware of the day. The lady happening to wish her a happy New Year, the cottager was much taken aback to find that she was out in her reckoning. "New-Year's Day!" she exclaimed, "and I have not *dipped*!" The dipping to which she referred was no baptismal rite, but the insertion of the finger into the leaves of the Bible, and divination by the words that happened to be touched. The favourable moment had passed away, and the good woman was obliged to go through that year without the doubtful light which might have been cast upon it by her traditional magic.

The New-Year's presents which brighten the season especially to the young, and burden it to those whose business it is rather to give than to receive, is a relic most probably of the interchange of gifts at sacrificial feasts. The French word for New-Year's offerings, *étrennes*, is, of course, the Latin *strenæ*; but the origin of this term is obscure, perhaps impenetrable. However, it certainly meant gifts supposed to be of good omen, because presented on occasions of sacred festivity.

The following lines quoted in Brand's "Popular Antiquities" from a "A Lecture to the People," dated 1644, are interesting not only because they point to the true origin of New-Year's gifts, but also because they illustrate the temper of the time when they were written:—

"Ye used in the former days to fall
Prostrate before your landlord in his hall,
When, with low legs, and in an humble guise,
Ye offered up a capon-sacrifice;
Unto his worship at a New-Year's tide."

Thus in our holiday observances, our festive phrases, our children's plays, we find hints of the long, slow movement and endless complexity of human evolution. When we wish each other a happy New Year, it may perhaps impart some touch of sadness to remember how hundreds of generations have watched the turning of the sun with the joyful hope that now at last the golden year of consummation was at hand. And yet faith may triumph over sadness when we bear in mind that, though no New Year has brought everything its votaries desired and prayed for, yet every year has sustained the continuity of progress, and produced at least some results confirming men's pathetic expectation of the glory of the latter day.



CHAPTER I.—HER PARENTS.

THE Duchess was a very sensible woman.

This was her character, universally acknowledged. She might not perhaps be so splendid a person as a duchess ought to be. She had never been beautiful, nor was she clever in the ordinary sense of the word; but she was in the full sense of the word a sensible woman. She had, there is no doubt, abundant need for this faculty in her progress through the world. Hers had not been a

holiday existence, notwithstanding her high position at the head of one of the proudest houses and noblest families in England. It is a sort of compensation to us for the grandeur of the great to believe that, after all, their wealth and their high position do them very little good.

“The village maidens of the plain
Salute me lowly as they go,
Envious they mark my silken train,
Nor think a countess can have woe.”

“The simple nymphs! they little know
How far more happy’s their estate,
To smile for joy than sigh for woe,
To be content than to be great.”

So we all like to believe. But after all it is highly doubtful whether there is more content, as the moralists of the eighteenth century imagined, in a cottage than in a palace; and the palace has the best of it in so many other ways. The Duchess had met with many vexations in her life, but no more than we all meet with, nor of a severer kind; and she had her coronet, and her finery, and her beautiful ducal houses, and the devotion of all that surrounded her to the good. So while we have no occasion to be envious, we have none, on the other hand, to plume ourselves upon the advantages of humble position. Duchess or no duchess, however, this lady

had sense, a precious gift. And she had need to have it, as the following narrative will show.

For the Duke, on his side, did not possess that most valuable quality. He was far more proud than a duke has any occasion to be. On that pinnacle of rank, if on any height imaginable, a man may permit himself to think simply of his position, and to form no over-estimate of his own grandeur. But the Duke of Billingsgate was very proud, and believed devoutly that he himself and his family tree, and the strawberry-leaves which grew on the top of it, overshadowed the world. He thought it made an appreciable difference to the very sunshine; and as for the county under his shadow, he felt towards it as the old gods might have felt towards the special lands of which they were the patrons tutelary. He expected incense upon all the altars, and a sort of perpetual adoration. It would have pleased him to have men swear by him and dedicate churches in his honour, had such things been in accordance with modern manners: he would have felt it to be only natural. He liked people to come into his presence with diffidence and awe, and though he was frank of accost, and of elaborate affability, as an English gentleman is obliged to be in these days, talking to the commonalty almost as if he forgot they were his inferiors, he never did forget the fact, and it offended him deeply if they appeared to forget it in word or deed. He was very gracious to the little county ladies who would come to dine at the Castle when he was in the country, but he half wondered that they should have the courage to place a little trembling hand upon his ducal arm, and he liked those all the better who did tremble and were overcome by the honour. He had spent enormously in his youth, keeping up the state and splendour which he thought were necessary to his rank, and which he still thought necessary though his means were now straitened. And it cannot be denied that he was angry with the world because his means were straitened, and felt it a disgrace to the country that one of its earliest dukedoms should be humiliated to the necessity of discharging superfluous footmen and lessening the number of horses in the stables. He thought this came, like so many other evils, of the radicalism of the times. Dukes did not need to retrench when things were as they ought to be, and a strong paramount government held the reins of State. The Duke, however, retrenched as little as was possible. He did it always under protest. When strong representations

on the part of his agents and lawyers induced him against his will to cut off one source of expense, he had a great tendency to burst out into another on an unforeseen occasion and a different side—a tendency which made him very difficult to manage and a great trouble to all connected with him. This was indeed the chief cross in the life of the Duchess; but even that she took with great sense, not dwelling upon it more than she could help, and comforting herself with the thought that Hungerford, who was her eldest son, had great capabilities in the opposite direction, and was exactly the sort of man to rebuild the substantial fortunes of the family. He had already done a great deal in that way by resolutely marrying a great heiress in spite of his father's absurd opposition. The Duke had thought his heir good enough for a princess, and had something as near hysterics as it would be becoming for a duke to indulge in when he ascertained that obstinate young man's determination to marry a lady whose money had been made in the City; but Hungerford was thirty, and his father had no control over him. There was, however, something left which he had entirely in his own hands, his daughter—Lady Jane. She had all the qualities which the Duke most esteemed in his race. She resembled in features that famous duchess who had the good fortune to please Charles II., but with a proud, and reserved, and stately air, which had not distinguished that famous beauty. The repose of her manners was such as can be seen only on the highest levels of society. Her face would wear an unchanged expression for days together, and for almost as long a period the echoes around her would be undisturbed by anything like the vulgarity of speech. She was a child after her father's own heart. Though it is a derogation to a family to descend through the female line, his Grace could almost have put up with this, had it been possible to transfer the succession from Hungerford and his plebeian wife to that still, and fair, and stately maiden. Jane, Duchess of Billingsgate (in her own right). He liked the thought. He felt that there would be a certain propriety even in permitting the race to die out in such a last crowning flower of dignity and honour. But no day-dream, as he knew, could have been more futile; for the City lady had brought three boys already to perpetuate the race, and there was no telling how many more were coming. Hungerford declared loudly that he meant to put them into trade when they

grew up, and that his grandfather's business was to be Bobby's inheritance. Bobby! He had been called after that grandfather. Such a name had never been heard before among the Altamonts. The Duke took very little notice of any of the children, and none whatever of that City brat. But, alas! what could he do? There was no shutting them out from a single honour. Bobby would be Lord Robert in spite of him, even at the head of his City grandfather's firm.

But the marriage of Lady Jane was a matter still to be concluded, and in that her father was determined to have his own way. There had not been the violent competition for her beautiful hand which might have been expected. Dukes are scant at all times, and there did not happen at that time to be one marriageable duke with a hand to offer; and smaller people were alarmed by the grandeur of her surroundings, by the character of her papa, and by her own stateliness of manner. There were a few who moved about the outskirts of the magnificent circle in which alone Lady Jane was permitted to appear, and cast wistful glances at her, but did not venture further. The Marquis of Wodensville made her a proposal, but he was sixty, and the Duke did not think the inducement sufficient to interpose his parental authority; and Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, made serious overtures. If family alone could have carried the day the claim of this gentleman would have been supreme, and his Grace did not lightly reject that great commoner, a man who would not have accepted a title had the Queen herself gone on her knees to him. But he showed signs of a desire to play this big fish, to procrastinate and keep him in suspense, and that was a treatment which a Roundel was not likely to submit to. Other proposals of less importance never even reached Lady Jane's ears; and the subject gave him no concern. It is true that once or twice Lady Hungerford had made a laughing remark on the subject of Jane's marriage, which was like her underbred impertinence. But the Duke never did more than turn his large light grey eyes solemnly upon her when she was guilty of any such assault upon the superior race. He never condescended to reply. He did very much the same thing when the Duchess with a sigh once made a similar remark. He turned his head and fixed his eyes upon her; but the Duchess was used to him and was not overawed. "I cannot conceive what you can mean," he said.

"It is not hard to understand. I don't expect to be immortal, and I confess I should like to see Jane settled."

"Settled!" his Grace said—the very word was derogatory to his daughter.

"Well, the term does not matter. She is very affectionate and clinging, though people do not think so. I should like to make sure that she has some one to take care of her when I die."

"You may be assured," said the Duke, "that Jane will want no one to take care of her as you say. I object to hear such a word as clinging applied to my daughter. I am quite capable, I hope, of taking care of her."

"But, dear Gus, you are no more immortal than I am," said his wife. He disliked to be called by his Christian name in any circumstances, but Gus had always driven him frantic, as, indeed, it is to be feared the Duchess was aware. She was annoyed too, or she would not have addressed him so.

The Duke looked at her once more, but made no reply. He could not say anything against this assertion: had there been anything better than immortality he would have put in a claim for that, but as it is certainly an article of belief that all men are mortal, he was wise enough to say nothing. Such incidents as these, however, disturbed him slightly. The sole effect of his wife's interference was to make him look at Lady Jane with more critical eyes. The first time he did so there seemed to him no cause whatever for concern. She had come in from a walk, and was recounting to her mother what she had seen and heard. She had a soft flush on her cheek, and was if anything too animated and youthful in her appearance. She had met the great Lady Germaine, who had brought a party to see the Dell in the neighbourhood of Billings Castle. The Duke did not care for intruders upon his property, but it had been impossible to refuse permission to such a leader of fashion as Lady Germaine. "There were all the Germaines, of course, and May Plantagenet, and—Mr. Winton," said Lady Jane. She made a scarcely perceptible pause before the last name. The Duke took no notice of this, nor did he even remark what she said. "No longer young!" he said to himself, "she is too young," and dismissed Lady Hungerford's jibes and the Duchess's sigh with indignation. He did not even think of it again until next season, when Jane came to breakfast late one morning after a great ball, and made a languid remark in answer to her mother's question. "There was

scarcely any one there," she said with something between a yawn and a sigh: half London had been there; but still it was not what his daughter said that attracted his attention. He saw as he looked at her a slight, the very slightest, indentation in the delicate oval of Lady Jane's cheek. The perfection of the curve was just broken. It might only have been a dimple, but she was not in the mood which reveals dimples. There went a little chill to the Duke's heart at the sight. *Passée?* Impossible; years and years must go before that word could be applied to his daughter; but still he felt sure Lady Hungerford must have remarked it: no, it was not a hollow; but no doubt with her vulgar long sight she must have remarked it, and would say everywhere that dear Jane was certainly going off. The Duke never took any notice apparently of these sallies of his daughter-in-law, but in reality there was nothing of which he stood in so much dread.

The Duchess on her side was well acquainted with that hollow. It *was* a hollow, very slight, sometimes disappearing altogether; but there it was. She had awakened to a consciousness of its existence one day suddenly, though it had evidently taken some time to come to that point. And since then it had seldom been out of the Duchess's mind. She had no doubt that other people had discovered it before now, and made malicious remarks upon it: for if she observed it who was so anxious to make the best of her child, what would they do whose object was the reverse? But what did it matter what any one said? There it was, which was the great matter. It spoke with a voice which nobody could silence, of Jane's youth passing away, of her freshness wearing out, of her bloom fading. Was she to sit there and grow old while her father wove his fictions about her? It had given the Duchess many a thought. She knew very well what all this princely expenditure would lead to. Hungerford would not be much the worse; he had his wife's fortune to fall back upon, and perhaps he would not feel himself called upon to take on himself the burden of his father's debts after he was gone. But for the Duke himself, if he lived, and his family, the Duchess, looking calmly on ahead, knew what must happen. Things would come to a crash sooner or later, and everything that could be sacrificed would have to be sacrificed. Rank would not save them. It might put off bankruptcy to the last possible moment, but it would not avert it altogether; and the moment would come

when everything must change, and a sort of noble exile, or at least seclusion in the country, if nothing worse, would be their fate. And Jane? If she were to be left to her father's disposal, what would be the end of Jane? She would have to descend from her pedestal, and learn what it was to be poor—that is, as dukes' daughters can be poor. The grandeur and largeness of her life would fall away from her, and no new chapter in existence would come in to modify the old, and make its changes an advantage rather than a drawback. The Duchess said to herself that to go against her husband was a thing she never had done; but there was a limit to a wife's duty. She could not let Jane be sacrificed while she stood aside and looked on. This was the question which the Duchess had to solve. She was brought to it gradually, her eyes being opened by degrees to other things not quite so evident as that change in the oval of Jane's perfect cheek. She found out why it was that her daughter had yawned or sighed, and said, "There was nobody there," of the ball to which half London struggled to get admittance. On the very next evening Lady Jane paid a humdrum visit to an old lady who was nobody in particular, and came home with a pretty glow, and no hollow visible, declaring that there had been a delightful little party, and that she had never enjoyed herself so much. The Duchess felt that here was a mystery. It was partly the *Morning Post* that helped her to find it out, and partly the unconscious revelations of Jane herself in her exhilaration. The *Morning Post* made it evident that a certain name was not in the list of the fine people who had figured at my Lady Germaine's ball, and Lady Jane betrayed by a hundred unconscious little references that the bearer of that name had been present at the other little reunion. The Duchess put this and that together. She, too, no doubt would have liked to see her daughter a duchess like herself; but, failing that, she preferred that Jane should be happy in her own way. But the question was, had Jane courage enough to take her own way? She had been supposed to have everything she wanted all her life, and had been surrounded by every observance; but, as a matter of fact, Jane had got chiefly what other people wanted, and had been secretly satisfied that it should be so. Would she once in her life, against her father and the world, be moved to stand up for herself? but this was what the Duchess did not know.

CHAPTER II.—HERSELF.

A PRINCESS royal is always an interesting personage. The very title is charming—there is about it a supreme heiress-ship, if not of practical dominion, at least of the more delicate part of the inheritance. She has the feminine rule, the kingdom of hearts, the homage of sentiment and imagination. Even when she grows old the title retains a sweet and penetrating influence, and in youth it is the very crown of visionary greatness, an elevation without any vulgar elements. Lady Jane was the Princess Royal of her father's house. There had been just so much poetry in his pride as to make him feel this beautifying characteristic of feminine rank to be an addition (if any addition were possible) to his dukedom. And she had been brought up in the belief that she was not as other girls were, nor even as the little Lady Marys and Lady Augustas who in the eyes of the world stood upon a similar eminence. She stood alone—the blood of the Altamonts had reached its cream of sweetness, its fine quintessence in her veins. Hungerford was very well in his way. He would be Duke when his time came. The property, and lands, and titles would be vested in him; but he had no such visionary altitude as his sister. He himself was quite aware of the fact: he laughed, and was very well content to be rid of this visionary representativeness, but he fully recognised that Jane was not to be considered as an ordinary mortal, that she was the flower and crown of so many generations, the last perfection to which the race could attain. And with infinite modesty and humility of mind Lady Jane too perceived her mission. She became aware of it very early, when other girls were still busy with their skipping-ropes. It was a great honour to fall upon so young a head. When she walked about the noble woods at Billings and dreamed as girls do of the world before her, this sense of rank was never absent from her mind: impossible to foresee what were the scenes through which it might lead her. She heard a great deal of the evil state of public affairs—the decadence of England, the advance of democracy, the approaching ruin in which everything that was great and noble must soon be engulfed; and Lady Jane took it all seriously, and felt it very possible that her fate might be that of a virgin martyr to the cruel forces of revolution. For one time of her life her favourite literature was the memoirs of those great and noble ladies, full of charity and

romance, who cast a pathetic glory upon the end of the old *régime* in France, and died for crimes of which they were no way guilty, paying the long arrears of oppression which they had done all they could to modify. Jane took, as was natural, the political jeremiads of her father and his friends with the matter-of-fact faith of youth, and she did not think that even the guillotine was impossible. If it came to her lot, as according to all she heard seemed likely, to maintain the cause of nobility to the last, she was ready to walk to the scaffold like Marie Antoinette, holding her head high, and smiling upon her assassins; or if it were possible to save the country by another kind of self-devotion, she was prepared, though with trembling, to inspire a nation or lead an army. These were the kind of dreams she entertained at fifteen, which is the time when a girl is most alive to the claims of patriotism, and can feel it possible that she too may be a heroine. Older, she began to be less certain. Facts came in and confused fancy. She saw no indications such as those which her books said had been seen in France; everything was very peaceable, everybody very respectful wherever she went. The common people looked at her admiringly when by chance she drove with her mamma through the crowded streets. They seemed all quite willing to acknowledge her position. She was greeted with smiles instead of groans, and heroism seemed unnecessary.

Then there came a time when Lady Jane felt that it would probably be her mission to be, if not a martyr, a benefactress to the world. It would be right for her to move half royally, half angelically, through all the haunts of wretchedness, and leave comfort and abundance behind. She imagined to herself scenes like the great plague, times of famine and fever, in which her sudden appearance, with succour of every kind about her, would bring an immediate change of affairs and turn darkness into light. She did not know—how should she?—what squalor and wretchedness were like, and this great and successful mission never in her thoughts so much as soiled her dress, and had nothing disgusting or repulsive in it. But by-and-by, gradually there came a change also upon this phase of mind. A princess royal has always the confidence that in her own ministrations there must be a secret charm; but still she could not shut her eyes to the fact that in her mother's charities all was not plain sailing. And it became apparent to her also, with a considerable shock, that there were many things

which the Duchess wished but had not means to do; which had a painful effect upon Lady Jane's dreams, and cut them short, confusing her whole horizon, and arresting her imagination. She then paused, with considerable bewilderment, not quite perceiving where the mission of her rank would lead her. It must give her distinct duties, and a sphere above the common quiescence of life—but what? Lady Jane was perplexed, and no longer saw her way. Vulgar contact with the world was impossible to her; she shrank from the public organization of charity. Something else surely, something of a more magnanimous kind, was to be hers to do. But in the meantime she did not know what, and stood as it were upon the battlements of the castle wall looking out, somewhat confused, but full of noble sentiment and desire to perform the finest functions for the advantage of the world.

This was the aspect which pride of birth took in the pure and high-toned spirit of the Duke's daughter. She accepted undoubtingly the creed of her race, and never questioned the fact that she was something entirely removed from the crowd, elevated above the ordinary level of humanity. The Duchess had little of this inborn conviction, but yet a duchess is a duchess, and unless she is of a quite remarkable order of intelligence, it is very unlikely that she should be able to separate herself from the prejudices of her rank. As a matter of fact, the members of a duke's household are not ordinary mortals. Limits which are natural to us have nothing to do with them. It must require a distinct independence and great force of mind to realise that they are just of the same flesh and blood as the scullery-maid and the shoe boy; nay—for these are extravagant instances out of their range of vision—even as the groom of the chambers and the house-keeper, who are entirely devoted to their service. To doubt this accordingly never entered the mind of Lady Jane; but anything resembling personal pride had no existence in her. She did not know what it meant. There is no such beautiful scope for pure humility of spirit as in the mind of a creature thus fancifully elevated. It never occurred to her that it was her own excellence which gave her this place. She was unfeignedly modest in every estimate of herself, docile, ready to be guided, deferring to everybody. Never had there been so obedient a child to nurses and governesses, nor one who accepted reproof more sweetly, nor sought with more anxious grace to gain approbation. It was difficult to rouse her

to the exercise of her own judgment at all. "Do you think so?" she would say to the humblest person about her, with a sincere desire to please that person by accepting his or her view rather than her own. Some people thought she had no opinion of her own at all, but that was a mistake—though the pain it gave her to cross, or vex, or contradict (in fact: in words she never was guilty of such a breach of charity) any one, made her act upon her own opinion only in the very direst necessity. But when her gentle foot struck against the limits of the sphere which she thought boundless, Lady Jane remained for a long time perplexed, confused, not knowing what the object might be which was to fill her life. It was during this period that her cheek, though still so young, began to own the slightest possible departure from the oval. It might have been only the touch of a finger—but there it was. A slight line over Lady Jane's eyes appeared about the same time. She had become anxious, almost wistful, wondering and perplexed. What was she to do with her life? England (though, as they all said, going to destruction) showed no signs of immediate ruin. In all likelihood the guillotine would not be set up in Lady Jane's time, and there would be no occasion for any sacrifice on her part. She looked abroad into the world, and saw no need of her. She shrank indeed from any actual step, notwithstanding her dreams and her conviction that something great ought to come of her; and if she had attempted to take any step whatever, she knew that the Duke and the Duchess, and Hungerford and Susan, and all the connections and retainers to the hundredth degree, would have rushed with dismay to prevent her. Was it possible that by sitting calmly upon her elevated seat, and smiling sweetly or frowning (as best she could) as the occasion required, she was doing all she was called upon to do? In that case Lady Jane acknowledged to herself with a sigh, that it was scarcely worth while being a princess royal at all.

The reader will think it strange that all this time no idea of marriage, or of the great preliminary of marriage, had entered her head. Perhaps it would be rash to say that this was the case. But she had known from an early period that there were very few people in the world who could pretend to Lady Jane Altamont's hand. She laughed when it was proposed to her to marry the Marquis of Wodensville. "Oh no, papa, thank you," she said.

"We have made alliances with his family before now. He has some of the best blood in England in his veins," said the Duke.

"Oh no, papa, thank you!" said Lady Jane. She did not ask any one's advice on this point. When there was that negotiation with Mr. Roundel, of Bishop's Roundel, she was more interested, but not enough to disturb her equilibrium when it was found he had gone off in disgust, and married his sister's governess. "I thought he could not be pure blood," the Duke said. Lady Jane smiled, and, it is to be feared, thought so too. The worst of high rank is that it destroys perspective. She could not see the gradations below her in the least. She knew the difference between her father's rank and that of a prince of the blood; and she knew exactly how countesses and marchionesses ought to go in to dinner; but of the difference between governesses and house-keepers and other attendants she knew little. The one and the other were entirely out of her sphere. Her own old governess, whose name was Strangford, she had always called Stranghy and been extremely fond of—but then she was fond of all her old attendants, and thought of them much in the same way. Then Lord Rushbrook, who was a cabinet minister, had presented himself to her. She did not wish to marry him, but she felt that here was something which was not rank (for he was only a baron), and yet was equal to rank. It was almost the first gleam of such enlightenment that came into her mind.

About this time, however, it certainly began to enter into Lady Jane's head that it is a general thing to marry, and that this is the way in which most women solve the problem of their life. Perhaps because of the "offers" she had received: perhaps because she had met at Lady Germaine's, quite promiscuously, on one of the many occasions on which she went there, a gentleman. She had met a great many gentlemen there and elsewhere before; but on the particular occasion in question, she had gone by accident, without design, and with no expectation of meeting any one. Fate thus lies in wait for us, round a corner, when we think of it least. The gentleman was nobody in particular. He had never been meant to meet the Duke's daughter. Indeed, had Lady Germaine had but the slightest prevision of what was coming, she would have locked him into a closet, or tripped him over into the river, rather than permitted such a thing to happen in her house.

But she did not know any more than other mortals, and the train was laid by the Fates without any sort of connivance on the part of any human creature. They all fell blindly, stupidly, accidentally into the net.

It was, perhaps, then, we say, when Lady Jane declined, either by her own will or her father's, her other matrimonial prospects, or, perhaps, when she met the aforesaid gentleman, that it first really occurred to this high and visionary maiden to take into consideration that which is the leading incident in the lives of most women, the event which decides the question whether their lives shall be lonely and in great measure objectless, or busy and full of interest and occupation. Generally it is at a very early age that girls first approach this question. But Lady Jane had been a stately little person even in her cradle. She had not chosen to be kissed and caressed as most children are. She had been gently proud and reticent through all her girlhood. She had no youthful intimates to breathe into her mind this suggestion—no girl-friend about to be married to initiate her into the joyous fuss, the importance, the applauses and presents, the general commotion which every wedding produces. She had, indeed, been present at a marriage, but never at one which touched her at all in her immediate circle. So that Lady Jane was nearly five-and-twenty when it occurred to her as possible that she too might marry and carry out in her own person the universal lot. At first she had been shocked at herself, and had driven the thought out of her mind with a delicacy which cannot but be called false, though she was not conscious of its fictitious character. But the idea came back: it caught her at unawares, it came over her sometimes with soft, delicious suggestions. When she met a young mother with her children a sigh that was as soft as the west wind in spring would come out of Lady Jane's heart. How happy was that woman! how delightful all the cares that beset her, the calls from this one and that, the constant demand upon her! *She* had no time to ask what her life was worth, no leisure to speculate how she could best fulfil its duties: all that and many another question was solved for her. Lady Jane watched the happy mother with an interest which was almost envy. And there were other thoughts which crossed her fancy too, and awakened much that was dormant in her. Once when she was sitting by her mother it suddenly came into her mind to contrast the Duchess's life with her own. She looked at her Grace's fair and genial

presence, and watched her going over her accounts, and settling the affairs of her great house. There were many lines on the Duchess's brow. She was an excellent economist on a great scale, as became her rank, but she had the disadvantage of being thwarted on every side by the prodigalities of her husband. It was not a happy moment at which to regard her, yet Lady Jane, looking at her mother, was suddenly moved to ask herself whether the Duchess would

have been better, balancing all her outcomings and incomings serenely without any one to disturb her, had she never married. The question seemed a ludicrous one, but Lady Jane was prone to imaginations. She conjured up before herself a picture of this lady in a house where no one thwarted her; where there was no family to provide for, no Susan to keep a watchful eye upon what she was doing, no Jane to reflect upon her as an example of fate. She laughed to herself



"Lady Jane watched the happy mother with an interest which was almost envy."

softly at the impossibility of this imagination.

"What are you laughing at?" the Duchess asked, pausing with her pen in her hand and a look which was indicative of anything but an easy mind.

"I was thinking—what if you had never married, mamma?"

The Duchess turned round upon her, opening her eyes wide with wonder. "What if I had never married? Are you taking leave of your senses?" she said. And indeed

the idea was entirely ludicrous, for if she had never married where would Jane herself have been? Jane laughed again very softly, and a sudden wave of colour came over her face. She thought, though her mother was not very happy, that it was better to be less happy so, than more happy alone. It seemed to her that the absence of care would have made her Grace much less interesting. Her comely figure seemed to shrink and fall away as Jane thought, looking at it—and then her mind slid imperceptibly from that fancy to a sudden

realisation of herself. After all, she had been thinking of herself all her life, what she should do, how she should occupy herself, which theory of life was the best. But the young woman whom she had met among her children had got that problem solved for her; she had no time to think of herself at all: there were so many claims upon her, soft little arms, voices like the birds, as well as bigger appeals, more articulate; the chances were that from morning to night she had no leisure in which to speculate on what was best for herself. The Duchess, though a great lady, was in the same position. Even the least self-regarding whose hands are free think more about themselves than the selfish, whose time and thoughts are taken up with other matters, can be able to do. This thought made a great impression upon Lady Jane. Perhaps even these ideas would have moved her little had it not been for that encounter at Lady Germaine's—but it was long before she brought herself so far as to acknowledge that. She considered the question in the abstract form long before she approached it in the concrete. And thus she came candidly to conclude and acknowledge that the woman who is married has a career before her which the unmarried woman can scarcely command. It was a new idea to Lady Jane, but her mind was very candid, and she received this as she received every other conclusion justified by reason. It would be good that she should marry; and then she had met at Lady Germaine's—a gentleman. But who this gentleman was must be left for another chapter.

CHAPTER III.—HER LOVER.

IT has never been fully explained how it was that a person so thoroughly experienced in the world as Lady Germaine should have permitted an acquaintance between Lady Jane and Mr. Winton to ripen under her roof. That she should have introduced them to each other was nothing, of course; for in society every gentleman is supposed the equal of every other gentleman, though he has not a penny and his next neighbour may be a millionaire; and Lady Jane was gracious in her high-minded, maidenly way, as a princess should be, to everybody, to the clergyman, and even to the clergyman's sons, dangerous and detrimental young persons who have to be asked to country houses, a perpetual alarm to anxious parents who have daughters. No hauteur, no exclusiveness was in Lady Jane. She was as much withdrawn above the young squire as the young curate, and there was no

reason why Mr. Winton, who was very personable, very well thought of, and in no sense of the word detrimental, should not pay his homage to the Duke's daughter. But there it should have stopped. When she saw that there was even the remotest chance that it might go further Lady Germaine's duty was plain. She should have said firmly, "Not in my house." It was not to be supposed indeed that she could stop the course of mutual inclination, prevent Mr. Winton from making love to Lady Jane, or Lady Jane from listening. But what she could, and indeed ought to have done, was to say plainly, "Meet where they will, it must not be in my house." Her duty to the Duke demanded this course of action. But it must be confessed that Lady Germaine was very independent—too independent for a woman—and that what she would not recognise was, that she had any duty at all to the Duke. He might be the head of society in the county, but what did Lady Germaine care? She laughed openly at the county society, and declared that she would as soon throw her lot among the farmers of the district as among the squires, and that the Duke was an old—the pen of the historian almost refuses to record the language this daring lady used—an old humbug. She ventured to say this and lived. The Duke never knew how far she went, but he disapproved of her, and considered her an irreverent person. He would have checked his daughter's intimacy with her had he been able. But the Duchess did not see any harm in it. Her Grace's opinion was that a little enlivenment was what Jane wanted, and that even a slight exaggeration of gaiety would do her no harm. Lady Germaine's set was unimpeachable though it loved diversion, and diversion was above everything the thing necessary for Lady Jane. And there was this to be said for Lady Germaine, that the Duchess herself had the opportunity of stopping the Winton affair had she chosen. She must have seen what was going on. Poor Mr. Winton could not conceal the state of mind in which he was; and as for Lady Jane there was a certain tremor in her retired and gentle demeanour, a little outburst of happiness now and then, a liquid expression about the eyes, a softening of manner and countenance, which no mother's eyes could have overlooked. It was she who ought to have interfered. She could have controlled her own child no doubt, or she could have made it apparent to Mr. Winton that his assiduities were disagreeable; but she did nothing of the sort. She had every

appearance of liking the man herself. She talked to him apparently with pleasure, asked him his opinion, declared that he had excellent taste. After this why should Lady Germaine have been blamed? All she did was to form her society of the best materials she could collect. She was fond of nice people, and loved conversation. If men could talk pleasantly, and add to the entertainment of her household, when the time came for encountering the tedium of the country, she asked nothing about their grandfathers, nor even demanded whether they had a rent-roll, or money in the funds, or how they lived. Lively young barristers, literary men, artists, people who it was to be feared lived on their wits, not to say those younger sons who are the plague of society, came and went about her house; which made it a house alarming to mothers; it must be allowed, but extremely lively, cheerful, and full of "go," which was what Lady Germaine liked. And as she openly professed that this was the principle upon which she went, the risks were at least patent and above board which princesses royal were likely to meet with at her house.

It is now time to speak of the lover himself, who has hitherto been but hinted at. We must say, in the first place, that there was nothing objectionable about Mr. Winton. He was not poor, nor was he *roturier*. He was a well-bred English gentleman, of perfectly good though not exalted family. On the Continent he would have been said to belong to the *petite noblesse*. But after all it only wants an accession of fortune to make *la petite* into *la grande noblesse*. He was as far descended as any prince (which, indeed, may be said for the most of us), and had ancestors reaching up into the darkness of the ages. At least he had the portraits of these ancestors hanging up in the hall at Winton House, and unless they had existed how could they have had their portraits taken? which is an unanswerable argument. Winton House itself was but a small place, it is true; but when his Indian uncle died, and left him all that money, it was immediately placed in Mr. Winton's power to make his house into a great one had he chosen; and for so rich a man to keep the old place intact was loyalty, or family pride, or at the worst eccentricity, and did by no means imply any shabbiness either of mind or means. To make up for this he had a very handsome house in town, and there was no doubt at all on the question that he was a rich man, and able to indulge his fancy as he pleased. He would have been a perfectly good match for

Lady Germaine's own daughter had she been old enough, or for Earl Binny's young ladies, or for almost any girl in the county, excepting always Lady Jane. She was the one who was out of his sphere. It was perfectly well known that the Duke would not hear of any son-in-law whose rank, or at least whose family, were not equal to his own, and it had long been a foregone conclusion with society that it was very unlikely Lady Jane would ever marry at all. Perhaps had Mr. Winton fully foreseen the position he would have retired too, before, as people say, his feelings were too much interested. But it is to be feared that the idea did not occur to him until, unfortunately, it was too late.

Reginald Winton had been brought up in the most approved way at a public school, and at Oxford, and shaped into what was considered the best fashion of his time. It had been intended, as the old estate was insufficient to support two people, and his mother was then living, that he should go to the bar. But before he attained this end the uncle's fortune, of which he had not the least expectation, fell down upon him suddenly, as from the skies. Then of course it was not thought necessary that he should continue his studies. He was not only rich, but very rich, and at the same time had all the advantages of once having been poor. He had no expensive habits. He did not bet, nor race, nor gamble; nor did he on the other hand buy pictures or curiosities, or sumptuous furniture (at least no more than reason). He was full of intelligence, but he was not literary nor over-learned, nor too clever. He was five feet ten, and quite sufficiently good-looking for a man of his fortune. He would have been favourably received in most families of gentry, nay, even of nobility, in England: but only not in the house of the Altamonts. Here was the perversity of fate. But he did not do it on purpose, nor fly at such high game solely because it was forbidden, as some people might have done. It is certain that he did not know who Lady Jane was when his heart was caught unawares. He took Lady Germaine aside and begged to be introduced to the young lady in white, without a suspicion of her greatness. It was at a moment when ladies wore a great deal of colour: when they had wreaths of flowers scrambling over their dresses and their heads, like a hedgerow in summer. Lady Jane's dress was white silk, soft and even dull in tone. She had not a bow or a flower, but some pearls twisted in her smooth brown hair, which was not frizzy

as nowadays, but shining like satin. She was seated a little apart with the children of the house, and to a man incapable of perceiving that this simple garment was of much superior value to many of the gayer fabrics round, she had the air of being economically as well as gracefully clothed. "How much better taste is that simple dress than all those furbelows," he said. His opinion was that she would turn out to be the Rector's daughter. Lady Germaine gazed at him for a moment with the contempt which a woman naturally entertains for a man's mistake in this kind. "I like your simplicity," she said with fine satire which he did not understand;—and presented him on the spot to Lady Jane Altamont.

How Winton opened his eyes! But there was no reason why he should withdraw, and acknowledge the Duke's daughter to be out of his sphere. On the contrary, he did his best to make himself agreeable. And from that time to this, when everybody could see things were coming to a crisis, he had never ceased in the effort. It was the first time—except by Lord Rushbrook, who had done it politically—that this noble maiden had been personally wooed. The sense that she was as other women had come into her heart with a soft transport of sweetness, emancipating her all at once from those golden bonds of high sacrifice and duty in which she had believed herself to be bound. She had not rebelled against them, but when it appeared now that life might be happiness as well as duty, and that all its delights and hopes were possible to her as to others, the melting of all those icicles that had been formed around her, flooded her gentle soul with tenderness. She was not easily wooed; for nothing could be less like the freedom of manners which makes it natural nowadays for a girl to advance a little on her side, and help on her lover, than the almost timid though always sweet stateliness with which Lady Jane received his devotion. It was a wonder to her, as it cannot be to young ladies who flirt from their cradles. Love! She regarded it with awe, mingled with a touched and surprised gratitude. She was older than a girl usually is when that revelation is first made to her, a fact which deepened every sentiment. Winton did not, could not divine what was passing in that delicate spirit. But he felt the novelty, the exquisite, modest grace of his reception. He had not been without experience in his own person, and had known what it was to be "encouraged." But here he was not en-

couraged. It was romance put into action for the first time, a love-making that was as new, and fresh, and miraculous, and incomprehensible, as if no one had ever made love before. And thus the flood of their own emotions carried the pair on, and if Winton had never paused to think how the Duke would receive his addresses, it may with still greater certainty be assumed that Lady Jane had never considered that momentous question. They went on, unawakened to anything outside their own elysium, which, like most other elysiums of the kind, was a fool's Paradise.

It was Lady Germaine at last, as she had been the means of setting the whole affair in motion, who brought it to a climax. He had not confided in her in so many words, for, indeed, he was too much elevated and carried away by this growing passion to bring it to the common eye; but he had so far betrayed himself on a certain occasion when reference had been made to Lady Jane that his hostess and friend burst through all pretences and herself dashed into the subject. "Reginald Winton," she said almost solemnly, "do you know what is before you? How are you going to ask the Duke of Billingsgate, that high and mighty personage, to give you his daughter? I wonder you are not ready to sink into the earth with terror."

"The Duke of Billingsgate?" cried the young man with a gasp of dismay.

"To be sure; but I suppose you never thought of that," she said.

He grew paler and paler as he looked at her. "Do you know," he said, "it never occurred to me till this moment. But what do I care for the Duke of Billingsgate? I think of nothing, since you will have it, but *her*, Lady Germaine."

"Innocent! do you think I have not known that for the last two months? When you want to hide anything you should not put flags up at all your windows."

"Have I put flags up?" He looked at her with colours flying and an illumination in his eyes. He was pleased to think that he had exposed himself and proclaimed his lady's charms in this way, like a knight-errant. "I hope I have not done anything to annoy her," he added in a panic. "Lady Germaine, you will keep my secret till I know my fate."

"Oh, as for keeping your secret—but from whom are you to know your fate, if I may ask?" Lady Germaine said.

Reginald blushed like a girl all over his face—or rather he reddened like a man, duski-ly,

half-angrily, while his eyes grew more like illuminations than ever. He drew a long breath, making a distinct pause, as a devout Catholic would do to cross himself, before he replied, "From whom? from *her*; who else?" with a glow of excitement and hope.

Lady Germaine shook her head. "Oh, you innocent!" she cried; "oh, you baby! If there is any other word that expresses utter simplicity and foolishness let me call you that. *Her!* that is all very well, that is easy enough. But what are you to say to her father?—oh, you simpleton!—her father, that is the question."

"I presume, Lady Germaine," said the lover, assuming an air of superior knowledge and lofty sentiment, "I presume that if I am so fortunate as to persuade *her* to listen to me, which heaven knows I am doubtful enough of!—that in that case her father—"

"Would be easy to manage, you think?" she said with scornful toleration of his folly.

The young man looked at her with that ineffable air of imbecility and vanity which no man can escape at such a crisis, and made her a little bow of acquiescence. Her tone, her air made him aware that she had no doubt of his success in the first instance, and this gave him a sudden intoxication. A father! What was a father? If she once gave him authority to speak to her father would not all be said?

"Oh, you goose!" said Lady Germaine again; "oh, you ignoramus! You are so silly that I am obliged to call you names. Do you know who the Duke of Billingsgate is? Simply the proudest man in England. He thinks there is nobody under the blood royal that is good enough for his child."

"And he is quite right! I am of the same opinion," said Winton; then he paused and gave her a look in which, notwithstanding his gravity and enthusiasm, there was something comic. "But then," he added, "the blood royal, that is not always the symbol of perfection, and then—"

"And then—? You think, of course, that you have something to offer which a royal duke might not possess?"

"Perhaps," said Winton, looking at her again with a sort of friendly defiance; and then his eyes softened with that in which he felt himself superior to any royal duke or potentate; the something which was worthy of Lady Jane, let all the noble fathers in the world do their worst against him. He was not alarmed by all that Lady Germaine had said. Most likely he did not realise it. His mind went away even while she was speak-

ing. She had heart enough to approve of this and to perceive that Winton felt as a true lover ought to feel, but she was half provoked all the same, and anxious how it was all to turn out.

"Do be a little practical," she said; "try for a moment to leave her out of the question. What are you going to say to the Duke? That is what I want to know."

"How can I tell you?" said Winton; "how can I speak at all on such a subject? If I am to be so happy as to have anything at all to say to the Duke:—why then—the occasion will inspire me," he added after a pause. "I cannot even think now what in such circumstances I should say."

Lady Germaine gave up with a sigh all attempt to guide him. "Then I must just wash my hands of you," she said, with a sort of despair; "indeed, in any case I don't know what I could have done for you. I shall be blamed, of course. The Duke will turn upon me, I know; but, thank heaven, I have nothing to fear from the Duke, and I don't see what I can be said to have to do with the business. You met only in the ordinary way at my house. I never planned meetings for you, nor schemed to bring you together. Indeed, I never thought of such a thing at all. Lady Jane who has refused the first matches in the kingdom, what could have led me to suppose that she would turn her eyes upon *you*?"

Now though Winton said truly that he thought the Duke quite right in expecting the very best and highest of all things for his child, yet it was not in the nature of man not to be somewhat piqued when he heard himself spoken of in this tone of slight, and almost contempt. True, he would have desired for her sake to have more and finer gifts to lay at her feet, but still such as he was, was not after all so contemptible as Lady Germaine seemed to imply. He could not help a little movement of self-vindication.

"I am not aware on what ground you can be blamed," he said coldly, "since you are good enough to admit me to your society at all. Perhaps that was a mistake; and yet I don't know that I have done anything to shut the doors of my friends against me."

"This is admirable," said Lady Germaine; "you first, and the Duke afterwards. Never mind, you will probably come to yourself in half an hour or so, and beg my pardon. I give it you beforehand. But at the same time let me advise you for your own good, to think a little what you are going to say to the Duke when you ask him for his daughter.

It will not be so easy a matter as you seem to think. Oh yes, of course, you are sorry for being rude to me, I was aware of that. Yes, yes, I forgive you. But pay attention to what I say."

Winton thought over this conversation several times in the course of the next twenty-four hours, but his mind was very much occupied with another and much more important matter. He thought so much of Lady Jane that he had little time to spare for any consideration of her father. True, he himself was only a commoner of an undistinguished family; but he had the sustaining consciousness of being very well off—and Duke's daughters had been known to marry commoners before now without any special commotion on the subject. He was a great deal more occupied with the first steps in the matter than with any subsequent ones. He had to find out where Lady Jane was going and to contrive to get invitations to the same places, for it was the height of the season, and they were all in London. The Duchess did not throw herself into the vortex. She went only to the best houses; she gave only stately entertainments, which the Duke made a point of; therefore it was more difficult to go where Lady Jane was going than is usually the case with the ordinary Lady Janes of society. It took her lover most of his time to arrange these opportunities of seeing her, and at each successive one he made up his mind to determine his fate. But it is astonishing how many accidents intervene when such a decision has been come to. Sometimes it was an impertinent spectator who would obtrude himself or herself upon them. Sometimes it was the impossibility of finding a nook where any such serious conversation could be carried on. Sometimes the frivolity of the surrounding circumstances kept him silent; for who would, if he could help it, associate that wonderful moment of his existence with nothing better than the chatter of the ball-room? And once when every circumstance favoured him, his heart failed and he did not dare to put his fortune to the touch. How could he think of the father while in all the agitation of uncertainty as to how his suit would be looked upon by the daughter? During this moment of hesitation the Duchess herself once asked him to dinner, and when he found himself set down in the centre of the table, far from the magnates who glittered at either end, and far from Lady Jane who was the star of the whole entertainment, Winton felt his humility and insignificance as he had never felt them

before, and was conscious of such a chill of doubt and alarm as made his heart sink within him. But the Duchess was markedly kind, and a glance from Lady Jane's soft eyes, suffused with a sort of liquid light, sent him up again into a heaven of hope. Next morning they met by chance in the park, very early, before the world of fashion was out of doors. She was taking a walk attended by her maid, and explained, with a great deal of unnecessary embarrassment, that she missed her country exercise and had longed for a little fresh air. The consequence was that the maid was sent away to do some small commissions, and with a good deal of alarm, but some guilty happiness, Lady Jane found herself alone with her lover. It did not require a very long time or many words to make matters clear between them. Did she not know already all that he had wanted so long to say? One word made them both aware of what they had been communicating to each other for months past. But though this explanation was so soon arrived at, the details took a long time to disentangle—and there was a terrible amount of repetition and comparison of feelings and circumstances. It was nearly the hour for luncheon when he accompanied her home, with a heart so full of exultation and delight and pride, that it had still no room for any thought of the Duke or fear of what he might say. Even after he had parted from his love, Winton could not withdraw his mind from its much more agreeable occupation to think of the Duke. Jane had begged that she might tell her mother first, and that he should wait to hear from them before taking any further step. But he was to meet them that evening at one of the parties to which he had schemed to be invited on her account. And with every vein thrilling with his morning's happy work, and the anticipation of seeing her who was now his, in the evening, how could any young lover be expected to turn from his happiness to the thought of anything less blessed? The day passed like a dream; everything in it tended towards the moment in which he should see her again. It would be like a new world to see her again. When they met in the morning she was almost terrible to him, a queen who could send him into everlasting banishment. When he met her now he would see in her his wife, wonderful thought, his own! The place of meeting was in one of the crowds of London society, where all the world is—but Wilton saw nothing except those soft eyes which were looking for him. How their hands met, in

what seemed only the ordinary greeting to other people, clasping each other as if they never could part again! They did not say much, and she did not even venture, except by a momentary glance now and then, to meet his eye. There was scarcely even opportunity for a whisper on his part to ask what he was to do, for as he stooped for this purpose to Lady Jane's ear, the Duchess, who was looking very serious, but who had not refused to shake hands with him, laid a finger upon his arm.

"Mr. Winton," she said, "I should like to see you to-morrow about twelve. I have something to say to you." She had looked very grave, but at the end brightened into a smile, yet shook her head. "I don't know what to say to you," she added hurriedly; "there will be dreadful difficulties in the way."

To-morrow at twelve! he seemed to tread upon difficulties and crush them under his feet as he went home that evening; but with the morning a little thrill of apprehension came.

THE WOOING OF SLEEP.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

WAITING at the ivory gate is a wearisome business; and the time so spent is, to many worn and worried folk, productive of incomparably more misery than the worst paroxysm of "temper disease," which Marshall Hall attributed to the *mauvais quart d'heure* before dinner. Except in very rare cases and under very special conditions, a temper irritated by hunger quickly mends when the meal is at length participated; whereas the sleep that too tardily comes to a brain both excited and exhausted by long and tiresome "trying to go to sleep," does not always compensate the toil and pain of wooing it. The subject of the present paper is not sleep; that has been discussed elsewhere. What I have now to say relates to the troubles and dangers often encountered on the way to sleep, and in the period which immediately precedes it; but it may be permitted me to remark that the measure of the rest ultimately enjoyed, and the effects, of repose, experienced on awakening, very much depend on the mode of sleep induction. Sleep is not a simple condition, although it is one of the most regularly recurrent of bodily and mental states. It is a function compounded of several minor functions, to be performed by component parts of the organism, and unless these occur, or are elicited, simultaneously, true sleep is impossible.

In the natural course of events every part of the organism should be weary when the accustomed hour for sleep comes round, and, without trouble or difficulty, the consciousness ought to be suspended, and the compound physico-mental being lulled to sleep; but, unfortunately, we do not—perhaps it should be said cannot—live natural lives, and it is therefore vain—in the sense of being unreasonable—to expect natural experiences. The story which many fairly healthy

and wholly rational persons have to tell about the nightly endeavour to woo sleep is one of habitual difficulty and disappointment. That word *habitual* is generally the key to the enigma. The true and only cause of the trouble experienced is that those who suffer thus have formed a habit of trying to sleep and of failing. The failing is quite as much a part of the habit as the trying! They are not unhealthy, and no reason exists for their sleeplessness—or rather the postponement of their sleep—except the fact that the nervous centres and system have been unintentionally and unconsciously trained to go through the process which so much distresses and perplexes the consciousness. In some cases, though these are few, the habit may be broken through by the recourse to a sleeping draught, which acts—when it seems to remedy the evil—by interrupting the morbid train of events; but if this effect is not produced within a very limited number of nights, the plan of treatment is not successful, and the continued administration of the drug employed cannot fail to do harm.

It is only by breaking the habit of sleeplessness the use of stupefying drugs—which produce effects that mimic sleep—can work a cure. When the nervous centres are narcotised or stupefied they are not in a condition to learn any new habit. It is, therefore, obviously impossible to *train* the organism to sleep well by the aid of sleeping draughts. The brain and nervous system, which have slept regularly for a week or a fortnight with the aid of a stupefying drug, are not more likely to sleep without this help on the eighth or fifteenth night than they were on the first night of the administration, unless the habit of deferred sleeping and worry before sleep has been interrupted. This may be ascertained by the

omission of the drug for a single night, when, if sleep does not occur naturally, the soporific should on no account be repeated. It is useless, and it is likely to do harm. The brain has been rendered inactive each night by the circulation through its vessels of drug-poisoned blood, and now, when this dosing is stopped, it is found that the old habit is reproduced. It is accordingly evident that this habit must be so organized in the nervous system that no mere temporary suspension of brain or nerve function will suffice for its obliteration or eradication, and other means must be adopted. It is important that the multitude of persons, to whom sleep comes slowly and with difficulty, and who have recourse to sleeping pills or potions, should understand this. The practice of habitual blood-poisoning with opiates, chloral, and bromide of potassium or bromide of ammonium, is, unfortunately, widespread, but it is irrational and its effects are injurious. The only legitimate use of these drugs is to fulfil a special and passing purpose; namely, either to allay some sensation of pain by narcotising the organ that feels pain, or, as I have pointed out, to break the chain of a bad habit. If the desired result—that is the resumption of the natural habit of sleep without the aid of drugs—does not follow immediately after the brief use and prompt discontinuance of a sleep-potion it will never be gained in this way, and to continue the “remedy” is to put it to an evil purpose. A systematic poisoning of the nervous centres by drugs, intended to produce or induce sleep, is fully as bad as habitual dram-drinking, and, in the end, will as certainly injure the nervous centres which it is taken to overpower.

The only safe and successful way of curing the habit of sleeplessness, or of abnormally delayed sleep, is to train the brain and nervous system again, as they were—or ought to have been—trained in infancy, to perform the function of sleeping naturally and without the aid of drugs whose effects may counterfeit sleep, but which can no more produce it than stimulation by alcohol can produce true happiness. Let us see how this *re-education* may be accomplished. The subjective stages of the endeavour to “go to sleep” are—1, an effort to compose the mind, and, as it is erroneously supposed, to subdue the senses; 2, a period of expectancy during which sleep is more or less eagerly anticipated; 3, surprise and disappointment because it does not come, which presently sets up a state of mental, sensory,

and in the end motor, irritability, that renders sleep, or even restful quiescence, impossible. The method of re-education with a view to form a new habit of going to sleep naturally, will be evolved in the study of these characteristics of the state of *wakefulness* by which sleep is retarded.

What is called “composing the mind” for sleep is actually an obstructive, and in a sense a destructive, process. When the body is placed in the recumbent position, the heart’s action becomes less forcible and less frequent. The pulsations of the circulating current are reduced by some eight or ten in the minute, and the flow of blood through the vessels is proportionally slower; but the head, which was previously much higher than the rest of the body, is now nearly on the same level, and, as a consequence, the force or impulse of the current through the blood-vessels is not so much reduced as is the rate of its progress. The result of this state of matters is simply *slower* rather than *less earnest* mental activity. And this is very apt to produce a tendency to dally with the subjects of thought, and to worry the consciousness by vexatious or vain repetitions. If immediately after the change of position, *i.e.* lying down, which naturally produces these consequences, the consciousness sets itself to “compose the mind,” the effect is more likely to be the establishment of a distressful and self-worrying condition than that tranquil and almost passive musing into which the would-be sleeper desires to bring himself. It is not wrong to compose the mind; but this should be done *before* retiring to rest and laying the head on the pillow. The last hour, or, under any conditions, the last half-hour of the day, should be habitually devoted to peaceful and thought-steadying occupations. It ought not to be spent in exciting mental exercises, whether amusing or destructive. Many well-meaning persons greatly err by making the last period of waking thought a time of self-examination and moral self-abasement. These are mind-processes at no season healthful, and positively harmful when they are undertaken immediately before the hour of rest. Then as to the subduing of the senses, the attempt to shut out external impressions, by deafening the ears, closing the eyes, and lowering the sensibilities generally, is in itself a frequently recognisable, and always possible, cause of persistent wakefulness. The effort to compose the mind and subdue the activity of the senses is made by the higher mental faculty, a part or function of the organism

which, of all others, needs to be itself restful in order that the physico-mental being may sleep.

It is, therefore, obvious that an *endeavour* to go to sleep is a mistake. For example, when the Will makes an effort to dull the ear, the mental sense behind the sense organ is thrown into a condition of listening and tension. The power of hearing is not diminished, but, as it were, restricted in its range and in its heightened sensibility—as the vibratile capacity of a musical reed may be raised by reducing the length of the fibre along which its vibrations are propagated. Noises that would not previously have been noticed are perceived, and become sources of annoyance. This intensifying of the sensations in the attempt to go to sleep, of which most persons are conscious, is doubtless partly due to the quiet that prevails in the house and bed-chamber; but there is also an increase of the susceptibility of the perceptive faculty, frequently to such an extent that the ticking of a watch or the tapping of an insect behind the wall paper will not only be heard, but be actually painful. So it is with sight; when the eyelids are closed the inner-mental sense of vision becomes increasingly acute, and the field of sight is soon crowded with grotesque and rapidly changing images. The worrying effect of this phantasmagoria is a too familiar experience of the sleep-waiter. All the mental senses are in like manner stimulated, and their acuteness intensified, by the endeavour to lower the sensibility of the sense-organs. The mental sense of smell may be rendered so keen that the scarcely perceptible odour of bed-linen will prove offensive. Taste may be so stimulated that the natural moisture of the mouth becomes loathsome. General sensation may be so intensified that a rough thread in a sheet, or a little stream of cold air finding its way under the coverlet, will occasion the most irritating experience.

In short, the whole process of attempted sense-subduing is unnatural and opposed to the dictates of reason. No such effort ought to be made. External quiet should be secured, if quiet be personally agreeable, and whether light or darkness be preferable must depend on the idiosyncrasy. No control ought to be exercised over the senses. The eyelids should not be closed, but allowed to droop when weary. There should be no resolution to disregard sounds, or to suppress sensations of any kind. The surroundings being propitious and consonant with the "feelings," or still better, disregarded, mind and body should be left to take their chance

of sleep, without the striving which, in truth, is the principal cause of wakefulness. This is why it often happens that persons who cannot sleep in bed by night will drop off to sleep readily in a chair by day. It is the effort to sleep that keeps off slumber, and when there is no effort sleep comes naturally. If the endeavour to sleep is made, as soon as it commences expectancy begins, and, paradoxical as it may seem, the consciousness is actually kept awake to watch for sleep! This watchfulness, arising out of the eagerness of the desire for sleep and the intensity of the effort made to woo it, throws the mind into a state of tensive anticipation incompatible with somnolence. Then comes the period of restless and irritated disappointment, in which the mind is so vexed, the brain so excited, and the organism, as a whole, thrown into such a state of irritability, that the best thing to do is to rise and take a bath, or wash from head to feet, with the double purpose of allaying the excitement and inducing a more peaceful mood by physical exercise.

Re-education in the process of "going to sleep" must consist, first, in the abandonment of artificial modes and ways of wooing sleep, and the breaking up of bad and mischievous habits of thought and feeling associated with the endeavour to sleep. Second, it must consist in the recourse to simple and *natural* methods. As the child sleeps, the adult should sleep, because he is "sleepy," when he is weary, at regularly recurring periods and without any of the troublesome and oppressive or disquieting preparations with which grown-up people generally—and particularly bad or difficult sleepers—surround and embarrass themselves. The most ready and effective cure for the sleeplessness from which so many suffer, would be a change of circumstances and conditions entailing work during the earlier and middle portions of the day, and such a postponement of sleep as would render the mind passive concerning it, while so weary as to be ready to rest when the opportunity offered. If those who are sleepless or whose sleep is delayed by the difficulty of "wooing sleep," could only bring themselves to abolish the accustomed forms and inductive processes of sleeping, and lead less self-anxious and more uniformly active lives, there would be fewer complaints of difficulty in going to sleep, and the sleep that came without being laboriously wooed and waited for, would be better and more useful to body and mind, because it would be the physiological rest which the organism requires.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—"FINE WEATHER."

NO! that would never do! So Armour assured himself whenever his steps, involuntarily obeying the wish of his heart, inclined to turn from the direction of the village into that of Torthorl House. No, that would never do: although he had obtained a free pass to win her favour, if he could, he had not won her yet. He did not wish to startle her by too bold an advance: the gentle, steady nature which shone in her eyes was not one to play with love. She was not one to desecrate that holy sentiment by giving its title to any whim which a random touch on some spring of vanity might evoke. Love would be to her as it was to him, the grave surrender of Self—the union with another of all that was good in thought and aspiration.

But how was he to inspire such a sentiment—how was he to deserve it? He was ready to give a life's devotion for it; but there was no great deed he could do to give immediate proof of his sincerity and worthiness. Paper-making was a very respectable business, and, so far, he had found it a profitable one; but there was nothing in it calculated to arouse special admiration, and what he wanted was something which could not be influenced by a bank-book. If he could only find some noble work to do at once!—something that would make her pulse throb with joy to know that in doing it he was quickened by thoughts of her!

("It's a fine day," said a passing carter.)

Alas, he was not a soldier, a sailor, a member of parliament—not even a poet or a political fanatic—and these appeared to be the only classes of people who could procure prompt recognition of their merits. He was only a commonplace, steady-going workman; he never thought of his personal advantages having any effect upon her. What then? How was he to act? There was nothing for him but to fall back, as all true lovers have done before and will do again, upon the simple fact—he loved her: he wished her to love him. That was all he knew—he loved her, and had no particular reason for it; he wanted her to love him, and he was not aware of any particular reason why she should do so. Love could not be earned; but it might be in some measure deserved.

("A rael fine day," said a passing farmer.)

He held straight on his course, the sunlight making all things bright around him, and the glorious song of love's hope singing merrily in his ears. The day would pass: he would be calmer when they met in the evening, and not likely to make such a fool of himself, as he felt sure he would do if they were to meet at that moment.

"We'll hae the finest hars't we've had for mony a year if this weather keeps up."

That was Tawtie Pate. Armour's eyes were clear, but they had no sight for any one, his ears no sense of any sound save that within, and he passed this friendly greeting as unconscious of its utterance as he had passed the other salutations. Tawtie Pate was so much amazed by this unusual lack of courtesy that he wheeled his clumsy body round and stared after the retiring figure, meditatively smoothing his greasy chin with his big hand the while.

"Ay, what's wrang, I wonder?" he inquired of himself with as much sententious gravity as if he had been putting the matter before one of his cronies. "It canna be that he's ower prood to speak. Na, there's something wrang, I'm doubtin';—maybe he hasna got the order for Deacon Simpson's pokes!"

Deacon Simpson was the principal grocer and general merchant of Thorniehowe, and the paper pokes, or bags, in which his wares were done up represented a large item of expenditure to Pate's mind.

Another friend, however, would not allow him to pass, and his ears were at length penetrated by a loud shout:

"I'm sayin';" but the voice did not say anything more until Armour turned and saw Gow, the smith, in front of his workshop, with a horse's hoof between his knees, his hammer poised as if arrested in the act of driving a nail home.

"Were you speaking, Gow?" asked Armour as he halted.

"Speakin'! I was roaring mysel' haerse. Maybe there's a fire doon your way, or a funeral."

"I hope not; but there are other things to be in a hurry about."

"I daursay—riches, for example."

"But not shoeing horses."

"Ou, whiles. But I was sayin' there's Hugh Fenwick gane into the fire to light his seegar, and as he saw you comin' skelpin' along he tell't me to gie you a cry."

Although Fenwick was the son of a laird and likely one day to be the proprietor of considerable property, Gow never dreamed of putting any prefix to his name. "Mister" and "squire" were symbols only used on formal occasions, and their absence was no mark of disrespect.

Fenwick came from the dingy depths of the smiddy, and stood in the doorway smoking a cigar. Rusty cart-wheels and iron rods; disabled reaping machines and broken-down ploughs; harrows lacking teeth, and other invalid agricultural implements—all the signs of working life, surrounded him; but there was nothing of the worker in his appearance. He was a "neat" person; not a fop exactly; but one who evidently prided himself upon being always well-dressed, and as smart as fashion and the tailor could make him. Still, he knew when to wear gloves. He presented a combination of some of the chief outward characteristics of the young man about town who knew much more than "a thing or two" and the sporting man, with an occasional dash of the "sharp" business man.

Some women thought him good-looking. A wiry, well-knit figure of average height; very blue eyes, fair skin, fair hair cut short, moustache, beard and thin whiskers carefully trimmed. He was an agreeable acquaintance and a pleasant companion indoors as well as out. Satisfied that he possessed the capacity requisite to distinguish himself in any course if he only cared to try, he had succeeded in convincing others that he had this rare endowment, and was content to rest there. The Bar, the Church, or Parliament would have opened wide doors for his triumphal entrance, but he did not care to enter yet. A parliamentary career was vaguely held in reserve as a probable subject of future consideration, and trade of some sort had been thought of more than once. But there was no hurry; he could not tie himself down yet. He had so many sources of interest and so many friends to visit that no one could tell where he might turn up on a given day, and he was fond of giving people little surprises.

He had travelled a good deal—the slapdash kind of travel—not with Cook's excursions, of course; he would have smiled superciliously, indeed, if any one had suggested that he should take advantage of that sensible system for enabling nervous and economical folk to

get about. He had been *at* almost every notable place on the Continent; he had been *at* New York, Boston, and Philadelphia. He had studied Murray's guides, and he understood Bradshaw. He knew the points of a horse, and he could take the measure of a woman with pitiless accuracy—at least, he thought so; and pitiless the measure was sure to be whether accurate or not. His education had been altogether of a most liberal character.

He had early displayed an acute appreciation of the comforts and blessings money could buy. He liked his friends to be rich, and he said so—not boastfully, but in frank confidence. He liked his friends to believe that his wealth and everything that was his were ten times more and better than he knew them to be. He did not say they were so: he delighted in exercising the faculty, which was undoubtedly one of his gifts, of making half-truths imply an absolute falsehood, whilst if any after-question arose no one could charge him with having spoken one word that was not true. This was "smart:" it was genius! It certainly amused him, and he believed that he sometimes found the art useful.

"I knew that you were home again," said Armour as they shook hands, "for the fiscal has just told me that you are to be at Thorl this evening."

"Oh, then you are to be there too. I thought it was to be a quiet pot-luck affair. Is it to be one of Mrs. Musgrave's gatherings of the county families?"

"I believe not," was the cheering reassurance.

"I'm glad. I can stand a good deal, but the county family business is too much joy."

Fenwick had a pleasing voice, and usually spoke in a low tone; but as captain of the local volunteers his word of command rang out more clearly than that of other officers.

"Perhaps you are wishing you had been with us yesterday," said Armour, amused by the other's affectation.

"What, with the British Ass. people? No, thank you."

"You would not have objected if you had seen the bonnie faces we had with us in our studious diversions."

"I should have objected all the more. The aged blue-stocking is bad, but the young and pretty one is a monstrosity if sincere, and an unpardonable humbug if she isn't. She muddles you with 'ologies, startles you with 'isms, and drives you helplessly into the general asylum for lunatics called the Matri-

monial. That is the invariable course according to my experience."

"Poor chap! I shall pray to be spared your experience of womankind, and in the meanwhile you must make an exception in your sweeping condemnation of our party at least. Miss Musgrave was with us."

Fenwick sent a long wreath of smoke from his mouth, and through it his blue eyes gazed laughingly at Armour.

"You had me there. Well, I shall make an exception so far as the humbug goes, but none as to the destiny of the man who plays at science or philosophy with such a fellow-student."

"There, he's shod siccar enough, noo," said Gow, dropping the horse's hoof.

"All right. I am going your way, Armour."

Fenwick put his arm through the bridle, and so leading the horse walked beside his friend.

"Fine feathers mak' fine birds till you come to the eating o' them," reflected Gow as he worked the bellows-handle and, through the smiddy window, observed the two men. "I'm tauld that peacocks are puir feedin'—tough and fusionless for a' as braw as they look wi' their tails spread out."

Armour would gladly have dispensed with the society which was thrust upon him. He wanted to be alone with his glad thoughts of Ellie, and Fenwick, more than any one else could have done, interfered with them. He did not think of him as a rival, for that would have implied serious purpose, and he did not regard Fenwick as one having the capacity for serious purpose of any kind: he doubted if he could be stirred even by serious passion. Besides, it was one of Armour's whimsical notions that there could be no rivalry in love. Rivalry, or competition, was an element of trade which gave success to the trader who could supply the best article at the lowest price. He regarded the man who could "compete" for affection with a little pity and thorough contempt; and the woman who could put herself up for competition as a poor creature who did not understand what she was doing.

To Fenwick, what he called love-making or "spooning" was an amusement which derived its chief zest from rivalry and the satisfaction of outwitting somebody. Sometimes, he was aware, it involved consequences entailing troublesome responsibilities. These were to be avoided as long as possible, and the game to be enjoyed in the meanwhile; the longer it could be kept up the more merit would be due to the player.

They were working out the common problem, Is the relation of man and woman an earnest part of life or only one of its adjuncts?

Consciously silent, they walked side by side through the village, aware that they were thinking of each other; wishful to speak and yet having nothing to say. Faith is required to make a silent walk agreeable. Fenwick did not feel it so much as Armour, for he was in no hurry, and he had an object in view; he wanted to know how far the paper-maker was interested in the fiscal's daughter. Armour wished to get away, and was about to say so, when his companion spoke.

"Are you very deeply burned in that business?"

"In what business?" exclaimed Armour, puzzled more by the nature of the question than its abruptness.

"You know—Miss Musgrave," replied Fenwick with a significant smile. "Of course I saw the start you gave when I hinted at the destiny in store for any one who was much with her."

"I should consider the destiny you mention the happiest any man could have. Will that answer serve you?"

"Perfectly; and I see there is a prospect of a change at the mill soon. Don't mind my chaff, old fellow, you can make fun of me on the same score when the time comes. But you are not likely to have the chance of your revenge soon. I doubt if you will ever have it."

Armour regarded him with an expression of pretended anxiety and sympathy.

"You don't look as if you were the victim of unrequited love."

"Scarcely—rather say I have had too much of it and consequently happen to know the real value of the high-faluting rubbish rhymers and story-writers say about true love. It pays them to say it, and it pleases women to *read* about the grand passion and devotion which they haven't got. Why, there isn't a woman in a thousand worth a serious thought."

"Yes, but every man believes in the thousandth and expects to get her."

"I don't believe in her at all."

"That's a bad job for you, Fenwick. If you have already exhausted your affections and your faith in womankind, I see little happiness left for you here below."

"And I see a great deal, for experience has taught me how to extract the greatest amount of enjoyment out of everything and—everybody. To do that effectively you must not encumber yourself with feeling."

Armour quickened his steps : he was becoming impatient of this young man's cynicism.

"When I hear you talking in this fashion I am puzzled to make out whether you are deceiving yourself or only trying to deceive me. Have you been disappointed by anybody?"

"I am not conscious of such a misfortune."

"Are you out of sorts in any way?"

"Never was better in my life."

"You may never have been better, but I don't think you are well. You want work."

"Why, I have always more to do than I can manage."

"I mean real practical work of some kind. It is not so much idleness that upsets men as too busy speculations about principles which they are never likely to have to test the value of in practice."

Fenwick laughed heartily at this earnest tirade.

"My dear philosopher, you need not have the slightest fear of my being upset by too much speculation of any kind unless it be in horses or stocks. However, I mean to have a try at practical work of some kind soon, and have a notion of offering to become your partner in the mill. What do you think of that?"

"When you make the proposal seriously, I shall consider it."

"By Jove, here's Mrs. Musgrave's carriage."

CHAPTER VII.—MRS. MUSGRAVE'S CARRIAGE.

EMPHATICALLY it was "Mrs. Musgrave's carriage." At Torthorl and elsewhere, whenever that lady required the vehicle she ordered "My" carriage as if it were a piece of distinctly personal property. The fiscal, in this as in many other things, humoured his wife, and always spoke of "Mrs. Musgrave's carriage." He never got into it himself except under severe pressure ; he had his gig or his horse for rapid travelling or long distances ; but he had a sturdy preference for "Shanksnaigie," whenever time would permit him to employ that trusty steed. Ellie shared her father's predilection for walking, but as she had been accustomed to "Mrs. Musgrave's carriage" from childhood, she did not feel any discomfort in regularly taking her place in it beside her mother, although she would wince at times with the consciousness that people were laughing in their sleeves at the prodigious fuss which her parent made about it.

It was a handsome carriage, fitted to be

used either open or closed ; and was always polished and brushed up as if it had recently come out of the builder's hands. It was Mrs. Musgrave's hobby : she had long sighed for it and she was able to say now that it was her right, for it had been purchased and was maintained out of a small fortune which she had unexpectedly inherited from one of her mother's relatives. The carriage, too, was a visible proof of her condescension in having accepted the hand of Mr. Musgrave and submitted to be exiled from the capital when if she had only waited she might have been one of the leaders of fashionable society there. This reflection, however, did not disturb the placid course of her life ; it rather added a particular zest to it. In her case the "might have been," was not a subject of regret, but of a pleasing sensation of mild self-esteem on account of the problematical sacrifice she had made.

Although she had married somewhat late she was still young-looking ; and it was her boast that she had not a grey hair in her head ; but nobody knew how diligently she weeded her locks every morning. The fiscal, who was professionally and in practice a most unfeeling wag, would start inopportune discussions on the comparative advantages of uprooting and pruning ugly looking plants. Happily no one understood him. In manner she was stately to a degree—an unpleasant degree some folk thought—as it behoved the daughter of a Lord of Session to be. She walked with precise steps and slow ; and she was an authority on all questions of precedence. Mentally she was a "giddy body ;" and although they were always companions, the position of mother and daughter was in some respects inverted. The former was the gay, impulsive creature, ready to follow the dictates of any whim ; the latter, the grave curb on this too exuberant nature. Like all weak people Mrs. Musgrave could be very obstinate.

When Fenwick first observed the carriage it was some distance down the road, but rapidly approaching them. As it was passing a cottage, a man, half-dressed, rushed out and attempted to cross the road. His foot slipped and he fell in front of the horses. The driver was a man of cool head and strong muscles : he pulled the horses back on their haunches and made them swerve to one side, so that although, immediately afterwards, they pranced forward a few paces before being brought to a standstill, the off wheels merely grazed the man's head.

Ellie was standing up in the carriage, pale

but quiet; Mrs. Musgrave had uttered a scream and flung herself back on the cushions covering her face with a shawl in order to shut out the spectacle of the accident which appeared to be inevitable, the moment the man fell.

Armour and Fenwick raised him from the ground and he glared dazedly about, his lips and whole body quivering with terror; but he was apparently unconscious of the peril from which he had escaped, and struggled with spasmodic violence to get away from the friendly hands which supported him.

"Be quiet, Thorburn," said Armour in a kindly, firm voice, and giving him a slight shake to rouse him out of his confused state.

Thorburn glanced nervously from side to side and continued his effort to get away.

A woman came running from the cottage. Babbie Howison, the nurse.

"Oh, Maister Armour, I wasna a minute out o' the room—and he was that quiet a' the night that I never thought he would try to win out. The fit maun hae taen him directly I turned my back."

"Is he hurt?" inquired Ellie, softly. She had got out of the carriage, and was now beside them. "Poor old man, he seems greatly frightened."

She laid her hand on his: the touch and the voice had more effect in soothing Thorburn than the strength of his supporters. He became quiet and looked at her with an expression of bewildered inquiry, himself seeking an explanation of what had occurred.

"He is one of my men, Miss Musgrave," said Armour, "and has been ill. I suppose he got out of bed when half-awake and thought it was time to go to work. I don't think he has been hurt by the fall."

"It was lucky Bryce had the horses so well in hand," added Fenwick; "or the carriage must have gone over him. As it is he has got off without a scratch."

"Without a scratch," exclaimed Mrs. Musgrave, from beneath her shawl. "Wretched man!—he might have upset the carriage!"

"Oh, Mama, he might have been killed!" was Ellie's gentle reproach.

"He might have upset the carriage, I say," repeated Mrs. Musgrave, uncovering her head, and quite unaware of the petulant selfishness of her speech; "and the fiscal shall hear of it. I am surprised at you, Mr. Armour; if he is one of your men you ought to have him taken care of, for he must be insane to have run in front of the horses the way he did. It is only by a miracle that he has escaped being killed."

Armour had no time to attend to the reprimand. The word "fiscal" had had a galvanic effect upon Thorburn. He had been yielding to Ellie's soothing influence, and was going quietly towards the house; but at that sound he started and sprang forward as if to run away from some invisible danger. He only escaped from the grasp of Armour and Fenwick for a moment, however; and when they took his arms again he was perfectly passive.

"I am ready," he said, or rather breathed, as if resigning himself to his fate. "Is he here?"

"Is who here—the fiscal?" asked Ellie, who was the only one quick enough to catch his words and to associate them with her mother's speech. "No, he is not here, and you need not be afraid of him. He is my father."

Thorburn raised his dull eyes to her bright face and looked at her a long time.

"Your father?" he muttered slowly. . . . "You are a bonnie lass. Let him come. I am not afraid."

He smiled feebly, as if in gratitude for her sympathy, and passed into the cottage.

"Here is Lawson; do you think you can stay quietly with him and Babbie till I come back?" said Armour.

"Quite quiet. My head is clearing again," answered Thorburn, with a wistful expression of regret at his inability to convince them that he might be trusted. "You cannot understand, but you will find that I have been quiet when you come back. I heard *her* and forgot again. That is all. Tell the ladies I am sorry for having frightened them."

Armour was satisfied, and quitted the cottage with Fenwick. The latter took his horse from the lad to whom he had thrown the bridle when he ran forward to assist Thorburn.

"What is the matter with the old boy? He seems a rum customer," Fenwick said as they advanced to the carriage.

"A common story; some trouble; then liquor—first a friend, and by-and-by proving itself the devil it is in his ruin—body and mind. . . . The man is not hurt at all, Mrs. Musgrave, and he bids me tell you that he is sorry for having frightened you. I hope the shock has not upset you very much."

"It did startle me very much indeed, Mr. Armour," she answered, with one of her most condescending smiles, as she carefully re-arranged her shawl; "and, as *you* would

say, as no bones are broken, we must be thankful."

"Will you not come into the house and rest for a few minutes?"

"No, thank you; it is not necessary. Mr. Fenwick will accompany us part of our way and help us to regain our composure. My compliments to Mrs. Armour. Good morning."

And the carriage drove away.

CHAPTER VIII.—TORTHORL HOUSE.

SHE was extremely polite; he wished she could have been less so; but then Mrs. Musgrave was a nervous woman and, naturally enough, much excited by what had occurred. Her manner towards him could not have been influenced by his conversation with the fiscal, for she could not yet have heard of it. That consoled him.

"Poor body—Fenwick will soon put her into good humour with some pretty words about her looks. Maybe he will tell her that she displayed great presence of mind!"

That notion tickled Armour and made him forget the twinge of envy with which he had seen Fenwick riding off beside the carriage and Ellie. He hoped he would reserve all his flattery for the mother. There were advantages in having nothing to do but what happened to be most in accord with one's own wishes. However, the evening would come and he should be happy—but he wished he could get that smart young man out of his head. Now he came to think of it Fenwick looked much more like a suitable match for Ellie than he did: the son of a laird, accustomed to the ways of society, clever in the little arts which please women and—what absurd fancies were these? No, Fenwick was not a suitable match for Ellie, and if she could ever come to think him so—why, then he was terribly mistaken. He would dismiss at once the uncomfortable suggestions made by the picture of Fenwick beside the carriage; but it was still vivid in his mind's eye and flashed before him at intervals throughout the day with irritating insistence. Midges are not very terrible creatures, but they are troublesome.

Meanwhile he had to see Thorburn again, and he went hastily into the cottage. He found him in bed and singularly calm.

"I am a nuisance," muttered Thorburn, moving his head uneasily as his master approached. "Don't bother about me—I'll get better the sooner. I hate giving trouble."

"We won't take any more trouble than we can help; but we want to get you on your

feet again, and you must obey orders. What made you go out?"

"I thought I was wanted. Only a delusion—no one wants me."

"We want you to get well at any rate, and to do that you must keep quiet. Mrs. Howison will take care of you, and if there is anything you think I can do for you, tell me."

Thorburn was silent and looked almost sulky; but gradually the gloom cleared from his face.

"I should like to see Musgrave's daughter again if she is passing this way and is not afraid to come in."

"I am to see her to-night and will tell her. She is sure to come if you very much wish it."

"You are to see her to-night," said the invalid reflectively; "you are going there, I suppose, and the fiscal will be inquiring about me."

"I dare say; but that need not disturb you."

"No; that need not disturb me."

He closed his eyes wearily, as if wishful to sleep, and Armour with a pitying nod of the head turned to Babbie Howison and Lawson. It was arranged that one of the latter's children should remain at hand to run messages for the nurse and to give warning if assistance should be required. Then Armour hastened to his own house.

Grannie was at the door waiting for him, a grave expression on her face. When he reached her side she drew breath as if relieved.

"I'm glad he's better noo. Yon was an awfu' business."

"You know all about it, then," he exclaimed. "I believe you have a brownie in special attendance on you, Grannie, for you know everything that goes on as soon as if you had the eyes and ears of all the gossips in Thorniehowe."

"I hope you werena' angry wi' him."

"Angry with him!—just now?"

"I ought to hae said, I hoped you didna' show him that you werena' pleased wi' him."

"I forgot that I had been displeased with him. And now I have good news, to make up for the bad. Can you guess what it is?"

"Easy enough, even if you hadna' tell't me what you expected. You hae been to Torthorl and haena' had "No" for answer."

"That's it—Musgrave agrees, and I am almost as happy as if she had spoken the word herself."

"I'm rael glad: it makes you happy," said Grannie, moving indoors.

She was not so elated as he had expected

her to be. She smiled, but it was not the blithe smile she used to give him for triumphs of much less importance to himself. Remembering the enthusiasm with which she had spoken about Ellie, he was disappointed. But he was satisfied that there was no danger of her changing her mind about his marriage and becoming like most other motherly guardians jealous of the woman who had taken the first place in his thoughts. Besides, he was too joyous in himself to pay particular heed to her manner of receiving his news.

Even a "pot-luck" dinner party at Torthorl was an affair of some state. At one time the fiscal had vainly endeavoured to make it otherwise; but he had long since ceased all efforts and appeals to that end, resigned himself to the inevitable, and now rather enjoyed the fun of the ceremonious arrangements of Mrs. Musgrave.

"If the guidwife had nothing but tawties and saut to offer you," he once said to an old friend, "she would make you feel as much honoured and as uncomfortable as if you were at a grand banquet for the first time. I whiles get a plain chop by conspiring with the kitchen folk; but if the mistress just gets an inkling of what's going on, up comes my poor bit of mutton smothered in frills and shrivelled up with fear at its grand name. But it pleases her, and there are folk who like it."

Notwithstanding this element of excessive formality Torthorl was acknowledged to be a most hospitable house: a good dinner and good wine make amends for the stiff-backed chairs, and Mr. Musgrave's warmth and jocose ways made amends for Mrs. Musgrave's overwhelming dignity. However homely the invitation might profess the entertainment to be, dressing was absolutely necessary. One ignorant man, who had been beguiled by the fiscal's declaration that he was only coming to share the family kail, appeared in a morning coat and gave such offence to the hostess that he never regained her favour. Mrs. Musgrave affirmed that it was absolutely impossible for any gentleman to eat his dinner without a dress coat.

"Very true, Euphemia," said her husband meekly; "and I have known gentlemen carry the principle so far as to dine *on* their dress coats—with the help of an uncle."

Mrs. Musgrave opened her eyes but declined to see any joke. To him she would say indignantly:

"You are a perfect savage on this subject, Richard."

"No, not just that. I would not care to come to table quite in savage costume."

"You are too shocking, Richard," she would exclaim, and seek the refreshing aid of her scent-bottle. The mental picture of the burly fiscal in feathers and paint was almost too much for her!

To others she would speak apologetically of her husband, and yet with that gracious smile which reminded you that he was a great man, thanks to her, and that she was to be congratulated on the fact.

"My husband is such a violent Republican, my dear, that he detests all those forms peculiar to people of rank. He only submits to them at all for *my* sake, and he is really very kind in yielding the point for me. I sometimes half wish we were in America: I am sure he would be made president."

And she did believe it, for in the abstract and on serious questions she had a kind of vague respect for the fiscal; but in the concrete and on minor matters she had a lofty contempt for his judgment and taste. He seldom interfered with her, preferring to let many reprehensible trifles pass unnoticed rather than have a fuss made about them; and the immunity thus obtained—which practically allowed her to have her own way in everything—was interpreted by her as meaning that she was a perfect wife and manager. That idea pleased her, and self-satisfaction obtained for him the peace which he could never have secured by any other course of conduct: it also provided him with much secret amusement.

When Armour entered the drawing-room, Ellie and the minister, Mr. Moffat, were together examining some engravings contained in a large portfolio; Mr. Musgrave and Fenwick were standing on the hearthrug, the latter twirling the end of his moustache and looking blankly at the opposite wall; the former, with his hands fastened behind him as if he were still swinging his umbrella and apparently waiting for his companion to speak. Fenwick always found it difficult to converse with Mr. Musgrave, he had such a heavy, sprawling way of putting his big paw upon the thin witticisms and cheap cynicism of this accomplished young man. He was therefore relieved by the arrival of Armour, as it enabled him to escape from his host and utilise his acquaintance with the show places of the world in his comments upon the engravings which Ellie and the minister were looking at.

Presently the door swung open, and everybody stood at attention as Mrs. Musgrave entered. There was one excellent trait in

her character: she never allowed people to wait for their dinner, and it was therefore announced immediately after her appearance. As she was taking the minister's arm, she said with much sweetness:

"Mr. Fenwick, you will take——"

But she was interrupted by her husband addressing his daughter:

"Come away, my Ba-ba lamb, and the shepherd will mind you himself. You two laddies can look after each other."

Mrs. Musgrave had no opportunity to check this alteration of her plans, as the minister was already deep in an account of some recent archæological discoveries; and in a few minutes they were all seated in the dining-room.

As Fenwick was placed on the left of the hostess and Ellie on her father's right, they were side by side. This satisfied Mrs. Musgrave, and enabled her to smile graciously and exclaim, "How very remarkable!" as if she had been attending to the minister all the time. Armour was of course opposite Ellie, and that was almost better than being beside her.

There could be no silence at table when Mr. Moffat was present. He was a welcome guest everywhere on account of his unflagging good spirits and ceaseless flow of talk on every subject, scientific, political, or literary. He was the good genius of awkward and absent-minded hosts, and no dinner party of which he formed one had ever been called dull. So he rattled on now; and by the time the champagne glasses had been filled a second time the pleasant hum of conversation indicated that everybody was in a complacent humour. Under cover of this fire Ellie took occasion to ask Armour about Thorburn.

"I am glad to say he is improving as rapidly as can be expected. He is perfectly sensible, and has sent a message to you."

"To me? I did not think he would have remembered me."

"He does, and he would like to see you again if you are not too much afraid to enter his lair."

"What could make him wish to see me?"

"I don't know. He is a whimsical fellow and very earnest in this request."

"I do not think there is anything whimsical in desiring to see Miss Musgrave," broke in Fenwick. "I should regard the request as a proof that he is an old fellow of excellent taste. I wouldn't mind being ill myself if she would come to see me."

Ellie continued her conversation as if

there had been no complimentary interruption, and Fenwick finding himself unattached gave his attention impartially to whoever spoke loud enough to attract it. The minister and the fiscal had the most of it as Ellie and Armour spoke under their heavy fire.

"I would like to see him again, and if it will please him that is so much the better. What is the cause of his illness?"

"The doctor says his nervous system has had a severe shock, and he has been frequently off work for a day or two, but I never knew him to be so bad as he is at present. He is wonderfully clever, but most eccentric and unmanageable in his ways."

"I thought he was something more than an ordinary workman."

"And he is. He has seen better days, but he has given us very few details of his career, and I have never pressed him on the subject as any reference to the past always appeared to cause him so much pain. He has told us that he was long in America, and from incidental observations I have gathered that he has been at different times connected with newspapers and theatres, besides having hunted for fortune at the gold diggings. His life must have been a droll one if we can judge from his ways and remarks. He is an inventor too, and if he could only manage to finish something I believe he would do well. But when he has nearly completed a model for some project which would bring him a fortune if properly worked, he drops it from his hands, goes off for a walk, or sits down at his piano, and forgets all about it. Sometimes he displays an uncontrollable desire for wealth, and immediately afterwards proves that he is utterly indifferent to it."

A laugh from the other party dominated by the minister's shrill note, interfered with the conversation. Mr. Moffat's subjects were theoretically tabulated and led out in regular order with the progress of the menu; and practically came out whenever they pleased. This was his course: 1. With soup and fish, conversation, antiquarian. 2. With entrées—scientific. 3. With joint—political. 4. With game or odd dishes—literary. 5. With sweets—general. 6. With dessert and wine—anecdotal. He had not deliberately constructed a formulary like this himself, but his friends had noted that this was the course his conversation generally ran. At present he had arrived at the literary stage, and was commenting upon books of reminiscences.

"I repeat it," he was saying with a shrill earnestness which would have made a stranger think he had lost his temper; "those

books of reminiscences of great men are mostly the product of stupid adulation inflated with vanity, and the great man suffers in general respect in consequence. Look what a bombastic self-conscious ass they make every man of brains appear—a creature always on show. It reminds me of one of those automaton figures which go through certain mechanical movements as soon as you have dropped a penny into the box to start the clock-work. So, according to these books, you drop your letter of introduction into the great man's box, he moves across the stage for your amusement, spouting his prepared epigrams, and more anxious to be startling than truthful. That is not true of any man worth remembering."

And the minister proceeded to give illustrations of the kind of books which had roused his ire.

"Where did you find this strange man?" Ellie resumed as soon as opportunity offered.

"It was Mr. Moffat who found him and brought him to me."

"Who is that you are talking about?" inquired the fiscal.

"Thorburn, who was nearly run over this morning by Mrs. Musgrave's carriage."

"I quite forgot about the man," exclaimed the hostess; "he is a most extraordinary person."

"Jock Thorburn is a most interesting man," interposed the minister. "I was talking about men of brains just now—well, he is one of them."

"Surely, Mr. Moffat, you do not know the person we are speaking about," said Mrs. Musgrave graciously, but much amazed by the sudden appearance of the minister as the champion of the dreadful character who might have upset the carriage.

"There is only one Jock Thorburn here—about, and he is my friend. He has seen a great deal of the world, read much, and done much, and he has only one failing, that is, he has never been able to profit by his own skill and experience. Others have done so, and found their reward, whilst he himself remains poor. I saw him for the first time sitting on the water trough at Campbell's steading. I was walking from Lockerbie and wanted a rest, so I sat down beside him. 'Fine day this,' said I. 'Ay, a fine day for those who like it.' 'Can there be anybody who does not like such glorious sunshine as this?'"

"He looked at me as though he did not understand. Then he said very ill-humouredly: 'There are people who are hungry,

poor, and friendless.' 'Well, we take care of them!' 'Oh yes—poorhouse.' 'And a very good house, too. Do you want to go there?' The man actually shivered. 'No,' he said, 'I don't want to go there. I want to get work of some kind. I don't care what it is provided I can make enough to keep body and soul together. I am only a tramp, but I should like to rest somewhere for a time.' 'Then, come with me. I think I can get you work somewhere.' He did not seem to care about the proposal at first, but presently he took to it and asked me with a smile whether or not the dress he had on would serve for the company. 'It might be better, but you can mend that afterwards. Wait here a minute.' I left him and went up to the farm, where I got some bread and cheese and milk and brought them down to the water-trough. The man was actually starving, but he ate and drank as quietly as if he had been only taking a slight lunch and did not want to spoil his appetite for dinner. When he had finished he thanked me, and said respectfully: 'I thought you were only curious, sir, but I see you are in earnest. If you will allow me I will walk with you whichever way you are going and tell you as much of my circumstances as may interest you.' 'I thought you had already agreed to go with me.' 'Yes, but I had not agreed to tell you what I am.'

"So, as we walked to Thorniehowe together, he told me of his misfortunes, his successes and failures, and that he had now returned to his native land with no other wish than that he might see his old home and perhaps some of his relatives before he died. The upshot of it was that Armour gave him employment in the mill, and instead of continuing his journey, as I understood he intended to do, he has remained at Thorniehowe. He has good reason for that, however, for Armour and Mrs. Armour have been kind to him, and he has told me that the friends he particularly wished to see are no longer in the place where he had left them. Besides, he says he is happier here than he could hope to be anywhere else."

"He wants to go now, though," said Armour, "and I shall be sorry to lose him."

"He will change his mind when he gets well and we have a chat with him," observed the minister confidently.

To his jerky, rapid sketch of how Thorburn had come to settle in the place, Ellie had listened with interest, Fenwick with indifference, and Mrs. Musgrave had the gift of appearing to pay attention to a speaker

whilst she was really thinking of other matters.

When the subject had been first started, the fiscal had looked steadily at Armour and had scrutinised his face with serious eyes several times as the narrative proceeded.

"And has he no relatives near him?" inquired Ellie.

"No, and he seems to have made up his mind that there is no likelihood of finding them now," rejoined Mr. Moffat. "He leads a curious life: he is very much liked by the folk hereabout, but except when he is at work in the mill he spends most of his time in solitude, and he will not allow any one to live in the cottage with him. His piano and one or two books he has got are his real companions. He says they are faithful friends, and cannot, if they would, deceive or desert him. There are periods when he seeks the companionship of any one who will share a glass with him, and he is then a jovial fellow indeed, until, as sometimes happens I am sorry to say, he gets a glass too much. He is in short that most miserable of all human beings—a clever, disappointed man who has given up all hope of bettering himself in this world and is indifferent about his chances in the next."

At this point Mrs. Musgrave rose to leave the room, and Ellie was reluctantly obliged to accompany her. The fiscal was evidently well-pleased that this interruption changed the subject of conversation.

CHAPTER IX.—THE TRAGEDY OF A LIE.

"SLEEPING?—I hope I have not disturbed him. Here are some beef-tea and jelly, and the doctor says you can give him a little whenever you can get him to take it. You may say that I shall come in again to-morrow and see how he is."

"Very weel, I'll do your biddin', but it's no easy gettin' him to take onything except what he fancies himsel'. Mrs. Armour is the only one that can gar him dae onything wise-like."

"I am not sleeping, Miss Musgrave," said Thorburn, opening his eyes, "and I will take the things you have brought. Thank you for them, and thank you more for coming yourself."

"I am afraid I have wakened you, Mr. Thorburn, and am very sorry," said Ellie regretfully.

"My eyes were only closed when you came in, and I did not open them at once because it was a pleasure to hear your voice.

No sleep could have done me so much good as seeing you here. . . . You think this strange? Pardon my absurdity, but you are very like one I parted from long ago, and the fancy is strong upon me that your coming is a token of her forgiveness."

"I am very glad that my coming affords you pleasure. The doctor warned me particularly not to permit you to talk, and especially about old times. I must go now, as my mother is waiting, and to-morrow I hope to find you better."

"You will find me better, and in a few days I shall be able to go out."

Although Ellie had only been in the cottage a few minutes, Mrs. Musgrave was impatient. She had given a reluctant sanction to the visit, yielding only because Ellie had become interested in the man and persisted in her resolve to gratify his desire to see her. The few words he had spoken now increased her interest, and she became a daily visitor at the cottage; but she now chose the time when she could be spared from her mother, and walked to the village alone.

Thorburn did not again refer to the reason which had prompted his request to see her, but they had pleasant conversations about books and places, the duration of her visit lengthening each day. He was not the only one who watched eagerly for her coming.

She saw Grannie, of course; and to Armour these visits afforded a "fearful joy." Whatever the time she arrived and left, he was in waiting to walk back with her to the house. Thorburn's misfortunes thus provided him with the opportunity to be alone with Ellie.

Grannie observed these meetings and knew that all was going well; she knew of the great joy that had entered into his life; she heard his voice in the mornings singing gladly like the birds in the ecstasy of mere existence; she heard his footstep touching the ground lightly as if life were a gay dance and he leading it: but the sun did not shine in her face as it had done on the evening when he first made her his confidante. Thorburn, too, as he grew well, seemed to become gloomy. It had been his custom to look straight at those who spoke to him: now his eyelids drooped, and he looked to the ground or to one side even when Ellie was speaking the kindest words to him. It was as if he felt bitterly his own unworthiness of her favour as health returned to him. He could not guess that she was feeling gratitude towards him for the happiness—as yet unde-

fined to herself—which he had somehow brought to her.

He had not again spoken about going away; and the subject had entirely dropt out of Armour's thoughts, when one day, whilst he was sitting busy in his work-room at home, the servant told him that Thorburn wished to speak to him.

"Well, Thorburn," he said, rising as the man entered. "I am glad to see you about again. I suppose you have come to talk to me anent returning to work; but you are not to think of that yet awhile. The doctor says you need a good rest, and I mean you to have it. If you are restless, work out the model of that printing machine. I believe there is money in it, and you shall have a full share of whatever comes out of it. The only question is one of the cost of production, and—why, what's the matter with you?"

"The sunlight is too strong for me. I want to speak to you. Let me draw the curtains."

The sunlight was streaming in at the window, and Thorburn was shading his eyes with a trembling hand. He spoke nervously, and as he finished, without waiting for sanction, he pulled the curtains together, and turned his back to the window.

The room was darkened, but the light admitted through the curtains made a warm glow on Armour's face, whilst Thorburn's was almost black in the shadow.

The eccentric conduct of his visitor did not startle Armour, but made him thoughtful. During the past few days he had considered him so greatly improved in health that all danger was over; and his natural conclusion on the appearance of Thorburn was—having had experience of the man's sensitive nature in regard to receiving pay when not working—that he had come to report himself ready to go into harness. But having been warned by the doctor that Thorburn's ailment involved hallucinations, he now began to fear from his nervous manner that his recovery was more apparent than real. That was a disappointment, but it indicated to him the more necessity for humouring the man and trying to calm him by assurance of sympathy and the use of the gentlest arguments at his command.

"I am fond of light, Thorburn, as you know; but if it hurts you by all means keep the curtains drawn."

Thorburn was looking at him out of his shadow, and that sad smile was on his face again—the smile suggesting that he knew he was being misunderstood, and that he was hopeless of being able to convince his listener of the mistake.

"Are you very busy just now? I want to tell you something, and it may take a little time."

"Go on, then. I suppose it is something of importance to you."

"Yes; of great importance to me and to you—perhaps."

"Sit down, make yourself comfortable, and tell me all about it. There is nothing very particular demanding my attention for the next hour. Stop a minute—you seem dreadfully put out. I'll get you a glass of something."

"I can't sit and I don't want you to get anything for me. It needn't take so long after all," said Thorburn, his voice faltering in spite of the evident effort he was making to control it. "There is no necessity to bother you with anything; I only want to say good-bye and to thank you for your kindness."

"Why, I had forgotten all about this ridiculous notion of yours, and thought you had forgotten it too. Come, come, Thorburn, unless you have been deceiving me very much, you have not got another situation, and I know that you can't get one that will suit you better. If there is anything you have to complain of in wages or in treatment, tell me and I will try to mend it."

"Why are you so anxious that I should remain?" he asked, straining his eyes towards him, a curious mingling of irritability and gentleness in his expression and tone. "It is not because my work is so priceless, and, considering the annoyance I have given you all, it can't be because you like me. Why, then?"

"You are in a bad humour, Thorburn, or you would not say that we do not like you. Grannie has shown in many ways that she thinks a good deal of you, and if I have spoken to you now and again in a way which you might consider harsh, I have not been intentionally unkind."

The reproach was mild, and its mildness seemed to make it sting the more keenly.

"Oh, Lord, I did not mean that!" cried Thorburn in distressed accents and pressing one hand on his brow. "You have been kinder to me than I deserve—kinder than you could be if you knew the wretch I am; and it is because of your kindness that I want to give you the only proof of gratitude that is in my power by taking myself off out of your sight for ever. I am not the ungrateful beggar I appear, but I am a coward."

"What are you afraid of?"

"Myself. You will own that I have reason to be so when you hear me."

His agitation was kept in hand so far ; but Armour saw that very little excitement would enable it to break loose altogether. Here was exactly what the doctor had told him to expect, self-accusations of all sorts of exaggerated real and imaginary wrongdoings.

"I do not think you ungrateful, Thorburn," he said soothingly. "I am sure you do not mean to be so, and I wish you would put that subject aside once for all. Let us talk about something agreeable at present. Another time, when you are stronger, you can tell me all about your bothers if you like. Meanwhile tell me if you have had any inspiration about your machine."

"I have no thoughts—no inspirations. My mind has been full of ghosts ever since I knew that you had set your mind on . . . there, you see my wits are ravelled. I mean ever since my mind was made up to tramp again."

"Back to that ! Toots, man, you must not let me hear another word about it. Look here ; I have been trying some new mixtures for a cheap writing-paper, and fancy I have found the means of obtaining fine texture at small cost. Look at these samples."

Thorburn looked at him instead, and so strangely that Armour laid down the samples he had taken up in the hope of diverting his visitor's thoughts. He came to the conclusion that it was no use trying to overcome his mania : he must let it have its way.

"I cannot help going back to that," said Thorburn, with a sad calmness : "there are too many things about me and within me to keep the ghosts stirring, and I must make one more effort to run from them. . . . Can you forgive a lie ?"

Armour could not help smiling at the earnestness with which this apparently irrelevant and abrupt question was put.

"I am afraid that if we could not do so we should all be in a very unforgiving and unforgiven state."

"Ay, but suppose it was a lie about something which you thought concerned your whole life : suppose it was told you by the friend you had trusted and—worse, by the woman you cared for most—the woman you had given all your hope of present and future happiness to : suppose it was told to you by them ?"

"I cannot answer you," said Armour quietly : "it is impossible for me to say what I might do if I were so deceived."

"I was so deceived."

He lingered over the words, and stopped as if afraid to speak more.

"Well, I trust you did not do anything desperate."

"I did. The opportunity to punish them offered itself promptly to my hand. I seized it and struck the blow. Both fell, and . . . and since then my life has been a cursed one."

"You don't mean that you murdered them !" exclaimed Armour, startled notwithstanding the fact that he had been warned to expect extravagant statements from Thorburn.

"No, I did not kill them with my own hand, but I was the cause of their death. They had the best of it. They obtained peace at once. I have known nothing but the wretched pleasures of debauchery, the worthless gratification of extravagance one day and the irritation of poverty the next—surfeit and starvation ; my home, a hotel, a lodging-house, or a prison. I made no friends, I loved no other woman. I knew many people ; I believed in no one, I trusted no one—least of all myself. The only glimpse I have obtained of real happiness since that time long ago has been here ; and that has been taken away from me now. During the last few weeks I have been in torture, and found relief only in madness."

Armour wished he knew how to soothe him. He made allowances for the man's excited state, and therefore did not attach much importance to the self-contempt and scorn with which he spoke of his past.

"I do not understand what can have made such a change in your life here, Thorburn, and so am not able to offer you any advice. I cannot see why you should go away unless you know of some place where you feel sure you will be more comfortable."

"Any place will be more comfortable for me than this now. But I find it very hard to leave it. I did hope that I should only have to leave it for the kirk-yard ; but that is not to be yet, and the doctor says I may hold out for years. Droll, that the worthless and the miserable hold out when those who are of use to the world and have happiness within reach should be dropping fast around them."

He smiled at this irony of fate which he experienced so bitterly in his own person.

"But you can be useful, if you like ; and there is nothing to prevent you getting your share of what comfort is going."

"Not now—not here. But listen to my reason for saying that, and then you shall judge whether or not you can wish me to

stay. It is possible that you may be glad some day to have heard my version of the affair."

There was a note of pain thrilling through the last sentence which caused Armour to wonder more and more how much of what the man had to say was real, and how much the illusion of a disordered brain. He sat down and waited.

Thorburn made a restless movement from the window, nearer to the table; his eyes wandered uneasily about the room, glancing over his master's face as if he were anxious to examine it and yet could not. He looked awkward and distressed, as if now that by his own will he stood at the bar for judgment he would have fain drawn back. But he had taken himself prisoner and would not admit that escape was possible, although he dreaded the verdict he sought.

"I was a mere lad when I married," he said at last and somewhat huskily. "The girl was a little younger than myself—scarcely done with her schooling, thoughtless, vain. She accepted me rather because it was counted an important thing amongst girls to get married than because she had any special liking for me. Neither of us had given any serious thought to the responsibilities we were undertaking or the duties we were entering upon. I was passionately fond of her: she submitted to my embraces, answered "yes" or "no" to anything I said: there was no response to my passion, but that did not check me. At that time I regarded the want of words in speech and letters as the result of shyness and bewilderment in her new position of betrothed bride. To this I attributed all that would have otherwise appeared cold and unsympathetic. I learned afterwards that it was the dull placidity of a nature as yet untouched by love. She had said that she would be my wife, and I thought that meant she loved me.

"I was impetuous: no opposition was made and we were married. On the day of our marriage I was chilled by the thought that her interest in me terminated with the ceremonies and festivities of that event; but I put the horrible feeling away from me, and would not allow it to influence me in act or thought.

"I had a friend who was the loudest in wishing us joy and prosperity on the wedding-day. He had been my comrade in work and pleasure for several years; but he had never seen her until he came to be my best man. He was called Edward Graham.

"Again and again the thought was forced upon me that my wife was so only in name. She had not given me her heart. I struggled against this idea, sought out explanations for her conduct towards me, made excuses for her, and assured myself that if she did not care for me as I had thought she did I must try to win her to me now. Our son was born. I had read and heard that maternity opened the fountains of woman's affection, and hoped that now she would cling closely to me and repay all the passionate devotion I gave her. There was no change. I could not shut my eyes to the fact that she did not give attention to the child like other mothers.

"My friend came to see us often; and I saw that she was blither in his presence than she had ever been in mine. It was a bitter discovery, for I had tried hard to make her happy. I was jealous; but I said nothing until I discovered accidentally that they had meetings of which I was not aware. Then I spoke—calmly, I believe and hope. She answered that she was faithful; that there had been no secrecy about their meetings: she promised that she would tell me whenever they met again. I tried to believe myself wrong and forced myself to trust her. I thought that I had succeeded—that I had mastered myself.

"My friend was much taken up with Irish politics; he was a man of the people and opposed to English rule. An English officer was murdered, and amongst those concerned in the crime was my friend. He escaped, and a reward was offered for his apprehension.

"Going home one evening through a little wood which lay at the back of our cottage, I saw my wife and my friend together. They were about to part, and he kissed her as they separated. I followed him to his hiding-place, but did not speak. My wife was in the house before me, and I asked her if she had seen Graham that evening. She answered, No!

"On the following day Graham was arrested . . . the man was hung . . . I did not touch the blood-money. I bade the woman gather it . . . It was her due—he had died for her.

"I left the country. My name was hateful to every one—most hateful to myself. She did not live long afterwards. Our child was taken care of by my mother. He lives—is well. For his sake and for my mother's I do not wish it to be known in this country that I am alive. . . . Richard Musgrave, the fiscal,

was Graham's friend, and has recognised me."

There was a long pause. Then, Thorburn again:

"That is the story. Do you still wish me to stay?"

The voice low, the words biting their way through the teeth as acid bites through steel; the face cold and fixed as marble, but the eyes flaring with excitement: it was the face of a statue with living eyes. Through the mist of his deep self-contempt and his dogged resolution to go, no matter what might be said, there gleamed something which might be called tender anxiety that the answer should be a gentle one. The head was bent slightly forward; one hand resting on the back of a chair steadied him, the other hung by his side clasping his hat. So he waited, breathless.

John Armour rested back in his big chair, much amazed by what he had heard and what he saw, but full of pity for the man, not anger; for he was still satisfied that it was all hallucination. Yet there had been the ring of truth in Thorburn's voice which is as easily distinguishable as the ring of gold from that of any other metal. And—whether the revelation was one of fact or imagination—his own conviction of its reality must have been complete to produce such an effect upon him. Armour was deeply moved and for the moment perplexed how to act.

A hand parted the curtains; a great sunbeam shot into the room, passing between the men, and Grannie entered from the garden.

A cloud seemed to rise from Armour's brain as the room filled with light. He had been feeling as if he had got into a thick fog and could not find his way out of it: Grannie's arrival enabled him to draw breath and to open his eyes. Thorburn had betrayed his friend to the gallows, and cast the blood-money at the unfortunate woman who had been the immediate cause of the treachery! If this were true, he did not wonder that Thorburn's life had been miserable: the stain must be upon his soul and upon all his kin for ever. For himself, he would rather bear the brand of Cain than the stain of Judas.

"Thank goodness you have come, Grannie," exclaimed he, rising. "Thorburn has been telling me such an abominable story that I felt as if the air were poisoned. Poor chap, I hope it is all a nightmare."

"He told me that he was to speak to you,"

she replied in her quiet even tone. "Hae you answered him?"

"I cannot make up my mind what to say. If what he has been telling me be true"—

"It is true," muttered Thorburn, the anguish in his voice and a writhing movement of his body confirming the assertion.

"Then, confound it, man, what can I say to you?" cried Armour with a flush of passion on his cheeks, and his eyes kindling with indignation as he took a quick turn across the floor.

"Gently, Johnnie—mind that he has been dreein' the weird for a lang while."

"I dare say he has suffered, and he ought to suffer if—but I cannot believe it. Do you know what he has been saying?"

"Partly."

"But you don't believe it either, or you could not be such a friend of his. Look here, Thorburn, I liked you—I like you; and in spite of your wretched stupidity in wasting what might be even yet a useful life, I respect you for the gifts you possess, but I could not thole the sight of you if this thing were proved to me."

"What would you do—turn me from your door?" asked the man. The declaration of respect and its withdrawal was the sharpest stab of all: that was what he craved for; he had been gaining it, and might have kept it if he had only held his tongue. "Would you find no excuse for me in the wrong that was done to me?"

"I should like to hear what the man Graham had to say: I should like to hear what the woman had to say."

"Both are dead."

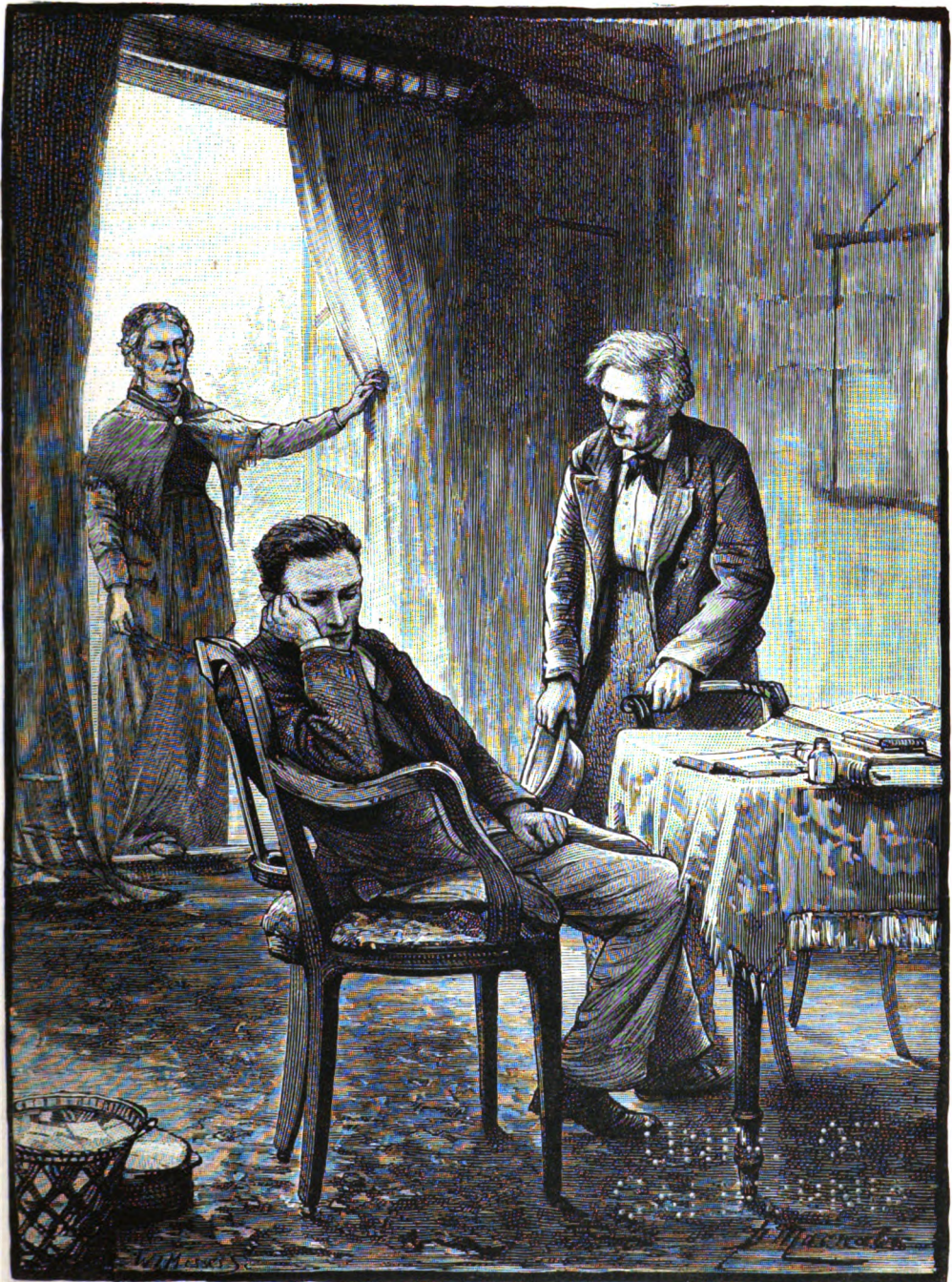
"So much the worse; and I can only fall back on Mr. Moffat's saying and tell you that because one man has done wrong that is no reason why you or I should do wrong."

"The woman and the man lied. They betrayed me!"

He sank on a chair, and pressed his brow on the table.

Grannie advanced quietly to him and placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Dinna speak yet, Johnnie. I see he has been feared to tell you everything, and I maun do it mysel'! Eh, Jock, Jock, I hae warned you mony a time when you were sae set up about fine claes, that a clean body is a guid thing, but a clean mind a better. I can haud my tongue nae longer. Bear it as you best can, Johnnie, my puir lad—this man is my bairn, and your father."



"A great sunbeam shot into the room, and Grannie entered from the garden."

TO THE
ADMINISTRATIVE

SICILIAN DAYS.

By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," &c.

I.—THE EASTERN COAST.

WITHOUT Sicily Italy is nothing, Sicily is the key to the whole, wrote Goethe, and now that the island is intersected by railways, and the hotels in its larger towns leave nothing to be desired, travellers have no excuse when they turn back without visiting a country full of the elements of enjoyment, in consequence of stories of brigandage, which for the most part are mere fables. At the same time it must be remembered that Sicily is not a beautiful island, but a very ugly island with a few exquisitely beautiful places in it.

The map of Sicily tells its history, presenting one face to Greece, another to Africa, a third to Italy; influenced by each country in proportion to its distance, and the perpetual battle ground of each. The memorials which the three conquering nations have left behind them are now the pride and glory of the island—the noble Greek temples of Girgenti, Segeste and Selinunto, with the remains of the Greek walled towns; the Saracenic fragments at Palermo and Cefalà, with the influence of Arabian architects as seen at Monreale and Cefalu; and the magnificent Roman ruins at Syracuse and Taormina.

A large steamer takes travellers three times a week from Reggio to Messina in twenty minutes. A small unpleasantly rolling *vapore postale* makes the passage twice every day in an hour. The houses and churches of Messina soon grow into individuality across the blue waters, and no one is the worse because the boat glides through the currents of Charybdis, where the Fata Morgana are often seen in calm hot weather, at high tides, in the sunrise. By the little port of San Salvador, where the Norman conqueror, Count Roger, built his first church after landing, we enter the harbour, whose shape, resembling a sickle, gave the city its early name of Zancle, and soon we are struggling amongst the vociferous porters and boatmen on the dazzling quay.

"Messina la Nobile" would be a very dull town of featureless houses if it were not for the exquisite glints of sapphire sea, with white sails skimming across it, and a background of roseate Italian mountains, which may be seen down every steep street, or through each of the high archways which perforate the seaward side of the handsome

Strada Ferdinanda, now called Strada Garibaldi. Owing chiefly to the terrible earthquake of 1783, which laid the greater part of the town in ruins, it has few buildings of importance, and those few are for the most part relics of the Norman sovereigns, who ever took a warm interest in the city which was the first to acknowledge their rule.

To ordinary travellers one whole day at Messina will probably suffice. They will loiter along the Marina, which is the centre of Messinian life, always crowded with sailors and fishermen, and chattering women and children, and porters lading and unlading the thickly moored vessels. They will look at the great Neptune fountain, a noble work of Montorsoli, and then they will turn into the town where, at the ancient seagate, stands the exceedingly curious Norman church of the Nunziatella, which was already an ancient building in the twelfth century, with a portal bearing on either side an Arabic inscription which recounts the glories of Messala, son of Haram, a Saracenic chieftain. On their way to the Duomo they will pass another ancient church, "La Cattolica," which bears the pompous inscription—"Cattolica Ecclesiarum Graecarum Mater et Caput"—having been in the hands of the Greek clergy, and the place where their Protopapa is nominated, ever since 1168, when the present cathedral was taken away from them. Here the high altar is supported by a column with a Greek inscription to Aesculapius and Hygeia, "protectors of the city."

Very sunny and bright is the Piazza del Duomo, with another graceful fountain by Montorsoli, and the striped red and white marble front of the cathedral, which is full of granite columns taken from a temple of Neptune, and contains some beautiful tombs of bishops, and several royal coffins, including that of the short-lived Conrad IV., son of Frederick II. The gorgeous shrine of the high altar encloses the famous Letter of the Virgin, the palladium of Messina, which is said to have performed endless cures, to have driven out devils, and which queens have thankfully worn round their necks in their confinements. Yet the existing epistle, written in golden letters, is not affirmed to be more than a copy ("the original having been

destroyed through malice"), and is a translation of a translation, for St. Paul, to whom the Virgin at Jerusalem is said to have intrusted a letter of congratulation to the people of

composition, and will feel that true indeed is the description of Cicero—"Messana situ, moenibus, portuque ornata."

It is almost useless to ask the way here or anywhere else in Sicily. One is sure to be answered by "Chi saccia" — "Who knows," or with the assertion in reply to any remonstrance, that a housewife has no need to know her way anywhere, but to her church or her fountain. But the steepest paths generally lead to the highest point; and so we reach Villa Rocca. Guelfonia, where, amid a wealth of most lovely flowers, radiant in mid-winter, stand the remains of Torre Guelfonia, the castle of Count Roger, long used as a palace



Messina from S. Gregorio.

Messina on their conversion, turned her Hebrew into Greek, and in 1467, Constantine Lascaris translated the Apostle's Greek into Latin. It is the date of the letter which marks the 3rd of June as a day for the Madonna to be carried through the streets of Messina in a car like that of Juggernaut, on the top of which numbers of little winged infants—"moving intelligences"—are made to revolve perpetually round a sky-blue sphere, often in agonies of sickness, sometimes to death.

But we must climb up a succession of staircases from the cathedral to the queer church of S. Gregorio, not to admire its *pietre dure*, though it presents one of the best specimens in Europe of that ridiculous style of decoration, but because of the glorious view from the platform in front of the church, which overlooks the town, with its picturesque variety of roofs and towers, and the blue straits up which St. Paul sailed in the *Castor and Pollux*, with the Faro on one side and the noble rock of Scylla on the other, while, behind it, Aspromonte and the rest of the Italian mountains are bathed in the most delicate amethystine hues.

When brown monks are leaning against the ancient stone balustrades, or women are resting their huge red and green water-jars upon the parapet, an artist could not possibly wish for a more exquisite

by the Arragonese kings. Here again there is a glorious view over the town and straits, or into the recesses of the mountains, with the forts of Castellaccio and Gandolfo on their lower spurs. Hence we may descend by the Strada dei Monasterii, in which few nuns are left now to peer out of the heavy barred windows, and when we have visited some more old churches, and admired or abused a good many pictures by Caravaggio or Alfonso Rodriguez, we shall have done our duty by the sights of Messina.

But the really delightful part of the day



Piazza Taormina.

remains, when we engage a carriage to drive along the shore towards the Faro, passing through every variety of southern vegetation, with exquisite views towards Italy. In summer, when alone you can become acquainted

with the life of Italy and its people, this road is crowded towards evening with carriages containing the aristocracy of the place, which all go as far as the pretty circular church of La Grotta, and turn in its earthquake-riven peristyle. It is several miles farther to the Cape, where travellers are beset by a crowd of dirty beggar boys, who prevent their having any pleasure in the view of the Lipari isles, amid which smoking Stromboli is conspicuous.

It takes an hour and a half to travel from Messina to Giardini-Taormina. The railway runs along the sea-shore, which is frequently overgrown with masses of scarlet geranium; of Palma Cristi, the castor-oil plant; or of Solanum, with its yellow apples. Here and there we pass a palm or a grand carouba, the locust-tree of Palestine, whose husks "which the swine eat," were the sustenance of the Prodigal Son, and whose beans gave food to St. John the Baptist: the German name of the tree still is *Johannis-brod-bäume*. There are two especially pictur-

esque points—Scaletta, with an old castle of its princes overhanging the town, and S. Alessio, where twin castles on twin rocks jut out into the sea at the end of a mountain range. We cross the Fiume Cantara, the ancient Alcesines, and see the ruin-crowned heights of Taormina long before reaching the station.

Here, if we have not been careful to order a carriage from Taormina beforehand, we must climb on foot the steep stony path which winds through thickets of cactus—"fichi d'India," the natives call it, for the plant, from whose abundant fruit a kind of bread is made, much used by the poor, is of West Indian origin.

There are charming and reasonable little hotels in Taormina, which consists of one long well-paved street, following the windings of a mountain ledge. It presents a

series of pictures which never become wearisome. The so-called palaces are small weather-beaten houses with fragments of Saracenic sculpture, and wide low heavy arches beneath, serving at once as door and window to the shops in their recesses. Here, winter and summer alike, old women sit like immovable Sibyls in the doorways, spinning all the day long; otherwise in the hot hours the street is almost deserted, but in the early morning and evening it is alive with noise and tumult, when all the bells are clanging, the children hurrying to school or benediction, and the flocks of goats clattering in from the country to be milked. The street ends in a piazza, with an old gateway, a church in front of which are statues of souls

frizzling in purgatory, and a terrace, which is the meeting-place for idleness or games of every sort. A little beyond is the cathedral, opening upon another small piazza, with a charming old fountain and palm-tree, and further still another ancient gateway in the town wall, beyond which the road becomes a rugged



Roman Theatre, Taormina.

path in the mountain side. Amongst the charming pictures which dwell in the minds of those who have often gone down this street, many will remember a little side entry, filthy, rugged, steep, and damp, overgrown with nettles, and ending in a dirty stuccoed wall, but in the upper part of this wall two beautiful round arches divided by a single column, above which a coronet is sculptured, and through the open arches a wealth of golden oranges and brilliant sunlit leaves seen against the bluest sky in Europe. A little above this is La Badia, a Gothic ruin with three pointed arches filled with tracery, and a diapered wall, beautiful in form and colour, and rising from a thicket of prickly pears. Below the street is S. Agostino, a large convent with deserted cloisters, a well with marvellous echoes, and carving which,

as its old sacristan says, is quite "spaventoso."

Travellers will already have seen, from the windows of the Hotel Tineo, some red walls crowning the bare hill on the right. They are those of the famous Theatre, which is reached in a few minutes from the northern end of the street by a stony path. A little gate and an old custode are passed, but visitors are allowed to wander about unattended, and will probably mount at once to the upper ranges of seats to gaze upon the most beautiful view in the world.

Hence the vast expanse of Etna—"Mongibello"—"the pillar of heaven, the nurse of sharp eternal snow," as Pindar calls it, is seen in all its majesty forming the background of the *scena*, the summit of the volcano being just above the royal entrance in the centre. There are no terrible lava-streams in sight with their painful reminiscences, but the gleaming ice-fields reach upwards to the highest peak, which throws a delicate whiff of smoke upon a turquoise sky, and melt gently below into satellite mountains clothed with forest and vineyard, and glowing with every variety of roseate hue, till they are lost in the hazy distance of the sea. On the nearer crags, the town with its towers and arches and overhanging balconies, and here and there a cypress, palm, or pine-tree, clings to a rocky shelf above gigantic purple rifts which extend, covered with cactus, to Giardini in the far depth. On the right are tremendous rocks crowned by Saracenic walls and towers, and the frame of the picture is the ruined theatre, with its broken columns, and its arches and seats tufted with flowers—snapdragon, pink catchfly, balm, basil, and a thousand other sweet herbs, while great acanthi, and aloes with their mighty spikes of golden blossom, tell of tropical sunshine amongst more familiar favourites. No wonder that Keble wrote here one of the most beautiful odes in his *Lyra Apostolica*; no wonder that Sir Henry Holland, who had rambled all the world over, recalled, in his

old age, the view from Taormina, with the Peak of Teneriffe and the first sight of Damascus, as the most beautiful in his recollection.

A strange eyrie-like village, perched upon a rock high above the town, will recall backgrounds in the pictures of Raffaele and Peruginio. It is Mola, and is reached by a winding path which ascends the hillside behind the Porta Messina. This is the only approach to the little rock-girt city, and it was by it that Dionysius climbed up, in the winter of 394 B.C., hoping to surprise the garrison. Near the summit the path becomes a staircase, and ends in a picturesque gateway guarding the narrow pass, and bearing the date of



Gate of Mola.

1578. The view is glorious; one may descend by the castle of Taormina.

Soon after leaving Giardini, the railway passes Capo Schiso, the site of Naxos, the most ancient Greek colony in Sicily, founded B.C. 735, at the mouth of the river Alcesines, by colonists from Chalcis in Euboea. It possessed an altar of Apollo Archegetes, on which it was the custom for all envoys to offer sacrifice when they were leaving for sacred missions to Greece, or returning from thence. The town was entirely destroyed by Dionysius of Syracuse, and no ruins remain.

At Giarre Riposto Station we may obtain horses and mules for the ascent of five miles through lava-beds and fruit-gardens to "Il Castagno di Cento Cavalli," the grandfather of the forest of Etna, reputed to be one of the oldest trees in the world. It appears like a group of four magnificent old trees, but their stems are all united at a short depth below the surface. It is calculated that the common stem would be 180 feet in circumference. The name is derived from a story that one of the Queens of Arragon with a hundred mounted followers took refuge beneath its branches. Not far distant are two other equally astonishing trees—"La Nave" and "L'Imperio," and half a mile higher up the mountain "Il

Castagno di Galea," which is 76 feet in girth at two feet from the ground. All these astonishing trees, which seem to be on a scale to correspond with the Cyclops, the traditional inhabitants of the district, are believed to be at least a thousand years old, and are protected by the Government. It was from hence that Dionysius of Syracuse cut down great part of the materials for the construction of his fleet in B.C. 399. Here, in the forest region of Etna, a temple existed in ancient days, naturally dedicated to Vulcan, the god of fire. The whole air seems fragrant of mythology—one would scarcely be surprised to see Pan playing under the monarchs of the forest; and, resting on the turf slopes, we should read the descriptions in Theocritus, the word-painter of the eastern coast of Sicily, how here, reclining on beds of fragrant lentisk or new stripped vine-leaves, with poplars and elms waving overhead, and lulled by the musical murmur of water from the sacred cave of the nymphs, he listened to the burnt cicalas chattering laboriously on the shady boughs, while far off the little owl cried in the thicket of thorns, the larks and finches sang, the ring-dove moaned, and the yellow bees were humming round the springs.

Returning to the railway, we soon reach *Acì Reale*, where an enormous hotel has been built close to the station, very dismal and desolate in winter, but popular in summer for the sake of the mineral baths in the neighbourhood. *Acì Reale* is prettily situated amongst the rich gardens of oranges and almonds which flourish so abundantly upon the older lava-streams, and the sunny town, with its ironwork balconies, bright shutters, latticed convent windows, and picturesque churches, has an attractively southern aspect.

From the piazza, a paved path, called *La Scalazza*, leads by a succession of zigzags to the sea, where the beach is lined by the houses of *La Scaletta*, a much-frequented bathing place. Beyond the village extraordinary basaltic cliffs rise in columnar precipices which recall *Staffa* and the *Giant's Causeway*; at the nearer end a stream—"Acque Grandi"—tumbles out of a funnel in the wall and hurries to the sea, much used by washerwomen during its short course. This is supposed to be the "herbifer *Acis*" of *Ovid*, and the "sacred water" and "ambrosial drink" of *Theocritus*. Here the beautiful boy *Acis* played with the nymph *Galatea*, and hid with her in a cave

from the jealousy of old *Polyphemus*, who had vainly sung from dawn to dusk upon the windy beach in her honour. But the laughter of the lovers revealed their hiding-place to the giant, who made the earth tremble with his fury, and tore up rocks and hurled them at the cavern where they had concealed themselves. Then, in their fright, they prayed to the Gods, and *Galatea* was changed into a mermaid, and *Acis* into this rushing stream, with which she might sport eternally; but *Polyphemus*, for punishment, was shut up in the furnaces of *Etna*, where he may still be heard growling and groaning, and whence, every now and then, he still tries to reach the lovers with his showers of red-hot stones.

And now we reach *Catania* "*la chiarissima*," the second town of Sicily, built upon the farthest roots of *Etna*, and owing its existence to the very material which has repeatedly been its destroyer, for the houses and churches are built and the streets are paved with lava, so that the town is literally a phoenix risen from its own ashes. The *Strada Etna*, so terrifically hot and glaring in summer, is a mile and three-quarters in length, and is, perhaps, the handsomest street in the Italian kingdom, being a ceaseless source of pride to the natives, not on account of its noble view of *Etna*—"the nurse of keen snow all the year round"—but of its abundant provision of gas-lamps at night. Though one of the warmest places in the island, *Catania* would be indescribably wearisome for a long residence, and, after the cathedral has been visited, with the shrine of the martyr *Agatha*, whose veil is a specific against the terrors of *Etna*; and the unfinished convent of *S. Benedetto*; and a fine old doorway, brought from the original cathedral of *Count Roger* and now attached to the church of the *Santo Carcere*, the sights of the place are exhausted. But the *Albergo Centrale* is a first-rate hotel, and there are several interesting excursions to be made. A carriage must be taken to *Acì Castello*, by a road crossing several lava-streams and traversing the village of *Loguina*, picturesquely situated on lava rocks, with a tiny bay believed to be the *Portus Ulyssis* of *Virgil*. As one looks upon the extraordinary fertility wherever the country has escaped the attacks of *Etna*, one realises the descriptions in *Aeschylus* of the "rivers of fire, devouring with their fierce jaws the smooth fields of Sicily." Above one of the older lava-streams rises *Acì Castello*—gloriously picturesque, a great orange rock crowned by the ruins of a castle, which

was found impregnable when besieged by Frederick II. till he built a wooden tower as high as itself with a flying bridge. Far off, where the white village of Trezza sparkles, jewel-like, at the edge of the deep-blue sea, are the seven basaltic islets—"I Faraglioni," or "I Scogli de' Ciclopi," which, since the days of Pliny, have been said to be the rocks which Polyphemus hurled at Ulysses as he was putting out to sea. The fore-



Aci Castello—Rocks of the Cyclops.

ground is covered with lava rocks, twisted, contorted, black, but tinted by golden lichen, and with their interstices radiant with the loveliest flowers.

The whole of the country round Catania, heated by internal fires, produces the greatest variety of flowers of any district in Europe. One of the commonest plants on the higher parts of Etna is *Senecio squalidus* ("the Oxford flower"), which, imported into England, is so well known as ornamenting the grey college walls with its golden blossoms.

The ascent of Etna cannot be made in winter; but few travellers will leave Catania without driving up the mountain as far as Nicolosi. The road passes through several villages built of lava, as is the earthquake-riven village of Nicolosi itself, of most miserable aspect, as may be expected from a place which has heaved and rolled in repeated eruptions of the mountain. The views are magnificent, across the brown-black lava fields, with oases of prickly pear, euphorbia, and fruit trees, to the tremendous snow-fields of Etna. Mules may be taken for an hour farther across the blackened waste to the twin craters of Monti Rossi, thrown up during the eruption of 1669, when the great fiery river, which you can still trace from

hence through its whole course, nearly destroyed Catania, and then, fiercely contending with the water, fell into the sea.

The natives call Etna "Mongibello," from the Italian "Monti" and the Arabic "Djebel," both meaning the same thing, and, far o'ertopping all the other hills of Sicily, it is truly the mountain of mountains. The ascent, only possible in the summer, is usually made from Nicolosi, and as the general desire is to

be at the summit of the mountain for sunrise, most travellers leave the village at about seven in the evening. Two hours bring them to the Casa del Bosco, where they rest half an hour, and then reach the second refuge, called Casa Inglese—a house of lava erected by some English officers. It contains three small rooms, with rough furniture, and a stable for mules. An hour's rest here will leave plenty of time for reaching the summit before sunrise. The last hour's ascent is a perpetual scramble, with a struggle against the sulphuric vapours which rise from the earth as

the crater is approached. Here ice and fire contend for the victory, and though Etna may be an insignificant volcano as compared with Cotopaxi, Cayamba, or Orizaba, no one can wish for anything more weird than the scene, when, from this island throne above the three seas—Ionian, African, and Italian—one looks down into the seething abyss of smoke and lava which St. Gregory declared to be one of the mouths of hell.

The agitations of the mountain have always been ascribed by mythology to the struggles of one of the rebellious giants, Typhoeus or Enceladus, imprisoned by Jupiter in its recesses, and eruptions have taken place, at least since the time of Pindar, who describes "the streams of fire that were vomited from its inmost depths, and the rivers (of lava) that gave forth only smoke in the daytime, but in the darkness assumed the appearance of streets of crimson fire rolling down into the deep sea." At the summit the desolation is supreme. All vegetation has long ceased: there is no sound from beast, bird, or insect; but the view is unspeakably, indescribably grand, as peak after peak catches the morning light, except where the mountain itself casts a great purple shadow, reaching for a hundred miles over the hills and

plains of the west of the island. As Etna is the one great mountain in Sicily, there is nothing anywhere to intercept the sight, and on a clear day the whole island is spread around like a map, while the Lipari Isles on the north, Malta on the south, and the Aegadian Isles beyond Trapani on the west, are distinctly visible. But the most interesting part of the view is that which consists of the mountain itself, a hundred and eighty miles in circuit, and the being able to follow the fitful path of the different lava-streams, through the different zones of the mountain, first snow and ashes, then forest, lastly luxuriant cultivation.

The icy cold will prevent a long stay on the summit, and the return may be made by the ruined Torre del Filosofo, which the

natives believe to have been built by the poet-wizard philosopher, Empedocles of Agrigento, who, having been regarded as possessing supernatural powers in his lifetime, is said to have thrown himself into the burning crater, that he might be regarded as a god after his sudden disappearance, pride which the mountain punished by ejecting one of his bronze sandals. It is only half a mile from the tower to the strange sublimities of the Val del Bove, a vast amphitheatre surrounded on three sides by precipices several thousand feet in height, and overwhelmed by repeated lava-streams, which have taken the strangest forms, sometimes remaining as huge island cliffs, which stand out like giants from the billows of mist with which the valley is almost always filled.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. 1.—BY THE EDITOR.

THE call which came to the child Samuel in the dark tabernacle, answered by the sweet voice, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," may be regarded as the Old Testament parallel to the call which arrested Saul of Tarsus on the way to Damascus, and to which he alludes when he says, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision." The narratives suggest very different scenes, but are essentially the same in spirit. In both instances there was a call to duty, met by complete obedience; and through a similar consecration each life was ennobled and crowned with victory.

What first strikes us when we regard from a modern point of view the calling of the prophet and that of the apostle is that they were so clearly and unmistakably divine that we cannot see how either of these men could have refused obedience. But there is no voice from heaven now breaking the silence which girdles earth. No vision of glory bursts from the unseen. Our circumstances are so different and our convictions rest on so much less tangible grounds, that we cannot be expected to show the same decision. This is, perhaps, the thought which first strikes us. Is there not, however, another side to the picture?

I am certain that if we knew the whole truth about Samuel or St. Paul; if we could see with their eyes and breathe the same atmosphere as they; could we recreate their associations, ignorances, and prejudices,

we should acknowledge that their difficulties were as great as ours can be, and that the act of obedience was in each case precisely similar to what would now be termed loyalty to conviction. We are wrong when we make the vision or the voice so prominent that all else is forgotten, and obedience becomes a matter of the ear or of the eye, rather than a deed of simple and majestic faith. We say Samuel heard a voice speaking to him. True: but we must not forget how many deterring voices might have been speaking to him as well, or how many excuses a less faithful man might easily have framed to evade the clear demand of duty. Did we live in those days when public opinion had sunk to the lowest ebb, when there were few true Israelites in the land, and when heathenism was confessed everywhere without a blush;—could we feel as that little child must have felt towards the old priest Eli, and know the reverence, the affection with which he regarded his spiritual father against whom he was to pronounce judgment, we should form a truer estimate of the magnanimity of a life which, beginning with the child response, "Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," went on to the end, through disaster and loneliness, finding all its strength in the simplicity of unswerving obedience. Or if we look at St. Paul, we see but one side of the truth when we gaze on the persecutor cast to the ground, under the intolerable blaze of the light from heaven; or when we watch him during the three silent

days in Damascus, blind, without food, left alone to realise the import of the words which had arrested him. We forget the various influences which might have seemed to contradict his new convictions, and to make the mission which had been assigned to him appear impossible. Never was there a man in whom all the old beliefs, prejudices, and pride of the Jew were more deeply rooted. Old friends, old habits, the love of country and of the ancient historic Church, the glory of the temple, the mass of rabbinical learning which had formed his theology—all were against his new decision. He had to face a sea of troubles and to go forth in greater loneliness than any of the apostles. He was to enter single-handed against Gentile Europe. With such antecedents and such prospects as these we must wonder at his courage, who in face of them all recorded so great a determination in these simple words, "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision."

But a like obedience has been the characteristic of all true men in every age. "Not disobedient to the heavenly vision" was Abraham when he was a wanderer for ninety years, and went on trusting God in utter darkness. So was it that Elijah stood alone in Israel, and Elisha rose from the plough and slew the oxen and went out on a mission whose nature was utterly concealed. And in like manner did the fishermen leave their nets, and did Matthew arise from the receipt of custom, and obey the call of the Great Prophet. We do not sufficiently weigh what such acts meant at the time, when, at the word of the Nazarene Teacher, able-bodied men left their boats and families and houses, and went forth to do, or suffer, or die for the truth which possessed their hearts.

Now, when we pass from such scenes as these to the commonplace world we live in, we must not lose a sense of the nobility of purpose and the grandeur of achievement which may be ours as truly as of any apostle, if we only act on the same principles of duty. Our world is great or little, heroic or mean, according to what we ourselves are. There are no circumstances too trivial to be shaped into sublime purposes, and none so great and stirring as may not be hurled into ruin, according as they are used by a true man or a false. It is men who make history, not history that makes men, and each life is a contribution to the whole. This age of ours, the neighbourhood in which we are placed, the circle in which we move, the every-day theatre where we have to "play our petty

parts"—these afford sufficient elements for a career which in the sight of God, who cares more for the faithful man than for the number or fewness of his talents, may be as noble as that of the old prophet who reformed Israel, or of the great apostle who evangelized the world. The principle on which such success depends is "obedience to the heavenly vision."

But men ask, What is a Heavenly Vision? There is no light from heaven now breaking on our roads or streets. Who is to tell what is heavenly or what is delusive?

Whether such preliminary questions require any formal answer depends on the audience that is being addressed. Were I now dealing with sceptics who entertained doubts as to the existence of God, or who were hopelessly asking, What is truth? it would be necessary to go a long way back to establish the ground on which the practical lessons I wish to draw must be enforced. But when writing for those who have presumably a common ground of belief in God the Father and in the living Christ and in the Holy Spirit, it is scarcely necessary to do anything more than assume that there are such things as Divine Calls given to men now, and to enforce the duty of obeying what we do believe to be Calls from God.

Yes! I believe that there are Heavenly Visions vouchsafed to every man at some time in his life, on the acceptance or rejection of which his character depends. Let us then look at some things which may be recognised as "Divine Calls."

Of such a nature is (1) *The Vision of Truth*. There are many truths we are accustomed to receive from childhood which are not seen by ourselves to be true; or, there may be statements we have been told are false which we have never seen to be false. We take both for granted. So far we have our opinions second-hand. There are periods in our lives when almost all religious truth is thus received. It is neither doubted nor is it really believed. The schoolboy who repeats the proper answer to the question without any reflection on its real meaning, is the type of many grown-up persons who live and die without seeing for themselves the trueness or falseness of their traditional beliefs. These are things they have been born into and bred up to, and so they have held them as the mummy might hold bread in its lips without tasting it. But I believe there are times of visitation in the lives even of such persons when impressions are borne home, which, if yielded to, would prove for

them also to be lights from heaven. That Vision of Truth is heavenly, when we see as with the freshness of a new discovery the beauty, the fitness, the reality of words which have hitherto been meaningless. It may be that we are reading a book, or that some one speaks earnestly to us, and lo! there rises before heart and conscience the Vision, joyful or terrible, but yet convincing, that what is said is true—must be true. That conviction may perhaps overturn many former beliefs, or offend all our natural prejudices; but as surely as God wishes us to be faithful men, He would tell us, Be honest with these convictions. Recognise the Vision of Truth as something for which you are personally as responsible as the child was who heard his own name—"Samuel, Samuel"—whispered in the silence of night. To quench conviction, to avoid light, to sink back into formalism, is base disloyalty to God. A thousand difficulties may beset the path of conviction, but the faith of an Abraham, or the devotion of a St. Paul, should inspire us with similar devotion and fortitude; and should make us stand forth, though all the world should oppose, and utter before the God of truth our unflinching "I believe."

(2.) Closely allied with the Vision of Truth is *the Realisation of the Unseen*. God calls us in many ways, and of these there is none more powerful than when death and sorrow break in upon the familiar round of our daily life, and the tremendous import of existence, the brevity and illusiveness of the present world, and the mystery of the world to come are impressed with appalling force upon the mind. Such a time—and all similar times—are surely calls to us from the living God to awake from slumber. We know how different the world would become if we lived under the power of such influences. We know how differently our lives would be shaped if we gave due room to those convictions. Our whole future may depend on whether we are obedient or disobedient to one such Heavenly Vision. If we manage not merely to overlive such times, but allow the rising tide of worldly care or pleasure to erase the impressions which God's finger has made on conscience, the outside world may notice no change in our position, and we ourselves may attach little importance to the occurrence; but the angels who rejoice when a sinner repenteth may be listening with saddened hearts to the testimony of Him who had sought and sought in vain—"Oh, that thou, even thou, hadst known in this thy day

the things that belong unto thy peace; but now are they for ever hid from thine eyes, because thou knewest not the time of thy visitation."

(3.) Lastly, there is the *Vision of Duty*. It was such a vision that was given to St. Paul when he asked—"What, Lord, wouldest Thou have me to do?" and was commanded to leave all he had hitherto cherished and to go far hence among the Gentiles. The Vision of Duty is one which is continually vouchsafed; but there are often decisive points in our career, when a right and a wrong, a selfish or a loving way are set before us, and when a choice is made so fruitful in consequences that it becomes the beginning of a long line of similar decisions, ripening into those habits which form character. A call comes to us; it may come in the form of a temptation which has to be resisted, or it may assume the form of some generous self-sacrificing service to be undertaken. On the one hand are self-indulgence, sloth, and pleasure, backed up by the low standard of opinion we find around us. On the other, there is simply the Vision of Duty—duty which is perhaps full of pain. If we take the way of the world and please ourselves, we are conscious that the world will not think much the worse of us. Others do the same. Why should we try to be better than our neighbours? On the other hand there is a way of decision presented which we cannot fail to see *ought* to be our choice. We see how noble it is to be good; that it is right to be brave and self-denying; that, however painful the process, it is right to cut off the besetting sin; that the generous course ought to be ours; that the honest way is of God, the dishonest of the devil; that the self-indulgent passion is base; that purity and temperance are noble; that to be idle and useless in God's world is condemned; and that self-devotion for the sake of others is the will of Christ.

The moment of decision may come to us very suddenly. We may be as unprepared as Samuel was when he lay down that night in the Tabernacle, or as Saul the persecutor was when riding along the desert. But no tongue can express the importance of the resolution we form. These calls are divine, and our decisions in reference to them are terribly serious. Let us fall back from such duties, and though the movement may seem trivial as that of the man who simply turns his face from the east to the west, yet that turning may fix our career. On the other hand, when we accept the grand motto

of apostles and prophets and of all the faithful of the Church of God—"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth," then not once nor twice will God direct our path;—not once nor twice will He call us;—but evermore as we follow on to know Him will He lead us and teach us, and enable us to glorify Him. Step by step will He bring us on—giving us increased opportunities and deepened convictions—until the faithful beginning, made in fear and trembling, may perhaps end in noble victories and holy achievements, for which not

ourselves only, but thousands may praise God. Let us only be faithful day by day, obedient to the Heavenly Visions which God gives now as He has given in times past, and we may be certain that the same grace and the same guidance which were vouchsafed to others, will be given to us; and to us also in the end the glorious welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord. Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many."

A MARRIAGE HYMN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHRONICLES OF THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY."

"*FROM henceforth no more twain, but one,*"
Yet ever one through being twain,
As self is ever lost and won

Through love's own ceaseless loss and gain;
And both their full perfection reach,
Each growing the full self through each.

Two in all worship, glad and high,
All promises to praise and prayer,
"*Where two are gathered, there am I;*"—
Gone half the weight from all ye bear,
Gained twice the force for all ye do—
The ceaseless, sacred Church of two.

One in all lowly ministry,
One in all priestly sacrifice,
Through love which makes all service free,

And finds or makes all gifts of price,
All love which made life rich before,
Through this great central love grown more.

And so, together journeying on
To the Great Bridal of the Christ,
When all the life His love has won
To perfect love is sacrificed,
And the New Song beyond the Sun
Peals, "*Henceforth no more twain, but One.*"

And in that perfect Marriage Day
All earth's lost love shall live once more;
All lack and loss shall pass away,
And all find all not found before;
Till all the worlds shall live and glow
In that great love's great overflow.

REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE AND LEIGH HUNT;

Being Extracts from the Diary of the late John Hunter, of Craigcrook.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

THERE came into my hands lately a set of tiny volumes, bound in vellum, and clasped in brass, and written in a hand that I used to know well many years ago. They contain a diary kept from 1838 to 1841, by the late John Hunter, of Craigcrook, a man highly esteemed in Edinburgh legal circles for his clear insight and business capacity, and still more looked up to by whatever of culture and intellectual power still lingered in the Scottish capital. Great part of this diary has, of course, no public

interest, is concerned with his clients, his family, his religious aspirations, and his daily reading; which last, however, would rather amaze the ordinary legal practitioners of the present time. It begins ordinarily at six in the morning, continuing till breakfast at nine; after dinner there is some lighter literature read aloud for behoof of the family; and again, still later, the patient, systematic study of history, poetry, philosophy, and theology is resumed, and goes on till past midnight. One can easily understand from



From a Photo. by]

JOHN HUNTER, OF CRAIGCROOK.

[T. Rodger, St. Andrews.

these brief hints how John Hunter came to be an intellectual centre, and drew the more thoughtful and scholarly men of Edinburgh around him. But into that private life we have no right to intrude. It was very beautiful, and to himself and to some of us who were then, or shortly after, hoping and dreaming of a future, it was fruitful of no small good, being full of "sweetness and light," before such things were talked of. But it was a very quiet life, shunning all publicity, from which therefore we may not now remove the veil. There are, however, in this diary some brief reports of interviews with Leigh Hunt and Thomas Carlyle, which, meagre as they certainly are, the world may, I think, be pleased to receive, especially as they shed on the latter a rather more favourable light on the whole than that which his own "Reminiscences" have lately gathered around his name.

It is my purpose in this paper, then, to

make some selections from this diary in connection with Mr. Hunter's occasional visits to London, and his relation to men of note there. But I may be permitted to introduce them with a few words of explanation, to show who he was, and how he came to be associated with these public characters, being himself a man of a very retiring spirit, and quite content, as a rule, to admire great men at a distance.

Mr. Hunter was grandson of one who did more to revive scholarship in Scotland than, perhaps, any other person of modern times. Of him our diary records that—

"He was left an orphan at a very early age, and being a favourite with his parish schoolmaster, was soon taken in as his assistant. Afterwards he came to Edinburgh and became a clothier's clerk, during which period he pursued, at extra hours, his Greek and Latin studies with great avidity, till he attracted, by his critical knowledge of the Greek language, the attention of the late learned and eccentric Lord Monboddo, who engaged him in his service as judge's

clerk, an office worth about £200 per annum. After holding that office for some years, he became candidate for the professorship of Humanity in St. Andrew's College, which he succeeded in obtaining in the face of great competition, and solely from his scholarship, and which he retained for above sixty years with a high reputation as the greatest scholar and most successful teacher in Scotland. About a year before his death he was made Principal of the college, and died in that office in January, 1837, at the advanced age of ninety-one."

That is, it must be confessed, a somewhat prosaic account of a remarkable man, who edited several of the Foulis beautiful classics, and suggested, at least, a beginning of philological study in Scotland, which unfortunately was not followed up very vigorously. But Hunter's mother was, in her own way, even a more notable person than the learned old Principal. St. Andrews has still floating in its social atmosphere many a quaint story of her characteristic humour. I gather from his notes here that she was often troubled with moods of depression and gloom, but the tales told of her suggest only a bright, odd, witty spirit, saying the drollest things in the simplest way, and even when cutting most deep, giving somehow no ground of offence, no ground for anything but large mirth and laughter. What could be neater than her reply to a pert coxcomb who had bored her at the dinner-table, and at last informed her that he was just starting for China? "Oh na, my man," she answered, "ye maunna gang there; they tell me they eat puppies there." When her eldest son, John, was an infant, she saw some ladies coming evidently to pay her a visit, and turning to the nursemaid, she said, "There's the Misses So-and-so; they'll want to see the bairn, and he's a perfect fricht. Rin down, lassie, and get a loan o' the baker's wean; he's aye clean, and they'll be sure to say he's the vera image o' his father." Her husband, Professor of Hebrew in St. Andrews, was a pleasant companion at the social gatherings in the old university town, but seems to have been somewhat quiet and undemonstrative at his own fireside. When some one therefore was praising his qualities as a boon companion to her, "O ay," she said, "he's like some other folk, and hangs his fiddle up at his ain door cheek, for we never hear a scrape o' it."

Hunter inherited not a little both of his grandfather's clear-sighted, patient faculty, and also his mother's humour, transformed, indeed, for the most part, into something akin to Lamb's delicate drollery, though he could also give a fool, on fitting occasion, a shrewd rap over the knuckle. But he never spoke a sharp word, however suitably, with-

out sharp regrets for it afterwards; for he was a placid, benevolent man, living at peace with all, and only hitting out when his moral nature was roused by some baseness.

His acquaintance with Carlyle began during the sage's Comely Bank days, and grew then to some considerable intimacy, though his name is not mentioned in the "Reminiscences," for which one is now rather thankful than otherwise. I do not know that they had any correspondence afterwards, except such occasional meetings as are mentioned in the diary; but Carlyle's brother John was a frequent visitor at Craigcrook, where he talked much in a certain fluent and also opulent, but rather dogmatic way, which contrasted with the calm wisdom of our host. When and in what manner Leigh Hunt became intimate with Hunter, I do not know. But I fancy it was during some of the poet's numerous monetary troubles; when Hunter, as a warm admirer, helped him at a pinch, and was rewarded by grateful epistles, grateful interviews, and finally, grateful dedication of one of his poems. Intercourse of this sort happened, I know, on various occasions subsequently, and drew them closely together; for though he had no belief in Hunt's rose-water philosophy, he greatly enjoyed his poems, and admired the sunny, loving spirit of the man. But enough of introduction; Mr. Hunter must be allowed to speak for himself.

It was in 1839 that he had the first of these meetings set down in this diary. Going to London on some Court of Session business, to bear witness, I think, before a Parliamentary Committee, and having to wait several days before his turn came, after seeing his friend George Craik, then busy writing the "Pictorial History of England," and Weir, who was beginning his career as a London journalist, they went off together to visit Leigh Hunt, who then lived at Cheyne Row, not far from Carlyle.

"Hunt received us with open arms, and we spent a delightful evening with him, discussing the pretensions of all sorts of writers. We found him seated by the fire with his two sons, Thornton and Vincent, in a snug study, which, I was glad to observe, had now got a carpet, and was otherwise better furnished than formerly. His dress, or rather *undress*, was a dressing-gown—his shirt-collar folded down like a school-boy's, with no neckcloth or stock. He looks a good deal older than when I last saw him, the grey of his hair bleaching gradually into white, and, as he touchingly reminded me, he begins 'to see his mother's face in the glass of a morning, and is getting to reverence his own cheek.' But his heart seems to be quite as young and his animal spirits are as buoyant as ever, realising the lines I wrote about him

some years ago in an epistle to W. W. (William Weir):—

'And Hunt—our own Hunt—whom we've seen face to face,
Still scatters around him the sweetness and grace,
Of a nature so cordial, frank, trustful, and true,
That sorrow and time have not withered its hue,
And kind heaven hath crowned him with youth ever new.'

"We had at first a desultory talk about descent of personal character as well as appearance, which grew out of the above observation of Hunt's about his cheek"—(conversation which somehow by-and-by *slushed* into unexpected and not very profitable discussion about legitimate and illegitimate children, of which our diarist getting tired, continues)—"I turned off the talk into another channel by asking who was the lady to whom Shelley's 'Epipsichidion' was addressed?—Craik and I having been speaking of that wonderful piece of spirituality on our way out. Hunt told us she was a daughter of the governor of Pisa—Viviani by name—who, being boarded in a convent near Shelley's residence, had met him frequently, and impressed him with a conviction that she was the purest and most spiritual creature living—a perfect embodiment of all his finest dreams of angelic womanhood. After all, however, she married a coarse, rich blockhead of a Count, in reference to whom Hunt quoted the admirable lines of Pope, ending—

'And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.'

But I find I cannot make any tolerable attempt to go through our conversation, and must therefore content myself with saying generally that we discussed the 'Pictorial History of England' (of which Hunt spoke in the very highest terms, as affording a truer and minuter picture of early English life and manners than any existing history), also the new translation, by Lane, of the 'Arabian Nights,' with which everybody seems delighted; Keats, too, and his brief career—a subject on which Hunt always speaks with his heart on his lips; and many other subjects, on all of which he was equally delightful, his observations being full of delicacy, wit, grace, and exquisite subtlety of feeling. He told me, by-the-by, when speaking of Shelley, that the relations of the latter were at last beginning to find out that they had been connected with a wonderful man, that the truth had gradually been dawning upon them for some time back, but it was only lately that their eyes were pretty well opened by finding out that some distinguished person had taken pains to get introduced to them solely for the purpose of seeing from what sort of people Shelley had sprung. Hunt added that this individual had afterwards expressed his surprise at finding them to be very ordinary stupidish folk. It must be a strange feeling to them to find, as they will soon do, that their connection with that extraordinary person is the only thing interesting about them. Hunt told me that he had written two tragedies lately, and neither of them having been accepted by Macready, he was now engaged in trying a third, which he was afraid would not be so good as either of the others, from the necessity he was put to of writing one of the characters, not from natural impulse, but to suit Macready's acting. He promised to read the first one to us, which I had before heard of from Craik, and we all arranged to meet at his house next Wednesday week, and have a rehearsal. Before coming away he presented me with a little drama, entitled *The Death of Marlowe*, written by a Mr. Horne, author of a very foolish book called the 'False Medium,' and yet a very clever man. It (the drama) is dedicated to Hunt in very kindly terms. He also promised to send me a *Monthly Repository*, containing a sort of new feast of the poets, which he

had written while his son Thornton was editing that magazine.

"He mentioned, as a very odd circumstance, that on every previous occasion when Weir had visited him, their servant had just before gone off. And the same thing had happened to-day. This, to account for Mrs. Hunt's non-appearance. We were served very nicely and pleasantly by her boys, which, he said, he himself liked much better, particularly as the last servant had been 'a most unimpressible and indifferent creature, having neither joy nor sorrow, nor mirth nor melancholy, walking about the house as in it, not of it, neither fast nor slow, neither well nor ill dressed, neither pretty nor ugly, neither short nor tall;' and so he ran on with a dozen more negatives which I have forgotten. We had some bread and cheese and a glass of brandy and water, and came away a little after twelve, all much gratified with our visit, and full of pleasant anticipations of our next."

Our next extract is dated 4th March, 1839.

"A little before seven o'clock, Craik and I set out to visit Carlyle. Talked on the way of the clear-sighted individuals who see no difficulties in anything. Craik said they were the true men for *action*, and mentioned some one who had made the remark that no *faith* in anything was to be attained by speculation, or otherwise than by action—a melancholy view of the powers of human reason, not a just one, I hope. Found Carlyle at his siesta in a home dress of striped plaid from head to foot, the surcoat being in the form of a long dressing-gown. His wife and her mother joined us almost immediately, and we had tea, and much interesting talk. He is a very extraordinary personage, full of originality and genius, with profound reaches of thought, which sometimes seem to sound the innermost depths of our nature, but almost always lose themselves among its mysteries from a defect, I think, in the very highest powers of imagination. He has what Coleridge wanted, great power of concentration and vigour of talent; but on the other hand he wants what Coleridge had beyond all other men, the plastic power which gave form and consistency to his most ethereal speculations, and *subordinated* the various and wonderful operations and speculations of his understanding and reason. The two men blended would have made the most perfect philosopher that ever lived. One singular defect in Carlyle's mind has obtruded itself on my attention every time I have met him—viz. the entire want of all perception of grace and beauty in outward form or expression, and a consequent disbelief in the existence of a 'seat of grace within the mind.' It is this which leads to his constant depreciation of Petrarch and such like writers, as well as many and large portions of the writings of Wordsworth, Coleridge, and even Milton, which are addressed to, and strike at, that 'seat of grace.' He told me that he could see nothing readable in the works of Petrarch—that if the whole were crushed together you could extract nothing but the words, 'I love Laura, I love Laura.' So, I daresay, if you were to crush the loveliest cypress tree, you would find nothing but—wood. I asked him if he could see nothing in such words as these that answered to an inward feeling in his heart:—

'Non era l'andar suo cosa mortale
Ma d'Angelica forma, e le parole
Sonaran altro che puer voce umana;'

or

'In aspetto pensoso anima lieta;'

or

'Un alto che parla con silenzio;'

or

'Ov è l'ombra gentil del viso umano
Ch'ore e riposo dava all' alma stanca.'

But he only laughed at me, and said they were toys and pretinences. This is a provoking thing, however, to find people making a boast and merit of wanting a faculty or perception which you know to be one of the finest of your own spiritual possessions. It always makes me fancy that, if all men were blind but one or two, the latter would be reckoned poor devils. But apart from this, I hold Carlyle to be one of the most wonderful men of his day. He is evidently not happy, however. His speculations have not led him to any firm ground, and his immortal longings and high aspirations are dashed and thwarted by the vain struggle he is always making to solve the riddle of the world—"the hidden mystery" whose discovery is to make its agonies and miseries, its glories and promises, its capabilities and disappointments intelligible and consistent. This knot his power cannot untie, and he gnaws at it, gnashes his teeth, and feels tempted to 'curse God and die.' His powers are not in harmony with each other. This, however, does not always appear outwardly, and of course there are times when he forgets or passes by the darker regions of speculation 'on fate, freewill, and knowledge absolute.' This evening, for instance, we had much delightful talk, intermingled with bursts of laughter which made his 'lungs crow like chanticleer.' He gave us, among other things, a very graphic and even terrible account of the life of 'a poor player'—"a being who had lived upon the shouts and applauses of the multitude, and glare and excitement and noise, and who, having nothing else to fall back upon when that miserable pabulum grew scarce and was gradually withdrawn, was left shivering and naked, in utter darkness and loneliness, to stagger out the fag end of his existence, with no corner of refuge to fly to but the brandy-bottle." Hunt joined us about nine o'clock, and gave a livelier and happier tone to the conversation. His mind again is all turned to the sunny side of things. He has worked out a small and not very profound philosophy for himself, which suits his lively nature and deep and delicate perception of outward things, and the hollowness of which for mankind his natural elasticity of mind and constant flow of animal spirits prevents him from ever dreaming of.

"In reference to the case of a lady who had been disappointed in love, and in consequence remained single all her life, Hunt said that it was no sign of a loving nature, but the reverse. It was nothing but an 'immortal sulkiness.' A loving nature was under a sort of necessity to love, and whatever bitterness might arise from disappointment, it would pass away—the affections would drown it in the gush of the returning tide. Carlyle agreed with this, and thought too much was made of these things. No doubt women had suffered greatly from them, but they should be taught to expect them as possibilities and probabilities. There was seldom so much to blame on the man's part as the world supposed. And as to 'immortal sulkinesses,' he did not believe in them. A woman's heart might be suddenly broken, or so wounded that it did not recover in time to admit of a new love. But all the better natures soon got over these things, because *pride was weak in them, and love was strong.*"

After this followed some talk about Hunt's rejected play, which, from the account given of the plot, I am inclined to think Macready was wise to reject; which also was Hunter's opinion. From that business, but how I cannot imagine, the conversation went off to Jeremy Bentham as a mummy at Dr. South-

wood Smith's, and Mrs. Carlyle mentioned that he had himself *selected the eyes*, that he had been very difficult to please, having rejected a great many specimens, until at last a pair was brought, which he looked at in all lights, and declared himself satisfied with. Hunter denounced the whole affair as "grovelling vanity, and mechanical self-idolatry;" while Carlyle "wished he could be in the centre of a London mob, that he might direct a section of it towards Smith's museum, and rid the earth, as well as the excellent Doctor himself, of the horrible putrescence." The diary here also describes Mrs. Carlyle as "a woman of talent and of great acquirements, but wanting the graces of simplicity and naturalness of manner. She joined *con amore* in all our conversation, and took her own views, often combating those of her husband, which he seemed to take in good part. She described Jeremy's choosing his eyes with great spirit. The mother (Mrs. Carlyle's), poor body, looked a good deal bumbazed."

"Again the conversation diverged somehow to Swift, from the reference, I think, to female disappointments in love. 'What a burst of laughter,' said Carlyle, 'lay within that man over the present scene of things! what a legion of fancies! but what an awful tragedy he had, at last, to enact! If he had foreseen the part he had to play, would he have stayed to play it?' Hunt pleasantly led away from this by connecting Bentham's mummy with Swift's joke on Partridge, the almanack-maker, whose death on a certain day and hour Swift had predicted, and afterwards insisted on the accomplishment of his prophecy, in spite of Partridge's repeated assertions to the contrary—asserting that he was a fellow going about pretending to be alive, when all the world knew he was dead; that *no man alive* could have written such a foolish advertisement as he had published; and that he ought to be punished as an impostor, &c., &c.

"I have given but faint sketches which I am ashamed to look back on," adds Hunter here; "but it is enough—it is all I can do. We did not break up till past twelve. On our way home Craik told me how ill poor Hunt had been used by a Mrs. Colonel Dashwood. Some years ago Hunt wrote me that he had been insured in the possession of £100 a year by the munificence of a friend; and I had always consoled myself, when I heard of his poverty, that he had this, at least, to fall back on. It seems not. The story is this. Mrs. Dashwood, having taken a great liking to Hunt (whom she had never seen, but only knew from his writings), and being very rich, sent him a bond of annuity for £100, and another *post-obit* for £1,000 to be paid at her death. These she desired him to keep, and make them good—the former even against herself, should it ever be necessary. He afterwards was induced to visit her in the country, and wrote some very fine verses on the occasion, which are printed in the 'Repository,' and his visit seemed to have heightened her admiration and respect for him. Lately, however, having come up to London, she became acquainted with Colonel Jones (the 'Radical' of the *Times*), and was led to marry him, previous to which step, and at his instigation, she wrote to Hunt, demanding back the bonds,

which he instantly sent to her. He never alludes to this circumstance.

"Craik accompanied me for about half-a-mile, and after a walk in the dark of nearly four more, I got home to bed about two, but was too excited to sleep, and lay tossing till four. After all how solid and peaceful a resting-place he finds who goes, with singleness and simplicity of heart, to the gospel of Christ! What an escape he makes from the war

'Of poor Humanity's afflicted will,
Struggling in vain with ruthless History!'"

On Wednesday, the 13th of March, accompanied this time by Mrs. Weir, whose husband was over head and ears with Corn-Law matters, Mr. Hunter again set out for Cheyne Row and the rehearsal of the tragedy.

"We left soon after six o'clock, and having procured a cab at Piccadilly, reached Cheyne Row about seven, notwithstanding of the man having gone half-a-dozen times out of the road. We were luckily the first, and found nobody but Hunt, so that he put Mrs. W. at her ease in the outset. Afterwards arrived Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Thornton and his wife and wife's sister, Percy, a lad named 'Charlie,' and last of all Mrs. Hunt, whom I had never seen before, and whose manner and appearance are anything but prepossessing. One of Hunt's little daughters served us at teatime, the loveliest little dark-eyed, soft, gentle creature I ever beheld. I was much pleased also with Thornton's wife, who is pretty and affectionate-like. Immediately after tea, Hunt began his tragedy, which he read at first with considerable effort; but as he got into the stream of it, he kindled up, and gave it with amazing force and effect. I have seldom been more touched than I was with some of the scenes, and indeed the whole play is 'full of the true pathos and sublime of human life,' although the incidents are entirely of a domestic nature, and the situations such as an ordinary writer could have made nothing of. It is, by far and out of sight, the best thing Hunt has ever done in the poetical way, and may be called the offspring of his sufferings, and the reward of his patient endurance, and faith in love and beauty, which has enabled him to subdue them, and indeed to 'turn them into commodities.' When he closed, our faces told him that he had found the way into our hearts. Carlyle, Craik, and I simultaneously rose and shook hands with him; on which he said, 'I am satisfied with my verdict, and care not now what any person may say of my play. I know it has life in it, since it has touched all of you.' Carlyle spoke earnestly and candidly of it; told him it was a piece of right good stuff, solid and real, with a pulse of life and play of passion in every scene and line, and capably dramatised. The only thing like objection was, that we all thought the conclusion might be better brought out in *action*, so as to have more of dramatic interest than it has at present, by a long, but most admirable and indeed Shakesperian, speech from a Cardinal giving judgment as to the divorce. Hunt at once acquiesced in this, and said he would endeavour to alter it agreeably to our suggestions. It was eleven o'clock before the reading was finished, so that we had to come off immediately."

Again, in April, he is in London about some appeal case, and learns that Hunt has been looking forward with impatience for his return, and wishes to have a night fixed for hearing his new tragedy. Wednesday,

the 1st of May, is fixed for that purpose; on which day, however, Carlyle was to deliver the first of a course of lectures on the "Revolutions and Reformations of Europe." Both of these he could not accomplish on one night, and Carlyle's lecture must not be lost; so the reading was put off till Friday. Arrived at the Hall in Edward Street—

"Found the room was filled with 'good company,' the ladies greatly predominating. Craik found me soon after my entrance, and pointed out to me Sterling, the principal writer in the *Times*; Forster, the critic of the *Examiner*, &c., &c. I also saw Lord Jeffrey, with whom I had a chat after the lecture, and have promised to call before I leave town. Carlyle lectures extemporaneously, as regards composition I mean, and is somewhat *costive* and ungainly, but full of matter suggestive of reflection, and opening up some wide and grand views. I still, however, notice a great deficiency in the plastic power. His views are *scattered*, as it were, and do not cohere or combine into a harmonious whole. As we came out, we met at the door Hunt, whom I had not observed in the room. He told me that an engagement he had had for the day had gone off, and agreed in the friendliest and most cordial way to dine with us. We accordingly sallied off together—he, Craik, and I—and walked to Vine Cottage, enjoying all the way the delicious summer sunshine with which the poetical month has opened, and I enjoying still more that sunshine of the heart which Hunt throws upon every subject that comes across his path. He is in great spirits at present, having got through his second play, and we had the full benefit of him in his blithest and most genial mood during the whole evening. We talked of Burns, and Hunt repeated several of his songs with delightful gusto and wonderful command of the Doric strength of Scotch expressions in which they abound. He spoke very highly of 'Yestreen I had a pint o' wine,' greatly amused with an additional verse which Craik gave us, and which neither he nor I had ever heard before.

We also talked of Shenstone, and particularly of his scholarship—which I was rather shocked to find Craik could not appreciate—of Pope's imitations of Spenser and Chaucer, and lastly of Spenser himself, a subject on which Hunt always speaks finely. We urged him to try a course of lectures on the poets, which I think he could do so delightfully, and I suggested that he should wind up with a lecture on the female poets, about whom he has already written so well in the *Companion*. He promised to think of it, and seemed greatly pleased with the notion. . . . After dinner our talk was of Wordsworth, Keats, Scott, and Jeffrey, besides a great many things in general which must slumber *sub silentio*. The lines of Hunt's conversation are too delicate, and the connecting links too fine to admit of their being delineated by so feeble a hand as mine."

Carlyle's lecture and this dinner at Craik's had postponed the reading of Hunt's tragedy till Friday. On that day, after dining alone—

"Sallied forth in a cab for Hunt's, who met us with his usual cordiality. We found him alone, but in a few minutes Carlyle and his wife, and afterwards Craik and Thornton and his wife arrived. Mrs. Hunt looked better than when I first saw her, and made some capital tea for us. We were to have Hunt's new tragedy, but he told us that, having

received some excellent suggestions in regard to the stage effects of some parts, and resolved to make alterations accordingly; he thought it better not to read it for the present; and to this we succumbed. Instead we had music, Thomson and his wife having sung 'Ah! Perdera' and sundry other Italian pieces with a nice accompaniment. But we were all more pleased with Hunt's own singing, which is full of grace and spirit, and he touches the instrument with great delicacy and effect. He gave us the marching-song from the 'Beggars' Opera.' . . . Carlyle enjoyed the singing with great gusto, and said he would give any money that he had been thrown into such a situation as would have led to his learning to sing. His wife said that, as it is, he never sings but when he is in absolute despair."

Once more, in April, 1840, Hunter's business brings him to London, and after dancing attendance at courts or chambers, and lounging through galleries of an idle hour, making shrewd notes on the pictures he sees there, he has two other evenings with Hunt and Carlyle. On the first, indeed, Hunt only is present along with Craik, at their house in Brompton, where Hunter had gone to dine.

"Craik arrived about four o'clock, and brought the pleasant tidings that Hunt was coming to dinner. He sent, as pioneers, two copies of his play, one for Mrs. Weir and one for my Helen, and in about half an hour he brought the sunshine of his own presence among us. I need not say we had a delightful evening. We sat at table from five o'clock till half-past ten, and the time did not appear to have exceeded half an hour. We drank little wine, Hunt's conversation being excitement enough. He was in good spirits, and *nullum tetigit quod non ornavit*. I do not mean to attempt making any record of what passed. Indeed, the themes were too multifarious, and the transitions from one to another too numerous and rapid, to admit of anything of the sort. He was much gratified, on various occasions, by my taking advantage of sundry odds and ends of his own verses to illustrate what I was saying." (Hunter, by the way, had a memory stored with a wealth of such illustrations, which he brought in always aptly, and often from the most unexpected quarters.) "I did this *con amore*, and just as I would have done, and in fact often do, at my own fireside; and he seemed to feel that it was so, and was touched accordingly, especially as many of the storehouses of my quotation have passed away with the magazines, &c., of the day, without the poems having been reprinted in the late edition of his works. The only subject that detained us for any length of time was a discussion which I started as to the tendency of modern writers, especially the Germans, and, above all, and upon system, Goethe, to prefer the *artificial* to the *spontaneous*. The result, however great the genius of the author, is to me always unsatisfactory and poor in comparison. I resent being approached and taken by regular siege; and illustrated my meaning by contrasting Schiller's *Wallenstein* with *Lear* and *Othello*, and Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister* with Scott's novels. Hunt agreed with my views, and so did Weir, with a difference and a drawback in favour of his German friends. But Craik, as I should have predicted, took up the opposite side of the question, and maintained, certainly with great ability and ingenuity, that it was a mere question of degree; that every poet did and should shape and plan his poems with a view to their producing certain

effects; and that the deeper his insight into the philosophy of poetry, and the more scientific (in the broader sense of the word) his method became from that insight, the finer would the effect be, and the greater the triumph of his genius. Here I quoted some lines of Hunt's, as descriptive of the genial nature of the poet's labours, as contrasted with Craik's '*scientific method*,' where he speaks of having

'A sphere to which he might repair,
To sow it with delights, and shape it without care;'

for which Hunt gave me a look of gratitude that was very touching. I have not time to follow out the argument, but I felt that we had the best of it in the long run; and, indeed, there was not, I dare say, a very material difference in our views at bottom after all. Each admitted the other's instances, and all gave the preference where I thought it due.

"Hunt gave us some capital specimens of absurd errors of the press committed by printers from his copy. One very good one occurs in a paper where he had said he had a liking for coffee because it always reminded him of the 'Arabian Nights,' though not mentioned there, adding, 'as smoking does for the same reason.' This was converted into the following oracular words—'as sucking does for the snow season.' He could not find it in his heart to correct this, and thus it stands as a theme for the profound speculations of the commentators.

"I can do nothing further. But the evening seems to me, on looking back to it, as the most sparkling 'airy, faery' thing in my memory."

On Wednesday, the 8th of April, they agreed to meet at Craik's, where they were joined by Carlyle. Of this gathering he writes:—

"Carlyle and Hunt were in great force, and came out in the course of the evening in their full strength. They form decided contrasts to each other in almost every respect, and the occasional collisions that took place between them drew out the salient points and characteristic powers of each in the most striking manner possible. I never saw Carlyle in such vigour, and was delighted, even when I most differed from him, with the surging floods of his sonorous eloquence which he poured forth from time to time, illuminated, as they always were, by the coruscations of a splendid fancy, sometimes lurid enough, to be sure, and heated to boiling fervour by the inextinguishable fire of deep emotion that is for ever gnawing his heart and brain. Hunt again was all light and air, glancing gracefully over all topics, and casting the hues of his own temperament on every subject that arose. I do not mean to make any attempt at giving an account of the conversation. That is out of the question in the present instance. It lasted without interruption from five till near twelve o'clock, and embraced the most multifarious subjects. We had the Scottish Kirk, Wordsworth, Petrarch, Burns, Knox and Hume, the Church of England, Dante, heaven and hell, all through our 'glowing hands;' and strange work was made with most of them. I gave some offence to Carlyle, but he recovered from it so swiftly, and redeemed himself so generously, that it heightened my admiration of him. He had been declaiming against Wordsworth, whom he represented as an inferior person to Cowper, adding that from the *débris* of Robert Burns a thousand Wordsworths might have been made. We laughed at all this, especially when we found that he had never read, or, at least, had no recollection of 'Laodamia' and various other things in which Wordsworth's finest powers are exhibited. We next came to Petrarch,

whom he crushed to a sapless nothing in his grasp. I stood out a good while on this subject, as did Hunt and Craik. At last Carlyle said—'All I have to say is, that there is one son of Adam who has no sympathy with his weak, washy twaddle about another man's wife. I cast it from me as so much trash, unredeemed by any quality that speaks to my heart and soul. And now you may say whatever you like of him or of me.' I answered hastily—'Then I would say of you that you are to be pitied for wanting a perception which I have, and which I think, and the world in general will think, I am the richer for possessing; and I would just speak of what you have now uttered in these words:—

'Say, canst thou paint a sunbeam to the blind,
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?'

A slight shade passed over his face at this, and he said—'Well, I admit you are right to think so, whatever I may think of the politeness of your saying it as you have now done.' Hunt interposed to the rescue with, 'Well, that's very good. Carlyle knocks down all our idols with two or three sweeps of his arm, and having so far cleared his way to us, he winds up by knocking down ourselves; and when we cry out against this rough work, he begins to talk of—politeness!' This was followed by a peal of laughter, in which Carlyle joined with all his heart; and then addressed me cordially and kindly—'I believe, after all, you are quite right. I ought to envy you. I have no doubt you have pleasures and feelings manifold from which I am shut out, and have shut out myself, in consequence of the habit I have so long indulged of groping through the sepulchral caverns of our being. I honour and love you for the lesson you have taught me.' This was felt to be very noble. 'There is Carlyle all over,' said Hunt; 'that's what makes us all love him. His darkest speculations always come out to the light by reason of the human heart which he carries along with him. He will at last end in glory and gladness.'

"Towards the conclusion of the evening we had a regular discussion between Carlyle and Hunt, involving the whole merits of their several systems, if I may so call Hunt's fantastic framework of *agreeabilities*, which Carlyle certainly shattered to pieces with great ease (though without disconcerting Hunt in the slightest degree) in order to substitute his eternal principles of right and wrong, responsibility, awe of the Unseen—the spiritual worship of the soul yearning out of the clay tenement after the infinitely holy and the infinitely beautiful. Hunt's system, I told him, would suit nobody but himself.

"Hunt told us a good story of Lamb. Some one had been talking against eternal punishments and the like, when Lamb turned round on him with, 'No; that won't do for me. I can't give up my hell.' This was inimitably characteristic.

"We also talked of the recent story of an Edinburgh gentleman, long known for his benevolence, but coming to a sorrowful end at last, when Carlyle threw out some very touching and charitable things, believing, as every one who knew the man must, that for years and years he was all that he seemed to be, and treating the awful lapse as it ought to be treated, viz. as a fearful access of the insanity that may lurk within us all. He ended, 'Well may it be said that it is by grace we are saved, and that not of ourselves; it is the gift of God. If that leaves us, what is there of earthly, sensual, devilish that we may not become?'

"But I find 'a mass of many images crowding like waves upon me,' and must, therefore, run out of the way. The sum of what I have learned is, to stand fast by 'the truth as it is in Jesus;' and above all

things to cultivate the spirit of charity which He enjoins; to hate no man for his opinions; to look for, and hunt out, the good that is lurking somewhere in all men, and to address myself to it, and it alone, as the only means of overcoming evil; to avoid getting into any of the parallelograms or narrow folds of sectarianism; and, above all, to keep the heart 'unspeckled from the world' of sensualism and devilishness that is always threatening to engulf it."

With these weighty words I close these extracts, though there is a good deal more in the diary well worth preservation. As I lay down this slim little volume I seem again to see that bland, benevolent face, so full of calm thought, or so lit up with pleasant humour, as he sauntered on a summer evening with a friend among the green glades of Craigcrook—sweetest retreat in the neighbourhood of the Scottish capital—talking of Goethe or Kant, of Hume or Coleridge or Wordsworth, chief of his favourites among our later poets, and ending every other sentence with some apt and telling quotation. Not that his Wordsworthian likings were at all exclusive. His taste was of the most catholic type, and a line from his favourite would be speedily capped by another from Pope, or a quaint saying from Marvell or Suckling. He had a prodigious memory for such things, and a curious felicity in applying them. Yet his conversation was not a mere mosaic of other men's thoughts. Even these brief extracts have, I trust, shown that he could hold his own with the mighty in the conflict of reason, and commanded the respect of the great. I venture to think that he measures Carlyle with a just estimate of his great powers, which is not blind to his defects; and though I always held that he somewhat overestimated Leigh Hunt, it arose, I fancy, partly from the kindly feeling one has for a weak person whom one has helped at a pinch. Hunter's religious convictions were strong and deep, as the diary shows, and they were atmospheric in a fine spirit of reverence. A Presbyterian on principle, his Coleridgean philosophy hardly squared with the Calvinistic tenets of the Church. But he adjusted himself so far to its Confession as to live at tolerable peace with it, holding that there was a germ of truth in all its articles, though, owing to the hardening influence of polemics, some of them were expressed in such a way that they were as dead to him as the Pharaohs. Altogether he was a brave, true, and capable man, devout and God-fearing, and I cannot help thinking the world will not be sorry to get even this faint glimpse of him from his own hand.

THE WATER-LILIES.

I MUSE alone, as the twilight falls
 Over the grey old castle's walls,
 Where a sleepy lake through the lazy hours
 Crisply mirrors the time-worn towers ;
 And scarce a whisper rustles the sedge,
 Or a ripple lisps to the water's edge,
 As far and wide, on the tideless stream,
 The matted water-lilies dream.

I stood, in the quiet even'-fall,
 Where, in the ancient banquet-hall
 Over the hearth, is a panel placed,
 By some old Florentine chisel chased,
 Showing a slender, graceful child,
 In the flowing robes of a wood-nymph wild,
 Bending over the wavy flood
 As she stoops to gather a lily bud.

In words as quaint as the carving old,
 An aged dame the story told,
 How an Earl's daughter, long ago,
 A strange, pale child, with a brow of snow,
 Had loved, and lost her life for the sake
 Of the lilies that grew in her father's lake,

Holding them ever her favourite flower ;
 Till once, in the hush of a twilight hour,
 Floating among them, out in the stream,
 Where the passionless blossoms nod and
 dream,
 They found her lying, white and dead,
 "Like a sister lily," the old dame said.

And a sadness, born of the old-world tale,
 Haunts me still, while the starlight pale
 Gleams on the leaves, so green and wet,
 Where the changeless lilies are floating yet,
 And a message I fain would read aright,
 Seems to lurk in each chalice white,
 A secret, guarded fold on fold,
 As it guards its own deep heart of gold,
 And only told to the listening ear,
 Of him who humbly tries to hear.

Oh ! mystic blossom floating there,
 Thing of the water, thing of the air,
 We claim thee still, as we hold the dead,
 Anchored to earth, by a golden thread.

S. REID.

OUT OF DOORS IN FEBRUARY.

A Ramble in Rural By-Ways.

BY RICHARD JEFFERIES, AUTHOR OF "THE GAMEKEEPER AT HOME."

THE cawing of the rooks in February shows that the time is coming when their nests will be re-occupied. They resort to the trees, and perch above the old nests to indicate their rights ; for in the rookery possession is the law, and not nine-tenths of it only. In the slow, dull cold of winter even these noisy birds are quiet, and as the vast flocks pass over, night and morning, to and from the woods in which they roost there is scarcely a sound. Through the mist their black wings advance in silence, the jackdaws with them are chilled into unwonted quiet, and unless you chance to look up the crowd may go over unnoticed. But so soon as the waters begin to make a sound in February, running in the ditches and splashing over stones, the rooks commence the speeches and conversations which will continue till late into the following autumn. The general idea is that they pair in February, but there are some reasons for thinking that the rooks, in fact, choose their mates at the end of the

preceding summer. They are then in large flocks, and if only casually glanced at appear mixed together without any order or arrangement. They move on the ground and fly in the air so close, one beside the other, that at the first glance or so you cannot distinguish them apart. Yet if you should be lingering along the by-ways of the fields as the acorns fall, and the leaves come rustling down in the warm sunny autumn afternoons, and keep an observant eye upon the rooks in the trees, or on the fresh-turned furrows, they will be seen to act in couples. On the ground couples alight near each other, on the trees they perch near each other, and in the air fly side by side. Like soldiers each has his comrade. Wedged in the ranks every man looks like his fellow, and there seems no tie between them but a common discipline. Intimate acquaintance with barrack or camp life would show that every one had his friend. There is also the mess, or companionship of half-a-dozen, a dozen, or more, and something like this



DRIVE, OR
COUNTRY

THE WATER-LILIES. By S. Reid.

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exists part of the year in the armies of the rooks. After the nest time is over they flock together, and each family of three or four flies in concert. Later on they apparently choose their own particular friends, that is the young birds do so. All through the winter after, say October, these pairs keep together, though lost in the general mass to the passing spectator. If you alarm them while feeding on the ground in winter, supposing you have not got a gun, they merely rise up to the nearest tree, and it may then be observed that they do this in pairs. One perches on a branch and a second comes to him. When February arrives, and they resort to the nests to look after or seize on the property there, they are in fact already paired, though the almanacs put down St. Valentine's day as the date of courtship.

There is very often a warm interval in February, sometimes a few days earlier and sometimes later, but as a rule it happens that a week or so of mild sunny weather occurs about this time. Released from the grip of the frost, the streams trickle forth from the fields and pour into the ditches, so that, while walking along the foot-path there is a murmur all around coming from the rush of water. The murmur of the poets is indeed louder in February than in the more pleasant days of summer, for then the growth of aquatic grasses checks the flow and stills it, whilst in February, every stone, or flint, or lump of chalk divides the current and causes a vibration. With this murmur of water, and mild time, the rooks caw incessantly, and the birds at large essay to utter their welcome of the sun. The wet furrows reflect the rays so that the dark earth gleams, and in the slight mist that stays farther away the light pauses and fills the vapour with radiance. Through this luminous mist the larks race after each other twittering, and as they turn aside, swerving in their swift flight, their whiter breasts appear for a moment. As while standing by a pool the fishes come into sight, emerging as they swim round from the shadow of the deeper water, so the larks dart over the low hedge, and through the mist, and pass before you, and are gone again. All at once one checks his pursuit, forgets the immediate object, and rises, singing as he soars. The notes fall from the air over the dark wet earth, over the dank grass, and broken withered fern of the hedges, and listening to them it seems for a moment spring. There is sunshine in the song: the lark and the light are one. He gives us a few minutes of summer in February days. In May he rises before as

yet the dawn is come, and the sunrise flows down to us under through his notes. On his breast, high above the earth, the first rays fall as the rim of the sun edges up at the eastward hill. The lark and the light are as one, and wherever he glides over the wet furrows the glint of the sun goes with him. Anon alighting he runs between the lines of the green corn. In hot summer, when the open hillside is burned with bright light, the larks are then singing and soaring. Stepping upwards laboriously suddenly a lark starts into the light and pours forth a rain of unwearied notes overhead. With bright light, and sunshine, and sunrise, and blue skies the bird is so associated in the mind, that even to see him in the frosty days of winter, at least assures us that summer will certainly return.

Ought not winter, in allegorical designs, the rather to be represented with such things that might suggest hope than such as convey a cold and grim despair? The withered leaf, the snowflake, the hedging bill that cuts and destroys, why these? Why not rather the dear larks for one? They fly in flocks, and amid the white expanse of snow (in the south) their pleasant twitter or call is heard as they sweep along seeking some grassy spot cleared by the wind. The lark, the bird of the light, is there in the bitter short days. Put the lark then for winter, a sign of hope, a certainty of summer. Put too the sheathed bud, for if you search the hedge you will find the buds there, on tree and bush, carefully wrapped around with the case which protects them as a cloak. Put too the sharp needles of the green corn; let the wind clear it of snow a little way, and show that under cold clod and colder snow the green thing pushes up, knowing that summer must come. Nothing despairs but man. Set the sharp curve of the white new moon in the sky: she is white in true frost, and yellow a little if it is devising change. Set the new moon as something that symbolises an increase. Set the shepherd's crook in a corner as a token that the flocks are already enlarged in number. The shepherd is the symbolic man of the hardest winter time. His work is never more important than then. Those that only roam the fields when they are pleasant in May, see the lambs at play in the meadow, and naturally think of lambs and May flowers. But the lamb was born in the adversity of snow. Or you might set the morning star, for it burns and burns and glitters in the winter dawn, and throws forth beams like those of metal consumed in oxygen. There is nought that I know by comparison with which I

might indicate the glory of the morning star, while yet the dark night hides in the hollows. The lamb is born in the fold. The morning star glitters in the sky. The bud is alive in its sheath; the green corn under the snow; the lark twitters as he passes. Now these to me are the allegory of winter.

These mild hours in February check the hold which winter has been gaining, and as it were, tear his claws out of the earth, their prey. If it has not been so bitter previously, when this Gulf stream or current of warmer air enters the expanse it may bring forth a butterfly and tenderly woo the first violet into flower. But this depends on its having been only moderately cold before, and also upon the stratum, whether it is backward clay, or forward gravel and sand. Spring dates are quite different according to the locality, and when violets may be found in one district, in another there is hardly a woodbine-leaf out. The border line may be traced, and is occasionally so narrow one may cross over it almost at a step. It would sometimes seem as if even the nut-tree bushes bore larger and finer nuts on the warmer soil, and that they ripened quicker. Any curious in the first of things, whether it be a leaf, or flower, or a bird, should bear this in mind, and not be discouraged because he hears some one else has already discovered or heard something.

A little note taken now at this bare time of the kind of earth may lead to an understanding of the district. It is plain where the plough has turned it, where the rabbits have burrowed and thrown it out, where a tree has been felled by the gales, by the brook where the bank is worn away, or by the sediment at the shallow places. Before the grass and weeds, and corn and flowers have hidden it, the character of the soil is evident at these natural sections without the aid of a spade. Going slowly along the foot-path—indeed you cannot go fast in moist February—it is a good time to select the places and map them out where herbs and flowers will most likely come first. All the autumn lies prone on the ground. Dead dark leaves, some washed to their woody frames, short grey stalks, some few decayed hulls of hedge fruit, and among these the mars or stocks of the plants that do not die away but lie as it were on the surface waiting. Here the strong teasel will presently stand high; here the ground ivy will dot the mound with bluish-purple. But it will be necessary to walk slowly to find the ground-ivy flowers under the lappet of the briars. These bushes

will be a likely place for a blackbird's nest; this thick close hawthorn for a bullfinch; these bramble thickets with remnants of old nettle stalks will be frequented by the white-throat after awhile. The hedge is now but a lattice work which will before long be hung with green. Now it can be seen through, and now is the time to arrange for future discovery. In May everything will be hidden, and unless the most promising places are selected beforehand, it will not be easy to search them out. The broad ditch will be arched over, the plants rising on the mound will meet the green boughs drooping, and all the vacancy will be filled. But having observed the spot in winter you can almost make certain of success in spring.

It is this previous knowledge which invests those who are always on the spot, those who work much in the fields or have the care of woods, with their apparent prescience. They lead the new-comer to a hedge, or the corner of a copse, or a bend of the brook, announcing beforehand that they feel assured something will be found there; and so it is. This too is one reason why a fixed observer usually sees more than one who rambles a great deal and covers ten times the space. The fixed observer who hardly goes a mile from home is like the man who sits still by the edge of a crowd, and by-and-by his lost companion returns to him. To walk about in search of any one in a crowd is well known to be the worst way of recovering them. Sit still and they will often come by. In a far more certain manner this is the case with birds and animals. They all come back. During a twelvemonth probably every creature would pass over a given locality: every creature that is not confined to certain places. The whole army of the woods and hedges marches across a single farm in twelve months. A single tree—especially an old tree—is visited by four-fifths of the birds that ever perch in the course of that period. Every year too brings something fresh and adds new visitors to the list. Even the wild sea birds are found inland, and some that scarce seem able to fly at all are cast far ashore by the gales. It is difficult to believe that one would not see more by extending the journey, but, in fact, experience proves that the longer a single locality is studied the more is found in it. But you should know the places in winter as well as in tempting summer when song and shade and colour attract every one to the field. You should face the mire and slippery path. Nature yields nothing to the sybarite. The meadow glows with butter-

cups in spring, the hedges are green, the woods lovely; but these are not to be enjoyed in their full significance unless you have traversed the same places when bare, and have watched the slow fulfilment of the flowers.

The moist leaves that remain upon the mounds do not rustle, and the thrush moves among them unheard. The sunshine may bring out a rabbit, feeding along the slope of the mound, following the paths or runs. He picks his way, he does not like wet. Though out at night in the dewy grass of summer, in the rain-soaked grass of winter, and living all his life in the earth, often damp nearly to his burrows, no time, and no succession of generations can make him like wet. He endures it, but he picks his way round the dead fern and the decayed leaves. He sits in the bunches of long grass, but he does not like the drops of rain or dew on it to touch him. Water laves his fur close, and mats it, instead of running off and leaving him sleek. As he hops a little way at a time on the mound he chooses his route almost as we pick ours in the mud and pools of February. By the shore of the ditch there still stand a few dry, dead dock stems, with some dry reddish-brown seed adhering. Some dry brown nettle stalks remain; some grey and broken thistles; some teasels leaning on the bushes. The power of winter has reached its utmost now and can go no farther. These bines which still hang in the bushes are those of the greater bindweed, and will be used in a month or so by many birds as conveniently curved to fit about their nests. The stem of wild clematis, grey and bowed, could scarcely look more dead. Scales of bark are peeling from it, they come off at the touch of the fingers. The few brown feathers that perhaps still adhere where the flowers once were are stained and discoloured by the beating of the rain. It is not dead: it will flourish again ere long. It is the sturdiest of creepers, facing the ferocious winds of the hills, the tremendous rains that blow up from the sea, and bitter frost, if only it can get its roots into soil that suits it. In some places it takes the place of the hedge proper and becomes itself the hedge. Many of the trunks of the elms are swathed in minute green vegetation which has flourished in the winter, as the clematis will in the summer. Of all, the brambles bear the wild works of winter best. Given only a little shelter, in the corner of the hedges or under trees and copses they retain green leaves till the buds burst again. The frosts tint them in autumn with crimson, but not all turn

colour or fall. The brambles are the bowers of the birds; in these still leafy bowers they do the courting of the spring, and under the brambles the earliest arum, and cleaver, or avens, push up. Round about them the first white nettle flowers, not long now, and the latest in the autumn. The white nettle sometimes blooms so soon (always according to locality), and again so late, that there seems but a brief interval between, as if it flowered nearly all the year round. So the berries on the holly if let alone often stay till summer is in, and new berries begin to appear shortly afterwards. The ivy too bears its berries far into the summer. Perhaps if the country be taken at large there is never a time when there is not a flower of some kind out, in this or that warm southern nook. The sun never sets, nor do the flowers ever die. There is life always, even in the dry fir-cone that looks so brown and sapless.

The path crosses the uplands where the lapwings stand on the parallel ridges of the ploughed field like a drilled company; if they rise they wheel as one, and in the twilight move across the fields in bands, invisible as they sweep near the ground, but seen against the sky in rising over the trees and the hedges. There is a plantation of fir and ash on the slope and a narrow waggon-way enters it, and seems to lose itself in the wood. Always approach this spot quietly, for whatever is in the wood is sure at some time or other to come to the open space of the track. Wood pigeons, pheasants, squirrels, magpies, hares, everything feathered or furred, down to the mole, is sure to seek the open way. Butterflies flutter through the copse by it in summer, just as you or I might use the passage between the trees. Towards the evening the partridges may run through to join their friends before roost time on the ground. Or you may see a covey there now and then, creeping slowly with humped backs, and at a distance not unlike hedgehogs in their motions. The spot therefore should be approached with care; if it is only a thrush out it is a pleasure to see him at his ease and, as he deems, unobserved. If a bird or animal thinks itself noticed it seldom does much, some will cease singing immediately they are looked at. The day is perceptibly longer already. As the sun goes down the western sky often takes a lovely green tint in this month, and one stays to look at it, forgetting the dark and miry way homewards. I think the moments when we forget the mire of the world are the most precious.

THE MOUNTAIN HOMES OF THE VAUDOIS.

BY MRS. CHARLES GARNETT.

FIRST PAPER.

"THERE are very few habitations in Dornilleuse which are not liable to be swept away, for there is not a spot in this narrow corner of the valley of Freissinières which can be considered absolutely safe. But terrible as the situation of the natives is, they owe to it their religious and perhaps their physical existence. If their country had been more secure and more accessible they would have been exterminated." So wrote Felix Neff fifty years ago, and that spot was my destination. Yes! to the heart of the unknown district of the Hautes Alpes. No guide-book and no map of the province could I procure even in Paris, though Napoleon's splendid military road runs through the "Valleys," and though Brenançon, one of the strongest French fortresses, commands their approaches. To Frenchmen it is a place of little attraction, and no tourists visit it, though the scenery equals many of the finest bits in Switzerland. Yet every mile abounds in interesting records of the past, and at every turn silent witnesses speak to us of noble deeds nobly done for Christ. Therefore to see the region sanctified by the blood of martyrs and ennobled by their lives for sixteen hundred years, the mountains and valleys where Neff had trod, to talk with the children of those for whom he had been content to die was a delightful prospect.

The most interesting of all the Vaudois valleys is that of Freissinières. And on August the twelfth, as the levelling sun rays were making the cliffs blaze redly and bathing the beautiful valley of the Durance in exquisite sunshine, I waited in the village street of La Roche, for I was going to be the guest of M. Brunel, the good pastor of the district. The Dean of Ripon, for many long years the noble and unwearied friend of the Vaudois of the Hautes Alpes, had told me that the pastor had procured "a little carriage" for his (the Dean's) use, and that this would be sent to convey me to Pallons, where the Presbytery, which was raised by his exertions, is built. Already, in response to his note of introduction, I had received an invitation from M. Brunel; therefore, as I waited, I looked about for the "little carriage," but none could I see. Presently I beheld a small costermonger's tray. A poor little mule, wearing an enormous wooden saddle, to which the cart shafts were tied

with ropes, drew it slowly along. A broad, dumpy young man, with a round smiling face and wide mouth, dressed in coarse dark blue homespun clothes, came beaming up. "He had come for the English Mo'su. Mo'su le pasteur Brunel had sent himself, Philomel, and his carriage," pointing to the tray, "for the English Mo'su and his baggage. Where was he then?" I assured him there had been a mistake, and that I was the expected visitor; but Philomel would not take me on trust, and evidently considered me a mistake, if not an imposition, and he doggedly assured me "he would wait for Mo'su." Here was a difficulty! but up came the Post Commissionaire and vehemently assured him I was the only producible Englisher, whereupon his smile shone out once more, and I scrambled into the little cart, across which its owner had nailed a plank for a seat. "Was not that very good? he had arranged it on purpose."

After various calls for parcels, Philomel turned the mule's head, and after going a few yards up the valley we turned off from the Napoleon road and proceeded across a rough wooden bridge over the Durance, and faced a bare high mountain, scored with the marks of winter storms and bestrewn with stones, across which wound a path, gradually rising from the valley below until it turned a point about two-thirds of the way up the hill-side and was lost to sight. It looked dreadful, and *was* somewhat dangerous, and the mule (mule-like) determined to march along the very outer edge, regardless of the cart and poor me.

This mule road to Pallons, the first of the villages of "the Valley," is a modern invention; the place could only be reached formerly by a very difficult way, which wound up amidst rolling stones and loose rocks, and went by the name of "Pas de l'Echelle." So difficult was this "ladder" to climb that many a time it saved the Vaudois from their enemies. Yet even into these solitudes, where it seemed impossible for any living creature save wild goats to exist, the Roman Catholics pursued the faithful who had given up all for Christ, and who only asked to be permitted, out of sight and out of mind, to worship in peace. In 1480 eighty persons from the valley were burnt to death; at

Embrun, in 1483, ninety-three persons "suspected of heresy," were ordered to wear crosses, but instead of obeying they fled to the caves which pierce the hill-sides, and lived in these "holes of the rocks" for five years. Therefore in 1489, "knowing that those of Freissinière had relapsed into infamous heresy," the monk, Francis Spireti, was sent as Inquisitor, thither. Bonds, imprisonments, scourgings, and burnings became the order of the day. In vain these quiet peasants appealed to their king. There was no mercy for heretics. So they fled back, even back to the very limits of vegetation; "the barrenness of the soil, the inhospitality of the climate and the inaccessibility of their villages proved their security." Again and again, but always in vain, the Papists tried to gain a settlement in the valley. They pulled down the temples; they hunted the pastors, who wandered from one spot to another secretly teaching and preaching to the persecuted Vaudois, and when they caught them put them to death. Hardly more than a century ago, in 1767, the parliament of Grenoble ordered the execution of the pastor Berenger, for the offence of "preaching in the desert." But this day the greater part of the inhabitants of the whole valley of Freissinières are Protestants. Philomel, with a broad smile, nods eager assent to the question, "Are you Protestant?" Yes, and his father and mother before him—both dead now. "See," he cries, "M. le Pasteur!" We have turned the corner of the hill; rocks overhang our heads, their mighty masses blazing in the setting sun. Below, far below, lies the old Roman station of Rama; we take a last glance at the smiling vale of the Durance. Before us is Pallons, and here, coming to meet me, are M. and Madame Brunel, the latter with the little Eloise in her arms, and Leontine, Augustine, and Rayoule walking demurely beside their mother.

Madame Brunel has a crown of fair hair, and a sweet as well as handsome face. The pastor is dreadfully thin, with dark hair already turning grey (he laughingly calls his white hairs "the snow of the Alps"), and an eager face. He wears a suit of white linen and a straw hat, reminding one of the saying, "An emaciated visage preaches louder than vestments."

Much hand-shaking and such a warm welcome ensue that the stranger is at ease immediately. Philomel jogs off with the cart, and we all proceed to make friends. And here I would say that M. Brunel took, during the whole of my stay,

the very greatest pains to point out every object of interest, and he and his charming wife devoted themselves and their time to my enjoyment in a manner I can never forget.

Pallons stands in front, as it were, of the defile which is the gate to the Valley of Freissinières. The cottages are built about on the slopes of the hills; a plateau called the Camp of Catinat (a too well known persecutor of the Vaudois), now covered with small corn-fields and orchards, is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills. A mass of rock looking like ancient fortifications crosses the plateau at its southern end. This is torn asunder in the middle, and through this great rent, called the Confourun, or "roaring gulf," rushes the torrent-river of Biasse, and falls a distance of 450 feet into the valley of the Durance below. One can see it disappear into a dark cavern in the rocks, and hear its sullen roar for some distance.

Looking from my bedroom window in the parsonage, Pallons seemed indeed a lovely place; the cottages dotted about embowered in greenery on the surrounding hill-sides, corn patches, the red gleam of the battlement-like rocks, the distant blue vale of the Durance, and behind all, even the far-away valley, the mighty mountains streaked with snow. The parsonage is a good and comfortable house, erected by the exertions of Dean Fremantle. It is built on a rich piece of land, and the garden is remarkably productive. In it we find growing well strawberries (from which plant the valley takes its name), magnificent plums as large as ordinary peaches, a tobacco plant, melons, cucumbers, beans, &c.; an arbour covered with pumpkin blossoms, and a sunflower measuring over four yards high; apples and pears literally weigh down the tree branches. Beyond the garden is the graveyard, and the largest room in the parsonage is the chapel—a whitewashed room, with texts painted in black on the walls; over the preacher's desk the favourite one, "Here will I place My name;" and for another, the old watchword, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." A harmonium is the only extra, the benches and furniture being as plain as possible—and this Leontine plays nicely in private; in the public services the schoolmaster is organist. Plain as this chapel is, it is a much more comfortable "church" than the cave in the mountain near by which still bears that name, and where Neff with deep emotion once chanted the *Te Deum*.

Supper is served by Annie Arnoux, the only servant, in the general living-room. Many of our English clergy complain of poverty, but I could not help wondering how they would like, year after year, to live as the Alpine pastors do. Meat is a rare luxury indeed in these parsonages. Our supper consisted of vegetable soup, potatoes, beans, bread, and thin wine and water. The simplest articles of clothing are very dear. For instance, the coarse holland 'of which Madame Brunel's dress was made, and which with us is worth at the most 6d. a yard, was 2od. there. She told me very gently it was "difficult" to make ends meet. Toys are too expensive, so little Augustine was nursing an old can with a doll's frock tied round it, "to make belief."

It was nearly nine o'clock when supper was finished, and their mother was just taking the children off to bed, when a commotion is heard outside, a rushing of feet, and in sweeps a tall, fine-looking young man in mud-bespashed trousers, his coat flying open and showing his woollen shirt; he throws his hat down, and seizing the children in turn covers them with kisses, then flinging himself into a chair, announces, "The friends are outside." Away darts M. Brunel. All is excitement and welcome. Madame hastens to the kitchen, and presently, with much talk, in come, first two boys, then M. Brunel ushering in two brother pastors. First came M. Nicot, from Guillestre, a broad man, with a fine face and grand head, in the prime of life, who impresses you immediately with his thoughtful, good sense. The second, M. Rémond, from Valdrôme; he is rather round-shouldered, with a happy, ordinary face, and alpaca coat. He proves himself presently a charming companion, and is a prime favourite at the parsonage. To complete the circle, there are the schoolmaster and his wife; but they indeed come in and go out of the house at all hours.

The Protestant Committee of Lyons, of which Dean Fremantle is president, supplies all the pastors and schoolmasters in the Vaudois valleys (until this Society was formed, they were almost entirely without either), and permits the schoolmasters to act as curates to the pastors. For instance, in this valley there are four schools. The first, for the united villages of Pallons and Les Ribes, has 36 scholars; that at Violins, 15 scholars, and an infant school with 86 pupils; at Dormilleuse there are 35 little ones. There are churches to be served each Sunday at Pallons, Violins,

and Dormilleuse. These places are about three hours' distance from each other; and in this climate, where, instead of a five hours' journey from Pallons to Dormilleuse, it frequently takes nine hours to accomplish the distance, it would be quite impossible for the pastor to visit each church every Sabbath. At each place there is an able and intelligent schoolmaster; therefore, two Sundays out of three the congregation is left partly or wholly to his care.

Once more the supper table is replenished with the invariable vegetable soup, followed by an immense dish of potatoes, a great omelet, and another bottle of wine. It appears the friends have been many hours on the road. M. Rémond has come to stay till Monday morning. M. Nicot kindly invites me to Guillestre, and promises to show me many points of interest. With difficulty I assure him it is impossible. Every one is hungry, especially the boys, one of whom I find is the son of M. Nicot, and the other a pupil of M. Rémond, for he points smilingly to the lad and informs me he gets so little pay as a pastor, he could not keep his wife and himself only he taught a school as well. He wished he could give all his time—but it was not to be—to the ministry of the Word. We discuss the state of the Vaudois, and I am told that "the religion" is certainly spreading. In Brenançon, the fortress town fifteen miles away, some persons of good position frequent the Temple. I find there are seventeen stations of the Society, and at these three pastors, two evangelists, seven schoolmasters, and five schoolmistresses are employed. These cover "the Valleys" from Chambéry to Ardèche. Everywhere the Vaudois are poor, everywhere industrious; the richer lands are possessed by the Roman Catholics. But all three agree, no place is so poor as the valley we are in. Pallons they consider moderately prosperous; here it is possible to live frugally; but every mile one advances up the vale this becomes less possible. When flowers are to be gathered at Pallons snow still lies thick at Dormilleuse.

The cattle are obliged to be housed eight months in the year; the poor fodder is soon finished, and then the wretched people, starving themselves, try to keep their animals alive by giving them the rye-bread, which, boiled in water, is, with the addition of a little milk, their own only food. They try to do this, but they fail; during the two past winters nearly the whole of their cattle have died, and they are reduced to an absolute loss of their all. Nothing, the pastors told

me, would be such a boon as the gift of some mountain sheep and Scotch cattle. So utterly destitute have the Vaudois of the upper valley become that they would leave Dormilleuse, consecrated as it is to them as their home and refuge for hundreds of years, and join nine of their families, who have been assisted by the Protestant Committee of Lyons, to settle in Algeria; but without help this is impossible, for no one will buy their lands. I understood why next day.

The French government has offered a free grant of good land near the sea-shore, but only gives possession to a settler who will erect a house on the land. This, together with the removal and tools, &c., necessary to begin with, cannot be done under a cost of two thousand francs, or £75, each family. M. Brunel is strongly in favour of the emigration scheme, if it could only be carried out; he says that the nine families who have been assisted by the Protestant Society to go are doing well, that they find the land fertile, the climate healthy, that they have carried their faith with them, and if only a little colony could be formed, he himself would either go and take charge of it, or would place a schoolmaster amongst them and visit his people for two months in each year. He can see no other hope for the people of Dormilleuse certainly, and perhaps also for those of Minsas.

M. Nicot looks upon the case in another light. He remarks that the people of the valley could be saved, and enabled to still live there, if "an industry" were established. "They need an industry," he keeps repeating. He thinks a linen-mill would pay any speculator here. Labour is cheap. Linen goods are needed and would sell well, as the cost of goods of all kinds is enormously great; for example, unbleached cotton, which sells with us in England at 4d. or 5d. a yard, is 10d. in Brenançon, and more still in the smaller towns. And the mill could be driven by water; there is a strong stream with a good fall near Dormilleuse which does not freeze (a like stream drove all the mighty boring machinery used in constructing the Mont Cenis tunnel). The mills for silk and linen erected near Milan and fitted up with English machinery are proving a successful speculation. In such discussions as these, and in listening to tales of peril and winter journeyings, the time passed. Thoroughly tired out, at ten o'clock I asked leave to retire.

The sun shone brilliantly next morning. On going down I found only M. Rémond and M. Nicot's boy left. M. Nicot had

departed at six o'clock to Guillestre, and M. Rémond's pupil had been sent on with the "friend," I could not make out where, but only that they would have arrived at home between one and two o'clock the previous night.

Breakfast consisted of coffee and dry bread which we broke into it. Happy talk and many little jokes went round the table. The funny dark squirrel who watched us from his cage and the birds who twittered in theirs were treated to bits of sugar. Every one was gay, and I could not but feel how little is required to make people happy. Perhaps the sun had something to say to it, for, indeed, it was a charming day. We strolled ~~in~~ the orchard and through the village. The houses are poor. On the lower floor of one the corn was being threshed. The flail was a heavy round piece of wood fastened loosely to an undressed ash-stick, and some sheets were suspended under the raised floor to catch the grains which fell between the boarding.

Then the children were sent home, and armed with alpenstocks, to which the Grindelwald ones are twigs, we set off to see the Confourun. I remark upon the long irons which go a quarter of the way up the shafts, and am told, "Yes, the ice is so bad they must be long." Ice is a strange word to hear to-day, for it is very hot, and the plateau which not three months ago was covered with snow is smiling with fruit and harvests. We cross the Camp of Catinat, clamber down the side of the deep gully, and watch the Biasse take its grand leap, and then home again to dinner. Soup, potatoes, beans, and a little meat, evidently provided because the English guest was there, formed our meal. While we were still eating it, in without ceremony marched Philomet, resplendent in his Sunday clothes—in honour of to-morrow—brown checked trousers and a waistcoat, which glittered with glass buttons. He ceased smiling for a moment as he told us his mule—his sole earthly possession—"was very sick; he had brought a neighbour's donkey for madame." Escorted by the whole family to the door, with some difficulty mounting—the donkey evidently disapproving—I set off, in company with the pastors, for Dormilleuse. We clattered out of the village over a wooden bridge thrown across the torrent of the Biasse, which fell in a cascade through Pallons, and found ourselves in the pass which is the gateway to the valley of Freissinières.

This narrow defile used to be barricaded in the old days, and when the invaders succeeded in penetrating beyond it they found the poor



On the way to Dormilleuse.

villages deserted, and not a sign of life anywhere; so they laid waste the fields and burnt the houses, and when they had destroyed everything departed to their Te Deums. Then the Vaudois crept back to the ruins from their hiding places in the mountain caves. They wept in their misery, but they never faltered in their faith.

Very many times were these scenes repeated in the sweet valley we are passing through. Our road runs by the side of the swift, bright river; trees stand here and there, a few corn-fields and green pastures are seen; the hills beyond are certainly marked and scored by avalanches and winter storms, but there is nothing of the savage desolation we are to see higher up. M. Brunel lightly steps along. M. Rémond more slowly follows, and it is with joy he beholds two peasant women, in the quaint white caps and thick brown woollen dresses of the valley, driving two mules along. Quickly the small load of one is added to that of the other, and a rug partly filling up the wooden saddle, the pastor takes the place of the corn bags. He looks very queer viewed from behind, for two long sticks, from which bags hang, are still left on, and stand out straight from the mule's sides, completely hiding his legs.

The women came from Dormilleuse, and are returning thither. One is Henriette Baridon, a bright, laughing young woman, full of fun. The other is Ann Arnoux, a woman between fifty and sixty, with a finely-cut thin face. The features are noble, and so is the steadfast courage in her blue eyes and the patience of her high forehead; but a look of cheerful content is also there.

Indeed, nothing struck me more than this expression; it rested on every visage. From the misery of their surroundings, the danger of their lives, the hopelessness of their future, one would expect to see even the bravest among them wear a sullen, dogged look, but I sought in vain for any such. Every face was contented, though in some patience seemed to have *almost* overmastered cheerfulness. It was a great relief, too, after Switzerland—that land of mendicants—to be rid of beggars. Even at home, where the law provides for the maintenance of our poor, one is more pestered in an hour's walk for alms, than in a week in the Hautes Alpes. Though the people are poorer than our poorest, they do not understand the degradation of begging.

As we jog along the vale, M. Brunel points out on the mountain-side a narrow cleft, and

tells me that it is the door to the first of the Vaudois hiding-caves. The entrance, he says, is defended by a rude, strong wall, beyond which is a "grotto large as a cathedral," which stretches through the hill in the direction of La Roche. There Dean Fremantle, a few years ago, found one of the very ancient cups used in the communion. Passing through the village of Les Ribes, where "M.

le Pasteur" gets many kindly greetings, we proceed onward to Violins. Gradually we find the valley narrow, and the trees become less frequent. The hill-sides are scored closely with the scars of avalanches. A slit-like opening high above us is pointed out as the entrance to a second cave of refuge. The mountains now rise so precipitously that a rock which became loose and came rolling down, in one of its



Between Violins and Dormilleuse.

final bounds leaped clear over a farm-house, and lies embedded in the soil a dozen yards beyond. To mark their wonderful escape, the inhabitants have rudely carved the date, 1877, upon its side.

The mule track is becoming very steep, and my donkey, not liking his unusual burden, quietly lies down; wherefore, to give him a rest, I walk on. At length we reach Violins, and see the whitewashed church,

with its tall tower, which Neff's hands helped to build, and are shown the silver communion vessels given by the Swiss Protestant Alliance as a token of brotherly interest. The church is of considerable size, and very plain, just as the beloved apostle of the Hautes Alpes left it fifty years ago. We enter the school-house next door. The lower rooms are vaulted with cement as is usual; the upper ones are used for the school. M. Baridon is the master, a

sensible, thoughtful young man, grandson of the M. Baridon who kept "a prophet's chamber" for Neff and the succeeding pastors. The Baridons are the only family in the valley who can be called "well off;" besides which they are the best educated and cleverest persons there. In addition, they are the tallest. M. Baridon's brother missed the conscription, being "too tall" for the French army, though he would not have been passed for our Life Guards.

When we leave Violins the way becomes more rocky; we are quickly approaching Dormilleuse, the impregnable fortress of the Vaudois. No word but *awful* can be used to describe the scenery. After passing through the village of Minsas, the country is really appalling. The mountains rise to so vast a height, that the villagers of Minsas never see the sun from the beginning of November to the end of April. The sides of these mountains are either sheer precipices, or scored and torn by the paths of the avalanches, and the valley is covered with rocks and stones, the débris these awful visitors leave. Here and there some poor patches of rye or oats are ripening, for mere ledges of five or six yards long and two or three broad, which appear likely to be protected from the overhanging rocks, are made the most of, and cultivation goes on in spots which seem unapproachable. These strips rise one above another, and terrace the hill which ends the vale. Yet, so constant and destructive are the avalanches, that within the last ten years more than one-third of all the available land for either cultivation or pasturage has been buried beneath an inundation of rocks and stones; besides this, the torrents have spread



Waterfall of La Pisse, with Dormilleuse above.

gravel and sand over the soil of the valley, so that what remains is poor and unprofitable; and the bridge over the Biasse has four times been carried away by these floods. All these misfortunes repeat themselves every winter, so that shortly there seems every prospect of there being no land left.

One spot was particularly frightful. Two avalanches at the same moment tore down the opposite mountain-sides (this was in the winter of 1879-80), riving up a channel of at least twelve feet deep, like the bed of a torrent. One came from the north, the other from the south; they met in the valley, and threw up between them a great mass of snow and rocks fifteen yards high. This mass of snow

did not melt until the end of April, and crossing the débris left is a perilous matter. The vale of Freissinières now ends. To the north, south, and east high bare mountains rise, which are in winter all covered and coated with ice. On the eastern end are to be seen the few terraced rye patches. A waterfall bounds down the Northern Col, while down the Southern one a still more magnificent cascade precipitates itself into the Biasse from the Pic du Brun. It is called La Pisse, and falls sheer down about 100 feet, touches some out-jutting rocks, and then completes the descent of between 200 and 300 feet more. In early summer a cloud of spray rises and hides the sides of the ravine. Standing at its foot and gazing straight upwards, one sees a flat bit of land, above which is visible a cottage roof; behind this four high mountain peaks pierce the sky. That roof marks the whereabouts of Dormilleuse, but how is the village to be reached? This we shall tell when we resume our narrative next month.

MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

II.

"By manifestation of the truth, commending ourselves to every man's conscience in the sight of God."—2 Cor. iv. 2.

THE truth of which the Apostle is speaking here, by the manifestation of which he commends himself to the conscience of every man, was not, as we might have supposed at first, moral truth; it was dogmatic truth. We find in the following verses that it was "the glorious Gospel of Jesus Christ;" the "light of the glory of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ." That is to say, it was not the moral precepts of Christianity, but it was that body of Christian doctrine concerning the person and the life of Jesus into which the Apostles baptized their converts. It was that body of doctrine which we recite when we repeat the Apostles' Creed. Now, of this teaching, it is alleged, that it commended itself to the conscience of every man. This is certainly a very remarkable, almost a startling claim on behalf of dogmatic truth. For it does not, at first sight, appear how the faculty in us which judges of the right and wrong of actions can have anything to do with judging of the truth or falsehood of doctrinal propositions; still less does it seem to us clear how this relation between conscience and dogma can be so very close and evident that the mere preaching of these propositions commends the preacher to the moral sense of his hearers. And accordingly, the idea of there being any real relation between doctrine concerning the supernatural—between religion, in short—and the human conscience, is utterly discarded by a large school of thinkers amongst us at this moment. Such persons strongly insist that, between dogma about the supernatural and the human sense of right and wrong there can be no possible relation. "How," they ask, "can it in the least affect our obligations to our fellow men in this world, to be told that it had a Creator? How does it affect our duty to do unto all men as we would they should do unto us, to know that the Person who said that rose from the dead and ascended into heaven?" And we are further assured that not only is it absurd to insist upon any relation between the supernatural and the human conscience, but that to do so is in the last degree dangerous to morality. For this, we are told, is nothing less than to link the future of human morality with

the uncertain future of creeds and dogmas. "Join together," we are warned, "in any degree or measure religion and morality, and then morality must share the fate of religion. And if religions are about to vanish away," as we are told they are, "and you have made morality in any measure dependent upon religion, ill must it fare with morality in the future." And accordingly these teachers are busy, many of them, just now—not indeed with any remarkable success, but with great pains and industry—in constructing what they speak of as a "scientific basis" for morality; finding, that is to say, physical reasons why men should be righteous, which shall stand the test of scientific examination, and which shall enable human morality to survive in the fast-coming day, when human knowledge shall have enabled men to dispense with Divine faith.

Now, before we accept this new basis for morality, before we give up the old belief—old as humanity and wide-spread as the human race—that there is a deep and close relation between religion and morals, let us, at least, endeavour to ascertain what that relation really is, and what it is not. Let us clearly see, if we can, what it is, that dogma concerning the supernatural—such dogma as we find in our Creeds—can possibly have to do with the human conscience. And, in the first place, let us see clearly—and we can see clearly from the words of the Apostle—what it has not to do. Supernatural teaching is not, and cannot be, the external authority for moral obligation. It is not true, it is perilously untrue, to say that our duty to be moral rests upon any external command whatever. To say that I am bound to be honest and just in all my dealings with my fellow-men because an Almighty Being has commanded me, under certain penalties, to be so, is at once immoral and illogical. It is immoral if we rest the obligation solely upon the power of the Being who has commanded us, for that is to make might the only measure of right. It is illogical if we rest it upon His goodness; because that can only be proved to us by the goodness of His words and actions, and, therefore, I must settle whether any particular word of His is good, before I can decide for

myself the fact of His goodness which is alleged as the reason why I should obey that word. We do not hesitate, therefore, to condemn, as untrue and unwise, the assertion that morality rests upon external command. The law written upon our hearts is superior to any other, however attested, and any law which contradicts this is self-condemned. The voice that bids me be immoral is a voice that I must resist, though it be a voice that stills the storm, or that wakes the dead. And this, be it observed, is exactly what St. Paul is teaching us, in his claim to have satisfied the conscience of his hearers. He does not say to the Corinthians, "Receive us as Divinely-sent messengers, who have wrought miracles in proof of our mission, and therefore allow us to dictate moral truth to you;" he says what is the very opposite to this, "Listen to the truths we have to proclaim, judge them, in the first instance, by that supreme moral sense which He who sent us has given you; judge us by the conscience within you; if it reject these doctrines as immoral, reject us, whatever be our claims; if it accept them as moral, then listen to what more we have to say to you about our claim to give you other teachings, or other commands; but, first, and before all things, we commend ourselves to the conscience of every man amongst you in the sight of the God who has sent us to minister to you." Most distinctly, then, here, as elsewhere, does Christianity recognise the absolute supremacy of the Conscience.

But if this be so, if Christianity recognises the absolute and sole supremacy of the moral sense; if the supernatural in the Christian system makes no claim to dictate to us moral truth, then, we may be asked, what is the relation of the supernatural to the conscience? And now, to help us to understand this, let us observe particularly the form in which the supernatural appears in the Creeds. It is very remarkable. It appears in a form which is strictly historical. The Apostles' Creed is almost entirely a recital of alleged historical facts; the facts of the supernatural—the Creation, the Incarnation, the Resurrection, the Ascension, the Descent of the Holy Spirit—appear in it side by side and, as it were, upon the same level with certain other historical and merely natural facts in the life and death of Jesus Christ. In the same breath in which we say "conceived by the Holy Ghost" we say "born of the Virgin Mary;" in unbroken following of sentences we say, "crucified under Pontius Pilate, dead and buried," and then go on to say, "rose again the third

day from the dead, ascended into heaven, and sitteth on the right hand of God, the Father Almighty." It is all one unbroken, continuous, historical narrative. It is the supernatural appearing within the sphere of the natural, and appearing as simple historical fact. It comes to us, you observe, in the very meaning of its own title, as news—good news, we have agreed to call it. It is intelligence, it is information, it is light that the Creed claims to give us. Light! Let us pause on that word. The Creed with its supernatural story of supernatural fact comes to us as light—light "of the knowledge of the glory of God." It comes to us from Him, of whom it is said, He is "the light of the world," and the light that comes from Him is "the life of men." What light, then—and this is the question we have to decide—what light does this story of the supernatural shed upon the human conscience? Undoubtedly the human conscience needs light. We know of no faculty in human nature that so much depends upon light from without as the human conscience. All know the difference between an informed and an ignorant conscience, and all can remember instances in history in which this supreme judge within us has made terrible and pitiless mistakes because it has judged amiss. For conscience is not the law of our actions. Conscience is their judge, and like every other judge, it decides according to the recognised law of the day in which it is acting and judging. But I am not now speaking of this kind of light, all important as it is—I am speaking of another kind of light thrown upon another far deeper and far darker question, and that is—not as to the law by which the conscience is to judge—but as to the authority which the conscience has to judge at all. The question which lies at the very root of all morality is—not whether there is any fixed law of morals nor what that law is—but whether there be such a thing as morality at all; not how the conscience shall judge, but why it claims to judge and what is its right to do so? The question upon which above all others we need light, because it is the question which underlies the basis of morality in any form whatever, is this—what authority has my conscience to judge my actions? Such a right viewed merely in the light of natural science, is at least disputable. We cannot say of any force in nature, except in a metaphorical sense, that it has the right to rule any other force. All that we can say as a matter of fact is, that it does always rule; and,

therefore, as I have said, in a metaphorical way it may be said to have a right to do so, just as when we combine two chemical elements we say that we expect that one of these—the stronger—will dominate the other. That is all. But then when we remember that, as a matter of fact, the conscience does not always rule; when we remember that its voice is often overruled, often silenced, by the clamour of the passions and the appetites—by what theologians call the lower parts, but what men of science can only call the stronger parts, of our nature—when we remember this, we can find no scientific authority, no demonstrable basis for the right of the conscience to rule the man. But not merely is the right of conscience to supreme rule and authority a thing disputable in the light of science, but, if we are to read it in the light of some of the latest scientific utterances, it is a thing demonstrably and absurdly false. What is the last light shed upon our nature by the last discoveries of materialistic philosophy? It is this, that we are machines pure and simple, that what we call will and choice are only sensations which accompany, but which in no way cause or produce, certain other sensations and actions of our nature—mere secretions of the grey matter of the brain which accompany the automatic movements of that automatic machine which we call man; but of which to predicate the words right or wrong, to say that there is anything moral attaching to them, means no more than when we say that a watch keeps wrong time, or that the compass is guilty of aberration. Nay, it does not even mean so much as this. There is less scientific right, upon the principles of materialism, to say of a man that he goes wrong, than there is to say of a watch that it keeps wrong time. For when we say that a watch keeps wrong time, we mean that it is a machine constructed for the purpose of keeping right time; and when we say that it ought to keep that time but does not, we mean that it fails to accomplish the purpose of its maker. That is to say, we assume the doctrine of design: we regard a watch or a compass as intended to carry out the will of the maker of the machine. But that is the very thing which materialism sternly, contemptuously, forbids us to say of the universe or of humanity. If we say that these had a design or a designer, we provoke the scornful laughter of the modern philosopher, who tells us that this was a fit argument for the unscientific divines of the last century, but that to bring it forward

now is an anachronism and an absurdity. Be it so; materialism then forbids us to admit the idea of a final cause or aim in man's whole nature. Then why is it that when the materialist is constructing his scientific basis of morality, he must, if he will not use language perfectly absurd, speak as if he believed there was a design in man's nature? Must we go back to the old exploded idea of a final cause—of a maker and his purpose—before we can find a scientific reason for saying of a man that he has done wrong or that he has done right? Where is the scientific basis for morality here? Curious, certainly, in a scientific point of view, strangely curious it is, that this automatic machine should now and then seem to check itself and tremble at its own movements; strange and curious it is—for it is a sentient machine—that it should, in some way or other, seem to inflict pain upon itself when those movements do not correspond with the impulses of some internal force; strange it is that the grey matter of the brain should secrete these conscientious sensations. Matter for scientific inquiry, doubtless, this is; but matter for moral obligation, reason for saying—in the sense in which men do say it, when they talk of morality—this is right or that is wrong, why, that is to go back to the exploded science and the mistaken morality of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century is more advanced. Such is, so far, the net result of the latest attempt to find a scientific basis for morality. That result is that the conscience in man fails to justify itself to the sceptical understanding. The authority within us yields, like the authority without us, to the perpetual solvent of the perpetual questioning of the purely sceptical part of our nature, which asks why, why, and still why is this? And if you will not allow faith to rise up against it in defence of the authority without, you must be consistent and refuse to allow to any kind of faith the right to rise up against it in defence of the authority within. And thus the sceptical understanding, flushed with the success of its assault upon the outward bulwark of morality—Religion, will inevitably proceed to assail upon the same ground, and with the same success, the very inner fortress and citadel of morality—the human conscience. And let no one say that this is merely an imaginary assault; let no one tell us that we are merely conjuring up a chimera of the pulpit to scare men back into the moralities of religion. It is not so. In all history nothing is more certain than this, that at those periods at which religion has been most attacked assaults upon

morality have inevitably appeared. It was so in Greece; it was so in Rome; it is so at this day in England. What else is the meaning of all that literature of Pessimism by which men delight to prove not only that there is no God, no soul, no hereafter, but also that there is no real virtue, no true morality, no reason why we should be moral, no hope of the final triumph of righteousness, nothing but the miserable conflict between appetite and conscience, between morality and desire, which distracts men now and is to go on distracting them for ever and ever? What else is the meaning of modern Nihilism which rages frantically, not only against revealed religion, but against the family, against marriage, against all the sanctities and purities of human life? What else is the meaning of that outbreak of modern Paganism in our own English literature which disgraces and defiles it from time to time, as it oozes out in cynical Nature-worship, in the hymning and praising of the beast in man, insisting still that "whatever is, is right"? What is the meaning of all this but the successful assault of the sceptical understanding on the scientific basis of morality? What is it but the pleading of the sceptical part of our nature which—holding now, as ever, its retaining fee from the passions—makes its assault upon all things that men hold dear within them, as before it made its assault upon all things that men held dear without and around them? Such contest and such assault must continue so long as there are passions and appetites in man that rage against whatever resists or restrains them. We do not deny—God forbid that we should—that there are materialists among us who resist these assaults upon their own morality. We do not deny—God forbid that we should—that there are materialists infinitely better than their own unhappy belief; as, on the other hand, there are too many Christians worse and lower than their own nobler faith. But we do say that the materialist who does this is unconsciously, though happily, performing an act of faith. He is unconsciously resolving to believe—in spite of all scientific evidence to the contrary—that he is a moral being; he is resolving to believe that he has a nobler and a better self. But he deceives himself when, because of this, he imagines that, despite of general scepticism, morality would continue to survive. There are men here and there who might in that case still be moral; but let the restraints of religion be completely swept away, let the idea of the supernatural vanish—not only from this or that calculating and prudently moral leader of human

thought, but from the minds of the multitudes who suffer from the passion, the temptation, the trial, the sorrow of the hour—let these be left with only a scientific basis of morality, and we should soon see the result. In vain would you strive to bind the passions and the desires, the needs and the sorrows of mankind, with such bonds of flax, as are your philosophic maxims of morality. The consuming fire of passion in human souls would burn these out full swiftly, and men would be filled with a new sense of licentious freedom from any consciousness of sin. The paradise of materialism would lie open before emancipated humanity. The fiery sword of old terrors which, flaming and turning every way, once deterred men from entering there, would have been snatched by science from the hands of superstition; and the multitude would rush in to eat, or strive to eat, of all its fruits, and would make of that paradise what raging lust and unsatisfied desire have made of many another paradise, ere now—a hell upon this earth.

And, now that we have seen that the "scientific basis of morality" does not help us much in this matter, let us try whether we can find any support for morality in the manifestation of the supernatural. What is it, that the light of the Creed really is? It is the supernatural appearing in the domain of the natural. What does it tell us? It tells us that this existing natural order is not all in all, has not been from everlasting, shall not be to everlasting. It tells us that before it, around it, beneath it, overruling it, embracing it, explaining and alone truly explaining all its phenomena, is another order—the supernatural, which is from everlasting to everlasting; it tells us that this supernatural order had a supernatural origin—that "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It tells us further that our own place in this natural order of things is something more than natural—that it is supernatural; that "God created man in His own likeness and image"; that He has given him that moral nature which forbids him to sin; that He gave him once that supreme authority over his lower nature, which, in the outer world, he has given him over the whole realm of material nature. It tells him that those impulses within him which bid him do right and sin not, are relics of an older order which once existed and that they testify to him that the existing order of nature is not all in all; that he is not the helpless victim of the mere mechanical action of blind mechanical forces moving to and fro in some

unaccountable order, which, though so orderly, has no design in it and had no designer; but that he is a moral being placed in the midst of a great system of order, not a chaos but a cosmos, Divinely ruled, Divinely ordered, dominated by the supernatural will of a Holy God, "in whom we live and move, and have our being." It tells him that the voice of conscience within him is the voice of that God, and that it testifies, at His bidding, to a nobler, higher, truer, more intelligent order than one of mere soulless machinery and brute force of law. This is what the manifestation of the supernatural does for us; but why are we to believe what it tells us? Why are we to believe that in listening to it we *are* listening to the voice of our Maker telling us how and why we are made? What reason have we for supposing that the supernatural overrules the natural? For this reason—that the supernatural has appeared in the midst of the natural as a higher and overruling force; for this reason—that the voice which tells us of the supernatural has stayed the courses of the natural; for this reason—that miracle has appeared, deflecting those laws which otherwise we might have held to be from everlasting to everlasting and to be all in all. This rift in the cloud of the natural tells us whence comes the light in which we live: for it shows us the sun of our system—the Godhead which has created and which is enlightening the world. And therefore is it that Miracle, as it gives us room to pray, gives us also the right to stand up and, in the name of the supernatural, to assert the supremacy of the conscience. There are voices from without, which tell us that passion and appetite in us are inevitable as the storm and resistless as the tides; and we answer, "No! in the name of that voice which commanded the winds and the waves, and straightway there was a great calm." There is a voice within us which whispers, "You are but a chemical compound of atoms coming into visible existence at your birth, and resolving itself back again at your death into the elements of which it is composed. What matters it how you live? Eat, drink, and be merry." And we answer to it: "No! in the name of Him, whom the grave could not hold, who rose from the dead and ascended into heaven."

Let me, then, finally sum up the arguments which I have been endeavouring to state as regards the province of the supernatural in the matter of the human conscience:—We do not—when we say that the supernatural helps us to a basis of morality,—we do not allege that it dictates to us moral

truth; we do not say that it helps to terrify men into being moral by the promise of heaven or the terrors of hell. A man who does right only for the sake of heaven or only through the fear of hell, can hardly be called moral. We do not say this; but we do allege that the supernatural throws light upon facts in our nature, which justify and which alone can justify, our claim to be moral beings. We do say that—not to overrule or tyrannise over the conscience—but to give to it its full and rightful authority, the voice of the supernatural has been heard amongst men. We do say that the manifestation of the supernatural has been given to men to strengthen the ground of morality; to widen and deepen the basis upon which it erects its throne; to give it back its old supremacy; to crown it with a crown which is "the light of the glory of the knowledge of God in Jesus Christ." This, we maintain, is the true office of the supernatural in helping us to find a basis for morality. More, far more, we might have said, had space allowed it, as to the relation not merely of the supernatural, but specially of the Christian idea of the supernatural, to human morality. We cannot now do more than touch just the fringe of this great subject. Let us entreat you to follow it out in thought for yourselves. Think, for instance, how the Christian doctrines of sin, of atonement, of forgiveness and of sanctification, speak to the moral sense of man; think how Christianity dignifies and deepens the motives for all just dealings with one another, as it tells us that each fellow-man is a brother, because God is our common Father, and that, inasmuch as life, in each one of us, is not the mere span of natural existence, but an immortality, we are dealing in all our actions with one who, like ourselves, derives his descent from God, who comes from God and goes to Him. Think again of the effect on ethics of the great doctrine of Christian holiness, something far deeper, something that lies far within the precepts of mere morality; that doctrine which bids man be pure in his own secret and innermost thought, because that thought is laid bare before the eyes of an All Holy One, who cannot endure to look upon iniquity. Think of the help to morality in the doctrine of the descent of the Holy Spirit of God that He might make men holy, that He might gather them into one Holy Catholic Church, one Communion of Saints, whose one object it is to "live righteously, soberly, and godly in this present evil world." Think of the glorious promise of the final triumph of holiness given

us in the example of the perfect and sinless life of Christ; think of the effect of all this upon the human conscience and upon human morality, and then try to realise what would be the effect upon the world of the blotting out of all this. Surely, whether Christian dogma be true or false, it is manifestly absurd to say that, if true, it does not touch the very basis and root of all morality, namely, the question whether man is, or is not, a moral being, whether he has, or has not, anything more than an imaginary and superstitious claim of right to judge his own actions. That is the question of our own day, and of days that are very near at hand. We say then to those who scornfully reject the idea of the supernatural in its relation to morality, do not at any rate imagine it to be one of pure indifference. Reject, if you will, with a smile, or with a sneer, our old-world dream of the supernatural. Tell us, if you will, that we are but cherishing a faint relic of ancient superstition, when we believe that there was once a golden age of purity, and that there shall be again an abode for mankind, where nothing that defileth or hurteth can enter. But do not mock us with the assurance that, when this fond belief shall have vanished away, the basis of morality shall stand securer than ever. Do not ask us to believe in your prophecy of a millennium of materialism, which cannot justify itself to the science to which it appeals. Let us, if it must be so, face together with what grim and desperate courage we may, the coming night of moral darkness, in which men shall grope

to and fro in search of some reason for morality, drunken with the wine of their own passions, and stumbling over every stumbling-block of temptation; but do not tell us that the shadows of this coming night are streaks of the day-dawn. Do not deceive yourselves by mistaking the after-glow of the setting sun of Christianity in your own hearts for the dawn of a morning that may never break for you. Nevertheless, we do not believe that darkness to be near at hand for all; we do not believe that it will ever wrap this world, in which Christ has lived and died and risen again, in endless night; and we do not believe it, for this reason, that deep within the soul of man there lies the mighty evidence for Christianity of the conscience which, being light, craves for light, and bids man seek for it as the plant unconsciously seeks for the rays of the sun. That light may be quenched in individual souls. Nay, even here and there on some portion of the earth's surface—in some territory wherein, for a time, unbelief may have succeeded in crucifying the Son of man afresh, and putting Him to an open shame—above that modern cross there may be darkness in the heavens for a little space; but, spite of this, the soul of man will continue to crave and seek for light from God; and men shall still rejoice and believe in "the light of the glory of God," because that light, as seen "in the face of Jesus Christ," can never cease to "commend itself to the conscience of every man whom God has made and Christ has redeemed."

A DEVIL'S LYRIC.

Written during the Indian Famine.

GO, sell your opium far and wide:
Satan be thanked! you have plenty at hand.
Don't be afraid for the national pride:
China is far from your Christian land.
In '58 John Bull asserted
Might was a right uncontroverted.
Pray piously for daily bread,
With thankful hearts for this device,
By which a people opium fed
Make rich a people fed on rice.
Supply your Indian population
By poisoning another nation.
What are a few lives more or less,
In a fossil race outworn and old—
A few pale millions in dire distress
Compared with a million of British gold?—
Too poor to give great city dinners,
Go, sell the souls of Chinese sinners!
When India starves is it for you
To put a check upon her trade?
How can you help her if you do,
And yet your usual bills be paid?
You needs must keep abreast with fashion
And therefore handicap compassion.

You're not responsible of course
For India's hunger, China's vice;
He who would feel the least remorse
Must have a conscience over-nice:
The opium trade is always blinked at,
And a sin is not a sin when winked at.
'Tis true the fields where opium grows
Might have been sown with useful food,
But in a famine England knows
Such vain regrets won't do much good.
A famine is a wholesale thing
That can't be cured by questioning.
Although you forced down China's throat
The opium she had fain refused,
Until at last she learned to gloat
Upon it; pray be disabused
Of any scruple that may haunt you,
Nor let an honest devil daunt you.
To tell the truth, you've been so kind
To every starving faint Hindoo,
I warn you that unless you mind
I'll have no more to do with you:
Yet might the opium trade endear you
To half the fiends that hover near you.

A. MATHESON.



LADY JANE.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER IV.—A DISAPPOINTMENT.

THAT morning, Winton went with his heart beating, to Grosvenor Square. He was not overawed by the stately stillness of the place, the imposing dim vacancy of the suite of rooms through which he was led to the Duchess's boudoir. He had a fine house himself, and everything handsome about him, and he did not feel that Lady Jane would make any marked descent either in comfort or luxury should she abandon these gilded halls for his. To tell the truth he thought the gilding was overdone, not to say a little tarnished and in questionable taste, but that was the fault of the time in which it was executed. He was so little alarmed that he could notice all this. He had seen those rooms before only in the evening, when they were full of company, and looked very different from now, when they lay, in the freshness of the morning, all empty and silent, the windows open, and the sunblinds

down, and nobody visible. Naturally the lover looked, as he passed through the apartment in which his lady lived, for some trace of her habitual occupation. Was that hers, that little chair by the window, the table with work on it, and some books, and a single rose in a glass? He would have taken the rose on the chance if that solemn personage in front of him had not kept within arm's length. There was a portrait of her on the wall, but it did not, of course, do her justice, indeed

was an unworthy daub, as anybody could see. Thus he stepped through one room after another, treading on air, his heart beating, not with apprehension, but with soft excitement and happiness. She should have a better lodging than this, rooms decorated expressly for her, pictures of a very different kind; her home should be worthy of her, if any mortal habitation could ever be worthy of such a beautiful soul. In his progress across the ante-room and the two great draw-

ing-rooms, all this went through his mind. Thoughts go so quickly. He even arranged the pictures, selected with lightning-speed what would suit her best, decided that a Raphael—it must be a Raphael—should hang upon the walls of the shrine in which his saint was to be specially set: while he walked on, glancing with a half-smile of contempt at the Duke of Billingsgate, K.G., in his peer's robes, on one side, and a Duchess-Dowager in a turban, on the other. Good heavens, to think of such hideous daubs surrounding Jane! But in the new home all should be altered. His heart had palpitated with anxiety yesterday before he knew how she would receive his suit—but to-day! To-day he had no anxiety at all, only an eager desire to get the preliminaries over, and to see her, and make her decide when it was to be. There was no reason why they should wait. He was not a young barrister (as he might have been but for that uncle—bless him!—whose goodness he had never duly appreciated till now) waiting for an income. He was rich, and ready to sign the settlements to-morrow. At the end of the season, just long enough to be clear of St. George's, and make sure of a pretty quiet country church to be married in, time enough by turning half the best workmen in London into it, and devoting himself to bric-a-brac with all his energies, to turn his little house at Winton into a lady's bower. What more was wanted? He had everything arranged in his mind before the groom of the chambers, entering on noiseless feet, and with a voice like velvet, informed her Grace that "Mr. Winton" was about to enter. The Duchess received him with benignity just terminated with stateliness. She had never, he thought, been so beautiful as Jane. Perhaps in the majority of cases it is difficult to believe that a woman of fifty has been as beautiful as her daughter of twenty-five. And it was true enough in this case. But nobody could deny that she had a face full of fine sense and feeling. It looked somewhat troubled as well as very serious to-day. Winton, however, was ready to allow that his gain would be this lady's loss, and that perhaps the Duchess was not so anxious to get rid of her only daughter as parents generally are understood to be.

"Sit down, Mr. Winton," she said. She had not risen from her own chair, but sat behind her writing table, which was laden with papers, and across this barrier held out her hand to him, and gave him a benign but somewhat distant smile. "I ought to apolo-

gize," she added after a moment, "for giving you the trouble of coming to me."

"The trouble! but it is my business. I should have asked to see the Duke if you had not so kindly given me this opportunity—first. I hope I may speak to the Duke afterwards if I have the happiness to satisfy you. You may be sure I can think of nothing else till this is all settled."

"All settled?" she said with a little shake of her head. "You are young and confident, Mr. Winton; you think things settle themselves so easily as this. But I fear the preliminaries will be more lengthened than you suppose. Do you know, I wish very much you had consulted me before speaking to Jane."

"Why?" he asked, fixing his eyes upon her with an astonished gaze. Then he added, "I know Lady Jane is a great lady, a princess royal. She is like that. I am a little democratic myself, but I acknowledge in her everything that is beautiful in rank. She should be approached like a crowned head."

"Not quite that perhaps," said the Duchess smiling.

"With every observance, every ceremony—but then," he added, "that is not the English fashion, you know, to ask others first. One thinks of her, herself as the only judge."

The Duchess continued to shake her head. "That is all very well with ordinary girls, but Jane's position is so exceptional. Mr. Winton, I hope you will not be disappointed or annoyed by what I tell you. Had you asked me I should have said to you, no."

"No!" he repeated vaguely, looking into her face. He could not even realise what her meaning was.

"I should have said, Don't do it, Mr. Winton, for your own sake."

Winton rose up in the excitement of the moment and stood before her like a man petrified. "Don't do it! Do you mean—Pardon me if I am slow of understanding."

"I mean, seeing it had unfortunately come about that, without being able to help it, you had fallen in love with Jane—"

"Unfortunately!"

"You do nothing but repeat my words," the Duchess cried in a plaintive tone. "It is, unfortunately—but hear me out first. If you had spoken to me I should have said, Try and get over it, Mr. Winton; don't disturb her, poor girl, by telling her. Try if a little trip to America, or tiger-shooting, or to be a *Times* correspondent, or some other of those exciting things which you young men do now-

a-days, will not cure you. I should have said, You have not known her very long, it cannot have gone very deep. I tell you this to show you what my advice would have been had you asked me before speaking to Jane."

"But it is of no use speculating upon what we should have done in an imaginary case," said Winton. He had awoke from his first bewilderment, and began to understand vaguely that everything was not going to be easy for him as he had once thought. "You see I *have* spoken to her," he said. "You frighten me horribly; but then it is of no use considering what you would have done in a totally different case."

The Duchess sighed and shook her head. "That is what I should have thought it my duty to say, in view of all the pain and confusion that are sure to follow. Do you know, Mr. Winton, that her father will never listen to you—never!" she said with a sudden change of tone.

Winton dropped upon his chair again and stared at her with an anxious countenance. "I knew—I was told, that the Duke would not be easy to please. And quite right! I agree with his Grace. I am not half good enough for her; but, then," he added after a pause, "nobody is. If there is one man in the world as worthy as she is, neither the Duke nor any one knows where to find him; and then," he continued in tones more insinuating still, "it would not matter now. If that hero were found to-morrow she would not have him, for—she has chosen me! I allow that it is the most wonderful thing in the world!" said the lover in a rapture which became him; "but you will find it is true. She has chosen me!"

"It may be very true," said the Duchess, shaking her head more and more, "but the Duke will not pay much attention to that. I am afraid it is not moral excellence he is thinking of. It would be hard, I allow, to find anybody as good as Jane. Probably if we did he would turn out to be some poor old missionary or quite impossible person. I am afraid that is not at all what her father is thinking of."

"Then tell me what it is. I am not Prince Charming—but the Wintons have been settled at Winton since Queen Elizabeth's time, and I am very well off. The settlements should be—whatever you wish."

"Don't promise too much," said the Duchess with a smile, "for no doubt you have got a family lawyer who will be of a very different opinion; indeed, I hope you

have, if that is your way of doing business. But, alas! the Duke will not be satisfied, I fear, even with that."

"Then what, in the name of heaven!—I beg you a thousand pardons, Duchess. I don't know what I am saying. I have no title, to be sure. Is it a title that is necessary?"

"I can't tell you what is necessary," said the Duchess with a tone of impatience. "The Duke is—well, the Duke is her father; that is all that is to be said. He will never listen to your proposal—never! That is why I should have said to you, don't make it. Leave her in her tranquillity, poor girl."

"But—" Winton cried. He did not know what more to say—a protest of all his being, that was the only thing of which he was capable.

"But—" the Duchess repeated. "Yes, Mr. Winton, there is always a but. To tell the truth, I am not so very sorry that you did not ask me after all. I should have been obliged to tell you what I have now told you. But since you have taken it into your own hands I am rather glad. If her father had his way Jane would never be married at all. Oh, don't be so enthusiastic; don't thank me so warmly! I have done nothing for you, and I don't know what I can do for you."

"Everything!" said Winton. "With you to back us it is impossible that anything can prevail against us. The Duke's heart will melt; he will hear reason."

A faintly satirical smile came upon the mouth of the Duke's wife, who knew better than anybody how much was practicable in the way of making him hear reason. But she did not say anything. She let the lover talk. He went on with the conviction natural to his generation—that all these mediæval prejudices were fictitious, and paternal tyranny a thing of the past.

"Cruel fathers," said Winton, "are things of the Middle Ages. I am not afraid of them any more than I am of the Castle Spectre. The Duke will rightly think that I am a poor sort of a fellow to ask his daughter from him. I ought to have been something very different—better, handsomer, cleverer."

"You are not at all amiss, Mr. Winton," said the Duchess with a gracious smile.

He made her a bow of acknowledgment, and his gratification was great, for who does not like to be told that he is considered a fine fellow? but he went on. "All this I feel quite as much as his Grace can do. The thing in my favour is that Jane—" the colour flew over his face as he called her so, and her

mother, though she started slightly, acknowledged his rights by a little bow of assent, somewhat solemnly made, "that Jane—" he went on repeating the sweet monosyllable, "does not mind my inferiority—is satisfied, the darling—" Here his happiness got into his voice as if it had been tears, and choked him. The Duchess bent her head again.

"To me that is everything," she said.

"How could it be otherwise?" cried the young man; "it *is* everything. I have no standing ground, of course, of my own; but Jane—loves me! It is far too good to be true, and yet it is true. The Duke will not like it, let us allow; but when he sees that, and that she will not give up, but be faithful—faithful to the end of our lives—— Dear Duchess, I have the greatest veneration for your Grace's judgment, but in this point one must go by reason. Life is not a melodrama. So long as the daughter is firm the father must yield."

He gave forth this dogma with a little excitement, almost with a peremptory tone, smiling a little in spite of himself at the tradition in which even this most sensible of duchesses believed. Perhaps a great lady of that elevated description is more liable than others to believe that the current of events and the progress of opinion have little or no effect upon the race, and that dukes and fathers are still what they were in the fifteenth century. He, this fine production of the nineteenth, was so certain of his opinion that he could not feel anything but a smiling indulgence for hers. On the other side, the Duchess was more tolerant even than Winton. His certainty gave her a faint amusement—his gentle disdain of her a lively sense of ridicule; but this was softened by her sympathy for him, and profound and tender interest in the man whom Jane loved. She was a little astonished, indeed—as what parent is not?—that Jane should have loved this man precisely, and no other; but as the event called forth all her affection for her woman-child, it threw also a beautifying reflection upon Jane's lover. On the whole she was satisfied with his demeanour personally. It is not every man who will show his sentiments in a way which satisfies an anxious mother. The Duchess, however, was pleased with Winton. His look and tone when he spoke of her daughter satisfied her. He was fond enough, adoring enough, reverential enough to content her; and how much this was to say!

"Well," she said, "we will hope you may be right, Mr. Winton. You know men and

human nature, no doubt, better than I do, who am only about twice your age," she added with a soft little laugh. "Anyhow, I wish with my whole heart that you may prove to be right. The only thing is, that it will be prudent not to speak to the Duke now. Don't cry out—I know I am right in this. In town he is never quite happy; there are many things that rub him the wrong way. He sees men advanced whom he thinks unworthy of it, and others left out. And he thinks society is out of joint, and cannot quite divest himself of the idea that he, or rather we, were born to set it right." All this the Duchess said with a little half-sigh between the sentences, and yet a faint sense of humour, which gave a light to her countenance. "But in the country things go better. If he is ever to be moved, as you say, by love and faithfulness, and such beautiful things, it will be in his own kingdom, where nobody thwarts him and he has everything his own way."

Winton's countenance fell at every word. What! he who had come hither with the intention of persuading Jane to decide when it should be, was he to go away without a word,—to be hung up indefinitely, to be no farther advanced than yesterday? His whole heart cried out against it, and his pride and all that was in anger. He grew faint, he grew sick with anger, and disappointment, and dismay. "That means," he said, "complete postponement; that means endless suspense. I think you want me to give up altogether; you want to crush the life out of us altogether!"

"Of course you will be unjust," said the Duchess, "I was prepared for that; and ungrateful. I am advising what is best for you. The Duke, I believe, is in the library. He is the pink of politeness; he will see you at once, I feel sure, if you ask for an interview; but in that case you will never darken these doors again. You will be shut out from all intercourse with Jane. The whole matter will be ended as abruptly and conclusively as possible. I know my husband; you will not have time to say a word for yourself. You can take what course you think best, Mr. Winton. What I say to you is for your good; and in the meantime, if you do as I wish, everything that I can do for you I will do."

The young man sat and listened to these words in mingled exasperation and dismay. As she spoke of the Duke in his library, Winton's heart jumped up and began to thump against his side. Oh, yes, it might be

decided fast enough. Evidently he could have an answer without fail or suspense on the spot. He sat and gazed at her blankly in such a dilemma as he had never known before. What would Jane think of him if he submitted? What would she say if he insisted, and got only failure and prohibition for his pains? The Duchess, it was evident, was not speaking lightly. She knew what she was talking about. She wished him well, too well to let him go on to his destruction. But, on the other hand, there was the postponement of all his hopes, a sickening pause and uncertainty, a blank quenching of expectation. He could do nothing but stare at the Duchess while she spoke, and for some time after. What was he to answer her? How calmly these old people sit on their height of experience, and look down half-smiling upon the frets and agitation of the young ones! What was it to her that he—even that Jane, who naturally was of far more importance—should suffer all these pangs of suspense? Probably she would smile, and say that life was long, and what did it matter for a month or two? A month or two! It would be like a century or two to them. Sometimes Winton resolved that he would not be silenced; that he would go and have it out with the Duke, who, after all, was Jane's father, and could not wish his child to be unhappy. And then again, as she went on laying the alternative before him, his heart would fail him. He changed his mind a hundred times while she was speaking, and after she had ended still gazed on her, with his heart in his mouth.

"I don't wish," he said at last, "to do anything rash. I will submit to anything rather than run any risks. But how are we to bear the delay? How am I to bear it? and it will be deception as well! I don't see how I am to do it. Do you mean me to give her up all the time—go tiger-shooting, as you were good enough to suggest?"

"Well,—there would be no harm in that," said the Duchess, with a smile; "but I did not suggest it in the present circumstances. I said, if you had spoken to me first—I ask you to wait a month—perhaps two" (this addition, made as it seemed in *gaieté du cœur*, with rather a pleasant sense of the exasperation it would produce in him, called forth a muttered exclamation, a groan from the victim) "or perhaps two, at the most," the Duchess repeated; "whereas tiger-shooting would take six, at least. But, Mr. Winton, I repeat, I force you to nothing. There is the bell, and the Duke is in the library. Ring

it, if you will, and ask him to see you; he will not refuse."

Winton rose slowly, and went towards the bell. But he had not the courage to take this extreme step. "I suppose I may see her sometimes?" he said; "but it will be a kind of treachery."

"Her mother does not object; the case is an extreme one," said the Duchess, though she blushed a little at her own sophistry. "What he does not know will not do him any harm."

"It will be deception," said Winton, shaking his head, and he made another step towards the bell. Then he turned back again. "How often may I see her? If we take your way you will not be hard upon us?" he said.

"But it will be deception," said the Duchess solemnly.

"I know that; that is what revolts me. Still, as you say, what he does not know will not do him any harm."

The Duchess laughed, and then she grew grave suddenly. "Mr. Winton, I feel as if I were betraying my husband; but at the present moment my child has the first claim upon me. It is her happiness that is at stake. I will not prevent you from meeting—you are both old enough to know your own minds. I will do nothing to put off Jane from a woman's natural career. It is doing evil, perhaps, that good may come: but we must risk it. Come here, but not too often: I will take the responsibility; and when we go to Billings, Lady Germaine will invite you; and you can try your fortune then. I will prepare the way as much as I can. I don't give you great hopes when all is done," she said, shaking her head.

"And after?" said Winton, turning once more with a kind of desperation towards the bell.

"Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," said the Duchess piously.

But oh, the difference when he walked out crestfallen through all the big drawing-rooms! Not a word about when it was to be. No sort of arrangement, consultation, possible. Everything had seemed so near when he came,—so near that he could almost touch it. Now everything had been pushed far off into the vague. He had seen Jane indeed, but in her mother's presence, which made her happy enough, but him only partly happy. Was this how it was to be? The Duchess indeed was writing at her table, taking no notice of them. But still it was very different from what he had hoped. He

did not perceive the bad pictures or the over-gilding as he went away. The place looked like a prison to him, and was dark and stifling. Lady Jane indeed accompanied him through the rooms. She gave him the rose which he had thought of stealing as he came, and told him all their engagements for a week in advance. "You will be sure to go wherever we are going," she said, and called him Reginald with a blush and a tone of sweetness that went straight to his heart. But nevertheless his disappointment, he thought, was almost more than he could bear.

CHAPTER V.—THE ANTICIPATIONS OF
LADY JANE.

LADY JANE, it will easily be understood, did not look upon the matter at all from the same point of view. A girl, however much she may be in love, is seldom anxious for a peremptory marriage such as—when there is no great sacrifice involved—suits the bolder sex. She loves to play with her happiness, to prolong the sweet time when, without any violent breach of other habits, even any change of name, she can enjoy the added glory of this crown of life. She accompanied Winton through the great silent rooms, with a sense of perfect, quiet happiness which was exactly in accordance with the summer morning—the fresh soft air in which there was no sunshine, but a flood of subdued light, and in which every sound had a tone of enchantment, though not music. It suited her gentle nature to dwell in such an atmosphere of delicate delight, which had no fact to vulgarise it, but only an ecstasy of feeling. She was disappointed to find that he was less satisfied, less happy. And he would have been angry to see that she was so happy. Such are the differences between those most near to each other. He kissed the rosebud and her hands as, with a sense of daring beyond words, she put it into his coat; but he wanted something more. Yes, he could have been angry with her; he felt a desire to say something brutal. "How can you be satisfied to deceive your father?" he asked. "It will be clandestine——" He had the cruelty to say this, though next moment he was horrified, and begged her pardon, metaphorically on his knees.

"Clandestine!" she said, with a little surprise—she made allowance for a man's rough way of speaking—"oh, no; my father has never entered into all the circumstances. So long as my mother approves——"

"But," Winton cried, in his ferocity, "suppose he refuses his consent at last, as the

Duchess thinks, will you venture to oppose him then, or will you send me away?"

"Ah, never that!" said Lady Jane, looking at him with her soft eyes. They were not brilliant eyes, but when she looked at him there came over them a certain liquid light, a melting radiance such as no words could describe. The light was love, and may be seen glorifying many an unremarkable orb. It made hers so exquisite that they dazzled the beholder, especially the happy beholder who knew this was for him. But he was not satisfied even with that.

"Suppose," he went on, "that the Duke were to open that door and walk in now—as he has a good right to do into his own drawing-room—what would come of it? Would you take your hand out of mine, and bid me good-bye like a stranger?"

Her hand indeed slid out of his at the suggestion, and a little tremor ran through her frame; but the next moment she raised her head and put her hand lightly within his arm. "If you think I am without courage!" she said—then added with a smile, "when it is necessary; but at present it is not necessary."

"Then you will not, whatever happens, give me up?—not even if the foundations of the earth are shaken, not even if the Duke says 'No'?" he cried, partly furious, partly satirical, catching at the hand which was on his arm.

His violence gave her a little shock, and the savage satire of the tone in which he named her father distressed Lady Jane. "You must not speak so," she said, with her soft dignity; "the Duke is my father. But you do not know me if you think that anything will change me." Then indeed Winton felt a little ashamed of himself, and began to realise that he did not yet know all of this gentle creature who was going to be his wife. She parted with him at the door of the ante-room, and went back through her mother's boudoir to her own retirement. Next to being with the *objet aimé*, being alone is the purest happiness at this stage. She kissed her mother, who was busy at her writing-table, in passing. The Duchess was deep in calculation, not how she should make her ends meet, which was impossible, but how near she could draw them together, so that the gap might be small. It is a sad and harassing business. She paused only a moment to pat her child on her soft cheek, and reflect within herself how beautifying was this love which in youth is full of enchantment and illusion, and then returned to her figures. When the ends will meet, what pleasure there is even in

the pain of drawing them together! but when no miracle will do this, when there must always remain a horrible chasm between! Fifty remained thus at work in the finance department, while Twenty-five went lightly away to think over her happiness. It must be allowed that Lady Jane was not quite young enough—she ought to have been but twenty, by rights; but her maturity only added to the exceeding fulness of her enjoyment. There is something sweet in being awakened late; it prolongs the morning, it keeps the "vision splendid" a little longer in one's eyes. The unfulfilled even has a glory of its own, which people who are bigoted in belief of the ordinary canons of romance are slow to perceive. This preserved to Lady Jane, at an age when girlhood is over, its most perfect fragrance and charm.

Presently, however, the sweet vagueness of her anticipations began to open into other thoughts. She had been so preserved by her stately up-bringing and the traditions which she had felt to centre in her, from knowledge of fact and the world, that she knew little at all about money, or the power it has to bridge over social differences. When she allowed her heart to go out to Reginald Winton, she did so with the most absolute conviction that it involved a great descent in rank and abandonment of luxury. She would have to put off the coronet from her head she believed, the Princess Royal's myrtle crown. She would have to learn a great many things, both to do and to do without. She had heard of Winton House, which was a small place: and probably she had heard of the house in town. But the latter had altogether dropped out of her mind, and she knew very well that a Squire's little manor would be very different from Billings, and would require from its mistress an existence of a kind unknown to all her previous experiences. She would have to superintend her own household; if not to make her maids spin, according to the usage of old times, at least to direct the housemaids, and know how things ought to be done. Though her father was in reality much less rich than the man whom she had chosen for her husband, she was entirely in the dark on this point, and her mind awoke to a sense of a hundred requirements of which she knew nothing. She had been like a star, and dwelt apart (if it is not profane to apply such words to a young lady of the nineteenth century) as much as any poet. But now love and duty bade her come down from these heights, and learn how people walk along the common

ways. She addressed herself to this task without a grudge, with glad alacrity and readiness; but she was a little puzzled, it must be admitted, to know how to begin. The first person to whom she addressed herself (for naturally Lady Jane was shy of betraying her motive, or letting it be known that the inquiries she made were for her own benefit) was her maid, who was as superior a young person and as much like a waiting gentlewoman as it was possible to find. Lady Jane was aware, of course, that Arabella's family (for this was the distinguished name she bore) were not in the same position as Mr. Winton. But in that sad deficiency of perspective which we have already noted as one of the drawbacks of rank, she felt it possible that Arabella's knowledge of how life was conducted at her end of the social circle would be more useful than her own to Reginald Winton's wife. She opened the subject in, it must be avowed, a very uncompromising and artless way, one evening, while Arabella stood behind her, partially visible in the large mirror before which she sat, brushing out her long and abundant hair. It was very fine and silky, and made very little appearance when smoothly wound round the back of her head; but when it was being brushed out it was like a veil, soft and dreamy and illimitable, spreading out almost as far as the operator chose in a cloud of soft darkness—"like twilight, too, her dusky hair." A lady's maid is very much wanting in the spirit of her profession if she is indifferent to the fact that her mistress has fine hair. Generally it is the thing of which she is most proud. And Arabella held this sentiment in the warmest way. Her scorn of chignons and of frizzing was indescribable. "You should just see my lady's hair when it is down," she would say, almost crying over the fact which she could not ignore, that the hair of many other ladies, when it was up, greatly exceeded in appearance and volume the soft locks of Lady Jane. It was while Arabella was employed in this way that her mistress, looking at her in the glass, said suddenly, "If you were going to be married, Arabella, what should you do to prepare for it? I want very much to know."

"My lady!" cried the girl with a violent start. She let the brush fall from her hand with the fright it gave her, and then without any warning she began to cry. "Indeed, indeed, I never could make up my mind to leave your ladyship—not in a hurry like he wants me to—never! never! at least till you were suited," Arabella said.

"Oh!" cried Lady Jane, turning round, "then you really were thinking! I did not know of that, I assure you; I never thought of it. Are you really going to be married, Arabella?"

"It is none of my doing," the girl said; "indeed I told him I couldn't make up my mind to leave: but he says—you know, my lady, men find always a deal to say——"

"Do they?" said Lady Jane with a soft laugh of sympathy. Yes, it was true, they had a deal to say: and then sometimes when they were silent that said still more. She paused upon this recollection with a soft wave of pleasure going over her; and then—perhaps not so anxious to understand Arabella as to follow out her own thoughts—"Tell me," she said, "when you go away from me, Arabella—out of Billings and out of Grosvenor Square—into a little small house, how does it feel to you? Do you dislike it very much? Is it very wretched? I should like to know how you feel about it. One day here in these large rooms—and the next in a tiny little place, without servants, without any conveniences. It is only lately that I have thought about this, but I want to know. Nobody can tell me so well as you."

"Oh, my lady," cried Arabella, "don't you know without telling? Why, it's home! That makes all the difference; though it's a little place, yet it's your own."

Lady Jane's eyes still remained unsatisfied, though she said "To be sure" vaguely. "To be sure," she repeated; "but then here you have everything done for you, and everything is nice. You cannot have the same at home."

"No, my lady; but it's so nice and fresh there; no carpets or things to catch the dust—except in the parlour, but that is only for Sundays. The floors all so white and fresh; the plates and the dishes shining; the fire so cheerful. I can't deny," said Arabella, her tone of delight sinking to one of candid avowal, "that the parlour is—well, my lady, it is a dreadful little place; and poor mother is so proud of it! it is not so nice as the room the under-housemaids have their tea in. I feel just as if I were one of the inferior servants when I sit there. But the kitchen—if your ladyship took a fancy to playing at being poor, like the French queen did, you know, my lady—it would be quite nice enough even for you."

"You should not say 'like the French queen did,' that is bad grammar," said Lady Jane softly. "I shan't play at being poor, Arabella, but perhaps some day—— All this you have been saying is about your

home, but that was not what I asked. If you were going to be married, what would you do? You could not keep any servants; you would have to do all sorts of things yourself. Do you think it will be a dreadful sacrifice to make?"

Arabella gave her lady's hair a few tugs, perhaps unconsciously to hide a little emotion, perhaps with a little gentle indignation at her mistress's humble estimate of her prospects. "It is not so low as you think, my lady," she said. "He is a careful young man that has saved a little, and can give me a nice home and keep me a servant. I'll have no dirty work to do nor need to soil my fingers. He thinks, like your ladyship, that it will be a great sacrifice; but what can a girl have better, mother says, than a good, steady husband and a nice home? and I think so too."

Lady Jane smiled with gentle sympathy. "And so do I, Arabella. Still that is not the question I was asking. It will be a small house, I suppose, and one little maid? And I suppose you will have many things to do, and to live with——" Here she paused, blushing for her own want of perception. "You are accustomed to things very much the same as mine," she continued softly, "and it must be different. How will you put up with it—or shall you not mind? Only a few little rooms, perhaps, to live in."

"Oh, my lady," said Arabella, "a few! We shall have a little parlour, where I can sit in the afternoons. What could anyone wish for more? Your ladyship yourself, or even the Duchess, though you have all the castle to choose from, you can't sit in more than one room at a time. And it has often surprised me, my lady, to see how, with all those beautiful drawing-rooms and all their grand furniture, your ladyship and the Duchess will prefer quite a little bit of a place to sit in. Look at the morning-room at the castle! and her Grace's boudoir here is quite small in comparison. I can't see that it will make much difference to me."

"That is a very just observation, Arabella," said Lady Jane; "I wonder I never thought of it before. Nobody can sit in more than one room at a time, it is quite true; that is all one really needs. I am very much obliged to you for putting it so clearly."

"Yes, my lady," said Arabella, with a little courtesy of acknowledgment. She was pleased, but not so much surprised as might have been expected. She was fond of her mistress, and had a great reverence for her in her way, but she was aware that in practi-



"Like twilight, too, her dusky hair."

cal matters she herself was far more likely to be right than Lady Jane. And then she proceeded on her own account to give many particulars which were very satisfactory to herself, and inspired her mistress with great interest, but threw no further light upon the point which occupied her mind. She smiled to herself afterwards, with a mixture of sympathy and amusement, to think that Arabella was going to be married too. But in the meantime that new light as

to the number of rooms which were indispensable, did her a great deal of good, and threw much light upon the chief subject of her thoughts.

Her next inquiries were addressed to a very different kind of counsellor. It was well for Lady Jane that she was not on womanly confidential terms with her sister-in-law, or it would have been very difficult to keep the secret of her love from that acute-observer; as it was, the curiosity of Susan was

much awakened by some of her questions. She asked her, "What do girls in the other classes do when they are preparing for their marriage?" Lady Jane would not say the lower classes, partly lest she might offend Lady Hungerford, partly because of a delicate sense she had that deficiency of any kind should not be made a mark for those who suffered under it. Lady Jane's politeness was such that among blind people she would have thought it right to assume that blindness was the common rule of life, and to suppress in her talk any invidious distinction of herself as a person who saw.

"What do they do when they are preparing for their marriage? Why, dear, they generally spend most of their time, and far too much of their thoughts, in buying their wedding clothes."

"That is so in all classes," said Lady Jane; "but still that cannot be everything. Some must be bent upon doing their best in their new life. Those, for instance, who have not much money."

"I am afraid I cannot tell you," said Susan, "for I never was in that predicament. My people, you know, were vulgar, and it was a great rise in the world for me, of course, to marry Hungerford."

"I do not think you have ever thought it that," said Lady Jane.

"Haven't I? I ought to have then. It was a great rise; but my people were never poor. A good girl who is going to marry a clerk, or that sort of thing, buys a cookery-book, I believe, and has her husband's slippers warmed for him when he comes home. She finds out all the cheap shops, and puts down her expenses every day in a book. That is all I know."

"I was not thinking of a clerk's wife. I was thinking rather of a gentleman—in the country, for instance—not great people, but perfectly nice, and as—as good as ourselves, you know. If a girl wanted very much to do her duty, I wonder what she would do?"

"It would depend very much upon her husband's requirements, I should say. If he was a foxhunter, she would probably ride a great deal, and find out all about horses and dogs; if he was studious, she would pay a little attention to books. All that wears off after a little time," said Lady Hungerford. "But at the beginning, when a girl is not used to it, and is making experiments, she takes up all her husband's fads, and attempts to humour him. By-and-by, of course, everything finds its level, and she lets him alone and follows her own way."

"You think, then, that it does not make much difference what one does," said Lady Jane.

"What one does! You do not mean yourself, I suppose? Crown princesses are above all that sort of thing; they are too magnificent for human nature's daily food. You will be married by proxy, no doubt, when the time comes, in Westminster Abbey."

"Which means I shall never be married at all," said Lady Jane, with subdued pleasure and a delightful sense of her own superior knowledge. She smiled with such a tender softness that her lively sister-in-law, who, if not formed in a very delicate mould, was yet capable of kind impulse, and clever enough to understand the superiority of the spotless creature beside her, had a moment of shame and self-reproach.

"If you are not, it will be all the worse for somebody," she said. "When I was married I used to watch Hungerford to find out what he wanted me to do; but I soon tired of that, for he never wanted me to do anything. Most men like you to strike out your own line, and never mind them. That is why I say everything finds its level. The most dreadful thing in the world is a woman who is always studying to do her duty, and watching her husband to anticipate his wishes. They don't like to have their wishes anticipated. They like to state them honestly, and have the satisfaction of getting what they want. They are strange creatures, men. The best thing is to strike out your own line, and never interfere with theirs. It is always most satisfactory in the end."

Lady Jane made no answer to this, except by a little sigh, in which Lady Hungerford, to her great astonishment, noticed an impatient sound. "What is it you want to know?" she said. "Why are you asking me such questions?" But Lady Jane made no reply. She had got a little enlightenment from Arabella, but none from this woman of the world. How to manage her husband was not a question which disturbed her. The clerk's wife studying the cookery-book pleased her more than the lady who first tried to humour her husband's fads, and then struck out her own line. In such a person the sweet and true but not too lively intelligence of Lady Jane had little interest. She dwelt on the other with a tender sympathy. After all, it was not entirely in the light of the husband that she regarded this new life. She wanted to put herself in tone with it, to understand its requirements for herself as well as for him. She retired into her

own chamber and thought it out in the quiet which, even in London, is possible in a great house. It would not be possible, perhaps, to have every room cushioned and every noise stopped before it reached her, as here. Lady Jane imagined herself stepping down into a world of noise and bustle, and duties quite unknown to her. It would be her business to bring harmony out of that; not to confront the guillotine, as she once thought, but perhaps to do something even harder, to overcome the petty and small, even the sordid perhaps, and show what her order was capable of, and what a thing it was to be a woman. A soft enthusiasm filled her for those unknown, humble duties. As for giving up, what was there to give up? Arabella's philosophy gave her a shield against every suggestion of loss. You can't sit in more than one room at a time, if you have a hundred to choose from. To think that a girl like that should find the true solution of the parable without knowing anything about it, which the wisest shook their heads over! Lady Jane, with that enlightenment, did not feel the least fear. Next time she was out without supervision she drove to a bookseller's, and bought all the books she could find upon household economy. "How to Live on Three Hundred a Year," was one of these volumes. With this she did not quite sympathize, feeling it too fine and elaborate. Her instinct told her that domestic economy, to be beautiful, must be more spontaneous and not so laboured, and that some things were tawdry, and some sordid, in the arrangements laid down. She thought over the problems in these books with great conscientiousness. She thought a French cook would be much the best to start with, for they were so economical. She thought plate would be the cheapest thing to use, since it never breaks. But with a few mistakes of this kind, which were inevitable, and which experience would set right in three months, Lady Jane made herself out a beautiful programme for her behaviour as a poor man's wife. It gave her a sense of elation to feel that at the least she could do something, and qualify herself for fulfilling a heroic destiny. She was quite unconscious of either downfall or humiliation.

CHAPTER VI.—THE ART OF STRATEGY.

BUT the Duchess's thoughts were of a more serious kind, and it was she who through all had the most difficult part to play.

Perhaps five or six years before, when

Lady Jane was in the first bloom of womanhood, her mother would have thought but little of Reginald Winton as a husband for her child. She would have preferred, need it be said, another set of strawberry leaves; or even an earl with a good estate would have seemed to her a more suitable match. But as the years went on, and it became apparent to her that what with Lady Jane's own visionary stateliness, and the known folly of her father, it was quite possible that there might be no match for her daughter at all, her ideas were sensibly modified. It did not seem to her at all desirable that Lady Jane should remain Lady Jane for ever. The Duchess had experienced no absolute blessedness in life. Her husband had given her infinite trouble, her son had by no means realised her ideal, and her daughter had gone beyond it, and sometimes vexed her as much by very excellence as Hungerford did by his commonplace nature. But still she thought it better to be thwarted and disappointed at the head of a family, than to sicken of solitude and pine out of it. She thought the same for her daughter; though indeed Lady Jane's character would have lent itself much better to the maiden state than that of her more practical and active-minded mother. She had, too, a still more stringent reason, not of an abstract character at all. She knew that some time or other a crash must come. The Duke had never denied himself in his life, and he was not likely, of his own free will, to begin now. But as everything has to be paid for sooner or later, one way or another, she knew very well the time was coming when their fictitious fortunes would collapse, and it would be known to all the world that their income was not enough to support them, and that they were burdened with debts which they could not pay. And indeed it often seemed to her that she would be glad when the crash came—except for Jane. Notwithstanding her desire that it should come and be done with, she was ready to fight with all her strength to keep it off till Jane should be out of its reach. And Winton, she felt, had stepped in in the very nick of time. She was under no delusion such as filled the mind of her daughter about Winton's poverty. She knew exactly what his standing was, and that though he was not a brilliant match, he was good enough for any girl, however exalted, who had no fortune to speak of, of her own. He was more satisfactory in appearance, and manners, and character, than three-fourths of

the eligible men in England, and in fact he was himself eminently eligible, a man whom no parent (in full possession of his senses) could possibly despise. The Duke was not in full possession of his senses on this point, but his wife could not see the justice of allowing her daughter's future to be spoiled by this partial insanity on the part of her husband. It is a fine thing for a wife to obey her husband, but the Duchess was perhaps a little impatient of the yoke. She had never gone against him, save for his good. She had submitted sorrowfully to the consequences of his follies when she found herself powerless to restrain them. But she said to herself almost sternly that she would not allow Jane to be ruined. Let him say what he would, this excellent husband, this good, nice, well-off man should not be repulsed. If she could persuade the Duke to hear reason, so much the better; but if not— But she did not like domestic dissension and a breach of the decorum of life more than another, and the thought that she might be compelled to place herself in active opposition to her husband distressed her beyond measure.

The Duchess laid her plans with great and anxious care. She invited Winton to the few stately gatherings which were still to be held in Grosvenor Square, and she threw him in the Duke's way, prompting him beforehand with subjects such as would please that arbiter of fate. It was no small trial of endurance for both Winton and Lady Jane, but the success of the attempt so far seemed great. The Duke noticed the genial commoner who was so ready to interest himself in his Grace's favourite subjects. He even asked, "Who is this Mr. Winton?" with an interest which made the Duchess's heart beat. She gave a sketch of her protégé off-hand, laying great stress upon the antiquity of his lineage. "Ah, oh," the Duke said indifferently. He was not impressed, nor did it make any difference to him that this gentleman, whose family had been settled for so many hundred years in their manor, had recently had a great accession of wealth. He asked no further questions about him, and yawned when the Duchess said that she had thought of inviting him to form one of the usual autumn party at Billings. "Oh, no, I have no objections," his Grace said; "there must always, I suppose, be a few nobodies to fill up the corners." This, after his transitory show of interest, was like a cold douche to the Duchess. But she did not allow herself to be dismayed. She managed, as a great lady can always manage, to get

Winton a great number of invitations to her own magnificent circle, and threw him perpetually in her husband's way. Some of her friends and contemporaries more than suspected the Duchess's game. But she kept a brave and cheerful front to them all, and never allowed herself to be found out; and not only had she to contrive all this, and baffle all beholders, but she had likewise a struggle to maintain even with the man whose cause she was upholding. He wanted, forsooth, to make quicker progress. He wanted to see more of his betrothed. He wanted to have it announced to all the world. He was more impracticable, more unreasonable than ever man was, although she was wearing herself out in efforts to help him. Lady Jane did not say a word, but she looked at her mother's proceedings with a gentle surprise and high, silent wonder, keeping herself aloof from all the plottings, avoiding the subject altogether. It was all done for Jane, but Jane disapproved, and blamed her mother in her heart. This was the unkindest cut of all. Notwithstanding, the Duchess held by her point; there was no other way to do it. When she gave Winton her invitation to Billings, he received it in the most uncomfortable way. He coloured high; he rose up and paced about the room. "If I am to come as an impostor I would rather not come at all," he said; "if I may come as Jane's affianced—"

"How can that be, Mr. Winton, unless her father gives his consent?"

To this Winton made no reply, except a peevish, "I cannot go on false pretences any more."

"You have met the Duke six times, without rushing at him with a request for his daughter! Is that what you call false pretences? Jacob served for Rachel seven years."

"Ah! and so would I; but he had it out with her father first. He did not hang about and profess to be there only for Laban's agreeable conversation; that makes all the difference."

"I think he could have stood that; he had a robust conscience," said the Duchess, with a smile. And then she added, "I am trying to do what I can for you. If you will not agree I cannot help it."

"I suppose I must agree. There does not seem anything else for me to do," he said; which was the most ungracious reply she ever had to that invitation, which was rarely extended to any one of so little importance. At Billings, Lady Germaine's principle of

asking people who would amuse her was never resorted to. The people who were asked were very noble and splendid people, but they were not amusing, as a rule. It was such a compliment to Winton as the uninitiated could not understand. But there were, of course, a great many people who knew better than the Duchess herself did the intention with which this invitation was given. Lady Hungerford, for instance, sitting quietly with her husband after dinner, having heard of it that morning, suddenly astonished him by bursting out into a great fit of laughter. As nothing had been said to account for this, and Lord Hungerford's company of itself was not calculated to produce hilarity, he was much surprised, and at once requested to know what she was laughing about.

"Oh, it is nothing," she said. "Your mother is asking young Winton, the man, you know, who has that pretty house in Kensington, to go to Billings, for the shooting."

"Is that so very funny?" said Lord Hungerford.

"Don't you see, you thick-head," said his wife, who was not, perhaps, so exquisite in her language as became her present rank, "she has taken it into her head that he will do for Jane, and she thinks by taking him down to Billings that she will get your father to consent?"

"For Jane!" said Hungerford in dismay.

"That is your mother's little plan. But what amuses me is to see that she thinks she will get your father to consent."

But it did not appear that Hungerford found the same amusement in the thought. He was slow of intelligence, and took some time to master it. "For Jane!" he said at least half-a-dozen times over during the course of the evening, and when he next met his mother he proceeded at once to investigate the matter.

"What is this I hear about Regy Winton?" he said. "Susan tells me you are thinking of him for Jane."

"Susan is so well informed——" said the Duchess, with a little redness of indignation.

"But I think you know Jane well enough to be aware that thinking of any one for her would not do much good."

"That is what I thought," Hungerford said, falling readily into the snare. "But it wouldn't be at all a bad thing," he added, "if it could be brought about. He has plenty of money, and nothing against him; and Jane isn't quite so young as she was, don't you know."

This was true enough; but that such a question should be discussed between her son and his wife made the Duchess's blood boil. "I am not so clever as Susan and you, Hungerford," she said, with fine satire. "You will manage your daughter's marriage, I don't doubt, a thousand times better than I shall ever manage mine."

"What has that to do with it?" Hungerford said, surprised, for he was not quick in his intellects. But he added, as he went away, "I should think Regy Winton would be a very good man for Jane."

The Duchess was very angry, and declined altogether to take her son into her confidence. But yet she was sustained in her mind by this volunteered opinion, and went on with more boldness. They were all very glad to get out of London, as soon as the Duke thought it right to withdraw that support which he felt himself bound to give to the Empire and the constitution by going to town every year. His countenance expanded as they left that limited world in which a duke is almost as a common man, and has to submit to see a simple commoner considered much more important than himself. He preferred the country, if for nothing else, on that score. There was space to move about in, and the whole district bowed down before him. He smoothed out even during the journey, though it was by railway, which is a levelling and impermanent way of travelling. The Duke's carriage had large labels of "engaged" plastered upon it. But still such a thing had been as that a lawless traveller, a being without veneration or feeling, had seized upon the door-handle and attempted to make an entrance. Nevertheless, even with these drawbacks, the Duke already began to show the genial influence of going out of town. And to think that the wife of his bosom should have taken advantage of this in the disingenuous way she did! It was not absolutely on the journey, but on that first evening at home, when the noble pair took, as had been their habit since before any one could remember, a little stroll together after dinner in the cool of the evening under the ancestral shades; and just when his Grace had looked round him with a sigh of satisfaction, and announced that woods were better than bricks and mortar, which was a remark he made habitually in about the same spot, on about the same day of every year—

"That is very true," the Duchess said (as she always said on similar occasions), "and

there are no trees like our own trees. I hope her native air," added the crafty woman, "will do something for Jane."

"For Jane! Is there anything the matter with Jane?" said her august papa.

"I felt sure you must have observed it; you are always so keen-sighted where Jane is concerned. I have thought she looked pale: and she has a little air of—what shall I call it—pre-occupation."

"I do not see," said the Duke, half indignantly, "what she can have to be pre-occupied about."

"She has always been so tenderly cared for, that is true. But we must remember that she is no longer a girl, and there are thoughts which come into one's mind which it is difficult to avoid."

"What thoughts? A young lady in Jane's position need have no thoughts that can give her any trouble. I hope that even in these revolutionary times, when everything is going to pieces, the house of Billings is still sufficiently secure for that."

"Yes, yes; there is no doubt on that question. Jane has no doubt," the Duchess said, correcting herself. "But there are problems, you know, which occupy the mind. It is a revolutionary age, as you say, and even young women are not exempt. Besides, if you will let me say so, by the time a girl has come to be five-and-twenty, she often begins to feel, you know—that to be only her father's daughter is not quite enough for her—that she wants some sort of standing of her own."

"Do you mean to tell me that such thoughts as these have ever entered the mind of Jane?" said the Duke severely. "My love, I put great faith in you in matters quite within your sphere—But Jane, my daughter!"

"I hope you will allow that she is my daughter as well," the Duchess said with the half-laugh, half-rage natural to a woman long accustomed to deal with an impracticable man. She was obliged to laugh at his serious contempt of her, lest she should do worse.

The Duke waved his hand. "Yes, yes," he said, in the tone of a man yielding to an unreasonable child. "To be sure, in a way, we do not dispute that. But I am certain," he added, "that you know better than to resist the claims of race. Jane is not so much your daughter, or even mine, as she is the daughter of the race of Altamonts; and in that capacity you may allow, my love, great as are your claims to respect as her

mother, that I may be supposed to understand her best."

The exasperation with which the Duchess listened to this speech may be understood; but it was not the first by a great many, and she made no revelation of her feelings. On the contrary, she made use of his solemn vanity with a craft which the exigencies of her position had developed in her.

"You must give me the benefit of your superior insight," she said quite calmly, without any indication of satire in her tone. "Now that you have leisure to give your consideration to family matters, as you could not be expected to do in town:—tell me what you think. My impression is that she has begun to think of the future. I was her mother when I was her age. She has been very much admired and sought after."

"Naturally," the Duke said, with a wave of his hand.

"And I have a feeling that there is a—preference, if I may call it so—an inclination, perhaps—dawning in her mind. To lose her would be a terrible deprivation: still," the Duchess said, "I do not suppose it is in your mind to prevent her from marrying."

"To prevent her from— You surely have the most curious way of putting things. There is nothing I desire more truly—when a suitable match can be found."

"But don't you think," cried the Duchess, "that we are, perhaps, letting the time slip a little? Of course, I would naturally keep my child by me as long as possible, but in her own interests— Women on the whole are happier to marry, I think," she said doubtfully.

"Marry! of course they are happier to marry. Can there be any doubt upon that subject? A woman unmarried cannot be said to have any life at all!"

"Yes, I should say there was a doubt," said his wife, with again that half-laugh; "and as I am one of them I may be allowed an opinion on the subject. But still, in respect to Jane, I could wish my daughter to marry. In her position, to remain unmarried would really be to remain apart from life."

"It is not to be thought of for a moment; an old maid!" the Duke said, with a quaver of pain in his voice; and he thought of that slight indentation—not a hollow, scarcely more than a dimple, which, however, was not a dimple, on Jane's cheek. "The truth is," he said, "that in respect to one's children one deceives one's self. I have no feeling that I am myself any older than I was twenty years ago, and therefore I do not notice the difference in her."

"Hungerford is very old," said the Duchess. "He is older in many things than either you or I."

"Ah, Hungerford; what can you expect with that wife?" the Duke said with a little shudder; and then he added, with inward alarm but outward jauntiness (so far as dukes can be jaunty), as if her opinion was an excellent joke, "By the way, I suppose that she will have something to say on the subject. She generally has something to say."

"Susan does not conceal her opinion that Jane's chances are all over," said the Duchess. "She thinks her *passée*. She believes, I understand, that a clergyman—to whom we could give the living of Billings—would be the likely thing for Jane now."

"A clergyman!" said the Duke with rage and horror. His wife laughed a little, but there was anger below her laugh. How it was that Susan's impertinent speeches always came to the ears of her parents-in-law it was difficult to know, but they did so, and they generally had the effect of warming most wholesomely the Duke's too noble blood.

"It is very well known how difficult you are," said the Duchess. "I don't think myself that the clergyman is likely to present himself; but if Jane had a preference, as I suppose, I should, for my part, be very unwilling to thwart her."

"Jane will have no preference that is not justified by the merit of the object," cried Jane's father. "She is too much my child for that. She will never permit her mind to stray out of her own rank. Indeed, it is with difficulty I realise," he added, with dignity, "the possibility that she can have conceived what you call a preference at all. To me she has always been so completely superior, so serene, so——"

"But not cold," the Duchess said.

"I don't know what you mean by cold; yes, cold, certainly, in my sense of the word, as every woman ought to be. I believe that unless I put it before her—or you as my representative—she is far too pure-minded and elevated ever to think of marriage at all."

"If she were shut up in a tower," said the Duchess; "but unfortunately there are so many things in this world to force the idea upon her, and if you really wish her to marry——"

"Of course I wish her to marry," said the Duke almost angrily; and then he added, "in her own rank in life."

The Duchess asked herself afterwards whether this had been a wise way of directing her husband's attention to the subject. She

had meant it to be very wise, but conversation is one of those strange things that will manage itself. However closely we may have laid down the lines of what we shall say, it is pretty certain to balk us and direct us in other ways. This had been the case on the present occasion. Instead of directing the Duke's mind to the possibility of receiving a suitor who should be indispensable to Jane's happiness, though not of her rank, she had only elicited from him a repetition of his determination that nobody out of her own rank should marry Lady Jane. She thought with a shiver of Winton coming down full of hope with the intention of unfolding his rent-roll, and his statement of the settlements he was able to make, for the Duke's satisfaction. The Duke was one of the few men remaining in the nineteenth century who was invulnerable to money. Susan Hungerford was enough to give any one a disgust at that manner of filling the household coffers. Perhaps it would have been better to say nothing, to let Winton work upon the Duke by that respectful admiration for his opinions which he had already shown. She walked back to the castle with a sense of failure in her mind. For her part, she would not have been at all disinclined towards a clergyman (had he been *nice*) who would have established her child in the beautiful rectory not a quarter of a mile from the lodge gates, and kept her constantly, as it were, at home. But there was no clergyman available, and no question of that. Lady Jane gave her a half-timid glance when she went into the drawing-room with the fresh air of the evening about her. She would not inquire whether there had been any talk of herself between her parents; but she could not keep that question out of her eyes. All the Duchess's reply was to give her a kiss, and ask whether she had not been out this delicious evening. "This is better than town," her Grace said. Was it better than town? For the first time with a soft sigh Lady Jane remained silent, and did not echo the sentiment. The country is sweet, and the woods, and fields, and one's native air, and the silence of nature—but there are other things which perhaps even in smoky London, among the bricks and mortar which his Grace made so little of, were still more sweet. Of all people in the world, Lady Jane was the last to prefer a ball-room, or the jaded and heated crowds at the end of the season. But for the first time in her life she thought of these assemblies with a sigh.

FASHIONS AND PHYSIOLOGY.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

FASHIONS and Physiology are not linked together from their association, but because of their divorce. The spirit of unreason seems to inspire the inventive genius of the modern *modiste*, just as it inspired her mediæval predecessors in the days of the farthingales and stomachers.

History repeats itself; and so does fashion! In its ceaseless round of variation common sense rarely gets an opportunity; and then never for long. Fashion oscillates within extremes, and only now and then happens to cross the line of common sense; from being on one side, it soon passes to the other. Paris is responsible for fashions. The taste of the French governs the world! The French, if they do not love extremes, certainly practise them. In politics they pass from Republicanism to Cæsarism; from Democracy to Imperialism. So, when the pendulum of fashion begins to swing back from one extreme, it passes steadily on till it reaches the opposite extreme. Crinolines came in with the physical needs of a great personage; now for some time skirts have been so strait, that it is impossible for the wearer to step out properly, and as to running—well, the less said about that the better; though we are passing through a phase of lawn tennis. When some person's hair grew thin she adopted "pads" and false hair to eke out her scanty locks; and, presto! every woman, whether she possessed abundance of hair or not, must follow suit; diseases and parasites of the hair notwithstanding.

The goddess of reason was once adopted as their deity by the French, at a time when such worship seemed singularly inappropriate; and her sway was brief. The goddess of unreason would seem the more permanent deity for the volatile race; though her worship is not avowed. Where is the unknown sanctum from whence issue these edicts, more absolute than Russian ukase or Turkish irade? Even the most obedient devotees cannot, in my experience, give an answer, or even a clue. Yet they obey, unhesitatingly. The car of Juggernaut is not more pitiless than is the rule of fashion. Victims fall under it, but their sufferings are unheeded by the admiring crowd of votaries.

Take the most recent fashion of shoes.

The heel of the human being projects outwards, or rather backwards, and gives steadiness to "the sure and certain step of man." But fashion has decided that the heel of the boot or shoe shall get as near the centre of the instep as possible. Instead of the weight of the body resting upon an arch, in the modern fine lady it rests upon pegs with the toes in front, which have to prevent the body from toppling forward. Then the heel is so high that the foot rests upon the peg and the toes; and the gait is about as elegant as if the lady were practising walking upon stilts. In order to poise the body on these two points, a bend forward is necessitated, which is regarded as the correct attitude of the "form divine." It is needless to say that there are few ankles which can stand this strain without yielding; and it is quite common to see young ladies walking along with their ankles twisting all ways, or perhaps with the sole of their shoe or boot escaping from under the foot, and the side of the heel in contact with the ground. With such modern improvements on sandals (which allow the feet perfect freedom and play) the present mademoiselle, when she attempts to run, is a spectacle at which the gods—well, not quite that, but at which her mother might well weep.

Then, again, what has physiology to say to evening dress? Decency hid her head in shame long ago at low dresses, and has been silent. Physiology says such dresses are a violation of the laws of health. Let it be granted they do not entail much harm in the heated atmosphere of dining-room and drawing-room, yet what of the drive backwards and forwards, even with the help of numberless rugs and wraps? What remarks have been made from time to time about the long tarrying in cold ante-rooms, halls, and passages at Royal drawing-rooms? of colds and chills and of unprotected lungs injured thereby? It besseems us not to parade the horrors of "a drawing-room" here; but the fact is well enough known, that many a residence along the shores of the Mediterranean has been the long outcome of such exposure.

Whether it be that he is a less æsthetic creature, or that convenience presses more strongly upon him than upon the gentler sex, man certainly escapes the grave changes of

dress seen in the other sex. He mildly oscillates from the weakness of pegtops or knicker-bickers to continuations of a fan-like character, where the trousers almost conceal the boot, as is the apparently permanent fashion with our blue-jackets. The lappel of the coat covers the tip of the lung just where the low dress leaves it exposed, as if inviting disease to settle there. The shirt front is exposed in a very liberal manner in man; but a well-starched linen shirt front is no bad protection against a rude blast, provided the exposure be not too prolonged.

Even when there is no low dress, the upper portion of the chest in women is often far too thinly clad. Above the corset there is nothing but the dress-body over the tender skin. Fair reader, my connection with a hospital for diseases of the chest tells me somewhat about female underclothing, or perhaps rather the want of it. In private practice, too, opportunities are afforded for observation of the scanty and utterly insufficient under-clothing worn by many whose means do not prevent their indulgence in proper raiment. A thin chemise is often all that is worn under the corset, even in the coldest of weather. It is a perilously pernicious practice. If ladies would only wear something approaching the merino vests, &c., seen in gentlemen's hosiers' windows, they would not require the heated rooms at present rendered necessary from the insufficient attire now in vogue. To be sure, this admits of heavy over-clothing being worn when out of doors—cloth jackets, furs, furs trimmed with fur, and all the paraphernalia of costly outer attire in which the female heart rejoices. But stouter under-clothing would be far, far better, in every way. It would admit of lighter outer-clothes, and be compatible with a healthy stroll, even for those who are not unfamiliar with a carriage.

Then what shall be said about the corsets? What does the Ladies' Rational Dress Association, with Lady Haberton at its head, say about the advertisements in the *Queen* anent corsets?—"They reduce the size of the figure without causing any injurious pressure, while their graceful shape adds a new charm to the form." Whether the audacity or the mendacity of this statement is the greater may be a matter on which opinions can differ; the magnitude of each being so great. A liver compressed till the marks of the ribs are visible after death; that is not "injurious pressure!" Neither is displacement of some of the less fixed organs "injurious pressure," I suppose? To have the viscera

driven downwards until displacement follows, is quite a trifle from the *modiste's* point of view, perhaps; but to the physician it is a grave matter, often entailing ill-health for the rest of a lifetime. And as to the "graceful shape" of a wasp-waisted lady; that, too, only exists from the *modiste's* point of view.

Then as to the lower limbs; why are they to be merely concealed from view by flowing skirts? decency is honoured, but why not health? Warm woollen coverings to the lower limbs are quite as desirable for the softer as for the more robust sex.

Next as to hats or bonnets; common sense, as representing physiology, has never attempted to seriously discuss a lady's head-dress. It is scarcely possible to observe the windows of a lady's outfitter's shop without weeping; and the only thing which prevents laughter in front of a bonnet-shop is the prices. A lady may suffer from severe facial neuralgia on exposure to cold; but if the goddess of fashion decree that the bonnet shall be worn on the back of the head, she must suffer patiently till the reaction to poke-bonnets arrives; then she will have a temporary respite from her agony, till the next change again leaves the facial area exposed. She may have sensitive eyes; but no shade of head-dress shall protect her from the sun's piercing rays, unless broad-brimmed hats happen to be *à la mode*. If her skin is sensitive and given to blister, there is a legion of cosmetics advertised—at prices which make a serious inroad on a lady's pin-money. To beautify the skin and clear the complexion, it is not essential to wear a suitable head-dress; the *modiste* settles the form of hat or bonnet, and if the cosmetic-vendor is benefited thereby, why, there is no great objection to that. Is not the lady of fashion one of the fat kine, on which the lean kine can subsist? and the *modiste* plays into her fellow-trader's hands.

What can be said also of the fashionable life, so craved after by many who cannot enter it, so loathed by many who cannot get out of it? Ladies setting off at midnight to a ball, and dancing till daylight, with what stimulants, alcoholic and vinous, let the novelists who aspire to depict high life be the evidence; turning day into night, and night into day, for no earthly reason except that such life contrasts with every other life. No wonder a cup of tea is requisite, the first thing in the morning, to rouse the jaded frame to sustain the effort of dressing, aided by a cold bath, to give a fictitious sense of energy; or

some potent wine at lunch to keep up the delicate frame. A season of fashionable life requires an autumn in the country, or at Carlsbad—"for papa's gout"—in order to set the young frames up again. It may be a life of pleasure to be looked forward to in the grand optimism of youth; but what is there in it to make it pleasant to look back

upon? It is an outrage on all physiological laws. It makes the life of a lady of *bon ton* more arduous than her housemaid's, more irksome than a ballet dancer's. Yet because it is the life of the highest circles, those in the social strata beneath think it is to be coveted. The physiologist thinks otherwise; and very decidedly so too.

LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

A Biographical Study.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

PART II.

WE now find the blind boy, Francis Joseph Campbell, fairly plunged into life as a young man, maintaining himself by music lessons, while he found time to continue his education in other branches. His college curriculum included mathematics, Latin, and Greek. The first he had great capacity for, the two latter were "positive drudgery."

"Nevertheless I was determined to succeed. At first I simply occupied my seat in the class; but I well remember the surprise of our Professor when one day I quietly doubted if the translation—Latin—were correct. 'Why so?' 'For two reasons—the second being that the translator has made the army march down the river to cross, when it should have marched up!' 'Indeed. Give me the book!' He found it was really so. Afterwards he made me recite and translate, and tested me thoroughly for half an hour. Then he said to the class: 'Young gentlemen, I think we have all had a lesson to-day,' shook my hand cordially and invited me to dine with him."

Besides being studious, young Campbell must have been an extremely practical boy. He tells a story, funny enough, of the way he secretly led a revolution—not unnecessary—with regard to the food of the school, which was very bad.

"We were informed that the low funds of the school made rigid economy necessary; but while we lived poorly, we knew that our teachers lived exceedingly well. Not that we could see the roast turkey, geese, &c., but we could smell them. Our remonstrances were vain. We called an 'indignation meeting.' After much time wasted in talking, I urged that a small committee should be appointed—three of us. Though I was the youngest they made me one. That night, when all were asleep, I managed to get into the larder, and finding there a quantity of dainty food, pies, jellies, &c., took specimens of them, and also of our food, the miserable bread, butter, and sausages given us daily. With this tell-tale basket in my possession I dared not go to sleep, but waited till half-past five,

when the bell summoned us to rise and go for a walk. During our walk, I left my basket with Aunt Sarah, a coloured woman I knew, who kept a shop. In the afternoon I reclaimed it and carried it to the President of the Board, a kind old gentleman, to whom I told my story. He disbelieved it. 'Oh, boys, this will never do.' 'Would you see the food, sir?' 'Yes; then I will believe, and not till then.' I produced the basket, and he did believe. He asked me in a tremulous voice how I got at the things, and I told him—the whole truth. 'Boy,' he said, 'that was a very daring thing to do, but plucky nevertheless. Leave those things with me, and I will see to the matter.' He did; for we heard that next afternoon a special meeting of directors was called, and within a few days it became known that the Principal had resigned. Whether he ever knew the part I had had in the affair I cannot tell; but certainly I myself have never regretted it."

There is, there necessarily must be, a little touch of unconscious pride in these details. But it is pride, not so much in personal gifts, which are the source of most people's vanity—God knows why, since it was He alone who gave them—as in the noble use of these gifts, such as they are, whether small or great. It is to spur others on to use theirs that this blind man tells his most touching and heroic story.

"At this time," he proceeds, "on account of my teaching and daily attendance at the College, I was obliged to work at night as well. I employed two readers—one read for me till ten P.M.; then I went to bed, with an alarm clock set at two A.M. When it sounded I sprang up, dragged my second reader out of bed, and as quickly as possible resumed my work."

Of course this could not last, it was the old story of "burning the candle at both ends." One day young Campbell suddenly fell ill. The doctor told him unless he took a three months' holiday he had no chance of life. At first he absolutely refused to give up work; then common sense came to his

rescue, and prevented his completing this moral suicide. He allowed his sister to carry him off to the station and then home, simply inquiring if "his books were packed?" "Yes," answered the wise doctor, "packed where you will never find them." So, bookless, the student went off on his long holiday to "rest"—"as," he says, "we so often hear people talk of resting." But his father was living five miles away from the beloved mountain home, in a village, where to encamp amidst its quiet stagnation would have been to this ardent nature "like a sentence to three months' imprisonment." He announced his intention of going on to the mountain springs, a favourite resort, where some families had built themselves summer cottages.

"So my brother, a friend, and myself set out on foot. The first carried a rifle, the second a bag of books for me, and I an axe, bought on purpose for the expedition. I was not very vigorous: we reached the springs late at night, receiving a hearty welcome. I went to bed, slept for twelve hours, and was fresh again; so I determined to go on to a cabin, five miles farther, which belonged to my uncle and was sometimes occupied by his men when tending cattle on the hills. We took a day's food and walked slowly, reaching the hut about three P.M. It was much out of repair, but I only wanted a place to sleep in at night, and shelter in when it rained. Two miles beyond it was my uncle's house. There we went, and my aunt promised to supply us with food on condition that we sent for or fetched it."

What a picture of life among the mountains, the glorious, free, wild life, so delightful to the young, if only they have eyes to see! But this young man had none, yet he seems to have done quite as well without them.

"Our first few days were spent in reconnoitring our surroundings. The hut stood within a few feet of the brow of the mountain. If I threw a stone down I could hear it bounding down for ever so long. By-and-by I learnt to clamber up and down this cliff and found ten enormous trees growing there, one above the other, the upper one being only a few feet from the next down, the lowest about two hundred feet beneath. So I planned and proposed what backwoodsmen call a 'cataract,' and sallied forth, axe in hand, to attack my first tree, about four feet in diameter. My strength was below par; I got on slowly. The other two laughed at me and suggested I should ask for help. But my brother was always out hunting, and he and the other lad took turns in fetching our food, in reading to me of evenings. The weather was glorious, I soon drank in health at every pore, and was able to cut the whole ten trees three parts through in about a month.

"At last all was ready. The biggest tree, the one next our hut, was hewn through, except a very small bit, and prepared to fall. We were greatly excited; all the success of my plan depended upon the way the trees, beginning with the lowest, had been cut, so as to fall straight. I examined them one by one, then climbed back to the topmost tree and

applied my axe vigorously. Ten minutes more and I heard my brother cry out, 'Hurrah, it's going!' We all leaped aside lest we should be struck by the falling branches. What a turmoil—tree after tree began to go, each pressing upon each, till the whole of them went plunging down the mountain side. The topmost one finally found a resting place far below. Triumphant with success, we three boys shouted and threw up our hats, and finally we brought our supper and laid it out on the stump of the huge tree which had completed our 'cataract.'"

So vigorous and wholesome a life soon restored the health which, for once, he had foolishly risked; and young Campbell, after the three months' holiday which he had faithfully promised to take, returned to his work full of strength, energy, and enthusiasm. Thus early he practically proved the wisdom of one of his pet theories in later life, that the physical education of the blind should be held of equal importance with their mental development; this especially because experience has convinced him that their average standard of health is many degrees below the average of sighted people. So much blindness originates in congenital and hereditary disease, that both in those born blind and in cases where some unfortunate accident has resulted in inflammation or other weakness of the organ, they have more to contend against than ordinary healthy subjects. Also the tender trammels in which the blind are mistakenly kept by their friends, and against which "poor, blind Joseph" struggled so successfully—the want of movement, exercise and general sanitary life, help to keep them sensitive and delicate physically.

On his return to Nashville the young man threw himself into the very thick of the battle, the sore battle of life in which so many fail miserably, even when blessed with all that he had not. But his courage and energy were unconquerable. The Blind School to which he belonged was now wanting pupils. Parents were not alive to its advantages, and refused to send their children. Campbell was requested to make a short holiday tour through Tennessee, and having discovered by means of the census how many blind children there were, to appeal to their parents and by every possible means to "compel them to come in." He took a young friend with him and started from his own home in Franklin County, on his own mare Nelly—his companion, George, riding a second horse. Their adventures are as good as a fairy tale, and, to any one who did not know the hero of them, would appear almost incredible. But this blind man has the indomitable will

which, like faith, "can remove mountains"—or climb over them. I shall let him tell his story in his own words.

"Knowing the census was very imperfect, I visited all schools, called upon doctors, clergymen, and even blacksmiths—country-folk always gossip while their horses are shod—and by the end of the first week had found three blind children to send to Nashville. With regard to the third I have some curious recollections. His name was Cornelius Foster. To get him I had to cross the Hywassee, a mountain torrent. There were no bridges over it, but there was a ferry and a ford, the former only used when the latter was impassable. Nobody told us of it, so we rode into the stream and soon found ourselves plunged over a sheer bank into deep water. It was my first experience of the kind. I called to George to let his horse go as far as possible, soothed Nelly and sat perfectly still on her back. She neither returned nor tried to climb up the bank, but with true instinct swam diagonally till we gained the opposite shore. There the ferryman called out to us and explained how we had missed the ford, adding that he would not have crossed as we did for a thousand dollars. We were wet through, but soon dried in the July sun of Tennessee. I found my little blind boy, arranged with his parents, took him up behind me on Nelly, rode to meet the other two boys at a station, and placed them all in charge of the conductor of the Nashville train, while I went further in search of other children. I found a child by the census—her name was Agnes Jones, and she lived on Flint Mountain, forty miles off. George and I started; our route was by Catawba River, then up a swift water-course called Elk Creek, which, much swollen by recent rains, wound to and fro through a long gorge. We crossed it, I counted, nineteen times. Late in the afternoon we left this water-course and followed the zigzag path to the top of Flint Mountain, which we reached at sunset, but had still four miles further to go. George was no mountaineer, but a city boy. Completely worn out with fatigue, he asked 'if I meant to camp out all night?' At that moment we heard a deep roll of thunder—mountain thunder—and at once the storm was upon us. Our horses became unmanageable—we had to dismount and hold them. The storm ended in total darkness. We decided to go back—George declared it was impossible to find the path—so I bade him hold the horses while I found it. Then I went ahead, leading Nelly. I should have felt no fear but for rattlesnakes, of which I knew thirty had just been killed close by. When the path grew smooth we mounted, but my hands shook so I could scarcely hold the bridle. It rained still and George declared he could see nothing, so I kept the lead, telling him I could find the way by the sound of the waterfall, which I heard. But my real trust was in Nelly. We came back to the creek, which we had to cross. At first I hesitated, but Nelly did not. My feet went under water and I thought all was lost, but this proved to be the deepest part. We were soon safely over at the other side."

The self-reliant blind man and his well-trained horse—the courageous cleverness with which he made use of his very infirmity to guide both in the darkness, so familiar to him—I think no one will read this little anecdote without feeling more than astonishment—admiration.

Agnes Jones was safely caught, put behind him upon Nelly's back, and carried fifty miles to where another little girl, Katie Fleming, was brought to meet him.

A third, Lizzie Kelton, was half coaxed, half kidnapped, out of the possession of a drunken father, and also carried upon Nelly's back, at first voluntarily, then "screaming and kicking," till her adventurous captor soothed her, wrapped her in a sheep-skin, fastened her with straps to his waist, and she fell asleep. Thus burdened he rode many miles on the way to Knox Villa. Two more captures, Rebecca Smith and Nelly Hammondtree, did this benevolent buccaneer succeed in making. In most cases the mothers of the children saw the advantages before them, and consented to their going to school; the fathers were more difficult to persuade. Still Mr. Campbell did persuade them all at last.

"I sent George home with the horses, and I, with my little girls, went by train to Dalton, Georgia, then through Chattanooga on to Nashville. I had spent about four times the money voted to me for this tour—had it failed I should have been severely blamed. But it succeeded, and the extra sum was cheerfully paid. My little girls did well. Years afterwards, when teaching in Boston, both Lizzie Kelton and Nellie Hammondtree sent me tokens of remembrance. Each had prospered in life, and moreover each had reclaimed the drunken father who tried to prevent her going to school."

In 1856, Mr. Campbell resigned his connection with this school—the Tennessee Institution for the Blind—and went north to realise the dream of his life, and study at Harvard University. Previously he went to spend some months at Bridgewater. There he met Miss Bond. In August of the same year he married her, and within a month of that day all his savings were lost by the sudden failure of a firm to which he had entrusted them. Twenty pounds which he happened to have in his pocket was all the wealth that remained to him, except his indomitable courage.

"Within forty hours I was on my way south once more, and had accepted the musical directorship of a large and flourishing girls' school. But I had scarcely entered upon my work when a lion appeared in my path."

This was the discovery among the townsmen of his Abolitionist opinions. They argued with him, abused him, even hinted at "lynching" him. Finally they gave notice to all the parents of his pupils that the lessons must be stopped. It was vain to fight longer against the stream. Next day he and his wife departed from their home,

which he did not again revisit for eighteen years.

They went first to Nashville, where he got temporary work at the Wisconsin Institute for the Blind. Then he had to leave it and take his wife for medical help to Boston. "At this time," he says, "we were so poor that my own food never cost me more than sixpence a day." He was in a strange city, his wife placed as a private patient in an hospital, and himself seeking everywhere for work.

"One day I resolved to visit the Perkins Institution for the Blind. It was four miles off. I had to walk and find my way. Broadway is a long street. When near the end of it the Institution was still a mile off. I knew the side-walk was broad, the cross streets ran at right angles. So exact had been my information, that when I felt the iron fence of the Institution I was able to walk up the stone steps and ring the bell. I asked for Mr. Howe, the Principal. When he came he inquired if I was partially blind. 'No—totally so.' 'But I have been watching you up the Broadway; you avoided the trees and the people; you walked up and rang the bell. Surely you can see light?' I replied by taking off my spectacles. He was satisfied."

After a day spent in examining the Institute, especially the musical department, Dr. Howe asked his visitor what he thought of it. Mr. Campbell's answer was wholly unsatisfactory. Music had been a total failure in the school; he did not wonder at this, and he explained the reasons. An experiment was proposed to supersede the former teacher and give Mr. Campbell his position at half his salary. This the spirited young fellow refused.

"The Doctor urged that the public would not allow him to pay a blind man so much as a sighted man. 'But,' I said, 'you employ me because you think I should do better than a sighted man. I will not be under-paid, but if you like I will teach one term for nothing: which, having got some private pupils, I was now able to do. So it was settled that the experiment should be tried.'"

It succeeded perfectly. Mr. Campbell was formally established on his own terms. These included the revolutionary movements—the abolition of all the old worn-out pianos, "as it was impossible to make bricks without straw," and permission to choose twenty boys and girls to be educated physically and intellectually as well as musically according to his wishes.

"The first one sent up to me was a musical prodigy, but he did not know the multiplication table, and as he had been at school several years I declined him. Many more came, with the same result. At last I said, 'Send me the best boy at mathematics,' and Thomas Roche came and gave me

without hesitation a beautiful demonstration of the square of the hypothenuse. 'Thomas,' I said, 'you will do. Would you like to study music?' 'Yes, sir; but I have no ear; I have been turned out of the musical department.' 'Never mind,' and I told him my own story. He became my pupil, and ten years after, at his death, this same Thomas Roche left a good sum of money, his own earnings by teaching music, to the Perkins Institution. My nineteen others were scarcely less successful."

Certainly, could any mortal command success, this imperious fighter against hard fortune seems to have done it. Possibly he comes of the old Campbell race—the Highland chieftains whose blood is so blue that when their heir lately married a Queen's daughter there were those who considered that the royal family was the one honoured thereby;—but I cannot tell; for this self-dependent, self-made man seems entirely to ignore his grandfathers and great-grandfathers. It is a not ignoble pride to be proud of one's ancestors, but I think it is a nobler pride to make our descendants proud of us.

Mr. Campbell was now fairly established at Boston.

"My greatest difficulty there," he writes, "as it has been in all my experience, was the low physical condition of the blind. In their education every effort should be made to supply this deficiency, else their ambition and confidence will always be below that of the average student. It is useless to say to the blind 'Go!' the word must be 'Come!' Therefore I used to take my boys daily to swim in the open sea, also we went long rowing expeditions. Once we chartered a schooner and went far out to sea, fishing. I led a party of them up Mount Mansfield and another up Mount Washington. A Southerner myself, I had never seen ice; but in my first winter at Boston I learnt to skate, and insisted on my boys learning too. But in the winter of 1861 my lungs became affected. Dr. Howe urged a sea voyage to South America, telling me that otherwise I should not live a year. This news had the contrary effect from what my advisers anticipated. If my life was to be short I must do as much in it as possible. I resumed, and even increased my outdoor sports. I took the precaution of having an open fire, avoiding the hot air of the Boston stoves, and that was all. Praise be to God! instead of a year of life he has given me twenty, and may give me twenty more, to work in behalf of the blind."

In this spirit, no wonder the man worked, and worked well. His eleven years' connection with the Perkins Institution was an entire success; his energy and activity never failed. But the history and working of this noted Institution are well known in America, and to repeat the details in England is unnecessary.

During the winter of 1868-9 Mr. Campbell's health again broke down. Added to his incessant labours were domestic trials of

the severest kind. His wife had become a confirmed invalid. Often he had to work all day, come home, sit up all night, fulfilling the duties of sick-nurse. But of these sorrows he seldom speaks, nor is there any need to speak. Dr. Howe and the trustees urged him to go to Europe for a year, promising to continue his salary the while. The Harvard Musical Association of Boston gave a grand concert, and presented him with the proceeds. Every one seemed glad to help in his need a man who had helped himself and many others to the utmost of his power.

So in August, 1869, Mr. Campbell with his wife and son sailed from New York to Liverpool. Though only in that town a few hours he contrived to visit the Institution for the Blind there, and noticed, with pardonable pride, that the amount of intelligence among the pupils seemed less than in America. His travels, ostensibly for health, were continually used for purposes of study—every kind of study that could help on the great work of his life—the amelioration of the condition of the blind.

“I arrived at Leipzig about the middle of October, where, by the kindness of Professor Moscheles, I was allowed the freedom of the Conservatoire, and could spend as much time as I chose in the classes of any or all of the professors. After six months I went to Berlin and became a private pupil of Theodore Kullak, whose Conservatoire and that of Carl Tansic I also attended. My object was to study thoroughly the method of teaching pursued in these various establishments.”

To teach music, as Mr. Campbell explained when he chose his class of twenty at the Perkins Institution, is a very different thing from being a musical genius, composer, or performer. For this part of the profession the exceeding thoroughness necessary in the education of the blind, when properly educated, is a great advantage. At first sight the idea that a capacity for understanding the square of the hypotenuse should help a man in teaching music seems ridiculous; but real musicians, who know what an exact science their art is, or ought to be made, will think differently. And it is noticeable in how many persons, as in Mr. Campbell, the faculty for mathematics and music, as well as the love of both, is combined. Many admirable organists and one truly great composer, Dr. G. A. Macfarren, have proved that it is possible for the blind to master the utmost difficulties of musical science; but they must do it by an amount of patience, perseverance, and sound study, both in them-

selves and their teachers, far more than is required from sighted persons.

Also, their education is much more expensive. Raised maps, raised books—everything that must necessarily be acquired by the sense of touch only—cost money, and a great deal of money. Mr. Campbell travelled from city to city, informing himself on all these points; studying all the various systems, so as to be able when he returned to carry on his work not only on satisfactory but economical principles. Having learnt everywhere as much as he possibly could, and regained a fair amount of health with which to put his experience to use, he turned his thoughts homeward, and began, as he supposed, his journey back to America, reaching London on the 21st January, 1871, exactly ten years from the day on which I pen this line! Looking back it seems as marvellous a ten years' work as any man ever accomplished. It has been, however, not the work which he had purposed to do—but another work in another land. Thus it came about; by that which some call chance—others Providence.

“On the first day of our arrival in London, a gentleman at the hotel happened to say he was going to a blind tea-meeting. I accompanied him. Till then I never felt the overpowering sadness of blindness, helpless—not helpful—blindness. There must have been between three and four hundred persons present, led by their wives, their children, their guides, their dogs. The food was good, the kindness great, but the whole thing seemed unreal. I heard the blind recipients express their gratitude for their blessings, but there seemed an under-current of feeling, which, could it have been put into words, would have implied ‘Why am I thus?’”

“In talking with many of them I satisfied myself that, by proper training, these miserable ‘objects of charity’ might have been made self-sustaining, useful members of society. I went home and spent a sleepless night. Next morning I told my wife that we should not sail as planned, and arranged with the Indian line to extend our tickets.”

His next step was to deliver one of his two letters of introduction. This was to Dr. Armitage, well known for his interest in the blind, and his devotion of life and fortune to the amelioration of their condition. For some months the two men gave their combined energies to the investigation of blind institutions, hoping to introduce new methods of instruction. Being unsuccessful, they boldly started an experimental school, taking for it three small houses in Paxton Terrace, opposite to the Low Level Station of the Crystal Palace—the same where I first found Mr. Campbell and his little flock.

"This was in February, 1872. On March 1st we received two pupils—little boys from Leeds, and began our school as a private family. But by the middle of May we had received so many that we had to organize regular school work under two lady teachers, Miss Green and Miss Faulkner, and a pianotuner, Mr. J. W. Smith. Besides all my other work, I managed to give the musical instruction entirely myself."

Single-handed, as indeed his whole life had been, Mr. Campbell carried out his system with such marvellous success that at the two years' end he felt justified in trying a much larger house—The Mount—on the top of the hill. In the midst of all this his wife's long sufferings ended. She died in August, 1873, leaving him a son, now a fine young fellow, who from childhood has been to his father everything that the poor mother could not be. But private sorrows should never hinder public work, and did not in this case.

"I was resolved that before the two years' experiment was ended, broad foundations should be laid for permanent usefulness. The Duke—then Marquis—of Westminster came down to me one afternoon to look over The Mount and hear all reasons for and against it. When he left, he offered to give £1,000 for the purchase of it."

From such a generous beginning other help followed, and by October in the same year Mr. Campbell had migrated with all his pupils to the house which formed the nucleus of what is now the Royal Normal College for the Blind, Westow Street, Upper Norwood.

Its history is public property, and its advantages can be investigated by all who choose to visit it. A most pleasant, comfortable, and picturesque building, with excellent class-rooms, a fine music hall, a garden, a playground, and gymnasium; a lake, used for swimming in summer and skating in winter; workshops of several kinds, especially for the tuning and even making of pianos. All this has grown out of the small school in Paxton Terrace, and through the indomitable perseverance, energy, and pluck of one man—the little Tennessee lad, who was mourned over as "poor blind Joseph."

Lastly (and I am glad to add this, since heroic and successful as a man's work in the world may be, a lonely man—or a man who "carries a stone in his heart," as the saying is—must always be a rather sad picture) within the grounds of the college is a separate little house, where a very different picture may be seen. In the summer of 1874, Mr. Campbell, revisiting his native land, again met Miss Faulkner, an American young lady,

who had been one of two teachers at the beginning of the Paxton Terrace School, having joined in the work for the pure love of it. They once more took counsel together upon the questions which had been the great interest of both their lives—went over various blind institutions and compared experiences. After a pleasant sojourn, during which he revisited many familiar places, including his own home, from which he had been absent so many years, Mr. Campbell returned to England and recommenced his work. But he soon found, as he simply and touchingly puts it, "that he could not work alone." He once more sailed to America and brought back Miss Faulkner as his wife.

Since then all has gone well with him and his work, in which he and his helpmate labour hand in hand. She still teaches as well as he; and self-reliant as he is, her bright, active, intelligent aid, as well as of that of his eldest son by his first marriage, is not unwelcome to this happy and independent blind man, who goes about among his sighted family as capable as any of them all. Capable not only of work, but enjoyment; for with his son, his constant companion, he has done no end of travelling, in Switzerland especially, and has even climbed Mont Blanc, being the first blind man who has ever accomplished that feat. How far it was a wise or desirable one, opinions differ; but it served the one great purpose of his life, the "light in darkness," which he has carried everywhere about him, passing it on like a beacon fire from hill to hill, with the watchword, not so much of "Help us!" as "Help us to help ourselves!"

The extent to which he has taught his pupils to help themselves is incredible, except to those who witness it. Starting on the principle that the blind should be encouraged from the very first to do as much as they can for themselves, to consider themselves not as aliens from ordinary life and education, but able to acquire, though of course with greater difficulty, almost everything that other children can acquire, to work as they work and play as they play, he has succeeded in making his school not merely a blind school, where everything must be regarded with pitying reservations, but one where the standard of education can compete with any similar establishment.

In music especially. I lately sat and listened to a lesson he gave his choir—a five-part chorus out of "The Woman of Samaria"—which they tried for the first time. He read it to them bar by bar, and they wrote it

down by the Braille system of notation, and then sang it "at sight," as we say—each separate part, and then the whole—with scarce an error. Afterwards, just for my pleasure, he made them sing another chorus out of the same work, newly learnt, which they gave with a purity of intonation and accuracy of musical reading quite remarkable—also with evident enjoyment in this, the greatest gift that blind people can use for themselves and the world, the power of making music. Watching those rows of sightless faces, of all ages between ten and thirty, and listening to the exquisitely beautiful voices of some of them, the words they sang, which happened to be, "In Thy light shall we see light," became less a despair than a hope, even in this world.

Hope and courage are indeed the ruling elements in the Normal College. It is not a charity. Everybody pays, or is paid for, a certain fixed sum, like any ordinary boarding-school. Nevertheless, the history of the Institution contains many a sealed page, which its Principal will not allow me to open, of forlorn children rescued and educated gratis, into useful independence; of young women made capable of maintaining not only themselves, but their parents; of young men helped to emigrate, and carrying out a happy and successful life in the colonies, as vocalists, music teachers, piano tuners. The pupils year by year go out into the world and earn their honest independent bread. "In fact," said Mr. Campbell to me, "in all these ten years we have only had four failures, two because they came to us too old to learn, and two because they"—with a hesitating smile—"began going to the public-house."

This is one of Mr. Campbell's "crotchets"—as one half of the world might consider it; the other half know that it is one of the strongest guarantees for the success of his work. He allows no drink of any sort to enter the College. Tobacco also is forbidden. Therefore all smokers and wine-bibbers are kept safely out of that peaceful domain.

Besides his American temperance, he carries out the principle of American democracy. No class distinctions are allowed. All ranks play together and work together; subject to the same regulations. But to obviate many difficulties that might arise from this plan, he never takes any pupil without a three-months' trial, and remorselessly refuses any "black sheep" who either morally or socially might corrupt the rest.

The system pursued in his large, busy,

happy family—still a "family"—I shall not attempt to enter into. It is explained in reports, and visitors can go and see it for themselves. "Busy," "happy,"—those two essential adjectives—he tries to make them all. "If we work," one of his pupils said to me, "we are all right with Mr. Campbell, but if we don't work—" an ominous pause. Yes, I could imagine the rest. Very unpleasant to be a drone in that hive.

It reminds one of a hive; with its "murmur of innumerable bees:"—piano-tuning, practising, vocal and instrumental, which goes on incessantly; the hum of the classrooms; the chattering, shouting, and laughing of the playgrounds. Verily these blind young people are neither deaf nor dumb. Their frolics last Christmas were wonderful. There was a grand Christmas-tree, and after it all sighted visitors were blindfolded—"to make things equal," as Mr. Campbell said, with a smile. "And didn't we have fun!"

Besides fun, he gives to his pupils the blessing of usefulness. An earnestly religious man himself, though with no sectarian bias, Mr. Campbell opens his fine Music Hall every Sunday evening after church service is over, and admits to it by ticket all the poor of the neighbourhood. Cabmen, mechanics, labourers, of which there are so many connected with the Crystal Palace close by, come regularly with their wives and families to have an hour of sacred music, ending with the Lord's Prayer and a very short address on some sacred subject—nothing prosy, nothing doctrinal, yet something which all can listen to, and a hymn in which all are bid to join, "singing with melody in their hearts to the Lord." The good that this does, and may do, the numbers who may be kept out of the public-house of a Sunday night by "going to hear the blind folk sing," there is no need to enlarge upon.

Nor indeed have I space to say any more. My "subject" has, let us hope, a long life before him yet; a happy life, with his wife at his side and his children growing up around him. I shall not break the sanctities of private life by describing his, except by one word more, in which was put briefly the substance of all I have written here, and the purpose of all I meant to write.

"Mrs. Campbell," I said one day, "your husband must be an exceedingly clever man."

"No," she answered, "he is not cleverer than many other men. But the difference between him and all other people I ever knew is this—*he makes use of his opportunities.*"

If only we all did the same!

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—BUT, OH, THE SHAME OF IT!

WHAT is it in our nature that renders the actual experience of calamity so much less fearful than the prospective view of it? We shudder at thought of being in a railway collision, a fire, an explosion: we could never recover from the shock of it. Puff!—the accident!—it is over!—and we know nothing about it, as we waken from a nightmare and wonder how easily it all happened: a severe toothache has caused as much pain. Shipwreck in sight of land is suggestive of acute agony: but men who would have grown sick at thought of it have been known to go calmly about the work they had to do when the occasion has come to them, and do what was necessary, unconscious that there was any special credit in the action because there was nothing else for a man to do.

John Armour's ship was in sight of a fair land, and it was caught in the quicksands.

"Why did you tell him that?"

The man sprang from his position of abject humiliation and glared angrily at the sad blind face of the mother. Even he in his fury staggered before that most terrible of all rebukes—Silence and Pity.

"I did not wish him to know it," he cried, bitterly; "there was no need that he should know it. He does not wish to know it. What he did not know could do him no harm."

"Ill dune was never mended by the hidin' o't," was her soft answer, as she lifted her hand, pointing to Armour.

Whilst listening to Thorburn there had passed over his countenance kaleidoscopic expressions of puzzlement, wonder, and commiseration. Now he stood firmly in his place, his features contracted as in a hard mould, and a cold whiteness upon them. All emotional sense was suspended, the keen clear intellect of the man looked straight at the two people who made this strange revelation. There was no feeble consternation in his bearing; there was scarcely even a sign of surprise.

A strong nature brought suddenly into a position of great emergency had no thought of petty fears, regrets, or reproaches; it sought the readiest and best means of meeting the difficulty. He had been long aware

that there was something disagreeable in the history of his parents. When he had first become conscious of this he had shrunk instinctively from inquiring into it; afterwards he had resolved to seek no knowledge of it. Now that he was brought suddenly face to face with the whole pitiable story at a time when circumstances made it appear uglier in his eyes than his wildest fears had ever pictured it, he stood up bravely to meet the thing, knowing that his own life had been true and honest.

There had been a quick flash of sunshine across his mind—that was Ellie; every thought of her seemed to fill his brain with light. But the flash passed, and he did not wait to study the darkness which succeeded it. Here was the matter in hand: his father risen from the dead, as it were, in a cloud of shame which must cast its shadow over him.

What ought he to do? That was the first thing to decide; and the answer came promptly: Clear up everything at once, and then act as occasion demanded, but openly and frankly. As Grannie said, "Ill done was never mended by hiding it;" and some things which might be harmless in themselves became sins by the consequences of their concealment.

After the pause of self-questioning which brought the past and the present together as if in an electric picture revealing the events of years at one glance, he took Grannie gently by the arm and led her to her own easy-chair.

"Come and sit down, Grannie; you must have been having a bad time, and I was such a selfish loon not to see that you were out of sorts!"

"Ay, Johnnie, it has been a sair time, and it was hardest of a' to thole that I couldna cry out wi' gladness when you were sae glad! But I couldna do it, dreading what was comin' upon you."

He had no answer ready for that; so he pressed her arm reassuringly, and turned to Thorburn, who stood more erect than usual, watching him.

"Will you not sit down——"

He stopped. This man was his father. Grannie had said so!

"I do not know what to call you. Grannie tells me you are my father, but I am not able to give you that name at once, and you will not wonder. Neither do I like to call you

Mister Armour—for I suppose that is your name as well as ours?"

"Use the name you have known me by—that will save awkwardness, and it is mine now. I have borne it long enough in misfortune to have a right to it."

"I dare say that will be the easiest way for us both until we understand each other better. At present I do not see things clearly. Well—Mister Thorburn" (a little huskily, as if there were a crumb in his throat), "will you sit down and let us talk over things quietly?"

"Yes—we may as well have all clear now, and it need not take long."

He was about to close the window which Grannie had left open.

"Leave it open, please. Whatever we do or say we must have no fear of outsiders seeing or hearing us. Start with that notion fixed in your mind as firmly as it is in mine."

This was said quietly, but there was a resolution in the tone which indicated that the action implied more to him than the simple closing of the window.

His hand still upon the lattice, Thorburn looked backward and said impatiently—

"I start with this notion, sir,—that I wish to save you as much pain as possible. And I wish you to get that fixed in your mind as firmly as it is in mine."

He closed the lattice. There was not only defiance in his tone and action, there was that kind of contempt which is born of utter indifference to consequences. Then there came a change; the look of reckless fierceness, which had gleamed upon his face from the moment that his identity was declared, melted into one of piteous regret.

"I am so low that nothing can hurt me: but if you would only let me, I will do my best to save you any bother on my account. And I can do it—if you will only let me! I did not come here expecting affection from you—from any of you. . . . I know that you cannot call me father. . . . You owe me no affection, and respect of any kind is out of the question. I can't hope that you will understand why I came here—I scarcely understand myself."

He put his fingers to his brow and drew them across it as if winding some threads together, his eyes fixed steadily on his son's face.

"I was ill. The old times came back to me. I had a droll sort of craving to see my mother and a curiosity to know what had become of *you*. I suppose that was what brought me back—it was no desire to share your luck. I had no intention of ever letting

you know that I lived. My mother knew me and would have had me tell you that I was here."

"And Grannie was right."

"I say no: there was no need that your life should be crossed by the pain of knowing me until you had some memory of me that would enable you to feel I was not all bad."

His voice had become low and firm, and he went on speaking as if he were pleading for a place in his son's heart,—but without abasing himself.

"I had formed my plan, and it was a good one. When I saw you here at work in which I knew I could be of use to you, I thought there was a chance of some little happiness. The hope was the first real one I had known for a long time. Oh, it was a bonnie hope. I was proud when I saw you, and I thought I might go on working beside you, slaving for you and helping you on to fortune, as I believed it to be in my power to do, you never knowing who was the faithful servant. . . . Cursed nonsense, wasn't it?"

The bitterness of that exclamation! A life of capacity and power destroyed by one blind act of passionate fury; a life that might have been noble turned to disgrace, and the owner of it looking back upon the wasted years, summing up the last efforts to redeem the past in that cry of despairing contempt for self and fate—"Cursed nonsense, wasn't it?"

The change of manner came again with his despair. The crouching creature, who, when influenced by love, trembled at his own shadow lest it should darken the path of the dear ones, became erect and callous when he believed that his endeavour and his affection were despised. He understood quite well that the habit of regard is necessary to secure a parent's place in the child's esteem, but, all the same, there was within him a feeling of resentment for what appeared to him the indifference of his son.

"It might have all come right," he went on; "that is, my plan might have been carried out to the end but for my fear that Musgrave had recognised me. That upset me and . . . I got ill, as you know, and could not keep guard over myself. That's a pity. I wish I had got away without you knowing me; but I had a mad craving that you should learn from myself the story of what happened to turn my life wrong, so that—by-and-by if you ever came to hear the ins and outs of it—you might judge for yourself how much blame was due to me. At any rate, I wanted you to have my way of it, and fancied it could

be done without telling you who I was. I have made a mess of it and it can't be helped."

"Dinna speak that way," cried Grannie, starting. She had remained still throughout; her face looking worn and weary and an occasional quiver of the lips betraying how much she was suffering. "Dinna speak that way—I ken the soun' ower weel and it's the deevil that's in you. There never was onything that couldna be helped if folk are willin' to try."

"I wish we could speak with less awkwardness," said Armour, agitated. "I do not see why we should be angry with each other. What I can do to make your life easy I shall do for Grannie's sake and partly for your own; but of course we can do little to serve you if you will not help yourself."

"That is the usual phrase thrown to every unlucky beggar."

"Well, what I want to get at is just the right thing to do, and I want you to try to help me."

"Me help you?—I'll do that. There is one way, and I know it," was the slow, wistful answer as the kindly words brought him back to his better self.

There were symptoms that his gloom and nervous anxiety were returning, and Armour was suspicious of the kind of help Thorburn meditated giving.

"I am glad of that and I hope your way is the same as mine. I suppose your notion is to carry out your plan of getting away from us."

"Ay, getting away from you," repeated the man abstractedly, his eyes resting dreamily on his son.

"Well, that may be the best for us all; but there is no need to hurry. You must give me a little time to get a grip of what you have told me."

"You'll have time enough—time enough," was the monotonous murmur in response.

"I hope so. And now you had better shift your quarters at once into the house. Grannie will be able to get you looked after better here than at the cottage."

Thorburn's hand had been wandering nervously about his face, and at these words it made a pause on his chin, and his expression was that of one who has heard a distant sound for which he has been longing but, still uncertain that he has heard aright, is straining his ears for assurance. He did not breathe. Then huskily—

"Do you mean that you could thole to have me here—in the same house with you?"

"I think you would be more comfortable here, and Grannie would feel more satisfied."

"Are you not afraid?" He put the question with trembling hesitation, as if he dreaded the answer.

"Afraid of what?"

"Of . . . of the shame of it."

Armour's face darkened for a moment, but with sorrow, not passion. Then, with a quiet, grave expression he made answer—

"I am not afraid. I wish things had been different; but as they are I want to keep clear of anything that might bring more——" (he did not like to use the word "shame"—) "trouble upon us. I cannot let you go wandering about without a home when I have one to share with you. When I thought of you only as an unfortunate man I was anxious to help you. You are my father: your place is here. That is all I see at present."

He turned his head aside; for, as he spoke, there rose something else to his mind—a vague yearning to ask about his mother.

There was still that eager listening expression on Thorburn's face.

"Do you mean that you would let the folk know who I am?"

Armour turned quickly, eyes wide with astonishment—

"What else?"

The man uttered a sound that was like a half-suppressed sob, and he seemed to gulp something down before he spoke; but the light of gladness overspread his features now.

"I did not think you could do this . . . I am glad."

"And I am glad too," said Grannie, rising. "Come wi' me, Jock, and let him be his lane for a while. What he says is the right thing to do."

"Maybe—maybe, but I think my way is better. You said that you wanted me to try to help you and I'll do that . . . Give me your hand."

Hands clasped, the two men stood face to face, father and son.

"You cannot be glad to know me," said Thorburn, "but I am glad to know you."

And he quitted the room with Grannie.

CHAPTER XI.—A PREPOSTEROUS IDEA.

THE day was so fine that Mrs. Musgrave's carriage had been ordered for the afternoon as well as the forenoon; the proprietor of that gorgeous equipage meditated one of her "state" calls—that was upon Mrs. Fenwick, of Cluden Peel. There was ample occasion for the visit; in the first place Mrs. Mus-

grave wished to pay it, and in the next she felt that it was incumbent upon her to offer personal congratulations to Mrs. Fenwick on the promotion of her brother, Colonel Affleck, to the rank of General, which important fact she had just learned from a paragraph in the *Dumfries Standard*.

These state visits had always been a source of discomfort to Ellie, but she dutifully submitted to them, seldom hinting to her mother that she preferred to stay at home or to go elsewhere. On this day, however, she explained that she was unable to accompany her in the afternoon.

"I promised to go to Thorniehowe to see my patient and the Armours."

There was a suggestion of extra colour in the cheeks as she spoke, and certainly the eyes were brighter than usual.

"But you surely would not put off a visit with me to Cluden Peel in order to go to Thorniehowe!" exclaimed the mother.

"I promised to go," was the simple response.

"I wish you had not. I am so disappointed, for I wanted very much to call to-day. I am sure we should have been the first to congratulate her, and that is so nice; you feel as if you had something to do with the honour and glory of the thing! And the people feel it too. But I don't care to go without you."

"That is a pity, mamma; but we can go to-morrow."

"But why not to-day, child?"

It was one of Mrs. Musgrave's idiosyncrasies that whilst she always commanded "her lord and master," she always argued with her daughter and made no effort to enforce her wishes upon her. No doubt the fact of their being so much together had something to do with it, but the real spring of the deference which she sometimes yielded lay in the fact that whatever there was of true love in her nature was devoted to her child. However, as a rule, when she used the word "child" it was a storm-signal—she was angry, and she was angry at this moment. Miss Musgrave's reply did not soothe her, although it was very quiet.

"Because we did not promise to go to Cluden Peel, and I did promise to go to Thorniehowe. Besides, I would rather go there."

A little hesitation with the last words.

"I think you go there too often," said the mother somewhat irritably, as she fussily pretended to be arranging something on a table of knickknacks.

Ellie had an uncomfortable suspicion that her mother wished to take her to Cluden Peel more frequently than she cared to go; and she had a still more uncomfortable, although vague, suspicion of the reason.

"But then I like to go to Thorniehowe," she said, as if there could not be any better explanation imaginable.

Mrs. Musgrave's head gave a little jerk and she looked as if she were going to speak sharply; but at that moment she caught sight of an engraving of a Duchess of Buccleuch, and immediately recovered her dignity.

"I wonder why it is our tastes differ so much, Ellie. You never seem to care about the same things or people that I care about. I suppose it must be your father's influence."

"We do not often disagree in our likings, mamma," said Ellie, smiling. "What makes you think so just now?"

She was busy knitting a huge muffler which she intended for her father, and did not lift her eyes from the work, so that she was unaware of the serious expression of her mother's face.

"Well, I was thinking about your going so often to the village lately, and several times meant to speak to you about it. But then the idea seemed so absurd that I was quite ashamed of it and held my tongue."

"What idea?" and Ellie glanced up with some surprise, for she detected in her mother's tone something different from the half-peevish, half-playful note of complaint in which she spoke when her plans were interfered with.

"The idea that you are becoming too intimate with the Armours. They are very good people, I believe; and Mr. Armour is an excellent young man, and I have no particular objection to him; but I cannot bear——"

She did not know how to complete that sentence without saying more than might be necessary, and she gave her slightly hysterical titter. Ellie worked on, feeling the blood tingling on her brow and at the tips of her fingers. She was conscious of what it was her mother could not bear to think of, and that consciousness gave a definite meaning to various sensations she had been lately experiencing. She did indeed like to go to Thorniehowe.

"I really don't like to suggest it," continued Mrs. Musgrave; "but you know it is quite possible that Mr. Armour, seeing you so often, might—in short, might think too

much of you, and perhaps even propose to you."

"Would there be anything so very dreadful in that?" exclaimed Ellie, laughing. "Men do propose to girls, I believe, and I always thought that girls were rather pleased to have an offer. I don't think it would frighten me entirely out of my senses."

This merry way of treating the matter relieved Mrs. Musgrave greatly; the danger she had fancied was dispelled.

"Oh dear no, there would be nothing at all dreadful in it, and indeed I often wonder that you have not had a great many offers already. But it is better to avoid these things—that is, to avoid placing yourself in such a position as to receive a proposal from a person you are certain to refuse."

"Ah, but if Mr. Armour proposed, should I refuse?"

Ellie stopped working and looked up. The question in words and eyes was addressed not so much to her mother as to herself; and the face was very beautiful at that moment.

Mrs. Musgrave was startled and for a little while dumb with amazement. Then gradually it dawned upon her—Ellie was imitating her father and making an unpleasant joke at her expense! She gave that slight hysterical titter again.

"Really, child, you should not do these things. You quite frightened me. I thought for a minute that you were actually serious. Of course I ought to have had sense enough to see how preposterous the idea is: he is so much older than you. And I ought to have appreciated him sufficiently to have given him credit for being a man of too much sense to think of it. Of course he will not, and I am sorry for having put it into your head at all."

Unintentionally this confused little address conveyed to Ellie's mind suggestions for grave reflection. A shallow nature would have been piqued by being told that a man had too much sense to fall in love with her, and vanity would have come to her aid. Ellie's vanity was not touched at all: she was rendered sad; yet the sadness came upon her like a mist and she could only see through it dimly. Was he too wise to love her?

That seemed strange: she had never thought about being wise in love, never understood that it could be measured out to this one or that one in accordance with the dictates of reason and judgment. All that she had read of love or heard of it, indicated

that it was a very unreasoning sentiment indeed, and, generally, most indiscreet in its selection. But she did not approve of indiscreet selection, and therefore she supposed it could not be love which inspired her liking for John Armour. She had good reasons for liking him: he was. . . .

There was another source of wonder; she knew that the reasons for it were very good, but she could not clearly express what they were, now she brought herself to the task of attempting it. Everybody liked him; and that was one good reason for her doing so, and the fact that she was debating the matter with herself in this cool way rendered it perfectly clear that she was not stirred by that overwhelming passion which exalts common men and women into heroes and heroines—and fools!

No, she was not in love, and yet she was sad to think that he was too wise to love her.

What did he think about it? They were to meet that afternoon. She remembered that she had felt some fluttering in her breast when he asked her at what hour she would be coming so that he might meet her by the Mill-lade, because it was so like a tryst. But then he had said it was in order that he might show her how the old sluice used to be worked before steam-power had been introduced to the mill. There, you see, came reason and wisdom again: he only wanted to improve her mind by a lesson in hydrostatics.

"What are you dreaming about, Ellie?" ejaculated Mrs. Musgrave at length, after watching the abstracted expression on her daughter's face for a long time.

"Nothing, mamma," was Ellie's reply as she hastily resumed her work.

"Whenever you say 'nothing' I always know that it is a great deal."

"Well, it was a great deal in a way; and yet nothing that I can explain. But it helps me to say this—you need not be afraid of Mr. Armour proposing to me. As you say, he has too much sense to think of doing so to a girl like me."

"You are provoking, Ellie. What do you mean? Why, he would be glad to get you, and you speak as if you thought it would be an honour if he were to ask you!"

"So I should."

The answer was so quiet and so simple that it was impossible to associate any idea of jest with it, and the mother could only attribute it to disquiet for her.

"Please to remember who I am, and do

not again hint at the possibility of my daughter even thinking that she might think of becoming the wife of a man about whose family absolutely nothing is known."

Ellie threw her work into a basket, got up and put her arms round the angry mother's waist.

"Now, mamma, you are to be good and not vex yourself or you will bring on that nasty palpitation again. You have yourself told me that Mr. Armour has too much sense to dream of marrying me; and I believe he has, and that we are behaving very badly in discussing the matter as if he had already asked me."

"But, Ellie, it is so monstrous!"

"If you say anything more, mamma," she went on playfully, "I shall do something really monstrous. You could not guess what it is if you were to try ever so long, and as I do not want to distress you too much I shall tell you. This is it. When I go down to the village this afternoon I shall propose to Mr. Armour!"

Mrs. Musgrave laughed and recovered her good humour. No sentimental maiden spoke there.

"You are getting very like your father in your ways, Ellie; he says such droll things at times and so seriously that if you did not know him you would believe that he was in earnest. I am not sorry that we have had this little talk, as it relieves my mind on a subject which, in spite of my confidence in you, was beginning to disturb me."

Ellie was still holding her in her arms and was gazing steadily into her eyes.

"Have I been a very troublesome daughter?" she inquired, after a pause.

"No; why do you ask such a question?"

"Have I been very disobedient?" (still in the same tone of dreamy earnestness).

"No, on the whole you have been a tractable child. But why?"

"Because I was thinking, mamma, that circumstances might arise in which I should be disobedient, and I should be very sorry for that. Let us hope they may not come about, for it would make me wretched to feel that I was making you unhappy."

"I don't understand you, Ellie," said the mother, perplexed: "you are not well to-day, I am afraid."

"I am very well indeed, but you have set me thinking."

Mrs. Musgrave decided to postpone her visit to Cluden Peel. Ellie puzzled her.

CHAPTER XII.—THERE ARE GIANTS IN THESE DAYS.

How bright the morning had seemed. How bright the morning was! The sun had been rising slowly to its noon-height and spreading its glory upon the earth, penetrating men's hearts and lives with joy.

Day and life had never been so beautiful to Armour before; he was to meet her that afternoon, it was their first tryst, and there was a glad song in the air speeding the moments tunefully by. How was it, then, that the sun at noon suddenly dropped into night, the music ceased, and there was nothing but a black silence?

He went out to the garden and looked at the clear sky. Yes, the sun was shining just as before, but he was now like a mote in one of its beams, not the glad worker in its light.

Should he send a message and tell her not to come? That seemed to be the simplest course; selfishness alone stopped the way. There was, however, this consideration which might excuse the selfishness: he did not want to make any fuss, or to take an exaggerated view of the position. No need to do that; the position was as bad as it could be for him.

There was a brief flush of indignant rebellion against his father on his face, and a bitter cry in his heart that this shame should come upon him and upset the happiness he had earned. But he mastered that. There could be no shame to him unless he made it for himself by his conduct now.

He opened the door at the foot of the garden and went out to the green, walking slowly along under the shade of a row of trees rich in foliage.

What he wanted to get at was the plain common-sense way of dealing with the case. He had Grannie to consider first of all; then his father; and he wanted to make out what he ought to do, and what it was best for him to do for their comfort. For himself, he must meet the matter straight—not calling out his trouble from the housetops, but not shirking the acknowledgment of it to those who had a right to know. Then to make sure that his life was guided by an honest purpose, and there was no more to do but walk steadily on.

She must be told, and her father must be told, and of course her mother would be told. Whatever possibility there might have been of reconciling Mrs. Musgrave to the marriage of her daughter with a man who was remembered by many in the place as a poor

laddie at the parish school, there was none now. Common-sense proclaimed that at once. Common-sense is a hard master, often difficult to obey in ordinary affairs; love finds him a tyrant and rebels against him altogether except when chiming in with its own eccentric course.

Armour felt his whole nature rise in rebellion now. Why should she turn from him because of this misfortune? If she had ever cared for him she could not do so, or she would not be the woman he believed her to be. And if she did not care for him—well, then he had no loss to lament; he could still be grateful for the hope she had inspired and the good it had brought him. At least he would try.

No, he would not send a message bidding her not to come that afternoon. He would see her and then—well, till they met he would not know how to act: whether to give up his dreams, or to wait and hope still.

Meanwhile, he had to see Dr. Johnston, in order to ask him to procure some thoroughly qualified attendant for Thorburn: he could not yet think of him as "father," although he recognised the relationship and was ready to discharge all the duties it involved.

He had to pass the old school-house. The thoughts which the place suggested were comforting to him, and yet they were tinged with sadness. Why is it that looking back always produces a sensation of melancholy, however sweet the memories? Is it because these memories represent so many cancelled cheques on life, and whilst we think kindly of the joys and sorrows they purchased we lament that we cannot open the account again? Scarcely that, for few people who have reached the noon of life would care to make a fresh start unless they might do so with the advantage of the experience gained in the first career.

It was the play-hour, and Armour heard the merry shouts of the bairns in their gambols, whilst he felt still like that dark mote in the sunbeam. He wondered if the bairns would feel his shadow on their playground as he passed.

A low dyke of loose stones fenced the garden of a cottage which stood nearly opposite the school. There had been a coping of sods on the dyke, but only stray tufts of grass and patches of brown earth remained to testify the fact. However, it formed an agreeable seat for gossips; the patchy sods were as good as a woosack to those who had plenty to say and hear. Close by ran a small

burn, which drained the neighbouring fields and sang a pleasant chorus to the gossip of the hour.

This was Tawtie Pate's cottage, and behind it he had pigsties, potato pits, a byre for his cow, and a stable for his "pownie." Pate was at this moment standing with his hands in his pockets, grinning with patronising enjoyment of the fun going on before him.

The seat of honour on the dyke was occupied by the minister, and before him he had a congregation of about a dozen children, boys and girls, who were listening to his discourse, some in open-mouthed wonder, some with a pleased smile, and others with grave questioning faces, as if, having heard the legend before, they wanted to know why this version was different. The minister's hat was far on the back of his head, and he was beating time with his heels against the wall as he spoke, whilst his hands were partly under his thighs supporting him.

This was what he was saying as Armour approached—

"And now, bairns, that's what happened to Jack's beanstalk. Mighty proud as he was of it, he had just to take his axe and hew it down to save himself and his belongings from the giant. Maybe you'll not believe me, but it's true, as you'll find out every one of you—there are giants in these days as great as any of those of the old times. There's one of yours—the bell's ringing. Awa' with you, and see if you can master him by being master of your tasks."

The bairns scampered across the road and joined the crowd of others who were scrambling into school at the wattle porch, whilst the bell continued to clang out its imperative summons to duty.

The minister had not been beguiling the children of their play-time to improve their minds. He had been there discussing the price of pork and the Free Kirk heresy case with Pate when one of the latter's band of eleven—a round red-headed lass of five years—asked for a "thtory." The minister, seated on the dyke, thereupon began, and soon the congregation gathered round him, and each received some cheery sign of recognition, for, being gifted with a special memory for faces, he knew almost every child in the school.

"You should have been here in time to play with us," was the minister's salutation to Armour; "but you can be my backer at a bargain. Here is Pate who stirred my vanity up to the notion that my porkers were the finest in the country until I offered to

sell; and now he wants me to believe they are only so-so swine after all."

"It's no just that, minister; I haud to my word yet—they are first-rate swine. But——"

"Never heed the but, Pate. You haud to your word and I'll haud to my swine. I want an extra lot of white and black puddings this winter, at any rate."

And the minister sprang nimbly from the dyke to Armour's side.

"There's nae gettin' ower you," said Pate with his broad grin, and suddenly, the twinkle of cunning which usually lurked in his eyes giving place to an expression of admiration, he exclaimed, "Man!—what you might hae been if you had just ta'en to horse-couping instead o' preachin'."

"Maybe there would have been some honest dealing at the fairs," said Mr. Moffat, blithely, and fully appreciating the compliment which had been paid him; then to Armour, as he walked on with him, "You see, every man thinks little of his neighbour's pigs when they come to market. You look as if you had been selling yours in a bad market. You are not like yourself. Yesterday you were as brisk as if you had found a fortune."

"I don't think I am myself," replied Armour in a subdued voice. "I did find a fortune and have lost it, I fear."

"Come a-riddle me, riddle me, riddle me reel!
Now, say what the meaning of *that* can be!"

half chanted the minister, eyeing his companion earnestly although he spoke in this manner, which to a stranger would have seemed flippant.

"The answer might be given in one word—worry, most unexpected and beyond my control."

"Worry!—are you worried? Pooh!—that's nothing. I used to be miserable for eighteen hours at least out of the twenty-four over worries which were always unexpected and seemed to be beyond my control. I am very much ashamed of myself for it. Look at me now."

"You have found the elixir of life," said Armour, smiling sadly.

"No, I have not even found a good digestion, and yet here I am, able to enjoy the light that is everywhere about us; fairly healthy in consequence, although not wealthy, and some folk say not wise."

"I wish I knew your secret."

"I doubt if it can be taught, but it may be explained. I learned this—that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our worries are shams—mere shams—compounded in some

measure of our desire to deceive others as to our real nature and in a larger measure of our desire (partly unconscious) to deceive ourselves as to our own merits. What we have got to do is to stand upright, resolved to lay our souls bare—then we see what humbugs we are to ourselves as well as to others and we cease to make mountains of the absurdly little molehills called worries or miseries of this life. . . . Any better?"

"Not much—yet."

"Ah, then make me your confessor and perhaps we shall find some help for you. There is light I believe in the darkest corner if the eye could only be made sufficiently sensitive to detect it."

After a pause:

"Yes, I must explain to you, minister; it will help at any rate to make it easier for me to tell Mr. Musgrave."

"You have time enough for rehearsal; the fiscal is away about that big burglary case and is not likely to be back before to-morrow night."

"So long," muttered Armour thoughtfully; he knew how restless he should be until he had seen the fiscal.

"Yes, so come in and have a pipe and you can tell me all about the matter."

The minister liked to display all the symbols of good-fellowship. He had a little room in the Manse set apart as the "smoking room." There he made a great pretence of smoking a long clay pipe, but there never was anything in it. He likewise made a great show of drinking cup for cup with his guests, but after his one tumbler of toddy he always replenished his glass with water. With the empty pipe and the regulated glass he would sit out the youngest and strongest of his friends so long as there was conversation worth listening to, or a grateful listener for his own wisdom.

So the jovial invitation, "Come in and have a pipe," was well understood, and the little smoking room at the Manse had witnessed some brilliant evenings of grave and gay discussion.

"Yes, I will go in with you, but first I must speak to the doctor."

CHAPTER XIII.—THE FIRST TRYST.

ELLIE walked very quietly through the fields towards Thorniehowe. She had not spoken much to her mother during the day after the conversation about Armour, and no further reference was made to this excursion. Each was conscious that the other was thinking about it; but Ellie had nothing

to say regarding it; and Mrs. Musgrave, whilst impressed with the idea that her daughter's insistence upon keeping her promise to go was undutiful and unkind, did not wish to display too much anxiety on the subject. She might have acted differently had she known that Ellie was in the first instance to meet the paper-maker alone.

It seemed strange to the girl that her mother could have any objection to a man like John Armour; that could only be a fancy, and very likely the suggestion she had made that he had too much sense to think of her was a fancy too. That thought helped to lighten her footsteps, which had been somewhat heavy when she started.

On reaching the mill-lade she assured herself that she was not disappointed at not having met him before she had got so far. But she was obliged to own a little surprise when glancing along the banks and down the slope towards the river she could not see him. No doubt some business had detained him.

At first the trees concealed the old sluice from her altogether: presently they permitted her to see portions of it, and her pulse quickened slightly when she saw that a man was leaning against a tree close by. But she was certainly disappointed when a few steps farther she could distinguish that Armour was not the man.

She hesitated to advance, and she did not like to turn back, or aside.

The man stepped from the tree to the sluice and she recognised her patient Thorburn. He was glancing up and down as if watching for some one coming, and, seeing her, he bowed his head, but made no movement towards her.

She was astonished to find him there, and she observed that his face did not brighten at her approach as it had done latterly whenever she arrived at the cottage. He was pale, and there was something of the strange glitter in his eyes which the doctor had told her was a bad sign.

"I am glad to see you out, Mr. Thorburn, but I am afraid the doctor will not be pleased. He did not expect you to be able to go about for another week, and you are not looking so well as when I saw you last."

"I am sorry if I displease you," he said submissively, and taking the hand which was extended to him respectfully. "There was no help for it: I was obliged to come out, and as I heard you saying that you were coming this way to-day, I have been waiting for you."

"I hope you did not venture out in order to meet me, for I should be grieved if any evil follows, and I must say that it would not surprise me if you should be made worse by leaving the house too soon."

"No, no—it was not you who brought me out," he replied nervously, and his eyes darting in all directions but never resting on her face. "I came out because I wanted to see——"

He searched about for a word to indicate the person he meant, and he finally uttered the pronoun:

"Him—you know."

She blushed slightly at finding herself supposed to understand so readily when the master of the mill was referred to; but she answered frankly and smiling:

"You mean Mr. Armour."

"Yes; I had business with him that could not be put off any longer, and I was obliged to come out. You are my friend, you are his friend; you will see him presently, and I wanted to tell you that he is in trouble. I wanted to ask you—will you be kind to him?"

"I hope I should be kind to any one who was in trouble," replied Ellie, more concerned about the strange manner of Thorburn than alarmed by the report of Armour's distress.

"Ay, but will you be specially kind to him? He needs kindness at present, and he will value it more from you than from any one else. Give it to him, Miss Musgrave, he deserves it. You are, maybe, more mixed up with it than you can imagine. I hope no harm will come to you. . . . I hope you may be ready to make him happy in spite of what you may hear, and in spite of what he may tell you about me—you are looking frightened."

She placed her hand on his arm and looked steadily in his face, but he would not lift his eyes. She was somewhat pale and anxious, but not frightened.

"I promise to do what you want, Mr. Thorburn, on condition that you promise to do what I want."

"Anything, anything," he cried eagerly. "Only be kind to him, help him, and I shall do your bidding in anything."

"Very well, that is our bargain. Now promise to go straight back to your cottage and wait there until I come."

"I was not intending to go there again," he said, with an uneasy movement of the body.

"Where then?" she queried, with increasing anxiety.

"I don't know. It does not matter where I go to. I should never have been here. What is wanted for me is extinction. I bring misfortune with me to everybody I care for. I hope you will escape, for I like you very much."

"Then you will do what I ask?"

"To please you—yes. You will find me in the cottage . . . He is coming. Remember."

With bowed head he turned away from her, and passed down the slope toward the river, twice half turning his head as if to catch another glimpse of his gentle friend.

Several times she glanced with wondering eyes at the retreating figure, as she advanced slowly to meet Armour.

How unlike a lover! Note the tardy step even now when he saw her, and must be aware that she had been there before him. Observe how calm his glance as he approached: no glad smile of greeting, no flush upon his cheek, no kindling of the eyes! He had never been so little like a lover in all their previous meetings.

Ay, her mother must be right; he was too sensible to fall in love with a chit of a girl like her. All that story about Aladdin had been only a piece of amusing fancy, inspired by the moment and forgotten. She was not the princess and he was not the hero of the legend.

"I intended to have been here sooner, Miss Musgrave, but was detained. Will you come to the house, now? Grannie would be pleased."

"Yes; but have you forgotten that you promised to show me how the sluice was worked?"

"I beg your pardon."

He stepped with her to the sluice, and showed her the working of the old-fashioned machinery for setting the mill going.

How very cold he was and formal. He was not looking well; and some sort of instinct told her—or was it the touch of his hand?—that beneath this cold formality there were hidden tender thoughts of her. She watched his face as he spoke, seeking the meaning of what he did not say.

"You see it is very simple; in this way the water was turned on, the wheel went round, and the work proceeded; and in this way the water was turned off, and the mill stopped; and one man could make it go or stop. If the minister were here he would read us a lesson on the power of a single mind for good or evil."

"Apropos of the sluice?"

"Rather of the holder of the key of it. What would you say, Miss Musgrave, if I were to tell you very solemnly that it is my conviction that every woman holds the key, not only of a sluice, but of a flood-gate?"

"I hope there are exceptions," she said, laughing; "it is a dreadful notion, and I would not like to have such a responsibility."

"I am sorry then to be obliged, to inform you that you have such a responsibility," he said, with an attempt to shake off his gloom, and to assume an air of mock solemnity.

"Me!" she exclaimed.

"You; and I am still more sorry to tell you that one of the great misfortunes of the women-holders of the key is that they are not always aware when they have used it. I do not believe that you know how often you have used yours."

"I hope it has done no harm, or that I not knowing the power I possessed may be held blameless," she said, slightly confused, for he was gazing very earnestly in her eyes.

"You will be held blameless—at least for the one sluice which I know you have opened. You did good. The water went on merrily to the wheel; the wheel did its duty joyfully, and many folk were made glad. But——"

He stopped. She was holding down her head, cheeks tingling and heart beating with pleasure. Either she was greatly mistaking his meaning or her mother was wrong—he was *not* too sensible to fall in love with her. But why did he stop now? She would have liked to look at him, and could not. She would have liked to say go on, and could not. She tried a compromise, and began awkwardly—

"I am very glad to think that I have been able to . . . to give pleasure . . . of course; and I wish I might . . ."

"Be able to do it always," was what she was going to say; but it suddenly struck her that this was very like inviting him to say that she could do so if she chose, and so she too stopped.

He took up his own unfinished sentence and completed it in a way very different from what she had expected.

"But there came a frost, and although the sluice was open the water was not permitted to flow. So the mill ceased to work, and all the grand things it had to do were at a standstill."

"A frost does not last for ever."

"No; but in this case when the thaw comes the machinery may be too rusty, or



"She glanced with wondering eyes at the retreating figure."

too old to profit by the waterflow Shall I drop the parable?"

She did not answer. She understood all but the frost and the possibility of the machinery being useless by the time the thaw came. She was looking into the water, seeking his meaning, whilst abstractedly following the intricacies of the tangled shadows of some reeds and branches.

"I am going to do something very bold," he said, with a slight laugh in which there was a note of doubt and sadness. "Can you guess what it is?"

"I am wondering what it all means."

Her voice was low, and she felt as if she were trembling all over, although outwardly there was no sign of it.

He took her hand and drew her arm under his own as if preparing for a walk.

"You knew that I was going to tell you something more than how the sluice was worked when I asked you to allow me to meet you this afternoon. I did intend to tell you much more; but the frost has come, and unless you speak the waters cannot flow."

"What would you like me to say?"

"I dare not tell you that; for unless your own heart, or mind, or sense, or whatever it is that prompts these things, tells you what to say I should not care to hear."

She could not speak somehow, but her arm nestled instinctively closer to his as a bird settles in its nest.

The man trembled and looked frightened: that was for a moment. Then the sun seemed to rise in his face. He bowed his head close to hers and whispered:

"Ellie—my princess. . . . To call you that is the bold thing I was going to do."

There was silence: absolute silence to the man and woman standing by the little mill stream. Then suddenly they became aware that the birds were making a loud music overhead, and that the gloaming was not gloaming at all, but clear daylight, clearer than they had ever known it: and they seemed to know what real joy was for the first time. And yet they did not speak or move.

By and by, he, very calmly:

"Let us go into the house now. There are things which must be said before we part. . . . I am very happy—Ellie."

She nestled closer to him.

"I, too, am very happy," she breathed rather than spoke.

And in silence they walked to the house.

CHAPTER XIV.—WHILST THE SUN SETS.

THEY passed through the garden and entered his room, without being seen by any one. There was a natural old-fashioned courtesy in the way in which he placed the large arm-chair for her. He seemed to be saying in this simple service, "I am enthroning my queen. Here she is to reign, and I shall be her true and loyal subject always."

So she interpreted his action, and so he wished her to do.

The silence did not seem strange to either, they were so happy. And the great glare of fire with which the setting sun crowned the opposite hills reflected a ruddy glory into Armour's room, befitting the occasion of the enthronement of a queen. To her there was neither past nor future: there was that time of sweet content; and touching his arm she felt like a tiny boat made fast to the huge anchor that had been intended for a big ship: the waves might toss her about—ay, even break her to pieces, but they could not tear her from this safe mooring.

He also was insensible to everything but the present, and yet he knew that with speech would come the breaking of the spell which was upon them, and all would be changed. But it was worth living to experience that little while of perfect joy, and it was worth suffering much after-pain to be able to remember it.

At last he spoke; and he was aware that the ruddy glory of the sunset in the room changed suddenly to shade, as if the slide of a magic lantern had been shifted.

"This should be your home, Ellie," he said softly. "Do you think you would like it?"

"I suppose I should like any place now where you were," she answered shyly, and yet quite earnestly.

The lingering sunset made a last glow upon their faces, and then the sun dropped behind the hill.

He placed his hand upon her shoulder.

"Will you take off your hat to gratify a fancy of mine? I would like to see you as you might appear if you were really at home."

The hat was off in a moment, but without any spasmodic movement. One might have thought that she had come in from a walk and removed her head-gear carelessly in order to enjoy the coolness whilst she rested for a few minutes.

His hand moved from her shoulder to the head, smoothing her hair with that fond,

timid touch with which a child handles some precious gift at its first possession, fearing lest a breath too much may make it disappear.

She sat smiling, blushing, and trembling a little now—she did not know why.

He stooped and kissed her. She started back as if frightened and then her head rested on his arm as if she were going to cry.

"You are not vexed?" he said, a little anxiously.

"No, no, but—but . . . it is all so strange!" she gasped, clinging to him; and then she looked up, relieving him by showing a face radiant with pleasure.

One hand on her head, the other clasped in hers, he looked at her gravely.

"We are both happy. I can never know such joy again. Can you think that there could be anything apart from falsehood in ourselves to separate us?"

"What a question!—nothing can part us but our own will."

"Suppose your mother and father were to tell you that I was unworthy of you?"

"How could they do that?"

"But supposing they did—would you believe it, and turn away from me?"

"Why do you ask such a question just now?" she said reproachfully. "I am not prepared to answer it. I am sure my father would not say it, for I know he likes you; and I do not think my mother"—she corrected herself there—"I am sure that no one can have the right to say it of you!"

"I know that no one can have the right to say anything particularly bad of me, Ellie; but to-day I learned something about my family which made me think that it would be wickedness on my part to say to you what I have said. A good friend bade me speak to you for myself. I have spoken; you have answered; but I leave you still free to take back your words if you feel that any shame, wrought by others, should stand between us. If you feel that anything could make you shrink from standing by my side—we can still part without any one knowing what has passed between us."

She gazed at him bewilderedly for an instant; and then light seemed to dawn upon her. She rose, and stood beside him. And she looked so brave and helpful that the man felt sure, if all the world were in arms against him, he could stand up stoutly to the battle—ay, and be sure of victory—if she were by his side.

"You are not jesting with me, I know," she said resolutely: it was not impulse; it

was calm resolve, and she meant to hold fast to her words. "Whatever it is that has come to you—sorrow or shame—my place is here."

"Ellie!"

That was a gasp of wondering joy, too great to be uttered loudly or to be followed by more words. Why should they have been so long apart? Why had he hesitated so long to speak to her?

He clasped her in his arms, and it seemed quite natural that hers should be round his neck: that they should be looking into each other's eyes, as if each had been always the owner of the other, and were now only enjoying the rights of proprietorship.

By and by, they returned to the common-place of words.

"I am glad I spoke," he said, huskily: "I had made up my mind to do it; then, suddenly, the right to do it seemed to be taken away from me. The worry of those few hours—they are like years to me—I hope you will never experience, and, happily, you cannot. . . . Your father told me I might win you if I could, and I have won the greatest prize that the world has for me."

"My father knows, then?" she cried, in glad surprise.

"Yes; and I think he will not be sorry to hear the result. But he warned me that—"

"I know—mamma. Do not be uneasy about her. She may not be pleased—indeed, I know she will not be pleased; but she does wish to see me happy, and when she finds that there is no help for it, she will be content. You ought to be content, too," she added, smiling, "and you do not look as if you were. You have my father on your side, and you have—me!"

He answered that with another pressure of the arms, and released her, for there was a rustling sound at the door, and Grannie followed by Mr. Moffat entered.

"It's second sight! There is not a doubt about it," cried the minister. "Grannie, you are a witch, and I am not quite sure that it is not my duty to have you tied to a stake on the sands and left there till the tide comes up and drowns you. They are here!"

"I was sure of that," said Grannie with a feeble smile; "I am wae to come in atween you, bairns; but I am sair concerned to make out where Jock Thorburn can be. He said he was to bide in the room up the stair, but when the minister gaed for him he wasna there and he wasna at the cottage either."

She spoke agitatedly, and evidently under-

stood all that had taken place. The minister understood, too, and Ellie stood, blushing, beside her lover. Seeing Grannie's distress, however, she went to her.

"I am sure Mr. Thorburn is at the cottage now," she said reassuringly, "for I have seen him and he promised to wait there until I came to him."

"If he promised you, he is sure to be there. He is a queer creature, and he is very particular in keeping his promises, sooner or later, and I ken that he has a great notion of you, my bairn."

Then she turned to Mr. Moffat, whose high spirits had somehow deserted him for the moment, and although he had shaken hands with Ellie, he had not spoken.

"Go again, minister; seek him—help him," said the blind woman, with a solemnity that impressed them all.

"I shall go back at once, Grannie, but you must put a stout heart to this stey brae. You may be quite sure that when anybody means mischief, he or she does not send the bellman about the town to proclaim it, unless he wants it prevented. Hoot, toot, Grannie! You are getting old and dottled. I wonder at you, and expect better things from you."

But although the minister tried to speak in his usual tone of playfulness, he did not succeed very well, and there was an unusual expression of grave anxiety on his face.

"I hope it may be naething mair nor my fancy, but I would like to ken where he is, and that he is safe. . . . You said he promised to wait for you," she went on, addressing Ellie; "then will you bide wi' me till the minister comes back?"

"Certainly," answered the girl, with a ready assent, and eagerly scanning Armour's face for some explanation of all this anxiety.

"The Lord will bless you, Ellie Musgrave, and I wish you may ha'e long years to prove his blessing."

The blind woman laid her hand upon the girl's head as she spoke, and kept it there for a few moments, as if she were performing some rite.

The minister beckoned to Armour, and the latter followed into the hall.

"Did you find the doctor?" inquired the minister.

"No, but they were to send him here as soon as he returned."

"You had better send for him again. I shall wait at the cottage with Thorburn, if he is there, until you come. What he has been saying to Grannie makes me dread what he intends to do."

The minister hurried along the road to the cottage, his hat falling to the back of his head, and his white hair trembling in the light evening breeze. He was very anxious, indeed, for he foresaw great trouble to three people who had a high place in his sympathetic heart.

The door was open, and when he entered Thorburn was standing at a little table by the window thrusting something into a small black leather handbag. He was nervous, but apparently quite cool. The minister, however, noted as Ellie had done that peculiar look in his eyes.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Moffat; hope you are quite well. It is lucky you came this evening, for I am about to start on a long journey, and it is very likely we shall not have a chance of meeting again. I wanted to see you. A man like me can be grateful, although it may not be in his power to give practical shape to his gratitude."

"Have you a pipe?" said the minister in his most free and easy way.

"There are some briars on the mantel-piece—stop, you like a clay and a clean one, as smoking is only your fun. Howison!"

His nurse came from the butt-end of the cottage, which was the kitchen.

"Go down to the inn and bring some clay pipes. Will you drink anything, Mr. Moffat?"

"No, thank you, and if you want to be really hospitable, don't send for anything. You know I can do without a pipe."

"You need not go to the inn, Howison, but go back to the kitchen and get the tea ready."

Howison disappeared. The minister sat down and watched the nervous, rapid movements of his host.

"About that practical shape of gratitude, Thorburn, I have a theory."

"What's that?"

"That you can, or any one can give the profoundest proof of gratitude by simply doing some trifling thing that may go against the grain in order to gratify the person to whom they want to show gratitude."

"I understand, Mr. Moffat," said Thorburn, pausing and turning to his guest. "You need not trouble to beat about the bush with me. You have heard what my son and mother have had to say; by some means you have come to understand that this long journey on which I am about to start is the longest that we ever undertake. You think I am wrong."

"Decidedly. Will you let me prove it to

you? I know you are a man of judgment, and open to conviction."

"I shall listen with interest. On the other hand, I know I am right. Will you let me prove it to you? I am aware that you are a man of judgment, and open to conviction."

"I shall hear you, I cannot say with pleasure, but with the hope of proving how wrong you are."

"So be it; every one expects to prove his own assertion. You must begin."

Thorburn lit a cigarette, sat down nonchalantly in an easy chair, and waited.

Prepared as he was for any degree of eccentricity, there was something in Thorburn's conduct which vexed the minister: it was so hard and defiant, and at the same time so quick in apprehension, that he almost despaired of being able to touch his heart. Besides, the consciousness of being bamboozled by a person you have come to help, on account of his mental weakness, is not agreeable.

The minister got up, and looked out at the window.

"Can you guess what I am doing, Thorburn?"

"Yes," was the careless answer, without a movement of the head, "you are playing sister Ann, and looking if there is anybody coming."

The minister examined the man's face earnestly. He could make nothing of it.

"You have often puzzled me, Thorburn," he said, gently, "but never so much as you are doing now. You are right; I am looking for somebody coming: can you guess who?"

"Very possibly some one to take care of me, as you are evidently under the belief that I cannot take care of myself."

"I think you can—if you *will*"—(this, laying his hand on Thorburn's shoulder, as if he would hold him back from some desperate leap). "We have been good friends, have we not?"

"You have been a good friend to me."

"I am glad of that—I meant to be so, and I want you to give me leave to be your friend still."

"Give you leave?"

"Yes. You understand that I have heard the whole story?"

"I do."

"Then you can also understand that I am anxious to see you do what is best, for your mother's sake and your son's, and for your own."

Thorburn threw away his cigarette, and looked up excitedly.

"I want to do that," he said huskily, "and I believe the way is clear to me if you will leave me alone."

"What is that way?"

"All of you who know my miserable story, keep silent—do not let that poor girl ever hear a word of it. I shall disappear, and the cloud will pass from his life as if I had never done him the cruel wrong of being alive and here. The thing is simple, and will be some atonement to him and—to his mother."

The minister clasped his hands behind him, took a turn to the window, round the table, and back to Thorburn's side.

"Your way is not the right one," he said solemnly.

"You do not know what it is—no one knows but myself."

"That is a mistake. You guessed cleverly why I was looking from the window, how is it you could not give me credit for being able to make a good guess, too, at times, and to have discovered the way in which you foolishly think you can set matters right?"

Thorburn stared at the minister, frowning. Then he rose, took the small bag in his hand, and put on his hat.

"I do not think you know my way yet, Mr. Moffat; but I must give up the notion of discussing the matter with you. I thank you for your kindness to me, and now good-bye. Will you shake hands?"

"Of course, but I understood that you promised to wait here until Miss Musgrave came to you. She said she was coming."

Thorburn hesitated; his eyes darted from the minister's face to the door. Then, harshly:

"It is better she should not see me again. I did mean to wait. I cannot now. Good-bye, sir."

The minister did not try to stop him, for he had seen Ellie at the door.

THE MOUNTAIN HOMES OF THE VAUDOIS.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

SECOND PAPER.

THERE are two paths from the foot of La Pisse, where we paused last month, to Dormilleuse. The old one is a scramble up the eastern mountain ledges, a staircase winding around rocks and encumbered with rolling stones, on which even an experienced mountaineer can hardly in winter hold a footing. The other road out of this *cul de sac* is the Tourniquet, a zigzag pathway across the face of the southern mountain. It is an awful ascent. M. Rémond utterly refuses to ride up, preferring the long, fatiguing climb, or a roll down a precipice unencumbered. The mules scramble like cats, only they cannot stop, for every instant the loose stones roll from under their hoofs.

Being now on the mountain's side, and close to the masses of rock which tower above us, I learn how it is that the valley is so bestrewn with stones. The rocks are of a slaty formation, and M. Brunel shows me how the frosts of winter and the rain floods of spring loosen large masses, which fall with a crash as of thunder. He often hears and sees them; sometimes he has had narrow escapes for his life when passing near. He tells me about last winter, describing the snow as up to the bedroom windows, and then freezing hard; and Anne, pointing to a ledge some distance up the opposite hillside, says, "There the snow levelled itself across the valley."

The pastor tells me he wears a fur cap with ears and a greatcoat. He sets off on his journey from Pallons with, as his only helper, his ice-stick. Often he struggles through snow-drifts waist-high. Icicles hang from all the rocks, while the face of the mountains are one bare sheet of ice up from foot to summit. After passing Violins, the pastor gets on but slowly, for he has to prod foot places in the ice, and, at the danger of life and limb, struggles on and upwards, and this with the snow flakes whirling, and the thunder of the falling rock masses and the grinding rush of avalanches continually filling the air with sound. Many times on such a return journey he has been obliged to rest for six hours at Violins before being able to proceed home. "It is sad for Madame," he says gently; "she is alarmed on such occasions."

No wonder M. Brunel is so thin, and has so many lines in his face. He brightens up, however, and asks, with a smile, "Could I get him an exchange for just one winter with some English clergyman? He would dearly like to see England, and the gentleman would *find it a change*." Ah! yes, indeed. But cheerfulness is not confined to the pastor; his people have just as much, and with even less cause.

Anne Arnoux gathers me some sweet wild thyme, the only production, save some gooseberries the size of small peas, we pass. Henriette Baridon finds a few blackberries, too. Both women have walked the whole ten miles unweariedly by my side, talking simply and sweetly in their patois. I say to Henriette, what a frightful place it is! What good soldiers of Christ her forefathers were to make this their fortress! She points to a sharp spur of rock round which the Tourniquet winds, a precipice descending straight down into the valley on the other side, and says, "That is called the citadel of the Vaudois. Many an army of persecutors came to that point, but never a soldier passed it." Pointing to the acclivity towering overhead, my friends tell how men, women, and even children gathered there from the village, and rolled rocks and stones down on the invaders.

"Yes, but," says Henriette simply, "soldiers must not *rest*, nor fight only, but also bear pain and be patient."

Anne Arnoux is a still more interesting companion, and her noble face lights up with a frequent smile; it does so when M. Brunel, pointing across the valley below us to the mighty Col at the other side, whose precipices rise one above the other like a wall for above a thousand feet, tells me that across the face of that mountain Anne once journeyed searching for wood for fuel. A patch of fir-trees overhangs a precipice. Here she collected some wood, threw it down into the valley below, returned along the face of the mountain, descended into the valley, walked for a long distance over the avalanche and torrent boulders, and, securing her fuel, carried it up the path we were now on home. I could hardly believe his account; there did not seem a spot where human feet could cling. I turned inquiringly to Anne, "Is it possible?" She smiled again. "We are the chamois of the Hautes Alpes," she replied.



The
Pastor's
Ice-
stick.



Felix Neff's House at Dormilleuse.

Fodder and sticks are so precious that these poor people walk immense distances, and frequently endanger their lives for a small bundle of either.

But now all talk is stopped, for a cascade falling down the mountain-side flashes above our heads, wets the already perilous path, and descends over the precipice below. We are now up 5,000 feet, and the village of Dormilleuse is before us.

Yes, we have reached Dormilleuse. This road into the village was planned and worked upon by Felix Neff. The memory of him seems in the air. But what a desolate place this is! We have left summer

behind us; the air is very, very cold, and a drizzling rain begins to fall. We pass a couple of cows, very much in appearance like Alderneys, trying to browse. The feed consists of lilac crocuses, and a sprinkling of weeds. Some children run forward, shouting "Le pasteur;" and "See, Madame!" cry M. Brunel and M. Rémond in a breath. "Le Temple et la maison de Felix Neff!" The pastors consider the Temple the best one in the whole district of the Hautes Alpes. It was built by the Romanists—when they dared no longer to persecute the Vaudois—to pervert them, in the year 1745, and close to it they erected a residence for the curé.

For twenty years it is said he lived here, and then the Bishop of Embrun removed him, for not one convert had been made. But the church remained. Years passed: the French Revolution breathed freedom into the air. The Dormilleuse folk took courage, cleared out the dusty images and candlesticks, pulled down the high altar, and placed in its stead a plain communion table and a preacher's

pulpit, and took possession of the building. Then they dug up the old Vaudois church bell, hidden ages ago, and made the curé's residence into a school-house; and in the little yard in front, Felix Neff, years afterwards, planted four ash-trees, loved now for his sake. Above the church doorway Dean Fremantle has placed a tablet bearing the inscription:—



The Church at Violins.

“A la gloire de Dieu dont de les temps anciens et a travers le martyr de leurs peres a maintenu a Dormilleuse la foi donné aux saints et la connaissance de la parole les habitants ont élevé cette pierre 1864.”

As we dismount at the gateway, and Anne Amoux leads the animals away, M. Brun, the schoolmaster, rushes out to receive us. A comical-looking young man he is, short and broad, but continually skipping round and snapping his fingers; his eyes are round and sparkling, his moustache turns up at the

ends, and his hair stands straight up on his head. I cannot imagine him in the pulpit!

We go up into the schoolroom. A table is already spread with a cloth, and the tureen and plates stand ready; the soup is bubbling in the pan on the stove. I go to the window and look out. I have never seen anywhere so awful and desolate a scene. In winter it must be appalling. The village clusters on the rising ground behind the church; right over against it, separated by a

ravine, rises the barren, desolate Gramusac. It towers up into the skies, an awful, dark-grey wall. The other peaks are equally desolate and rugged, but not so frightfully close. The Gramusac is overwhelming. This village, perched among the highest points of the mountains, is subject not only to rock falls, avalanches and torrents, but also to the "tourmente," or snow-whirlwind, which, raging down the valley and tearing round the hill-sides, whirls the roofs off the houses, scattering the timbers on every side. Felix Neff, much as he loved the place, spoke of it as "terrible," and such indeed it is. With a shudder I turn to the welcome warmth of the stove. M. Brun's efforts as cook are not a success. The soup is a thin, yellow mixture with a rather queer taste. But we did not get much of it, as he half filled the tureen with bread, and poured the soup thereon. M. Brunel could not manage it at all, and supped on bread and wine. But we four—for Philomel made one of the party—managed to eat it. Soon the church bell began to ring, and the sound of many feet passing our door warned us it was service time. M. Brun carried one candle, M. Brunel another, and so we entered the Temple.

The women and children, in their thick woollen dresses and close-fitting caps, filled the benches on one side of the aisle; the men occupied the other. Strange their faces looked in the half light—serious and strong, filled with a solemn and earnest attention. Very unlike the Frenchmen of the valleys, and though so thin, too broad for the Italian type. A people to themselves, with an old-world air about them. One seemed suddenly to have stepped back two or three hundred years and faced an earlier generation. M. Rémond, M. Brun, and Philomel formed themselves into a choir, clustering round one of the candles. M. Brunel entered the pulpit. He gave out a hymn, repeating the first verse. M. Rémond's rich voice rang out in one of Sankey's tunes, slightly altered to meet the rhythm of the chorus. The congregation sat to sing; every person seemed to know the words, and very earnest and solemn was the "Jesū! Jesū!" which filled the church. The simple worship went on—the Bible chapter, the extempore prayer, the frequent hymns—and M. Rémond preached on the words, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you,"—such a sermon as one seldom hears—a powerful sermon. He preached to the only Church in the world that has held the truth with stainless grasp for eighteen hundred years.

He preached to the children of the martyrs, to men and women who if need came would be themselves martyrs to-morrow, cheerfully and quietly; but he did not flatter them. He spoke eloquently and fervently, but only as the messenger of their Master.

The service over, their own pastor entered the desk and told the people of their old beloved friend, Dean Fremantle; how distressed he was that misery should drive them from Dormilleuse; how deeply he felt for them, how earnestly he was trying to assist them. And their pastor prayed them to be patient; he told them all hope seemed dying, but that God both could and would help them. He in whom they trusted was as strong now as in "the old days." M. Brunel pointed, as the moral of his speech, to the text painted behind the pulpit, above the hole where the sanctuary had been once fixed—"My name is here." I went out thrilling from that touching service into the moonlight, and leaned against the wall; the other women crowded round. The lanterns two or three of them carried lighted up their worn and patient faces. With gentle kindness they talked to me of their dreadful life. "But," said one of the oldest ones, "I will die where I have lived; I will never depart from Dormilleuse." They asked eagerly after their "benefactor, M. Fréman;" asked how he looked, would he *never* come again to see them? and so on. I remarked on the four trees by which we stood, the finest ones for a long distance. "Ah, yes," they said quickly, "les arbres de Felix Neff." "Did any one there recollect him?" "Surely, surely," cried several voices; and the old woman laid her hand on my arm to emphasise her words. The men now came out of church. How I wished I could talk their patois! But the pastor stands in the doorway of the school-house, waiting to light me up the stairs, and I must say "Good-bye." "Madame, we call this Dormilleuse. Our fathers said, 'Here we may sleep happily.' Madame, Dormilleuse à vous." I hear their voices and see their shadows in the moonlit yard as I go to bed in the little chamber opening out of the schoolroom. They chat for half an hour more before they separate. And I fall to sleep, thinking of their bitter poverty, their wonderful patience, and somehow the words keep repeating themselves, "Sons of the King—children of the kingdom."

When I go into the schoolroom on Sunday morning I find the pastor grinding coffee, and that M. Rémond has already departed to Violins, where he is to take the service.

It is impossible to be in this valley, and not think of Neff, but most of all at this spot. His individuality seems stamped everywhere. Who made the road? Neff. Who the little aqueducts? Neff. *The secret of success he early learnt—entire self-abnegation.* So we go to visit his house. It is a cottage, containing on the ground-floor three rooms; in front the two used by Neff as study and bedroom, and behind these a kitchen. All are exactly as he left them. They are low, vaulted rooms—the walls and ceilings of cement. In the study stand an old oak cupboard and table, which were his. This room is about ten feet square, and, like the bedroom, which is the same size, has a small grated window, from which there is absolutely no prospect, for the Gramusac rises right in front, and it is not possible to see anything else, not even a patch of sky. Its grey unbroken surface is sad to-day, with the sun shining upon it; its nearness and height seem to crush one; but when, as in winter, it is one unbroken sheet of ice, black in the wintry darkness, the gloom of these rooms must be that of a built-in prison, and the kitchen into which we descend by two steps is only a little brighter.

Leaving the cottage we walk through the village. Most of the houses have a projecting balcony to the second story: the cattle are housed on the ground floor. Felix Arnoux, son of Anne Arnoux, an intelligent, pleasant man, joins us, and, pointing to the balconies, tells me the snow rose and remained the greater part of last winter "on a level with those." It fell so quickly the first two days that the inhabitants were obliged to remain indoors in darkness and hunger. The misery of the winters, which are awfully cold, is greatly increased by the want of fuel. The people light two or three sticks to warm the soup and then extinguish them. There is little nourishment or warmth to be got out of their food either, it consists of milk and brown bread made of unsifted rye. They bake all their grain into these loaves in autumn, for it will not keep, and, besides, *then* it is possible to get some fuel. These loaves are as hard as stones, and in every house you see a rude wooden trencher, on one end of which is fixed a knife. You put the edge of the knife into one of these cake loaves and then work it up and down as hard as you can, till suddenly a lump flies off. This bread is far too hard to bite, therefore the pieces are boiled in water—this is the soup of the Vaudois. During the last winter, to save—or rather to try and save—the poor remnant of

their cattle, they fed the animals on this bread and hungered themselves. Saving a couple of cows, and four or five mules, the only animals I saw were a flock of goats driven by some children, and the creatures were so gaunt, and looked at me with such long faces, it was wretched to see them; even the kids walked soberly on with no play in them. Felix Arnoux had been to Algeria; he spoke in glowing terms of the success of the emigrants there, and of how earnestly he and eight other heads of families desired to join them. He assured me it was so utterly impossible "to remain and live" longer at Dormilleuse, that if part of the inhabitants could be assisted to emigrate the rest would remove to Pallons. They had hoped to sell their land, but it so continually depreciated in value no one now would buy it; and I did not wonder! I asked Felix how many avalanches fell in one winter in the vale of Freissinières, he said it was impossible to say. That day he *counted forty*, and he did not think fewer than 500 a month fell in the worst seasons. "They continually descend." The pastor mentioned seeing sixteen fall one Sunday morning.

One of the most touching sights in the village to me seemed the graveyard. A poor little piece of land, surrounded by a carefully built loose wall; but I looked in vain for either grassy mounds or humble monuments. "You do not like crosses, doubtless," I said to the pastor, "but do the Vaudois disapprove of even head-stones? I see no memorial of the departed here."

"Ah, no, madame; our people are too poor to procure any, but see—" There were some small pieces of slate about the size of two outspread hands. On these the names were written, and they were then stuck into the ground at the head of the poor grave.

On the heads of the mountain-points, receding behind the village, gleamed glaciers, and on this warm August morning the temperature up here was that of a bright November morning at home. The houses are very poor indeed, built of mud and stone, the upper story generally timbered. And they are dark and dirty. How can they be clean, when for warmth human beings and cattle have to crowd together in the same room?

On leaving Dormilleuse we scrambled down the face of the mountain by the old path and, standing below, saw the magnificent waterfall of La Pisse in its whole height; then down the valley and past the mud and stone hovels of Minsas, a place almost as dan-

gerously situated, and certainly as wretched in appearance as Dormilleuse, to Violins.

The air, which had been sharp at the high elevation of the Vaudois refuge, now warmed, and the beauty of a bright summer's morning made the handsome walnut-trees near Violins, and the mountains receding one beyond another behind the village, look most lovely. The people were assembling for church. The women had folded bright handkerchiefs over their bosoms and the men all wore their best clothes. A Sabbath peacefulness rested everywhere, and the kindly greetings and the ready smiles which met our approach gave us a welcome. We entered a house near the church to rest, and I found it very superior to any at Dormilleuse. There were plates on a delf rack, comfortable tables, chairs, and presses. A bright fire burned under the soup pot, and I had a cup of capital milk, for which the woman did not wish me to pay.

The church was completely filled; some of the worshippers had come considerable distances. One man who arrived late apologised to the pastor by saying he had mistaken and had first been to Dormilleuse. We had the usual French Protestant service, and M. Rémond preached; he wore a Geneva gown and bands, and took for his text, "Lovest thou Me?" He preached extempore a sermon most touching in its thoughtfulness and direct simplicity, and intense in its feeling. The people listened intently. Indeed the reverence and attention shown are very solemn. I asked M. Rémond afterwards if it was ever the custom to preach written sermons as in England. He said, "No, the Vaudois would only tolerate written sermons from old men who were growing feeble. If younger men could not speak out of the mouth they had—so thought the Vaudois—no *abundance* in their hearts."

"Good-bye, M. Baridon; farewell Violins." Homewards we go through the beautiful, peaceful valley—past Les Ribes—to Pallons;

the Biasse hastening by our side thitherwards too. All of us are a little tired. Even Philomel, who has patiently trudged all yesterday and most of to-day, is silent. Perhaps he's thinking of his sick mule; but the sweet, fresh air, the warm afternoon sunshine, the scent of the lavender, make us forget fatigue as we gaze on the glorious scenery through which we are passing.

But here are the children waiting to welcome us—then supper, the gorgeous sunset making the mountain peaks flame up against the tender sky, and the evening service in the whitewashed mission-room. So ended my Sabbath in the Val Freissinières.

I will not trouble the reader with any account of the other "Valleys," grand and interesting as they are. On my return home I made known, through the columns of some of our newspapers, the condition in which I had found these children of the confessors, and told of the Dormilleuse Emigration Fund, which their long-trying and most faithful friend, the Dean of Ripon, was endeavouring to raise to save these descendants of the martyrs from the slower but equally certain torture of starvation. In support of this appeal was published a most pathetic letter from the inhabitants of the valley of Freissinières, in which they set forth their misery and hopelessness, told how their harvest had failed, their flocks been buried beneath the snow, and their land covered by the stony débris of the avalanches, and how if help was not given the Vaudois of Dormilleuse must cease to exist. The prayer touched warm hearts in England. The Dean of Ripon has received over £600, and already most interesting letters have reached him giving an account of the emigration and settlement in Algeria of the larger number of the inhabitants of the most desolate spot in the valley—Dormilleuse.

An industry is as much needed as ever in the district, but we have the happiness of knowing that already the worst pressure of misery is lifted.

THE STORY OF A BLOCK OF COAL.

BY PROFESSOR A. H. GREEN.

IN the days when men thought more about words than things and when a large part of their philosophy was very much like a great game at definitions, many attempts were made to frame a concise and unimpeachable description of man. "A featherless

biped" was well enough; but perhaps nothing was hit upon so happy and so sharply distinctive as the phrase which defined man to be "a fire-making animal." In earlier and more poetic days the same notion took form in the legend which tells how Prometheus

stole fire from heaven and taught to mankind, and to mankind alone, the secret of using and maintaining it.

For many ages after man first became acquainted with fire, wood was his only fuel, and for many ages a supply amply sufficient for the needs of the sparse population of those distant times was furnished by the dense forest primeval, which had for many a year been gradually spreading unchecked over the larger part of the dry land of the globe. But these were not the days of forethought and statistics, living from hand to mouth was the rule, the store seemed inexhaustible, the idea that it might give out and the necessity for replacing the incessant drain by fresh planting occurred to no one, and the day at last came when a scarcity of fuel began to make itself felt. It was then too late to remedy the evil; the growth of trees is slow, the human race multiplies apace, and the land that can be spared for planting is limited in extent. Did we now depend on wood alone for our firing, the distinctive prerogative of making fires would have long ago become a luxury well-nigh confined to the wealthier members of the race.

Therefore it is well for us that from time to time in bygone periods of the earth's lifetime, when there were no fire-making animals to burn up the wood, the course of events was so ordered that trees and plants, instead of rotting as they died, were packed away in a condensed form underground, and that in this way cellars well-nigh boundless in extent were stored with a fuel from which the fire-maker, when he at last came upon the scene, might derive warmth, comfort, and power after he had all but used up the wood of his own epoch. For this is literally the origin of the Coal which has now as near as may be superseded wood as a source of heat.

To turn back in thought and watch nature forecasting so long beforehand the needs of her children to come, will be a pleasant and profitable task; and though the story if fully told would be a long one, the main outlines go into a small compass.

Almost any child will now tell us that coal is "mineralised vegetable matter:" the grounds for this belief are perhaps not so generally known, and a word may first be said on this head. A little search among the lumps of coal in the scuttle will generally show us a piece which has broken with fairly even faces in two or perhaps in three directions. Two of these faces, when there are three of them, are bright and do not soil the fingers; the other is dull and grimes the skin

when it is touched. On this last face there lie scattered about patches of a black, friable, fibrous substance so exactly like charcoal that it is called "Mineral charcoal;" "Mother of Coal" is another name given to it. The most superficial examination is enough to suggest the woody nature of this substance, and the microscope leaves no doubt on the point, for it enables us to recognise in it vegetable tissue and vessels.

Mineral charcoal forms a very considerable item in the composition of some coals of second-rate quality, but in the deep black coals with pitchy lustre which we prefer for household use there is often very little of it to be seen. In coals of this class no inkling as to their composition can be obtained by the unaided eye, but when they are ground thin enough to be transparent and examined under the microscope, they too can in many cases be clearly seen to be largely made up of various parts of different kinds of plants.

One of their constituents deserves special mention, partly because it is extremely abundant in many English coals, and partly because it shows in a very striking manner—

"What mighty issues spring from trivial things."

Has the reader ever noticed, high up among the heath and swamps of a fell-side, a stem thickly covered by overlapping scale-like leaves, which sprawls over the ground and branches in a way that gives it some resemblance to a horn, whence it is called staghorn moss? If he come across this early in the autumn, he will find rising from the prostrate stem erect branches, each of which carries at the top a club-shaped spike, and will understand why the plant also goes by the name of club-moss. Gather one of these spikes: as we pull it off, we shake out a thick cloud of yellow dust. This dust is made up of very tiny balls called spores, by means of which the reproduction of the plant is effected. These spores are lodged in little bags or spore-cases which lie in the spaces between each pair of the scaly leaves that cover the club-shaped head. The dust is known as *Lycopodium* powder, and it may be bought at any chemist's shop. Two points about these spores are specially to be noted in connection with our present subject. They are very combustible: throw a pinch of the powder into the air and hold a lighted match under it, it disappears entirely with a sudden bright flash. They cannot be wetted: spread some of the powder on a sheet of paper and let a little water fall on it; the water collects into drops and may be made

to run over the layer of powder, but the spores themselves remain perfectly dry.

Now the microscope shows in many coals enormous numbers of minute rounded bodies, larger than the spores of the club-moss and differing from them in some other respects, which resemble, however, most closely the spores of an allied genus of plants common in some tropical countries, but represented by a single and not very common species in England. Further in the rocks among which coal occurs, the remains of plants that lived at the time when coal was being formed are found in great abundance. Among these we frequently meet with cones, covered like the heads of the club-moss with overlapping scaly leaves, and carrying between each pair of leaves spore-bags that contain the same kind of minute rounded bodies as are seen in coal. Again, one of the commonest of these fossil plants is that known as *Lepidodendron*, or the scaly tree, because it is covered outside with a pattern of lozenge-shaped scales. In well-preserved specimens cones such as have just been described are found springing from the ends of the branches of *Lepidodendron*.

Every step in the evidence is complete, and there can be no doubt that some coals are largely made up of spores very closely akin to those we shake out of the spikes of a club-moss; with this difference, that the plant which furnished them, instead of being a creeping herb, grew to the size of a forest tree and was a tree in its habit.

Thus far we have been treading on safe ground: as to what other plants and what portions of these plants contributed to the manufacture of coal, we are yet much in the dark. Investigations now in progress by the highest authority on the subject will throw before long further light on the question: but we may rest assured that coal is made up of vegetable matter, and of scarcely anything else beside vegetable matter, which has been for many a long day sealed up in sheets underground and has undergone chemical and physical changes that have brought it into its present state.

For some of those who do not live in colliery districts it may be necessary to describe the way in which coal lies in the earth. The rocks among which coal is found are sandstones and clays, they lie in beds or layers, and have been formed out of sand and mud which were carried by rivers into still water and then settled down on the bottom. Beds of coal occur at very irregular intervals among these sandstones and clays:

they vary in thickness from a fraction of an inch to many feet. Underneath every seam of coal there is a bed of rock known as the Underclay, or Seatstone; it differs in character from the beds of sandstone and clay that lie between the coal seams, and it always contains fossils which are known to be the roots of trees; now and then the trunks of these trees are found standing erect as they grew, still attached to the roots and running up through the coal and the rocks that lie above it. This seatstone is obviously an old soil, and on it the trees grew out of which the coal above it was formed.

Changes then must have gone on during the formation of coal and the rocks which accompany it: each seatstone and the bed of coal which lies upon it mark a time when the country was a tract of land dry enough to allow of the growth of trees; but the sandstones and clays which lie above show that there must have followed a time when the country was laid under water; then the old state of things must have been brought back, the country a second time became dry enough to support a growth of trees, and these supplied the materials for a second seam of coal; once again the land was flooded, and after a while again laid dry; and this oscillation must have been repeated many times over, at least as many times as there are seams of coals in the measures, and probably oftener.

And now let us try and picture to ourselves what the country was like on which these events took place, and how these changes were brought about. Much that is high land now was high and always above water then. The Scotch Highlands formed part of a lofty tract which stretched across the North Sea to Scandinavia; a portion at least of the hill range which runs from St. Abb's Head to Galloway was a hill range then; then as now a cluster of mountains stood up in Cumberland and Westmoreland; the highlands of Donegal and Connemara were highlands then; Wales was mountainous as now, and from it a long spur of land, less lofty but composed like it of hard rocks, ran eastwards across the centre of England; this is now all but buried, but two of its higher points peep out at Dudley and in Charnwood Forest. Land also of some elevation stretched westward from Wales over the sea which now lies to the south of Ireland.

But if we could see the England of that age we should miss many of the features which diversify and beautify the England of to-day: we should not find the rugged moorlands that run like a backbone from Derby-

shire to the Cheviots, nor the Cotswolds, nor the Chalk range that stretches from Dorsetshire to the Wash and beyond that inlet to Flamborough Head, nor the lovely coast scenery of North Devon and Cornwall. Where these and other minor undulations now give variety to the scene, dull, heavy, low-lying plains, flat as the fens of Cambridge-shire, intersected by sluggish rivers and dotted over by marshes and pools, stretched far as the eye could reach. These swampy expanses were all but encircled by the high ground, the main lines of which have been just marked out, but there were gaps on the west through which the eye could discern the Atlantic of those times rolling far away westward like the Atlantic of to-day. Huge piles of sand and shingle held back the salt water and prevented it from flooding the plains.

The hill country was clothed with pine forests and covered by a dense growth of sundry kinds of fern, and graceful tree-ferns and cycads were sprinkled over it. But a more weird vegetation spread in a tangled jungle over the plains. Intermingled in thick profusion there grew many a tree such as human eyes have never looked upon: the *Lepidodendron* waved its graceful branches to the wind and shed forth its spores in clouds; stems, resembling gigantic horse-tails, shot up into the air, and gave off perhaps branches that carried whorl-shaped clusters of slender leaves; every here and there stood solid, massive trunks, fluted like a Grecian column, and these too probably were crowned with a cluster of leaf-bearing and cone-bearing branches like those of *Lepidodendron*; many other less common forms were doubtless present, but they have left behind them comparatively few and doubtful remnants.

From time to time individual trees died and fell to the earth; parts decayed, but the more durable portions resisted decomposition, and gradually covered the surface with a layer of dead vegetable matter that was afterwards to become a seam of coal. Among the less perishable parts were the bark, and notably the spores, whose resinous nature kept them dry and enabled them to defy the action of water, that "sore decayer of your dead body."

And now the machinery comes into play by which this embryo coal-seam is to be sealed up and kept safe for use on some far-distant day. The land begins to sink slowly, and a basin is formed that catches the water of the rivers which flow down from the surrounding highlands. A lake arises, and into

it the streams roll down mud and sand; these are spread out in sheets and piled up in banks on the top of the layer of dead plants; still the land goes down, and more and more sand and mud is spread over the bottom of the water; now and again, during heavy storms, the sea bursts through the barriers that hold it back and floods the area; and then, after a while, the breach is repaired, and the lake becomes fresh again.

At length the sinking of the land stops, sandy shoals and banks of mud rise from beneath the water and lift their heads in every direction, till a swampy flat is established dry enough to permit of the growth of a second jungle and the accumulation of the materials for a second seam of coal. After a while sinking sets in afresh, and our second coal bed is buried beneath piles of sand and mud. And so the process goes on; during each period of rest a sheet of dead plants accumulates over the flat, and during the period of subsidence which follows this is covered up by deposits of mud and sand. The weight piled over it compresses the peaty sheet, and chemical changes go on which in the end turn it into coal. Afterwards earth-movements bring it up from the depths to which it has been carried down, a portion of the rocks which once covered it is stripped off by the action of running water, and it is placed within the reach of man.

But, when within his reach, how was it that man discovered that coal would burn? Possibly thus. There is in coal a hard, yellow, brassy mineral, which flies in the fire and not unfrequently startles the circle that has gathered round its cheerful blaze. When exposed to damp air this mineral undergoes chemical change, and during the process heat is given out, sometimes in sufficient quantity to set the coal alight. In this way it occasionally happens that seams of coal, when they lie near the surface, take fire of their own accord. One day a savage on a stroll was startled by finding the ground warm beneath his feet, and by seeing smoke and sulphurous vapours issuing from it. He laid it first to a supernatural cause; but curiosity getting the better of superstition, he scraped away the earth to find whence the reek came. Then he saw a bed of black stone, loose blocks of which he had already noticed lying about, and parts of this stone were smouldering, and as soon as air was admitted burst into a blaze. That savage little thought that he was laying the foundation of England's commercial greatness.



A FRIEND.

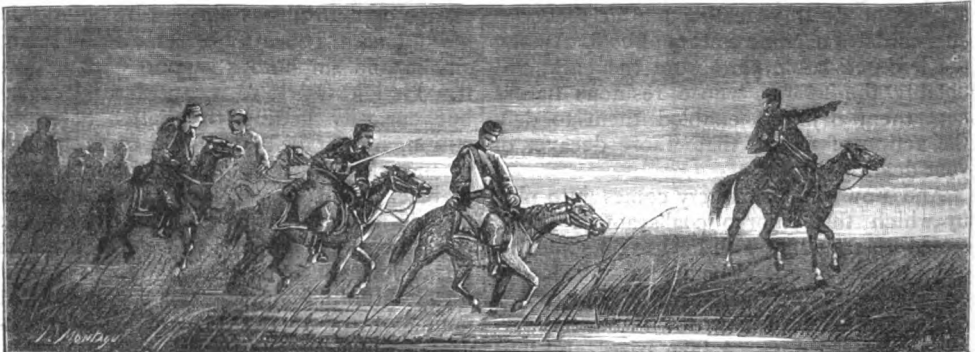
YOU ask why my face is sad ?
 Why my steps are heavy and slow ?—
 I have lost the truest friend I had :
 The truest a man could know.
 All the old times are o'er,
 Twenty years and more,
 Since first I called him my friend ; and so
 My heart is sick and sore.

Would you know when first we met ?
 'Twas a day that one does not soon forget.
 We had fought through the sultry night,
 We had fought through the blazing day,
 And over the plains we were speeding
 away
 (Like sea-birds scudding before a wind),
 With our numbers sorely & sadly thinned ;
 Unconquered even in flight.
 I, on my horse's neck sunk low,
 Bleeding and faint from a treacherous blow
 Dealt by the deadly hand of a foe.

Those who were with me drew rein
 Now and again
 'To give me water, to ease my pain ;
 Till one looked suddenly round and cried,
 "See, the enemy ! There they ride !"
 And pointed away to the far hill-side,
 Where, in the darkness beginning to fall,
 Was a cloud of dust—and that was all.

All ? enough ! for out of the cloud
 A lance's sheen at times was seen,
 And some spake low and some spake loud :
 "We must not tarry ; our force is small ;
 For the sake of one to surrender all
 Were folly and sin." So I rose & cried,
 "Linger no more, my friends, but ride !
 Save yourselves : why tarry for me ?
 I will wait for the enemy."

There was no time for more ;
 I could not say "farewell" before



They had swooped away o'er the barren plain,
And, lifting my eyes, I saw again
The horsemen riding silently.

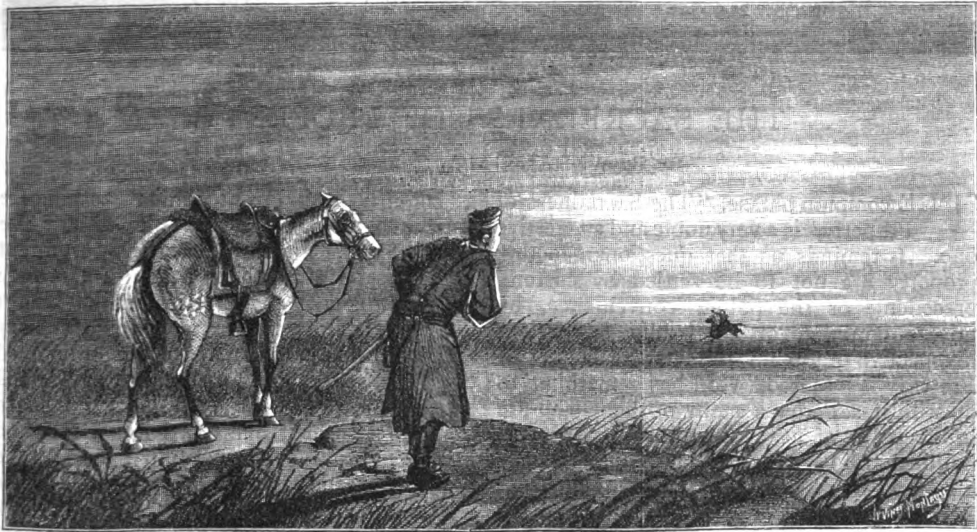
My heart sank, heavy as lead,
When I thought of my lonely end,
How soon I should lie on the cold earth,
dead,
Abandoned by foe as by friend!
"The vultures will scream and wait,
The greedy kites hover above me,
And a line in a paper will bear my fate
To the ears of those who love me."

I had stumbled down from my horse,
And watched the riders flee,

When one of them changed his course,
And rode straight back to me;
Then for a moment my heart
Halted and bounded fast,
At once with pleasure and pain and the smart
Of a hope too bright to last.

Could it be really true?
Was it merely a message he bore to me?
Or could he be going to linger?—he,
Whom only by name I knew:
The bravest man of our company!

With a half-shamed smile he came,
Flung himself down on the sand,
Said—"They are not to blame.



Yet scarce can I understand
How all of them leave you alone to die:
I cannot do it at least, not I.
You would do as much, I am sure, for me:
Let us smoke a pipe together," said he.

With a silent grasp of the hand,
With a stifled sob in my throat, maybe,
We sat together upon the sand,
And laughed and chatted right merrily;
Our hearts were never more light,
Even death to us both looked bright,
For I had a friend at my side—and he—
Well! never more happy, I say, were we
Than in waiting for death that night.

We sat and we talked awhile,
And the horses' feet drew near;

Then he rose and said with his careless smile,
"For our lives! let us sell them dear."
So down in a moment they came,
And the sabres gleamed like flame,
But out of the dust and din had rung
The voice of a friend that called his name
In the kindly English tongue.

All a mistake! for they
Were our friends, not traitorous foes,
Some semblance of colour—some sunbeam's
ray—
How the error befell, who knows?
We were safe, and he, my friend,
He helped me back to life,
And we stood by each other in joy and
strife
To his own life's gallant end.

It is nearly twenty years ago,
 Since we first looked death in the face
 together,
 With the sinking sun in our eyes aglow,
 Side by side in the tropic weather

Now he has left me ; but well I know,
 In my last great struggle with death's
 cold pain,
 He will turn once more, as he turned before,
 And give me his hand again.

ADELINE SERGEANT.



THE SACREDNESS OF PROPERTY.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

THE common phrase, "The Sacredness of Property," is a very noble and suggestive one. It reminds us that questions affecting property are not to be settled by custom, precedent, or the public convenience, by private contract, or by public legislation, irrespective of divine and eternal laws. If Property is "sacred," God has something to do with it. Perhaps many of those who are in the habit of using the phrase in current political and social controversies have hardly measured its meaning.

What is meant by "the Sacredness of Property" becomes clear when we read the four Gospels and the Epistles of the New Testament. The Lord Jesus Christ came to assert authority over the whole of human life. His claims are not met by merely reciting a Christian creed, and offering Christian worship ; we must understand, accept, and obey His laws for the direction of conduct. But Property has a very large place in human life ; it never had a larger place than it has now. In civilised nations, Property has its most convenient representative in money, and we are earning money, investing money, spending money, or using the things which money purchases every day, and all the day long. If Christ had not given us laws about Property, He would have left a large part of our life free from His control.

He has said so much on this subject, that it would be difficult to compress even

a summary of His teaching within the narrow limits of a paper like this. The doctrine of the apostles about Property must be dismissed altogether, although there are some passages in the Epistles which express the Christian idea with extraordinary intensity and vividness. Perhaps the surest method of getting at the very heart of the matter will be to concentrate our attention on the two parables in which our Lord has developed His thought about it most fully : I mean the parable of the Unjust Steward, and the parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, contained in the sixteenth chapter of the Gospel of Luke.

The historical setting of these two parables is full of interest and instruction. The three parables in the previous chapter, the parable of the Lost Sheep, of the Lost Piece of Silver, and of the Prodigal Son, were all intended to justify our Lord's intercourse with publicans and sinners. It was an offence to the "Pharisees and Scribes" that Jesus of Nazareth, who assumed the position of a religious reformer, should have anything to do with the kind of people that now followed Him in great crowds, religious outcasts, women of bad character, men who had been excluded from the synagogues for their vices, or for their violation of what were regarded as important religious commandments. These three parables were part of our Lord's great polemic against the Pharisees ; and in the

second half of the parable of the Prodigal Son, in which He represents the elder brother as sullenly complaining of the reception which had been given to the younger man who had "wasted his substance in riotous living," our Lord holds up the Pharisees to execration and scorn.

He then turned to His disciples. The Pharisees complained that by associating with "publicans and sinners," He was relaxing the obligations of religion and morality; and He therefore declared that His disciples were to strive for a nobler righteousness than the Pharisees themselves were contented with. It was true that he received sinners, but it was to make them saints, saints of a diviner type than the most religious of the men who were criticizing Him. This teaching is contained in two parables; and both these parables illustrate Christ's theory of Property.

In the first, our Lord speaks of a Steward—an Agent—who is accused of wasting his master's estate. The proofs of his guilt are flagrant, and he is certain to lose his position and his income. He calls together the men who are in debt to his lord, and tampers with their accounts, strikes off fifty per cent. from the debt of one, twenty per cent. from the debt of another, and by this piece of knavery he hopes to make friends who will give him shelter, at least for a time, when he is turned out of his office. His master discovered the fraud, but is represented as having no remedy. The steward has been his agent, and the steward's orders seem to have been valid. And his master recognises the forethought of his fraudulent servant; the man was an unscrupulous rogue, but he had had the art to look after his own interests. "The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of light." Our Lord himself tells the disciples to learn a lesson from the Unjust Steward. "Make to yourselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness; that, when it shall fail, they may receive you into the eternal tabernacles." Of course it is not the dishonesty of the steward that our Lord proposes as an example to the disciples, but the forethought. And our Master, to whom whatever property we possess belongs, will not charge us with robbing Him, if we use it in showing kindness to the poor, in relieving the sick, in teaching the ignorant, in recovering the fallen, that they may receive us at last "into the eternal tabernacles." What was a fresh fraud in the Unjust Steward will be in ourselves fidelity to our trust.

It is not probable that Zaccheus was in the crowd when this parable was spoken; but he

might have heard of it; and whether he heard of it or not, his conduct was an excellent illustration of its meaning. His wealth was got badly; like the rest of his class, he had used his power dishonestly and oppressively. When he repented and resolved to serve Christ, what was he to do with it? He determined to make himself "friends of the mammon of unrighteousness."—"Half of my goods I give to the poor; and if I have wrongfully exacted of any man I restore four-fold."

Christ calls wealth "the mammon of unrighteousness," because it has had so much to do with human selfishness, dishonesty, and cruelty; because it is often so wickedly obtained and so wickedly used. By-and-by, when all men become Christ's loyal servants, and when His laws have real authority over secular life, material wealth will receive a nobler description; and the "Sacredness of Property," instead of being a phrase, will represent a most divine reality.

But the complete interpretation of the parable is contained in these words:—"He that is faithful in a very little is faithful also in much: and he that is unrighteous in a very little is unrighteous also in much. If, therefore, ye have not been faithful in the unrighteous mammon, who will commit to your trust the true riches? And if ye have not been faithful in that which is another's, who will give you that which is your own? No servant can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

Our Lord contrasts material wealth with wealth of another kind; to be faithful in the use of material wealth is to be faithful in the use of that which is of very little value; but fidelity in the inferior trust is a test of fidelity in greater matters. He says further that if we have not been faithful in using material wealth, we shall not receive from God real and enduring riches. Nor is this all:—material wealth is not really our own; we hold it for a time, but we shall have to give it up. If we have not been faithful in our use of what is not ours, we cannot expect that God will give us an inheritance that will be truly and for ever our own.

One great principle underlies these various representations of Property. Our wealth—whatever its amount—is not ours but God's. The corn is His:—it grows on His earth; it is fed by His rain; it is ripened by His sun. The timber is His:—the forests from which we get it were created by His power. The

iron and the coal are His:—He laid them up in the mines long before our race appeared in the world. All precious things, silver and gold, diamonds, gems, and pearls are His. Wealth is placed in our hands to use it for God; it is not our own; we are stewards; and in our use of wealth we are required to be faithful to Him to whom it belongs. This, I say, is the root of Christ's thought. He begins by stripping us of everything—by denying our ownership in everything we possess. "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof."

This is in harmony with the whole strain of the teaching of the New Testament. Paul describes us as the Slaves of Christ. Not only does our property belong to Him; we ourselves belong to Him. We are His, without qualification and without reserve. Our bodies belong to Him, with the muscles which we use in physical labour; and our minds belong to Him, with the knowledge, the keenness of judgment, the tenacity of purpose, with which we conduct our business or discharge the duties of our profession. We are not our own; we are the slaves of Christ.

If we prefer the more honourable title of "children," we obtain no firmer hold of material wealth. Yes, we are children—children in our Father's house. But the house is His, and all that is in it is His. He feeds us and clothes us; but the food and the clothing are not ours but His.

It is the fundamental law of the kingdom of Christ, that when we acknowledge Him as our Prince and Saviour, we renounce our personal claim to all the things we used to call ours—to our money, our time, and our influence; we part with our property in ourselves, and this includes parting with our property in everything. It is just as imperative now as it ever was, that we should forsake all and follow Him. Do you say that this is a stern and tyrannical law, and that it makes life desolate and gloomy? No; it makes life free and blessed. It quenches passions which often consume the strength of men and shorten their days. If wealth is not ours, if it never can be, if when we think of it as ours we are thieves at heart, unjust stewards, making that our own which belongs to God, why should there be any hot pursuit of it? It is pleasant to have the use of wealth for a time, just as it is pleasant to stay in comfortable and luxurious quarters when we are travelling. But we ourselves are none the richer because for a day or two we are guests in a splendid hotel;

and if we are travelling through a country which offers poor accommodation, and have to lodge for a few days or a few weeks in rude cottages or village inns, where the furniture is rough, and the walls are bare, and the sheets are coarse, and the table scantily furnished, we suffer only passing discomfort; we ourselves are no poorer; we shall soon be home again. And, perhaps, the parable may be carried a little further:—we may be all the richer when we reach home at last, because we have spent little and fared badly on our journey.

It is pleasant, no doubt, to have command of money and of a great deal of money, but it is not ours, any more than the rents of the Duke of Sutherland or the Duke of Westminster belong to their agents. We may prefer to have the kind of position which belongs to a steward who has the control and administration of a great estate, to the position of a manager who has the control and administration of a small business; the higher position brings with it an increase in the sources of personal comfort, and of some things which are much more valuable than the sources of personal comfort. But in either position the wealth which passes through our hands is not ours.

If it is our habit to take this view of wealth, the disposition to get it unjustly or unfairly will be checked. Other men are God's stewards as well as ourselves. When we are trying to get by unfair means what is in their hands, we are trying to get possession of property which is not theirs, which cannot become ours, but which is intrusted to them not to us. It is the case of one agent trying to collect rents from an estate which is under the management of another agent of the same master.

This habit of regarding wealth relieves us of care as well as of a passion for money. We say that we are children in our Father's house, but how few of us have the spirit of children, the trustfulness, the light-heartedness, the freedom from anxiety and from fear of the future! I doubt whether the true "spirit of adoption" will come from dwelling exclusively, either on those large aspects of the divine Fatherhood which are among the principal topics of modern theology, or on those wonderful representations of the prerogatives of the sons of God in the apostolic epistles, which were the favourite subjects of meditation with the saints of former generations. The precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are a discipline of the spirit of sonship; in obeying the precepts the divine

Fatherhood will be discovered by us, and apart from obedience the discovery will be withheld. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth. . . . Be not anxious for your life what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on Behold the birds of the heaven your heavenly Father feedeth them. Consider the lilies of the field Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." If we keep these commandments it will be possible for the Spirit to bear witness "with our spirit that we are the children of God, and if children, then heirs; heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ."

The root of very much of the restlessness of heart by which we are perplexed, and which is not soothed by the most gentle and gracious revelations of the Divine love, is very obvious. We say that we are children in our Father's house, but we insist on being grown-up children, and we have private speculations of our own in cotton and iron and corn, in railways and ships. No wonder that we are vexed and wearied with anxiety and care. Not until we become children in spirit as well as in name, in practice as well as in title, and cease to hold any property of our own, will the true temper and blessedness of God's children become ours. When this renunciation has become complete, we shall offer with quite a new spirit and meaning the prayer which Christ taught His disciples, "Our Father which art in heaven Give us this day our daily bread." We shall think of the bread as His, though we may have worked for it; just as the corn which a son has helped his father to harvest is the father's, not his; just as the fruit which a child has picked for his father is the father's, not his. But when everything that once seemed ours passes out of our own possession and becomes God's property, we cease to be anxious about it, and we live a life of faith, a life of continual and happy trust in the infinite love of our Father in heaven.

Does this conception of the "sacredness of property" impoverish us, and leave us with a sense of miserable destitution? On the contrary, if we accept it frankly, we only part with our right to very poor and narrow possessions in order to enjoy illimitable wealth. We come to understand the great paradox which is so unintelligible until it is fulfilled in our own experience: "There is no man that hath left house or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father, or children, or

lands for My sake, and for the gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundredfold now in this time, *houses*, and brethren, and sisters, and mothers, and children, and *lands*, with persecutions; and in the world to come eternal life."

I travel over the estate of a great proprietor: the land is covered with rich crops; every now and then I pass farm buildings well built and well kept; through the trees I see the castle in which the great proprietor is living. Perhaps by his courtesy I am permitted to go through the stately rooms, and I see costly furniture, noble sculpture, beautiful pictures, precious gems curiously worked, ivory, agate, malachite, and jade. Shall I envy him? Why should I? The things are not his any more than they are mine. They all belong to God. He is God's child and so am I. He is there only for a time, like the man who shows me over the house; and perhaps the man will live there longer than his master. The duke has the keeping of the pictures and the sculpture; I have the delight of seeing them. He has the responsibility of choosing and buying the ancient coins, the gems and the pottery; and perhaps he is sometimes worried because he is deceived about their value; I have only to admire them. His estates, stretching over two or three counties—perhaps they give him a joy inferior to the joy they give to me; perhaps they enrich his life less than they enrich mine. He receives the rents, but of all that the estate yields, the rents are the least worth having. I may hear a song in his running streams that he never heard, and see a grace in the woods that he never saw; in my memory, for years after I have seen it, the heather on the hills may glow with a splendour of which he never caught a transient glimpse; and from the heights which rise above his home my thoughts may take wing to a heaven which he has never visited. Why should I envy him? Men call the estate his; but it is God's; and if God, who loves me as well as He loves the duke, gives me a home for a few years under the smoky skies of a great manufacturing town, and sends the duke to a castle among the hills, it must be all well; and the fairest and most precious part of the duke's estate may be mine more truly than his.

But the subject is outgrowing the space which can be appropriated to a single article; there are some important elements of the discussion which must be reserved till next month.

ARTEMUS WARD.

A Sketch from *Titr.*

By H. R. HAWEIS, M.A.

POOR Artemus! I shall not see the like again, as he appeared for a few short weeks before an English audience at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Sometimes as to looks profoundly dejected, at others shy, or reproachful; nervously anxious to please (apparently), yet with a certain twinkle at the back of his eye which convinced you of his perfect *sang froid*—and one thing always—full, unescapably full of fun.

The humour of Artemus was delicate, evanescent and personal to an irritating degree. "I have bin troying," said the impetuous Irishman, after hearing Macready, "for an hour to spake it out, loike that man, but, be-gohrra! I cannot at all—at all!" And no one ever yet succeeded in "spaking it out" like Artemus Ward.

HIS PERSONALITY.

Dickens or Sterne or Swift need no author's interpretation. People rushed to hear Dickens read; for my part I always preferred reading Dickens. But much of Artemus Ward is simply flat without Artemus. And yet the dullest man cannot spoil some of his jokes—there is no mistake about them. Was there ever a wittier motto than the one over his show, "Ladies and gentlemen! You cannot expect to go in without paying your money, but you can pay your money without going in." He said of Jefferson Davis, the Southern President, soon after the collapse of the rebellion: "It would have been ten dollars in Jeff's pocket if he had never been born." The Mormons and Brigham Young always excited his fancy; he never comes within sight of the Salt Lake City, or any of its inhabitants, without cutting an involuntary caper. Of the Mormons generally he remarks, "Their religion is singular, but their wives are plural." He is always delightful on Brigham Young. "Brigham," he remarks, "is an indulgent father and a numerous husband; he has married two hundred wives; he loves not wisely but two hundred well. He is dreadfully married," continues the lecturer, "he is the most married man I ever saw. When I was up at Salt Lake City I was introduced to his mother-in-law, I can't exactly tell you how many there is of her, but it's a good deal."

But another class of sayings, the most irre-

sistible and effective of all, are scarcely worth printing. The mere padding and absolute platitudes in Ward's lectures were always received with the greatest applause. When he seemed hard up, utterly without any matter to go on with and at the same time quite indifferent to the fact of having nothing whatever to say, then he culminated with a certain brazen effrontery perfectly captivating.

His public in about five minutes responded to the slightest breath and brain wave. The original and genial master who stood before them, demure, impassive, quite simple, unaffected, and a little *gauche*, twiddling his riding-whip or small cane, in reality played upon that audience like an old fiddle.

People laughed before the jokes were out of his lips. I have heard many orators and seen many actors, but I never saw such a perfect case of magnetic control.

HIS APPEARANCE IN ENGLAND.

When Artemus arrived here in 1866 he was a dying man. I can see him now as he came on the narrow platform in front of his inferior panorama, and stole a glance at the densely packed room and then at his panorama. His tall, gaunt, though slender figure, his curly light hair and large aquiline nose, which always reminded me of a macaw, his thin face flushed with consumption, his little cough, which seemed to shake him to pieces, and which he said was "wearing him out," at which we all laughed irresistibly, and then felt ashamed of ourselves, as well we might; but he himself seemed to enjoy his cough. It was all part of that odd topsy-turvy mind in which everything appeared most natural upside down!

On first entering he would seem profoundly unconscious that anything was expected of him, but after looking at the audience, then at his own clothes, and then apologetically at his panorama, he began to explain its merits. The fact was that Artemus intended having the finest scenes that could be painted, but he gave that up on account of the expense, and then determined to get the worst as the next best thing for his purpose. When anything very bad came up he would pause and gaze admiringly at the canvas, and then look round a little reproachfully at the company. "This picture," he would say, "is a great work of art,

it is an oil-painting done in petroleum. It is by the old masters. It was the last thing they did before dying. They did this, and then they expired. I wish you were nearer to it so you could see it better. I wish I could take it to your residences and let you see it by daylight. Some of the greatest artists in London come here every morning before daylight with lanterns to look at it. They say they never saw anything like it before, and they hope they never shall again!"

Nothing could be more impromptu, and therefore riveting, than his manner throughout from the moment he entered; he seemed to be doing everything for the first time and without the least preparation, and indeed he was most unlike such mechanical artists as Albert Smith, who used to say he could go through his "Mont Blanc" half asleep. Artemus was always in reality at high pressure. He was never twice the same; he poured out new jokes with prodigal invention, and every gesture was original and arose out of the immediate occasion. His finger was ever on the pulse of the people; they were always absolutely in his power, whilst he flattered them by appearing to be entirely in theirs. He would conciliate them, inspire pity, claim indulgence, throw himself upon their generosity, pretend to exert himself, to labour under a depressing sense of failure, even make capital out of his poor cough; and then he was so deeply wounded, if some very mild joke failed to elicit applause, that he would stop and look reproachfully at the people until they shook with a new sense of the absurd situation. At other times, when interrupted by laughter, he would look round with surprise and say, "I did not expect you to laugh at that. I can throw off numbers of those little things, but I assure you I can do better than that."

When he opened his lecture on the Mormons at the Egyptian Hall, he said quite apologetically: "I don't expect to do much here, but I have thought if I could make money enough to buy me a passage to New Zealand I should feel that I had not lived in vain. I don't want to live in vain. I'd rather live in Margate, or here."

The heat was most oppressive and the hall very crowded the day I was there, and looking up to the roof, he continued, "But I wish when the Egyptians built this hall (a burst of laughter) they had not forgotten the ventilation." Apropos of nothing at all a little further on, he observed, "I really don't care for money, I only travel round to show my clothes." This was a favourite joke

of his; he would look with a piteous expression of discomfort and almost misery at his black trousers and swallow-tail coat, a costume in which he said he was always most wretched. "These clothes I have on," he continued, "were a great success in America"—(and then quite irrelevantly and rather hastily), "how often do large fortunes ruin young men! I should like to be ruined, but I can get on very well as I am!" So the lecture dribbled on with little fragments of impertinent biography, mere pegs for slender witticisms like this: "When quite a child I used to draw on wood; I drew a small cart-load of raw material over a wooden bridge, the people of the village noticed me, I drew their attention, they said I had a future before me; up to that time I had an idea it was behind me." Or this, "I became a man, I have always been mixed up with art. I have an uncle who takes photographs, and I have a servant who takes anything he can set his hands on."

HIS CHARACTER.

But Ward was something besides a sparkling humorist; he was a man of character and principle; there was nothing of the adventurer—very little even of the speculator about him. Even in the depths of comedy he was always on the side of justice and virtue, and not with the big battalions. "I ax these questions" (about Louis Napoleon), says the showman, "my royal duke and most noble highness and imperials, because I'm anxious to know how he stands as a man. I know he's smart. He is cunnin', he is long-headed, he is grate; but unless he is *good*, he'll come down with a crash one of these days, and the Bonypartes will be busted up again. Bet yer life." These comic but prophetic words were written when the late Emperor was at the climax of his power, and about the time it was so much the fashion to call the Second Empire a perfect success.

Artemus Ward was a worthy and lovable man; he was sound, blameless, shrewd, sensitive, and affectionate. His devotion to his old mother was like that of a little child; her comfort and happiness was constantly uppermost in his thoughts. At one time he wanted to get her to England—alas, it would only have been to weep over his grave! At another he thought of going home to live with her after making his fortune. His fame he valued quite as much for the pleasure it gave the old lady as for the cash it brought him in.

He was the natural foe of bigotry, Peck-sniffianism, and immorality of every kind. There are many hard hits at hypocrites, formalists, shams, and religious scoundrels; but throughout the whole of his works you will not find one sneer at virtue or religion, and in spite of a few broad jokes not quite in European taste, there is not one really loose or unguarded thought. The *Times* said of his lecture on the Mormons, "It is utterly free from offence, though the opportunities of offence are obviously numerous; not only are his jokes irresistible, but his shrewd

remarks prove him to be a man of reflection as well as a consummate humorist." "I never stain my pages," writes Artemus, "with even mild profanity; in the first place it is wicked, and in the second it is not funny."

Hingston, his faithful agent, and for long his inseparable companion, who had so many opportunities of watching him under such varied and often trying circumstances, remarks: "No man had more real reverence in his nature than Artemus Ward."

(To be concluded next month.)

THE DEATH OF HUSS.

IN the streets of Constance was heard a shout,
 "Masters! bring the arch-heretic out!"
 The stake had been planted, the faggots spread,
 And the tongues of the torches flickered red.
 "Huss to the flames!" they fiercely cried:
 Then the gates of the Convent opened wide.

Into the sun from the dark he came,
 His face as fixed as a face in a frame.
 His arms were pinioned, but you could see,
 By the smile round his mouth, that his soul was free;
 And his eye with a strange bright glow was lit,
 Like a star just before dawn quencheth it.

To the pyre the crowd a pathway made,
 And he walked along it with no man's aid;
 Steadily on to the place he trod,
 Commending aloud his soul to God.
 Aloud he prayed, though they mocked his prayer:
 He was the only thing tranquil there.

But, eyeing the faggots, he quickened pace,
 As we do when we see our loved one's face.
 "Now, now, let the torch in the resin flare,
 Till my books and body be ashes and air!
 But the spirit of both shall return to men,
 As dew that rises descends again."

From the back of the crowd where the women wept,
 And the children whispered, a peasant stepped.
 A goodly bavin was on his back,
 Brittle and sere, from last year's stack;
 And he placed it carefully where the torch
 Was sure to lick and the flame to scorch.

"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks
 To burn up a score of heretics?"
 Answered the peasant, "Because this year,
 My hearth will be cold, for is firewood dear;
 And Heaven be witness I pay my toll,
 And burn your body to save my soul."



"Why bring you fresh fuel, friend? Here are sticks
To burn up a score of heretics."

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ABSTRACTS

Huss gazed at the peasant, he gazed at the pile,
 Then over his features there dawned a smile.
 "O Sancta Simplicitas! By God's troth,
 This faggot of yours may save us both,
 And He Who judgeth perchance prefer
 To the victim the executioner!"

Then unto the stake was he tightly tied,
 And the torches were lowered and thrust inside.
 You could hear the twigs crackle and sputter the flesh,
 Then "Sancta Simplicitas!" moaned afresh.
 'Twas the last men heard of the words he spoke,
 Ere to Heaven his soul went up with the smoke.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

By B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

A LITTLE more than a year ago, my good friend Mr. J. Browning, who is always alive to useful public work, called my attention to tricycling as a healthful recreation, and in order to give me, at one and the same time, an interest in the subject and an insight into it of a practical kind, invited me to join the London Tricycle Club as its President.

I then knew little of the tricycle, I had never ridden one, and least of all expected that I should ever learn to ride one, as I have since done, in the London thoroughfares.

Mr. Browning, however, by his arguments, induced me to make an inquiry into the subject of tricycling. I began to get an interest in it, and from an interest I got to the experiment of working the tricycle, and forming some judgment as to its value from many points of view.

Perhaps I ought still to call myself a novice as a tricyclist, and indeed I am quite willing to rank as such. But then it may be said that all persons are much in the same condition, for the tricycle is, to the multitude, a new instrument, and it is as yet in its infancy. Improvements in the tricycle take place, indeed, so fast the one upon the other, it is almost dangerous to recommend a machine of any particular make, because there is the risk that the present best will be superseded in a few weeks or months by something that is more advantageous.

Although I may, therefore, call myself a novice, I may also venture to teach a little of what I have learned while I have been learning, and this in particular reference to

the great question I have at heart, the common health.

What I have had my mind most fixed upon has been to ascertain. (a) Whether the tricycle can be safely used by all classes of the community, or whether it is only fitted for a selected few. (b) Whether, as an exercise, the working of it is healthful. (c) Whether there are any special dangers from its employment which, apart from mere accidents from falls and collisions, stand against its general introduction. (d) Whether there are any practical rules which can be offered for the guidance of those of different sex and different age, who are anxious to become riders.

I.

In relation to the first point, in so far as I am able to form an opinion, I should say that the tricycle is generally adapted for use. Presuming always that the proper machine for the proper person be selected—a matter on which I shall have to dwell—there is no reason why any one who is of fair health may not make use of it. It is good for either sex, and I may almost say that for girls or young women it affords one of the most harmless of useful recreations and amusements. It is very good for boys and men, and for men of all ages who can enjoy active physical exercise.

It would seem, at first sight, that men who are fat and cumbrous are not quite the persons to mount the tricycle, but if such men are in fair health they are, after a little careful and judicious training, benefited by it more than many others. It constantly

happens that men of this build, while they feel the need for exercise more than the slighter-built sort, are unable to take a proper amount of exercise, because of the great weariness which they experience soon after they have walked even a short distance. They become what they call "leg tired." The weight of the body tells upon the lower limbs with so much effect, they cannot for long put one foot before the other without an exceeding sense of pain and fatigue. They have, in fact, to bear on their two pins, which are not, as a rule, particularly well developed, and the weight of body that has to be sustained is soon out of all proportion to the power of sustaining it. The natural result of this easy sense of fatigue is that exercise is given up almost altogether in a great number of cases, while in other cases it is a mere pretence; so that practically a habit is developed which promotes an objection to exercise, and a steady increase of all the dangers which follow upon prolonged muscular inactivity. We say of persons in this condition that they have become lethargic, and dull, and nervous, or, as some one has tersely expressed, "fat and fatuous."

In this state they who are affected are apt to follow one of two courses, both of which are bad. They either settle completely down to repose, and attain a form of chronic feebleness which requires to be provided against by avoiding every kind of lively effort; or, taking sudden alarm at some sensation they have experienced, or some observation they have listened to, they rush into forms of violent exercise, such as climbing mountains, or volunteering, or making forced walks, or such-like efforts. When the first of these methods,—that of avoiding effort,—is carried out, nothing whatever is done to insure relief; but by care in diet and absence of physical strain, life may be moderately conserved for several years. When the second of these methods,—that of resorting to extreme measures of exercise,—is followed, life is rarely conserved, and not unfrequently is brought abruptly to a close. I believe I have seen more mischief induced, in the class of persons whom I am now describing, by their attempts to get into condition through the means of excessive exercise and physical strain, than in any other class. They who court this mode of recovery from their helplessness are of all least fitted to bear sudden strain. In them the muscles are feeble and out of play; in them the muscles, including that most important of all the muscles,—the heart, are

overloaded with fat; in them the blood-vessels are often weakened, and have lost their natural resilience, if they have not undergone actual change of structure; and in them the breathing organs are in such bad form for extra work, that breathlessness is produced by very little extra exertion. They are, in short, unfit for walking, and they are equally unfit for those extremer measures which are commonly designated as training, or as athletic exercises.

To this class of persons, then, if they are not subject to actual disease, organic affection of the heart, the lungs, or the brain, the exercise that may be got from the tricycle is exceedingly useful. The exercise sought in this manner should not be violent; it should not include attempts to go against time; it should not include attempts to climb steep hills or to run down steep hills at a rattling pace; but it should be taken for some time on level ground, it should be carried on to a point just short of fatigue, and it should be increased little by little each day, until the labour of working accommodates itself to easy habit. After a few weeks of exercise the first difficulties disappear. The sense, almost painful in the beginning, of fatigue in the muscles of the fore part of the thighs, is lost, and it is learned that as, in the exercise, the weight of the body is taken off the extremities, and as the muscles of respiration are not oppressed, a distance of five or six miles can be traversed with less weariness than one mile of walking on foot would be sure to produce.

I have mentioned in the class of people above named those who, of all others, may be considered at first sight as least likely to be fit subjects for the work of the tricycle. There are others, however, to whom I ought to refer, and I notice specially those who, from sedentary mode of life or from increasing years, feel an unpleasant stiffness of limb and joint, and a dislike to undertake anything like active movements, owing to their certain knowledge, obtained from experience, that the thing cannot be done. Paterfamilias is often joked by his young friends that he cannot perform their feats, cannot stand on his head, or give a back, or, as the late John Leech forcibly and famously put it, leap over a walking-stick. For these stiff-jointed inactives the tricycle comes in with great force, if they use it with judgment, and do not trespass too much on re-acquired skill.

During the late autumn I accompanied a fellow-rider who, though many years older

than myself, could beat me in getting along, and who told me that before he began he was so rigid in muscle and joint he could scarcely get into the machine. A few weeks' practice had set him at liberty from head to foot with such effect that in walking and riding,—for he invariably walked up steep hills, pushing the machine before him,—he could average his five to six miles an hour for five or six hours per day, and think nothing of the task.

We may, then, consider that stiffness of limbs is not to be accepted as an obstacle to tricycle-riding, but as a condition that may be relieved by the exercise.

There are, nevertheless, some persons whom I would not recommend to try the tricycle. I would specially recommend persons who are excessively nervous and of uncertain mind not to try it. In such people the anxiety attendant on the exercise is injurious, out of proportion to the service that is gained by it. They are ever on the strain to avoid accident and danger, and ever on the look out for accident and danger. From these causes they fail to obtain a good command over the instrument. They are not certain what to do when other vehicles meet or pass them; they are not sure how to take a turning; they are in doubt as to the mode of going downhill and of resting in going uphill; altogether they are perturbed by the attempts they make beyond the value of the attempt. If, therefore, persons of this nature do not, after a few weeks of fair trial, get over these anxieties, they had better not continue to court them.

I would strongly recommend all who have a sense of giddiness or of sinking and sickness, after they have made a little way on the tricycle, to give up the exercise, unless, after a short training, they find these sensations pass away. Or if, while climbing a hill, there is felt a sensation of fulness in the head, with a want of power and precision in managing the machine, I would tender the same recommendation.

Again, I would, as a general rule, recommend those who suffer from the affection called hernia not to become tricyclists; and if they break this rule, I would earnestly recommend them to be moderate in their exercise, and not endeavour to compete with their more favoured comrades.

I have no evidence at all that tricycling causes the disease which is now under notice, and from the inquiries I have made I do not think it does; but I know that it is un-

favourable to the disease when it is established.

II.

On the second question to which I have drawn attention,—whether the recreation or work of tricycling is healthful,—I can report favourably in every way. When a tricyclist is free from any of those conditions which tell against the exercise he would undertake, he can find few more cheerful or healthy recreative pleasures. I use the word pleasures, and I mean it, for there is a real pleasure, when the roads are good, in skimming along them on a bright day, which has to be experienced before it can be fully understood. I do not feel that I should be quite correct if, stating my own experiences of the two modes of propulsion, I said that tricycling is equal to riding on horseback. That would from me scarcely be true, for surely there is no pleasure of exercise equal to a trot or canter or gallop on a good horse or cob. But after this, to those who cannot ride a bicycle, the tricycle is next best. It is curious to find, when the legs have become trained to the work of the treadles, how unconsciously the movements of propulsion are made, and how soon the guiding of the machine by the hand chimes in with the work of the legs and feet. If, moreover, the motion be carried out moderately, if the rider content himself to make five to six miles an hour his steady pace, it is equally a pleasant surprise to feel how easy the travelling is, and how fast the ground seems to be traversed. I am told by riders who do their sixty to eighty miles a day that the latter portion of the ride begins to get tedious, unless there be pleasant companionship, and that is easily understood. It is not necessary to contemplate such tediousness in this place, since we are thinking only of comparatively short trips, in good weather, on fair roads, in pleasant country, and in search of health.

When these advantages combine there is nothing but pleasurable sensation in riding on a good tricycle that suits its rider. Time passes quickly, and the eye collects all that is interesting without dwelling on objects too long, as in walking, and without losing sight of them too rapidly, as in rapid driving in a railway carriage. The power of assimilating the scenery in this agreeable way is always healthy; it keeps the brain active, without wearying it on the one hand, or confusing it on the other; and when the mind goes well all goes well.

That is always a good exercise which fills the mind easily with pleasant objects; and I may add that is always a good exercise which gives the mind a little excitement in taking care of the body without letting the excitement or care pass into the range of worry or of fear. Under these two provisions the ordinary cares or worries or troubles of life are, for the moment, forgotten or laid by, and are, in consequence, rested from, because there is neither time nor opportunity for them to occur.

In the mode of exercise we have under consideration, there is here an important point gained on behalf of busy men who are seeking rest from business cares. If these men go down to the sea-coast or to some inland place merely to lounge and to ramble about, and sit down and smoke and try to read, they soon find they cannot help going back to the work from which they think they have escaped. They go back mentally. They recall what they have been doing or what they are about to do; they regret something which, for the first time, occurs to them, and fume under the recollection. Or they discover something that ought to be done, and fume again because they are not at home to do it. Thus it often happens that the journey they took for the purposes of rest is a journey of fatigue: it is like a sleep wearied and made valueless by dreams.

An exercise, during the occasion of a holiday, an exercise which diverts the mind, and by necessity shuts it off from dismal broodings and labours and speculations, is therefore a good, healthy exercise, and one always to be commended. Tricycling answers this purpose.

There is also about tricycling a new pleasure—the pleasure, I mean, which one always feels of doing something better and quicker than ever it was done before for one's self, and by one's own efforts. It is pleasure to feel that one can get over so much more ground, in so much shorter a time, than was ever done by walking. It is a new pleasure to feel that one can, by natural strength, skill, and a few weeks' training, independently of any extraneous aid, clear five-and-twenty or thirty miles a day without undue fatigue. It makes a man of middle age, or past middle age, feel young again, which to a certain extent is to be young again.

I hope I shall not be considered as carrying the idea of the value of tricycling exercise too far in these observations. I am speaking from direct experience, and expressing what I have felt myself, and what I have heard from others, as to the mental diversion and rest which comes from the exercise when it is reasonably and judiciously enjoyed.

(To be continued.)

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," &c.

II.—SYRACUSE.

TILL lately the journey from Catania to Syracuse could only be wearisomely performed in a "lettiga," a kind of sedan-chair suspended between two mules, but now a railway takes travellers in three hours and a half across the malaria-tainted country. After traversing the lava-stream of 1669—contorted, twisted, snake-like, black, and lichen-stained, we enter the rich district of corn and wine which Cicero calls "caput res frumentariae," and "uberrima Siciliae pars." We cross the Simeto, the ancient Symaitos, and the station and town of Lentini represent the Greek colony of Leontini, where the orator Gorgias was born and the tyrant Hieronymus the Younger was murdered in one of the narrow streets. There are grand views across the green sea or brown flats, of Etna, misty and mysterious, grey

against the afternoon sky, though covered with snow, before reaching Agosta, which occupies the site of the Greek colony Megara Hyblaea—"Audax Hybla," celebrated by the Latin poets for its thyme and honey. Then we catch a glimpse of the ancient columnar monument called "L'Aguglia," or "the Needle," which Marcellus is supposed to have erected to commemorate his capture of Syracuse, and soon the whole country becomes powdered with ruins, whilst, long before reaching the station, the yells of a mob of carriage drivers in their eagerness to pounce upon a prey, announce that we are arriving at our destination.

There is perhaps no place in Europe which has such a distinct individuality as Syracuse. Without seeing the place, it is almost impossible to understand its history, in which so

many important incidents arose out of its geographical peculiarities. Fourteen miles in circuit, it enclosed four separate towns—"quadruplices Syracusae," and bore the name of Tetrapolis, before Dionysius I. added Epipolae; after which Strabo calls the city Pentapolis, and it became twenty-two miles in circuit. The earlier towns on the mainland—Acradina, Tyche, and Neapolis—occupied the rising ground and table-land which lie between the sea on the east and the heights of Epipolae on the west; facing them lay the island of Ortygia, and to the south were the Great Harbour and the pestiferous marsh of Syraco, which gave the place its name. But all the towns of the main land are now barren hill-sides powdered with masses of white limestone and sprinkled with ruins: only the parent island city of Ortygia remains, now connected with the main land by an artificial isthmus.

With the exception of Naxos, Syracuse was the oldest of all the Greek colonies in Sicily, having been founded on Ortygia in B.C. 734. In the fifth century before Christ, the tyrant Gelon extended its limits to embrace Acradina on the main land, and under its next ruler Hiero it increased in prosperity. Its prestige was augmented by its endurance of the famous siege by the Athenians, and its ultimate destruction of the invading fleet in their own great harbour, and capture of the remnant of the Athenian army. Dionysius, who was raised to supreme power soon afterwards, enclosed Epipolae with its mighty walls, and enabled Syracuse to resist a Carthaginian invasion. But the town was betrayed into the hands of the Roman Marcellus in B.C. 212, when, in the words of Florus, "all Sicily was conquered in Syracuse." The Syracusan statues and pictures were carried off to lay a foundation for the love of Greek art in Rome, and the city sank to the position of a Roman provincial town, though it long continued to be the capital of Sicily, and is mentioned by Cicero as "the greatest of Greek cities, and the most beautiful of all cities." The final destruction of Syracuse did not occur till all its buildings were burnt and its inhabitants put to the sword by the Saracens in A.D. 878. After this the divisions of the city on the main land were never rebuilt, though the island of Ortygia has always been inhabited, and its fortifications were partially restored by Charles V.

As all travellers in their senses will stay at the Albergo Vittoria, it will be well for us to consider that old-fashioned inn, surrounded by convents with wooden latticed windows, as

a centre for our excursions. The pleasantest way is to walk to the few sights of Ortygia, and to engage the little carriage of young Pasquale Siracusa by the hour, for the other parts of the ancient city, some of which are quite five miles distant.

Very near the hotel are the Doric ruins of the Temple of Diana, the "protectress" of the city, which Pindar calls "the couch of Artemis." It is one of those temples spoken of by Cicero as "most highly adorned." Hence we must proceed to the Temple of Minerva, now the Cathedral of S. Maria delle Colonne. This temple was built in the sixth century B.C. and was of great magnificence. On its summit was a brazen shield, of great size, and overlaid with gold, which served as a landmark to sailors on entering the port. Its folding doors of gold and ivory bore a golden head of Medusa. Earthquakes have now destroyed the porticoes of the temple, but the fourteen massy Egyptian-like columns of its sides, and a portion of the architrave and its triglyphs, are built into the walls of the church. As we listen to the jabber at the doors, we may recall Praxinoe and Gorgo, the "Syracusan gossips" of Theocritus. The cathedral contains nothing of interest except the font brought from the curious subterranean church of S. Marziano. It is a huge simple marble vase, supported on twelve tiny lions, and bearing a Greek inscription, with the name of Bishop Zosimus, who converted the temple into a church. Close to the cathedral is a little museum, the chief feature of which is a beautiful headless Greek statue of Venus, supposed to be the identical statue of Chrysgene described by Theocritus.

A few minutes' walk from hence is the Fountain of Arethusa, the "Sacred Fountain" of Ovid, which still bubbles up with clear and abundant waters, though its picturesqueness is annihilated by a pit of modern masonry with which it is encircled. Many stories are told of the nymph Arethusa, but the most popular narrates that when she was bathing in the river Alpheius, in Arcadia, she was pursued by the river god, and that she prayed to Artemis, who took pity on her, and changed her into a stream, which flowed under the earth to Ortygia. But some say that Alpheius was able to pursue her and mingle his waters with hers, and others that he still bubbles up—"coccis mersa cavernis"—close outside the fountain, in a spring of fresh water in the deep sea, bearing the inexplicable name of Occhio della Zilica. The traveller Hughes narrates how a woman, scrambling up the rock, with much *naïveté*

and vast variety of gesture, repeated to him a story of a beautiful signorina of ancient times, who, being persecuted by a terrible magician, fled to this spot and drowned herself in the fountain, and that her pursuer, coming up and finding only her dead body, changed the water out of revenge from sweet to bitter, and then threw himself headlong into the sea, where the waters have been in a state of perturbation ever since through the efforts of that wicked enchanter to escape from the pains of purgatory. It used to be believed that a cup thrown into the Alpheus in Arcadia, would reappear here in the fountain of Arethusa. Papyrus has lately been planted in the transparent waters, which have been spoilt for drinking since the earthquake of 1170, which let in the sea, so that Nelson, before the battle of the Nile, must have written metaphorically to Lady Hamilton, when he said, "We have victualled and watered, and surely, watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory." The *Passéio Arethusa* is a pleasant walk on the sea wall, planted with geranium, pepper, convolvulus, barberry, aloes, and a thousand other flowers. It overlooks the Great Harbour, the "*Sicanus sinus*" of Virgil, and the terrible site of the last naval battle between the Syracusans and Athenians, so graphically described in what Grote calls "the condensed and burning phrases of Thucydides." The whole scene, so full of agonizing excitement and emotion to the watchers on this very wall may be reproduced, for, except some buildings, all the surroundings are the same—the city of Ortygia, the low opposite shore of Plemmyrium, the marsh of Lysimeleia closing in the harbour, and the pale pink hills above the Anapus.

The fortifications of Ortygia are picturesque, and an artist might find several good subjects in its heavy towered gateways choked up with wains of white huge-horned oxen, and by figures in bright costumes, or in the salt canals which lap their base and are filled with boats brilliant in colour.

It is through many gates and over many bridges that we reach the main land and enter Acradina, "the outer city," the most important and populous quarter of ancient Syracuse, built entirely on the limestone rock. Now it is almost utterly desolate, a solitary marble pillar, standing on the green sward not far from the gate of Ortygia, being almost the only relic of its agora, or forum, surrounded by Dionysius with the "*pulcherrimae porticus*," which excited the admiration of Cicero. Here, opposite to Ortygia,

stood the magnificent monument which Dionysius the Younger erected to his father, and which was destroyed after his banishment. Here also were the *Timoleonteum*—the well-earned monument of the patriot Timoleon, the Temple of Jupiter Olympius built by Hiero II., and the *Prytaneium*, containing the famous statue of Sappho by Silanion, which was stolen by Verres. Now, beyond the pillar, washerwomen are wringing out their clothes on the banks of a little brook which babbles under the poplar-trees, and the narrow lanes are separated from the stony fields by low walls or hedges of cactus, interspersed still with the wild pear-trees which are supposed to have given a name to this quarter of the city.

A mile along the high road, not far from the sea-shore, will bring us to a rocky eminence with the fortified convent of the Cappuccini, famous for its mummified monks, for the brethren here have always embalmed each other, and, if truth be told, have been sometimes known to pawn a dead brother, when distressed for money. The convent is confiscated now, but we must explore the cavernous recesses of its corridors to obtain the keys of the neighbouring "*Latomia*," into which we descend by a winding path. It is an enormous pit in the limestone rock, a hundred feet deep, and many acres in extent. All around the cliffs rise in perpendicular walls, often hollowed beneath into marvellous caves or rather halls in the rock. Here and there vast masses of stone have been detached by repeated earthquakes, or huge rocks have been left standing island-like amidst the rich vegetation of oranges, pomegranates, and cyresses, which is indescribably beautiful, and which has given the place its modern name of "*La Selva*." The atmosphere of paradise which the whole scene presents ill accords with its terrific associations, for there can be no doubt that though this and the other *Latomiae* of Syracuse were originally quarries for the limestone of which the city was built, they were employed from early times as prisons, and were so used for the immense multitude of Athenian prisoners under the blockade of Syracuse was raised under Nicias and Demosthenes. From the heights above the pitiless eyes of the conquerors beheld them dwindling away, worn out by heat of day and cold of night, by wounds and sickness, by hunger and thirst, by shame and misery, and by the stench from the ever-increasing corpses of the dead.

Narrow lanes lead from the Cappuccini to

the great convent of S. Lucia. Its church is entered by a curious half Norman, half Saracenic arch of the twelfth century, and contains a great picture by Caravaggio of the burial of S. Lucia, who has taken the place of Artemis as protectress of Syracuse. A long flight of steps leads down to a chapel hewn out of the rock, containing a shrine in honour of the saint; but it is empty, as her bones were carried off to Constantinople by Maniaces, and are now at Venice. Here, however, her pathetic marble figure lies in serene repose, with lamps, like the vestal's fire, eternally burning around her. Lucia, whom Dante has introduced as the messenger from the Virgin to Beatrice—"Lucia, nimica di ciascun crudele," is revered throughout Italy as the gentle protectress of the labouring poor.

Passing the Church of S. Maria di Gesu, we reach the gates of the Villa Landolina, which encloses a small Latomia used as a burial-place, and containing the poetic grave of the poet August, Count von Platen-Hallermund, who died in Syracuse. Hence a cactus-fringed lane leads to the Church of S. Giovanni, which has a beautiful outer portico with three richly-sculptured round-headed arches dating from 1182, when the church was dedicated. From the interior of the building steps lead into the wonderfully picturesque subterranean Church of S. Marziano, a Greek cross cut out of the solid rock, with an apse at each end except the west, where the staircase descends by which we enter. No artist will fail to paint the splendid effects of shadow and colour in this most venerable of churches, whose walls are covered with decaying frescoes, but are almost more full of colour from the weather-stains and mosses of eighteen hundred years. The red stains are attributed to the blood of the martyrs, for this is believed to be the place where the missionary and first bishop of Syracuse, S. Marziano, the contemporary of the Apostles, received St. Paul, when he "landed at Syracuse, and tarried there three days," where St. Marzian was martyred, and where St. Paul preached to the first Christian congregation.

From the little court at the back of the church a hermit emerges from a hut beneath an orange-tree laden with golden fruit, and, with a four-cornered lamp in his hand, held by a hook, will conduct travellers into the exceedingly interesting catacombs—"Grotte di San Giovanni"—attributed in turn to Greeks, Romans, and Saracens, Pagans and Christians. All that is really known about

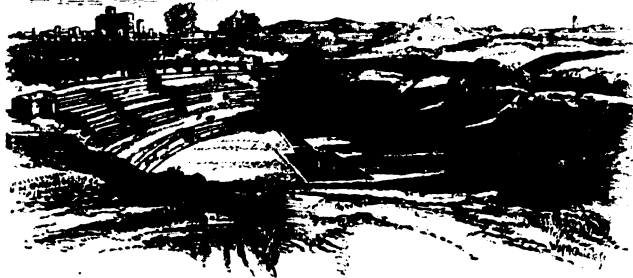
them is that they were intended for burial-places, and that they were laid out on a much more regular arrangement than the catacombs of Italy, and on a plan resembling that of a city with streets and piazzas. Wide passages lead into circular chapels, which in several cases have an opening at the top. All around are the dead; the walls are full of tombs, the floor is paved with them, even the pillars are ornamented with the tiny graves of babies. In the chapels the tombs are all in rows, in other places they are arranged in patterns. There are fragments of Greek inscriptions, one containing the name of the lady commemorated, and here and there are remains of frescoes. Tradition says that these catacombs extend as far as Catania. Though most of the passages are in ruins, they are still practicable for several miles, and it is not five-and-twenty years since a professor, with his six pupils, lost his way while exploring the city of the dead. The party wandered despairingly through the horrible labyrinth in search of the entrance till they died of exhaustion, and they were found lying side by side four miles distant from the gate. Since that time holes for light and air have been pierced in the galleries, through which the dubious daylight shimmers mysteriously.

A little beyond S. Giovanni, the lane along which we have come falls into the highroad to Catania, which leads up the hill of Neapolis into the highland of Tyche, the populous quarter of the town which grew up after Dionysius had erected the great wall along the northern heights, which secured it from attack. This division of the city derived its name from a celebrated Temple of Fortune and contained the great fortress of Hexapylum, the capture of which proved all important to Marcellus, after his soldiers had broken through its drunken guard on the festival of Diana; but now, except some small fragments of an aqueduct, no buildings of antiquity remain. A quarter of a mile up the road, however, the hillside between Tyche and Neapolis is covered with sepulchral ruins, almost every rock being hewn into a tomb—some mere niches for urns in the cliff, but others more imposing. The two most conspicuous monuments, which have remains of Doric pillars on their façades, have received the names of the Tombs of Timoleon and Archimedes, but without any authority; indeed, there is every reason why the lower monument, called the Tomb of Archimedes, should not be that which Cicero sought with laborious pains outside the

Agragian gate, and which was marked by a sphere and cylinder on the sepulchral stela, in memory of the great philosopher's invention. But the spot is romantically beautiful, and unlike anything else. Seated upon a crumbling tomb, we may look across a waste of grey rocks, full of sepulchres, intersected

On the other side of the lane is the Roman amphitheatre, probably built, or rather for the most part cut out of the rock, in the time of Augustus, who recolonised Ortygia and part of Neapolis and Acradina. In the middle of the arena is a cistern; the ranges of seats remain; in the distance is the island city. This vast desolate ruin overgrown with flowers, and with the sea or mountains as a background, has the most desolate poetic beauty.

The little lane, which runs up the hill opposite the amphitheatre, leads through a maze of fruit-abounding cactus to the beautiful Latomia of Santo Venere, now the garden of the Barone della Targeia, who, near the cathedral, has the handsomest palace in Syracuse, and who, in these depths, has made an



Roman Amphitheatre, Syracuse.

by bright patches of grass, and here and there overgrown by masses of pink silene or tall graceful asphodels, to the deep blue sea and the historic Great Harbour, with Plemmyrium on one side, and Ortygia, girt with walls and towers, on the other. To the left is the Little Harbour, where Dionysius established his lesser arsenal, with a white sail or two skimming across its still waters, intersected by tall cypress-trees, and nearer, amongst the pear and orange groves, the old church of S. Giovanni, and Santa Lucia, and the Cappuccini on its height. Goats, tinkling their little bells, caper across the common from their fields hedged with cactus, and, in this transparent atmosphere, as in Spain, the figures moving upon the road cast pure blue shadows upon the white ground.

Returning to the place where we entered the highway from S. Giovanni, we should take the opposite lane into the utterly deserted Neapolis. This was the last built of the lower quarters of Syracuse, and is quite omitted in the descriptions of Thucydides, so probably did not exist at the time of the Athenian invasion, though it rose to splendour under Dionysius. Cicero calls it the fourth city of Syracuse, and speaks of its vast theatre, its temples of Ceres and Proserpine, and its beautiful statue of Apollo called Temenites.

A few minutes will bring us to the Chapel of S. Niccolo, built above a Roman reservoir.

earthly paradise of oranges and pomegranates, daturas, salvias, camellias, and poinsettias. Above all, huge Judas-trees wave their pink tresses, and masses of plum-bago, jessamine, and different kinds of cacti scramble over the rocks, whilst geraniums and violets flower in masses wherever they are allowed a foothold. Even at Christmas these marvellous half-subterranean gardens are radiant with loveliness.

A few steps beyond S. Niccolo, passing under the arches of an aqueduct, we reach the Ara, a vast altar, mentioned by Diodorus as erected by Hiero II. It is 640 feet long and 61 broad, yet this enormous size is not disproportioned for a people who could sacrifice four hundred and fifty oxen to Jupiter at once, as a thank-offering for the delivery of their city from the tyranny of Thrasybulus.

Close by is the astonishing "Latomia del Paradiso," perforated with caverns, which are hung with glorious stalactites, and used in some instances as rope-walks. In this Latomia is the extraordinary cavern called the Ear of Dionysius, because the painter Caravaggio used to imagine that the tyrant (who added to some of these Latomie for prison purposes), used to conceal himself in a lofty chamber of the rock, and take advantage of its echoes to learn what his prisoners were planning. The cave, which winds like an S, is a hundred and eighty-three feet in length,

and seventy feet high. A whisper against the rock at the entrance is distinctly audible to any one putting his ear to the rock at the other end, and the tearing of paper produces a succession of volleys, and singing a hurricane of echoes. Those who wish to visit the imaginary hiding-place of Dionysius must be drawn up to it by ropes; ordinary conversation in the cavern below is audible there, but no whispers.

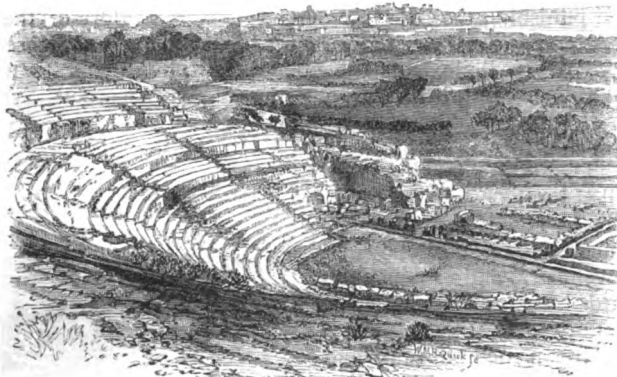
Passing under the arches of an aqueduct, by the little locanda where Hughes, the traveller, drank Vinum Pollianum, the wine brought from Italy by Pollio, an Argive tyrant of Syracuse, we reach, deeply sunken in the slope, the Greek Theatre, hollowed out of the side of the rock in the fifth century B.C. Its sixty rows of seats were separated by three broad walks called belts. Its pit is divided by eight radiating flights of steps, and inscriptions remain dedicating four of these divisions to the Queens Philistis and Nereis, Jupiter Olympius, and Hercules the Benevolent. It is generally supposed that the Philistis mentioned was the daughter of Theron of Agrigentum, and wife of Gelon, generally called Demarata: her coins exist bearing a beautiful head, represented both in youth and age, but she lives only by numismatic record. Nereis was daughter of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, and married Gelon, son of King Hiero, by whom she was the mother of Hieronymus.

The Greek Theatre, in its utter solitude, with its grey stones worn to the likeness of rocks and overgrown with flowers, and its exquisitely lovely view, is, perhaps, the most touching and attractive of all the Syracusan ruins. Readers of Tacitus will recall the excellent Pactus Thrasia, unjustly censured here for opposing the proposal of Nero to allow the people of Syracuse a larger number of gladiators than was generally permitted. But it is difficult to conjure up a picture of past scenes—of the theatre crowded, as must frequently have been the case, by twenty-four thousand persons, and of Timoleon receiving here the thanks of the people for the restoration of their freedom. Now there is no sound but the murmur of the brook which once brought water to the busy city and long turned a mill here,

which gave the ruin its modern name of "I Molini di Galerne."

Above the Theatre is a caverned Nymphæum, and close beside it the entrance of the Petra-like Street of Tombs cut out of the solid rock, and with walls entirely covered by monuments, some mere niches for urns, and others sepulchral porticos overhung by masses of the beautiful caper plant, which is the hyssop of Scripture. The marks of chariot wheels remain as deep ruts in the rocky way, and it is interesting to remember that the lectica of Timoleon must frequently have been carried upon the shoulders of his fellow-citizens down this hollow way. Here also especially it will be felt how the Greeks and Romans, by thus burying the dead amongst the living, must have kept evergreen their remembrance and modified the feeling of eternal separation.

It is a long walk from Ortygia to the most distant quarter of the town—Epipolæ. Soon after passing the railway station the picturesque remains called the Baths of Diana are seen, with broken columns and an altar. Hence the road runs for several miles, between the sea and the heights of Neapolis and Epipolæ, through wastes of pink-grey limestone, gilded here and there with lichen, and interspersed with great tufts of asphodel and with lovely dwarf blue iris, which is in



Greek Theatre, Syracuse.

full flower at Christmas, when almond-trees are already in young leaf in the valley in which lay the perished temples of Demeter and Persephone.

At the little hamlet of Tremiglia visitors may obtain access to the lovely garden of a

villa on the steep side of the hill, which is supposed to have been the retreat of Timoleon, given to him by his grateful fellow-citizens. Hither he is said to have brought

drawbridge still in their place; the cliffs honeycombed with passages, of different widths and lengths, for infantry and cavalry; the mighty magazines hewn in the rock; the trap-doors with rests for ladders; the pedestals for catapults; the stabling, with the rings for horses still remaining in the walls.

The view is most glorious from the summit of the broad ridge which gave the place its name, where, as in the verses of Theocritus, the goat "runs after cytizus" amongst the great stones fallen from the wall, which is built of huge blocks without cement. To the north is the winding bay, with the cities of Prioli and Agosta, and the rich plain sprinkled with liquorice-trees (*Glycyrrhica glabra*), while, above the mountains of Hybla,



Street of Tombs, Syracuse. (Page 185.)

his wife and family from Corinth, and to have lived to a happy old age, when the people used to carry him on their shoulders to the theatre, where all was interrupted till the acclamations which rose on his appearance had ceased. If strangers asked to see the greatest ornament of the city, they were taken to see Timoleon surrounded by his family. He had made the Syracusans value and understand liberty by a course of gradual reform, giving the people all the freedom they were able to avail themselves of, but still holding the reins of government sufficiently to allow of his rewarding the good and punishing the bad.

After passing near the Latomia del Filosofo, where Philoxenus the poet is said to have been imprisoned, the winding road now ascends the hills of Epipolae to the fortifications of Dionysius at Euryalus, called by the peasants Mongibellisi. These are the heights which Nicias took by a rapid movement, and soon afterwards lost by advancing upon the lower city without leaving a garrison behind him, and which Marcellus, on the other hand, so strongly garrisoned before he attacked Acradina. Here excavations have been made, revealing the whole plan of a great Greek fortress, of which this is the finest example in existence. We see the deep fosse cut in the solid rock, with the three piles of masonry which supported the

Etna soars with snowy altitudes into the pale blue sky, and is lost in a pink haze beneath. To the south, we overlook as in a map the rich fever-bearing marshes of the Anapus; the hillsides once radiant with groves and temples, but now only covered by rocks and ruins, the abodes of lizards and serpents; and the Great Harbour, with Plemmyrium on one side, and on the other Ortygia, gleaming like a jewel on the face of the blue. One cannot wonder that the victorious Marcellus, as he stood upon these rock-built walls, "was moved to tears, partly by joy over the feat he had accomplished, partly by the ancient glory of the city." Yet in no view have we a greater sense of the instability of earthly things than as we look down upon the "proud Syracuse" of Pindar, "the divine



The Fortress Walls, Epipolae, Syracuse.

nurse of steel-clad chivalry," in her utter desolation.

Hence one may wander along the walls to Belvidere on the west, and on the east to the

site of Labdalon, the fortress which the Athenians built when they first took Epipolæ. The shepherds on these lonely heights have generally found coins which they offer for sale, and the Syracusan coins are magnificent.

Our last excursion at Syracuse must be by a boat, in which we must cross the Great Harbour to the mouth of the Anapus, where the men often have to jump into the water to help the boat over the river sandbank. Here, close to the mouth of the stream, stood the great mausoleum of Gelon and his wife Demarata, once surrounded by towers, which was destroyed by the envy of Agathocles.

The river Anapus rises in the hills near the site of the Greek Acrae, and flowing through lovely scenery, is for some distance transparent, but becomes muddy on reaching the lowland. This is the marsh of Syraco (now Palude Pantano), the "Palus Lysimeleia" of Thucydides, whose unhealthiness proved so fatal to the Athenian besiegers of Syracuse; but in winter it may be visited with impunity. Passing under a wooden bridge, we soon reach the remains of an ancient bridge, where the river was crossed by the Via Helorina, and by which the remnant of the Athenian army vainly attempted to escape. Nothing can be more lovely than the colouring, the delicate pink of Euryalus and Epipolæ in the transparent atmosphere recalling the scenery of the East; or more characteristic than the beautiful water-plants, the Saracenic-looking buildings and palm-trees, the great oxen and the figures on the bank looking as if they were engraven upon the sky. "The great stream of the river Anapus," as Theocritus calls it, was worshipped by the ancient Syracusans under the form of a young man, who was regarded as the husband of the nymph Cyane, repeatedly celebrated by Ovid. Accordingly, about a mile from its mouth, the Anapus is joined by the clear river Cyane.

Now we leave the Anapus, and follow the smaller stream under its modern name of Pisma. Its narrow windings are often almost filled up by masses of the beautiful papyrus (*Cyperus papyrus*), the plant of the Nile, where Clement of Alexandria reminds us that the infant Moses was preserved in a basket of papyrus stalks. It grows nowhere

else in Europe, and was probably introduced from Egypt by the Syracusan rulers in the time of their intimate relation with the Ptolemies. Most exquisite in form and colour, its yellow plumes, supported by bright green stalks, feather in masses far overhead, and the boat soon seems lost in their thickets. Here and there only the papyrus gives place to beautiful oleanders or palma Cristi, or the river is choked by floating tangles of ranunculus. Sportsmen are pursuing the water birds on the banks. The floating ranunculus becomes more solid, the papyrus grows more compactly, but the boatmen exclaim—"Where we can go, we will go," and, jumping into the shallows, force the boat on with their arms, or tow it from the bank. At last the river seems to disappear altogether in the glorious thickets of green, but the boatmen struggle through, and we suddenly find



On the River Cyane.

ourselves in a broad blue pool of transparent water, with open country towards the roseate mountains of Hybla. Fifty feet below us, fish are swimming and the white sand sparkles. It is La Pisma, "the dark blue spring," which was the famous fountain of Cyane, the nymph who tried to arrest Pluto, when he was carrying off Proserpine, and was changed by him into a fountain which covered the entrance of Hades. Diodorus tells us how the Syracusans held an annual festival here in honour of Proserpine, and some ruins not far from the fountain are pointed out as having belonged to a shrine of Cyane. Bulls also used annually to be immersed here in honour of Hercules, who is said to have established the custom when passing this way with the bulls of Geryon.

In returning, the boatmen will point out the best point for disembarking and walking

over a little hill covered with blue iris in winter, to the ruins of the Olympeium, the famous temple which is believed to have been built by the Geomori in the sixth century B.C. and dedicated to Jupiter Olympius, sometimes also called Urios, or Disposer of the Winds, from the position of the temple at the head of the Great Harbour. It faced Epipolae, and was little less in size than the Temple of Minerva in Ortygia. The first mention of it occurs when Harpocrates, tyrant of Gela, pitched his camp here in 493 B.C. Soon afterwards, Gelon dedicated here the golden mantle from the spoils of the Carthaginians at Himera, which Dionysius I.

took away, saying that gold was "too heavy for the god in summer and too cold in winter, but that wool would be suitable for both." Here also were kept the public treasures and the registers of the Syracusan citizens according to their tribes, which fell into the hands of the Athenians during the siege. In the portico was one of the three finest known statues of Jupiter. Only two portions of columns now remain, monoliths standing alone in the corn-fields. There are no remains of the small town of Polichne, which stood close to this temple and which was occupied successively as a military post by Himilcon, Hamilcar, and Marcellus.

SOME SINS OF ALMSGIVING.

BY THE REV. BROOKE LAMBERT, M.A., VICAR OF GREENWICH.

IT is said that the late Archbishop of Dublin, on his death-bed, thanked God that, though he had been for many years in possession of an ample fortune, he had never given a penny to a beggar in the streets. He was a man to put things strongly; and it is well sometimes to say strong things. They answer to the loud voice in conversation, and arouse attention. I have therefore put a strong title to this paper, because I want to call attention to the fact that the old saw, "*Corruptio optimi pessima*"—which may be paraphrased "*Vice is virtue spoiled*"—holds good with regard to charity, that there may be sins of almsgiving. The Archbishop's remark suggests some very serious thoughts. He had evidently felt the temptation to give; he was thankful that he had had the moral courage to resist it. He had felt the temptation—as who has not?—to give to a poor creature what would cost him little. But he had been able to resist the temptation, because what would cost him little would cost society a great deal.

The first sin, then, of which I would speak is that of giving to beggars. To perpetuate that class of moral lepers, who, whilst they live on the weakness of human kind, communicate their disease to others—as the returns of vagrancy will show—is a sin. Many years ago I heard the then Bishop of Bath and Wells (Bagot) tell on a platform in Bristol the story of the evil in the form it existed in those days. He saw a woman put two ragged children on one of the bridges in the town, and heard her say, giving them something wherewithal to make them do it, "Now roar like devils." The form of the imposture

varies from year to year, and the thorough respectability of coat or dress is now found to do more than rags. But the plea is always the same, that if immediate help be not given starvation will ensue. And there is always the terrible dread to the charitable of making a mistake, and refusing a really deserving case. It is a maxim of our English procedure, that it is better that two guilty men should be let off than that one innocent man should suffer. Why should not this principle guide our private practice? Why should we not give the penny, instead of threatening a policeman? If there were no test easy of application, I could hardly call the giving a sin. But there is a very simple test to be applied. In every town there is a Union hard by, and a relieving officer at hand; in most towns there is a Mendicity Society or a Charity Organization Society. The test is to ask the applicant whether he has applied to the workhouse, or to offer a Mendicity or Charity Organization Society ticket. The answer will generally decide the case. In many instances it will be one which will make one stop one's ears, and then one is happily sure that the case is a bad one. But often there will be prevarication, or an excuse which to the inexperienced may not at once disclose the true state of affairs. But it cannot be too plainly stated, that it is the law of the land, and the one law which is least subject to violation, that every person absolutely destitute should be relieved. If a person has not received relief, it is either because the case is not what it seems, or because, trusting to the generosity of the weak, the applicant has refused it on the

conditions on which it was offered. But there is this second and far more weighty consideration. If the person be, as is stated, on the verge of starvation, what possible good can your sixpence or shilling do? It can but adjourn the inevitable fate for a day. Unless you are prepared to follow up the case, you might as well make ducks and drakes with the money. No class in the world are so generous as the poor, and that class of poor not generally so called, who are perhaps the poorest, the small shopkeeper. I once heard an Archbishop speak of streets so poor that no one begged in them. The poorest streets in Whitechapel are the harvest-ground of the professional beggar. "It's a poor street I can't make a penny in," said one, "and I can do sixty in a day." If a man has not lost every shred of credit, he will be taken care of by one of these two classes. I believe every case of starvation may be traced to that inadequate charity which has paralyzed exertion, or prevented an earlier recourse to the House. I have not used language one whit too strong in calling this a sin. It is a sin to increase the number of those who whine and criuge, who stand all the day idle, not because no man hath hired them, but because they will not be hired. Try some test and offer work, take the address, inquire at the shop near where the person lives; but never give at the door, unless you wish to be of those who put a stumbling-block in the way of the weak. "It must be that occasions of falling will come, but woe to him through whom the occasion of falling cometh." And that weak mercy does this, does tend to perpetuate a class which would disappear if man did not try to be more merciful than God, experience of the poor will soon show.

The second sin of which I wish to speak is that of making religion a ground of charity. I speak as a clergyman, knowing the immense difficulty of rising to the height of the declaration, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." When we have no such substantial gift as that of bodily healing to put in the place of charity, it is hard to rise to the effort. But, with the changed condition of society in which we live, the effort must be made. The best stimulus to the effort will be found in the consideration of the consequences of mixing up religion and charity. The evils are twofold. The practice makes men hypocrites, and alienates the best class of men from religion. So soon as we lead men to think that our relief depends not on the strict

needs of the case, but on the profession of a belief, so soon do we tempt men to affect a belief they do not possess. The district visitor knows that a Bible is often suspiciously open when a visit is expected, and has learned long since to distrust, from instinct, those cases where pious ejaculations and glib texts are prominent. It is not always remembered that it is almost the necessary result of a connection between relief and religion. It seems so very natural to feel a keener interest in those who are trying to lead a higher life. Does not the Bible tell us to be specially careful and good to the Household of faith? Are we quite sure what the Household of faith is? In the Church of England we read this text in the offertory sentences. Now these sentences were chosen with a special reference to the objects of the collection, which was in old times divided among three objects—the clergy, the church, and the poor. The οὐκείτοι of the text are the servants of the household, the Church, the ministers of the gospel. The passage has reference to the support of the service and its ministers, and has nothing to do with the pious poor. The conjunction of piety and poverty gives no special claim to relief, unless the poverty is of the sort which would be relieved in those who are not pious. If the Scripture teaches us anything, it teaches us that God has no favourites. Whatever punishment sin entails falls on the sinner, whether the act be contrary to the general tenor of his life, or be the expression of its general course. "You only have I known of all the families of the earth, therefore will I punish you for all your iniquities," is a comment on the whole history of the favoured nation. But I have unintentionally digressed from my point, that the connection between religion and relief does generate hypocrisy. I think I shall have the experience of most clergymen and district visitors with me so far, that they would allow that this is an evil against which they feel it necessary to be constantly on their guard. And I believe that the only absolute safeguard is never, as a rule, to give in *general* visitation among the poor. If any case of distress is seen, let it be referred to the parish committee; let the gift depend on the circumstances as then elicited, not on the feelings awakened at the moment. For there is a terrible passage about making proselytes who are tenfold more children of Gehenna. But I confess that I do not like to dwell on this side, that which touches on the weak side of our human nature. And I must say, in jus-

tice to the class, that I doubt whether, if we were in their case, we could resist the temptation. Life is to many very hopeless, and self-respect very hard to preserve. When tickets are sown broadcast, it is easy to assume a moral as well as a physical aspect which will attract an abundant supply of them in one direction. There is a second consideration even more serious than the hypocrisy of the weak, and that is the alienation of the strong. Who that knows the poor does not number among his acquaintance a set of men whom he would call the nobility of the class, who lack but one thing to make them perfect in his eyes, that bond of sympathy which comes of a common faith? And some of these men, not far from the kingdom of God, are not of it, so far as man can see, chiefly because of their abhorrence of the class whose connection with the parson speaks of weakness on the one side, and villainy on the other. No marvel these men should hold off from us clergy, when they see that the way to win our favours is to come to church and affect a pious tone. No wonder that even among the less promising there should be some at least manly enough to say—"I know I am not what I ought to be, I drink too much, I do many things of which I am ashamed; but, thank God, I am not a hypocrite." And in the noblest of them one seems to trace that kind of heroism which one has admired in the old heathen, who having listened to the preaching of the gospel, was about to step into the water and be baptized, when it occurred to him to ask the missionary whether he should find his forefathers in the heaven to which he hoped to gain admission. When the preacher shook his head, he turned sadly from the water, preferring to cast in his lot with those who had gone before him. There is a price at which it is too dear to purchase happiness for one's self. And as one sees the large class of men who would not be ill-disposed to religion, if they felt sure it was absolutely honest, one cannot but fear that they hold off from it because of the connection between tracts and tickets, soup and salvation. This is no imaginary hindrance. Perhaps some one will re-write Foster's essay, "On the Aversion of Men of Culture to Religion," in the interests of this class. The fault does not perhaps lie so much with them as a class as with those who have dragged the holy name of religion from its high pedestal, and connected it with thoughts of selfishness mainly. Let us keep before men the highest reward of the gospel, "that ye may be the

children of your father which is in heaven," with the comment, for "He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good," and any natural connection between charity and church-going will be impossible. A clergyman whose name used to appear certainly every week, generally every day, in the agony column of the *Times*, once said in a meeting of clergymen, that he usually gave his communion alms to those who attended the sacrament. When I could not but smile at the *naïveté* of the statement, he had the impudence to remark, "I was observing, when that young gentleman interrupted me by smiling, that I always gave my alms to those who attended the sacrament. I once had grand views of charity such as perhaps he affects. When he gets to my age he will give up impossible notions. Such a distribution is the best way of insuring a good attendance at the sacrament." There are not many clergymen who would boast of such cynicism. It is my conviction that there are many to whom the above statement will seem the grossest profanity, who do, practically, act on lines which produce the same results; and whilst they do so, it is no wonder that the best of the working classes are not to be seen in church.

And if I wanted further to show that there was really sin in connection with almsgiving, I could write a paper on the degradation to which it seems necessary to submit to obtain money for a good object. Let us take an instance in which I will not enter into more particulars than I can avoid, lest in dealing a blow at a common evil I should injure good work. A society is in need of money. In order to stimulate donations, not only is a dinner arranged to raise funds, but a public meeting is added, with concert, presentation of purses, and the usual machinery of such methods of obtaining money. The particular evil of this effort is that it calls in the aid of children, who are asked to raise a sum of money for each purse, so large for their means that they cannot possibly get it without asking others for money. In the name of all that is good what does this mean? Am I, under the guise of doing good to a worthy object, to educate my children in the notion that they are doing charity, when every effort is made to bribe them into a contribution which they must beg from others? Is the highest notion to which I can appeal the sense of vanity in being handed out to a Princess, and their sense of satisfaction in receiving a centenary medal, and having their names printed in a magazine? I shall

never forget the effect produced on my mind when, at a grand service in St. Paul's, the congregation had been appealed to "to celebrate the auspicious event of the presence of the Prince of Wales as a steward among them by more than usually large contributions"—I shall never forget how the preacher, then Dean of Ely, now Bishop of Carlisle, raised his voice, and said, "I have heard it suggested that you should"—then follow the words of the circular—"I can appeal to no such unworthy motive; rather would I say, give because the Prince of Peace is among you." If the method to which I have referred was rare enough to be considered exceptional, I should not mention it: it represents the principle on which money is nowadays collected. In many places of worship it is a practice to lay stones, each inscribed with the name of the donor, and these stones hand down the names of the supporters to posterity. Doubtless these are the names of men of mark in the Church, those whom the Church delights to honour? That is not the spirit of the practical nineteenth century. These men have purchased enviable notoriety by donations of from £10 to £50. "Master, what goodly stones and buildings are these?" There was something in close juxtaposition about a widow's mite, which is out of fashion nowadays. The principle is everywhere. We have bazaars for building a church, grand patronesses, grand stall-holders, gorgeous objects, and great display of goods. The bazaar is to promote a work for the honour and glory of God. But what does this paraphernalia mean when translated into the vernacular? It means: I do not care much for the honour of God, but I do care for having my purchase handed to me by a smiling duchess. I don't care to give half-a-crown to the church, but I don't mind doing it if I have a pen-wiper thrown in. What the whole system of charity means nowadays is: we must have money—from honourable and high motives if we can, but if not, any way money—and that is so like a very ordinary business maxim, that I do not hesitate to call it a sin of almsgiving.

The last sin of almsgiving of which I propose to speak, is the tendency of societies to do away with individual effort. Nothing is so priceless as individual action, and it used to be, and thank God is still, a great factor in the world. But we are doing all in our power to prevent individual action having its full play, and if it be misdirected from dying a natural death, by our profound con-

viction that no good can be done without a society. If we are to do anything nowadays we must have an association, and a committee, and a secretary, and above all a treasurer. And these societies never die. Herbert Spencer speaks of having called one day at the office of a society for the promotion of some social reform, and found the secretary in blank dismay at the prospective realisation of the reform, and the consequent termination of his labours. But we should search in vain for a religious society which confessed its work done, and decided, like the Corn Law League, on its own dissolution. Let me take an instance from my own Church. In the days of deadness, before we were awakened to exertion by the rivalry of our Nonconformist brethren, societies were started to promote church building and to provide curates, &c. They naturally took up their quarters in London. They proposed to create an enthusiasm for their special objects, and they succeeded to such a degree, that every diocese has now similar societies. Did the central societies confess their work to be done and dissolve? By no means—the expensive central societies, with their organizing (often paid) secretaries, their separate staff, meetings, and collectors, work side by side with the diocesan agencies. Some of these societies, with a view of charity quite different from that which "does good, hoping for nothing again," make a grant conditional on a remittance to the central body. At a large meeting held at Lichfield, organizing secretaries got up one after another with the same sad tale, "we have sent so much money to your diocese, and we have only got this trifle back." One would have thought that the only condition of the existence of a central society was that its abundance should supply local need, that so there might be equality. That is at least a Christian and a New Testament view, but that is not the business-like view of modern charity, with its staff of "spiritual bagmen," as a witty friend called the estimable organizing secretaries. Meanwhile the layman is taxed at home and in the country till the clergyman wears to him the aspect of a professional beggar. I shall not soon forget a visit I paid to an old lady in a country town. She was deaf, and I tried in vain to make her hear. I spoke deliberately, mouthing my words, she pushed her ear trumpet into my mouth. I doubted whether even her companion had made her understand that I was the vicar. But at last a gleam of intelligence brightened her face. Her eye had caught my white tie, and she

turned to her companion and said, "What is he come to beg for?" The white tie was a fact she grasped, and it could mean in her experience but one thing. But we are losing sight of the principal evil of societies, this subsidiary evil was of necessity mentioned in the mention of such associations. Their multiplication creates demands which cannot be so easily satisfied as those of individuals. We have a great body to feed. But the crowning evil of modern charity is the growing conviction, that no good can be done without a society; and the consequent loss of individual effort. Societies, whilst setting a good many earnest people to work in the right direction, have also a tendency to make people think that the removal of evils is a society and not an individual work. And there is the further danger that in the multiplicity of these minor societies we should forget the great society to which we all belong, the Church, the body of Christ, the whole body of earnest men of whatever creed, or nation, or tongue. The story which Menenius Agrippa told the discontented citizens of Rome has been Christianized for us by St. Paul. He has told us that we are the body of Christ and members in particular, and that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care one of another. Now when I see

the multitude of societies, and associations, and guilds, got up to promote the ordinary virtues of temperance, soberness, and chastity, which are the very basis of Christian morality; when I see the numberless organizations set on foot, so that every man, woman, and class is being ticketed off to be "done good to" (and those who have no special distinction, or do not like to be ticketed, are in danger of being left out in the cold), it seems to me that there is a real danger. We are in danger of losing touch of the grand stimulus to be got from the thought of the great body fitly framed and knit together by that which every joint supplieth, making increase to the building up of itself in love. The strength which comes of a perfectly healthy body, throwing off disease by the very vigour of constitution, is a grand thought. We concentrate our thoughts on the individual defects, and forget what new life might arise if we looked at the whole of society as one body in Christ. There is no danger of my remarks being supposed to be directed against all societies. They are necessary and good, especially good in calling attention to new methods of treatment. But their multiplication has a tendency to make men think no good can be done without them, and thus by dwarfing individual energy adds another to the sins of almsgiving.

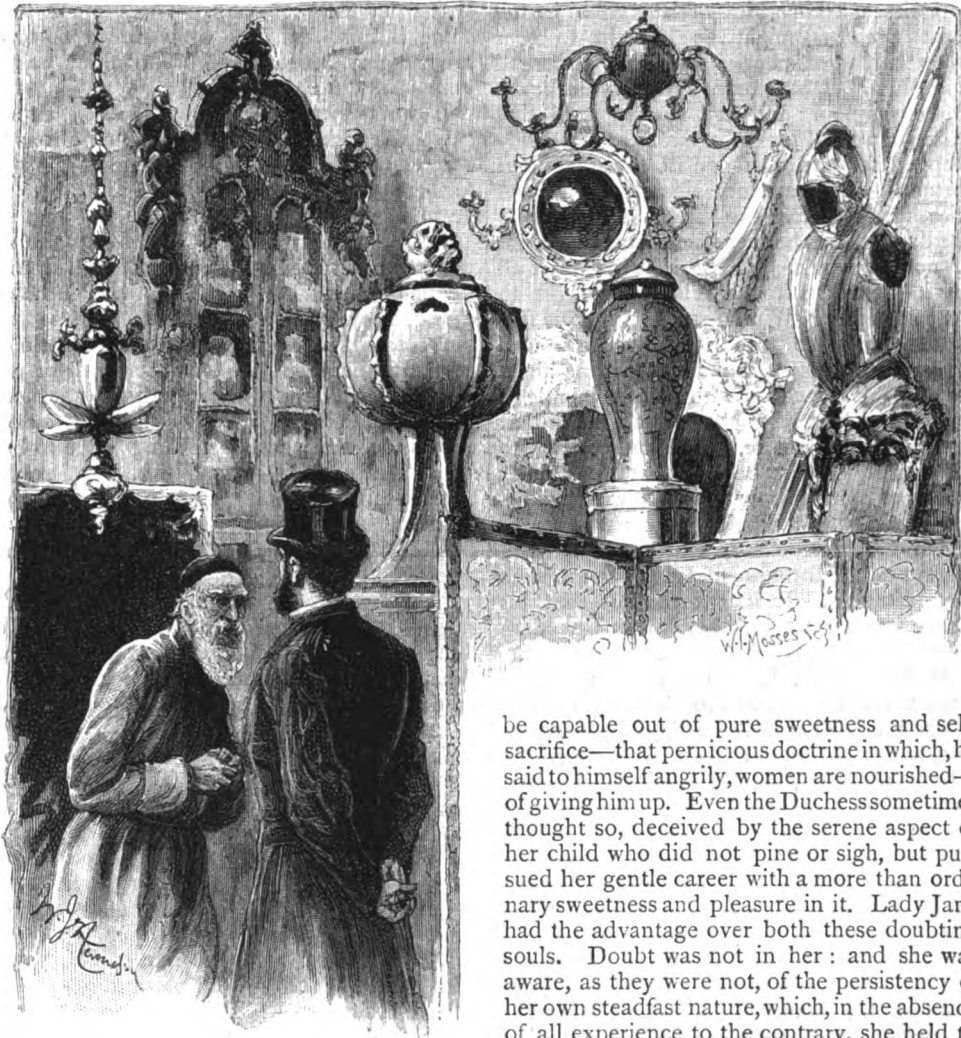
LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER VII.—SUSPENSE.

WINTON stayed in London until September, with a certain sense of satisfaction in this self-martyrdom. It was totally unnecessary and could advantage nobody—but the thought of going into the country and pretending to enjoy himself while everything was so doubtful as to his future prospects, was disagreeable to him. He neglected his friends, he declined his invitations, he took pleasure in making himself miserable, and in pouring out his loneliness and wretchedness on sheet after sheet of note paper, and addressing the budget to Billings Court: from whence, very soon indeed after this practice began, the Duchess, alarmed, sent him an energetic protestation. "Such a hot correspondence will soon awaken suspicions," she wrote; "for Jane's sake I implore you to be a little more patient." "Patient! much she knows about it," Winton said, when,

pouncing upon this letter with the hope of finding, perhaps—who could tell?—the Duke's consent in it and final sanction, he encountered this disappointing check. What could she know about it indeed, with Jane by her side, and all that she cared for! Perhaps in other circumstances the young man might have had a glimmering perception that the Duchess was well acquainted with the exercise of patience even though Jane was her daughter; but at present his own affairs entirely occupied his mind. He spent a good deal of his time in Wardour Street and other cognate regions, and attended a great many sales, in which there was some degree of soothing to be obtained; for to "pick up" something which might hereafter grace her sitting-room gave a glory to *bric-à-brac*, and thus he seemed to be doing something for her, even when most entirely separated from her. Jane herself wrote to him the most soothing of letters. "So long



"He spent a good deal of his time in Wardour Street."

as we know each other as we do, and trust each other, what does a little delay matter?" she said. Poor Winton cried out, "Much she knows about it!" again, as he kissed yet almost tore, in loving fury, her tender little epistle. This was very unreasonable, for of course she knew quite as much about it as he did. When a pair of lovers are parted it is not the lady that is supposed to feel it the least. And yet he was more or less justified in that despairing exclamation, for Jane's perfect faith was such as is rarely possible to a man who has been in the world. He did not feel at all sure that she might not

be capable out of pure sweetness and self-sacrifice—that pernicious doctrine in which, he said to himself angrily, women are nourished—of giving him up. Even the Duchess sometimes thought so, deceived by the serene aspect of her child who did not pine or sigh, but pursued her gentle career with a more than ordinary sweetness and pleasure in it. Lady Jane had the advantage over both these doubting souls. Doubt was not in her: and she was aware, as they were not, of the persistency of her own steadfast nature, which, in the absence of all experience to the contrary, she held to be a universal characteristic. It did not occur to her as possible that having made up his mind on an important subject—far less given his heart, to use the sentimental language which she blushed yet was pleased in the depths of her seclusion to employ—any man—or woman either—could be persuaded or forced to change it. Many things were possible—but not that. She had no excitement on the subject because it was outside of all her consciousness, a thing impossible. Change! give up! The only result of such a suggestion upon Lady Jane was a faintly humorous, and perfectly serene smile. But Winton had not this admirable serenity. Perhaps he was not himself so absolutely true as the stainless creature whom he loved. He worked himself up into little fits of passion

sometimes, asking himself how could he tell what agencies might be brought to bear upon her, what necessities might be urged upon her? It was very well known that the Duke was poor: and if it so happened that in the depths of his embarrassment somebody stepped forward with one of those fabulous fortunes which are occasionally to be met with, ready to free the father at the cost of the daughter, as happens sometimes even out of novels, would Jane be able to resist all the inducements that would be brought to bear upon her? Winton sprang from his feet more than once with a wild intention of rushing to his lawyers and instructing them to stop his Grace's mouth with a bundle of bank-notes, lest he might lend an ear to that imaginary millionaire. And on coming to his senses it must be said that the Duke's overweening pride which was working his own harm, was the point of consolation to which the lover clung, and not any conviction of the firmness of Lady Jane in such circumstances. It *was* a comfort that his Grace was far too haughty in his Dukedom to suffer the approach of mere millionaires.

In September, Lady Germaine returning from that six weeks at Homburg with which it was the fashion in those days for worn-out fine ladies to recruit themselves after the labours of the season, and pausing in London two days in a furious *accès* of shopping before she went to the country, saw Winton pass the door at which her carriage was standing, and pounced upon him with all the eagerness of an explorer in a savage country. "You here!" she said, "for goodness' sake come and help me with my shopping. I have not spoken two words together for a week—not even on the journey! There was nobody: I can't think where the people have gone to: one used to be sure of picking up some one on the way, but there was nobody. Well! and how are things going?" she added, making a distinct pause after her first little personal outburst was over.

"Very badly," Winton said, with a sigh.

"Papa will not pay any attention?" said Lady Germaine. "I warned you of that: don't say you were taken unawares. I told you he was the most impracticable of men, and you, in your holy innocence——"

"Don't," said Winton. "I remember all you said; you called me names: you confessed that you felt guilty——"

"Be just. I did not say I felt guilty, but only that his Grace would think me so, which are very different things. And so he will not have you? poor boy! but I knew

that from the beginning. There is one fine thing in him, that he has no eye to his own advantage. Most people would think you a very good match for Jane."

"Don't speak blasphemy," said Winton. "I agree with the Duke, he is as right as a man can be. There is nobody good enough for her——"

"Except——"

"Except no one that I am acquainted with. I don't deserve that she should let me tie her shoes. Oh, don't suppose I have changed my opinion about that."

"I am glad to find you are in such a proper frame of mind—then there will be no trouble at all, none of the expedients adopted in such cases? Poor Lady Jane! but since that is the case there is nothing more to be said. And what, may I ask, you good humble-minded young man, are you doing in town in September? You ought to be shooting somewhere, or making yourself agreeable."

"I am knocking about at all the sales," said Winton, "trying to pick up a little thing here and there for her rooms at Winton. What are the expedients you were thinking of, dear Lady Germaine? It is always good to know."

Lady Germaine laughed. "Then you have not given in?" she said. "I did not suppose you were the sort of person to give in. What did he say? was it final? did he show you to the door? You will think it hard-hearted of me to laugh, but I should like to have been in hiding somewhere to have seen his Grace's face when you ventured to tell him."

"He has not received that shock yet," said Winton, not very well pleased.

"He has not——! Do you mean you have never asked the Duke? Are things just as they were, then, and no advance made?" said Lady Germaine in a tone of wonder that was not quite free of contempt.

"They will not let me speak," said Winton in a voice from which he could not keep a certain querulous accent. "It is not my way of managing affairs; but what can I do? Her mother says——"

"Then you have got the Duchess on your side?"

"I suppose so," said the young man. "I sometimes doubt whether it is for good or evil. She will not let me speak. She says she will let me know the right moment. In the meantime life is insupportable, you know. I shall take my courage *à deux mains*, and when I go down there——"

"You are going down there—to Billings?"

cried Lady Germaine with a gasp of astonishment.

"On the roth," said Winton with a sigh, "but whether anything will come of it or not——"

"When the Duchess is taking the business into her own hands! Reginald Winton, I have told you before you were a goose," said Lady Germaine solemnly. "And what is the use of mooning about here and asking me what are the expedients? Of course, she has thought of all the expedients. Whatever *he* may be, the Duchess is a woman of sense. Are you furnishing Winton? Have you all your arrangements made? I should have everything ready—down to the footstools and door-mats—and servants engaged, and your carriages seen to. You can't marry a duke's daughter without taking a little trouble about the place you are going to put her in."

"Trouble—there shall be no sparing of trouble!" he cried; but then shook his head. "We are a long way off that," he added in a dolorous tone.

"This is the confident lover," said Lady Germaine, "who scoffed at dukes and thought himself good enough for anybody's daughter. Don't you see that if it comes to nothing, something must come of it directly? Things of this sort can't hang on—they go quicker than the legitimate drama. If I were you, I would have the steeds saddled in their stalls, and the knights in their armour, like Walter Scott, you know."

"Do you think so?" said Winton, his eyes lighting up. "If I could imagine that anything so good as this was on the cards——"

"On the cards! Oh, the obtuseness of man! Do you think the Duchess will let herself be beaten? Oh, yes, her husband has been too many for her again and again. I know she has had to give in and let him take his own way: but now that Jane is concerned, and she has pledged herself to you——"

"She has been very kind. I had not the least right to expect such kindness as she has shown me: but she has given no pledge," said Winton with a recurrence of his despondency.

Lady Germaine, who had stopped herself in the full career of her shopping to hold this conversation with him in a luxurious corner of the great shop, where all was still at this dead moment of the year, and only velvet-footed assistants passed now and then noiselessly—gave him at this moment a look of disdain, and rose up from her chair. "I did not think you had been such a noodle," she said, and, before he could answer a word, went forward

to the nearest counter, where an elegant youth had been waiting all the time with bales of silk and stuffs half unfolded for her ladyship's inspection—and plunged into business. That elegant youth had not in any way betrayed his weariness. He had stood by his wares as if it were the most natural thing in the world to wait for half an hour, so to speak, between the cup and the lip: but he had not been without his thoughts, and these thoughts were not very favourable to Lady Germaine. Most likely this was the origin of a paragraph which crept into one of the Society papers in the deadness of the season and puzzled all the tantalised circles in country houses, and even bewildered the clubs. Who could the "Lady G." be who had awakened the echoes of the back shop at Allen and Lewisby's? Here is the advantage of an immaculate reputation. Neither the clubs nor the country houses ever associated Lady Germaine with such a possibility; but this, of course, was what that elegant young person did not know.

"Why am I a noodle?" said Winton, going after her, and too much absorbed in the subject to think of the attendant at all.

"If you can think of a stronger word put that instead," said Lady Germaine. "I can't call names here, don't you see, though I should so like to. No pledge! Oh, you—— What should you like in that way? Something on parchment with seals hanging to it like a Pope's bull? as if every word she said and every suggestion she made was not a pledge, and the strongest of pledges? Go away, and let me choose the children's new frocks in peace. It is easier to do that than to make people understand."

But Winton did not go away. He leaned over her chair, making certainty more certain to the spectator behind the counter. "Look here," he said, "do you really mean what you say—that I ought to have everything ready?"

"Don't you think these two shades go nicely together?" said Lady Germaine, putting the silk and the merino side by side with skilful hands, and with an air of the profoundest deliberation. "The girls have not a thing to wear. I should have the steeds in the stables and the knights in the hall, if I were you, and William of Deloraine ready to ride by night or by day."

Perhaps this advice was not the clearest in the world, but, such as it was, it was all the lady would give; and it sent Winton along the half-lighted half-empty streets, in the twilight of the soft September evening, with an

alert pace and a heart beating as it had not beat since London had suddenly become empty to him by the departure of one family from it. He went over every room of his house that evening, calculating and considering. It was a charming house, and he had regarded it with no small satisfaction when, only a year or two before, its decorations had been completed. But now, with the idea in his mind that at any moment (was not that what she said?) he might have to be ready for the princess, the wife—that his happiness might come upon him suddenly, and his life be transformed, and his house turned into *her* house—in this view it was astonishing how many things he found that were incomplete. Nay, everything was incomplete. It was dingy—it was small; it was commonplace. The drawing-rooms had become old-fashioned, though yesterday he had been under the impression that there was an antique grace about them—a flavour of the old world which gave them character. The dining-room was heavy and elaborate; the library too dark; the morning-room—good heavens! there was no morning-room in which a lady could establish herself, but only a half-furnished place uninhabited, cold, with no character at all. It brought a cold dew all over him when he opened the door of that empty chamber. He could scarcely sleep for thinking of it. What if she might be ready before her house was! The idea was intolerable: and everything was petty, mean, without beauty, unworthy of her. He had not thought so when he walked through those over-gilded drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Square, and said to himself that not amid such tawdry fineries as these should his wife be housed. Everything had changed since that brief moment of confidence. He was dissatisfied with everything. Next morning he had no sooner awoke from a sleep troubled by dreams of chaotic upholstery, than he went to work. Perhaps, after all, things were not so bad. With the aid of a few experts, and a great deal of money, much, if not everything, can be done in a very short space of time. He ran down into the country as soon as he had set things going in Kensington, and arrived at his old manor-house without warning, to the great consternation of the housekeeper. Winton had still more need of the experts and the *bric-à-brac*. It wanted many things besides, which were not to be had in a moment, and his life for the next week was as laborious as that of the busiest workman. The excitement among the servants and hangers-on at both places was indescribable. He said nothing of his approaching marriage,

and yet nothing but an approaching marriage could account for it; or else that he was going clean out of his senses, which was another hypothesis produced.

This fit of active and hopeful exertion got over these remaining days with the speed of a dream. The hours galloped along with him as lightly at least, if not as merrily, as though they were indeed carrying him to his wedding day. But when all was done that he could do, and the moment approached for his visit to Billings, a cold shade fell over him. Lady Germaine's clever little speeches began to look like nonsense as he thought them over; "quicker than the legitimate drama;" what did she mean by that? Could he imagine for a moment to himself that Jane, the princess of her own race as well as of his affections, the serene and perfect lady of his thoughts, would be the heroine of any vulgar romance? That he could have entertained such a thought for a moment horrified him when he paused in his feverish exertion and began to think what it all meant. But this was only on the way to Billings, when every pulse in his body began to throb high with the thought of being once more in her presence, under the same roof with her, and about to put his fortune to the test to gain everything or—no, not to lose her. He said to himself with a sudden passion that he would not lose Jane. Such a calamity was not possible. Father and mother and all the powers might do what they would or could, but she was his, and give her up he would not. Thus the anxious lover went round the compass and came back to the point from which he started. He found Lady Germaine as wise and clever as he had always thought her, when he came thus far. There were expedients—and the Duchess was pledged to the employment of them as certainly as if he had her word for it engrossed on parchments sealed and signed and delivered. One way or another, his visit to Billings would be decisive. He went like a soldier to the field of battle, with a thrill of excitement over him, as well as with all the softening enthusiasm of a lover. Happen how it might, he could not leave that unknown fortress, that Castle Dangerous, as he came.

CHAPTER VIII.—THE DECISIVE MOMENT.

It was not, however, at all like a conquering hero that Winton made his appearance at Billings. A number of other people arrived by the same train and were conveyed in various carriages both before and after him to the great house. It was a long drive, and

he had time to think about it and to go over the approaching meeting, rehearsing it again and again. Winton knew as well as any one what it is to arrive at a country house—the confusion of the arrival, the little pause when no one knows what to do, the hesitation of the people who have never been there before, the well-bred attempts of the people who have, not to seem too much at home, the anxiety of the hosts to distribute their attentions equally and leave no one out—were all familiar to him. But somehow his special position now gave him much of the feeling of surprise and disappointment and involuntary half-offence which a new comer, unused to society, and expecting perhaps to be received with all the warm individual welcome of more intimate hospitality, feels when he finds himself only one of the least considerable of a large party. All the other members of the group were of greater consequence than Winton, and almost all were *habitués* of the place, accustomed to come year after year—persons whom the Duke could receive as sufficiently near his own level to be worthy the honour of his friendship. Such a party is always diversified by some one or two people who are altogether nobodies, and afford either a sort of background like supernumeraries in a play, or are elevated to the most important position by dint of dexterity and adulation. Winton felt himself to belong to the background as he stood about in the hall when all the greetings were going on, waiting for his. It had been like a sudden downfall from heaven to earth to perceive, as he cast his first rapid glance round on entering, that Jane was not there. Afterwards he said to himself that he could not have endured her to be there, but for the moment her absence struck him like a blow. And what could the Duchess do more than shake hands with him as she did with all her other guests? He thought she gave him a glance of warning, a little smile—but no doubt every man there supposed that for himself individually her Grace had a kind regard. He stood talking for a short time after the ladies had been swept away to their rooms. He knew several of the more important of the guests, and he knew one of the nobodies who was a very prominent figure. But it was with an indignant sense that his reception ought to have been a very different one that he found himself following a servant up the grand staircase into those distant regions allotted to bachelors, where his non-importance was to be still more forcibly brought home to him. He who ought to have been received

as the son of the house—he to whom its brightest member had linked her fate—that he should come in on the same footing as Mr. Rosencrantz, the German librarian, or that stale hanger-on of the clubs who made a sort of trade of country-houses, was very bitter to Winton. He was not accustomed to be a *super*, and he did not like the post. To tell the truth, in the first half-hour in Billings Castle Winton felt his own hopes and dreams come back upon him with a bitterness and sense of ridicule which drove him almost out of himself. Had he not been a fool to entertain any hopes at all? Was not Lady Germaine ludicrously mistaken when she talked of the Duchess's pledge? The Duchess, was she not far too great a lady to care what happened to a simple gentleman? He began to think he had been a fool to come, a fool ever to permit himself to shipwreck his heart and life in this way, and doubly a fool, a ridiculous idiot to go drivelling into decorations and pieces of furniture, as if his little manor-house could ever vie with— All these thoughts were put to flight in a moment by the sudden opening of a closed door which flooded a dark passage to his right with the glory of the sunset sweeping through it. Some one came out and stood for a moment in the midst of that glory: then Winton heard himself called. The servant disappeared by magic, and he suddenly found himself in a small sitting-room with a broad window flooded by the evening light. The Duchess held out both her hands to him, but he scarcely saw them, for behind her, coming in through another door, a little flush upon her soft cheeks, and that liquid golden illumination in her eyes—it was as if some one had said to him out of the glowing west, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?"

This meeting, however, was of the briefest—for the house was very full and the dinner hour approaching. "You must go away directly," the Duchess said, "but I could not trust you to meet for the first time downstairs before so many eyes."

"So it was policy?" Winton cried.

"Entirely policy—is not every step I take more or less of that description?—but Jane could not have borne it," she said, "and neither could you, I think. I did not bring you here to ruin you. We must all be on our ps and qs."

"Ps and qs," cried Winton, "become insupportable. Dear Duchess, you will not be too hard upon me. Now at least I must have it out, and know my fate. How can I

bear to hang on—to have everything pushed off in indefinite space?”

Lady Jane touched his arm lightly with her hand, stroking it, with a pretty movement of mingled soothing and sympathy. “Pazienza!” she said softly; but she liked the impatience. It pleased her delicate sense of what was best.

“Would you prefer, Mr. Winton, to know the worst?—would you rather have a definite No than an indefinite suspense?”

“Don’t call him Mr. Winton,” said Lady Jane in her under tone.

Winton looked from one lady to another keenly, with an inquiry which the Duchess met without flinching, and Lady Jane without being at all aware what it meant. Her Grace gave him an almost imperceptible nod, always looking him full in the face. Her eyes seemed to promise everything. “In that case,” he said—“in that case—better the refusal: then we shall see what there remains to do.”

The Duchess sighed. “I believe it is the wisest way,” she said, “after all: but you cannot suppose it is very pleasant to me. Now, go; you must go, and leave us to dress. You may come here to-morrow after breakfast, or when we come in, in the afternoon—but you must not be always coming. And in the meantime prudence, prudence! you cannot be too prudent. If you betray yourself I cannot answer for the consequences. You must remember that for Jane’s sake.”

Then they put him out of the room, out of the shining of the sunset in which he thought she stood transfigured, the soft glory caressing her, the level golden radiance getting into her eyes and flooding them—and closed the door upon him, leaving him in the darkness of the passage, which looked all black to his dazzled eyes. Fortunately his guide appeared a moment afterwards and he was led up to his chamber, in the wilds so to speak of the great house, where he came back to himself as well as he could. Winton was only a man like the rest of his kind. He wondered if the women enjoyed, with a native feminine malice such as everybody has commented upon from the beginning of time, the position in which they had placed him. Ah, not *they*; not Jane, who was a world above all jesting—but perhaps the Duchess, who, he could imagine, did not mind making him pay a little in his dignity, in his self-regard, for the promotion he had got through her daughter’s love. She would do anything for him because Jane loved him, but perhaps she had a mischievous satisfaction

in the little drama which she was arranging round him—the external slights, the sudden bliss, the dismissal back again to humility and the second floor. Was this so? He concluded it was, with a half-amused irritation, a sense of being played with. She was kind: but was it in mortal to suffer without a pang, without an attempt at reprisals, the loss of Jane? And then, perhaps, the Duchess too had a little feeling that he was not one of her own caste, her daughter’s equal—not enough to make her resist that daughter’s choice, but yet enough to prompt in passing a little prick as with a needle at the too fortunate. As a matter of fact, had Winton been cool enough to notice it, the Duchess had meant him no prick at all. He had been received in the usual way, lodged according to the general rule. She had thought it wisest not to do anything to distinguish him beyond his neighbours, but that was all.

The evening was full of tantalised and suppressed expectation, yet of a moment’s pleasure now and then. Except the German librarian and the man from the clubs, and a young author who had been the fashion and was the protégé of one of the great families visiting at Billings, the company was all much more splendid than Winton. Names that were known to history buzzed about him as he sat down to dinner, with Lady Adela Grandmison beside him, who was exceedingly relieved to fall to his lot and not to one of the elderly noblemen who illustrated the table. Lady Adela wore a sacque like a dainty lady of the eighteenth century, but was apt to throw herself into attitudes which were suggestive of the fourteenth. She did not feel at all disposed to be disdainful of Winton. Instead of this she took him into her confidence. “Did you ever see such a party of swells?” she said, notwithstanding her mediæval attitudes. “Don’t they frighten you to death, Mr. Winton? I am so glad to have somebody I dare talk to. The Duke is too funny for anything, don’t you think so? like an old monarch in the pantomime. It is all exactly like the theatre. He says ‘My lord’—listen! exactly as they do on the stage.”

“I suppose they did that sort of thing when his Grace was young,” said Winton, looking up the great table to where that majestic presence showed beyond the ranks of his guests. A little tremor ran over him when he realised the splendour of the personage to whom he was going so soon to carry his suit. “Perhaps we are a little too free-and-easy nowadays,” he said.

"Don't desert your generation," cried Lady Adela, and then she added significantly, "there is Jane looking our way. Jane is so sweet—don't you think so, Mr. Winton?"

Winton met the soft eyes of his love and the keen ones of this young observer at the same moment; and this, though he was a man of the world, brought a sudden flush to his face. All the fine company, and the gorgeous table heavy with plate and brilliant with flowers, grew like a mist to him, and nothing seemed real except that softly-tinted, tender-shining countenance, turning upon him the light of her eyes. They were so placed that though they never spoke they could see each other across the table, through a little thicket of feathery ferns and flowers. Lady Jane was too courteous, too self-forgetting to neglect her special companion or to abandon the duty of entertaining her parents' guests. But now and then she would lift her eyes and empty out her heart in one look across the table through that flowery veil. He was not nearly so entertaining in consequence as Lady Adela had hoped.

Next morning there were some moments that were full of excitement and happiness in the midst of a day which was just like other days. Lady Jane agreed fully with Winton, that to be there under her father's roof without informing him of the object of his visit was a thing unworthy of her lover; and she was, like him, entirely convinced that, whatever might come of it, the explanation must be made. The Duchess did not contest this high decision of principle—but she shook her head. "I have nothing to say against you. I suppose you are right. It must be done sooner or later," she said. "There is only one thing—put it off till the last day of your visit; for this I am sure of, that you will not be able to spend another night at Billings."

"Mamma!" Lady Jane cried, with a fervour which brought the tears to her eyes, "my father will say nothing that one gentleman may not say to another."

The Duchess once more shook her head. "When one gentleman asks another for his daughter and is refused—though the one should be the most courteous in the world, and the other the most patient, yet it is generally considered most convenient that they should not continue in the same house."

"I will take your mother's advice, my dearest," said Winton; but it was hardly possible for mortal man to have it put before him so plainly without a little feeling of offence. It had been settled that he was to stay a week,

and notwithstanding the happiness which the Duchess had secured to him by giving him the entry to this sacred little sitting-room into which no stranger ever intruded, and by affording him as many opportunities as were possible of seeing Lady Jane, he spent the rest of the time with a certain feeling of hostility in his mind towards her, which was thoroughly unreasonable. He began to doubt whether she wished him to succeed, whether she was indeed so truly his friend as she represented herself to be. A man must be magnanimous indeed who can entirely free his mind from the prevalent notions about the love of women for "managing," and their inclination towards intrigue and mystery. A conviction that his own manly statement of his case would tell more effectually with the Duke, who was a gentleman though he might be pompous and haughty, than any semi-deceitful feminine process, began to grow in his mind. And this conviction, in which there was a partially indignant revulsion of feeling—rank ingratitude and unkindness, but of that he was not conscious—from his allegiance to the Duchess, gave him a natural inclination to propitiate the head of the house and see him in his best light, which was not without a certain influence even on the Duke himself, who more and more felt this modest young commoner, though he was nobody in particular, to be a person of discrimination, and one who was capable of appreciating himself and understanding his views. Thus with new hopefulness on one side, and mistrust on the other, Winton counted the days as they went by towards the moment which was to decide his fate. He impressed his own hopefulness upon Lady Jane, who was indeed very willing to believe that nothing but what was noble and honourable could come from her father. They discussed the subject anxiously, yet with less and less alarm. To her it seemed, as she heard all the wise and modest speeches her lover intended to make as to his own lesser importance, but great love—it seemed to her that no heart could hold out against him. That tenderest humility, which was the natural characteristic of her mind underneath the instincts of rank which were so strong in her, and the sense of lofty position which was part of her religion—was touched with the most exquisite wonder and happiness at the thought that all this noble and pure passion was hers, and hers only. "It is impossible," she said, "if you speak to him as you do to me, Reginald—oh, it is impossible that he can resist." "It

is impossible, my darling," said the young man, "when he hears that you love me." Thus they encouraged each other, and on the eve of the great day wrought themselves to an enthusiasm of faith and certainty. The Duchess's limitation of his visits had of course come to very little purpose, and every moment that Winton could manage to escape from the bonds of society below stairs he spent with Lady Jane above, discoursing upon their hopes, and the manner in which best to get them wrought into fulfilment. They talked of everything, in those stolen hours of sweetness: of what was to happen in the future, of all they were to be to each other, coming back again and again to the moment which was to decide all, always with a stronger and stronger sense that the Duke's consent must come, and that to be balked by this initial difficulty was impossible. But it cannot be denied that Winton had certain difficulties even about that future in his communings with his bride. He could not get her to understand that very little self-sacrifice would be necessary on her part, and that the house to which he proposed to transplant her was little less luxurious than her own. Lady Jane smiled upon him when he said this with one of those little heavenly stupidities which belong to such women. She did not wish it to be so, and so far as this went put no faith in him. It was a settled question in her own mind. Arabella's famous elucidation had fortified her on that point beyond all assault. It pleased her to look forward to the little manor-house, and the changed world which would surround the Squire's wife. If he had carried her direct to a palace more splendid than Billings she would have felt a visionary but active disappointment. She drew him gently to other subjects when he entered upon this, especially to the one unfailing subject, the Duke, and what he might say. They both grew very confident as they talked it over: and yet when Winton came to tell her, on the evening preceding that momentous day, that he had asked for an interview and it had been granted to him, Lady Jane lost her pretty colour, which was always so evanescent, and her breath, and almost her self-possession. "No," she said, "oh, not afraid! if you say *that* to him, Reginald, he cannot resist—but only a little nervous; one is always nervous when there is any doubt. And then to think that this is the last evening!"

"If things go right it will not be the last evening," he cried. "The Duchess said a

man could not stay who had been refused; but even she would allow that a man who has *not* been refused may remain and be happy. Ah, Jane! imagine the happiness of being allowed to belong to each other! no more secret meetings, no further alarms of discovery."

She gave a sigh of happiness and relief, yet blushed almost painfully. The idea of doing anything which she did not wish to be found out hurt her still, notwithstanding that in the stress of the crisis she had yielded to do it. Winton's conscience was not so delicate, and his excitement made him wildly confident. It is a woman's part to fear in such a case as it is her part to encourage in the midst of doubt. "Provided," she said, with a little sigh of suspense, "provided it all goes as we wish."

He took her hands in his and held them fast and stood bending over her looking into her eyes. "Supposing," he said slowly, "supposing"—he was so excited and sure of what was going to happen that he could afford to be theatrical—"supposing all should not go as we wish, Jane—what then?"

Lady Jane did not make any reply. She returned his look, with her hands clasping his, standing steadfast without a shadow of wavering. She felt as she had done in her youth when she had imagined herself facing the guillotine. She was ready to suffer whatever might be inflicted upon her, but to yield, she would not. It would have been easier by far to die.

All this time the Duchess let them have their way. They were ungrateful, they were even unkind, but she endured it with a patience and toleration to which long experience had trained her. If it was with a little pang that she kissed her daughter, wondering at that universal law which makes a woman, still more than a man, forsake father and mother, and cleave to her husband. She said nothing about it: she left them to themselves and their hopes. She said to herself that they would find out too soon what a broken reed they were trusting to, and her heart ached for the failure of those anticipations which gave Lady Jane so beautiful a colour, and an air of such serene happiness. Better that she should have a happy evening, that she should sleep softly and wake hopefully once more.

The morning of the great day dawned in a weeping mist, the heavens leaden, the earth sodden, and streams of blinding rain falling by intervals. Lady Jane, as she opened her eyes upon the misty daylight, and thought, as soon as her faculties were awake, of what



"There must be no red eyes, my love, no abstraction."

was going to be done, clasped her soft hands, and said a prayer for *him*, and for herself, and still more warmly for her father, who was, so to speak, on his trial. He had never been less than a noble father in Lady Jane's eyes. She had not found him out, being scarcely of her generation in this respect, and accepting unaffectedly what was presented to her as the real state of things; but she could not help feeling that the Duke was on his

trial. He might deny her lover's suit and break her own heart, and yet keep his child's respect. But a vague fear lest he should not do this had got into her soul she did not know how. She waited with a tremor which she could not subdue for the moment. How fortunate it was that it rained, and that it was impossible to go out! For once in her life Lady Jane failed in her duty. She escaped from little Lady Adela, who was

so anxious to be taken into her confidence, and from the other guests, who, seeing the hopelessness of the weather, were yawning together in the great bow-window of the morning room, gazing out upon the sodden grass and dreary avenue, dripping from every tree, and wondering how they were to kill the time till luncheon. Lady Jane, instead of helping to solve that problem, as she ought to have done, fled from them and escaped to the seclusion of her mother's drawing-room, where she sat with the door ajar, listening for every footstep. The Duchess, though she had felt her desertion, and knew that the foolish pair of lovers were in a sort of secession from her, following their own way, yet was very magnanimous to their wrong-headedness. She said no word and looked no look of reproach, but gave up her writing and her business, and went down herself among the unoccupied ladies, and did her best to amuse them. This was perhaps of all the sacrifices she made for them the one that cost her most.

It was about eleven o'clock when Winton presented himself at the door of the Duke's room; which was a handsome room, full of books, with a large window looking out upon the park, and some of the finest of the family pictures upon the walls. Over the mantelpiece hung a full-length portrait, looking gigantic, of the Duchess, with Lady Jane, a little girl of eight or nine, holding her hand. It seemed to Winton, as his eye caught this on entering, that there was a reproachful look in the eyes, and that Jane's little face, serene and sweet as it had always been, had a startled air of curiosity, and watched him from behind her mother. The large window was full of blank and colourless daylight, and an atmosphere of damp and rain. The Duke rose as he came in with much graciousness, and pointed to a chair. He came from his writing-table, which was at some distance, and placed himself in front of the fireplace, as an Englishman loves to do, even when there is no fire. "I hope," the Duke said, "that you are going to tell me of something in which I can serve you, Mr. Winton." There arose in Winton's mind a momentary thrill of indignation and derision. Serve him! as if he were not better off and more fit to serve himself than half-a-dozen bankrupt dukes! But Winton remembered that this was Jane's father, and restrained himself: and indeed the excitement and suspense in his breast left him at no leisure for more than a momentary rebellion. He replied—"It is true I do appear before your Grace

as a suitor——" but here his voice failed him and his courage.

"You must not hesitate to speak plainly," said the Duke, always more and more graciously. "Alas, I am in opposition, and my influence does not tell for much. Still, if there is any way in which I can be of use to you—there is no one for whom I should more willingly stretch a point."

"You are very kind," said Winton. "It is not in that way that I should trouble you. I am not in want of patronage—in that way. I may say that I am rich—not," he hastened to add, "as you are, but, for my position in life: very well off—almost more than well off."

"I am delighted to hear it, Mr. Winton; but that is all the more reason why you should serve your country. We want men who are indifferent to pecuniary advantage. I shall be most happy to mention your name to Lord Coningsby or to——"

"If you will permit me," said Winton, "it is your Grace only whose favour I desire to gain."

Here the Duke began to laugh in a somewhat imbecile way, shaking his head with an air of complacency which would have been too ludicrous for mortal powers of gravity, had not Winton's mind been so much otherwise occupied. "Ah," he said, "I see! you are thinking of that old story about the Foreign Office. You must know that was mere talk. I do not expect that anything could come of it. But if," his Grace added with another little run of laughter, "when we return to power—be assured, Mr. Winton, that nothing could give me greater pleasure——"

What was he to say? Winton knew very well that he himself was as likely, if not more so,—for he was a young man, with the world before him—to be Foreign Minister than the Duke: and what with the confusion of the mistake and the ludicrous character of the patronage offered, he was more embarrassed than tongue could tell. "You are very kind," he faltered, scarcely knowing what he said; then, taking his courage with both hands, "Duke," he said, boldly, "it was on a much more presumptuous errand I ventured to intrude upon you. What you will say to me I dare not venture to think. I come not to ask for patronage or place, but for something a great deal more precious. I come——" Here he paused, so bewildered by the dignified unconsciousness and serene superiority of the potentate in whose presence he stood that words failed

him, and he stood and gazed at that immovable countenance with a sort of appalled wonder to think that anything should be so great yet so small, so capable of making himself ridiculous, and yet with power to spoil two lives at his pleasure. The Duke shifted his position a little, put his right hand within his waistcoat in an attitude in which he had once stood for his portrait, and regarded his suppliant with benignity. "Go on," he said, waving his other hand, "go on."

Ah, how right the Duchess was! Oh, what a miserable mistake the lover had made! But there was no drawing back now. "I am not worthy, no one is worthy of her," he said with agitation. "I am only a commoner, which I know is a disadvantage in your eyes. The only thing, and that is nothing, is, that at least I could make ample provision and secure every comfort for my wife."

"Your wife!" said the Duke, with a surprise which was ineffable. If any gleam of suspicion came over him he quenched it in the sublime patronage of a superior. "This is very interesting," he said, "and shows a great faith in my friendship to take me into your confidence on such a delicate subject. I am happy to hear you are in such favourable circumstances; but really," he added with a laugh, "when you think how very unlikely it is that I can have any knowledge of the future Mrs. Winton——"

The young man grew red and hot with a mixture of embarrassment and resentful excitement, stung by the look and the tone. "It is your daughter," he said, "who has given me permission to come to you. It is of Lady Jane I want to speak. You cannot think me less worthy of her than I think myself."

"Lady Jane!" The Duke grew pale; he took his hand out of his waistcoat, and stared at the audacious suitor with dismay. Then he recovered himself with an effort, and snatched at a smile as if it had been something that hung on the wall, and put it on tremulously. "Ah! ah! I see," he added. "You think she might render you assistance. Speak a good word for you?—Eh?" The attempt to be jocular which was entirely out of his habits convulsed his countenance. "Yes, yes, I see! that is what you mean," he said.

There was a pause, and the two men looked each other in the face. A monarch confronted by the whole embodied force of revolution—scorning it, hating it—yet with an insidious suggestion of alarm underneath all—on one hand; and on the other the revolution embodied—pale with lofty anger and a sense of its own rights, yet not without a

regret, a sympathetic pang for the old king about to be discrowned. The mutual contemplation lasted not more than a few moments, though it seemed so long. Then the Duke turned on his heel with a grimace which in his agitation he intended for a laugh. "I prefer," he said, "on the whole that Lady Jane should not be appealed to. My disposition to serve you was personal. The ladies of my family are not less amicably inclined, I am sure; but I do not wish them to be mixed up—In short you will understand that wishing you well in every way, I must advise you to trust to your own attractions in a matrimonial point of view. I cannot permit my daughter to interfere."

He had moved about while he was speaking, but at the end returned to his place and fixed Winton with the commanding look, straight in the eyes, of a man determined to intimidate an applicant. It was the least successful way in which he could have attempted to influence the present suitor. Winton's excitement rose to such a pitch that he recovered his calm and self-possession as if by magic.

"I feel that I have explained myself badly," he said, "and this is not a matter on which there can be any misunderstanding between us. I must ask you to listen to me calmly for a moment."

"Calmly, my good sir! your matrimonial affairs, however important to you, can scarcely be expected to excite me," cried his Grace sharply, with irritation in every tone.

"There can be nothing in the world so exciting—to both of us," said Winton. "My Lord Duke, I come from your daughter, from Jane."

"SIR!" cried the Duke. But no capitals are capable of expressing the force, the fury, of this outburst, which struck Winton like a projectile, full in the face so to speak. He made a step backward in momentary dismay.

"I must finish," he said, somewhat wildly. "Jane sends me to your Grace. I love her and she me. She has promised to be my wife. It is no intercession, it is herself I ask. Jane—Duke! on her account I have a right to be heard—a right—to have an answer at least."

The Duke was beyond the power of speech. He was purple with rage and astonishment, and at the same time a kind of furious panic. He caught at his shirt collar like a man stifled. He had no voice to reply, but waved his hand imperiously towards the door. And Winton, too, was in a degree panic-struck. He had never seen such a blind and helpless fit of passion before. Such things had been

heard of as that a man should die of rage. That indeed would be a separation from Jane beyond any power to amend. He drew back a little with an anxiety he could not conceal.

"I have taken you by surprise," he said. "I ask your pardon. Whatever I can do to soften the shock—to meet your wishes—I will do."

"Go, sir!—Go, sir!" the Duke stormed in his fury. "That is all you can do—go! there is the door." He waved his hand towards it with a threatening gesture. He was transported out of himself. He followed Winton step by step with a sort of moral compulsion, forcing him to retire. The young man's blood, it is needless to say, was in an uproar; his heart thumping against his breast, every pulse going like a hammer. But he made a stand again midway to that door which seemed the only reply he was to have. "You will remember," he said, "that I have no answer—you give me no answer; I will leave the room and the house as your Grace bids, but that is not a reply——"

"Go, sir," the Duke cried. He stamped his foot like an enraged fishwife. He had the sense to hold himself in, not to allow the torrent of abuse which was on his lips to pour forth; but how long he would have been able to endure, to keep in this vigorous and fiery tide, could not have been predicted. He flung open the door with a force which made the walls quiver, and the action seemed more or less to bring him to himself. He recovered his voice at last. "I ought," he panted, with a snarl, "to thank you for the honour you have done my poor house," and thus with an explosion of labouring breath drove the astonished suitor out, as if by a blast of wind. Winton found himself in the corridor, while the crash of the great door swung behind him echoed through the house, with an amazement which words cannot describe. It had all passed like a scene in a dream. He paused a moment to recover himself. He, too, was breathless, his whole physical being agitated, his head hot and throbbing, his heart choking him. He could not speak to the Duchess, whom he met a moment after coming along the corridor with a packet of papers in her hand. "It is all over," he said incoherently, waving his hand as he passed her. The only idea in his mind for the moment was of indignity and wrong.

CHAPTER IX.—ACTING FOR HERSELF.

THE Duchess's little sitting-room had not for years enclosed so melancholy a group.

She herself, in old days when she first began to realise all the circumstances of the life which she had come into, had wept many an unnoticed tear in it; but in after years she had acquired the philosophy of maturity, and had too much to do holding her own amid all the adverse circumstances about her, to be able to indulge in personal lamentations. But Lady Jane had never known any of those burdens which had made her mother's career so full of care. When Winton rushed in, in all the excitement of the scene which he had just gone through in the Duke's library, too much disturbed even to tell her what had passed, it was almost her first experience of the darker side of existence. For the first moment he had not been able to keep some resentment and sense of the indignity to which he had been exposed from getting to light. He told her with a pale smile and fiery eyes that he had scarcely time to speak to her, that he must go instantly, that her father had turned him out. But as Winton came to himself and began to perceive the pain which he was inflicting upon her, he did his best to smooth away the first unguarded outburst. Lady Jane's pallor, the tears which she could not restrain, the serenity of her countenance turned into anguish, all made apparent to him the fact which he had forgotten, that there were to her two sides to the question. He tried to draw in his words, to smooth away what he had said in the first outburst of his resentment. "After all, we must remember it was a great shock to him. I am nobody, only a simple gentleman, not fit to place myself on a level with the Duke's daughter," he said, though still with that smile of wounded pride and bitterness about his lips. Lady Jane was too heartbroken to say much; she listened like a martyr at the stake, standing silent while spears and arrows were thrust into her. Her father! he had been tried and he had not borne the trial. What she understood by rank was the highest courtesy, the noblest humbleness. A man who would turn another to the door, who would suffer his guest to perceive under any circumstances that he was not as a prince in his host's eyes, Lady Jane did not understand such a being. It hurt her so deeply that she did not even at first realise the fact that it was her lover who was turned away. She tried to ask a few faltering questions, to make out the circumstances to be less terrible; but failing in this, fell into silence, into such shame and consternation and deep humiliated pain as even Winton scarcely comprehended. No other

hand, no other proceeding could have struck such a blow at all the traditions of her life. She sat with her hand indeed in her lover's, but in a kind of miserable separation even from him, feeling her life fall away from her, unable to think or realise what was to happen now; until Winton, recovering from his excitement only to fall into a deeper panic, took renewed fright from her silence. "Jane," he said, "Jane! you don't mean to give me up because your father has turned me away." Lady Jane turned her head towards him, gave him a miserable smile, and pressed his hand faintly, then fell, as perhaps had never happened in her life before, into a passion of tears. He drew her into his arms, as was natural, and she wept on his shoulder, as one refusing to be comforted. It was but vaguely that Winton could even guess the entire upheaval of all her foundations, the ruin into which her earth had fallen. He thought it was the tragedy of his own love that was the cause, and that with this heartbreaking convulsion she was making up her mind to see it come to an end.

This was the attitude in which the Duchess found them. She, too, was pale, her eyes bright, her nostrils dilated, as if she had been in the wars. She found her daughter in this speechless passion of weeping, with Winton's pale countenance very despairing and tragic, yet touched with a livelier alarm, a frightened incomprehension, bending over her. He gave her a look of appeal as she came in; was it true that all was over, as he had said? The Duchess went to her child's side and took the hand that lay on her lap and caressed it. "My darling," she said, "this is not a moment to give in: and you are not one to fail in a great crisis, Jane. We have only a very little time to decide what we are to do before Reginald goes away."

She had not called him Reginald before, and there was a faint smile in her eyes as they met his—a smile of forgiveness and motherly kindness, though he had asked no pardon. The sound of her mother's voice broke the spell of Lady Jane's self-abandonment, and it went to Winton's heart with a forlorn sense of happiness in the midst of all the misery, that even her mother exercised a constraint upon her which when alone with him she did not feel. Was it not that he was herself, and that with him nature had free course unabashed? But the scene grew brighter and more hopeful when the Duchess came into it. She was not surprised nor overthrown by what had happened. She put back the soft hair from her child's fore-

head, and gave her a kiss of consolation. "My dearest," she said, "the crisis has come which I knew would come. Reginald must go as soon as it is possible for him to go. It is for you now to say what is to be done. You are of age; you have a right to judge for yourself. When you told me first I warned you what was before you. You have never taken the burden of your life upon you hitherto. Now the moment has come. I will not interfere. I will say nothing; neither will Reginald, if I understand him rightly. You must judge for yourself what you will do."

Winton obeyed her Grace's lead, though with reluctance and a troubled mind. He only partially comprehended what she meant. He would have liked, for his own part, to hold his love fast—to cry out to her once more, "You will not give me up because your father sends me away?" But he yielded to the Duchess's look, though with a grudge, feeling that this was moral compulsion almost as absolute as that with which her husband had turned him out. He rose from the sofa on which he had been sitting with Jane and stood before her, feeling in his hand still the mould of hers which had lain there so long, and which left his, he thought, with reluctance. This proceeding brought her altogether to herself. She looked around her with an almost pitiful surprise. "Am I to be left alone," she said, with a quiver in her lip, "when I need support most?" And then there was a pause. To Jane and to Winton it seemed as if the very wheels of existence were arrested and the world stood still. No one spoke. He was not capable of it; the Duchess would not. Lady Jane between, with wet eyelashes, and cheeks still pale with tears, and mouth quivering, her hands clasped in her lap as if clinging to each other since there was nothing else to hold by, sat perfectly still for a moment which seemed an hour. When she spoke at last there was a catch in her voice, and the words came with difficulty, and with little pauses between.

"What is it I am to decide?" she said. "All was decided—when we found out—in town— We cannot separate, he and I— That—can never come into question now. Is it not so?— I may read it wrong— It appears—I have already read something wrong—" And then a spasm came over her face once more: but she got it under control. "What you mean is—about details?" said Lady Jane.

Winton, who had been in so extreme a

state of excitement and suspense that he could bear no more, dropped down upon his knees at the side of the sofa on which she sat, and, clasping them, put down his face upon her hands. Lady Jane freed one to put it lightly upon his bowed head, with something of that soft maternal smile of indulgence of which love has the privilege. "Did he think I was a child?" she said to her mother, with a gentle wonder in her eyes. "Or not honest?" She herself was calm again; steadfast, while the others still trembled, seeing the complications so much less clearly than the fair and open way. She was a little surprised by Winton's broken ecstasies, by her mother's tremulous kiss of approval. "Is there anything left for me to decide?" she said.

Nobody knew very well what was said or done in the agitated half-hour that remained. It was agreed between them that "the details," of which Lady Jane had spoken with a blush, should be arranged afterwards, when all were more cool and masters of themselves—a state to which no one of the little group attained until Winton was hurrying along the country roads towards the station, and Lady Jane and her mother were seated in forlorn quiet alone in that little room which for the last week had been the scene of so many excitements. The Duchess rose with a start when the little French clock on the mantelpiece chimed one. "My dearest," she said, "we have many things to do which look like falsehood, we women. You and I must appear at luncheon as if nothing had happened. There must be no red eyes, my love, no abstraction. It will be all over the world in no time, if we do not take care. For myself, alas, I am used to it; but you, Jane——"

Lady Jane did not immediately reply. She said, "There is one thing, mamma, to which I have made up my mind——"

The Duchess was examining herself in the glass to see if she was pale or red, or anything different from her ordinary aspect. She turned round to hear what this new determination was.

"I will speak to my father myself," Lady Jane said.

If a cannon had been discharged into the peaceful little boudoir the effect could scarcely have been greater. "You will speak to your father, Jane? There are some things I know better than you. It will wound you, my darling—for no good."

"But I think it is right. There should be no means neglected to make him give

his consent. With his consent all would be better. I think I ought to do it. It will be no shock to him now—he knows. To think of him like *that* is the thing that gave me most pain."

"But if you should see him like *that*——" the Duchess said; then added hastily, "I know you are right. But you must set your face like a flint; you must not allow yourself to be made unhappy. Jane, your father does not think as I think in many ways. I have tried to keep you from all opposition; but he is old and you are young; you judge differently. You must not think because his point of view is different that he is wrong, even in this case—altogether."

Lady Jane lifted her mild eyes, which were almost stern in their unwavering sense of right. "I sometimes feel that you think nothing is wrong—altogether," she said.

"Perhaps not," the Duchess replied, with a smile and a sigh.

"It seems noble to me that you should think so, but I cannot. My father will not be like *that* to me," she added, with a little sadness. "Do not be afraid, and I will take a little time—not to-day, unless he speaks to me."

"He will not speak to you," said the Duchess eagerly. She thought that she had at least secured that.

And then they went to luncheon. A little look of exhaustion about Lady Jane's face, a clear shining in her eyes like the sky after rain, betrayed to some keen-sighted spectators that there had been agitation in the atmosphere. But for a novice unaccustomed to trouble, she bore herself very well. And as for the Duchess, she was perfect. Her unruffled mind, her easy grace of greatness, were visible in every movement. What could so great a lady have to trouble her? She was gracious to everybody, and full of suggestions as to what should be done, as the afternoon promised to clear up, proposing expeditions to one place and another. "Mr. Winton would have been an addition to your riding party, but unfortunately he left us this morning," she said in a voice of the most perfect composure. "So that there was nothing in it, after all," little Lady Adela whispered to her mother. But Lady Grand-maison, who was a woman of experience, shook her head.

And next morning Lady Jane, pale, but courageous, with a heart that fluttered, but a purpose as steadfast as her nature, went softly down-stairs in her turn and knocked at the Duke's door.

A LOOK.

I SAW it pass from eye to eye,
A subtle flash of fine emotion,
That bore from each to each the pledge
Of the whole heart's life-long devotion.

What wealth was there! what boundless store
For all the needs of coming years!

The noble sympathy in joy!
The priceless balm for pain and tears!

Just that one look—and straight was sealed
The dearest bond that life supplies;
Lips may deceive, but perfect truth
Finds glorious speech in honest eyes.

JANE C. SIMPSON.

GENERAL COLIN MACKENZIE, C.B.,

The East of the East India Company's Puritan Soldiers.

By GEORGE SMITH, LL.D.

AMID the crowd of heroic men, from Clive to Lawrence, to whom the East India Company owes what is greatest in its history, Lieut.-General Colin Mackenzie, C.B., holds a unique position. To the fearlessness of Clive, which Browning has dramatised in his latest work, and to the dash of Outram, he added the righteousness of Durand and the evangelical fervour of the Lawrences. In Colin Mackenzie Chivalry and Puritanism met. The former was the fruit of his early career, the latter was the deliberate choice of his middle and later years; both combined gave his character a charm all its own, such as has been rare since the days of Coligny. When his life is written the world will see what his comrades alone fully understood when, last November, they laid him in the Grange Cemetery of Edinburgh, beside Sir Hope Grant. Then the young Lieutenant, now General Haughton, whom forty years back he had saved from the disasters of the first Afghan war, wrote of him, referring to the death of Vincent Eyre also: "The loss of two old friends and comrades following so closely presses heavily upon me. Sir George Lawrence, Sir J. T. Airey, and myself are now the only surviving officers of the first campaign who were involved in the disasters at Kabul. He ministered to my spiritual comfort when none else attempted to do so, and I have never forgotten that I have lost the most chivalrous, the most warm-hearted, the most public-spirited, and, above all, the most earnest and Christian friend I ever had."

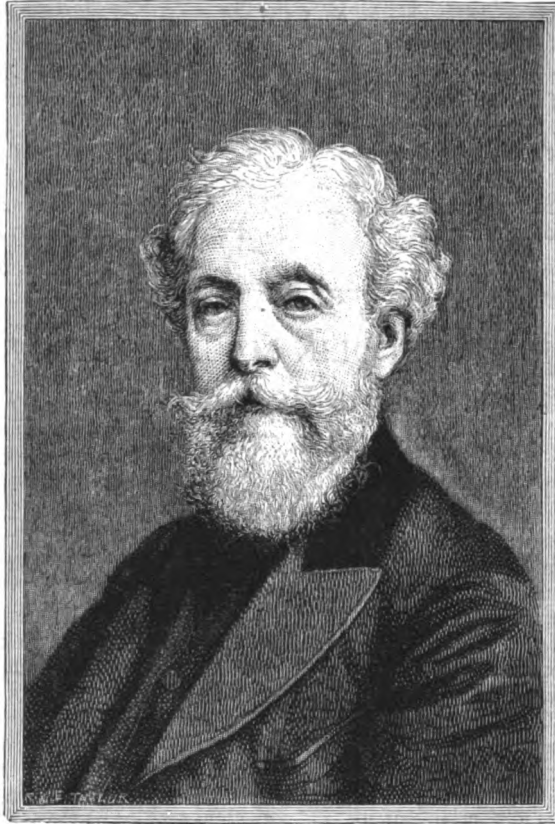
Sprung from the cadet branch of the Mackenzies of Redcastle, Colin had to make his own way in the world. The beginning of the year 1826 saw him ensign in the 48th Madras Native Infantry, after an education

which made him master of his own language and of French, so that he ever wrote a pure and vigorous style, and had the poet Pope by heart. He was adjutant of his regiment when Lord William Bentinck, who could tolerate no longer the iniquities of the Rajah of Coorg, sent Sir Patrick Lindsay to remove the monster. As Deputy-Assistant Quartermaster-General, the young lieutenant served with the main column of the force in all the actions which resulted in the taking of Merikara, the capital. After ten years of incessant military experience he sought health at sea. In 1836, and long afterwards, till Rajah Brooke struck at the root of the evil, the Malay pirates were a terror to the commerce which swept to and fro through the Straits of Sunda, between China and the West. The young Highlander volunteered for service against them, with Admiral Sir H. Ducie Chads, in the Straits of Malacca and the China seas, and such were his exploits that he was specially mentioned to Lord Auckland, the Governor-General. On some of those rare occasions when Colin Mackenzie could be beguiled into speaking of himself, I have known him keep us sitting many an hour into the night while he told of adventures by sea and land, which he would not allow to be committed to record beyond the brief summary in the Admiral's despatches. When, soon after, Lord Auckland in India and Lord Broughton at home entered on the mad policy which shook the empire to its foundation, Colin Mackenzie, still an unlucky lieutenant, and Major George Broadfoot volunteered, with the result of making the Madras army as famous in the Afghan war as Colonel Neill did in the mutiny which sprang from its campaigns. Each, in

1840, became the right hand of George Clerk on the North-West frontier; Mackenzie, first in charge of the Khaibar Pass, as Assistant Political Agent at Peshawar. But, as if that duty were not full enough of danger, he did not rest until he was sent into the thick of the struggle at Kabul itself, as Assistant to the Envoy, Sir William Macnaghten. Even there his fiery spirit would allow no danger to present itself which he did not ask to share. The insurrection around Kabul had begun, and Sir Robert Sale had been sent to take the field in the hill coun-

try. Edward Conolly, one of three noble brothers, had fallen at Tootundurrah as a volunteer, and the 13th Light Infantry had been repulsed at Joolgah. Dost Mahomed seemed to be everywhere, stirring up the tribes. Mackenzie asked permission to join the Sappers; he led the advanced guard at the forcing of the Khoord Kabul Pass, soon to become a place of terrible memory. He was summoned back only to still sterner work with the doomed force in the Afghan capital, when Dost Mahomed personally surrendered to the British Envoy, and was sent on to Calcutta, with the confession in which Macnaghten condemned the whole war—"We ejected the Dost, who never offended us, in support of our policy, of which he was the victim."

From this time of preparation in the young lieutenant's career, when he was still under thirty-five, we now come to the four deeds of daring and suffering in his life, any one of which would have made him the hero of a people and the subject of their ballads in darker ages, all of which duty



From a photograph by Messrs Maull & Fox.

alone led him to face and to do, because he was not only a soldier but a saint. For a great change had passed within Colin Mackenzie. In 1836 his first wife had died on the fourth anniversary of their wedding-day, after a happy union. Gradually, and under Bible-teaching, he had come to see that of all lives life in Christ is alone worth living. His courage received a new motive; his sense of duty the highest inspiration. When he entered Afghanistan, it was without the dogmatic knowledge of Havelock in somewhat similar circumstances, though he grew into that also.

In the lull before the massacre these two stood almost alone among the young officers, in the continence and purity of their lives, while Sir Alexander Burnes was at the head of those who were heaping up wrath against the whole British force, which the imbecility of its military chiefs was impotent to avert. With a perfect knowledge of Persian, moreover, and of the Afghan colloquial, Mackenzie soon became more closely associated with the natives than most of his comrades, being attached to the Kizzilbash force of Shah Soojah, the king. So, by friend and foe alike, he was known as the "Moolla," the puritan, the priest, the doer of the law. His life was a mystery to the sensual Afghans, a silent reproach to his own comrades, whom privately he attempted to influence for good. Such was the man, when the horrors of 1841—42 burst on our reduced army of occupation, and financial troubles at Calcutta led the devoted Macnaghten to cut down the subsidy of Rs. 30,000 a year given to the Ghilzai chiefs to keep the roads open. The first of his four exploits was this:—

Mackenzie and Pottinger had been in vain warning the Envoy of the gathering storm, when, on the 2nd of November, a Kabul mob slaughtered Alexander Burnes and other officers in the city, and plundered the treasury within sight of a passive force of 5,000 British soldiers. Having then taken the fort in which all our commissariat supplies were stored, they besieged the camel sheds on the outskirts, where the provisions of the king's force were kept. This so-called fort of Nishan Khan was under Captain Mackenzie's charge. After pressure from Vincent Eyre he wrote what Sir John Kaye justly pronounced "a very interesting and well-written report" of the forty hours' siege. The fort was not capable of defence; it was choked with baggage and encumbered with a host of women and children, and the water was scarce. But he held it, a solitary European, at the head of faithful Mahomedan sepoys, whom the Afghans, firing through his own loopholes, challenged to give him up for the sake of Islam. In vain for two days did he look for help, "for the glittering bayonets through the trees." All the men were on duty at the same time, but "whenever they could snatch five minutes to refresh themselves with a pipe, one or other of them would twang a sort of rude guitar as an accompaniment to some martial song, which, mingling with the notes of war, sounded very strangely." Ever and anon there rose the wild shrieks of the women over the dead and dying. After fighting and waiting for forty hours without rest, and on the leader's part without refreshment, the only resource was to march the survivors by night to the British cantonments. It was the Ramadan fast; half a mile had been accomplished when Mackenzie found himself in a narrow lane, met by the cry from a party of Afghans—"Feringhee hust," "Here is a European." "Spurring my horse violently I wheeled round, cutting from right to left. My blows, by God's mercy, parried the greater part of them, and I was lucky enough to cut off the hand of my most outrageous assailant. After a desperate struggle, during which I received two slight sabre cuts, and a blow on the back of the head from a fellow whose sword turned in his hand, which half knocked me off my horse, I escaped out of the crush, passing unhurt through two volleys of musketry from the whole picket. . . . To my horror I perceived my path again blocked up by a dense body of Afghans. Retreat was impossible, so, putting my trust in God, I charged into the midst of them, hoping that the weight of my horse would clear a way for

me, and reserving my sword-cut for the last struggle. It was well that I did so, for by the time I had knocked over some twenty fellows I found they were my own Juzailchees. If you ever experienced sudden relief from a hideous nightmare you may imagine my feelings for the moment. During the whole business I had under a dozen killed, whereas about thirty of the enemy had bitten the dust and gone to their place." It was like Colin Mackenzie to spare no pains till "the handful of brave men" who remained faithful to him to the last, though Afghan Mahomedans, received a public reward. Each veteran got a year's pay when Mackenzie's Juzailchees were disbanded at Jhelam. But before that he led the detachment, as General Elphinstone reported to Government, in almost every fight during the two months' siege of the cantonment, his and their conduct being most conspicuous; and in the disastrous affair of Behmaroo, where he was again wounded, he was publicly thanked for his conduct.

We come to the second of the four experiences. The siege ended in the massacre of the Envoy, which Mackenzie's knowledge of the Afghans again strove to prevent. He was to have accompanied Sir William Macnaghten to Peshawar, when the unhappy minister had been appointed Governor of Bombay by the same irony of fate which marked the whole policy. That had ended in Macnaghten agreeing to pay Akbar Khan, the treacherous son of Dost Mahomed, 30 lakhs of rupees, and an annuity of 4 lakhs, as Wuzeer of Shah Soojah, on the plea that this would give England time to enter into a treaty with Russia, defining the bounds beyond which neither was to pass in Central Asia. On the fatal 23rd December, 1842, the Envoy went forth to meet Akbar Khan in conference on this precious treaty, attended by Mackenzie, George Lawrence, and Trevor. Mackenzie had remonstrated, with the warning that it was a plot against him. The deluded Envoy replied hastily, "A plot! let me alone for that, trust me for that!" and so the doomed party proceeded. On the slope of a hillock which hid them from the cantonment, a carpet was spread where the snow lay least thickly. They dismounted and reclined beside Akbar Khan and his chiefs. Mackenzie could hardly prevail on himself to quit his gallant Cape horse which had before carried him so well, and when on the ground, he rose up as armed men began to gather around the party. Then Akbar Khan gave the signal in the word "Regeer!" "Seize!" and grasped

the Envoy's left hand with an expression of diabolical ferocity, while another secured the right. They dragged him down the hillock as he uttered the words in Persian, "For God's sake!" Akbar Khan struck and then shot him with one of the very pistols which he had once presented to the traitor. Trevor too was cut down, and Lawrence was dragged past his horrified comrade.

Mackenzie had been standing apart talking with the chief of the Afghan police, an old acquaintance, who mastered his right arm, held a pistol to his temple, and amid a shower of bullets hurried him through the snow to a horse. "As I mounted behind my captor, now my energetic defender, the crowd increased around us and the cries of 'Kill the Kafir' became more vehement." After for some time, while at a fast canter, warding off the sword-cuts, with the aid of his followers, the Afghan wheeled his horse round, made the last appeal a Mussulman can make by taking off his turban and implored the devotee Ghazees to respect the life of his friend. The horse fell as it leaped up a high bank, when Mackenzie received a heavy blow on his head from a bludgeon and a fanatic twisted his collar to suffocation. When he recovered consciousness he was being defended by Akbar Khan himself, who then repeatedly taunted him in a tone of triumphant derision, "You'll seize my country, will you?" Insulted and plundered by the men who had slain Macnaghten and Trevor, he and Lawrence were kept prisoners in the city, were then ordered to be blown away from a gun, and were rescued with difficulty by two chiefs. Dressed as Afghans, they were sent back to cantonments to encourage false confidence on the part of the doomed army and its leaders.

The first day of 1842 saw the beginning of the end, when the most disgraceful treaty military commanders have ever signed was ratified, and that retreat began through the winter snow and the far worse Ghilzai bullets, which only one man survived out of sixteen thousand. In all our history only Cawnpore is blacker than Khoord Kabul and Jugdulluk. Blacker, because the widows and wives and children and a few of the maimed and wounded officers were spared from Khoord Kabul to become the "guests" of the traitor, and, as a matter of fact, survived their captivity with honour, though at the last sent by their "host" to be sold as slaves in Toorkistan. To them had been added Mackenzie, Lawrence, and Pottinger as hostages, on Akbar Khan's demand, after the

first had, as Kaye's history tells, eagerly sought to redeem the errors of Elphinstone and Shelton, as he had done to prevent the infatuation of Macnaghten. The captives, besides these three, and Elphinstone, Shelton, and Johnson, other hostages, were the widows, Lady Macnaghten, Mrs. Sturt and one child, Mrs. Trevor and seven children; Lady Sale, whose husband was holding Jellalabad with Havelock under him; Captain Boyd, wife and child; Lieutenant Waller, wife and child; Lieutenant Eyre, wife and child; Mr. Ryley, wife and child; Mrs. Mainwaring and child; Serjeant Wade and family; and the wounded officers, Colin Troup and Mein, Melville and Dr. Macgrath, —twenty-nine, and fourteen children in all. All were at first placed under the care of the one Afghan chief who had proved himself at once a patriot and a man, the "good Nawab," as he was called, Zemaun Khan, who was moreover of near kin to Dost Mahomed, then in honourable captivity in Calcutta. To protect them he raised an army of his own, of three thousand men. For nine months they remained in captivity, hurried from place to place, sometimes for their own safety, at others according to the falling fortunes of Akbar Khan, now almost within sight of our troops at Jellalabad, again among the fastnesses of Khoolom, to be sold to the man-stealing Oosbeks. Mackenzie's stories of their prison life, their kindly intercourse, their hopes and fears, their trust in God, their Sunday service, and the use of the one Bible and Prayer-book picked up on the field of slaughter, of the gambols of the children to whose number more than one birth added, their attempts at recreation, their tricks on the 1st of April, their speculations as to relief and the course of events in India, where Lord Ellenborough was so far reversing his predecessor's policy as to be willing to sacrifice its noble victims—all this and more he could never be persuaded to put on record, nor to allow his friends to do so. But three years after, when it was still vividly printed on the memory, he was persuaded to tell to a loving writer one episode in his "Recollection of a Journey to Jellalabad." This is the third of the deeds to which we referred at the outset.

Major Pottinger, who had succeeded poor Macnaghten, fearing that the defeat of Akbar Khan before Jellalabad might tempt him to murder the whole party, proposed to him to send one of the captives to treat with General Pollock, who had halted at that city.

Mackenzie, who was tending the dying Ephinstone in a fort in Tezeen, the only drugs available being opium and boiled pomegranate, was sent for when the old man breathed his last, and told to prepare for a journey to Jellalabad. No one save Pottinger believed he could survive a mission of such danger. The Afghans reasoned that if any of the captives would return in such circumstances it would be the English Moolla, whose word they could trust, for when, with some confusion, Akbar Khan asked him if he intended to return, Mackenzie answered, "Are you the son of an Ameer and ask me, an English gentleman, such a question?" Akbar Khan's private request was an amnesty for himself and followers, and a grant of land, in which case he would help Pollock to reconquer Afghanistan; the public letter proposed an exchange of prisoners and the withdrawal of the English from the country. Dressed in a sheep-skin cloak full of vermin, with his white face hidden up to the eyes, and mounted on Lady Sale's horse with a native saddle, Colin Mackenzie set out. He was attended by two of Akbar Khan's troopers, and guided by the notorious Buttee, "the thief," and three of his gang, on foot. Buttee was the Rob Roy who had eased Sale of several hundreds of his camels, which he resold to the General! The three horsemen and four thieves struggled up the bed of a torrent till they came to a cascade, which barred advance. Laughing at the troopers' abuse, Buttee guided Mackenzie up and round by a goat's path till they surmounted hills "to which Ben Lomond is a joke!" He knew Persian and beguiled the way with Pushtoo war-songs, till the Scottish Highlander was lost in sympathetic admiration at the man whose nostrils were not even expanded as he clomb the tremendous ascents, his heavy matchlock behind his back with the ends resting on the inside of his elbows. When the snow was reached the danger increased, for the track sloped to the torrent at an angle of forty-five. Even the Afghan troopers protested they had never seen such a road, while the perspiration streamed off them like rain in spite of the wintry wind. So they crossed the Khurkhuchar Pass; but in the easy descent on the other side the icy blast cut through them. To the left they passed the fatal barriers of Jugdulluk, there, untouched by decay, lay the bodies of Mackenzie's brave comrades, of whom he specially mentions Dodgin as having fought so desperately, though he had but one leg, that the enemy were obliged to shoot him

from a distance. As he passed along the narrow ridge in the bright moonlight, with the mangled remains below and the everlasting hills towering in front, he says, "My sense of weakness and absolute inability in any way to control the progress of events which were rapidly hurrying to a crisis, and which were fraught with safety or destruction to myself and my fellow-captives, and with honour or dishonour to my country, had the good effect of leading me to Him whose arm is never shortened to uphold and save all who put their trust in Him." And this follows: "Before we reached the Valley of Zinganeh we had to cross a shallow stream, whose pure waters I shall ever remember with gratitude, for my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth, and there on three subsequent journeys did it quench my thirst." As day dawned and they came to a hostile tribe Buttee carefully smothered the white officer in the Afghan dress and mounted before him, passing him off as a sick chief of Peshawar sent home by Akbar Khan. Every eminence was topped by a robber fort, notably that of the murderer of James Skinner, whose men pursued the party. At the ford of a river, opposite the gate of the chief, Mackenzie, worn out by fatigue, fairly tumbled off among the henchmen who had rushed out with the cry of "Strangers!" "For the first time," he said, "I felt the anguish of mortal fear, notwithstanding the awful extremity in which I had twice stood before when surrounded by the Afghans, in cutting my way into cantonments, and again at Sir William Macnaghten's murder." But Buttee, the thief, was equal to the crisis. He harangued his countrymen on the exploits of Akbar Khan over the infidels, while his followers dragged the "sick chief" away up the mountain path. After a week of hairbreadth escapes and exhausting toil, amid the filth of Afghan surroundings, Colin Mackenzie and his horse, in a state which he used Scotch to describe, as "sair furaughten," rode into Pollock's camp. So black and haggard had he become that the Sepoy vidette would not believe he was a European. He was received by the general and his old friend Sir George Macgregor as an apparition. But the camp was soon alive with the news he brought, and each little fact about the captives spread away over India into every cantonment, and tardily westward to the British homes where hope deferred had sickened many a loving heart. Mackenzie's information helped the avenging army to the rapid success which in due time enabled the captives to free them-

selves. He did not need to advise Sir George Pollock to scorn all overtures from the murderer of Macnaghten. But he went further, he urged an immediate advance on Kabul as the first and only step necessary to leaving the people for ever to their own independence. And after twenty-four hours he returned into captivity, only to be sent back again on a second though less perilous mission, after seven hours' repose, while Pottinger was preparing another letter to the General. The second journey resulted in an attack of typhus under which he nearly sank, so that his friend, Colin Troup, was despatched on the third and last of these missions by which Akbar Khan sought in vain to save himself from the fate which his deeds deserved. His defeat at Tezeen led the Afghan jailor of the captives, who was conducting them over the wastes of the Hindoo Koosh to be sold as slaves, to let them free themselves, on Mackenzie, Johnson, Pottinger, and Lawrence becoming personally bound, "in the presence of God and Jesus Christ," for the amount of their ransom, Rs. 20,000 at once and Rs. 1,000 a month, "In our prison at Bameean, 11th September, 1842."

To Kabul, where Pollock's army represented at once the triumph and the atonement of British power, Sale's 13th Regiment led the delivered ones. But work had yet to be done, and Colin Mackenzie must be at the doing of it, though hardly recovered from the Jellalabad perils. Istalif, the virgin fortress of the Afghans, still defied us, and it fell to Henry Havelock to storm it. Mackenzie was by his side at the head of a large body of Kizzilbash horsemen. Then, then at last, he sought home, where were his motherless daughters, away out of all the theatrical rejoicings of Lord Ellenborough, to whom the captives were odious. The still youthful Captain was welcomed as the hero he was, for England did not agree with Lord Ellenborough. Wedded to the eldest daughter of Admiral J. E. Douglas, the accomplished authoress, who survives him, he returned to the North-west frontier, raised the 4th Sikh Regiment in 1847, and with it kept the peace of the border during the last Sikh campaign. In him the Marquis of Dalhousie, visiting the new province of the Punjab, found a man after his own heart. "Colin," as the Governor-General always called him, was hastily summoned to council at that critical time when the great Proconsul could not make up his mind whether the Indus River or the base of the Sulaimans should be the limit

of British supremacy. "Don't give up Peshawar," said Mackenzie; "it is the gate of India." Offered a rich civil appointment in the new province, the much-enduring soldier preferred the army still, and in 1850 the Madras Captain was appointed senior Brigadier of the Haidarabad Contingent. But a political or administrative duty of the most important kind fell to his lot. Berar, the fertile cotton valley now pierced by the Bombay and Calcutta Railway, was transferred to the British by the Nizam, and the Brigade was ordered to take it over. Mackenzie's junior, Brigadier Mayne, was eager to provoke a collision, that they might win their spurs. Colin Mackenzie kept him in check, prepared careful statistics of the districts, advanced on his own responsibility the sums which prevented the peasantry from migrating elsewhere and the State losing a year's revenue, and so acted that Lord Dalhousie declared he had taken possession of the province "without losing a rupee of revenue or spilling a drop of blood." It was at the close of six years of such service that, as if Kabul had not been enough, he was personally forced to suppress the mutiny of a cavalry regiment in Bolarum, one of several ominous mutterings of the storm which burst in 1857. This is the fourth of his great deeds of daring and devotion to duty.

In September, 1855, on the occasion of the Muharram, or ten days' fast observed by the Shia Mahomedans, he directed that the usual orders should be issued, under which processions with music and noise were forbidden during the twenty-four hours of the Christians' day of worship and rest. As it turned out that Sunday was the great day when alone the Muharram processions could take place that year, the Brigadier at once issued a second order permitting them, but only in the lines of their respective corps, and not in the barracks or along the roads: This "usual" police regulation, to prevent a religious procession from interfering with the comfort of the citizens of another creed, as the press described it at the time, was deliberately disobeyed. The 3rd Cavalry Regiment, notorious for opium-eating, and for the murder of both a European and a native officer, sent a procession quietly along the road to the Brigadier's garden, where it began making a hideous din. Mackenzie sent first his orderly and then the sergeant of his guard to warn them. They continued, when he himself went to exercise his personal authority, and, in the last resort, to prevent all bloodshed but his own. He could not,

as he afterwards said, "skulk under hatches," that being contrary to his nature and his oath. He would not turn out his Hindoo infantry guard, for that would have led to a widespread conflict. So he walked out quietly, and only after remonstrating in vain, he returned with the small standards carried in defiance of the law. The natives, fleeing to their lines with shouts of "Deen! Deen!" ("the faith in danger"), returned with a mob of troopers, who broke in the gate and sprang upon him with sabres. One cut split his skull down to the brain, another severed the outer bone of the left arm, a third cut the deltoid to the bone, and two others took off the middle finger of the right hand. The unarmed Brigadier staggered into and through the house bleeding profusely; the doctor gave up all hope of his recovery, and he himself exclaimed in the pauses of exhaustion, "It is all God's doing, and therefore right." We have Henry Lawrence's verdict on the affair at the time, given in that famous article of his in the *Calcutta Review*, in which he said of a general mutiny—"Come it will, unless anticipated: a Clive may not then be at hand." That wisest and best of Englishmen who ever went to India, declared the Muharram order to be perfectly legitimate, looked on the attack as premeditated by fanatics, and, while doubting the wisdom of Mackenzie's personal interference, said of him, "He possesses much of the Covenanter spirit. His wounds were frightful; few men could have survived them. His dauntless spirit sustained him." Read in the light of 1857, Henry Lawrence's eulogy may be taken even without his doubt. Then we suffered for the weakness which in 1855

sought to extenuate open mutiny, because Colin Mackenzie was a saint as well as a soldier.

The Mutiny found him in England recovering from his wounds and the counsellor of the *Daily News* and the authorities, on whom he urged at once the dispatch of an army of thirty thousand men—a movement too long delayed. He succeeded his friend Sir George Macgregor as political agent at Moorshedabad, and after that held various military appointments till his promotion to be Major-General in 1871. In all he showed the same "gallantry, ability, and endurance" which Lord Dalhousie extolled in the *Gazette* in 1849. But he would never ask for a reward. It is a satire on the honours which are thickly showered on men now that the age of Indian chivalry is past, that Colin Mackenzie received no more than the first Kabul medal, the Companionship of the Bath, and a special annuity of £300 for his "varied and distinguished services, especially in Afghanistan." Wherever he went, in India, he was the warm friend of Christian missionaries and converts. Wherever he resided, in Edinburgh, London, or the Continent, he sought out Christian friends, he helped philanthropic movements, he made himself beloved by the poor, the dependent, the humble. He was a true soldier of Jesus Christ, who ever held in his heart, and rejoiced in the divine saying, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." When Canon Liddon heard of his death, he wrote of Colin Mackenzie words which might be carved on his tomb—"Simple, fearless, affectionate, chivalrous, he took possession of people's hearts as a matter of course."

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D., AUTHOR OF "PRAYING AND WORKING," &c.

I.—THE PALM-TREE.

WHILE we can never emphasize too much the extreme simplicity, plainness, and directness of the Bible, we are never allowed to forget that it is an Eastern book, that its colouring, its forms of language, and the setting of its truths are Eastern, not Western. Its parables and illustrations are drawn from common life, but it is Eastern life; every-day life, but not our every-day. Those little touches that were familiar to any bystander when our Lord spoke have not the same immediate vividness to us. The

truth is not missed, but the freshness and something of the force are wanting.

When travelling recently through some countries of the farther East, Japan, China, and India, scarcely a day passed that we were not reminded how many of the nicer and finer shades of thought we lose through the difference of our Western ways. Over and over again we rejoiced in the sudden light that some custom of the spot flung upon a Bible image; and it may, perhaps, be worth while to recall some of those impres-

sions, and the circumstances under which they were made.

It would be impossible within any modest compass to point out the innumerable similarities of manners and customs; for all over Asia it would appear that there are lines of habit and fashion in the social life which go back to a time at least as old as Abraham, and that these are found in countries that are as little biblical as China or India. Travel in any part of the East would, therefore, bring to notice a vast number of resemblances to that most familiar, and yet unfamiliar, world in which we walk when we read the Bible; familiar, because from the time that we can read no book has such a hold upon us; unfamiliar, because it abounds in language for which Western habits furnish us no clue. It is not proposed to do more than to select a few of those that have been used for imbedding in them some biblical truths. When, for example, the creation of the sky is described in the prophecies of Isaiah,* the idea of mastery and ease is conveyed by the spreading of it out as an Eastern shepherd pitches his tent; and when Hezekiah dwells upon the sudden and complete end which death makes of even a busy or splendid life, he borrows an image from the same source: † "Mine age is departed and is removed from me as a shepherd's tent," as easily as such a tent is taken down. When our Lord bids men lay up treasures in heaven, where thieves do not break through nor steal, ‡ He had in His mind the mud house-walls of the people to whom he spoke, and through which the thief literally broke. Such simple exhortations as "Having your loins girt about with truth," § and "Gird up the loins of your mind," || fail in their due impressiveness unless we connect them with the use of the girdle in Oriental costume. There is nothing in our Western ways to make the handing of a cup of cold water to a thirsty traveller a symbol of hospitality, but in the East it would be more welcomed than costly wines. When Isaiah describes the redeemed going out with joy and led forth with peace, ¶ much of the vivid beauty of his picture is lost if we do not see with him a marriage procession to a stately bridal feast, "the feast of fat things" ** which he elsewhere describes the Lord making for all people; and while the wedding march goes past through the streets of the world, instead of attendant choristers and bands of music, "the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees

of the field shall clap their hands."* It is the same festival that we see in the background of our Lord's words to the faithful servant, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." If we even turn to such a Psalm as the Twenty-third, every line of which is like "some dear familiar strain" for which "untired we ask, and ask again," we find the "leading," the "paths," the "anointing," and the "over-running cup," convey meanings that lie by Eastern ways.

An illustration occurs in another Psalm that we may pursue into more detail. "The righteous," it is said, "shall flourish like the palm-tree." † There are trees mentioned in the Bible with which we are already familiar, the oak and the poplar, the cedar and the willow, the olive and the almond, and even the fig-tree. We can readily fall in with the parable of King Jehoshaphat about the cedar and the thistle; we can conceive Zaccheus peering down through the thick leaves of the banyan-like "sycamore;" we can gather the glorious clusters of spiritual truth with which our Lord has hung the vine and its branches. Our orchards help us to understand the barren fig, the axe laid at the root of the unfruitful tree, and the withered branches cast into the fire. The tree of life in Eden, and the tree of life that in the imagery of the Apocalypse borders the crystal river in the city of the Lamb, are no more mysterious to us than to the Jews. And we who rejoice in the motion, and greenness, and shade of summer woods, the hum of insects in the branches, the sunlight slanting on the trunks, the moss that cushions itself among the tangled roots, the nestling of the primrose and the violet, and the nodding plumes of ferns, we as well as the Jews can feel as if "fruitful trees and all cedars" ‡ should praise the Lord. But with the palm-tree we get from the West into the East, to sights that we can realise only by books and pictures.

We saw the palm-tree first at Singapore, and the taper trunks, the glorious leaves, and the bunches of fruit gave a character to the landscape. They fringed the still, and clear, and narrow straits, they fringed the roads, they stood in open spaces in the streets, they hung over the transparent water, they shaded the house, they grew in the garden, and they imparted a wonderful richness and dignity. It was like being transported into some higher and more gracious world. The southern coast of India is a long fringe of palm-trees over a long fringe of surf, and inland it is not uncommon to meet with stately avenues of palms, or pass through woods of them;

* Isaiah xl. 22.
† Eph. vi. 14.

‡ Isaiah xxxviii. 12.
§ 1 Peter i. 13.

¶ Matt. vi. 20.
** Isaiah lv. 12.

*** Isaiah xxv. 6.

* Isaiah lv. 12: † Psalm xcii. 12. ‡ Psalm cxlviii. 9.

and they tower above the hedgerows and above the bananas in the orchards.

They can never have been so abundant in Palestine, for Western Palestine at least was not a land of woods; but they were familiar to the people, and familiar by their stateliness. *Tamar*, which was the Hebrew name of the date palm, occurs in *Hazeontamar*,* the felling of the palm-tree, and in the closing chapters of Ezekiel as the point from which the southern border of the land was to be measured.† As *Bethany* means the house of dates, it would seem that palm-trees must once have grown upon the Mount of Olives; a palm-tree, or perhaps a grove of them, is linked in our memory with the brilliant exploit of Deborah; and *Jericho* was known for hundreds of years as the city of palms.

A tree so striking and beautiful as this could not fail to impress itself upon the language of the people, and therefore of the Bible. The symmetry and straightness of its tall taper stem became a frequent image for beauty among women. There are three Tamars mentioned in the Bible, and two of them are said to have been fair; "How fair and how pleasant art thou," we read in the Song of Solomon, "thy stature is like to a palm-tree."‡

"The righteous shall flourish like the palm-tree," which is a royal tree, the prince of the vegetable kingdom, Linnæus called it; for the righteous man, of no matter what humble degree, is a kingly man, and righteousness is the sum of kingly qualities.

"Flourish" is applied with emphasis to the palm in this passage, and it could not be applied more fitly. Once it has taken root it not merely grows and yields fruit, but it grows in sterile-looking soil, and it does not droop or wither in the glare of the sun. The sunshine may fall down upon it like hot rain, but its leaf is always green and it yields its fruit in its season, yields it with a rich and even abundance to which we have no parallel. The righteous shall flourish. The life of God's children is a beautiful life. It has all the symmetry of duty. In Christ it is the stature of the perfect man. There should be nothing dwarfed in Christian thought, nor feeble in Christian action. The Christian life is all over noble, and if we compare the Christian man with his simple aims, not aims that are inflamed by ambition, or pride, or the love of wealth, or the love of mastery, but the aims of doing justly, loving mercy and walking humbly with God, is he not like

the tall stem of the palm shooting high above the lower ground into the open sky and the sunshine? He shall flourish: for God loves him, and "eternal sunshine settles on his head."

But there are other features of the palm that would appeal to those familiar with it. There is its great strength. Heavy weights hung at the top will not deflect it. We have often watched men climb the branchless trunk for sixty or seventy feet in the South of India; for that is their business, to climb it twice a day in the season and empty the vessel that is filled with the sweet sap taken from the crown; and it was more like climbing an iron pillar. And have we not all seen Christian men and women carry great burdens of duty that would have bent others down, and yet with such erectness of purpose and such simplicity and cheerfulness that it might have been thought easy? The palm-tree grows slowly moreover, and it is long before it yields its fruit. The early dates are not the best: they are never so good as when the fruit of other trees would begin to fail; for the palm is reported to be at its best from twenty-five years up to one hundred; and, indeed, an Indian proverb declares that it takes a thousand years to grow. And is it not true that the life and strength and spirit of an aged Christian are the most beautiful of all?

"And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring,
They shall be fat and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing."

And there is another merit of the tree to which the natives of palm-growing countries attach the largest importance: I mean the multitude of uses to which it can be put. There is a saying in the South of India that there are three hundred and sixty uses of the Palmyra palm; and it is no exaggeration to say that it meets half the wants of a peasant household. The sap and the fruit are excellent food, and ripe or unripe the fruit is wholesome; the beams and rafters of the house are made of the trunk, the roof of the leaves; but the leaves also make the mats and baskets of the home, the vessels for drawing water, and the pages of the books which until lately were the only books known among the Tamils, the writing scratched upon the firm surface with an iron pen. Is not true Christian life the useful life? Christians may or may not have brilliant endowments; the greatest number of them are probably persons of commonplace lives; but they are useful and helpful, helpful to their neighbours, of infinite use and blessing to the great world about them; and they are this simply because they are living a loving

* Gen. xiv. 7.

† Ezek. xlvi. 19.

‡ Can. vii. 7.

life for Christ, and because they suffer Christ to direct their conduct.

I have said that the palm-tree will flourish upon sterile soil. There are districts of Tinnevely, in Southern India, where the soil is so dry and sandy that it is surprising anything will grow. Yet where this powdery red sand prevails for miles we have walked through plantations of the stately Palmyra palm, the great stems rising to an immense height, and the trees in the most vigorous health. Here, as elsewhere, the sap flows most freely at the hottest time of the year, and when the soil is without vegetation and almost without substance, when the only shade is that cast by these branchless trees from their narrow crowns of leaves, when the only clouds are clouds of dust, "when the streams are dry and the wells are exhausted, and the largest rivers are only a bed of glowing sand," there is the singular spectacle of these stately trees flowing continually with their fountains of sweet water. How is it possible? we often asked. Bishop Caldwell, whose house lies close to such a desert, tried to answer that question for himself. He dug into the ground to observe the course of the roots, but as deep as he dug "the thread-like roots of the palm burrowed deeper," until at last, "when forty feet below the surface, he came upon water;" and here the roots, drinking in the refreshing moisture, penetrated even farther among gravel and stones, till he could follow them no more. The riddle was solved; and any one may feel what a new beauty it gives to the comparison here. The roots of the Christian life sink down into the living waters. They are fed from the perennial fountains of the Spirit far out of sight. And the service and freshness of that life, and all the influences that flow from it, do not depend on what we see, for the soil where such a life grows is often spiritually barren, but they depend upon its roots striking down among the living waters.

But the righteous is not only like the palm, but like a tree "planted in the house of the Lord." There are open courts about the temples of the East, not paved courts, but lawns, and these are often planted with trees. We have seen them in some of the great temples at Peking of enormous size, more like parks than anything else; both their shade and their greenness are grateful in the temples of India; and they make avenues and squares in the temple courts of Japan, where keen observers notice some resemblances to the forms of the Jewish worship. Solomon himself planted palm-

trees round the inner temple wall, and we can easily suppose that they flourished there, tended by the priests and guarded by the sanctities of the place. And returning to the image used, is it not natural that those Christian lives should flourish most that grow up among the influences of the sanctuary, that are planted in the house of the Lord?

It will be enough here to group together other Scriptural allusions to the palm. It was part of the decoration of Solomon's temple. Palm-leaves and stems were figured on the walls and doors. It was part of the decoration of the mystical temple in Ezekiel. In Ahmedabad, in Western India, there are exquisite windows with this very decoration, that are famous through all the East. The tracery of the window springs from the stem of the palm, and the leaves are wrought into every cunning form, while in one of the windows there are two side palms besides the central, and all this delicate and lovely work is wrought in hard sandstone.

The palm-branch was the sign of joy. It was of branches of palm-trees as well as willow that the Israelites were told to construct the booths at their first feast of tabernacles;* and when they kept the feast of the captivity, Ezra proclaimed "Go forth unto the mount and fetch palm-branches."† And before the last Passover of our Lord it was with palm-branches gathered on Mount Olive that the much people went forth to meet Him. The palm had now become the emblem of victory. Its stately leaves waving high above the earth; crown-shaped also and like a coronal, suggested triumph. And those who appear in the New Jerusalem and have overcome tribulation, are represented with palms in their hands.

First planted in the house of the Lord, with roots that strike down into spiritual waters; rooted in Christ, rooted in the Word and doctrine, rooted in Divine graces, rooted in the love of the Father, in the life of the Son, and in the fellowship of the Holy Ghost: then, as the palm-tree wears no dust upon its leaf and bears no fruit save at its very crown, and in the heavenly sunshine, so we, not gathering upon our life the soil of earthly care, nor the dust of all these highways where men crowd and jostle, but with clusters of graces and Divine experiences that have the heavenly bloom upon them, shall pass through the strife of temptation and the old long fight with sin, and shall enter into the kingdom of perpetual light, white-robed, and with the palms of victory in our hands.

* Lev. xxiii. 40.

† Neh. viii. 15.

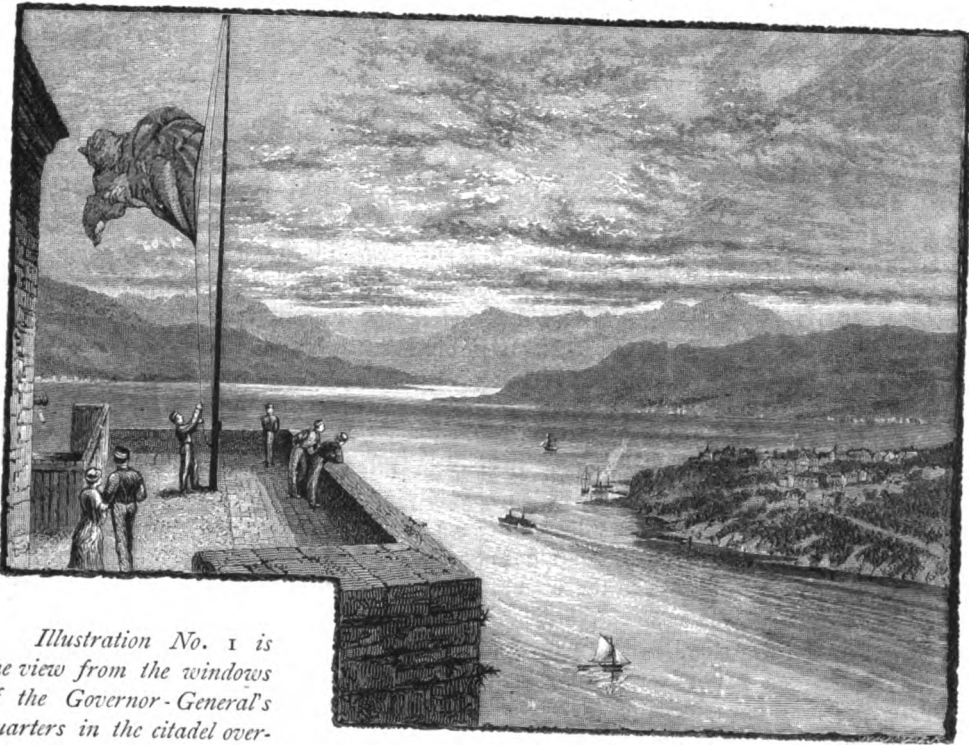
QUEBEC.

Pictures from *My Portfolio*.

By H.R.H. THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

EQUAL gallantry, and very unequal fortune, characterized the contest between the French and the English for the New World. Had the French Court sufficiently backed their gallant general, who was fighting against

long odds, the French language might have been spoken now over regions more extensive than the Province of Quebec or the State of Louisiana. Two fruitless victories crowned their arms, and two defeats brought about



View from the Windows of the Governor-General's Quarters.

Illustration No. 1 is the view from the windows of the Governor-General's quarters in the citadel overlooking the great St. Lawrence River. It is always understood to be one of the finest views in the world, an ever-varying scene of beauty. On the right bank of the river is Point Levis (named after the gallant French general Marquis de Levis). At this place the Royal Engineers erected wooden huts some years ago, and these are now used by the Canadian Artillery Militia in the summer time. To the left is the Island of Orleans, situated almost midstream six miles below the town of Quebec. The hills beyond rise over St. Anne's, a favourite place for pilgrimages.

the treaty, the results of which were so | that there is no population more attached
loyally accepted by the French Canadians | than is theirs to the British Constitution.

High as were the hopes of the gallant commanders of the English in 1758, they could hardly have expected that, within a brief period, the sons of the brave men who confronted them would be fighting side by side with the redcoats to repel the invasion which threatened to absorb Canada in the neighbouring Republic. But the armament equipped against the French colonists was imposing enough in number of ships and troops to justify confidence that resistance could not be prolonged. The first remarkable action was that at Louisburg. It was one of the two decisive British successes. The place shows no striking natural features. Low rocky shores almost encircle a wide bay. Dominating the recesses of this bay, and to the left as the fleet entered, rose the strong ramparts of a citadel, garrisoned by some of the best regiments of the Royal army of France.

The fleet advances, a cloud of small boats cover the waters between the ships and the shore. The surf is heavy, and the position of the garrison looks most formidable. A slight figure in the leading boat stands up amid a storm of shot, and is seen to wave his hat. Some said afterwards that he waved his men back, thinking the attempt to land too perilous. But his gallant followers think it is the signal for a dash—on they row amid the splash of balls and roar of artillery, and, as each boat touches land, the crews leap out, and slipping, struggling through the surf, form amid the terrible fire, and rush to the assault. The capture of the place was an extraordinary feat of arms, and the slightly-built man who waved his cocked hat in the leading boat that day, was soon afterwards nominated chief of the British forces in North America. Wolfe's next chance was given him in the summer of 1759, when Montcalm, calmly watching his enemy's movements from the ridges near the Falls of Montmorenci, was enabled to crush a brigade too hastily thrown on shore, and compelled it to retreat, leaving many killed and wounded. But the hold gained by the invader was not to be easily shaken off. Already masters of the Island of Orleans, with the banks of the river below the Falls, and also those opposite

to Quebec in his hands, Wolfe waited until the autumn. His able opponent lay in the lines he had successfully defended. They stretched along the left side of the St. Lawrence as far as the Isle of Orleans, and encircled the city, which on its commanding cape presented one steep front to the great river and another to the wide valley of a small stream named the St. Charles. On the third side the citadel batteries looked across the so-called Plains of Abraham, a plateau, the walls of which rise steeply two hundred feet above the water. The position was a difficult one to take, and it was held by soldiers who, if they had been properly supported by the Government at Versailles, would have rendered it impregnable. Joined with a few of the finest regiments composed of the Veterans of the wars of King Louis, were gallant bands of hardy Provincials, who had proved that they could render most efficient aid to the Regulars. But there was a chance for the English to place themselves near the town and on a level with its garrison, before the French reinforcements, expected from Montreal, should arrive. Wolfe had an overwhelming superiority in his fleet, both of men-of-war and of transports. These he well employed. Making as though he would again attempt to force the lines he had vainly attacked in the summer, he caused the mass of his enemy's forces to remain one autumn afternoon on the Beauport shore, and then under cover of night, swept up with the tide above the city. Quickly scaling the high bank, he drew up his men without meeting with resistance. Montcalm in the grey of morning hurried over the St. Charles and poured his troops through the town on to the plateau. Impetuously attacking, he was driven back and mortally wounded, almost at the same moment that Wolfe also fell, happier than his rival, who lived long enough to feel that the desertion of himself and of his army by the French Court, must cause the surrender of the town. But its possession was again stoutly contested the next year, and the Marquis de Levis revenged in 1760, too late and uselessly, the disaster of the previous year.



View
from the
Platform
looking down
upon the
Town
and
Harbour.

Illustration No. 2 is almost the same view as in No. 1 (given on a preceding page), but taken from the platform and more extensive, looking down upon the town and the harbour, with the King's Bastion overhanging them.

QUEBEC.

BY HIS EXCELLENCY THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.

O FORTRESS City, bathed by streams
Majestic as thy memories great,
Where mountains, floods, and forests mate
The grandeur of the glorious dreams,
Born of the hero hearts, who died
In founding here an Empire's pride ;
Prosperity attend thy fate,
And happiness in thee abide,
Fair Canada's strong tower and gate !

May Envy that against thy might
Dashed hostile hosts to surge and break,
Bring Commerce, emulous to make
Thy people share her fruitful fight,
In filling argosies with store
Of grain and timber, and each ore,
And all a Continent can shake
Into thy lap, till more and more
Thy praise in distant worlds awake.

For all must drink delight whose feet
Have paced thy streets, or terrace way ;
From rampart sod, or bastion grey,
Have marked thy sea-like river greet
The bright and peopled banks that shine
In front of the far mountain's line ;
Thy glittering roofs below, the play
Of currents where the ships entwine
Their spars, or laden pass away.

As we who joyously once rode
So often forth to trumpet sound
Past guarded gates, by ways that wound
O'er drawbridges, through moats, and showed
The vast St. Lawrence flowing, belt
The Orleans Isle, and sea-ward melt ;
Then past old walls by cannon crowned,
Down stair-like streets, to where we felt
The salt winds blown o'er meadow ground.

Where flows the Charles past wharf and dock,
And Learning from Laval looks down,
And quiet convents grace the town,
There swift to meet the battle shock
Montcalm rushed on ; and eddying back,
Red slaughter marked the bridge's track :
See now the shores with lumber brown,
And girt with happy lands that lack
No loveliness of Summer's crown.

Illustration No. 3 shows some of the old poplars which adorn the lower ramparts, built on the site of those which defended the city in 1759. The walls have been neglected, but are now being restored to their original condition by the Dominion Government.

The former head-quarters of the British Royal Artillery Officers is just beyond the poplars, in a pretty garden commanding a lovely



Part of the lower Ramparts.

view of the St. Charles valley. After the British troops left, the buildings were used as a school, and now as a factory for small arm cartridges.

Quaint hamlet-alleys, border-filled
 With purple lilacs, poplars tall,
 Where flits the yellow bird, and fall
 The deep eave shadows. There when tilled
 The peasant's field or garden bed,
 He rests content if o'er his head
 From silver spires the Church bells call
 To gorgeous shrines, and prayers that gild
 The simple hopes and lives of all.

Winter is mocked by garbs of green,
 Worn by the copses flaked with snow, —
 White spikes and balls of bloom, that blow
 In hedgerows deep; and cattle seen
 In meadows spangled thick with gold,
 And globes where lovers' fates are told
 Around the red-doored houses low;
 While rising o'er them, fold on fold,
 The distant hills in azure glow.

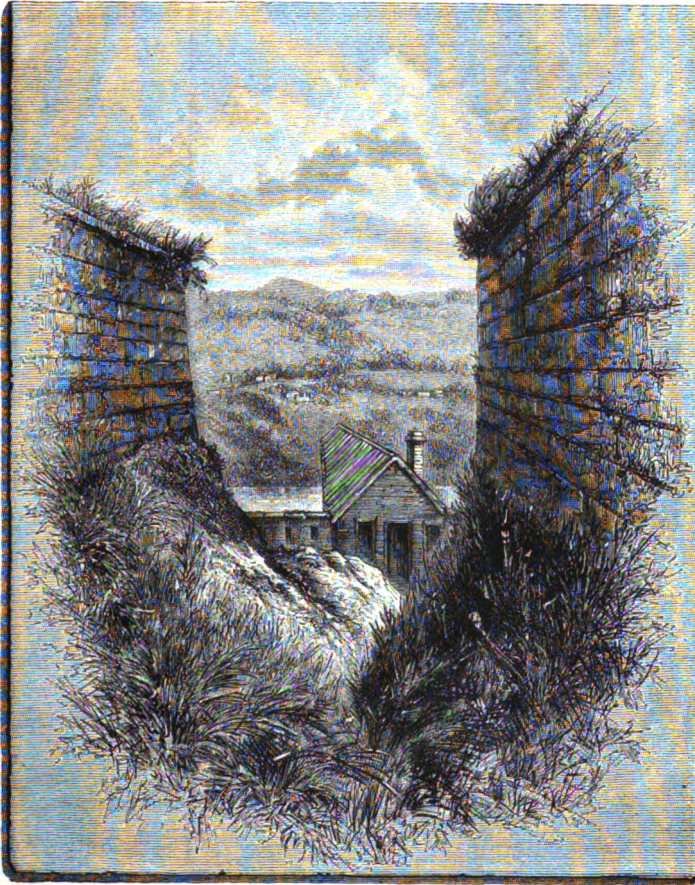
Oft in the woods we long delayed,
 When hours were minutes all too brief,
 For Nature knew no sound of grief;
 But overhead the breezes played,
 And in the dank grass at our knee,
 Shone pearls of our green forest sea,
 The star-white flowers of triple leaf
 Which love around the brooks to be,
 Within the birch and maple shade.

At times we passed some fairy mere,
 Embosomed in the leafy screen,
 And streaked with tints of heaven's sheen,
 Where'er the water's surface clear
 Bore not the hues of verdant light
 From myriad boughs on mountain height,
 Or near the shadowed banks were seen
 The sparkles that in circlets bright
 Told where the fishes' feast had been.

And when afar the forests flushed
 In falling swathes of fire, there soared
 Dark clouds where muttering thunder roared,
 And mounting vapours lurid rushed,
 While a metallic lustre flew
 Upon the vivid verdure's hue,
 Before the blasts and rain forth poured,
 And slow o'er mighty landscapes drew
 The grandest pageant of the Lord:

The threatening march of flashing cloud,
 With tumults of embattled air,
 Blest conflicts for the good they bear!

A century has God allowed
 None other, since the days He gave
 Unequal fortune to the brave.
 Comrades in death ! you live to share
 An equal honour, for your grave
 Bade Enmity take Love as heir !



Ditch and Ramparts.

Illustration No. 4 shows one of the ditches, with its ramparts on either side. The low wall at the end near the small house closes the ditch, at a place where the cliff drops steeply down in a rocky escarpment to the river.

We watched, when gone day's quivering haze,
 The loops of plunging foam that beat
 The rocks at Montmorenci's feet
 Stab the deep gloom with moon-lit rays ;
 Or from the fortress saw the streams
 Sweep swiftly o'er the pillared beams ;
 White shone the roofs, and anchored fleet,
 And grassy slopes where nod in dreams
 Pale hosts of sleeping Marguerite.



Interior of the Citadel.

Illustration No. 5 shows the interior of the citadel plateau, looking over the St. Charles valley, with part of the Laurentian range in the distance, as seen from the Governor-General's windows.

The present citadel was built in the early part of this century. The old French fortifications extended rather farther than the present works, and their lines can be most distinctly traced. Large military stores are kept in the citadel.

Illustration No. 6 (facing page 217) is Wolfe's Cove, now filled with timber stores belonging to the lumber merchants. Under the steep cliffs are picturesque small villages along the riverside, inhabited mostly by lumbermen and fishermen. The road passing through these villages, having on the one side the great river, and on the other the deep-eaved houses, is one of the prettiest in the immediate neighbourhood of Quebec.



WOLFE'S COVE.

TO THE
ASSEMBLY

Or when the dazzling Frost King mailed,
 Would clasp the wilful waterfall,
 Fast leaping to her snowy hall
 She fled; and where her rainbows hailed
 Her freedom, painting all her home,
 We climbed her spray built palace dome,
 Shot down the radiant glassy wall
 Until we reached the snowdrift foam,
 As shoots to waves some meteor ball.

Then homeward, hearing song or tale,
 With chime of harness bells we sped
 Above the frozen river bed.
 The City through a misty veil
 Gleamed from her cape, where sunset fire
 Touched Louvre and Cathedral spire,
 Bathed ice and snow a rosy red,
 So beautiful that men's desire
 For May-time's rival wonders fled:

The glory of a gracious land,
 Fit home for many a hardy race;
 Where liberty has broadest base,
 And labour honours every hand.
 Throughout her triply thousand miles
 The sun upon each season smiles,
 And every man has scope and space,
 And kindliness, from strand to strand,
 Alone is born to right of place!

Such were our memories. May they yet
 Be shared by others sent to be
 Signs of the union of the free
 And kindred peoples God hath set
 O'er famous isles and fertile zones
 Of continents! Or if new thrones
 And mighty States arise, may He
 Whose potent hand yon river owns,
 Smooth their great future's shrouded Sea

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

By CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—A GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WHEN she entered, Thorburn turned quickly to the minister.

"Does she know?"

The minister looked at her for a moment, and then responded:

"Yes, she knows."

Thorburn drew back, and laid his bag on the table. There was a twitching about the lips which indicated pain, and a nervous movement of the hands suggestive of the excitement he was using all his strength to control. He could not resume the singular coolness of manner which he had shown to Mr. Moffat, but he maintained the show of a calm demeanour.

"I had not forgotten my promise to wait for you, Miss Musgrave, but I had resolved to break it," he said in a subdued voice; but the tone was firm as that of one convinced of the rightness of his course.

He placed a chair for her, and there was a gentle courtesy in the manner of the act as well as in the act itself. There was something more in the man's expression, tenderness—that most pathetic tenderness with which one utterly hopeless regards the person—man or woman—who is vainly striving to bring back to him the spring of life, Hope. He knew that she could not do it for him with

all her generous efforts and all her goodness. But he was grateful: he loved her for the endeavour, and wished that he could help her. That, however, was impossible; what he had to do was clearly fixed in his mind, and she must not know anything of it if he could prevent her.

Thorburn, who was the object of all their care, was, outwardly, the least moved of the three. Ellie and the minister were much agitated, and the former showed it in the paleness of her face and the evident effort she was making to speak very quietly.

"I have come to you as soon as I could, Mr. Thorburn—he says that you wish that we should call you so still. Of course I am very much surprised, but I am somehow pleased, for you know you and I have become great friends. Why did you not tell me what it was all about when we met this afternoon?"

These words she added playfully, seeing the utter amazement which was expressed upon his countenance. Then there was a strong light on his face as he said:

"Because I was afraid. You cannot know yet what harm cowardice can do. The minister will tell you—it's his business."

"I have a sermon on that special subject, and it seems to me that the application of it meets the present case most admirably. It is to this effect—"

The minister drew a chair towards him, posed himself as if he were speaking from the pulpit, and proceeded with as much deliberation as if he were really in one.

"Now, my friends, what I have got to tell you is this: A man or a woman may be frightened by a dog, or a cow, or a horse, or a steam-engine; and fear is an element of good. I believe all the victories in the world have been gained by fear. You think that strange; it is not so. The brave man is always afraid—afraid of doing wrong. His fear is only that in doing his duty he may do it wrongly, and so he seeks out and finds the right course. The real coward is the man who does not fear himself; but as soon as he begins to fear himself, the remedy is at hand—avoid the things which cause the fear. The hopeless coward is the one who, seeing and knowing his danger, will not avoid it. . . . That's you, Thorburn."

The minister closed his little harangue with a look in which there was a mingling of something like stern earnestness with his customary good-humour.

Thorburn only bowed his head, avoiding Ellie's anxious eyes.

"But what is the danger?" she inquired, "and why will he not avoid it?"

"You must answer that for yourself, Thorburn."

The latter was evidently becoming excited, but he still managed to control himself, and replied calmly enough:

"There is a difference of opinion between Mr. Moffat and myself on this subject. What he calls my danger I regard as the only proof it is now in my power to give, that my wish is to help John Armour, not to harm him."

"And I say that the proof of your good intentions which you meditate giving will hurt him and your mother more than anything you have *yet* done. When the lover wrote—'For bonnie Annie Laurie I would lay me doon and dee,' he proved that he did not know what true love was: *that* makes a man live for the woman of his choice—and a hard task he often finds it."

"But Mr. Thorburn does not mean to do anything so wicked," exclaimed Ellie.

"I hope not, and do not believe he means it, but self-murder was what he was meditating, and I fear it is in his thoughts still, although he knows that such a crime would leave a legacy of cruel misery to those he really wishes to serve."

"They would not have known," muttered the man in a low, troubled voice.

"That is what every criminal says to him-

self: 'others have been found out, but they will not find me out! I can do this thing so much more cleverly than the other folk!' It has been the self-excuse for wrong-doing since the world began."

"You are hard upon me, Mr. Moffat, and rightly so from your point of view."

"Well, then, will you promise me that you will give up the idea for all our sakes? Remember, I am talking from your point of view—that you wish to be helpful."

"There can be no difficulty in promising all that you require."

"That's right. I knew you were a reasonable being," was the minister's gratified exclamation. "I want you to promise something more, that you will stay amongst us helping your son in the mill; for he values your help greatly."

"I can't do that—I can't do that!"

He looked nervously out at the window as if he expected to see some one; and he did see his son and Dr. Johnstone approaching. He took up his bag again and made a movement towards the door: Ellie playfully stepped between him and it.

"You are not going away, Mr. Thorburn: I have quite made up my mind on that subject."

He drew back and somewhat sullenly took a seat.

"I cannot promise," he repeated. "There is one man who makes this neighbourhood unbearable to me, now that it is known who I am."

"And who may that dreadful creature be?"

He hesitated: then answered with much reluctance:

"The Fiscal."

"My father!"

"Yes, your father;" and his eyes brightened with fierceness as he observed her amazement. "He is my enemy,—one I fear, and I know that he would not spare me if ever I fell into his power, but a greater reason than that is, I cannot now bear to look upon him: he reminds me of the past too bitterly."

"You don't know my father, Mr. Thorburn," said the girl quietly, "and when he hears about all that has happened, I am sure that he, too, would wish you to stay."

"I know him well," was the excited response; "do not let us speak about him—forgive me for having done so. I did not wish to do it, but now that you know our feelings towards each other you will own that it is better we should not be brought together."

07/10/2014
10:00 AM



W. J. Moses Sc.

J. Macnail

"Tawtie Pate posing himself for a good 'crack' with the smith."

"I still ask you to stay with your son and your mother. It is their wish, and they bade me tell you, thinking my voice might have influence over you."

"Yes, yes, it would in anything else. Ask your father what he would say and he will tell you the same."

"I can answer for him. Whatever may have happened between you long ago, he has forgotten it."

"And I can say a word, too," the minister joined in: "our Fiscal is a man of kind heart and good sense, and not likely to keep up an old grudge, although he does keep up an old love. Not one of the friends of his youth but remains his friend still. You are the only exception to that rule, Thorburn, and it seems to me that it is you who keep up the grudge."

"Old love—old friend—you don't know, Mr. Moffat, how near you hit the reason for the dislike we cannot overcome," ejaculated Thorburn. "No, no, tell him nothing of my existence or you will ruin John Armour's happiness."

He became suddenly calm on the entrance of Armour with Dr. Johnstone. The latter was a portly gentleman with a broken nose: he always announced himself as Dr. Sam Johnstone, and insisted that *the* Dr. Sam Johnson's name ought to be written with a "t" and an "e."

"Well, sir," he said, addressing Thorburn, "how is this, disobeying all the commands of your physician and the wishes of your friends? Do you want to be on my daily list again? What is the use of being such a thrawn Deevil?—begging your pardon, Miss Musgrave, for such language."

"I had business to attend to, Doctor," was the answer.

"Well, sir, your pulse is bad, you are looking bad, and your business just now is to come away up to Mr. Armour's house where a room is ready for you, and if you want to save trouble and to live, you will not go out again before I say it is safe."

Thorburn looked as if he would decline to obey, but Ellie held out her hand.

And he went quietly away speaking no further word.

As soon as he had gone with his fair escort Dr. Johnstone said decisively:

"There is not the slightest doubt of it, sir, from what I see now and have seen before, he is cracked. That is to say, he is in a high state of cerebral excitement, I should say very likely to make the attempt which you fear he has in his mind."

"He has promised not to harm himself," explained the minister.

"That may be, sir, but I would not give much for the promises of a man in his condition. At any rate it will be well to keep a strict watch upon him for two or three days."

CHAPTER XVI.—"CLISHMACLAVERS."

"It's just the maist extr'ordinar thing that was ever heard tell o' in my day—an' that's a gey lang ane," said Tawtie Pate, posing himself for a good "crack" with the smith who was busy at his anvil.

"I got some word o't yestreen, but I canna mak' it out, ava," was Gow's answer, his face brightening—like his fire when he blew the bellows—at the prospect of news.

"An' what did you hear?" queried Pate, with the air of a man who, having exclusive information, wishes to know how much his gossip has learned in order to triumph afterwards in the display of his superior knowledge.

"Od man, I can hardly tell what it was, it was a' that ravelt an' fearsome that I was clean dumbfoundert and couldna tak' in a word o't."

"What did you hear?" persisted Pate.

Gow was as cannie as his neighbour, and was not going to commit himself. So again he answered evasively:

"I'm thinking you ken mair about it nor me, for the soutar tauld me you were speaking wi' John Armour this mornin'. Ony way there was enough in't to gar me think that gin the half be true, this is a bad day for him."

"An' that's nae lee—it's a bad day for John Armour an' for mair nor him. I dinna think the puir auld Grannie can get ower't."

"Then what was it, in the name o' guidness? Folk say there's murder in't."

"Ay," rejoined Pate, solemnly, and dwelling long on the monosyllable, "there's murder in't, and Jock Thorburn is no Thorburn ava."

"Wha is he then?"

"You didna' hear that! Weel, he's Armour's father, an' he murdered a man a while back, an' I'm gaun to the Fiscal's house enow wi' a letter. I suppose it's to bid him come down an' see about it."

"Think o' that!—an' him sic a blithe crony ower a tumbler when he cam' out wi' his stories about America an' the queer things he had dune there. I whiles wonder't how muckle was true, but I'll believe onything noo. I would never hae thought he could hurt a flee he was ay that kind among the bairns."

But tell us a' about the affair, for onybody could see that you ken the rights o't."

Pate's vanity thus appealed to, he began, with becoming caution and modesty, however:

"Weel you see I'm no just sure that I hae the rights o't a'thegither, for Armour didna' say muckle. He speirt if I would tak' a letter to Torthorl, an' I said I would. I was wae for him, puir sowl, for I could see by his looks that it was a matter o' life and death for him."

"Ay, how's that?"

"Weel, frae what I can mak out this is the way o't. His father murder't somebody, as I tauld you, an' was awain hidin' for years, an' now he's come hame when the thing was forgotten amaist, an' he might hae bided lang enough without onybody kennin', but he's gane clean crack and wandered about telling everybody."

"Conscience is an awfu' thing," said Gow, blowing his bellows and looking wise. "What will happen now do you think? Will they hang him?"

"There's nae doubt about it, for he owns till't himsel', and plenty folk will be howket up to make the thing clear."

"They were sayin' that there was some awfu' daecings at the cottage yestreen."

Gow was unconscious of his own caution when he gave the indefinite "they" or "folk" as his authority.

"Aye, an' at the house tae," continued Pate, proud as it might seem of the horrors he had to recount. "When Thorburn had tauld upon himsel', he was wanting to cut his throat wi' a gully knife, but the minister just grippit him in time, and then the Fiscal's dochter came in. She has been rael guid to him, you ken, an' she got him coaxed awa to the house. Armour had got the doctor by this time, and they sent to the Crichton for a keeper, so they barred him into a room, an' the keeper and Lawson keepit watch on him the whole night through."

"An' what did he do?"

"Ow, he just gaed on yellin' an' swearing' at lairge, an' Miss Musgrave hersel' even couldna' quiet him."

"Was she there a' the time?"

"She was there gey late, an' that was anither grand collieshangie, for her mither thought she was lost and sent the carriage fleein' doon for her, and she was whippit awa frae Armour's house. The coachman Bryce up and tauld him without ony compliments that her mither said she was never

to come there again. The lass was greetin' like as her heart would break. Armour aye keeps a calm sough, you ken, an' he just ordered Bryce to haud his tongue and said to the lass that she wasna to greet. Syne the carriage gaed off at a gallop."

"That's hard on the chap to lose his lass for nae faut o' his ain. But the Fiscal's lady was aye high-handed, and I dinna believe would have let him marry her ony way. Maybe she's glad o' a guid excuse for sendin' him about his business. What's to happen next?"

"Guid kens what'll happen next. Thorburn's to be sent to the asylum the-day as soon as they can get the order for lettin' him in."

Gow gave strong, meditative blows to the iron he was holding on the anvil. Then:

"It's my opinion they should have let the billie hae his ain way an' use his gully as he liked. I canna see what use there was in stopping him."

"That's a question no' sae easy settled as you might think, Gow."

"It's a' ane to me. I hae settled it, an' I'd like to ken what you hae to say to the contrar."

Then as the discussion began Deacon Simpson joined them, and the wonderful story, with its wonderful exaggerations and grains of truth about Thorburn, Armour, and Ellie, was resumed with new lights and additions. So it went about, gathering embellishments according to the humour of each speaker, as it flew from mouth to mouth. It was quite settled that Thorburn was to be hung, that Armour was disgraced for ever, and could not dare even to look at the Fiscal's daughter again. He was pitied, but in the pity there was always some unexpressed feeling of shame cast upon him for being what he could not help, the son of his father.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE TRUTH OF IT.

TAWTIE PATE'S version of what had happened was exaggerated enough, but still more garbled versions obtained currency because the truth was as yet known to few, and they were too much pained by the actual state of affairs to speak of it. This was what had occurred.

Ellie led Thorburn to the room which had been prepared for him on the upper floor of the house where Grannie was waiting to receive him. As he went in he observed that the key was on the outside of the door, and that there was no fastening on the inside. He walked quietly to the window, and saw

that it was a considerable height from the ground. He looked round, and noted that various preparations for his comfort had been hastily made. They were trifling in themselves, but suggested to his mind that he was expected to remain there some time.

Then he turned to Ellie and said with a queer smile—tender, yet half-pitying, half-mocking her :

“Delilah . . . I never thought I could be betrayed a second time by a woman.”

Ellie only smiled at this charge, for she regarded it as nothing more than a satirical jest on his part.

“Yes, I am a wicked creature, and I have coaxed you to come to your son’s house, where you can be better cared for than in your own cottage. You know that you are not well.”

“This is a prison,” he said, still with that queer smile, “and I understand what it means. You are my good friends, and like good friends you think that because my ways are a little eccentric I am insane, and wish to guard me against myself. Well, it is very kind of you, and I hope I can be grateful. But being insane and of no use to any one, why not let me go my way? I am not likely to harm anybody.”

“Speak to him, Grannie, tell him why we are all so anxious.”

“It’s nae use, lassie, it’s nae use. I ken him, and he’ll hae his ain way nae matter what we say.”

“It is not a bad way, mother,” he said, piteously, and her heart leaped at the sound of the name she had not heard for so many years.

“It’s bad for yoursell’, Jock, and bad for us,” she answered, her voice trembling a little.

“I wish I could do something to please you—I was insane to come back here to cause you all so much distress.”

“You wish to please us!” exclaimed Ellie : “I thought you would like to do that. Come then and sit down and talk to us quietly. Here is a cosy chair, and Grannie and I will keep you company until you feel sleepy.”

She gleefully wheeled an easy-chair forward close to the mother, and he sat down. She took a place herself in front of them.

“Sleepy,” he muttered, “I don’t think I shall ever feel so again, and it is horrible in the night when everybody is at rest to feel as if one were the last man in the world, and to be haunted by the ghosts of those who are gone. Worse, in that hideous silence in which

the creaking of a chair is like the cry of somebody in pain, the whistle of the wind a scream—worse then to be haunted by the ghosts of one’s own thoughts and deeds. . . . But this is not the way to please you,” he interrupted himself suddenly, observing the frightened expression which was dawning on Ellie’s face. “Will you tell me why you are so kind to a creature like me?”

Both Ellie and Grannie were relieved by this abrupt change, and the former answered :

“Is kindness so rare to people who are in trouble that there should be anything wonderful in what I have done?”

“It has been so in my case.”

There was a long-drawn breath like a suppressed sob from Grannie. He turned to her with nervous haste, saying excitedly :

“I am not forgetting you ; don’t think that. But——”

Armour came in, and Thorburn instantly ceased speaking, but he listened eagerly to all that passed.

“The carriage has come for you,” said Armour, and there was a note of sadness in his voice ; “and you are wanted home immediately. I suppose your mother is annoyed at your being here so long.”

Ellie rose quickly, and flushed as she remembered the conversation she had had with her mother.

“I am very late,” she said uneasily.

They went out together, and Thorburn, placing his hands on his head, whispered to Grannie in a frightened tone :

“They have taken her away from him, and it is because of me.”

“It may be,” she said calmly, “but you’ll no make things ony the better for him by giein’ folk mair to say about you.”

Thorburn did not speak again. He was docile to Grannie and Armour as a well-trained dog to its master. There was an undercurrent of excitement in his manner at moments, but he seemed to have no wish to do anything except obey them. He was resigned apparently to submit himself entirely to their guidance, although he could not approve of it.

He went to bed, and Grannie, who occupied the next room, was to keep watch all night. This she insisted upon in spite of all remonstrances, asserting that she could detect the slightest movement on the floor much more quickly than any one else, and could give the alarm if he attempted to get away. Besides, she had no hope of obtaining sleep for herself that night at any rate. Let the others rest and yield to her the natural

place of a mother by the bed of a sick son.

Armour yielded, but he, too, kept watch in the room below, and Lawson was at hand ready to give assistance should force be required to restrain Thorburn from attempting to make his way out of the house against their will.

But there appeared no symptom of any such design. He lay perfectly still, but Grannie knew that he was not sleeping.

The wind was souging gently round the house, and a branch of the climbing rose-tree which overhung the window tapped softly at intervals upon a pane. The yellow blind was whitened by the light of a full harvest moon, and the deep silence of the night, dear to students and to weary workers, had come.

Thorburn had professed to dread this hour; but he still lay quiet, now watching his mother's face by the dim light made in the room by the moon shining through the blind.

How calm that face was! No reproach upon it, only sadness, and thus most reproachful. But it could only be her hard phlegmatic way that produced this calmness. She must be cursing him in her heart.

At last, deceived by his long silence and fancying he slept, Grannie crept down on her knees by the bedside.

* * * * *

In the room below, Armour was seated at his desk. Letters and papers lay on each side of him in orderly heaps, and there was letter paper before him as if he had intended to occupy the hours of his vigil in correspondence or writing of some kind. But his elbows rested on the desk, his face on his two hands, and his eyes were closed.

Asleep? No: even if he had not had a duty to perform in keeping wakeful throughout the night in order to guard against any attempt to escape on the part of his unfortunate father, he would have found it difficult to sleep.

He was seeing beautiful visions of Ellie sitting in that arm-chair, or standing up bravely by his side with the red glory of the sunset full upon her, and for him a greater glory in her face as she told him her place was there in sorrow, even in shame!

He—he, John Armour, papermaker, Thorniehowe, had heard these words uttered by the woman he loved—the woman he now knew loved him! And she would keep her word whatever might betide: he would stake his life on that. Staking his life upon it was no

metaphor; his life was staked upon it whether he would or no, for he felt that if she should falter or draw back there would be nothing to live for. Without her now, he knew that he would be like a ship without rudder or sail, drifting at the will of wind and wave, to break upon the first rock that came in the way.

So he could be calm concerning this storm about Thorburn. He could almost be grateful to him for providing by the accident to him the opportunities of frequent meetings with Ellie. And in those meetings they had been drawn more and more closely together, until now they had joined hands to make the best of the world together.

Yes, he could be and ought to be grateful to him for all that, and do his utmost to save him from himself. Whatever shame might come through him could be borne now; for the something noble to do for which he had cried despairingly had been found—to endure, to overcome for her sake! There was brave work, and he would do it.

He knew the silly scandal which would flit about: he knew the exaggerations which many tongues would publish: but he would stand his ground calmly, and face it all—endure and overcome for her sake!

What a man the minister was! But for his advice he would not have spoken that day; he would have waited for Musgrave's return, and he would have been sitting there groaning in dread of what might be the result of this revelation, instead of seeing beautiful visions of Ellie, his princess.

Why this was only following out the legend: the magic lantern, love, had been found, and its power for good was unbounded.

"Go," the minister had said, "tell the lass of your love and your sorrow. I am a lover, and constantly in love. I hope to be in that condition to the end of my days, for my faith is that women—camsteerie creatures though they be—are as often won by misfortune as by fortune. Go, my man, and God speed you. If you prosper, the joy of it will steady you in the present hour; and if your fate is 'No,' then the knowledge of it will enable you to give your thoughts the more resolutely to the affairs in hand."

And so John Armour went and prospered. He took a pen and began to write:

"I want to speak to you, Ellie, and to tell you with what happiness you have filled me even at this time. I feel almost ashamed of being so happy when Grannie is so sad. But it makes me the stronger to comfort her.

"Everything in this room is changed. A

little while ago it was so dark, and now it seems ablaze with light, although there is only my lamp burning. Everything I touch seems sensitive and to give response; the pen and the paper are most responsive of all, for they communicate directly with you.

"I do not know what it is I want to write, except to tell you how glad you have made me; how impatient I am for the return of your father, and yet how I fear it. I am waiting for the verdict of life or death, and so, like a wise man, I write a love letter. But it is only my craving to talk to you, to feel myself near you, that makes me write.

"Your father, having made up his mind that he would let you follow your own wishes in this matter, is not a man to change his mind readily. There is the more hope for us that he will not, seeing that when he gave his consent he knew all the circumstances, although I did not. That was the meaning of his strange hesitation in answering me, and of some of his questions which puzzled me much at the time. But he cannot help being influenced by this exposure; and your mother's words must have all the more weight with him in consequence of it, if she really means to stand between us."

There he stopped: the pen hung over the paper for a few moments: then he quietly laid it down. The mother and his own position were against him; and they weighed heavily in the balance.

He rose and drew aside the curtains. The moonlight was fading and the first flush of dawn lit up his earnest face.

Daybreak! How fast the night had gone and peacefully! He had not thought the morning was so near. Was the new light for him? Should he accept the symbol and rejoice, or draw the curtains and return to the night?

He opened the window and heard the awakening notes of the birds, graduating rapidly into a joyous chorus.

He left the window open and the curtains drawn and returned to the desk.

"You said when you were going away last night, 'Nothing shall separate us.' I take these words as my talisman. I am content to live for you and hope,—the minister says it is nobler to live for those we love than to die for them.

"Having written all this I do not think I will send it; maybe you will get it from my own hand. But I must send a line to ask for information as to the return of your father; I want to see him the moment he

comes back, so that I may be the first to tell him of what has happened."

It was this line which was intrusted to Tawtie Pate, and that tardy messenger at length brought back the answer.

"My father is away about that great burglary at Kirkhope House. He may be home late to-night, but perhaps not until to-morrow. I will let you know as soon as he comes. I fear you will not see me to-day.

"ELLIE."

That was her first letter to him! It was practical and brief enough. But then it was from her, and he read it often, finding each time new signs of affection underlying the simple words.

Throughout the day Thorburn was still docile and quiet. He showed no desire to leave his room, and appeared to be perfectly content with all that was being done for him. He professed to feel much better and occupied himself in reading. Dr. Johnstone called and was received with a calmness which did not deceive him, knowing the case, but it puzzled him.

"I don't think it is necessary to do anything more than keep your eye on him," he said to Armour, "and there seems to me every sign that he is coming to reason. We'll see what Gilchrist says."

Dr. Gilchrist also had an interview with the patient, and declared that he could find nothing the matter with him farther than that he was suffering from the effects of nervous prostration due to long-continued excitement.

Armour and Grannie were relieved by this good news, and she was persuaded to take a rest.

During her absence Howison was to remain in charge of Thorburn. He continued to read, apparently taking no note of all these things. It was about dusk when he said:

"I want you to go down, Howison, and tell the master I would like to see him. If he is over at the work, send Lawson or somebody for him."

The direction was given so naturally that the woman, accustomed to obey him, did as he told her.

When she returned to the room, Thorburn was gone.

CHAPTER XVIII.—A DAY OF RECKONING.

HE made no attempt to hide himself, and so he got away. He simply followed Howison down-stairs—scarcely even trying to step

lightly—took a felt hat from the stand in the hall, and walked calmly out at the front door.

The servants and Lawson heard the door close; but there was nothing in that circumstance to attract special attention. Then Howison, finding that the master was not in his room, went to Lawson, who was in the kitchen at his early supper, to tell him he was to go over to the mill with Thorburn's message. The message threw them completely off their guard.

"Ay, an' hoo is he noo?" inquired Lawson, continuing his meal.

"Jist as quate as a lamb, an' readin' at his book as though it was the Bible."

"He'd be a' richt in a day or twa if they'd let him be," rejoined Lawson, with his mouth full. "I hae seen him a hantle waur nor he is enoo, an' jist because there was naebody to meddle wi' him he cam' round himsel'; but noo that a' body's concerned for him he'll no come round to please them. He's a thraun cr'ature."

"I maun say he hasna been thraun wi' me," said Howison, in defence of her charge; and then, putting in a word for her own merits, "but, nae doubt, me kennin' hoo to dael wi'm had something ado wi't."

So a little time was lost in gossip before Lawson went to the mill. There he delivered the message, and reported the patient safe and quiet. Consequently Armour, having some pressing matters claiming his attention before the mill closed for the night, did not hasten to obey the summons. Thus more time was lost, until the arrival of Howison with the startling intelligence of Thorburn's disappearance.

Then search was made throughout the house; next at the cottage and at the Inn. These were the only places he was likely to go to, and when he was not found at either the probable direction of his flight came to be considered.

The man was proceeding along the coach road in the direction of Lockerby. At first he had proceeded at an easy pace, as if only taking an evening "daunder" for his amusement, then more rapidly as he got farther away from the village, and the gloaming deepened into a brief struggle of darkness with the rising moon. At last he quickened his steps almost to a run.

But that soon exhausted him, and he halted by a gap in the hedge, through which he crawled into a grass park and lay down, panting and trembling. He crouched close under the shadow of the hedge, listening eagerly for any sound of pursuit.

The rattle of a farmer's gig and the loud voices of its occupants as they drove home from some distant market reached his ears, becoming louder, louder as the vehicle approached and passed; then fainter, fainter as the distance lengthened between it and the lurking fugitive.

These people were happy. No doubt they had been roystering in the inn at the market-place, or in the bright, warm parlour of some friend; and now they were speeding home to sound sleep and a comfortable awakening to the daily round of pleasant labour.

Why could not he be as one of them? . . . Too late, too late, Jock Thorburn, and there is no use thinking about it. The footing missed on the threshold has been too long unrecovered for there to be any chance of regaining it now. Bah, what good bothering about what was beyond help and hope? No use crying over spilt milk. What's done is done, etcetera, etcetera.

Yet many a man had done worse than he; few had suffered so much. Why was it then? What was the difference which enabled these men who had just passed to be jovial and enjoying life, whilst he, lurking there under a hedge, was so miserable? Fate had been in their favour and against him, that was all.

The strong, sturdy step of a ploughman, whistling blithely as he passed along, having stolen an hour from the night to go a wooing some bonnie lass stealthily at the back door of a neighbouring farm. Tramp, tramp, tramp! Why, there was laughter in the fellow's footstep, and Strephon's poetic pipe to his Phyllis was never sweeter than this poor swain's whistle to his dearie.

He turned away from these things; he had no part in them.

With a kind of melancholy glee he reflected upon the cunning way in which he had escaped in spite of all their precautions. It was evident that the pursuit was being made in the wrong direction. They would be searching the river, no doubt. Aha, he knew better than go in that direction; he had turned his back upon it as soon as the road permitted. For that night he could count himself safe; but in the morning they would telegraph in all directions, and every constable would be ready to stop him. Of course, no one could stop him long without a warrant; he was aware of that; but he could be delayed until perhaps Armour overtook him, and he could not bear to look on his face again.

The fool, why could he not see that all he was doing was for his sake, and to make the

way clear for him to Ellie's hand? Her father might consent if he knew that Thorburn was dead; but not whilst he was there living amongst them.

This was his plan: he would find some barn or haystack to shelter him for the night; in the morning he would walk on to Lockerby and take the first train he could get, no matter where it was going to, and proceed as far as the money he had would allow. When he came to the end of that journey he would not require any more money. No one would guess who he was, there would be silence over his fate, and John and Grannie could be happy.

Meanwhile he must get on a little farther from Thorniehowe. He was weak and tired, and could not go much farther, but every step between him and the place was a gain.

He rose slowly and passed through the gap on to the road. It was clear almost as daylight, and the outlines of the long black wall of hedge, of the tree-tops and the distant hills, were sharply defined. The branches of the trees formed in shadow fairy lace-work on the ground, and solitary bushes presented curious shapes to the eye in the intense white and black around him.

The stillness was profound: he did not like it; and the light was too much for him—his own shadow was so big that it might be seen from a long distance and recognised.

He hurried forward, and he did not realise until then how very weak he was. The immediate excitement of the escape and of the certain chase had supplied him for the time with artificial strength. But whilst he rested behind the hedge all that had passed away, and when he tried to resume the quick pace at which he had performed the latter part of the journey to the spot at which he had halted, he tottered and was compelled to adopt a more deliberate step.

By-and-by he reached the steading of Campbell's farm, which was close on the roadside, and again he sat down to rest on the water trough, sitting on which the minister had found him. How long ago was that? he wondered in a wearied way. Ages it seemed.

The steading consisted of an irregular group of buildings, barn, byre, and stable forming three sides of a square, the fourth side being made up by a wall and a large gate giving to the cattle court.

Against the wall of the stable and open to the road was the cart-shed. Although specially designated the cart-shed, it was also the ware-

house of any agricultural implements that might be brought in from the field. At present, besides three carts, it sheltered two ploughs, and a harrow carelessly tilted against the wall with the teeth outward.

From his seat Thorburn had a clear view of the interior of the shed, and he perceived that in one of the carts there was a pile of straw. That he thought would be a satisfactory resting-place for the night.

He heard the sound of a horse approaching at an easy trot. Sitting there on the trough, he would be in full view of any one coming from either direction; so he decided to get into the cart, and after the horseman passed he could continue his journey if disposed. But on rising he found his weakness had so increased that he had difficulty in making his way into the hiding-place before the horseman came up.

He did not think he had been seen, but he knew that the horse had stopped, and he burrowed into the straw. Presently he heard a man's foot on the ground, and an authoritative voice said:

"Come out."

It was the Fiscal, who had been riding home from Kirkhope House when he saw the man crawling into the cart. It was known that the burglars about whom he had been inquiring were still lurking somewhere in the neighbourhood, being unable to get away with the heavy booty of silver-plate which they had secured. Seeing a man at this time of night skulking in the outhouse of a farm steading, and evidently desirous of concealment, it at once occurred to the Fiscal that he might have fallen upon one of the thieves.

He was a strong man, cool-headed and brave; and on several occasions he had played the part of special constable in arresting malefactors with whom accident had brought him in contact. The case into which he had just been inquiring was a particularly bad one, and likely to result in a charge of murder, as one of the servants had been so beaten that he lay in a very precarious condition.

Under these circumstances the Fiscal did not for a moment hesitate to put his dignity in his pocket and endeavour to find out what this skulker might be. He therefore dismounted, fastened the reins of his horse to a ring placed in the stable-wall for that purpose, and gripping his riding whip firmly with its loaded handle ready for use if necessary, he advanced to the shed and commanded the supposed culprit to come out.

Thorburn did not instantly recognise the

voice, but, afraid of being recognised by any one and taken back to Thorniehowe, he hesitated to obey the summons.

"Come out," repeated the Fiscal sternly, "or I'll drag you out and it'll be the worse for you."

"I'll come out," said Thorburn feebly; and putting the straw aside, he raised himself, but shrunk back with a half-suppressed groan.

The Fiscal was standing in such a position that the moon was shining full upon his strong, hard-featured face. Even in his pleasantest humour there was something cold and stern in his face, but at that moment, white in the moonlight and distorted by some sudden impulse of passion, it was terrible. The same impulse had caused a quick movement of the right arm as if he were about to strike. In that position he stood for several moments.

He had recognised Thorburn.

Calmness, peace, and beauty all around them; a sense of rest in the atmosphere; and the silence only broken by the occasional thud of a horse's hoof in the stable close by, and the gratings of its halter as its head moved.

The two men scarcely breathed during those few moments in which their souls were living in the past. At last the Fiscal's arm slowly went down to his side; he gave his head a jerk and his whole body a shake as a huge mastiff does on coming out of water, and his face resumed something of its ordinary expression—but harder and colder than usual—whilst he endeavoured to speak in his dry-humoured, jocular way:

"It's you—Thorburn. On the tramp again, eh? Well, you always were a roving blade; but where away now? I thought you were in comfortable quarters enough, and you're not so young as you once were, you know—neither am I for the matter of that. Only I'm the stone that likes to gather moss; you're the one that likes to roll, and you don't seem to have made much of it. Well?"

Whilst uttering this satirical banter the Fiscal's voice was not so clear as usual, it was even occasionally husky, and the words came out as if discharged from an air-gun rather than from a man's throat. He had twisted the lash of his whip round his forefinger, and now stood swinging it in much the same way as it was his custom to do with his umbrella. The mechanical action apparently soothed him, for his expression

gradually became more and more that of his every-day self.

Thorburn had got out of the cart. The first shock of the meeting over, he appeared to have recovered a little strength, but he rested heavily on the cart-wheel.

"I wish we had not met, Musgrave," he said huskily and without looking at him; "I have tried to avoid it, but Fate or Providence or Ill-luck, which has followed me all through my life, seems to have decreed that I should not have my way in this either."

It was a curious contrast, the slim, broken-down man, all nerves, and the healthy giant, all muscle and sinew: and yet these two stood as if they were duellists preparing for mortal combat, although the advantages were apparently all on one side. The place, too, was fitting for a duel of such a nature as theirs was likely to be.

The night in its strange stillness seemed to hold its breath in anticipation of the coming storm; the cold clear light of the moon suggested to the minds of both a pale sweet face watching them; and the deep black shadows around them were like the trappings of a funeral.

"On my word, man, and with all my heart, I wish so too. The meeting has not been of my seeking."

"Nor of mine."

"That I can understand; but that being the case, what in the name of all that is infernal, brought you to Thorniehowe?"

There was an indication of suppressed irritability which the Fiscal rarely displayed. Thorburn replied in the subdued, distressed manner in which he had first spoken:

"Accident, and I found there those I was seeking."

"And one you were not seeking, I suppose—that's me. What made you remain when you knew that I was there too?"

"The craving to be near some creature that some creature that I might care for; and I did not think that after all these years you would know me."

"Know you!" exclaimed the Fiscal with a strange, harsh guttural sound which might have been intended for a laugh, but had turned into a growl. "Man—if we had both lived for a thousand years, each at opposite sides of the world and then met, I would have kenned you fine."

Thorburn looked up at him with a weary vacant stare in his eyes. He did not see the passionate face he expected, but one perfectly calm, only the brows knit.

"I made up my mind to leave as soon as I thought you had recognised me. I am going now. Can you not mount your horse and pass on?"

The Fiscal moved slightly as if to follow the suggestion at once, but checked himself.

"Does Armour know you?" he queried thoughtfully.

"I told him as an excuse for my leaving."

"You told him—when?"

He spoke sharply, for a suspicion crossed his mind which was instantly dispelled by the answer:

"To-day."

"Oh—that's all right. And I suppose, it was as a parting gift to him that you told him the miserable story of the past in order that you might help to make his future happy?" said the Fiscal, resuming his tone of sarcastic banter. "You always were a clever chiel in souring other folk's milk."

Thorburn writhed under this, keenly sensitive to its truth. Reproach stings deepest when it is deserved.

"I did not mean him to know when telling him that it had anything to do with himself."

"Bah—how could you tell him without his guessing? He knew nothing about it, and need have known nothing; for like a sensible fellow he had made up his mind to go on his way without bothering about you or what you had done. But I expected something of this sort, and blame myself for not having spoken when you first came to Thorniehowe."

"You knew me then!" exclaimed Thorburn, rousing in his surprise from the lethargic manner in which he had hitherto spoken.

"Ay, from the first—it's my business to ken the folk that are about me, you know."

"And you did not speak—why?"

"Is there a laugh left in your wretched body? If there is, bring it out now and laugh when I tell you why I did not speak—it was because I was afraid of you."

He spoke the words through his clenched teeth, and again there was that harsh, guttural sound as if he were laughing at the absurdity of the reason for his conduct. Thorburn did not laugh.

"Afraid of me!" he echoed.

"Well, afraid of myself when I came near you—as I am now. Look here—Thorburn. I must call you by that name: to use the other would bring me too much into the feeling of the time when, if we had met as now, I would have—well, done more than

would have been good for either of us. I am not supposed to be a man who is likely to lose all self-control in a hurry; but I am not so sure of that myself. At any rate I have a fear that my temper would get the upper hand if you and I were together and happened to discuss old times. So I wanted to keep out of your way as much as you wanted to keep out of mine. Maybe, too, I had some sort of notion that it was best to leave you to follow your own course, and to get as much good out of it as you could. You were not likely to come in my way, as I thought, and having some regard for Armour, I did not want him to be fashed about things in which he had no part. It seems to me now that you have spoiled all."

"It seems strange that you should be so considerate to him and so hard upon me."

"Strange? . . . I dare say it does—to you. No doubt it would to most folk unless they knew the whole ins and outs of it. I am kind to him for *her* sake."

The Fiscal turned his face towards the interior of the shed, and, becoming quite black in the shadow, its expression was masked.

Thorburn started, raised his head quickly, and his eyes seemed to gleam with passion. His lips trembled and he spoke sneeringly:

"And I presume it is for the same reason that you detest me."

"Ay, partly so. You took her from me and you betrayed my friend," replied Musgrave very slowly, but without turning his head.

"Reason enough why there should be ill-blood between us; but you forget that the woman was deceiving both of us, and that had you taken my place, Graham would have betrayed you as he did me, so far as she was concerned. It was a toss up which of us was to be the victim. There are times when I think of her with pity; but that cannot be in your presence, Musgrave. Had I known that she had pledged herself to you whilst she accepted me, things would have gone differently. If you cared for her—"

"If!" interrupted the Fiscal, stung by bitter memories as much as by Thorburn's sneer; but he controlled himself. "Hoots! that's neither here nor there now. You and I are not likely to foregather again, and there is no need for us being longer together than we can help."

"That's my opinion."

"But before we part I want to give you reason to think of her with something more

than pity. If you had been a little patient at the time, and maybe if I had been a little more sensible in regard to you both, everything would have been explained to you. It's an auld sang, but the tune o't is ringing in my lugs yet—I could not speak to either of you then. So, I hold myself partly to blame for what happened. That is no excuse for your madness, however, in acting as you did before you knew all."

"I did know all—she deceived me—she lied to me."

"It was your own fault that she did so, and it was because you did not know all. She never cared a bodle more for Graham than for any ordinary friend; but he did care for her sister. When he got into his trouble and was in hiding *she* became the message-bearer between him and her sister. That was all; you and your mad folly misunderstood it, did not seek any explanation in the right way, and the rest followed."

There was a pause. Quiet as the Fiscal's words were, and calm as his outward bearing was, his tone and occasional hesitation indicated that the tenderest and most passionate depths of his nature had been stirred.

Thorburn suddenly seized him by the arm and with spasmodic strength wheeled him round so that he faced the light again, whilst on his own face there was an expression of wild horror as he gasped:

"Why did she lie to me?"

"Chiefly to save you from being mixed up in an affair which might have got you into trouble; partly because she could not trust you."

"This is not true, I saw them kissing, and she told the lie," cried Thorburn. "You say this to whiten her memory and blacken me. You loved her."

The volcano burst.

"Ay, I loved her, and you murdered her! Curse you!"

The Fiscal suddenly grasped him by the throat—and there was silence.

CHAPTER XIX.—AMONG THE ROSES.

SHE ought to have been awake all night thinking of him, and she was not. She ought at least to have been dreaming about him—but without seeing him, as according to the best authorities on the subject we never in dreams see those we love best—and she had not done anything of the kind.

These were Ellie's first waking thoughts as, blushing and smiling with quiet happiness, she remembered what had occurred at the sluice and in Armour's room. What sort of

a love was this?—it did not affect her at all in the manner described in books and confessed to her in confidence by young ladies who read poetry and could recite whole pages of *Romeo and Juliet*. She began to fear that she must be a very commonplace person indeed, with very ill-tuned nerves and incapable of experiencing a thorough-going, dreaming, sighing-laughing, joyful-miserable, trusting-jealous love!

But she was not in the least disturbed by the discovery of her own shortcomings in this respect; indeed she rather enjoyed the fun of reviewing them. It was enough for her that he was pleased. Aladdin had called her his princess: and she felt that she was one—if being content in herself and satisfied with everything and everybody around her could make her so.

She went out to the garden that morning to gather some flowers for the table, and knew that her step was lighter than usual as she walked. The place looked more beautiful, the flowers smelt more sweetly than they had ever done before.

She was clipping roses from the wall; and there was one particularly fine blush rose-bud which she at once decided to send to *him*, but it was a little above her reach, and she was straining up to it when a long shadow crossed the path and a voice said:

"Let me get it for you."

At that moment she made a little spring and the rose-bud fell into her hand. Thanks to her efforts there were additional roses in her cheeks when she turned, smiling, to the friend who had proffered his assistance.

"Thank you, Mr. Fenwick, I had just reached it when you spoke."

"I wish you would give it to me."

"Oh, I will give you one, with pleasure," and she took another from her basket.

"But not that one?" he said, laughing, as he took the flower which was presented to him and placed it in his button-hole. "I suppose you want to keep it for yourself, having had so much trouble in getting it? Funny that—we always like best the things which give us the most bother."

"There is nothing special about that bud to you, is there?" the roses growing brighter in her cheeks as she spoke.

"Oh, no, one flower is as good as another to me, except when it comes from your hand, then of course it is ever so much better than any other flower."

His compliment was a little confused in expression, but it was quite comprehensible.

"I don't believe we have said good

morning," was her way of changing the subject.

"No, but we can do it now, and I think I would like to do it often—in fact to keep on doing it for ever."

"What a ridiculous notion! Why then we should always be——"

"Exactly, hand in hand as we are now," he said quickly, completing the sentence for her. "That I dare say you will regard as a more ridiculous notion than the other. I don't."

"You are very droll this morning, Mr. Fenwick," she said, making a movement towards the house.

"Because I am so delighted to see you looking so well. I see you are tired of my chatter, but you must not get tired of me, for you are to have me with you for an hour or two this morning—all day if you would let me stay. I was going out for a few hours' shooting with Maxwell, but I can easily send a message to him. I told him to start without me at any rate, as Mrs. Musgrave had asked me to breakfast."

"You would lose the whole day's sport."

"And gain a whole day's—maybe a whole life's happiness. I should be with you!"

"That would be too severe a punishment for you."

"Then condemn me to it at once—I deserve it."

"It is well to be aware of one's own deserts," she said, laughing, and not quite certain how she ought to answer him: "but I should condemn myself at the same time, and I do not feel that I deserve any punishment."

"It would be too much for you, you fancy? I should be very good!"

His eyes brightened and his face beamed with pleasure as he spoke: in his smart shooting costume he looked handsome enough to appear a formidable rival to John Armour. But Ellie's simple straightforward nature was as incapable of consciously encouraging rivalry as Armour was of comprehending how there could be such a thing for a woman's affection. To him the woman was incapable of love who could make a shuttlecock of her affection, and bat it from one to the other according to the humour or whim of the moment. So she said frankly:

"It would never do. If you did not tire of us, we should be tired of you long before the day was out."

"But you will let me stay as long as you can," he urged, not in the least offended.

"Oh, yes, you may stay as long as you can—with mamma."

Fenwick had a great respect for Mrs. Musgrave; he liked her because she liked him, flattered him, made him feel that she was conscious of his talents, and anticipated a great career for him in the near future. Altogether she had the knack of keeping him in good humour with himself, and the woman who can do that will win the heart of any man. But having to get over the positive refusal of Ellie to allow him to share her society during the day, the prospect of spending it alone with her mother did not appear to him so tempting as to make it preferable to spending the same time on the moors.

"Thank you: I think there will be no need to send a message to Maxwell."

"That is a compliment for mamma," said Ellie, drily, as they entered the breakfast-room.

Mrs. Musgrave unbended more of her state with Fenwick than with any one else. And after breakfast, Ellie having left the room, she took him into her confidence.

"One of the reasons why I sent that hasty note yesterday," she said with an air of belief in his wisdom, "was to ask your advice about a matter which is causing me much anxiety."

"I shall be glad to do anything in my power to serve you, Mrs. Musgrave, as you are aware."

"I knew quite well I could count upon your aid, especially when I tell you that the matter concerns my daughter."

"That, of course, gives the subject a double interest for me."

"I thought it would," she said, smiling graciously, and well pleased. "You know these Armour people of the paper-mill—very respectable people doubtless, but I think Ellie is becoming much too familiar with them, and—and—really I find it difficult to express myself clearly. But it amounts to this—that there is no saying what *might* occur to Mr. Armour, and I would like Ellie's visits to them to be stopped."

"I fear that you can have no useful advice on this matter from me, Mrs. Musgrave. As you say, the Armours are respectable people, although there are some curious stories in the air about them at present."

"Curious stories? I do not as a rule listen to gossip or scandal about any one, but under the circumstances I should like to know what is being said about the Armours."

Mrs. Musgrave looked as if she were making a great sacrifice for her daughter's

sake, in consenting to listen to the stories she was most anxious to hear. Fenwick, however, could tell her very little; he had only heard a few hints of something wildly wrong with the Armours, as he passed through the village, and he had not stayed to ask for details.

"I'll hear all about it during the day," he said, "and will tell you when I come next."

"Come this evening to dinner. There will be no one but my daughter and myself, and perhaps the Fiscal may arrive before you leave. He says he will be home some time to-night."

Fenwick was delighted to have the opportunity of dining with them alone, and of course would come. But he was a good deal puzzled to make out why Ellie, who, as he understood, knew everything, had not told her mother about what had happened. This was why:

"Mr. Armour is coming to see papa, and

he will then explain everything himself," she had said in reply to her mother's inquiries.

Fenwick arrived with the strange news he had gathered, and Mrs. Musgrave found an opportunity to see him in the drawing-room alone. She pressed him to wait until the Fiscal returned, so that he might be at once informed of the character of the Armours.

At a late hour Armour himself arrived, seeking Mr. Musgrave, and Ellie persuaded her mother to ask him to wait to keep Mr. Fenwick company.

It was long past midnight when the Fiscal returned. Fenwick was half asleep, but Armour was awake and quick to tell the main facts—that Thorburn, who it was feared meditated suicide, had escaped and could not be found.

"This is a remarkable affair," said the Fiscal with grave deliberation of manner: "a very remarkable affair. We must inquire into it in the morning."

CHEERFUL CHRISTIANITY.

A Word to the Wise.

BY MRS. L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK NETHERBY," &c.

IT is to the wise and the wise alone that this little word is addressed. It is to those who, in all humility, sincerity, and truth, are leading a life above the world, that we venture to put the question, Has it ever occurred to you in the light of a duty, a real and practical thing to be undertaken as part of your profession, the endeavour to be cheerful, attractive, *pleasant* Christians? We say advisedly "endeavour to be." It is not given to all, however good and estimable, to be by nature pleasant: it is the privilege of the few to charm instinctively; and it is only to some that buoyant spirits, fine health, and prosperous circumstances render general amiability easy; but this is a different thing altogether from that kind of serenity and light-heartedness which springs from a soul at peace with God, and which we should wish to see overflowing in fountains of gracious kindness towards all around.

God does not wish His people to be dull folks. He gives them every cause, every right to be otherwise. With the consciousness that the eye of One who never slumbers nor sleeps is over them by night and day, with the surrender of every earthly care into a Hand which holds in its hollow the winds

and the waves, with the sure and certain hope of a blessed immortality when this world's little play shall be played out, truly with all this as the basis of his faith, nought but a deep sense of thankful, all-pervading happiness should characterize the Christian soul.

What, we may venture to suggest, what can be a more acceptable sacrifice, a more conclusive sign of repentance for sins, than a cheerful, hearty, resolute rejection of the world, the flesh, and the devil? The sin blotted out, God's forgiveness implored and obtained, is it not indeed something very like waste of time to be ever grieving and moaning over past unprofitableness, writing down lamentations by the yard in diaries which are seldom, we may suspect, re-read, and which to our mind would be far better unpublished (and why have we so many of these doleful records nowadays?)—is it not a pity, we say, to be perpetually lurking in the shadow when we might be basking in the sunshine? Surely God is honoured and religion gains much credit by the bright eye, the elastic step, and the smiling, open, contented countenance of the youthful believer.

And to you middle-aged and toilworn people, you who shake your heads and feel that such a bearing is out of the question for you, to you may we suggest that you should at least step out a little more briskly on your daily path, shake off your spiritless manner, raise the tones of your voice, show more interest, animation, alertness of sympathy in your intercourse with others, and have more hopeful views of yourself than many of you possess? Give no excuse for the remark to be made as soon as your back is turned, "I never care to meet such-and-such of our acquaintance, they have never anything to say; they always seem to have the blues."

Now Christian people have no business with "the blues," and they are wronging their cause by having their names associated with such an idea. How different would the general estimate be of all who profess to be, who are, truly religious, if each one in his or her sphere would look upon it as a part of their daily concern in life to diffuse cheerfulness, sweetness, *pleasantry* on all around!

You may not think very highly of a visitor who chances to call, and he may have come at an inconvenient season besides, but meet him in the Christian spirit, hasten to extend the welcoming hand, show hospitality without grudging, give a little of your time and your temper towards making a favourable impression, and the result cannot fail to be eminently honourable alike to yourself and the Master you serve. Men and women of the world, wise in their generation, aim at an all-embracing affability in their desire to court a good opinion and their craving for universal homage; but let a Christian be polite, attentive, attractive, from a nobler motive. Nay, even to the minor points of dress and domestic surroundings this principle may and ought to extend. We hear it said now and again, "What a pretty room Mrs. So-and-So has! How nicely it is arranged! It is quite a treat to look round." This in contradistinction to "How can Mrs. Such-another-one endure to sit in so dismal and untidy a den? How uncomfortable it looked! Nothing attended to, but everything uncared for and neglected, frumpish and disagreeable." Very well; we may be tolerably sure that the feelings inspired by the contrasted scenes are extended towards the ladies themselves. The former will be to a certainty the more popular, the better liked and respected: a grain of good seed let fall from her lips will outweigh oceans of morality emitted by her neighbour: and should she

add to her household attractions the charm of an agreeable, engaging, taking manner, and that—start not aside, fair reader!—of a becoming dress, she wields in her hand a magician's wand whose power, subtle and fragile though it be, cannot be denied.

So then we find among the lawful arts of Christian conquest the much-abused art of dress. But let us hasten to explain ourselves. We are not advocating, we would distinctly reprobate, the following of every whim of foolish fashion, we would deplore as much as any the extravagance of the times in this respect, but we would say, we do say this, "Be as well dressed, as nicely dressed as you can afford, without the need for spending an undue amount of your time, your thoughts, or your money on the subject." Recollect that time and thought are more precious than gold, therefore far be it from us to commend any of whom it can be said, as we hear it not unfrequently said with envy or admiration, "They have next to nothing to dress upon, yet they always contrive to look as smart as anybody." We know what *that* means. Smart dressing is for long purses (and is only suitable to certain stations), and to be gaily and finely attired at a small cost of money means ill-spent hours, overwrought eyes and brain, and miserably misdirected energies. But we address those who are not thus tempted, who have higher and purer aims, and who are more likely to under-estimate than over-estimate the importance of dress. Nay, they not improbably consider the subject as altogether frivolous and beneath their notice. It is nothing of the sort—in its proper place. Why should you think it so? Why should you disdain to study, in moderation, your personal appearance, so as to let it harmonize with your bonnet and your gown, when it is certain that by so doing you are rendering yourself more pleasing to the eyes of all who love you, of all who look on you? Why should you go on and on wearing an out-of-date shabby piece of apparel which would be a boon to many a poorer neighbour, but in which your family is tired of the sight of you and in which you annoy them by appearing? Fathers, husbands, and brothers, old men as well as young, invariably dislike being seen in company with a badly attired, unrepresentable woman. Why then force them to consider it—as some do—as inseparably connected with your religious profession to wear ugly, ill-fitting, cheaply run up garments which jar on their taste (and men's taste in women's clothes is good), and which create,

we fear, secret disgust at the so-called cause?

You did not think of that? But it is so. So much may not be said, may not even be consciously thought, but it is felt all the same, and that is enough. Joined to a pleasing air and bright winsome manner, a neat and well-chosen robe is an accessory which no Christian woman need think it beneath her to adopt.

Men have not the same opportunities on this point, but they can make the most of what they have. They need not be slovens in appearance, they need not have their hair badly cut, their coats too long or too large, and their chins and hands unattended to. They, too, can make it their part to be *always* as they like to be *sometimes*, and in addition to keeping up an attractive exterior, they can exercise a cordial manner, a general geniality which shall testify to the desire to please. They can show courtesy to strangers, make friends, put out their feelers as it were, more freely and unrestrainedly than women can, and it is surely incumbent on them to make the effort in cases where it is an effort. The married man, the head of the family who—may we say it?—keeps a good table, and cheerily welcomes to his hearth lonely, and perchance tempted youths, cut off from family ties, alone in lodgings, responsible to nobody, yet not willing to go wrong if a helping hand were only held out to keep them right—the kindly host who never allows them to feel themselves intruders at his board, who bids them “Come again” at each “Good-bye,” who treats them to no fuss of welcome, but is at pains to make them feel at home in the family circle, provides for their amusement, houses them snugly, and feasts them plentifully, what a warm place will he not hold in these poor lads’ affections through all life! They do not mind *his*

family prayers, or think it hard to have to go to church twice on Sundays when staying with him. It is too good a house to stop at, for them not to accept every invitation with zest, and look back on every visit with pleasure.

And let the young men also *come out* to each other if they can, supposing that some have entered on the Christian life and some have not. It is a mistake to withdraw into a shell of reserve and silence when so much might be gained by a free and frank address, by joining in every healthy innocent sport, by entering into the joys and sorrows of companions, who will only yield their confidence by obtaining confidence in return. Why not be open about yourself, your views, and your aims? Why not, on suitable occasions, and if opportunity offers, speak of it as an accepted fact, that you have before you a different end and object in existence to that which the world approves; why not avow this cheerfully and pleasantly, the while your words and actions manifest that for all the best part of this life, for all things that are pure, and good, and wholesome, you have as keen a relish as any one?

Come then, Christians, let your light shine before men. Do good, and be good; but be pleasant and comely withal. Let the eye love to rest upon you, and the ear to hear your voice. Rouse yourselves to be, each in his own way, in his own place, and after his own fashion, magnets to attract, instead of cold, unsympathetic forces to repel. Remember that the ways of wisdom are “ways of *pleasantness* ;” that “the Lord loveth a *cheerful* giver ;” and that His “yoke is *easy*, and His burden is *light*.”

“The heart that trusts for ever sings,
And feels as light as it had wings,
A well of peace within it springs
Come good or ill:
Whate'er to-day, to-morrow brings,
It is His will.”

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

Letters in course of an Exploration.

By JOSEPH THOMSON, AUTHOR OF “TO THE CENTRAL AFRICAN LAKES AND BACK.”

NO. I.

Itulè, on the river Lujendè,
East Africa.

DEAR —. The heading of this letter will, I fear, give you a very hazy notion as to my whereabouts at this present moment. You may certainly take for granted that it is beyond the ken of the P.O. authorities.

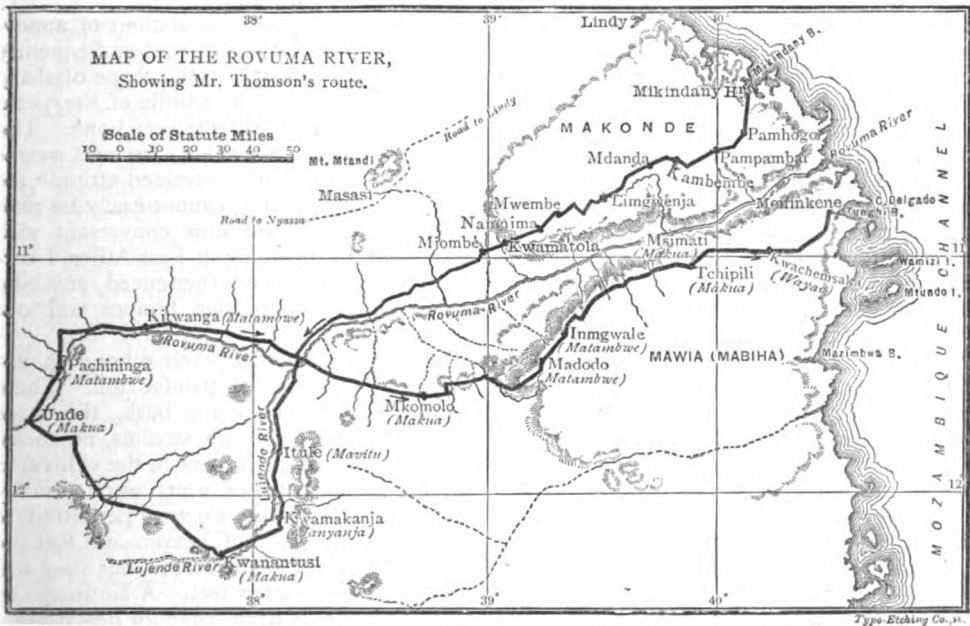
If, however, you are anxious to “spot” me on the map, you may glance down the East Coast of Africa till you find a large river known as the Rovuma. Tracing it inland for about one hundred and twenty miles, you will come to a point where it divides into two branches. One of these comes from the

west; the other from an unknown direction—so far as the map is concerned. In reality, however, this second branch flows from the south. Continue your search twenty-five miles along its banks and you will reach, with the mind's eye, Itulé, on the Lujendè.

We are delightfully situated on a small island in the middle of the river. Here we have formed our camp to secure ourselves from molestation. The island is well supplied with large shady trees, though it is very narrow—so narrow that my tent stretches nearly right across, and three steps from the door bring me to deep water in which I have my daily bath. The men have scattered themselves over the rest of the available

space and are making the woods re-echo with their loud laughter as the story goes round; while every now and then the song resounds sharp and clear in the night air. They are all in a very jolly mood round the ruddy camp fires, for antelope is abundant and some days' rest in prospect.

As for myself, I have lit my lamp, discussed my cup of coffee, and made every preparation for commencing my correspondence. Yet I feel tempted by my surroundings to linger and dream. A certain delicious feeling of comfort and safety invites me to sit by the rushing river and, with feet elevated in American fashion, to gaze at the stars, become sentimental, and on the swift



wings of fancy hurry far away from Africa and Afric's joys. My reverie, however, is soon rudely broken. Through the otherwise dreamy elements of the night comes a sound which only too pointedly reminds me where I am. A lion has caught the scent of our antelope's meat and stands amid the shades of the opposite bank vainly longing to join the feast. Just as I am getting most sentimental a savage roar resounds through the forest, making me start and shiver as if cold water were being poured down my back, and producing a creeping sensation at the roots of my hair. The interruption is a rather abrupt reminder that I must be practical. Therefore let us to business! Taking up the rôle of Valentine to your Proteus, I

shall endeavour to give you, as a "home-keeping youth," some notion of the "rare noteworthy objects in my travel" hither.

After my arrival at Zanzibar, I set about trying to get dispatched at once to the mainland in prosecution of the mission I had undertaken. The somewhat eccentric machinery of an Oriental government, however, was hard to be moved. During the first fortnight nothing could be done. First "I must rest after my voyage;" then "I must wait till the mail was gone;" finally "everything would be arranged when something else was settled." After about a hundred communications had been sent without visible effect, I was beginning seriously to consider how a sinecure might be made tolerable in

Zanzibar, when suddenly my calculations were interrupted by a message from the Sultan. My orders were to get ready in three days to proceed up the Rovuma and examine the reported rich coal-fields in that region.

This was coming to the point with a vengeance. To get ready a caravan for the interior in three days was a task by no means easy. But, thanks to my previously acquired knowledge and experience, I was equal to the emergency. In two days I had completed my arrangements, made all necessary purchases, and got together sixty of my former followers under the world-famous Chuma and the energetic Makatubu.

At the last moment, however, my plans narrowly escaped wreck and failure. The men had somehow got the impression that they were not to go on board till the morning of the fourth day; so, on the third, they indulged in a grand carouse. They all got drunk, to a man; and when the time for starting arrived, the whole military and police force of Zanzibar had to be employed in the ludicrous task of hunting them out and carrying them to the ship. The chase was one of the most exciting imaginable, and lasted till midnight. Incidents, curious and absurd, abounded. Two of the men, for instance, had just got married on that day, and at the "witching hour of night" they had to be "spirited away" from their disconsolate mates, leaving these either to mourn till their return or get new husbands. Such is the reckless character of the Waswahili porters.

At sunrise on the following morning we sailed out of the harbour, bound for Mikindany Bay, near the mouth of the Rovuma. In the voyage south I went in, as usual, for "the intense," in the shape of sea-sickness, and hung over the ship's rails in various limp and æsthetic attitudes. Mikindany was reached on the morning of the third day. Having landed, we forthwith commenced our final preparations. The Arabs tried to throw the customary obstacles in our way; but, finding me unexpectedly acquainted with their little ways, and backed up by the authority of the Sultan, they soon desisted.

The 17th of July found us *en route* once more for the Interior. My feelings were very much akin to those of Livingstone, when he set out from this same place on his last journey. I had a delightful sense of exhilaration. Every nerve seemed to thrill with pleasure as I strode along with buoyant footsteps. For the first eight days we journeyed nearly W.S.W. through the country of Makondè. The name means "bushes, or

creepers," and a more appropriate title could not be given to the district. The whole landscape is apparently one dead level of tangled vegetation, over which it is no exaggeration to say that one could struggle for miles without once touching the ground beneath. Through this dense bush our road, if such it could be called, literally burrowed. The interlacing creepers overhead made it almost impossible for us to get even a glimpse of the sky. With bent back and torn clothes, inward groans and copious perspiration, we struggled along in this vegetable tunnel. Now we ran our head against a creeper overhanging our path; anon we tripped over another, treacherously prepared for our feet. Occasionally a "wait-a-bit" thorn captured us, and held us prisoner in spite of our impatient ejaculations of annoyance; and worse still, the porters frequently stepped upon caltrops, in the shape of sharp bush stumps, left in the middle of the path, which cut their feet to the very bone. The enormous labour involved in carrying a weight of sixty pounds, in a constrained attitude, for several hours per day, cannot easily be realised. Though I am now conversant with most forms of travelling in East Africa, I certainly have nowhere experienced anything more trying both to our temper and our staying power.

The days succeeded each other with unvarying monotony of painful toil. There was ever the same dense bush, the same apparent dead level—no streams, no rocks, no valleys or hills. Except in the cultivated patches around villages, which were so many breathing holes where we were permitted to look upon the face of heaven and feel the cooling freshness of the breeze, our view was circumscribed to a few feet. A landscape so uninviting affords little scope for description, and I gladly leave it to speak of a subject much more interesting—namely, the people of Makondè.

Yet, if I describe these people as I found them, I fear you will suspect me of practical joking, or of indulging in absurd "travellers' tales." When I remember how the first description of the Australian Ornithorhynchus was received, I fancy I see your smile of incredulity when I introduce the duck-billed and tapir-lipped natives of Makondè.

The Makondè people are, without doubt, as ugly a set as are to be found in East Africa. Certainly they occupy a very low grade in the ladder of humanity. Nor need the fact be wondered at when we consider their environments and the nature of their country.

Moreover, their natural cowardice causes them to isolate themselves in small clearings in the bush, and until very recently they have held hardly any intercourse with the people outside their immediate district. They have low squat figures of the deepest ebony dye, faces of the most forbidding aspect, low foreheads, bridgeless noses, thick lips and wrinkled skin. They leave their hair in its native furziness as a rule; but sometimes they work large red beads into it until the whole assumes the appearance of a huge mulberry mass. This, however, involves an operation so long and trying that it is quite fashionable to wear wigs got up in a similar style. These head-dresses weigh from six to eight pounds each. So much value do they attach to them that I was baffled in every attempt to secure a specimen, though I offered an enormous price.

As their strong point is their ugliness, they make a business of enhancing it by every possible means. They cover themselves with coarsely executed figures in bas-relief. This is accomplished by cutting out the desired patterns with a knife three consecutive times, rubbing in charcoal and allowing the wound to close between each operation. The figures eventually appear raised about one-sixteenth of an inch above the general surface of the skin, and are of a darker shade. Fashion leads people indeed to undergo many painful ordeals; but few, however enthusiastic, would care to submit to a beautifying process so excruciating as that of the Makondè.

Yet here, as everywhere else, the object of the hideous adornment is to attract and captivate by adding to their charms. "She cuts to conquer," may be said of the painfully embellished Makondè damsel. While a European would praise the beauty of his mistress' figure, the irresistible charm of her eye, the softness of her skin, or the delicate richness of her complexion, a Makondè beau would fall into raptures over the variety and abundance of her tattooing, the size and brilliancy of her pelelè (of which more anon), her energetic movements in the dance, and the ear-piercing sharpness of her scream—not to speak of the splendid development of her muscles, which generally show great working power. In the moonlit nights, when his soul with beer and the dance is wrought to gladness within him, his affection expresses itself most fondly in stroking her sculptured skin.

The pelelè is, however, the most extraordinary addition to the charms of the Ma-

kondè women. This is a circular piece of wood variously carved and adorned, and generally about two inches in diameter. It is worn in the upper lip, which, of course, becomes enormously extended to receive it, and which appears simply like an india-rubber band round the ornament. Of course, the insertion of so large a piece of unyielding material is a prolonged operation. The process commences in childhood by the insertion of a wooden pin. As the girl grows this is removed and a larger one put in, until, at the age of eighteen, the pelelè has attained its full size. In early womanhood the upper lip with its strange embellishment sticks straight out from the face, and when seen a little way off appears not unlike a duck's bill. In more advanced years, however, the lip hangs down, quite covering the mouth—indeed, actually reaching below the chin. At this stage it irresistibly reminds one of the snout of the tapir; and the resemblance is made still more striking by the flatness of the nose and the thickness of the lips.



Makondè Chief with pelelè.

These extraordinary ornaments are highly prized by the Makondè, and I found it quite impossible to obtain more than a single specimen, and that had not even been worn. It was believed that if a pelelè fell into my possession I would certainly work some black magic on the seller, and produce dire mischief generally. Doubtless they are all the more prized by the wives because they are invariably the affectionate handiwork of their husbands. A Makondè lady would no more think of disposing of her pelelè than a European lady of her marriage ring. When a woman dies this much-prized adornment is always most religiously preserved by her husband or near relatives; and when they go to water the grave—with beer, not tears—the

pelelè is likewise taken to show that her memory is still faithfully cherished.

In the matter of dress both men and women wear the simple loin-cloth; not from any poverty or lack of material, but merely in order that the beauty marks may be shown to full advantage. Their houses are of the common beehive shape. They are seldom large, but on the whole tolerably clean. Otherwise their social condition presents no features calling for particular notice.

Their domestic customs, however, are interesting and curious; quite as much so as their system of personal ornamentation. In the case of a marriage the bride is not, as in many East African tribes, sold to the bridegroom. Her will is left free, and she is even allowed to have the chief voice in the arrangements. The behaviour of the women, both before and after marriage, is said to be scrupulously correct. The slightest straying from the narrow path is invariably visited with condign punishment. From the time of a child's birth until it is able to speak the mother holds not the slightest communication with her husband. It is firmly believed that some dire mischief would befall the little innocent were its father even to enter the hut during that period. As soon as it is able to utter words the child is carried to some point where two cross-roads meet. There it is washed and rubbed with oil, and finally handed over to the father, who may thenceforth resume his domestic and marital rights. The point of junction of two roads is always in East Africa considered to have some special virtue or significance. There good or bad spirits take up their abode. When a man dies the sweepings of the hut he occupied are carefully carried out and deposited there in some old broken pot.

The want of intelligence is very noticeable among the Makondè. They do not betray the slightest sign of desiring to rise above their present position. They have abundance of cloth, but will not use it except on the occasion of some grand fête; then they huddle it on in voluminous folds. They are rich enough to get many desirable articles from the coast; but they are quite satisfied to do, as their fathers have done, without them. They have a'undance of food, but they won't sell it. They prefer to dispose of their surplus grain in making pombè (native beer). At certain times the whole population goes in for a debauch which lasts not unfrequently a week or more. When a Makondè dies he is "waked" right royally; all his grain stores are converted into pombè,

and every one for miles round gets gloriously drunk.

It used to afford me intense amusement to watch them gathering round me when I was about to take observations of the sun or stars. As the artificial horizon was being put in order, and the sextant, with its complicated-looking appearance, produced from its box, an expectant hush of awe would fall upon the crowd. With eyes and mouth opened to their widest they would gaze in helpless wonderment at my mysterious preparations. When, finally, the instrument was taken in hand and directed to the heavenly body, the climax of excitement was reached. The women usually decamped in hot haste, and the children raised a howl of terror, while the men showed their consternation by promptly standing clear of the apparent line of vision, and talking wildly. They could scarcely have been more nervous if I had actually accomplished the sensational feat of bringing down a star.

Let us now take leave of the Makondè and hasten on our way.

I have spoken of the country as a seeming dead level. In reality, however, it rises steadily in altitude as we proceed westward. At eighty miles inland we reach a height of no less than two thousand feet. Beyond this point we abruptly descend again to a great plain only three hundred feet above sea-level. This plain is distinguished by being quite free from bushes and creepers, though it is covered with a thin open forest of small trees. Its most remarkable feature, however, is the number of extraordinary isolated hills which rise precipitously on all hands, and assume the most fantastic shapes. An imaginative describer of scenery might almost exhaust his fancy in comparing them with a variety of objects. There are Cleopatra's needles, saddle-back towers, domes, cones, columns, &c. An inexperienced observer would probably be apt to revel in volcanic eruptions, and other grand convulsions, in his endeavours to account for these curious phenomena; but in reality they result simply from the denudation of the surrounding country—the solid compact cores defying the wearing influences at work, and hence standing out in the manner referred to.

This great plain has, in former times, been well populated; but at present it lies utterly waste, owing to the devastating slave wars which were so lamentably rife about fifteen years ago. It was on this very plain that Livingstone, then on his last journey, got such a horrifying glimpse of these fearful raids—

an experience by the description of which he succeeded in rousing the interest of civilised Europe, and in starting a movement that culminated in the Treaty for the Abolition of the Slave Traffic in East Africa.

In common with most people I had formed the notion that the Treaty had really been carried into effect, and that the infamous trade had been practically extinguished in the coast regions. You may imagine my surprise, then, in discovering that I was labouring under a complete delusion. In crossing this tract of country I found slavery carried on in the most open and unblushing manner. The appearance of a slave caravan was one of the most common occurrences. During my brief stay on the Rovuma I personally saw four of considerable dimensions and heard of several others which, through suspicion of our intentions, cautiously avoided us. They were all in charge of natives. I am happy to say, however, that I witnessed none of the sickening horrors described by many travellers, and still more frequently by imaginative sentimentalists who revel in the sensational. One of the caravans had, when I met it, been on the march for more than a month. Yet, strange to relate, there were no signs of starvation or disease. None could be said to be overloaded, neither was there anything to indicate ill-treatment. Naturally, after so long a journey, there were a few with sore feet, though not so lame as to imply positive cruelty.

Most of the men and some of the women were in slave-sticks. The slave-stick is a pole two inches thick, forked at one end so as to receive the slave's neck, round which it is securely fastened. There are various ways in which the unhappy prisoner travels with this awkward appendage. If he is single and has a load, the free end of the stick is tied behind to the load (which is always cylindrical in shape), and thus if he falls he runs an imminent risk of strangulation or of dislocation of the neck. Sometimes a small boy carries the free end; but the most common practice is to tie two slaves together by their sticks. At night these are taken off, but to prevent their escape, each has the one arm tied down on the leg and the other fastened to the neck. In this condition they cannot even rise from the ground.

The most unpleasant sight to me was the appearance of several women, well dressed, and with a profusion of ornaments, in various parts of the caravan. These poor creatures were slaves like the others, but had been deluded by their owners into the belief that

they would not be sold, but retained as wives. Under this vain expectation they were placed as spies and keepers over their unfortunate companions. Feeling thus a certain sense of ownership, they fulfil the duties of their office with great apparent relish. The sad day of retribution, however, comes only too soon. Whenever the coast is reached they find to their dismay that their anticipations were simply "such stuff as dreams are made of." They are at once stripped of their short-lived finery, and sold with the rest.

If slaves are treated more considerably now than in former times, let it not be supposed that it is owing to greater natural humanity on the part of the masters. There is another very obvious explanation of the fact. The difficulty of getting the victims shipped to Zanzibar or Pemba has naturally raised their value. Thus slaves being more precious animals than they once were, it is manifestly the interest of the owners to get them down to the coast in good condition.

I suppose I have written enough on this sad subject, and you will be glad to pass with me to something less depressing. I have remarked that the plain which we are now traversing is a vast uninhabited waste. For eight days we saw no sign of humanity, with the solitary exception of one small village situated on an island in the river Rovuma. If the country, however, was destitute of human beings, it speedily became evident to us that it was perfectly swarming with game. Forthwith I was entirely under the fascinating influence of the chase, and gave promise of developing into a veritable Nimrod. Now I was after crocodiles or hippopotami in a rickety canoe on the Rovuma. Anon, in the early morning or afternoon, I was eagerly tracking out the antelope or wild boar, while the night was given up to an exciting watch for lions and hyenas. The adventures I have had, the number of big game I have shot, and the thousand other matters of interest connected with my sport on the Upper Rovuma it is quite impossible to detail at length. Just think of the variety! Giraffe, buffalo, quagga, zebra, eland, gnu, harrisbuck, hartebeest, &c. Let me, however, mention two incidents which are worth describing.

According to my usual habit, I had started off with two of my men at the first streak of dawn, so as to get well in advance of the porters, who are usually noisy enough to frighten any game within a mile of them.

Shortly after leaving camp, and while stealthily moving along the beautifully wooded banks of the river Lujendè, we sighted a fine boar. I fired immediately and was certain I had hit it; but, much to my surprise, it bolted off with incredible speed. I started after it, however, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing it suddenly drop dead. It had actually been shot through the heart, but had sufficient vital force left for its swift race of a hundred yards or more. Having secured its fine tusks, we proceeded once more on our way. For the next half-hour anything we saw was too far off to be easily got at. This was rather slow work; so I detached my two men to the right and left to make a reconnaissance, while I proceeded forward with my good double-barrelled rifle. Passing through a fine clump of trees I suddenly emerged on a charmingly retired grassy glade, in the centre of which grazed a small herd of waterbuck—a male and three females. Instinctively withdrawing behind a tree I forgot the landscape at the sight of the game. Making a swift mental calculation of the distance, and almost involuntarily adjusting the sights, I hurriedly aimed and fired. The roar of the gun echoing through the solitude sounded the death-knell of one of the females. The other three jumped forward simultaneously as if they themselves had received a shock. Then, like inanimate statues they stood transfixed, gazing to ascertain the cause of the unwonted sound which had burst upon their ears. Taking advantage of this I ruthlessly fired once more and a second dropped. The remaining two again bounded forward; but a plaintive pathetic cry from the last one shot brought the male back instantly to her side. In his ignorance of the terrible nature of the danger, his first instinct apparently was to protect his mate. With a look of obvious distress he began smelling her all round, while I, having no more cartridges, stepped forth from my hiding-place. In a moment the beautiful creature saw me, and again it stood as if petrified, in one of the most magnificent attitudes conceivable. Its side was towards me; its head, erect, was turned so as to face me, while its large lustrous eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets. It was the very personification of grace and dignity. I was at the moment so struck with the sight that I could only stand and admire the splendid *pose* and feel repentant at my morning's work. After we had thus gazed for a moment at each other I began to marvel that the animal made no attempt to flee. I moved forward, and still

it remained stationary. My uneasy conscience began to suggest the possibility of its attacking me; but the thought was instantly dismissed, as it was only too evident that the poor brute was simply paralyzed with terror. Still I approached, and still it stood motionless. I was within fifteen yards of it before it gathered its wits together and made for the forest. Just as it reached the edge of the glade, however, a cry was uttered by its dying mate, and so much stronger was its natural affection than its fear, that it instantly checked its flight and turned once more. I felt so remorseful and impressed by the touching scene that I hurried away from the spot to avoid witnessing the butcher's glee of my men, who just then appeared, and I shot no more that day.

My second adventure was of a different description, and of a much more exciting character. We were still pushing along the banks of the Lujendè, and, as on the occasion just referred to, I was far ahead of my caravan, accompanied by my attendant and a guide. It was an hour since we had left our last camp, and we had seen little game. Suddenly we heard a sound which made us instinctively pause and exclaim, "Simba!" (lion). Another minute, and the roar was repeated nearer and clearer than before, sending a cold shiver through our very bones, though we felt quite safe. Following the direction of the noise, we got near enough to make out that there were two lions, probably playing with each other. My companions were evidently becoming nervous, and were anxious to make a *détour* for the sake of avoiding the vicinity of the dreaded animals. But meantime my imagination was busy and my blood was fired. I pictured myself as a lion-hunter indulging in various deeds of daring, and encountering all sorts of thrilling experiences. To the men's consternation I pulled myself up (I suppose in a striking attitude) and heroically declared my intention of hunting up the monarch of the wilds to his very lair! If they were frightened they might leave me to go alone! The good fellows, finding that I was bent upon adventure, and feeling a measure of confidence behind my heavy express rifle, protested that they would on no account desert me. To tell the truth, I felt in my secret heart considerably relieved by this loyal declaration, and on we pressed—I in front.

The first part of the way led through the open forest. Here we felt quite secure, as we could easily see some distance ahead, and could not be taken by surprise. This space

we stealthily though swiftly traversed, when, to my disappointment, we suddenly came upon an expanse of dense jungle grass, in which the lions were evidently located. This was more than I had bargained for. I had counted upon getting at least an open field where the game could be sighted without being disagreeably near. But, manifestly, in this jungle no such chance was possible, and my valour began to ooze away. I was rapidly realising how sapient and acceptable was the philosophy of the epigrammatist who argued that

"Those who fly may fight again,
Which he can never do that's slain,"

when, observing the satisfaction of the men at my apparent hesitation, I threw prudence to the winds, and plunged obstinately in amongst the grass, determined not to be baffled.

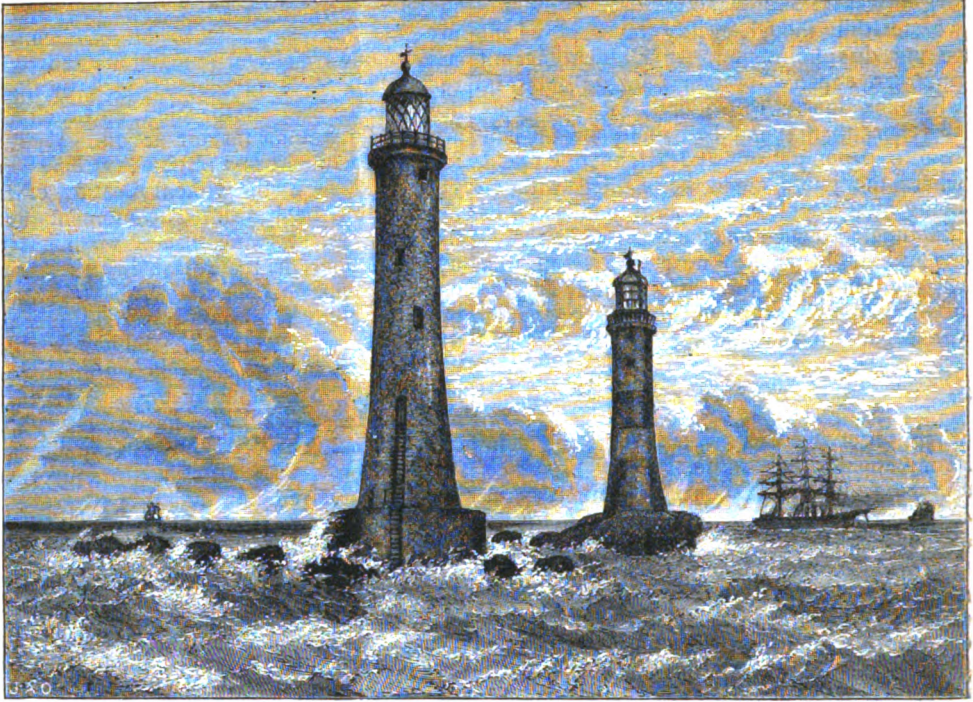
Now began the dangerous part of the programme. We could not see a yard ahead. Our only guide to the position of the dangerous creatures was their occasional growling as they continued their savage play. If that stopped our predicament would be by no means an enviable one. Our every step had to be studied. The slightest sound would have put the lions on the alert, and all our labour would have been lost. Thus, then, with an uncomfortable sense of growing excitement and palpitation of heart, we slowly advanced some distance. The perspiration trickled down my face and body till my clothes were quite drenched. At intervals, as the deep-mouthed growl or terrific roar filled the air, we would feel the cold shiver of intense awe and stand staring till it was over. We had laboriously glided to within twenty yards of the lions, when we were startled by a sudden cessation of the sounds which had hitherto guided us. The silence brought with it a feeling of dismay, for it plainly told us we either had been scented or heard. We uttered not a whisper, but anxiously looked the question, "What is now to be done?"

If I had been alone I should certainly have given up the adventure at once; but in presence of the men my false pride stifled the inward impulse. With eager, beseeching looks they gesticulated to me to go back; but, remembering how heroically I had said "Forward!" I once more braced up my nerves to see the enterprise to the bitter end—though in my heart I secretly regretted

my first rashness. Once more, then, we moved onward. Our precautions had to be redoubled. We progressed inch by inch. Every sense was on the alert, and each rifle was held ready for instant action. My feelings were wrought to a pitch of extreme pain. It seemed as if the violent beating of my heart would be heard. The moments were like minutes. At any instant we might be upon the lions, or, more probably, they upon us. The suspense became unbearable, and once more my resolution wavered under the overpowering excitement. Suddenly there was a crash behind me, which almost froze my blood. Mechanically my rifle leapt to my shoulder, and I turned in the full expectation of seeing one of my men in the clutches of the lion. You may imagine my relief when I perceived how much less tragic was the occasion of the noise. My followers had, in their uncontrollable terror, taken to headlong flight. I had just time by a glance to take in the situation, when a still louder crash in front recalled my attention to that quarter. One lion and then the other bounded from their playground so swiftly that I got the merest glimpse of them. Ere I could raise my rifle they were out of sight in the long grass. They were not more than ten yards distant when they fled, and, if it had not been for the panic-stricken retreat of the men, one minute more would have brought the noble animals in sight, and given me a chance of two good shots. The *dénouement* brought a curious conflict of feeling. I was extremely relieved and intensely disappointed. Returning to my men, I vented my excitement in the form of indignation, under which the poor fellows were, of course, becomingly humble. Thus, with a comical sense of having done my duty, I returned to the footpath and rejoined my caravan.

Two days after this adventure we arrived at Itulè, whence I now address you. Tomorrow I go out to begin the inspection of the much-talked-of coal-fields, with which rumour has enriched this district. I venture, however, to give you a quiet hint, for which I hope you will be sufficiently grateful. Don't by any means buy up shares in any present or prospective Rovuma Coal Company, or you will have your fingers burned—not by the coal, but by the absence of it. Such, at least, is my suspicion. A few days will test the truth of it.

Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH THOMSON.



The New and the Old Towers.

LIGHTHOUSES ON THE EDDYSTONE ROCKS.

THE reef of rocks included under the name Eddystone is situated about fourteen miles in a S.S.W. direction from Plymouth, nearly in the fairway of vessels bound up or down the English Channel. The danger consists of a number of rocky peaks showing only above low-water, and scattered over an area of about half an acre. These projecting peaks are in reality the summits of a submarine hill or hills, gradually rising up from a surrounding depth of twenty-four fathoms, and the area of the sea bed occupied by the basis of the hill or hills is about one square mile. The danger of these treacherous rocky peaks is increased by the uncertain, conflicting, and eddying movements of the tides in the immediate vicinity, from whence the name Eddystone probably originated, and which have always been sadly bewildering to mariners not familiar with the locality.

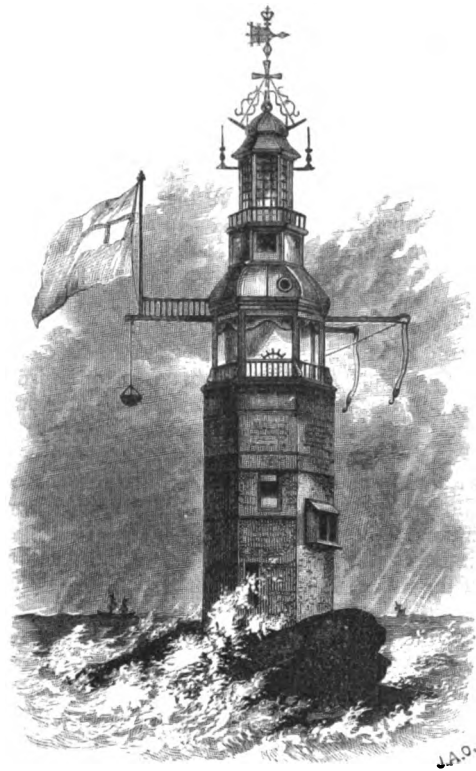
During the seventeenth century the shipping trade of this country began to be developed, and after the naval wars with the Dutch were ended it rapidly extended. British ships and British seamen were to be

found in all the European ports, and were continually encountered upon the high seas. This development of navigation brought with it increased knowledge of the assistance desirable for mariners voyaging through the dangerous fringe of shoals and rocks surrounding our coasts. Lighthouses and beacons were set up on prominent points of land, and, at last, the attention of the maritime public appears to have been fixed on the possibility of indicating by a light at night the position of the much-dreaded Eddystone. By a statute of Queen Elizabeth, "the Master, Wardens, and Assistants of the Trinity House at Deptford Strond, being a company of the chiefest and most expert masters and governors of ships," were empowered "to make, erect, and set up such and so many beacons, marks, and signs for the sea in such place or places of the sea-shores and uplands near the sea-coasts or forelands of the sea, only for sea-marks, as to them shall seem most meet, needful, and requisite, whereby the dangers may be avoided and escaped, and ships the better come into

their ports without peril." This Corporation, feeling the influence of public opinion in regard to the marking of the Eddystone, resolved to make an effort to have it indicated, and with that object obtained a special Act of Parliament in 1694. At that time it was probably impossible to find an engineer experienced in such work. However, Mr. Henry Winstanley, a gentleman who had achieved a high reputation for mechanical ingenuity, but which had taken a somewhat fantastic turn in his mind, was selected for the undertaking. Accordingly, in the year 1696, the first Eddystone lighthouse was commenced. Mr. Winstanley and his workmen toiled energetically for four seasons, and it must not be forgotten that work could only be carried on at low-water, and that in bad weather they could not land upon the rocks. Mr. Winstanley selected the rock with the largest exposed area, and the first season (1696) was principally occupied in fixing twelve great iron stanchions in the rock; the second season (1697) was devoted to the erection around these stanchions of a solid body or round pillar, presumably of stone, twelve feet high and fourteen feet in diameter; in the third season (1698) the diameter of this pillar was increased to sixteen feet, a tower of wood and masonry was raised upon it to a height of eighty feet, with living-rooms and lantern, and on the 14th November, 1698, a light was first exhibited. During the following winter the structure appears to have suffered from the effects of the sea, and Mr. Winstanley encompassed the building with a new work of four feet thickness from the foundation. He also enlarged the upper part, and raised it forty feet higher than it was before, and in 1699 the building was completed. From the drawing it will be seen that this structure was characterized by an excess of ornamentation, and by a number of useless odds and ends which ill assorted with its building, and with the violence of winds and waves to which it would be exposed. But notwithstanding its fantastic adjuncts, it stood, and a light was shown from it for five years, to the great joy of passing mariners. In November, 1703, Mr. Winstanley was at Plymouth on the point of going out to the lighthouse. Some doubt appears to have been cast on the stability of the tower. His friends expressed their belief that one day or other it would certainly be overset. To this he replied that "he was so well assured of the strength of his building

he could only wish to be there in the greatest storm that ever blew under the face of the heavens." Winstanley had his wish gratified. On the night of the 26th November, 1703, a terrific storm, which for violence and devastation appears to have been without its parallel, swept away the tower, and with it the ill-fated architect, the keepers and workmen, not one of whom was saved; and all that remained were some of the iron stanchions which had been at first fixed into the rock. Thus ended the first light tower on the Eddystone.

But the practicability of erecting such a building upon the rock was demonstrated by Winstanley's work. It had endured for five years. Also the value of such a sea-mark was made evident, for the light had been found to be a great security to sailors. All this pointed to the desirability of setting up



Winstanley's Tower,
1698-1703.

another tower, in the erection of which the experience in connection with Winstanley's structure would be of the greatest value.

For two and a half years no light shone from the Eddystone rocks, until at the urgent representation of the Trinity House a special Act of Parliament (4 and 5 Anne, c. 20) was passed, empowering that corporation to rebuild the lighthouse. In consequence of the powers so conferred the Trinity House agreed with a Captain Lovet that for a term of ninety-nine years a light should be exhibited from a tower on the rock. Captain Lovet engaged Mr. John Rudyerd as his architect and engineer for the building of the new tower. The records do not indicate why the selection fell upon Mr. Rudyerd, who at the time was a silk mercer on Ludgate Hill, and who had not apparently distinguished himself by any special mechanical ability. But whatever his previous experience in such matters may have been, in July, 1706 he forthwith set about the work in a masterly manner, aided by two shipwrights from the King's yard at Woolwich. Profiting by the errors of his predecessor, Mr. Rudyerd's principal aim seems to have been practical utility combined with simplicity, avoiding needless external ornament. First he very carefully fixed thirty-six upright iron bolts into the rock in the form of a circle 24 feet in diameter; then he stepped the rock so as to adapt it to receive a basement of solid oak balks, the alternate layers of which were placed crosswise. This basement was carried a few feet above the top of the rock, the whole being fitted together and to the rock as close as possible, besides being fastened to the iron uprights, which stood up out of the rock about 4 feet. He then put on five courses of Cornish moorstone, the stones being laid without cement, but fastened to each other above, below, and at the sides by iron cramps; then two more courses of solid timber. This completed the solid portion of the tower, reaching about 9 feet above the top of the rock. From thence space was left for a well hole in the centre with a passage for the entry door; the alternate courses of stone and wood being continued up to 27 feet above the top of the rock. Around the structure were then fixed seventy-one upright timbers, scarfed together and strongly fastened to the oak courses, which timbers reached up to a height of 61 feet, thus enclosing a circular space above the solid portion of the structure already completed. All the outside seams of this wooden casing were well caulked with oakum, and the whole surface



Rudyerd's Tower,
1708—1755.

was covered with pitch. It seems possible to recognise in this the influence of the shipwright assistants. The upper part of the building consisted of four rooms one above another, enclosed within the encircling upright timbers; above these rooms Mr. Rudyerd fixed his lantern, and capped the structure with a simple ball.

From this tower a light was shown on 28th July, 1708, although the building was not actually completed until 1709, the light being maintained with twenty-four candles of three to the pound. This tower fulfilled its functions with much success until December, 1755, when from some undiscovered cause a fire broke out and utterly destroyed it. The keepers were in great jeopardy and were much injured by the dropping of molten lead, burning wood, &c. As the fire advanced they retreated lower and lower until they were obliged to take refuge in a hole or cave on the east side of the rock. It is said that one of the keepers swallowed some molten lead and lived six days afterwards, and that after his death a piece of

lead weighing 7 oz. 8 dr. was found in his stomach.

Thus in 1755 ended the second tower on the Eddystone.

This brings us to the memorable structure which is now to be superseded. In 1756 the lease for ninety-nine years granted to Captain Lovet had passed by his decease into other hands, and the then proprietors, among whom the name of Mr. Robert Weston is worthy of remembrance for his disinterested and energetic efforts to benefit navigation, forthwith set about the erection of another lighthouse. On the nomination of the Earl of Macclesfield, then President of the Royal Society, Mr. John Smeaton, F.R.S., was selected by the proprietors for the undertaking. This gentleman had made his mark in the world by his habit of exceedingly careful observation and his power of ingeniously and practically applying observed facts. In connection with the work intrusted to him he appears from the first to have fixed his mind upon a structure entirely of stone, as being heavier, stronger, and more lasting than any composite or wooden structure could be. His idea was that "the sea must give way to the building," and in pondering over the question of form, he tells us, "the natural figure of the waist or bole of a large spreading oak" presented itself to his imagination. Now although Mr. Alan Stevenson has effectively shown that the reasons given by Smeaton in support of this notion are both obscure and fallacious, it will at once be evident that the shape is one certainly suggestive of great stability. Again as regards fastening the stones together so as to make the structure one entire monolithic mass, the idea occurred to Smeaton of forming the blocks with large dovetails in such a manner that they might mutually lock one another together, the stones of the lower courses being primarily engrafted into the rock. The question of an effective cement was also one which occupied a great deal of Smeaton's consideration. At that time no trustworthy cement which would harden in water was known, and Smeaton undertook a series of exhaustive experiments on this subject, which resulted in his obtaining what he required, and in providing for the engineering world an invaluable treatise on water cements.

His opinion was that "the building should be a column of equal strength, proportionate in every part to the stress it was likely to bear."

After numerous examinations of the rock and the surrounding locality, Smeaton sub-

mitted to the proprietors his plans for a stone tower in July, 1756, which were unanimously approved, the time and methods of accomplishing the work being left entirely to him. On the 3rd August, work at the rock was commenced; and during the season the site was prepared for the foundation courses, suitable dovetails being cut in the rock to receive the stones. The following winter was devoted to preparing the granite stones and doing all that could be done to minimise labour on the rock. Smeaton's view was that in building the tower it was necessary "to be in a condition to resist a storm at every step," so the blocks in each course were fitted together in the yard, in the same positions as they would occupy on the rock, and every precaution was taken to insure safety and firmness for the structure as it progressed. The next year, 1757, saw the six foundation courses laid, the work being brought to the level of the top of the rock. In 1758 the solid portion of the tower, consisting in all of twenty-four courses, was completed, and also a portion of the building intended for the living-rooms of the keepers. In 1759, such rapid progress was made with the upper part of the tower that by the 17th August the main column, containing forty-six courses, was finished; the lantern was then set up, the fixing and glazing of which occupied some weeks; and on the 16th of October the light was kindled, and thus, as Smeaton says, "after innumerable difficulties and dangers was a happy period put to this undertaking without the loss of life or limb to any one concerned in it."

In reference to the permanence of his structure, Smeaton observes that his ideas of "what its duration and continued existence ought to be were not confined within the boundary of one age or two, but extended themselves to look towards a possible perpetuity." The year 1882 has found Smeaton's grand work still standing, but his "possible perpetuity" is unfortunately disposed of by the discovery that the rock itself has for some years past shown indications of giving way, causing the tower, notwithstanding strengthening measures adopted, to vibrate and even to oscillate in a somewhat alarming manner. In consequence of this, in 1877 the Trinity House Corporation resolved to erect a new tower upon a firmer and more durable foundation, which was found at a distance of forty yards to the south-west of the rock on which Smeaton's tower stands. Accordingly the matter was placed in the hands of Mr. Jas. N. Douglass,



Smeaton's Tower,
1759—1882.

the Corporation's Engineer, who prepared designs and made the necessary arrangements for carrying out the work. The Messrs. Douglass in England and the Messrs. Stevenson in Scotland have had great experience in the building of lighthouses. The towers on the Bell Rock, Skerryvore, Wolf Rock, Smalls, Bishop, Hanois, &c., attest the ability and perseverance which have been displayed in this respect by these distinguished lighthouse builders; but they have all had the benefit of Smeaton's efforts and have not had to contend with the difficulties of ill-found appliances and of comparative ignorance in regard to the necessities of such structures. Of course this is not in the slightest degree disparaging to our modern lighthouse engineers, but is mentioned merely to give a fair impression of the extraordinary genius of John Smeaton.

In July, 1878, operations were commenced at the new site, under the directing supervision of Mr. Jas. N. Douglass, the works at the rock being in charge of Mr. T. Edmond and Mr. W. T. Douglass, son of the engineer-

in-chief. During the first season, which consisted of forty landings and one hundred and twenty-nine hours of work, the rock was partly excavated and prepared to receive the foundation courses of the new tower. In 1879, the coffer-dam was completed, and on the 19th August the foundation stone was laid by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, Master of the Trinity House, in the presence of the Prince of Wales and many of the members of the Corporation; after which eight courses were laid. During this season one hundred and thirty-one landings and five hundred and eighteen hours of work were accomplished. In 1880 the masonry of the tower was carried up to the thirty-eighth course, there having been one hundred and ten landings and six hundred and fifty-seven hours of work effected. In 1881 the tower was completed, consisting of two thousand one hundred and seventy-one stones, containing 63,020 cubic feet, or 4,668 tons of masonry. The top stone was laid on 1st June by the Duke of Edinburgh. The total amount of time worked on the rock up to this stage was fifteen hundred and ninety-two hours, for which four hundred and twenty-one landings had been made. The extraordinary rapidity of the execution of the work is due mainly to the special steam machinery and appliances for pumping, rock-drilling, landing and hoisting materials with which the steamer in attendance was fitted; but of course considerable credit is due to the vigour and manly energy displayed by the whole of the staff employed upon the work. By the end of the 1881 season great progress had been made with the lantern fittings and the internal arrangements, the particulars of which it is not possible to give in this paper. It will be sufficient to say that every detail has been most carefully considered with a view to practical utility, durability, and suitability for the service.

The openness of the weather during the past winter has enabled the remainder of the work to be pushed on rapidly, so that it will be possible to light up about the time announced in the following notice to mariners:—

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,

THAT the new Lighthouse which has been for some time past in course of erection at the EDDYSTONE ROCKS, is now far advanced towards completion, and may be expected to be ready for the exhibition of a Light early in the month of March, 1882.

The Light will be at an elevation of 133 feet above high water, and will be a powerful WHITE DOUBLE FLASHING HALF-MINUTE LIGHT, showing two successive Flashes of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ Seconds duration, divided by an Eclipse of about 4 Seconds, the second Flash being followed by an Eclipse of about 21 Seconds. The Light will be visible all round the horizon, and in clear weather at a distance of $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

That a WHITE FIXED subsidiary LIGHT will also be shown from a window in the Lighthouse below the Flashing Light, to mark the HAND DEEPS. This will extend over a sector of 16° from N. 32° W. to N. 48° W. (Magnetic, from the Lighthouse).

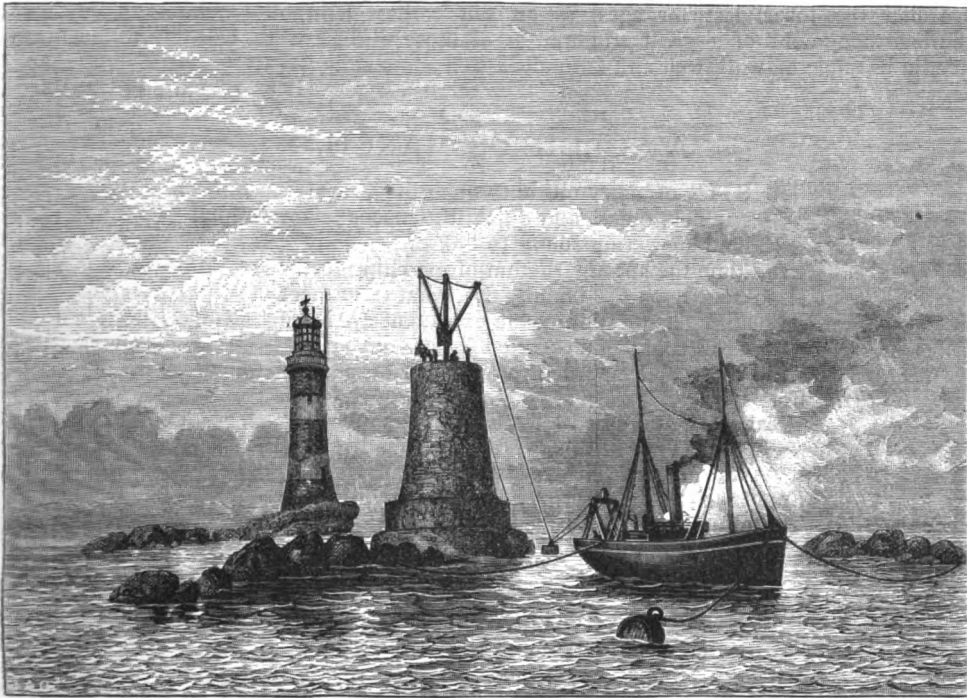
ALSO,

That a large Bell will be sounded during Foggy Weather Twice in quick succession every Half

minute; thus assimilating the Character of the Sound Signal to that of the Light.

NOTE.—Mariners will observe that the Light on the Casket Rocks, 78 Miles S.S.E. from the Eddy-stone, is similar in character, but shows THREE Flashes in quick succession instead of TWO.

It is anticipated that the ceremony of lighting up the new tower will take place before these pages are published, and will be graced by the presence of Her Royal and Imperial Highness the Duchess of Edinburgh with her husband, who is the Master of the Ancient Corporation of the Trinity House,



Building of the New Tower.

and that the Prince of Wales, with other distinguished members of the Corporation, will also be present on the occasion. It is much to be hoped that fair weather will smile upon so fair a ceremony, which, being one of national interest and importance and associated with a triumph of a royal nature, is fittingly inaugurated by those occupying the highest positions in the kingdom.

The new tower, it will be seen, is of much greater elevation than the old one. The light from Smeaton's tower was 72 feet above high water, which gave a range of visibility in clear weather of 14 miles. The new tower

shows a light 133 feet above high water, commanding a range of visibility in clear weather of $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The new light is of vastly increased power as compared with the old one, which had a lamp with four wicks only; while for weather when the penetrating power of one light is likely to be impaired, two six-wick oil burners superposed, each associated with a glass dioptric apparatus, are available. In ordinary weather one burner only will be used.

Much to the regret of many, the old tower is to be taken down to half its height, but the stump will remain as a sort of

unlighted beacon. It will thus serve as an auxiliary guide to shipping by day, and the upper part can be re-erected on the mainland as a permanent memorial of Smeaton's original tower. Moreover, it is intended to add to the stump of the old building a ladder and railing, so that facilities may be offered to those making excursions to the rock to inspect the site and the spid portion of the old tower.

The necessity for the demolition of Smeaton's tower is naturally a source of general regret. With its stones were knit the foresight, perseverance, and courage which characterized the man. Most gladly would we have had the tower last for ages, as an enduring monument of a great triumph, a splendid example of work well and faithfully

completed. But although Time, the ruthless destroyer, effaces the external records of heroism, as well as those of less noble qualities, yet we know that the enterprise and determination which achieved the great work are not dead; still in our hearts the memory of Smeaton's work cannot fail to live, and the story of his manful efforts will be handed down from generation to generation. Moreover, the splendid new structure, with its perfected arrangements for guiding the mariner, is merely a prolongation of the efforts of those who have gone before, and we may confidently hope that in its existence will be perpetuated the name and fame of our earliest lighthouse builders, as well as of those who have so worthily followed in their footsteps.

E. PRICE EDWARDS.

A SOLDIER'S MARCH.

A STIR of merry music through the street:
 Quick, quick, and quick, the resonant notes reply,
 Sound answering sound to link one melody
 And time the springy rhythm of marching feet.
 Look out upon the pomp. Lo, what doth meet
 The eager question of the expectant eye?
 The bier whereon some coffin late did lie:
 And these that mourned return, their task complete.

Peal, peal, triumphant notes, what use for woe?
 One that was with us rests as we shall rest:
 And, if a void for his sake vex our breast,
 Yet must we pass the way life bids us go,
 And tune our feet to speed and make brave show.
 Peal on, rejoiceful music: so 'tis best.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

OUR BLUE PATIENT.

By A LADY SUPERINTENDENT.

THERE is a delightful spot in the North London district where five roads meeting each other, at a variety of acute and obtuse angles, give to the luckless foot-passenger at least ten different streams of vehicles to confuse and affright him, whenever his business obliges him to cross the carriage-way at that particular point. Along two of these roads omnibuses roll in many-coloured streams, with a due proportion of cabs and light carts; a third road contributes a heavy traffic of waggons and drays; while the two other roads supply an admixture of vehicles both heavy and light, all shabby and all driven in haste. On Mondays and Thursdays, moreover, the place was, at the time

of which I write, overflowed by flocks of bewildered and footsore sheep, and no less tired, but more often angry, oxen, who loudly bleated and bellowed out their woes as they strayed about in the specially helpless manner peculiar to cattle going through town, getting under the horses' feet and in between the wheels, despite the shouts of their own drivers and of the enraged cabbies and the yelping of their attendant dogs. Add to this chronic state of things a shower of hansom cabs rattling along, at certain hours of the day, as thick and fast as stones in a hailstorm, in obedience to the shrill summons of the railway terminus bell; and a steam road-engine snorting along at inter-

vals, and usually preceded by an affrighted dray-horse flying in terror from the steam monster, and you have a rough idea of some of the special charms of the spot at the period of my story.

It is not surprising that, under these untoward circumstances, patients should from time to time be brought into some of the adjacent hospitals—for there are several in that locality—gasping out, as well as broken bones and bruises will let them, that he or she has been “caught between two carts,” or “knocked down under the wheels of a cab.” Sometimes they cannot even gasp, but lie blankly insensible while others tell how they came by their injuries.

Of this last sort was a man brought into us one February afternoon just as the light was waning. A dull February afternoon it had been; a grey leaden sky above, greasy clinging mud underfoot, and a raw, damp atmosphere in between. In the hospital receiving-room, although it was but four o'clock, the gaslights were doing duty for the sun—absent without leave from the hospital authorities—and ere another half-hour had elapsed gas was burning brightly also in the operating-room. The surgeon of the week had been sent for, and also the patient's wife, and it was decided to proceed at once with the operation necessary for the injured man's safety. Close under the gaslight stood the surgeon and his assistants, also the head nurse ready to hand instruments and sponges. In a few moments the administrator of the chloroform gave the word to begin, and swiftly and deftly the operator commenced. Briefly spoken directions alone broke the silence, as with bended head, never swerving hand, and intent eye, he prosecuted his responsible task—no less a task than the amputation of the sorely injured foot. At length all was duly concluded, the limb “put up,” and the still unconscious patient borne back to bed. After awhile he woke up out of his chloroform sleep, unusually brisk, very restless, in some pain, but in still more excitement, being evidently of a naturally excitable temperament. His chief trouble was somewhat peculiar. It was not that he had lost a foot, it was not that he was thrown out of work by the accident, it was not that he was suffering enough pain to make most men grumble, if not groan. It was that his daily labour being about indigo, his limbs were stained with a deep blue tint, and he was afraid that the doctors and nurses would think him a dirty patient. The poor little man's anxiety upon the point became quite

ludicrous. “Had we washed his foot before it was taken off? He feared not, because the remaining ankle still looked blue.”—“Had we told the doctor that it was not dirt, but only the stain of his daily work, which he could not help?” and a dozen other like questions. He was very hard to be soothed, was this odd, excitable little man; very hard to be convinced that we had no doubt as to his due attention to cleanliness and the personal proprieties; very absurdly persistent in impressing upon our minds that the colour of dirt proper was mostly black, whereas the prevailing hue of his skin was very decidedly blue. And thus it came about that by universal consent, and apparently much to his own satisfaction, he was dubbed our “blue patient,” and that his legitimate patronymic, though it appeared on his certificates of incapacity for work, and on his diet-board, was never otherwise used during his stay in hospital.

Eleven o'clock sounding out from the sleepy-toned clock upon the staircase, some four or five days after the admission of our blue patient, proclaimed that another dull February day had nearly ended, while soft moonlight, struggling through a yet hazy atmosphere, seemed to promise that the next morning might be of a brighter and cheerier sort. Hark! what unlawful and improper sound was that which I heard? Voices talking in the men's ward at eleven o'clock at night! I was in the inner ward, from which a door opened out into the room from which the sound proceeded. No one suspected that the lady superintendent was in that inner ward; she was supposed to be fast asleep up-stairs in her own bed-chamber. They did not know that the “extra,” engaged that night to watch the insensible and rapidly sinking head case in that small ward, had failed to come, and that the head nurse was, therefore, doing duty there instead. “Ha, ha, my friends,” said she to herself, “you ignorantly think that it is a case of ‘when the cat's away!’” And, so saying, she crept softly to the intervening door, opened it just half an inch, and, peeping through, beheld those naughty mice of hers at play after a fashion calculated to fill the mind of a nurse with indignant horror. There, at eleven o'clock at night, were the gaslights flaring away at full cock; they had, with wicked ingenuity, turned them up by using the ends of their crutches; there was the Irish night-nurse—dismissed the next day—peacefully snoring with her head on the table, whereon were the remains of her

supper; there, in the mingled glare of fire-light and gas-light, were some dozen pale, eager faces belonging to the maimed and crippled recusants, who were sitting up in their beds, their heads all inclined in one direction, and apparently listening with great attention; and there, in the bed by the fire, was the prime mover of the mischief, our blue patient, haranguing his companions with fluent speech and great energy. He had turned himself partly round out of his bed, and was nursing the injured leg with both arms across the other knee, while he very discreetly warmed it at the fire. Now, I frankly confess that, as a conscientious nurse, I ought to have interrupted the man then and there, broken up this picturesque scene, turned down the gas, and given them a good scolding all round for such a glaring violation of hospital rules. But the picture was so striking that I paused for a moment to contemplate it, and then I found myself listening, with involuntary interest, to what the blue patient was saying, and I paused still longer to listen, intending each moment to go in and give them that scolding which was their due, but delaying ever a moment more ere I did it. These were the first words that I chanced to hear when I opened the door.

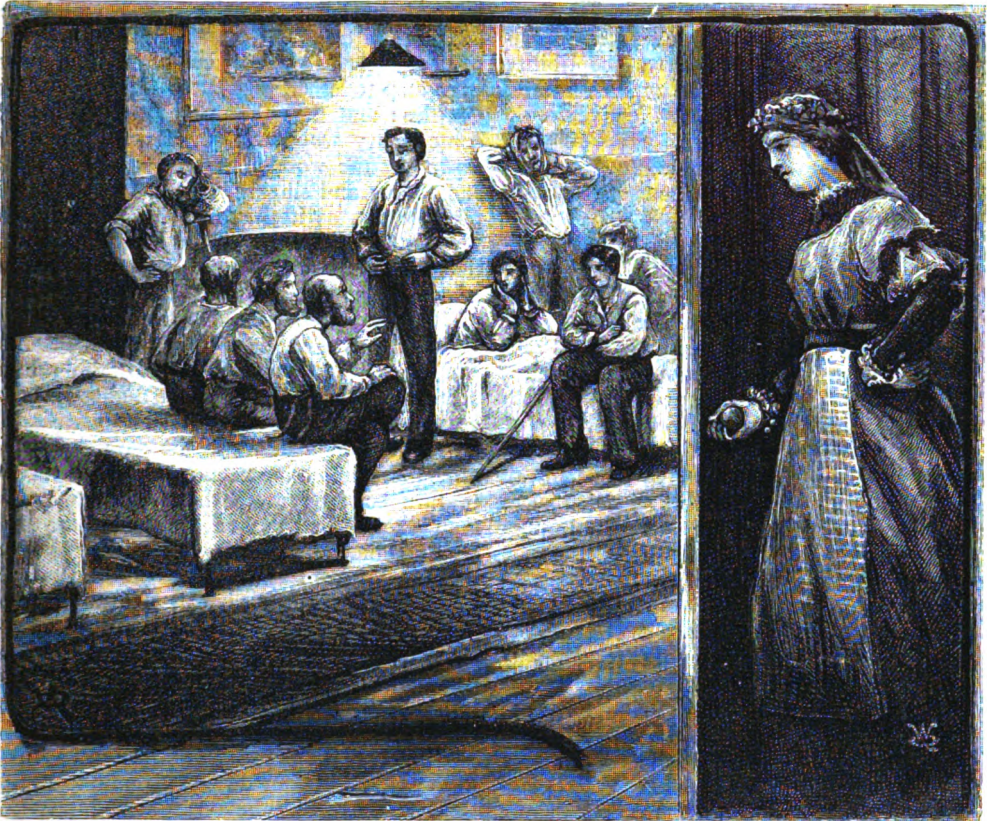
"Ay, but it's a terrible thing, mates, to be tried for your life. I can never think of it without a shudder, and I can't somehow help a-thinking of it 'most always. I had to stand still and silent and hear the gentleman that was prosecuting of me put everything against me in the worst light his clever tongue could find to put it in, and I mightn't say a word, though I could hardly keep the 'No! no! no!' from bursting out of my mouth as he went on making out his side of the tale. I had to keep quite quiet as if I'd naught to say, and hear him suppose this and suppose the other to fill up the breaks in the story that made against me, and show that I'd had a plenty of reasons for doing of it, when I had no more reason than for climbing to the top of St. Paul's. And then he called the witnesses—*his* witnesses—to say where I'd been seen, and how I'd looked, and what I'd said, and what I'd done, likewise what I'd *not* said nor done too. It was astonishing to see what a fine story that there clever gentleman made out of it all, and it was frightening too to me who knew there wasn't really a story at all to be made out anyhow. How the things that had happened, and the words that had been said, seemed to gather round me and hem me in! Mates, I declare to

you that at last they seemed to me to be somehow live things with a cruel purpose in 'em—rising up, rising up one after another, pointing at me with their horrid fingers, pressing upon me to crush the life out of me. And I as innocent as a new-born babe. Still I wasn't wholly down-hearted. Said I to myself, 'You may hem me in and press me hard, but I've got *my* facts to fight you off with yet, and you *can't* prove that I've done the horrid deed, for sure what's not been done can't anyhow by any clever talk be made out to have been done clean against the truth of things.' And just as I says so to myself, they calls their last witness. I knew him directly he stepped into the box. A man as owed me a grudge because he'd been doing unfair by the master—his and mine—and I'd felt it my duty to speak up to the master about it."

"And so he forswore himself against you," broke in one of the auditors in a tone of indignant scorn.

"No, mate, he did not quite do that. But he did nigh as bad for me. He was a lad with a mighty clever tongue, and he spoke that way and this way, round about the truth and never straightforwardlike, and he somehow managed to forget all that went to prove me innocent, and to remember hard and sharp two awkward-looking facts that looked to go dead against me, worse against me than anything else that had yet been said. They'd have looked right enough—as they were, and as you'll hear presently—if he'd said the whole story straight through, but taken by theirselves, the way he put 'em, they seemed to make out that I and nobody else must certain sure have been the murderer. God forgive me!—but his wickedness 'most made me what he wanted to prove me. For I reads my Bible, mates, and it says that if a man hates his brother—that's any of his mates, I take it, and I take it, too, that it means hates him so as he would be glad to see him dead—well, then, if he does that, it says he's as bad as a downright murderer. And I did hate him," added the little man, his high-pitched, excited voice dropping to an awed whisper, "I did hate him—*just so*. I saw him awhile since quite unexpected, just afore I was knocked down by that there cab and got my foot done for; he'd got tools with him and seemed going to work somewhere nigh. The Lord help me! but though the trial's over and gone this twelve years and more, I felt all the old anger rise up in me against him as if it would choke me!"

"But you got off? You got off, didn't



“And I paused still longer to listen.”

you?” here broke in one of his auditors. “Tell us the rest of the trial.”

“Yes, yes, I got off,” he made answer; “it was proved clear enough at last that I was not the wretch that had done it. But that fellow’s evidence hunted me hard into a corner, and nearly got me hanged. What hours the jury talked. It seemed as if I’d lived to be an old man before they came out and said as how they’d agreed ‘Not guilty.’ And then—and then——” The eager high-pitched voice dropped off here suddenly into a vacillating whisper, and the narrator stretched his hands out quickly yet feebly. For a moment he seemed to be feeling about for something in the air, while he stared vacantly before him, and then he abruptly collapsed and fell back among his pillows. Our little blue friend had fainted. I stepped hastily forward. A thin stream of red flowing from the overheated and pendent leg was meandering slowly along the snowy boards. As I thus unexpectedly appeared the change in the aspect of the

group of invalids would have provoked my laughter had I not been too anxious to be tempted to mirth. Everybody vanished under their respective coverlets with the swiftness of magic; they might have been all dead for the sudden stillness and silence that prevailed.

“Hope as there’s not much amiss with him, ma’am?” one, bolder and more alarmed for his comrade than the rest, ventured to ask, in a sufficiently affrighted tone.

“No thanks to you if there is not. This comes of breaking hospital rules,” I answered, speaking, I fear, with the more asperity because I was annoyed with myself, and felt myself very much to blame in the matter for not having stopped the man’s talk before. It turned out, to my great relief, that there was not any serious harm done. A few simple measures stayed the hæmorrhage and recovered the patient from his swoon, and in the end no appreciable retardation took place in his ultimate recovery. But I do not think that batch of patients ever

again broke the smallest rule during their stay in hospital, and the blue patient himself, with that exaggerated susceptibility which seemed part of the little man's nature, was profoundly and even inconveniently conscientious for the future. He would do nothing without asking leave, and required special permission for the most obviously innocent trifles.

"There, hold your tongue," the under-nurse would at last exclaim in a pet, "there's the hospital rules printed out large and clear, hanging against the wall. Just you learn 'em right off by heart, and all that they don't say you mayn't do just you do, and don't go bothering me no more." With which lucid and concise direction she extinguished the blue patient whenever his scrupulosity flamed up afresh. On the point of finishing the story of his trial he was deaf to all entreaties. "No, no, I got into trouble once telling that. Besides, where would be the good? It's not mighty interesting to any one but me. And mayhap it would make me feel angry again. Best every way to let it be." And so we never learned any further particulars of that episode in his life.

Several weeks passed quietly after this incident, and spring was gaining softly on us. As I sat at my early breakfast one morning, sipping my coffee and listening to that everlasting railway bell and the rattle of the cabs, a seductive vision of the country stole before me, growing stronger and stronger as the bell rang more urgently and the cabs came faster and more noisily. The vision grew into a longing thirst, then into a decisive scheme. "Yes, I would go into the country for a few hours that afternoon. There was nothing critical in the hospital, the blue patient was the only operation case, and he was now quite convalescent. I would work hard all the morning, and get my dressings done early. Linton was a steady, capable woman, and I would leave full directions, together with supplies of possibly needful stores, while I paid a short visit to my friends. My eyes were rather tired of looking at the brown-washed walls and the blue coverlets of the beds; I would gaze for an hour or two upon the fresh budding green of the country elms and the bright hues of early crocuses and snowdrops, where the birds would be singing sweet welcomes to the opening year; I would—" but there I stopped abruptly in my flowery reverie. For just at that moment there came a sound into the entrance-hall below and along the passage as of a small regiment tramping heavily

in. Ah me! I knew the sound well; the half regular tread of many feet going in pairs of two, each two pairs keeping scrupulously even step together, regardless of all the other couples: and then the dull grating sound of some heavy wooden things laid cautiously down on the wooden floor. The vision of snowdrops and singing-birds dropped out of my thoughts as if they had been children's toys, and, crushing down the great trembling that rose within me to an outward semblance of composure, I ran down the broad staircase to face my newly-arisen duties.

I had, of course, seen many bad accidents whilst learning in other hospitals the art of surgical nursing. But to have a ghastly procession of stretchers ushered into your own house; to stand by while the surgeons examine the mangled forms laid thereon, each one in turn seeming more dreadfully mutilated than the other; to see the jacket or the handkerchief laid with hopeless gesture over the faces of men who went forth from their homes that morning—hardly two hours ago—hale and hearty labourers at some peaceful toil; to hear the sorrowfully expressive order, "Take it away, and do not let the relatives see it without due preparation;" to have the rest of these bruised and battered figures, with still just a spark of life lingering in them, laid in your own wards and to know that you have to take a responsible part in the coming struggle between life and death; to have the weeping, distracted wives and daughters of the dead and dying pressing around you for some small scrap of hopeful news when you have no hope to give, or pleading to be allowed to see what you know will strike them helpless with horror to behold;—all this I found a very different thing to only looking on while others did the work.

This accident proved to be a very bad one. Of all that were brought in to us, four men only were carried on into the wards, which, all through the long morning, and many times also in the afternoon, were full of the quiet, quick footsteps of surgeons coming and going with grave faces and watchful care. A few hours more, and one of the four injured men—a railway navvy—had passed beyond the reach or need of the surgeon's skill; and a second man—a platelayer—was being just kept alive from minute to minute by continual small doses of stimulant. They were both under my own immediate care in the inner ward before mentioned. And though from the first moment the surgeons had pronounced both these cases to be beyond recovery, I still hoped and specially

yearned to save this second one, for the sake of his wife, a sweet-faced, middle-aged woman, who sat by the bedside stunned by the sudden calamity that had fallen upon her, and wailing out from time to time the praises of the dying man as the "best and most God-fearing man, the kindest, dearest husband that ever any woman had." Alas! the surgeon's prognosis was but too correct. He too sank rapidly, and ten minutes had not elapsed since his comrade in the adjoining bed had breathed his last, ere this one also—the kind, lamented husband—all unconscious of his wife's fast-flowing tears, lay motionless with grey set face, like a dun November day when a chill sea-fog has blotted out all sunshine from the sky and all colour from the earth. It was a face possessing a certain dignity and goodness about its rough lines and homely contour which seemed to justify the poor wife's loving praises of his life; and as he lay there with the soil of his just commenced morning's work still fresh upon his coarse jacket and his labour-hardened hands—he that should never work again in the dawning light of this world's sun—one could not but wonder, with reverent awe and a certain sympathizing joy, what kind of occupation it would be that this son of toil should find to do in the long bright future before him. Something, most surely, higher and more spirit-satisfying than the making of a railway; something which I, who an hour ago possessed a wider intellectual field of vision and a more varied range of mental enjoyment than this my toil-worn brother, could not even understand if I were told of it, any more than a child of a few years old could be made to understand the keen delight of some mature mind working out some great scientific discovery, or drinking in the lofty teachings of some great poet. After awhile the stricken widow went out to break the news to those at home and to make her sad preparations for taking away her dead; and I sat me down between the two beds in a dreamy mood which was half fatigue and half meditateness, and looked at the face of the man who had died first—the railway navvy—trying as I looked to repel the ungracious thought that there was some lack there of the dignity and goodness which were conspicuous in the countenance of the plate-layer. Suddenly I became aware that some one was standing near me looking over my shoulder, and, turning my head, I saw the blue patient. He was gazing fixedly at the dead navvy. I have said that he was a very excitable person, therefore when

I saw his face grow almost as pallid as the one he looked upon, and his limbs tremble so that I mechanically extended my arm to support him in his forward progress to the bedside of the dead man, I only took it for a fresh evidence of his nervous temperament, sympathetically shaken perhaps by the thought of how near he too had been a short while since to peril of life as well as limb. But after a minute's awed silence he spoke, and the cause of his agitation was made clear. "It's him," he said, in a low voice, "it's him—it's the man who gave evidence against me. Oh God, forgive me!—I was feeling angry against him not a month ago." The tears gathered in his gazing eyes, but some inward dread seemed to freeze them there and they never fell. "I'm a-trying to think," he said, after a pause, "if I'd got over it—if I'd forgiven him—if I'd put that wicked anger quite away out of my mind. God help me!—it would be a dreadful thing to be angry still with a dead man."

I was much moved by his evident distress as well as startled by this unexpected recognition, but after a moment's thought, I spoke to him soothingly.

"Your very anxiety," I said, "may surely be its own relief. If you were still cherishing a lurking anger against him, you would be almost sure to seek to justify yourself in it. Be comforted—I do not think you hate him now. I believe you will soon—if you do not already—wholly and freely forgive him."

The little man, usually so loquacious, made no answer, except by a wan smile cast hastily in my direction, which died away almost before it began. He bent towards the board hanging at the bedhead, and read the patient's name, which was written there together with his case, treatment, and diet. "It's he, sure enough," he murmured; and with that he turned silently away, tottered back to the outer ward, and there lying down on his bed, drew the curtains close about the bedhead, evidently wishing to be left alone with his own thoughts. As for myself, tired and hungry, I went to my own room to get a little rest and food. In about half an hour a tap came at my door, and, in answer to my "Come in," assistant-nurse Linton's broad good-humoured face and short round figure appeared in the doorway.

"The other wife has come, ma'am," said she, "the navvy's wife. She's terrible cut up—though not like the broken ribs's wife was. This one seems most cut up about the children. She's got five of 'em. Two twins, and the eldest of the lot only six."

"Poor thing! and enough too to make her feel 'cut up,' isn't it, Linton?" I answered. "I will be down to see her in a moment. How are the other two men?"

"Oh, they are doing finely. They are asleep. No fear of them. Got a bit of a shock, that's all." Linton was always as confident in her diagnosis as if she had been a physician of many years' standing. "And do you know, ma'am," she went on, evidently brimming over with news and curiosity, "that there blue patient has been very odd behaved, and has put himself uncommon forward about it."

"About what, Linton?" asked I, hoping to pick up a grain of desirable information out of her bushel of gossip.

"About the wife—the navy's wife, ma'am. No sooner does he hear who she is, than up he gets off his bed, and he walks straight into the inner ward as silent and as bold as you please, and never says a word to me nor asks any leave at all. And he's mostly such a chattering frightened little body, like a sparrow a-chirping and a-hopping about the place all day. And there he is with her now, comforting her like, it seems. And she's a-crying and a-thanking him by turns. I heard so much, and then I come away to tell you, ma'am, as in duty bound."

"Very well, Linton; quite right. I will be down directly, as I said just now. And, Linton, you had better not disturb the poor wife and the blue patient. He and the husband knew each other, I believe, so it's natural enough they should like to talk together about her trouble."

"Very good, ma'am. If them's your orders I won't go in." And therewith Linton departed. But I confess that I was not quite easy in my own mind as to what that excitable little man's discretion might be allowing him to say to the poor widow, and therefore in a few minutes I went down-stairs, taking in my hand the dead man's purse, pipe, and all the little odds and ends which were found in his pockets when he was brought in.

They were not talking when I went in, but sitting quietly one on either side of the narrow bed, and I noticed that the blue patient's hand was clasped gently but firmly upon the folded hands of the dead man.

The woman rose and curtsied to me. A pretty, though thin and anxious-looking young woman, but at this moment wearing a radiant smile on her careworn face, which contrasted strangely with the signs of recent tears still visible there.

"Oh, ma'am!" she burst out eagerly, "do

you think I may trust him? Do you think he really means it? He has offered—he that's sitting there—to take two of my poor fatherless children, and bring 'em up for his own. He says that he and my poor dear man that's gone, were acquaintances ever so long ago, before I knew Tom. And I don't know which way to turn to get bread for them all, now Tom's gone, for I'm but weakly, I am, and always ailing. Oh! to think that God should have sent such a help!—such a help!—just at the worst!"

"You see, ma'am," said the blue patient, in explanation, "I thought that if I could make the poor fellow that's dead and gone some sort of good return for the past, I should feel easier in my mind. And the missis here, she's willing to let me have her six-year-old—that's one o' two——" ("Twins, ma'am, he means," said the widow, parenthetically)—"and her three-year-old, and that's a girl. That is but one boy and one girl, and I've got none o' my own; and my good woman she's very fond o' children. We are easy off, we are; for my missis is a fine manager, and we've been making and saving together for pretty nigh fourteen years. And Mr. Bruce—that's the foreman up at our place, ma'am—he was here yesterday, and he's promised me a light place at the same wages as soon as I go out from here, so I shall be able to do well by the little ones. And don't you fear," he added, turning to the widow, "but that I'll be a father to them, true and steady, so help me God, when I'm in my greatest need of Him." He spoke quite simply, without any affectation or pomposity, but with a little tremulous depth in his tone, as if he deeply felt the far-reaching vow he was making.

"It is a noble deed!" I began warmly; and there I stopped. Mere words of praise seemed paltry beside the lustre of that lofty action. Silently I passed round the bed, and held out my hand to the blue patient, who grasped it heartily, with a glad smile. And so the matter was settled, without more words, and the widow went her way home—for there were the children there needing her care—with a heart comforted and overflowing with gratitude; but the blue patient went about for many days after with an air of quiet gladness and serene satisfaction, very enigmatical to all those around him, save the one or two who knew or partly guessed the secret.

He was as good as his word. As soon as he was able to leave the hospital he took the two little orphaned children to his own home, and the heart of his childless wife opened wide to them with glad motherly affection.

Nor was there any fickleness of purpose in carrying out his intentions. Year after year he cherished the children of his ancient enemy with a care and tenderness as unflinching as if they had been his own, while both he and his wife, with scrupulous delicacy, kept the original reason of his adopting them a profound secret. He gave them plenty of schooling; plenty of that even better thing, home education; and plenty of that best thing of all, an atmosphere of hearty human love and sincere religious feeling to live in. And no doubt he reaped a rich reward in the gleeful sunshine which happy children always shed through a household, and in the warm affection which they gave to him and to his wife, as well as in his own approving conscience, free from all shadow of doubt.

I often saw him afterwards, and found him just the same as ever, odd, fussy, and excitable; as Linton had not inaptly said, "like a sparrow chirping and hopping about all day long." The temporary exaltation of the first effort was past and over, and his nervous temperament, his small stature, and his many peculiarities of manner, were again conspicuously prominent. But never again did that small chattering little man, with his blue-tinted skin, seem undignified to me, for I knew what grand capabilities lay beneath. And he that has mastered the hard lesson of the "seventy times seven" is following the luminous footsteps of our divine Lord, and sheds a glory of reflected light upon the common paths of everyday life, as Moses did when he came down from Mount Sinai.

THE SACREDNESS OF PROPERTY.

By R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

SECOND PAPER.

In a paper on this subject last month I began the discussion of our Lord's theory of Property, as illustrated in the parable of the Unjust Steward. The only point on which I was able to insist in that paper was our Lord's clear assertion that our wealth—whether we have much or little—is not ours, but God's. With Christ this was not a mere metaphorical way of speaking; He meant His words to be taken seriously and in their obvious and natural sense. We are stewards—not owners.

It is necessary to lay a firm hold of this conception of Property, if we are to make any right use of what our Lord says about the duty of charity and about making to ourselves friends who will receive us into "the eternal tabernacles."

Charitable gifts are too often spoiled by that spirit of Pharisaism against which our Lord had to maintain so severe and incessant a polemic. Men have become accustomed to regard their property as in every sense their own. The Christian Church has permitted this unchristian heresy—a heresy as grave as any that was ever condemned by Council or Synod—to remain uncorrected and unrebuked. In appropriating a part of their property to the relief of the poor, to the development of the intellectual life of their country, and to other public ends, they have supposed that they were exhibiting an illus-

trious virtue and have plumed themselves on their magnificent generosity. But they were simply discharging a duty, using the property as its true Owner intended, showing fidelity to Him. It would be quite as reasonable for the trustees of a great educational endowment to claim credit for personal generosity because they appropriate the revenue of the trust to the maintenance of schools. The money is not theirs; they are bound to appropriate it according to the terms of their charter. And according to our Lord's conception of Property, all Property belongs to God; we are not owners, but trustees. The purposes to which it is appropriated are not rigidly defined in any legal instrument; nor can the obligations of the trust be enforced by an appeal to any earthly court; but for the Christian man "the law of liberty" is as real a law as the law of the land, and it is defended by more awful sanctions.

We see the effect of our Lord's teaching, or of the spirit of His teaching, in the action of the Pentecostal Church. I suppose that the members of that Church had very imperfect conceptions of what we call Christian Doctrine. They worshipped the Lord Jesus Christ as their Prince and Saviour; and they trusted in Him for the remission of sins, for access into the kingdom of God, for the inspiration of the Holy Spirit, and for the great gift of eternal life. But their creed was

probably a very short one. They would have been very unsuccessful in defining the doctrine of the Trinity, the doctrine of the Atonement, the doctrine of the New Birth. Their moral life, as a whole, was probably ruled by Jewish rather than by Christian law. Most of them—perhaps all of them—thought it necessary for men to submit to circumcision and to honour all the institutions of Judaism if they were to be saved. But either under the control of Christ's teaching, or more probably at the instinctive impulse of the new and wonderful life which they had received from Him, they obeyed some of Christ's laws which the Church of later ages has forgotten.

They looked at Property as Christ looked at it. They believed in its "sacredness." They were all God's children; their property belonged to their Father, and they were ready to share it with all that were in their Father's household: "Not one of them said that aught of the things which he possessed was his own." There was no want among them: "For as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them at the apostles' feet, and distribution was made unto each according as any one had need." I do not believe that they established a system of communism. No man on submitting to baptism came under any engagement to surrender his property to the Church. Every man had a perfect right to retain as much of his property as he thought fit; if he chose he might retain it all. Nor was there any law requiring men to bring their weekly earnings and pay them into the Church account. But Christian men who had property held it with a light hand; looked upon it as a trust; and since many of their brethren were in great need, they sold houses and lands to create a fund for their support.

This sudden and startling illustration of the spirit of the new Faith must have had an immense effect. It was the visible sign that a new idea had come into the world of the relations between men and God, and between men themselves. It was a decisive proof that a Divine order was emerging, which was destined to transform the social condition of all nations. It was the gospel of the kingdom taught in picture-lessons, and the simplest mind could catch its meaning.

The circumstances of the Church in those great days were, however, wholly exceptional. There were large numbers of persons baptized on the Day of Pentecost who had travelled

from distant countries to be present at the Jewish Festival, and who, having discovered that the Christ for whose coming their fathers had been waiting so long had now come, remained in Jerusalem to learn all that the apostles could teach them about His Kingdom, about the new truths He had taught, about the new laws which were given to those who acknowledged His authority, and about the new hopes which were to be their solace and their strength. In the case of many of them probably, the funds which would have been sufficient for a shorter stay were exhausted long before they had the heart to return home. Some of the Christian men and women who lived in the city and its neighbourhood may have lost their ordinary employment by becoming disciples of the crucified Jesus of Nazareth. Others may have been so excited by the new revelation which had come to them that they could not follow their trades. Nor were these the only reasons which made a common fund necessary. There was a most vivid sense of brotherhood among those who had passed together into the Kingdom of God; they were not satisfied with meeting together two or three times a week to talk about the great deliverance which God had wrought for His people, and to unite in worship and thanksgiving; they wanted to live together, and so they had common tables in many houses in Jerusalem, and for these provision was made at the common cost.

There have been times when many kindly enthusiasts have imagined that the true remedy for the physical miseries of mankind and for many of the worst moral evils which menace the stability of nations, is to be found in giving a complete organization to the spirit of the early Church, and making it the legal order of society. The inequalities of human condition are appalling—appalling in themselves, appalling in their effects on the intellectual, the moral, and the religious life of men. I do not wonder that great socialistic schemes should have filled the imagination and kindled the enthusiasm of many noble and generous souls. Such schemes have, again and again during the last half century, excited the hopes of a social millennium among the working people of the great cities of France. They have more recently touched the imagination of the working people of the great cities of Germany. In Russia there exist the foundations on which a system of Socialism might be built up, and many speculative Russians have believed that in the village communities of the empire they

have the elements of a social order, which would solve the perplexing questions created by the physical sufferings and social discontent of the poorer classes in all the greater nations of Europe. Forty or fifty years ago projects of the same kind attracted some attention in England.

Whether the time will ever come when it will be safe on economical grounds to attempt a social organization, founded on communistic principles; whether such an organization would be friendly to industry, to personal independence, to originality of character; are questions into which it is unnecessary to enter. Monasticism is the only form under which a communistic scheme of life has achieved any considerable and enduring success; and as Monasticism involves celibacy, its success has no value in relation to our social troubles. A communistic social order had a brief existence in the early history of some of the American colonies. In Virginia the experiment was tried under conditions which prevented the possibility of success. In New Plymouth the conditions were exceptionally favourable, but there, too, the experiment was a failure.

The scheme of a community of goods requires a height of virtue to which as yet no considerable portion of the human race has ever attained. To give it a chance of success men must have a noble public spirit, must be free from personal ambition, must be willing to do disagreeable work for the sake of the work itself, and without the constraint of the relentless law—if any man will not work neither shall he eat. No cunningly contrived system of regulations, no ingenious organization of the varying forms of aptitude and faculty, will be of any avail unless all men are both heroes and saints. A revolution so immense as this in the social order, implies a revolution equally immense in human nature; nor is it rational to suppose that this change in human nature can be effected by any change in mere external institutions. If under our present social order those virtues could be created and disciplined which are necessary to the very existence of a communistic system, whatever is unjust and unequal in our present social life would soon disappear. The great problem after all is not, How can we improve our institutions? but, How can we improve men?

What concerns us in the present discussion is that the Lord Jesus Christ never suggests that private property should be abolished, but tells us to use it as God's stewards. A great German defined the difference between

Socialism and Christianity in a very clever epigram. Socialism says, "What is thine is mine;" Christianity says, "What is mine is thine;" the difference is infinite. But the epigram needs correction. Christianity really teaches us to say, "What seems thine is not thine; what seems mine is not mine; whatever thou hast belongs to God, and whatever I have belongs to God; you and I must use what we have according to God's will."

The "sacredness of Property" determines what uses of Property are legitimate. God intends us, first of all, to provide for our own wants and the wants of our children and dependents. These wants vary with the circumstances of men, with their training, with their occupation, with the functions they have to discharge to society. Every man must form his own judgment as to what expenditure on himself and on his own house God will approve. He is God's servant, and may use his income in meeting whatever expenses are legitimately incurred in doing God's work. He may move from a modest house into a mansion, with greenhouses, vineries, stables, and a park, if his income is large enough to cover the increased expenditure, and if he thinks that by the change he will serve God more effectually. But to those who believe in the "sacredness of Property," it is clearly unlawful to incur a large increase of personal expenditure without the prospect of securing any corresponding increase in the efficiency of their service. Every man whose income will cover more than the necessities of his own life and work, is also required to use part of it, how much he must judge for himself, in serving others. The form in which this service is to be rendered must be determined by a man's position, circumstances, and faculty. One may be specially "called" to shelter the homeless, another to care for orphans, another to promote scientific discovery, another to contribute to the development of art or of literature, another to strengthen great movements for the social and political improvement of mankind. All Christian men will desire to have some share in relieving the common misfortunes of human life, and in making known the gospel of the Divine righteousness and love. The general law is clear and definite: our money is God's money, and we must spend it for nothing for which God does not want it spent.

And now I can imagine that some of my readers—practical, sagacious, religious men—will be ready to say that this theory of the "sacredness of Property" is extremely

visionary—the kind of theory likely to commend itself to an enthusiast unfamiliar with the business and affairs of the world, but absurdly useless for the guidance of conduct. That is exactly what the Pharisees thought about our Lord when they heard this theory of Property from His lips. “The Pharisees who were lovers of money heard all these things; and they scoffed at Him.”

And how did He answer their scoffing?

It was against the spirit which leads us to regard our property as our own—not God’s—that the awful parable of the rich man and Lazarus was directed. The Pharisees scoffed at His “visionary” account of Property; this parable is His reply. The intense and natural curiosity of men about the future life has led them to pass over the tremendous moral and practical lessons of the parable in their endeavour to discover what it reveals concerning the fate of the impenitent. But what was it that our Lord meant the parable to teach?

It is a parable about a rich man and a beggar. The rich man is not said to have been a bad man, in the current sense of the word. He was rich, but he may have got his wealth honestly. He was “clothed in purple and fine linen;” but I suppose that he paid for them. He fared “sumptuously every day;” but for anything that is said in the parable, he was neither a glutton nor a drunkard. He was rich and he enjoyed his riches. That is all. He thought that his wealth was his own, to spend as he liked. It never occurred to him that it all belonged to God.

Lazarus, the beggar, was laid at the rich man’s gate and was glad to get the broken meat which came from the rich man’s table. On the sufferings and misery of Lazarus it is not necessary, for the immediate purpose of this paper, to say anything. He died and “was carried away by the angels into Abraham’s bosom”—to a place of honour at the great festival of the blessed.

The rich man also died and was buried; and after we are told of the rich man’s death and burial there follow immediately these startling words: “And in Hades he lifted up his eyes being in torment, and seeth Abraham afar off and Lazarus in his bosom. And he cried and said, Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue; for I am in anguish in this flame.”

Instead of discussing the questions which are suggested by this account of the rich man’s doom, we shall do well to consider

how he incurred it. The doom was terrible, and, apparently, without hope. There is no need to suppose that he was condemned to material flames, any more than there is need to suppose that Lazarus was literally reclining in Abraham’s bosom. But whatever may be the nature of the suffering represented by the “torments” and the “flame,” Christ means us to understand that the suffering is appalling, intolerable; and the “great gulf” seems to suggest that there is no escape from the fiery anguish to the happy seats of the saints.

Does any man dare to suggest that this parable is an illustration of the severity and mercilessness of the Christian conception of God? It is an illustration of precisely the opposite of *that*. We see here the indignation of Infinite Love at white heat. The “rich man” thought that his property was his own, and that he had a right to use it for the purposes of self-indulgence. He clothed himself in “purple and fine linen;” he kept a sumptuous table. He had no active, earnest pity for Lazarus who was lying at his gate or for hundreds of others as miserable as Lazarus. He never thought that since his property belonged to God he was guilty of a flagrant breach of trust in not using it for the relief of those whose sufferings touched the Divine heart and to whom he should have been the minister of the Divine pity. To God this was intolerable. The “flame” is the fiery displeasure which God feels at his selfishness; and to soothe the anguish which the consciousness of the Divine displeasure inflicts, no saint or angel will dip his finger in water and try to cross the tremendous gulf.

This awful menace needs nothing to heighten its terror. It is just as truly a part of the revelation which Christ has made to our race, as the gentlest words of His compassion for human sorrow, or the largest assurances of His eagerness to forgive human sin. It belongs, indeed, to the very substance of the Christian gospel, or, at least, it is the deep shadow cast by its intense and glorious splendour. For the divinest element of the gospel is the declaration that Christ came to make His very life our own. If His life has not become ours, His great purpose has failed, and He has not saved us.

But in those who have received the life of Christ, there will be the “mind” which is also in Him. His estimate of riches, of earthly honour, of all the pleasant things of this world, will be theirs. They will call nothing their own; they will hold everything as a trust from God.

THE BUGLE NOTES OF SPRING.

NOW, Winter, on his ice-bound car,
Is rattling north, o'er crag and scar;
The thrush and blackbird cheery sing,
Blowing the bugle notes of spring—
Saying, "Coming! coming! coming!
The spring is coming, man, to thee!"

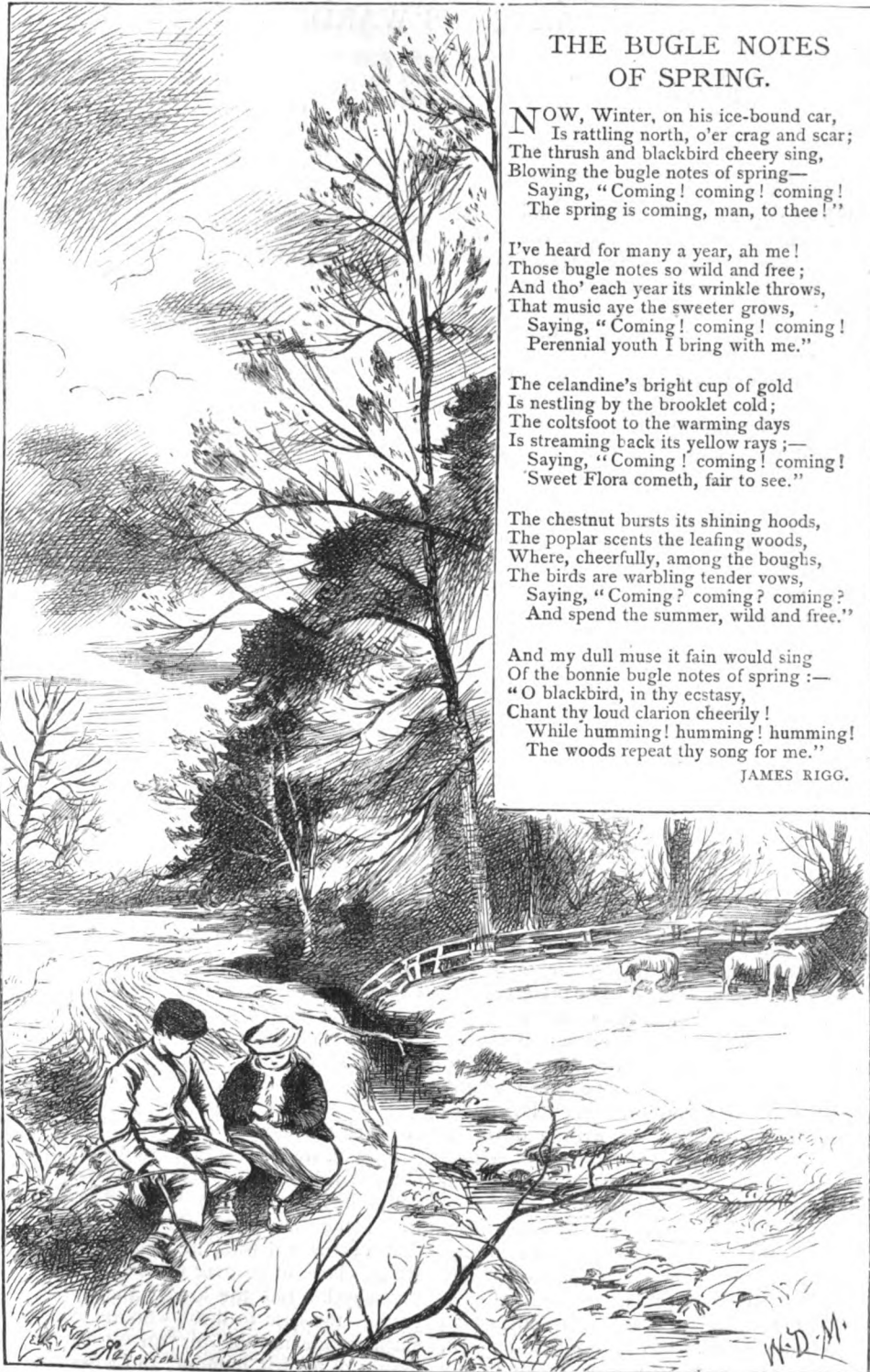
I've heard for many a year, ah me!
Those bugle notes so wild and free;
And tho' each year its wrinkle throws,
That music aye the sweeter grows,
Saying, "Coming! coming! coming!
Perennial youth I bring with me."

The celandine's bright cup of gold
Is nestling by the brooklet cold;
The coltsfoot to the warming days
Is streaming back its yellow rays;—
Saying, "Coming! coming! coming!
'Sweet Flora cometh, fair to see."

The chestnut bursts its shining hoods,
The poplar scents the leafing woods,
Where, cheerfully, among the boughs,
The birds are warbling tender vows,
Saying, "Coming? coming? coming?
And spend the summer, wild and free."

And my dull muse it fain would sing
Of the bonnie bugle notes of spring:—
"O blackbird, in thy ecstasy,
Chant thy loud clarion cheerily!
While humming! humming! humming!
The woods repeat thy song for me."

JAMES RIGG.



ARTEMUS WARD.

A Sketch from Life.

BY H. R. HAWEIS, M.A., AUTHOR OF "MUSIC AND MORALS."

II.

HIS LIFE AND LECTURES.

CHARLES FARRER BROWNE (*alias* Artemus Ward) was born at Waterford, United States, in 1836. He began life as a type-setter, then took to newspaper reporting, and soon (like Dickens) made a mark with jokes, which went the round of the papers. The circus presently caught up the new vein of wit. Artemus was always fond of the circus; but he did not care to sit and applaud his own jokes; he thought he might contrive to get the applause and the cash himself. A lecture, to be constructed on peculiar principles, flashed across his mind. Was not the public worn out with dull lectures? Had not the time of protest arrived? What very excellent fooling it would be to expose the dull impostors who passed up and down the land, boring mechanics' institutes and lyceums with their pretentious twaddle, and bringing art and science into disrepute! Artemus Ward felt that the man and the hour had arrived. He would bring about a mighty reaction in the public taste; under these circumstances he conceived the appalling notion of constructing a lecture which should contain the smallest possible amount of information with the greatest quantity of fun. It was to consist mainly of a series of incoherent and irrelevant observations, strung like a row of mixed beads upon the golden thread of his wit.

Ward started in California with an announcement that he would lecture on "The Babes in the Wood." He said he preferred this title to that of "My Seven Grandmothers." Why, nobody knows, for there was, of course, to be as little in the lecture about *babes*, in or out of the wood, as about seven or any other number of grandmothers. "The Babes in the Wood" was never written down; a few sentences only have survived of a performance which was destined to revolutionize the comic lecturing of the age.

The "Babes" seem only to have been alluded to twice—first at the beginning, when the lecturer gravely announced "The Babes" as his subject, and then, after a rambling string of irrelevant witticisms, which lasted from an hour to an hour and a half, he concluded with, "I now come to my

subject—"The Babes in the Wood." Then taking out his watch, his countenance would suddenly change—surprise, followed by great perplexity! At last, recovering his former composure, and facing the difficulty as best he could, he continued: "But I find I have exceeded my time, and will therefore merely remark, that so far as I know, they were very good babes; they were as good as ordinary babes." Then, almost breaking down, and much more nervously, "I really have not time to go into their history; you will find it all in the story-books." Then, getting quite dreamy, "They died in the woods, listening to the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree." With some suppressed emotion, "It was a sad fate for them, and I pity them; so I hope do you. Good night!"

The success of this lecture throughout California was instantaneous and decisive. The reporters complained that they could not write for laughing, and split their pencils desperately in attempts to take down the jokes. Every hall and theatre was crowded to hear about the "Babes," and the "Lyceum" lecturer of the period, "what crammed hisself full of high-soundin' phrases, and got trusted for a soot of black clothes," had nothing to do but to go home and destroy himself.

Artemus was an insatiable rover. At one time, being laid up, he read Layard's "Nineveh." The Bulls excited his fancy; the Arabs and the wildness of the scenes, the ignorance, stupidity, and knavery of the natives, the intelligence and enthusiasm of the explorer, the marvellous unlooked-for results—all this suited him. He must go to Nineveh and have a look and come back, and speak a piece. Alas! cut short at the early age of thirty, how many "pieces" had to remain unspoken, and a trip to Nineveh amongst them!

Passing from San Francisco to Salt Lake City, Ward becomes his own *raconteur*. Of course he lectured by the way, and his progress was somewhat slow and roundabout, like that of the ant who, in order to cross the street, chose to go over the top of Strasburg Cathedral. But the longer the journey the greater the gain to those who are anxious to surprise gleams of his quaint nature, or flashes of his wit, humour, and adventure.

In California his lecture theatres were more varied than convenient. Now he stood behind a drinking-bar, once in a prison, the cells being filled with a mixed audience and Artemus standing at the end of a long passage into which they all opened, then in a billiard-room, or in the open air. On one occasion the money being taken in a hat, the crown fell out and spilt the dollars. Ward said he never could be quite sure how many dollars were taken that night, no one seemed to know.

All who knew Ward knew there was much truth in his saying, "I really don't care for money." He was the most genial, generous, free-handed of men, and, like other kindly souls, his good-nature was often imposed upon by unprincipled and heartless adventurers, who ate his dinners, laughed at his jokes, and spent his money. Had it not been for Hingston, his faithful agent, he would have fared far worse, for Ward was not a man of business.

If his anecdotes by the way are not all strictly authentic, they are far too good to be lost. He tells us how he visited most of the mountain towns and found theatres occasionally, to which he invariably repaired. One was a Chinese theatre; when he offered his money to the Chinaman at the door that official observed, "Ki hi hi ki shoolah!" "I tell him," says Ward, "that on the whole I think he is right." On entering one he finds the play is going to last six weeks; he leaves early. It is in this rough mountainous region that some of Ward's best jokes were manufactured. To this period belongs the famous man who owed him two hundred dollars and never paid him.

"A gentleman, a friend of mine, came to me one day with tears in his eyes; I said, 'Why these weeps?' He said he had a mortgage on his farm and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars. I lent him the money and he went away. Some time after he returned with more tears. He said he must leave me for ever; I ventured to remind him of the two hundred dollars. He was much cut up; I thought I would not be hard upon him, so I told him I would throw off one hundred dollars. He brightened up, wrung my hand with emotion. 'Mr. Ward,' he exclaimed, 'generous man! I won't allow you to outdo me in liberality, I'll throw off the other hundred.'"

ADVENTURES AT THE SALT LAKE.

But the Salt Lake had to be reached, and a wild and to some extent perilous journey it was.

In the greatest trepidation Artemus at length beheld the trim buildings of the Mormons shining in the distance, and entering the spacious thoroughfares studded with gardens, and lively with a very mixed, active, and always industrious population, sought out with Hingston a retired inn and gave himself up to his own reflections.

These were not pleasant. He certainly meant to see Salt Lake and the Mormons, and there he was. But in his book he had been unsparing in his sarcasms on the Mormons, Brigham and all his works, and if there was one thing he felt quite certain of, it was that he was now in the absolute power of the most unscrupulous man in America, whom he happened to have grossly insulted. Hingston advised him not to venture abroad rashly, and went out himself to see which way the wind blew. Artemus sat smoking moodily at home expecting, as he says, "to have his swan-like throat cut by the Danites."

At last enters a genial Mormon Elder, who assures him of the general good-will of the Mormons, but also pulls out a book ("Artemus his book!") and reads to its author a passage which he admits to have somewhat hurt their feelings; and certainly it is a little strong, as coming from a man who had never been in Salt Lake City, or seen the people. This is the passage, and it occurs in the Showman's papers.

"I girded up my lions and fled the seen; I packed up my duds and left Salt Lake, which is a second Sodom of Gomorrah, inhabited by as thievin' and unprincipled a set of retches as ever drew breath in any spot on the globe!"

On hearing these awful words, of which up to that moment their writer had never felt in the least ashamed, Ward declares that his feelings may be more easily imagined than described! He was forced to admit further that the Mormons might not be quite such "unprincipled retches" as he had described, and *he* parted at last with the mild and conciliatory Elder pleasantly enough, instead of having his swan-like throat cut.

Coals of fire were soon to be heaped on his devoted head.

Worn out with the excitement and fatigue of many days and nights of travel, he was struck down with fever. "The thievin' and unprincipled retches" by whom he was surrounded now vied with each other to do him service, they nursed him patiently, treated him with the utmost kindness, procured him every comfort, and Brigham Young sent him his own doctor.

"The ladies," he says, "were most kind. I found music very soothing when I lay ill with fever in Utah; and I was very ill, I was fearfully wasted, and on those dismal days a Mormon lady—she was married, though not so much married as her husband, he had fifteen other wives—she used to sing a ballad commencing, 'Sweet bird, do not fly away!' I told her I would not; she played the accordion divinely, accordingly I praised her."

Of course Artemus could not exactly eat his own words, or recant his deeply rooted opinions, of which he was quite as tenacious as some other men; but he pays a warm tribute to the friendly courtesy of Brigham, adding—"If you ask me how pious he is, I treat it as a conundrum and give it up."

The moment at last arrives for him to face a Mormon audience and speak his piece. They place the theatre at his disposal, and "I appear," he says, "before a Salt Lake of upturned faces!" He is listened to by a crowded and kindly audience. Whether it was the "Babes" or "Africa," we know not, but he mentions that some odd money was taken at the door. The Mormons, it appeared, paid at the door in *specie*, and that of all kinds; such as 5 lbs. of honey, a firkin of butter, a wolf's skin; one man tried to pass a little dog—a cross between a Scotch terrier and a Welsh rabbit; another a German-silver coffin plate—"both," he adds, "were very properly declined by my agent."

HIS DEATH.

Artemus had a great longing to come to London and give his lecture at the Egyptian Hall. That longing was destined to be gratified; but it was the last. He thought "The Mormons" would do very well, and it did. He knew his lungs were affected, and he knew he must die; but he did not quite know how soon.

He came here in 1867. He was soon unable to continue his entertainment. "In the fight between youth and death," writes his friend Robertson, "death was to conquer." His doctor sent him to Jersey; but the sea breezes did him no good. He wrote, genial and sympathetic to the end, that "his loneliness weighed on him." He tried to get back to town, but only got as far as Southampton; there many friends went down from London to see the last of him—two at a time. Hingston never left him, and the consul of the United States was full of the kindest attentions. A wealthy Ameri-

can had offered the Prince of Wales a handsome American-built yacht. "It seems, old fellow," said poor Artemus, as he made his last joke to Hingston, who sat by him—"it seems the fashion for every one to present the Prince of Wales with something. I think I shall leave him my panorama." His cheerfulness seldom left him, except when he thought of his old mother, and then he would grow terribly sad. But the end was at hand. "Charles Browne," writes his friend Robertson in modest but feeling terms, "died beloved and regretted by all who knew him, and when he drew his last breath there passed away the spirit of a true gentleman."

CHARACTERISTICS.

One of the many charms and surprises of Ward was his double character. Between the rough showman of his book and the refined-looking, intellectual master of wit, without a touch of personal vulgarity, the chasm seemed immense, and yet on his appearance it was instantly bridged.

Before parting with Artemus I would fain try to fix the shifting kaleidoscopic colours as they melt and change, to analyze what is no sooner present than it is past, to set down the characteristics of a mind the qualities of which have surely never been seen in such singular and fascinating combination before, which we are never likely to see in the smallest degree reproduced, and which has now for some twenty years defied a host of plagiarists and imitators as successfully as the music of Chopin or the brush of Turner.

First I note his spontaneity. He was quite as good at home as abroad—in private as in public. This was his charm. He never knew how many odd things he was going to say, and often forgot them afterwards. In his entertainments he was constantly personal, yet without ever giving offence. In public he had the quickest tact, the kindest humour, and the gentlest delicacy of any man I ever saw.

Then his mind resembled the retina of the eye, in which everything appears naturally upside down. Other people, like Dickens or John Parry, went out of their way to reverse ideas; to Ward the reverse order seemed always the natural one; from his point of view the whole world stood on its head; men thought backwards, and words invariably meant their contraries. The shock of this incessant and easy inversion is irresistible; as when describing a temperance hotel, where, he says, they sold the very worst liquors he ever tasted. He goes on to say:

"I don't drink now; I've given all that up. I used to drink once; but when I did, I never allowed business to interfere with it." Or when he remarks that he had always been of opinion that an occasional joke improved a comic paper. At first we suppose it is a kind of *lapsus linguae*. Not at all; it is merely common sense backwards—a ludicrous and usually satirical reversal of ordinary ideas.

Closely akin to this I note a steady displacement of atmosphere; as when his organ-grinder dies he says he never felt so *ashamed* in his life. Shame is the wrong emotion; but it is slipped in mechanically, like a drop-scene that has got out of its right place, and provides a churchyard instead of the altar-rail for a marriage ceremony.

Ward's subtle trifling with words, as well as atmospheres, is reduced almost to a fine art, and results in quite a new and peculiar coinage. "'Let us glide,' I said, 'in the mazy dance,' and we glode." "Let 'm secesch!" "He's caught a tormater," which is quite in Mrs. Gamp's style, with her "Not all the tortoisés of the imposition"—for "tortures of the inquisition." But in America the Malaprop seedling comes up with an odd American twist, and the Artemus variety of it is certainly unique. Sense, grammar, terminations, spelling, all go awry—we hardly notice how. We receive a series of mental back-handers, and keep laughing, a little too late, as the new method begins to gain on us.

With one more example from his life amongst the Mormons, which, perhaps,

though brief, includes a greater variety of humour than any single passage I could select, I must conclude my memorial glimpses of this incomparable and lamented humorist.

THE SEVENTEEN YOUNG MORMON WIDOWS.

"I regret to say that efforts were made to make a Mormon of me while I was in Utah.

"It was leap year when I was there, and seventeen young widows—the wives of a deceased Mormon (he died by request)—offered me their hearts and hands. I called upon them one day, and taking their soft, white hands in mine—which made eighteen hands altogether—I found them in tears. And I said, 'Why is this thus?—what is the reason of this thusness?'

"They hove a sigh—seventeen sighs of different size. They said—

"'Oh, soon thou wilt be gonested away!'

"I told them that when I got ready to leave a place I usually wentested. They said—'Doth not like us?'

"I said, 'I doth, I doth!' I also said, 'I hope your intentions are honourable, as I am a lone child, and my parents are far, far away!'

"They then said—'Wilt not marry us?'

"I said, 'Oh, no; it cannot was.'

"Again they asked me to marry them, and again I declined. When they cried—

"'Oh, cruel man! This is too much—oh, too much!'

"I told them it was on account of the muchness that I declined."

MAN AND THE GOSPEL.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH.

III.

"Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."—MATTHEW vi. 12.

HE who taught us these words of prayer is more than a Teacher. He is more to us even than a divinely inspired Teacher. We regard Him—in common with the whole Catholic Church throughout the world—as our divine Redeemer and Mediator. We believe that He has come amongst us not only to tell us that we may approach the Father, but to make that approach possible. We believe that He has come not only to reveal to us the way to God, but to be Himself that way. "I am the way, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me;" and, "Whatsoever you shall ask the Father in My name, He will give it you," is the teaching of our Lord, and has

ever been the teaching of His Church. She has ever placed Him where He has claimed to place Himself—between the human soul and God. The doctrines of atonement and of intercession are inseparably connected in all her teaching with the great central doctrine of her creeds, the incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. Christianity does not call upon us to believe in the stupendous mystery of God becoming man without an adequate reason for it. The publication of a new religion would be no such adequate reason—that might need an inspired teacher, not an incarnate one; it might need a Moses, but it could not need a Christ. The Church, therefore, when she proclaims her belief in

the incarnate Christ expresses her belief in the doctrine that "God is in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself, and not imputing their trespasses unto men;" she declares that it was "for us men, and for our salvation," that "the very God of very God" came down from heaven, "and was incarnate, by the Holy Ghost, of the Virgin Mary." Incarnation and Atonement. Inseparably these two ideas are linked together. Take away one, and the other will not long remain. Take away the belief in the divine and eternal Christ, and we lose the true ground of the Atonement. Take away the idea of the Atonement and we lose the sufficient reason for the Incarnation. The time would then come, and come very soon too—as many of our modern seers and prophets are anticipating—when men would no more care to discuss the nature of Christ, than they care now to discuss the nature of Socrates; and in truth it would concern them very little more to do so.

Closely related, however, as these two great Christian dogmas are, they are rejected by modern thought on very different grounds. One of them, the Incarnation, is rejected as impossible; the other, the Atonement, as immoral. Incarnation is a miracle, and modern science, we are told, pronounces miracles to be impossibilities. Of course for those who so think there is an end of the question. It would be absurd to expect them to discuss the moral bearings of an event which they believe, not only never happened—but never could possibly have happened. Not so, however, as regards the doctrine of the Atonement; that is impugned not on scientific but on moral grounds. It rests, we are told, upon a low and unworthy conception of the moral nature of God. To say of Him, that He requires, as the condition of His forgiving our offences against him, the sufferings and the mediation of Christ, is to represent him, it is urged, as less merciful and forgiving than we expect an ordinarily good man to be. A good man is, before all things, merciful and compassionate, he forgives fully and freely those who offend against him, and the more fully and freely he does so, the better and the nobler man we hold him to be. How then can we suppose the perfectly good God to be less placable than we feel that we ourselves ought to be? Why should we go, as it were out of our way, to mar the grand and noble conception, of a Loving Father of all men freely forgiving the sins of his penitent children, by adding to it the barbarous, and superfluous idea, of an appa-

ratus of sacrifice and intercession, which are somehow to induce Him to be merciful. What is this doctrine of atonement and mediation but a survival of the old pagan conception of angry deities, whose grudges against offending mortals could only be satisfied by suffering, or bribed away by gifts? Why, we are asked, if you cannot advance with modern thought, will you not at least go back to the older and better teachings contained in your own Bibles? Why cannot you rise to the sublime ideas of the Hebrew prophets and Psalmists, who, in their protest against the sanguinary and barbarous ritual of their day—could take their place beside the altars, smoking with the blood of innocent victims, and proclaim a God who "desired not sacrifice," else would they give it him? A God, who could not "eat the flesh of bulls, or drink the blood of goats." A "merciful and compassionate" Lord, who only bid the wicked "forsake his way and the unrighteous man his thoughts" in order that he might "abundantly pardon him." If our Christianity had only caught the true spirit of such teaching as this, it could never, we are told, have retained in its creed the Pagan, old-world notions of sacrifice and atonement that now disfigure it.

Now such an objection as this, resting as it does on moral grounds, is a far more formidable one than any that rest on merely scientific grounds.

These, even if now unanswerable, need not be regarded as final. Science has not yet spoken her last word. It is quite conceivable, at least, that some new scientific discovery might place science on the side of miracles. Not so, with the decisions of the conscience; these are final and unanswerable, and the grounds for them lie fully within the ken of all men. Once prove that the God of the Christians is not a perfectly moral being—and he ceases for ever to be our God, our supreme good. Most carefully therefore does it behove us to weigh any objection against our creed which appeals, as this does, to the moral sense of mankind.

And in dealing with this objection as I propose now to do, let us above all things do so honestly. Let us attempt no theological evasion of the difficulty; let us not lie for God; let us not say, for instance, that we cannot argue from the analogy of human forgiveness to the divine forgiveness, because God's ways are not as our ways, nor His thoughts as our thoughts. That may be true in some respects, but it is not true as regards this. It never can be true when

God uses the same word to describe His ways and our ways; for if in that case our ways are not like His, then the words which He uses are not so much misleading as utterly unmeaning—they have no meaning whatever. They are merely arbitrary and unintelligible symbols. If the words forgiveness, mercy, and compassion do not mean, when they are used of God, at least as much as they mean where we use them of men, they have for us no meaning whatever. Let us be sure then that—when we are told that God loves, that God forgives—we are to understand by those words just what we understand by the words man loves, and man forgives. Other and deeper meanings they may have, but at least they have this. Let us then, as I have said, deal honestly with this difficulty; let us see whether, taking it for granted, as we are bound to take it for granted, that there is an analogy, a close and real analogy between divine and human forgiveness, we may not find in that very fact good reasons for our belief in the great truths of the Atonement and Mediation. Let us see, in one word, what is the true idea of human forgiveness, by what difficulties, if any, it is beset, and what are the laws which really govern it amongst men as we try to forgive our debtors, and then let us proceed to see how these laws apply to God's forgiveness of our debts to Him.

In the first place, then, let us see what is our Lord's teaching concerning the forgiveness of sin, in the words "Forgive us our debts." What does our Lord there tell us of sin? He tells us it is something that needs forgiveness. That is to say, that sin is not merely a disease to be healed, nor an imperfection to be remedied, but an offence, and an offence entailing a penalty, that cleaves to the offender as a debt cleaves, until it is remitted, to the debtor. And then he tells us further that for this debt there is a possibility of remission—the forgiveness of sin being analogous to the remitting of a debt. That is to say, our Lord gives us this as the popular, ordinary, human idea of forgiveness, namely that it is the letting off to a man of the debt he owes; it is the putting of him by the creditor, as far as he can do so, in the position he would have occupied, if he had never contracted that debt. Briefly then our Lord's statement is this: first, in all sin there is guilt; secondly, a debt of penalty for that guilt; thirdly, the possibility of the remission of that debt; and fourthly, a close analogy between the remission of that debt by God to us and our remission of debt to one another. See, then,

where this brings us. It brings us to the question how far and under what conditions it is possible for us to forgive our human debtors, those who have offended against us. Is this idea of human forgiveness then such a very simple one for man? Let us take it in its simplest form. Let us suppose that an offence is committed between two equals, who have no other relation between them than their common humanity. Let us suppose that any one of us has been so unfortunate as to have committed some wrong against a fellow man. The instant you do that the man becomes, in spite of you and of himself, your creditor. You are his debtor for two great debts—the debt of penitence, and the debt of reparation. You feel that you ought to be sorry for what you have done, and that you ought to make amends; and you owe this by virtue of a law which either he or you may set in motion, but which neither he nor you can restrain—by the law of your own conscience. There is that within you which when you have wronged another, claims from you at once the double penalty of repentance and restitution. There is an advocate of the man you have wronged within your own breast. There is a voice within you crying against you to the throne of God. It is your adversary until you have made amends, and if you cannot agree with it it gives you over to the torments of your own remorse and shame, that abide in your own heart, and will not depart from it, until you have paid the uttermost farthing of that debt. That is the nature of the case as it arises instantly and necessarily between you and him, between your human creditor and you, his debtor. Now it is quite true the creditor may remit that penalty to you, and you hold it to be the very noblest charity if he does. He forgives you then, we will suppose, fully, freely, unconditionally, lovingly, nobly if you will—what then? Is all the penalty remitted? Have you escaped all the punishment of your act? He has forgiven you; but have you for that reason forgiven yourself? Nay, is it not the very fulness and freeness of his forgiveness that is heaping coals of fire upon your head, kindled and fanned into a flame by the very breath of his compassion? You know that it is so, and in all finer and better natures it is ever most keenly so. Already, then, we have discovered this—that there is, even between equals, no absolute and entire remission of sins possible. Behind the figure of the creditor, even of the forgiving creditor, there already begins to rise up and to project itself

upon our path the shadow of law—of law which, because it is law, is pitiless, unfor- giving, unchangeable, and inevitable. Even in this simplest and most rudimentary case of forgiveness, there is no absolute remission.

Now let us pass one step further—let us pass to the case of social forgiveness. Let us suppose the wrong-doing has had spectators. Suppose that you and I are spectators of some cruel martyrdom, that we hear the martyr, with his dying breath, breathing out his forgiveness and blessing on his murderers. They are fully forgiven by him. Would any one of us feel disposed to take up that legacy of forgiveness, and to repeat the blessings we had just heard the martyr pronounce upon his tormentors? Should we not rather feel our hearts stirred with the deepest and most righteous indignation, calling, in a very passion of justice, for vengeance upon his murderers? Should we not feel that the blessing of forgiveness he pronounced, though in him it were the highest expression of charity, in us were the lowest and most exquisite baseness? Should we not feel that we could never know rest nor peace until we had avenged him of his cruel wrong; and that this would not after all be revenge, but righteous judgment? But why is it we could not forgive such a wrong upon another? Just for this reason: It is his wrong and not ours; we are not merely spectators of the fault; we are, by the very fact of our being members of a society to which he and we belong, judges of the crime, and we feel that we have no right to remit the penalty.

And there is another reason, too. The instinct of self-preservation is strong in our hearts, as it is strong in the heart of society. Society cannot afford to suffer martyrdom; still less to court or submit to martyrdom. The myriad interests that are entrusted to its guardianship, would be sacrificed if it were to allow crime with impunity. A society founded upon the basis of true and pure benevolence, and universal forgiveness of offences, could not hold together for a single day. Society dare not, society cannot and must not forgive its debtors. You see, we have now advanced a step further; we have still the debtor to be paid, and we have still the law and the person or persons who are to enforce the law; but you observe to what small dimensions the personal element in this equation has shrunk. You see how great already looms the idea of law; you see the debtor and creditor are already becoming, both together, debtors to a great, inexorable, universal law which binds the

creditor to punish, and the debtor to suffer. In this aspect then we begin to see that human forgiveness is not such an easy thing. The criminal may have little to fear from the anger of his judge, who is enforcing the law, but for that very reason he has nothing to hope from his compassion; that is to say, it is law which we are coming more and more in contact with, and less and less with personality. And now let us take one step, and only one step further. Let us suppose the offender to have paid the penalty for his offence; such penalty as he can pay, and yet live. He has given, we will suppose, in the way of reparation, all that society claimed from him; but is he thereupon freed from all further penalty? Does Society that forgives him give him back what it was compelled to take from him? Can it give him back the happy promise of his now wasted life? Can it bring him back the opportunities, the vanished hopes, and joys, of the past? Can it restore to him the honour, love, obedience, that once were his? Can it compel men who shrink from his contact as they would from the touch of a leper,—to give him the honoured place, as a guest at life's banquet, which he might once have been entitled to? Can it cut off the consequences of his sin, as that sin continues to injure others by its example or natural results, and so goes echoing and re-echoing on through the ages, multiplying and replenishing the earth with its evil progeny, while the birth of every fresh sin that springs from its parentage multiplies guilt against him? Can it do this? Never. And thus you see, by the very condition of things in which we exist, we reach at last a point at which the personal elements of pity, compassion, justice even, seem to vanish altogether, and man is face to face with a stern, impersonal, mechanical, universal law, certain as death, pitiless as the grave; which proclaims that for sin in such a constitution of things there is no possibility of remission. So, then, human forgiveness is not quite so simple; the idea of human remission of all penalty for an offence is not quite so natural and easily intelligible as it appears to us when we first hear these words, "Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

And now let us proceed, in the next place, to apply these analogies as briefly as we may to the great doctrine of Divine forgiveness of sin—to the Divine Creditor and human debtor. God will forgive us, we assume, as easily as we forgive our fellow-men; and we have seen that the very idea of the forgiveness of a fellow-man is only conceivable

on one condition—namely that we completely isolate the debtor and creditor from all other relations, and regard them as equals, as wrong-doer and sufferer—and yet is it not quite clear that that is just the very position in which God can never stand to any one of us? If there be one thing more clear than another, it is that by no ill deed of ours can we wrong or hurt God. Our “goodness extendeth not unto Him,” and how can our wrong-doing hurt Him? Can He be supposed to cherish against us a passion of revenge which needs to be appeased? Can He keep a debtor and creditor account of vengeance with us the creatures of His breath? It is impossible. The one condition in which we cannot stand to God is that of an equal dealing with an equal for offence and wrong-doing. But as regards our other relations, what is He to us? He is the ruler of all that complex system of society in which wrong produces endless debt. He is the judge of that vast multitude of humanity which He has created, every one of whom has a claim at His judgment-seat against his fellow who has wronged him. There has been no drop of blood that has ever been shed on this earth, since the blood of righteous Abel, that has not cried for justice to the Lord God of Sabaoth. There has been no groan of suffering, there has been no complaint of wrong, there has been no cry from wounded and agonized hearts, smarting under the wrongful dealing of fellow-men, that has not echoed in the ears of our righteous Ruler; and if the earthly judges He appoints bear not the sword in vain, how can we suppose that this eternal crying and wailing of suffering humanity for justice to Him shall be in vain? Is it alleged that God forgives, not of mere compassion, but on condition of penitence, and that he who truly repents has satisfied God’s requirements and may claim to be forgiven, while he who remains impenitent does so of his own act and choice and therefore deserves his fate? Surely the answer to this is obvious, the refusal of the impenitent to repent is either a sin or a defect: either he will not or he cannot repent. If it is a sin, why not forgive it like any other sin? If it is only an imperfection, why punish it at all? Is it not clear that if God forgives of mere compassion only the penitent He is less compassionate than He bids us to be when He tells us to forgive all our debtors? And if, on the other hand, penitence is a necessarily antecedent condition of forgiveness, arising out of the constitution of things, then equally so, for aught we can tell, may atone-

ment and mediation be such conditions too. Then there is this further difficulty. God is the author of that very constitution of things, of those inexorable and unalterable laws, under which, as we have seen, forgiveness is scarcely conceivable. Are we to suppose, then, that He will deflect these laws, at our bidding? Are we to suppose that those mills of God, which grind so slowly, and yet so surely so very small that nothing escapes them, will be stilled at our prayer, after He has set them in motion? Can we suppose that the great red presses of the vintage of the wrath of God, that are ever crushing out the lees of sin and judgment, will be stayed because some trembling penitent asks that they may be stayed? Where is there room in this moral constitution of the universe, ruled by a Moral Ruler, where is there room for forgiveness of sin? Where then can we find room for the idea of the easily-forgiving God, which at first we pictured to ourselves? Do you not see that all this magniloquent and windy talk about a merciful and compassionate God, so facile and easy in His forgiveness, is a pure conception of modern Theism; that it is, after all, the poorest and lowest conception we can form of God; that it does not rise above the low thought of the savage, which pictures Him merely as an angry and offended man? Rise but one degree above that, rise up in your thought to the conception of Him as the Judge of the earth; rise one degree higher to the idea of Him as the Author and Controller of the moral universe, and all this talk about easy, good-natured forgiveness vanishes in your nobler conception of God, as the cloud-wreath at the rising of the sun.

And now let us see what hope there remains, on the gospel theory, as to the possibility of forgiveness. What does our reason tell us as we contemplate this state of things? Does it not tell us that unless these laws which surround us can be suspended, or turned aside by some power or other, there is no hope of forgiveness? And what do we call the act that suspends and turns aside some natural law by the introduction of a supernatural law? We call it a miracle; and miracle is a word which modern science forbids religion to speak. But a miracle, nevertheless, is needed in order to the possibility of forgiveness; a miracle, in regard to the moral laws of the universe, as real as any miracle in regard to the physical laws of the universe. Yes, it needs as much a moral miracle on the part of God to save the sinner from the consequence

of his sin, when he transgresses the moral laws of the universe, as it would need a physical miracle to snatch him from a storm or an earthquake. The one is as necessary as the other, and the one is as easy or as difficult to imagine as the other. A miracle it does need, and thank God for the fact which Revelation assures us of, that, to accomplish it, a miracle has been wrought. What is it that Revelation tells us concerning the atonement and mediation of Christ but this, that taken together with His incarnation they make the divinest and mightiest of all miracles; that the God who has framed this inexorable moral constitution of things has entered this natural world, where men sin and suffer by the operation of its terrible laws, has taken unto Himself that sinful and suffering humanity, and made it, in the person of His dear Son, a new, a divine, and perfect man? Does it not tell us how that Son has died and risen supernaturally to heaven, and that, in so doing, He miraculously created for every one who dies and rises with Him, a new world, a supernatural kingdom in which they who enter are no longer under the law of sin and its natural penalty, death, but are under the supernatural law of forgiveness and of everlasting life? Yes, that is what Revelation reveals to us. It reveals to us the miracle of a new world, even the kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ, into which we may flee, and be delivered from the operation of those terrible laws of inevitable natural justice and punishment from which otherwise there is no escape. And is this, then, to be regarded as a barbarous addition to the idea of forgiveness? Is this thought of the mediation and atonement of Christ a different system of forgiveness from that described in the story of the Prodigal Son, for instance; or is it not rather the eternal basis and ground that makes that story, with its eternal promise of free forgiveness, possible and true? Picture to yourselves for one moment the Hebrew prophet standing as we supposed him to stand by the altar of sacrifice and declaring his conviction that sacrifice was worthless, and that God would accept the offering of his contrite heart instead—imagine that on the heart of that prophet thus glowing with love and trembling hope there had descended some pitiless demonstration of the intellect which should clearly prove to him that without miracle there is no possibility of his contrite heart being accepted of God. Imagine—as this conclusion fell coldly and chillingly upon

his heart, quenching all its hopeful aspirations as some windy storm of rain might have quenched the brands upon the altar of his sacrifice—imagine that to such a heart, chilled with terror by the proof that for sin there is no remission, there had come the revelation which Christ has given to us in Himself, and in His gospel; that there had come the assurance that the forgiveness, which his intellect so clearly demonstrated to him could not be had without miracle, was to be had by miracle; that there had come to him this revelation of marvel and mystery, "God so loved the world, that He sent His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him shall not perish, but have everlasting life;" and that he had seen the might of Omnipotence holding asunder, as nothing but the might of Omnipotence can do, sin and its consequences. Can we imagine that this would have been an obstacle and hindrance, instead of an encouragement and joy to him, in drawing nearer to his Father? True, there might still, there would still, have been for his intellect the question which is ever the question of the sceptical understanding, as to the how and the why of this great miracle of forgiveness; but such intellectual difficulties would not have hindered his approach, and need no more hinder our approach to the mercy-seat of the Father, than the unfathomed depths of the waters that rose right and left for the passage of the ransomed people of God could have hindered their passage between their dark walls on to the safe shore beyond. And so we gather up the lessons that this great word of our Lord's concerning God's and man's forgiveness has brought us to contemplate. We gather them up finally thus:—

To the contemplation of the idea of man's forgiveness there come three different parts of man's nature—the conscience, which tells him of a certain and just penalty for sin; the understanding, which tells him either that there is no such thing as sin at all, or that for sin there can be no forgiveness; and the heart that cries, as the human heart will ever cry, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner." And there is one doctrine, and one only—there is one revelation, and one only that meets and answers, and justifies itself as it meets and answers these three cries from the troubled nature of man. To the conscience which speaks of penalty Revelation answers, "There is a penalty," and deepens the voice of conscience by telling us that this penalty is due for an offence against the Father of our spirits,

and that the penalty must consist in our being cast out of the supernatural kingdom of forgiveness into the natural kingdom of penalty and vengeance. To the reason which demands miracle as the essential condition of forgiveness, it gives one; it speaks of the mightiest of miracles, the Incarnation and the Atonement. And then to the heart, the trembling, anxious, yearning human heart, which still refuses to believe that man is a mere victim of soulless, mechanical law, and persists, in spite of demonstration, in believing that there is a compassionate heart in Him who has fashioned us after His image—to that heart it gives the answer—"Verily there is forgiveness with Him. Rise up and go to your Father that He may forgive!" And so we clasp our gospel to our heart; so we kneel before the divine presence of the Son of God

and Son of man, in whom we see incarnated the miraculous might of divine forgiveness and divine love; so, spite of all hindrances that would bar us from our Father's presence, spite of the sword turning every way that the sceptical understanding still waves between man and his lost Paradise, spite of the remorsefulness of our memory, spite of the terrible accusations of our conscience, we can still say this—thank God, we can say—"I WILL arise and go to my Father, and I will say to Him, Father, I have sinned against heaven and before Thee." Such is our Gospel! a Gospel of hope and of joy, and we hold it to be not only more hopeful, but more truly scientific, more in accordance with the facts of man's nature and of his place in God's world, than is that other Gospel of fate and of despair that is offered in its stead.

LADY JANE.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER X.—A MOMENTOUS INTERVIEW.

THE Duke, like his wife, was too high-bred to allow any sign of disturbance to be seen in him; but nevertheless he was very greatly disturbed. Such a thing had never happened to him in all his life before. He had come in contact indeed with many men of lower social pretensions than Winton. But a person who is absolutely nobody is always easier to deal with than one who, without reaching at all to the level on which you can regard him as an equal, is still by the unfortunate and levelling privileges of English society supposed to be as good even as a duke; whereas nobody but a duke can be, in reality, as good as a duke, though a peer of old creation may approach him near enough for most social purposes. But a Mr. Winton! His was precisely the kind of position which is most perplexing and disagreeable to the great man who is nevertheless obliged to allow, in deference to the folly of society, that there can be nothing higher than an English gentleman, and that princes themselves must consider their right to that title as their highest qualification. There are commoners indeed with whom even a duke might make an alliance and find himself no loser. We have already pointed out that Mr. Roundell, of Bishop's Roundell, had been seriously thought of as a suitor for Lady Jane. But a little squire with a little manor-house somewhere in the Midland Counties—a man whom only a chance inheritance had

raised above the necessity of working for his living, whose ancestors had been no better than little squires before him, who was nobody, of a race unheard of out of their parish, that he should take it upon him to walk quietly up to the Duke on his own hearth and ask from him the hand of Lady Jane! He did not venture to permit himself to dwell upon the thought. When it came back to his mind it set his blood boiling as at first—his head grew hot, his veins too full, his respiration difficult. To allow himself to be driven into a fit by such *canaille* would be unworthy of him; and therefore the Duke put force upon himself, and when the recollection came back took the wise step of flying from it. He would not risk himself on such an ignoble occasion. To allow a Mr. Winton to bring on an illness would be almost as bad as accepting him for Lady Jane. Therefore he sent for his steward, or had an interview with his head groom, or seized upon some other external aid to save himself from the thought. He was unusually stately during the evening and snubbed the man of the clubs, who had gained some favour before by his adroitness and the interest he took in the house of Billings. The Duke turned his back upon this candidate for favour in the midst of an account he was giving of some discoveries he had made—discoveries for which the entire race of the Altamonts ought, he believed, to have been his debtors—as if the House of Altamont could have been advantaged by any discovery

made by a man who was nobody, or indeed wanted any new glorification. The Duke turned round in the very midst of the tale, turned his shoulder to the discoverer and began to talk to the next of his noble visitors. This snub direct made everybody stare, and quenched the victim for the evening. It gave his Grace a little satisfaction to mortify somebody: but after all it did not do much for his own wounds. And after a disturbed night, when malicious recollection presented him with the souvenir of Winton almost before he was free of his disturbed dreams, it may be supposed that the Duke's uprising was not a pleasant one. Heaven and earth! a little squire! a nobody! He got up precipitately—if the Duke could be supposed to do anything precipitately—and hurried his dressing, and plunged himself into business. To allow himself to be drawn even into a bilious attack by an assailant so contemptible would have been beneath him. His Grace was very busy checking the steward's accounts, and just had started what he thought was an error in the balance sheet, and was about with much enjoyment to hunt it back to its origin—for he loved to think that he was cheated, and to find out the managers of the estate in an inaccurate sixpence was a great gratification to him—when there suddenly came a low and somewhat tremulous knock at his door. He knew in a moment that it was some new annoyance and connected with the Winton affair, though it did not occur to him who the applicant could be who made this gentle demand for admittance. His first thought was so little wise that it prompted him to make as though he had not heard. But he heard very well, and through every fibre of him. Then as he waited, keeping very quiet, with perhaps a hope that the interruption might thus be diverted, the knock was repeated a little louder. The Duke rose in great impatience. He knew as well as if he had been in all their counsels what it was, but he did not know who it was. When it was repeated for the third time he made a stride across the room, and with his own hand flung the door open. "WELL!" he said in a voice of thunder, then fell back appalled. For there, in her white morning dress, and whiter than her dress, save when she was crimson, her soft countenance inspired with something which her father had never seen there before, her eyes meeting his steadfastly, a slight tremor in her, which rather added to than detracted from her firmness—stood Lady Jane.

The Duke was so much excited that for

one moment he failed in politeness towards the Princess Royal. "You!" he cried, with something of that intonation of supreme surprise and horror, with which he had said SIR to her lover. But he paused, and a better inspiration returned to him. A spasmodic sort of smile came over his face. "Ah, Jane!" he said, and put out his hand. "You want to speak to me? This is an unusual visit—and perhaps it is rather an unfortunate moment, if you have much to say."

"Not very much, papa," Jane answered with an agitated smile. She took his hand, though he had not meant this, and held it, as she closed the door behind her. He would not have allowed her to do as much as this herself, had he noted what she meant, but he was agitated too in spite of himself. He recovered, however, and shut the door, then led his daughter to a chair and placed her in it. It was—but he noticed that only after it was beyond mending—the very chair in which her presumptuous suitor had placed himself yesterday. The Duke stood up before her in front of the fireplace exactly as he had done with Winton. The coincidence alarmed him, but now he could not help it. "Well, my love?" he said. He put on an air which was jaunty and light-hearted, the false gaiety with which a frightened man faces unknown danger. "Well, my love! I have just found Whitaker out in some serious miscalculations. I am robbed on all hands by my servants. It is one of the penalties of our position. But I warn you I have my head full of this and will be a poor listener. Whitaker, you see——"

"What I have to say will not take much time, papa. But it is very important to me."

"Ah, ah!" said the Duke, with a laugh. "*Chiffons*, eh? Money wanted? you must talk that over with your mother. I am not rich, but whatever my Jane may require, were it to the half of my kingdom——"

He made her a bow full of that deference and almost reverential respect with which it was one of the Duke's best points to have surrounded his only daughter—with a smile in which there was more tenderness than his Grace was capable of showing to any other creature. He loved his daughter, and he venerated her as a sort of flower of humanity and of the Altamonts, who were the best that humanity could produce.

"I will not ask so much as that," said Lady Jane, tremulous, yet firm; "and yet I have come to ask you for something, father.

I am older than girls are usually when they—marry.”

“Older, nonsense! Who has told you that?” cried the Duke, his veins beginning to swell, and his heart to thump with rising excitement. “You are in the bloom of your youth. I have never seen a girl look sweeter, or fairer, or younger, for that matter, than my child has been looking. Who has put such folly into your head?”

“It is not folly, it is true; and no matter—that is nothing; but only to show you that I am serious. I am no longer a girl, papa. Ah! do not interrupt; I shall always be a girl to you. I am a woman. I have had a great many thoughts before I came to speak—for myself. That is the last thing one wishes to do. To have others do it is so much the easier. But one must at last. I have come to speak to you for myself.”

“Jane, you had better pause and think,” said the Duke, with threatening looks. “What can you have to say about yourself? Don’t bring down my respect for my daughter. We are driven out of our respect for women in most cases early in our career; but most men have a prejudice in favour of their daughters. Don’t force me to think that you are just like all the rest.”

She looked at him wondering, but with eyes that did not falter. “My mother, I am sure, can have forfeited no one’s respect,” she said softly; “neither shall I, I hope; but perhaps more than she. I must speak to you, father, about my own life. Oh!” she cried, clasping her hands, with a vivid colour coming to her pale cheeks, “speak you for me! do not let me have to do it. There are things that can only be said when the case is desperate, and surely—surely it cannot be desperate between you and me. Speak for me, father, to your own heart.”

“So far as I can see, this is melodrama,” said the Duke, with a feeble smile of agitation that looked like a sneer, for his lips were dry. “What am I to say? Come, must we be brutal? That Lady Jane Altamont, like any poor milliner, is beginning to be afraid—”

Her eyes opened a little wider with a scared look, but she said nothing, only gazed more fixedly on her father, her whole soul bent on what he was next to say.

“Afraid,” he said, with a little forced giggle of a laugh, “because she is twenty-five, and her cheek is hollow—afraid that she is growing an old maid, and will never get a husband? There is nothing more natural than that,” he cried, bursting out into a mocking laugh.

Lady Jane rose from her chair. She coloured high, then became white as a ghost. Astonishment, consternation, pain—pain indescribable, a kind of horror and dismay were in her eyes. She opened her lips, but only to give forth a gasp of sound which was inarticulate. She did not take her eyes from him; but gradually there grew in them, besides the pitiful suffering of a creature outraged and insulted, a gleam of indignation, a flash of contempt. When a man, even a duke, has taken that fatal step between resentment and fury, between what is permissible and what is unpermissible, the other steps are easy enough. Her father forgot that she was Lady Jane, and the first of womankind. He let his passion go. The more he had loved and elevated her, the more did he trample all her superiority under his feet.

“Ah, you thought I should say something prettier, something more pleasant,” he cried. “Poetical! but I am not poetical, and that is the short and long of it. Afraid to lose your chance altogether, and determined to have a husband, that is the meaning of it! I know now why the man was brought here. I never could make out what we wanted with him at Billings. A last chance for Jane! Ah! I see it all now.”

Lady Jane stood and received all this as if the words had been stones. She put her hands upon her breast to ward them off. She shrank backwards now and then with a faint moan, as one after another was discharged at her. Her eyes grew larger, and more and more pitiful, wet, appealing as if to earth and heaven; but she never withdrew them from her father’s face. And now that he had let himself loose, he raved on, expending upon her all his wrath, putting himself more and more fatally in the wrong with every word, showing, alas! that nothing, not a coalheaver, could be more vulgar than a duke when he is put to it. Lady Jane stood still before him and never said a word. This was worse than the guillotine. She had dreamt of facing the insults of the mob, but never the insults of her father. As she stood there, to all appearance so full and painfully occupied in sustaining the storm of words thus poured upon her, a hundred reflections were passing through her mind. She almost smiled to herself to think how small had been the terrible scenes presented to her by her imagination, in face of the reality. The Constitution might have gone to pieces, the guillotine might have been raised without shaking her confidence in her class, or dis-

turbing her lofty unconscious superiority to all the rabble could do—but her father—this was what she had not thought of. Ah, it is not any rabble that can shake the foundations of the earth: but when your father, when those who are most dear to you, lay hands upon the pillars of the house—she stood so still, and looked at him with such a steadfast gaze, that the Duke was driven out of himself. He said—who can doubt?—a thousand things he never meant to say. He turned himself outside in before her, displaying weaknesses which even his wife did not know. But at last his wrath exhausted itself. He began to stammer and hesitate, then stopped short suddenly, with all the consciousness of his self-betrayal on him. There was a moment's silence, during which they looked at each other without a word said—and then he made a step forward closer to her, and asked, "What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," said Lady Jane. Her eyes were wet, and shining all the more for the moisture in them, but she had not cried nor felt any impulse to cry. "Oh nothing—nothing now."

"You are convinced then?" he said hurriedly, trying to assume his usual aspect. "Come, come, that is well. And perhaps I have been hasty. But you know what is the point upon which I feel most strongly. There must be no descent out of your rank. I have trained you in the sentiment of your rank, above all things. What have we else?" cried the Duke, "everything fails us—the masses pour in everywhere—they have ruined the kingdom, they are ruining the Church: but," he said slowly, "they shall never ruin the house of Altamont: that shall be kept sacred whatever goes. Pardon me, my love, if I have failed in respect to the last daughter of the house. I know my Jane will not fail."

But still Lady Jane did not make any reply. She stood as if she had been struck dumb, regarding him with a kind of serious wonder which confused him more than he could say. The desire to explain herself, to ask him for his consent, to get his sympathy, seemed to have died in her. Was she stunned only, or convinced, or what was it he had done? The Duke grew alarmed at last. He waited a moment longer, and then he added, "I have been hasty. After all, my dear, whatever it is, it would be better that you should say what you meant to say."

She shook her head, still looking at him. "No—no—there would be no advantage in it now."

"What do you mean by *now*?—perhaps I

have been mistaken. Come, let me hear what it was," the Duke cried with an air of sudden amiability, ignoring all that had gone before.

"Father," said Lady Jane with a certain solemnity, "there was a great deal to say—but not now. Certain things were uppermost in my mind. I thought my father would listen, and perhaps feel for me, though he might not approve. But I do not wish it now. There is nothing—it is over—"

She put her hand upon her heart, pressing it as if to keep down a sigh. Her eyes so wet, but not weeping, were strangely pathetic, with a resignation in them which it was not wonderful perhaps that he should interpret in his own way. He put out his hand and laid it caressingly upon her arm.

"My good child! If that is so you may be sure it is far the best. I knew there was that in my Jane that would respond to what I said. And I thank you, my love, not only for myself, but in the name of the race."

She looked at him again with a penetrating gaze. "The race is everything to you then," she said.

"Everything, my love! everything. I have no other thought."

"To keep it honourable and true—above all unworthy thoughts, above dishonesty and untruth," she said slowly, telling over the words like beads.

"That is what I desire," said the Duke. Then he added his gloss. "To retain our old nobility unbroken, to sully the name with no *mésalliances*. Your brother has disregarded my wishes; but though I would never have sanctioned it, he has secured another kind of advantage, and perhaps I have no right to complain. But you, my Jane, nothing must touch you: you must remain the pride of your family. And," he added soothingly, "do not lose heart, my love. Lady Jane Altamont will not want for opportunities. Do not think from what I said that you are considered *passée* by any one, or that a good marriage is less likely than before. We are not come the length of putting up with an inferior, trust me, my dear."

Lady Jane's pallor changed into an overwhelming blush. She turned away from him, almost shaking his hand from her shoulder. "In that case," she said, with a muffled voice full of some emotion which he did not quite understand, nor yet feel comfortable about, "in that case there is certainly no more to say."

And without any little civility, such as, though not indispensable, it is pretty to keep

up between the nearest relations, no little bow or smile, or glance of pleasant understanding, she turned from him and went out of the room, suddenly and noiselessly. The Duke did not like it: he felt there was something in it which he had not fathomed. He stood in the place where she had left him, his hand still stretched out where she had shaken it off, his mouth and his eyes open, a bewildered alarm in his mind. What did she mean? was there more meaning than one in those simple-seeming words? Was this real submission as he hoped, or a something else? He could not tell. But a cold chill got into his veins; he did not know what to make of it. After a while, however, he reasoned with himself, and recovered his comfort. Jane, who had always been so docile, so ready to accept his views, why should she turn against him and all his traditions now?

CHAPTER XI.—A NEW AGENCY.

IT is bad art to introduce a new agent towards the end of a history, but when the historian is clogged by bonds of fact which he cannot disregard, what is he to do? A new agent there was who is not to be ignored, but the reader may be assured that there shall be as little of him as is compatible with the part he plays in this little drama. We must, therefore, proceed at once to a room, as different as it is possible to conceive from the halls of Billings, a small sitting-room in a small Rectory-house in the heart of London, belonging to one of the old parish churches which has been abandoned there by the tide of habitation and life. The church was close by, a fine one in its way, one of Wren's churches, adapted for a large Protestant congregation more solicitous about the sermon than is usual nowadays: but left now without any congregation at all. The Rectory, a house of very moderate dimensions, jammed in among warehouses and offices, had little air and less light in the gloomy November days. The Rector and his wife had just returned from their yearly holiday, and it was not a cheerful thing to come back to the fog, and the damp, and the gas lamps, and all the din of the great carts that lumbered round the corner continually, and loaded and unloaded themselves within two steps of the clergyman's door. How was he to write his sermon or meditate over his work in the midst of these noises? his wife often asked indignantly. But to be sure the fifty people or so who quite crowded St. Alban's when they all turned out, were not very critical. Down

in these regions there is not a Little Bethel always handy, and the inhabitants must take what they can get and be thankful: which it would be a good thing, Mrs. Marston thought, if they could be oftener obliged in other places to do.

Mr. Marston was in his study. It was a small room on one side of the door, chosen for its handiness that the parish people might be introduced without trouble, to the Rector: but there were but few that ever troubled him. At the present moment his verger had just brought him the parish news, with an intimation of the fact that a marriage was to take place to-morrow at eleven o'clock, at which Mr. Sayers, who had taken the duty in his absence, hoped the Rector himself would officiate. The one parish duty that was occasionally necessary in St. Alban's was to perform marriages, and accordingly the Rector was not surprised. He had the gas lighted, though it was still early in the afternoon, that he might look at the book in which the notice of the bans was kept, in order to make sure that all had been done in order. The gas was lighted, but the blind was not drawn down, and the upper part of the window was full of a grey and dingy London sky, without colour in it at all, a sort of paleness merely, against which the leafless branches of the poor little tree which flourished in the little grass-plot stood out with a desolate distinction. Inside the room was unpleasantly warm. The Rector sat with his back to the fire; he read the entry of the bans in the book, and saw that all was right. Then after he had closed the book and put it away, a sudden thought struck him, and he opened it again. Where had he seen that name before? It was a strange name, a name not at all like the parish of St. Alban's, E.C. What could she want here, a person with a name like that? He put down the book the second time, but always turned back and opened it again. Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont! one does not often hear such names strung one after another. Was it perhaps some player-lady keeping the fine names of her rôles in the theatre? Or was it—could it be?—Mr. Marston could not shake off the impression thus made upon him. He had two churchings to-morrow which ought to have occupied him still more, for new members of the congregation were the most interesting things in the world to the Rector. But he was haunted by the other intimation, and the churchings sank into insignificance. He pondered for a long time, disturbed by the



"She turned and went out of the room."

questions which arose in his mind, and at length, not feeling capable of containing them longer, he took the book in his hand and went across the hall, which was still in the afternoon gloom, to his wife, whose little drawing-room on the other side was lighted by the flickering firelight, and not much more. She was very glad to see him come in. "Did you think it was tea-time?" she said. "I am sure I don't wonder, but it's only three o'clock. Dear, dear, to think of the fine sunset we were looking at an hour later than this yesterday. But London is getting worse and worse."

"Why don't you have the gas lighted?" the Rector asked in a querulous tone. "I have brought something to show you, but there is no light to see it by."

"You shall have the light in a moment,"

and pointed his finger to the entry. "Look here, Mary—look at that—did you ever see a name like that before? What do you suppose it can mean?"

Mrs. Marston had to put on her spectacles first, and they had always to be looked for before they could be put on. She had just adopted spectacles, and did not like them, nor to have to make, even to herself, the confession that she wanted them: and they were always out of the way. The Rector was shortsighted, and had the exemption which such persons enjoy. He looked upon the magnifying spectacles of his wife with contempt, and it was always irritating to him to see her hunting about, saying, "Where have I put my glasses?" as was her wont. "Can't you tie them round your neck," he said, "or keep them in your pocket—or something?"

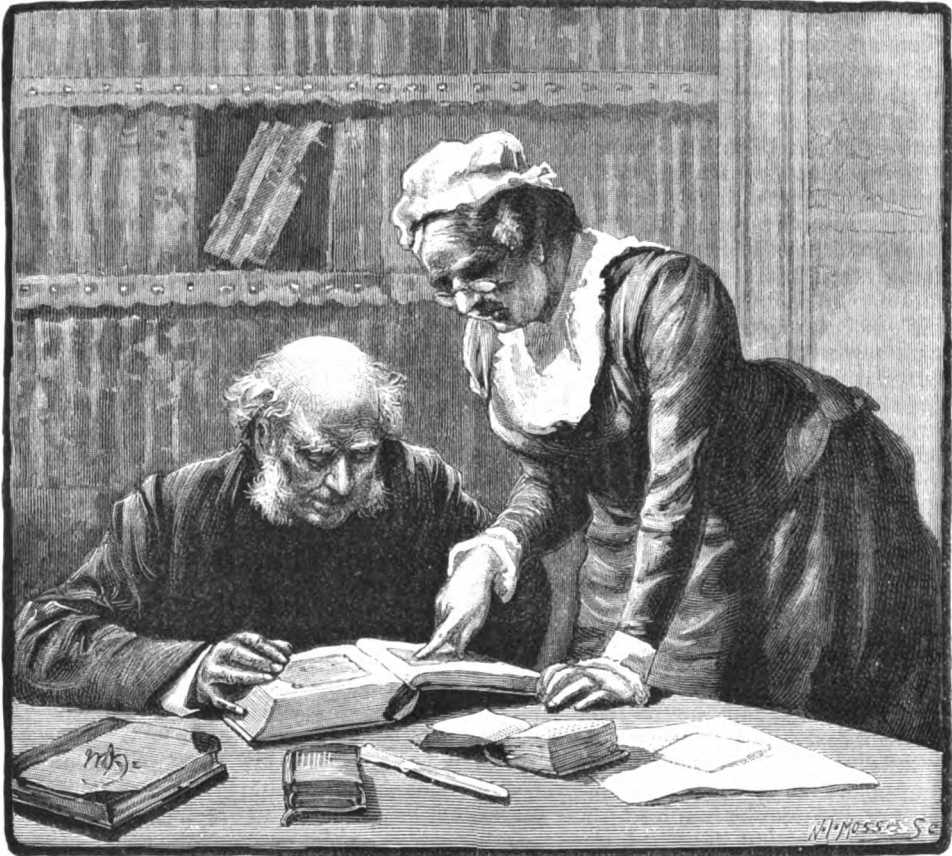
cried Mrs. Marston, "that is the one good thing of gas. It spoils your picture frames and kills your flowers; but you can have it instantly, and always clean and no trouble. There!"

The gas leaping up dazzled them for a moment, and then Mr. Marston opened his book

When, however, they were found at last, he spread the book out upon the table and, with his finger on the place, waited while she read. Their two heads stooping over the book under the gas, with the pale sky looking in at the window, made a curious picture, he eager, she still fumbling a little to get on her spectacles without further comment. "Reginald Winton," she read hesitating, "bachelor, of this parish." I never certainly

heard of any one of that name in this parish; stay, it might be the new care-taker perhaps at Mullins and Makings—or——"

"That's not the name," cried the Rector. He would have liked to pinch her, but refrained. "This is no care-taker you may be sure; but it is the other name—look at the other name. Where have you seen it before? and what is the meaning of it?" Mr. Marston cried with excitement. He had



"There!" said Mrs. Marston.

worked himself up to this pitch and he forgot that she was quite unprepared. She read, stumbling a little, for the handwriting was crabbed, "Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont, spinster, of the parish of Billings. Dear, dear," was good Mrs. Marston's first comment—"I hope she has names enough and syllables enough for one person."

"And is that all that strikes you?" her husband said.

"Well—it is an odd name—is that what you mean, William? very silly, I think, to give a girl all that to sign. I suppose if she uses it at all it will be only in initials. She will sign, you know, Jane Angela, or very likely only Angela, which is much prettier than Jane; Angela P. P. F.—or F. M.—Altamont, that is how it will be. Angela Altamont: it is like a name in a novel."

"Ah, now we are coming to it at last," cried the Rector; "names in novels, when

they are founded on anything generally follow the names of the aristocracy. Now here's the question: Is this a secret marriage and the bride some poor young lady who doesn't know what she is doing, some girl running away with her brother's tutor or some fiddler or other, to her own ruin, poor thing, without knowing what she is about?"

"Dear me, William! what an imagination you have got!" said Mrs. Marston, and she sat down in her surprise and drew the book towards her; but then she added, "Why should they come to St. Alban's in that case? There are no musicians living in this parish. And poor people do give their children such grand names nowadays. That poor shirt-maker in Cotton Lane, don't you remember? her baby is Ethel Sybil Celestine Constantia—you recollect how we laughed."

"Family Herald," said the Rector with a careless wave of his hand, "and all Christian names, which makes a great difference. It was her last batch of heroines, poor soul; but do you think a poor needlewoman would think of Pendragon and Plantagenet? No; mark my words, Mary, this is some great person; this is some poor deceived girl throwing away everything for what she thinks love. Poor thing, poor thing! and all the formalities complied with so that I have no right to stop it. Sayers is an idiot," cried Mr. Marston. "I should have inquired into it at once had I been at home with a name before my eyes like that."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Marston; there is not much in it, but she repeated the exclamation several times. "After all," she said, "it must be true love or she would not go that length; and who knows, William, whether that is not better than all their grandeur? Dear, dear me, I wish we knew a little about the circumstances. If the gentleman is of this parish couldn't you send for him and inquire into it?" The Rector was pacing up and down the room in very unusual agitation. It was such a crisis as in his peaceful clerical life had never happened to him before.

"You know very well he is not of this parish," Mr. Marston said. "I suppose he must have slept here the requisite number of nights; and besides he knows I have no right to interfere. The bans are all in order. I can't refuse to marry them, and what right have I to send for the man or to question him? No doubt he would have some plausible story. It is not to be expected, especially if it is the sort of thing I think it is, that he should tell me."

"Dear, dear!" repeated Mrs. Marston. "A clergyman should have more power; what is the good of being a clergyman if you cannot stop a marriage in your own church? I call that tyranny. Do you mean to tell me you will be compelled to marry them, whether you approve of it or not?"

"Well, Mary, it is not usual to ask the clergyman's consent, is it?" he said with a laugh, momentarily tickled by the suggestion. But this did not throw any light upon what was to be done, or upon the question whether anything was to be done, and with a mind quite unsatisfied he retired again to the study, seeing that it was out of all reason to ring the bell at half-past three for tea. He drew down his blind with a sigh as he went back to his room, shutting out the colourless paleness which did duty for sky, and resigning himself to the close little room though it was too warm. Mr. Marston tried his best to compose himself, to take up his work such as it was, to put away from his mind the remembrance of a world which was not wrapped in fog, and where wholesome breezes were blowing. St. Alban's was a good living; it had endowments enough to furnish two or three churches, and to get it had been a wonderful thing for him; but sometimes he asked himself whether two hundred a year and a country parish with cottages in it instead of warehouses would not have been better. However, all that was folly, and here was something exciting to amuse his mind with, which was always an advantage. He had laid down his book (for he thought it right to keep up his reading) for the fourth or fifth time, to ask himself whether sending for the bridegroom as his wife suggested, or going out in search of him, might not be worth his while, when Mrs. Marston came suddenly bursting into the study with, in her turn, a big volume in her arms. The rector looked up in surprise and put away his theology. She came in, he said to himself, like a whirlwind; which was not, however, a metaphor at all adapted to describe the movements of a stout and comfortable person of fifty, with a great respect for her furniture. But she did enter with an assured, not to say triumphant air, carrying her book, which she plumped down before him on the table, sweeping away some of his papers. "There!" she cried, breathless and excited. The page was blazoned with a big coat of arms. It was in irregular lines like poetry, and ah, how much dearer than poetry to many a British soul! It was, need we say, a Peerage, an old Peerage with-

out any of the recent information, but still not too old for the purpose. "There!" said Mrs. Marston, again flourishing her forefinger. The Rector, bewildered, looked and read. He read and he grew pale with awe and alarm. He looked up in his wife's face with a gasp of excitement. He was too much impressed even to say, "I told you so," for to be sure a duke's daughter was a splendour he had not conceived. But his wife was more demonstrative in the delight of her discovery. "There!" she cried, for the third time. "I felt sure of course it must be in the Peerage, if it was what you thought; and there it is at full length, 'Lady Jane Angela Pendragon Plantagenet Fitz-Merlin Altamont.' It fairly took away my breath. To think you should have made such a good guess! and me talking about Mrs. Singer's baby! Why, I suppose it is one of the greatest families in the country," Mrs. Marston said.

"There is no doubt about that," said the Rector. "I have heard the present Duke was not rich, but that would make it all the worse. Poor young lady—poor misguided—for of course she can know nothing about life nor what she is doing. And I wonder who the man is. He must be a scoundrel," said Mr. Marston hotly, "to take advantage of the ignorance of a girl."

"My dear," said Mrs. Marston, "all that may be quite true that you say, but if you reckon up you will see that she must be twenty-five. Twenty-five is not such a girl. And Reginald Winton is quite a nice name."

"Just the sort of name for a tutor, or a music-master, or something of that sort," said the Rector contemptuously. He had been a tutor himself in his day, but that did not occur to him at the moment. He got up from his chair and would have paced about the room as he did in his wife's quarters had the study been big enough, but failing in this, he planted himself before the fire to the great danger of his coat-tails and increase of his temperature, but in his excitement he paid no attention to that. "And now the question is, what is to be done?" he said.

"I thought you told me there was nothing to be done. I shall come to church myself to-morrow, William, and if you think I could speak to the poor young lady—: perhaps if she had a woman to talk to—most likely she has no mother. That's such an old book one can't tell; but I don't think a girl would do this who had a mother. Poor thing! do you think if I were there a little before the hour and were to talk to her, and try to get

into her confidence, and say how wrong it was——"

"Talk to a bride at the altar!" said the Rector; the indecorum of the idea shocked him beyond description. "No, no, something must be done at once, there is no time to be lost. I must write to the Duke."

"To the Duke!" This suggestion took away Mrs. Marston's breath.

"I hope," said her husband, raising his head, "that we both know a duke is but a man: and I am a clergyman, and I want nothing from him, but to do him a service. It would be wicked to hesitate. The question is, where is he to be found, and how can we reach him in time? He is not likely to be in town at this time of the year; nobody is in town I suppose except you and me, and a few millions more, Mary; but that doesn't help us—the question is, where is he likely to be? Thank heaven, there is still time for the post," Mr. Marston cried, and threw himself upon his chair, and pulled his best note paper out of his drawer.

But, alas! the question of where the Duke was puzzled them both. Grosvenor Square; Billings Castle, —shire; Hungerford Place, in the West Riding; Cooling, N.B.; Caerpylcher, North Wales. As his wife read them out one after another, with a little hesitation about the pronunciation, the Rector wrung his hands. The consultation which the anxious pair held on the subject ran on to the very limits of the post-hour, and would take too long to record. Now that it had come to this Mrs. Marston was inclined to hold her husband back. "After all, if it was a real attachment," she said, between the moments of discussing whether it was in his seat in Scotland, or in Wales, or at his chief and most ducal of residences that a duke in November was likely to be. "After all, it might be really for her happiness—and what a dreadful shock for them, poor things, if they came to be married, thinking they had settled everything so nicely, and walked into the arms of her father!" Her heart melted more and more as she thought of it. No doubt, poor girl, she had been deprived early of a mother's care: and, on the other hand, at twenty-five a girl ought to know her own mind. She could not be expected to give in to her father for ever. And if it should be that this was a real attachment, and the poor young lady's happiness was concerned——

The Rector made short work of these arguments. He pooh-poohed the real attachment in a way which made Mrs. Marston angry. What could she know of poverty?

he asked; and how was a duke's daughter to scramble for herself in the world? As for love, it was great nonsense in most cases. The French system was just as good as the English. People got to like each other by living together, and by having the same tastes and habits. How could a fiddler or a tutor have the same habits as Lady Jane, "or Lady Angela, if you like it better?" He went on, as Mrs. Marston said, like this, till she could have boxed his ears for him. And the fact was that he had to pay an extra penny on each of his letters to get them off by the post; for he wrote several letters—to Billings, to Hungerford, and to Grosvenor Square. Scotland and Wales were hopeless; there was no chance whatever that from either of these places his Grace could arrive in time. Indeed, it would be something very like a miracle if he arrived now. But the Rector felt that he had done his duty, which is always a consolation. He retired to rest late and full of excitement, feeling that no one could tell what the morrow might bring forth—a sentiment, no doubt, which is always true, but which commends itself more to the mind in a season when out-of-the-way events are likely. Mrs. Marston had been a little cool towards him all the evening, resenting much that he had said. But it was not till all modes of communicating with the outer world were hopeless that she took her revenge and planted a thorn in his pillow. "If you had not been so disagreeable," she said, "I would have advised you not to trust to the post, but to telegraph. I dare say the Duke would have paid you back the few shillings: then he would have been sure to get the news in time. At present I think it very unlikely. And I am sure for the young people's sake I should be sorry. But I should have telegraphed," Mrs. Marston said. And the Rector, strange to say, had never thought of that.

CHAPTER XII.—HALF-MARRIED.

NEXT morning everything was in movement early in St. Alban's, E.C. Orders had been sent to the verger to have special sweepings out and settings in order, a thing which took that functionary much by surprise. For the marriage: but then marriages were not so uncommon at St. Alban's—less uncommon than anything else. Churchings were more rare events, and demanded more consideration: for probably the married pair once united would never trouble St. Alban's more; whereas there was always a chance that babies born in the neighbourhood might

grow up in it, and promote the good works of the parish, or be candidates for its charities, which was also very desirable—for the charities were large and the qualified applicants few. But it was for the marriage that all this fuss was to be made. "It must be a swell wedding," the verger said to his wife. "You had better put on your Sunday bonnet and hang about. Sometimes they want a witness to sign the book, and there's half-crowns going." Accordingly all was expectation in the neighbourhood of the church. The best altar cloth was displayed, and the pinafores taken off the cushions in the pulpit and reading-desk, and the warming apparatus lighted, though this was an expense. Mr. Marston felt justly that when there was a possibility of a duke and a certainty of a duke's daughter, extra preparations were called for. He came over himself early to see that all was ready. There was no concealing his excitement. "Has any one been here?" he asked, almost before he was within hearing of the verger. Simms answered "No"—but added, "Them churchings, Rector. You'll take 'em after the wedding, sir?" "Oh, the churchings," said the Rector: "are the women here?—oh, after the wedding, of course." But then a sudden thought struck him. "Now I think of it, Simms," he said, "perhaps we'd better have them first—at least, keep them handy ready to begin, if necessary—for there is some one coming to the marriage who—may be perhaps a little late—" "Oh, if you knows the parties, sir," said the verger. And just at that moment Mrs. Marston came in, in her best bonnet and a white shawl. She came in by the vestry door, which she had a way of doing, though it was uncanonical, and she darted a look at her husband as she passed through and went into her own pew, which was quite in the front, near to the reading-desk. The white shawl convinced Simms without further words. Unless she knew the parties Mrs. Marston never would have appeared like this. Respectability was thus given to the whole business, which beforehand had looked, Simms thought, of a doubtful description, for certainly there was nobody in the parish of the name of Winton, even if the bridegroom had not looked "too swell" to suit the locality. But if they were the Rector's friends!

They arrived a few moments after eleven o'clock, in two very private, quiet-looking carriages, of which nobody could be quite sure whether they were humble broughams, of the kind which can be hired, or private

property. The bridegroom was first, with one man accompanying him, who looked even more "swell" than himself. The bride came a little after in the charge of a respectable elderly woman-servant, and one other lady whose dress and looks were such as had never been seen before in St. Alban's. Mrs. Simms was not learned in dress, but she knew enough to know that the simplicity of this lady's costume was a kind of simplicity more costly and grand than the greatest finery that had ever been seen within the parish of St. Alban's. The bride herself was wrapped in a large all-enveloping grey cloak. The maid who was with her even looked like a duchess, and was far above any gossip with Mrs. Simms. Altogether it was a mysterious party. There was a little room adjoining the vestry to which the ladies were taken to wait till all was ready, while the gentlemen stood in the church, somewhat impatient; the bridegroom looking anxiously from time to time at his watch. But now came the strangest thing of all. The Rector who had ordered the church to be warmed and the cushions to be uncovered on purpose for them—he who had known enough about their arrangements to calculate that some one might arrive late—the Rector, now that they were here, took no notice. Simms hurried in to inform him that they had come, but he took no notice; then hurried back a second time to announce that "the gentleman says as they're all here and quite ready;" but still Mr. Marston never moved. He had his watch on the table, and cast a glance upon it from time to time, and he was pale and nervous sitting there in his surplice. The clergyman all ready and the bridal party all ready, and a quarter after eleven chiming!

"We'll take the churchings, Simms," said the Rector, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

"The churchings, sir!" cried the verger, not believing his ears. Of all the things to keep a wedding party waiting for! But what could Simms do? To obey the Rector was his first duty. He went with his mind in a state of consternation to fetch the two poor women from the pews where they sat waiting, wrapping themselves in their shawls, rather pleased with the idea of seeing a wedding before their own little service. But they, too, were thunderstruck when they heard they were to go up first. "Are you sure you ain't making a mistake?" one of them said; and as he walked up the aisle followed by these two humble figures, the elder gentleman, who wore an eyeglass in his eye, almost

assaulted Simms. He said, "Hallo! hi! what are you after there?" as if he had been in the street and not in a church.

Simms paused, and came closer than Lord Germaine, who was Winton's attendant, thought agreeable. He curved his hand round one side of his mouth and under its shelter whispered, "Two ladies, sir, to be churched——"

"Churched! what's that?" cried Lord Germaine, with a sort of fright—and then he recollected himself, and laughed. "But, my good fellow," he said, "not before the marriage. Take my compliments to the clergyman—Lord Ger—— I mean just my compliments, you know," he added hurriedly, "and tell him that we are all waiting, really all here and waiting. He can't keep a bride and bridegroom waiting for—two ladies"—and then he glanced through his eyeglass at the two poor women, who dropped a humble curtsey without meaning it—"who can be churched, you know quite well, my good fellow, after twelve o'clock."

"I'll tell the Rector, sir," said Simms—but he took his charges to the altar steps all the same, for the Rector was a man who liked to be obeyed. Then he went in and delivered his message.

The Rector was sitting gazing at his watch with a very anxious and troubled face. "Has any one come?" he said.

"Please, sir, they be all here," said Simms. "You'll not keep the bride and bridegroom waiting, surely, the gentleman says."

"I hope I am a better judge as to my duty than the gentleman," said the Rector tartly; and without another word he marched into the chancel, and advancing to the altar rails, signed to the two women to take their places. During the interval the bride had been brought from the waiting-room and divested of her cloak. She was dressed simply in white, with a large veil over her little bonnet. Lord Germaine had given her his arm and was leading her to her place, when the voice of the Rector announced that the other service had begun. The bridal party looked at each other in consternation, but what could they do? Lord Germaine, though he was one of the careless, had not courage enough to interrupt a service in church. They stood waiting, the strangest group. Lady Jane, when she divined what it was, did her best to pay a little attention, to follow the prayers and lessons which were so curiously out of keeping with the circumstances. Winton, standing by her, crimson with anger and impatience, could scarcely

keep still. He held his watch in his hand with feverish anxiety. Lord Germaine, adjusting his glass more firmly in his eye, regarded the Rector as if he was a curious animal. Lady Germaine, after carefully examining the whole group for a moment, fell, as it was evident to see, into convulsions of secret laughter. If it had not been so serious it would have been highly comic. And as for the poor women kneeling at the altar, the service so far did them very little good. They were shocked to the very soul to think of standing in the way of a bride; they could not resist giving little glances from the corners of their eyes to see her, or at least the white train of her dress falling upon the carpet on the altar steps, which was all that was within their range of vision as they knelt with their hands over their faces. They were very well meaning, both of them, and had really intended to do their religious duty—but there are some things which are too great a trial for even flesh and blood.

All this time was Mrs. Marston's opportunity if she could have availed herself of it. She sat in her place in her front pew, in a tremble, meaning every moment to put force upon herself to do her duty. All the time she was reminding herself that she was a clergyman's wife; that she ought not to be timid; that it was her duty to speak. But how much easier it had been last night in intention than it was to-day in reality! For one thing, she had not foreseen the presence of Lady Germaine. She had thought only of the poor girl who probably had no mother, to whom it would make all the difference in the world to have a woman to speak to. But the presence of the other lady confounded the Rector's wife. She sat and looked on in a tremor of anxiety and timidity, unable to move, yet with her heart pricking and urging her. And so pretty and modest as the bride looked, poor thing; and surely he was fond of her. He would not look at her like that if it was an interested marriage. But when she saw the laughter which "the other lady" could not suppress, horror overcame all other sentiments in Mrs. Marston's mind. To laugh in church; to laugh at one of the church services. She had gone down on her knees, but neither did she, it is to be feared, give very much attention to the prayers. And even the Rector's mind was disturbed. He stumbled twice in what he was saying; his eyes were not upon the book, but upon the door, watching for some one to come; and, good heavens! how slowly the time went.

After all, it was not much more than the half-hour when the two poor women, scarcely knowing what had passed, got up from their knees. He had read more quickly instead of more slowly in the confusion of his mind. Twenty minutes yet! and the two poor mothers going down the altar steps, stealing into the first vacant seat to sate their eyes with the ceremony to follow, and the other little group ranged before him, Simms putting them in their places very officiously, and no help for it, and no sign of any one coming. Well! a man can do no more than his duty. The Rector came forward with the sentiments of a martyr, and opened his book and cleared his voice. He was so much excited and nervous that he could hardly keep his articulation clear. He had to clear his voice a great many times in the first address; the figures before him swam in his eyes. He had an impression of a sweet but pale face, very solemn and tremulous, yet calm, and of a man who did not look like an adventurer. It occurred to him, even as he read, that if he had not known anything about them he would have been interested in this young pair. Was no one coming, then? He hardly knew how he began. Three-quarters chiming, and nothing more that he could do to gain time! He went on, stumbling, partly from agitation, partly for delay, lifting his eyes between every two words, committing more indecorum in the course of five minutes than he had done before in all his clerical life. When he came to the words, "if any man can show any just cause," it came into his head what a mockery it was. He made almost a dead stop, and looked round in a sort of anguish—"any man!"—why, there was not a creature, there was nobody but Simms, waiting behind obsequious, thoughtful of the half-crowns, and Mrs. Simms staring, and the two poor women who had been churched. Who of all these was likely to make any objection? And everything perfectly quiet; not a sound outside except the ordinary din. Then he put on his most solemn aspect and looked fully, severely, in the face of the bridal pair. "I require—and charge you both—as ye will answer—at the dreadful day of judgment." Tremendous words; and he gave them forth one by one, pausing at every breathing-place. Surely there never was such an officiating clergyman. Lord Germaine kept that eyeglass full upon him, gravely studying the unknown phenomena of a new species, Lady Germaine, entirely overmastered by the *fou rire* which had seized her during the churching, and fully believing that it was all eccentricity of the

most novel kind, crushed her handkerchief into her mouth, and stood behind Winton that her half-hysterical seizure of mirth might not be perceived. And now even that adjuration was over. Slow as you can say the words, there are still but a few of them to say. The Rector was in despair. A little more, and they would be bound beyond any man's power to unloose them. He had to begin, "Wilt thou have this woman——" At this point he stopped short altogether; his eager ears became conscious of something strange among the outside noises with which he was so familiar. He made a sign to Simms, an angry, anxious gesture, pointing to the door. Lady Germaine was almost beside herself; the little handkerchief now was not enough; a moment more, she felt, and her laugh must peal through the church.

But it did not—another moment something else pealed through the church, a loud voice calling "Stop!" and Lady Germaine's disposition to laugh was over in an instant. She gave a little cry instead, and came close to Lady Jane to support her. Lord Germaine dropped his eyeglass from his eye. He said, "Go on, sir; go on, sir; do your duty," imperatively. As for Winton, he turned half round with a start, then, bewildered, pronounced his assent to the question which had been but half asked him. "I will," he said, "I will!" "Go on, sir," cried Lord Germaine: "go on, sir." In the meantime some one was hurrying up the aisle, pale, breathless, in a whirl of passion. Even in the excitement and horror of the moment Mrs. Marston could not help giving a second look to see what like a duke was in the flesh. The new-comer was white with fatigue and fury. He came up to the very altar steps where those two poor women had been kneeling, and thrust Mrs. Simms and the alarmed verger almost violently out of the way. "Stop!" he cried, "stop, I forbid it—stop—Jane!" and clutched his daughter by the arm. Lady Germaine in her excitement gave a loud shriek and grasped the bride tighter, holding her round the waist, while Winton in a kind of frenzy seized her ungloved hand, which was ready to be put into his. Lady Jane thus seized on every side awoke only then out of the abstraction of that solemn and prayerful seriousness in which she had been about to perform the greatest act of her life. She had not noted the breaks and pauses in the service, she had not thought of anything extraneous, noises or voices. All that occupied her was the solemnity of the moment, the great thing she was doing, the

oath she was about to take. Even now when so rudely awakened she was not sure that the hand of the bridegroom seeking hers was not in the course of the service. She gave it to him, withstanding the grasp upon her arm. "Go on, sir!" shouted Lord Germaine; "do your duty." But the Rector could not help for the moment a little sense of triumph. He made a step backwards and closed his book. And at this moment there was the little rustle in the throat of the church tower, and one, two, three,—noon struck, filling the church with successive waves of sound.

The Duke had begun, "Jane!" and Winton had cried out, echoing his friend, to the Rector to "go on, go on," when this sound suddenly fell upon them all, ringing slowly, steadily, like a doom bell. Something in the sound stilled every one, even the angry and unhappy young man who saw his marriage broken and his hopes made an end of in a moment. Lady Germaine took her hand away from Jane's waist and sank down upon the vacant bench and burst out into sobbing, she who felt that she must laugh five minutes before, and Mrs. Marston cried in her pew, and the two poor women looked on with so much sympathy. The Duke's hand dropped from his daughter's arm. The only thing that did not alter was the attitude of the two chief figures. They stood with clasped hands before the altar rails. Even now Lady Jane only half understood what had happened. It began to dawn upon her as she saw the closed book, and felt the silence and the sound of the clock. She turned round to Winton with a questioning look, then smiled and gave a little, the slightest, pressure of the hand she held. In this way they stood while the clock struck, no one saying a word. Then there arose several voices together.

"I thank Heaven I arrived in time," the Duke exclaimed. "Jane, let there be no further scene, but leave off this silly pantomime, and come home at once with me."

"Your bishop shall hear of this, sir!" said Lord Germaine, shaking his fist, in spite of himself, at the Rector.

Winton, on his side, was too sick at heart to find any words. He said, "It is over," with a voice of anguish; then added, "but we are pledged to each other—pledged all the same."

"Let go my daughter, sir," cried the Duke.

"We are pledged to each other," Winton repeated. He took the ring out of his pocket, where it lay ready, and put it on her finger,

trembling. "She is my wife," he said, half-turning round, appealing to the group.

Lady Jane withdrew her right hand, putting it within his arm. She held up that which had the ring upon it, and put her lips to it. "I don't know what this means," she said, tremulous and yet clear, "but I am his wife."

"Let go my daughter, sir," cried the Duke. They were all speaking together. The pair who were not wedded turned round arm-in-arm as they might have done had the ceremony been completed. Once more the Duke caught hold of his daughter roughly. "Jane, leave this man. I command you to leave him! Come home at once," he cried. "Mr. Winton, if you have any sense of honour you will give her up at once. My God! will you compromise my daughter and pretend to love her? Jane, will you make your family a laughing-stock? Come, come! You will cover us with shame. You will kill your mother." He condescended to plead with her, so intense was his feeling. "Jane, for the love of Heaven——"

Lady Germaine rose up from the bench on which she had flung herself. "Oh, Duke!" she cried, "don't you see things have gone too far? Leave her with me. She will not be compromised with me. Have pity upon your own child! Don't you see, don't you see that it is too late to stop it now?"

"Lady Germaine!" cried the Duke, "I hope you can forgive yourself for your share in this; but I cannot forgive you. Certainly my daughter shall not go with you. There is but one house to which she can go—her father's." He tightened his hold on her arm as he spoke. "Jane!—this scene is disgraceful to all of us. Put a stop to it at once. Come home; it is the only place for you now."

Then there was a pause, and they all looked at each other with a mute consultation. The little ring of spectators stood and listened. Mrs. Marston, with the tears scarcely dried from her eyes, watched them with fluttered eagerness, expecting the moment when the Duke should come and thank her for the warning he had received. She was compunctious for the sake of the young people; but yet to have the thanks of the Duke—— The Rector had made haste to get out of his surplice, and now came out with a little importance and the same idea in his mind.

Lady Jane was the first to speak. She said, "It is cruel for us all; but perhaps my father is right, things being as they are. I

cannot go with you, Reginald, to our own house."

Winton's voice came with a burst, half-groan, half-sob, uncontrollable. "God help us! I don't suppose you can, my darling—till to-morrow."

"Till to-morrow! Then I will go home to my father's now. Oh, no," she said, shrinking back a little, "not with you. Reginald will take me home."

"Let go my daughter, sir," the Duke said. "He shall not touch you. He shall not come near you. What, do you persist? Give her up, Winton; do you hear me? She says she will come home."

"Father," said Lady Jane very low, "it is you who are forgetting our dignity. I will go home, if Reginald takes me; but not with you. I suppose no one doubts our honour. It is not the time for delay now, after you have done all this. Reginald will take me home."

What the Duke said further it is scarcely necessary to record. He had to stand by at last, half-stupefied, and watch them walk down the aisle arm-in-arm, bride and bridegroom, to the evidence of everybody's senses. He followed himself as in a dream, and got in, cowed but vowing vengeance, into the cab, which was all his Grace could find to reach St. Alban's in from the railway,—and in that followed the brougham which conveyed his daughter and her—not husband, and yet not lover—to Grosvenor Square. But when he had once got her there!

The Rector and his wife stood open-mouthed to see the pageant thus melt away. The Duke to whom they had done so great a favour, took no more notice of them than of the two poor women who vaguely felt themselves in fault somehow, and still kept crying, looking after the bride. Not a word to the poor clergyman who had almost done wrong for his sake—not a look even, not the faintest acknowledgment any more than if he had nothing to do with it! Simms and his wife stood gaping, too, at the church door, looking after the party which had been far too much preoccupied to think of half-crowns. "This is how people are treated after they have done their best. I always told you not to meddle," Mrs. Marston said, which was very ungenerous as well as untrue. But the Rector said nothing. He was mortified to the bottom of his heart. But when the excitement had a little died away he said to himself with vindictive pleasure that he hoped they were having a pleasant day, those fine people in Grosvenor Square.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER I.—CECILIA HOLT AND HER THREE FRIENDS.

THERE came an episode in the life of Cecilia Holt which it is essential should first be told. When she was twenty-two years old she was living with her mother at Exeter. Mrs. Holt was a widow with comfortable means,—ample that is for herself and her daughter to supply them with all required by provincial comfort and provincial fashion. They had a house without the city, with a garden and a gardener and two boys, and they kept a brougham, which was the joint care of the gardener and the boy inside and the boy outside. They saw their friends and were seen by them. Once in the year they left home for a couple of months and went—wherever the daughter wished. Sometimes there was a week or two in London; sometimes in Paris or Switzerland. The mother seemed to be only there to obey the daughter's behests, and Cecilia was the most affectionate of masters. Nothing could have been less disturbed or more happy than their lives. No doubt there was present in Cecilia's manner a certain looking down upon her mother,—of which all the world was aware, unless it was her mother and herself. The mother was not blessed by literary tastes, whereas Cecilia was great among French and German poets. And Cecilia was æsthetic, whereas the mother thought more of the delicate providing of the table. Cecilia had two or three female friends, who were not quite her equals in literature but nearly so. There was Maude Hipplesley, the Dean's daughter, and Miss Altifiorla, the daughter of an Italian father, who had settled in Exeter with her maternal aunt,—in poor circumstances, but with an exalted opinion as to her own blood. Francesca Altifiorla was older than her friend, and was, perhaps, the least loved of the three, but the most often seen. And there was Mrs. Green, the Minor Canon's wife, who had the advantage of a husband, but was nevertheless humble and retiring. They formed the *élite* of Miss Holt's society and were called by their Christian names. The Italian's name was Francesca and the married lady was called Bessy.

Cecilia had no lovers till there came in an evil hour into Exeter one Sir Francis Geraldine. She had somewhat scoffed at

love, or at the necessity of having a lover. She and Miss Altifiorla had been of one mind on that subject. Maude Hipplesley had a lover and could not be supposed to give her accord. Mrs. Green had had one, but expressed an opinion that it was a trouble well over. A husband might be a comfort, but a lover was "a bother." "It's such a blessing to be able to wear my old gloves before him. He doesn't mind it now as he knows he'll have to pay for the new." But at length there came the lover. Sir Francis Geraldine was a man who had property in the county but had not lately lived upon it. He was of an old family of which he was very proud. He was an old baronet, a circumstance which he seemed to think was very much in his favour. Good heavens! From what a height did he affect to look down upon the peers of the last twenty years. His property was small, but so singular were his gifts that he was able to be proud of that also. It had all been in the possession of his family since the time of James I. And he was a man who knew everything though only forty, and by no means old in appearance. But if you were to believe him he had all that experience of the world which nothing but unlimited years could have given him. He knew all the Courts in Europe, and all the race courses,—and more especially all the Jacks and Toms who had grown into notoriety in those different worlds of fashion. He came to Exeter to stay with his brother-in-law, the Dean, and to look after his property for a while. There he fell in love with Cecilia Holt, and, after a fortnight of prosperous love-making, made her an offer. This the young lady accepted, averse as she was to lovers, and for a month was the happiest and proudest girl in all Exeter. The happiness and pride of a girl in her lover is something wonderful to behold. He is surely the only man, and she the only woman born worthy of such a man. She is to be the depository of all his secrets, and the recipient of all his thoughts. That other young ladies should accept her with submission in this period of her ecstasy would be surprising were it not that she is so truly exalted by her condition as to make her for a short period an object to them of genuine worship. In this way, for a month or six weeks, did Miss Holt's friends submit to her and bear with her. They endured to

be considered but as the outside personages of an indifferent outer world, whereas Cecilia herself with her lover were the only two inhabitants of the small celestial empire in which they lived. Then there gradually came to be a change. And it must be acknowledged here that the change commenced with Cecilia Holt herself.

The greater the adoration of the girl the deeper the abyss into which she falls,—if she be doomed to fall at all. A month of imperfection she can bear, even though the imperfections be very glaring. For a month, or perhaps for six weeks, the desire to subject herself to a newly-found superior being supports her spirit against all trials. Neglect when it first comes is not known to be neglect. The first bursts of ill-temper have about them something of the picturesque,—or at any rate of the grotesque. Even the selfishness is displayed on behalf of an object so exalted as to be excusable. So it was with Cecilia Holt. The period of absolute, unmistakable, unreasonable love lasted but for six weeks after her engagement. During those six weeks all Exeter knew of it. There was no reticence on the part of any one. Sir Francis Geraldine had fallen in love with Cecilia Holt and a great triumph had been won. Cecilia, in spite of her general well-known objection to lovers, had triumphed a little. It is not to be supposed that she had miscarried herself outrageously. He is cold-hearted, almost cruel, who does not like to see the little triumph of a girl in such circumstances, who will not sympathise with her, and join with her, if occasion come, in her exaltation. No fault was found with Cecilia among her friends in Exeter, but it was a fact that she did triumph. How it was that the time of her worship then came to an end it would be difficult to say. She was perhaps struck by neglect, or something which appeared to her to be almost scorn. And the man himself, she found, was ignorant. The ill-temper had lost its picturesqueness, and became worse than grotesque. And the selfishness seemed to be displayed on an object not so high as to render it justifiable. Then came a fortnight of vacillating misery, in which she did not dare to tell her discomfort to either of her friends. Her mother, who though she could not read Schiller, was as anxious for her daughter's happiness as any mother could be, saw something of this and at last ventured to ask a question. "Was not Francis to have been here this morning?"

Cecilia was at that moment thinking of her lover, thinking that he had been untrue to

his tryst now for the third time; and thinking also that she knew him to be untrue not with any valid excuse, not with the slightest cause for an excuse, but with a pre-determination to show the girl to whom he was engaged that it did not suit him any longer to be at the trouble of serving her. "Oh, mamma, how foolish you are! How can I tell what Sir Francis Geraldine may be doing?"

"But I thought he was to have been here."

"Mamma, please understand that I do not carry him about tied to my apron-strings. When it pleases him to come he will come." Then she went on with her book and was silent for a minute or two. Then she broke out again. "I am sure there ought to be a rule in life that people when they are engaged should never see each other again till they meet in the church."

"I don't think that would do at all, my dear."

"Perhaps things were different when you were young. The world becomes less simple every day. However, mamma, we must put up with Sir Francis whether he come or whether he remain away."

"The world may be less simple," said Mrs. Holt after a pause, "but I don't think it half so nice. Young men used to think that there was nothing so pleasant as a young lady's company when,—when,—when they were engaged, you know." Then the conversation ended, and the morning passed without the coming of Sir Francis.

After that a week passed,—with great forbearance on the part of Cecilia. She thought herself at least to be forbearing. She thought much of her lover, and had no doubt tried to interest herself in the usual conversation of her friends. But they by the end of the week perceived that Sir Francis was never first spoken of by herself. To Maude Hippley it was very difficult to avoid an expression of her doubts, because Maude was niece to Sir Francis. And Sir Francis was much talked about at the Deanery. "My uncle was not down here this morning," Maude would say;—and then she would go on to excuse the defalcation. He had had business requiring his immediate attention,—probably something as to the marriage settlements. "But of course he will tell you all that." Cecilia saw through the little attempts. Maude was quite aware that Sir Francis was becoming weary of his lover's cares, and made the best excuse she could for them. But Maude Hippley never had liked her uncle.

"Oh, my dear Maude," said Cecilia, "pray let him do what he pleases with himself in these the last days of his liberty. When he has got a wife he must attend to her,—more or less. Now he is as free as air. Pray let him do as he pleases, and for heaven's sake do not bother him." Maude who had her own lover, and was perfectly satisfied with him though she had been engaged to him for nearly twelve months, knew that things were not going well, and was unhappy. But at the moment she said nothing further.

"Where is this recreant knight?" said Francesca. There was something in the tone of Miss Altifiorla's voice which grated against Cecilia's ears, and almost made her angry. But she knew that in her present condition it behoved her to be especially careful. Had she resolved to break with her betrothed she would have been quite open on the subject to all her friends. She would have been open to all Exeter. But in her present condition of mind she was resolved,—she thought she was resolved,—to go on with her marriage.

"Why you should call him a recreant knight, I cannot for the life of me understand," she said. "But it seems that Sir Francis, who is not exactly in his first youth, is supposed to be as attentive as a young turtle dove."

"I always used to think," said Miss Altifiorla gravely, "that a gentleman was bound to keep his promise."

"Oh heavens, how grave you all are! A gentleman and his promise! Do you mean to assert that Sir Francis is no gentleman, and does not keep his promises? Because if so I shall be angry." Then there was an end of that conversation.

But she was stirred to absolute anger by what took place with Mrs. Green, though she was unable to express her anger. Mrs. Green's manner to her had always been that of a somewhat humble friend,—of one who lived in lodgings in the High Street, and who accepted dinners without returning them. And since this engagement with Sir Francis had become a fact, her manner had become perhaps a little more humble. She used to say of herself that of course she was poor; of course she had nothing to give. Her husband was only a Minor Canon, and had married her, alas, without a fortune. It is not to be supposed that on this account Cecilia was inclined to ill-treat her friend; but the way of the world is such. People are taken and must be taken in the position they frame for themselves. Mrs. Green was

Cecilia Holt's humble friend, and as such was expected to be humble. When, therefore, she volunteered a little advice to Cecilia about her lover, it was not taken altogether in good part. "My dear Cecilia," she said, "I do really think that you ought to say something to Sir Francis."

"Say something!" answered Cecilia sharply. "What am I to say? I say everything to him that comes in his way."

"I think, my dear, he is just a little inattentive. I have gone through it all, and of course know what it means. It is not that he is deficient in love, but that he allows a hundred little things to stand in his way."

"What nonsense you do talk!"

"But, my dear, you see I have gone through it all myself, and I do know what I am talking about."

"Mr. Green——! Do you mean to liken Mr. Green to Sir Francis?"

"They are both gentlemen," said Mrs. Green with a slight tone of anger. "And though Sir Francis is a baronet, Mr. Green is a clergyman."

"My dear Bessy, you know that is not what I meant. In that respect they are both alike. But you, when you were engaged, were about three years younger than the man, and I am nearly twenty years younger than Sir Francis. You don't suppose that I can put myself altogether on the same platform with him as you did with your lover. It is absurd to suppose it. Do you let him go his way, and me go mine. You may be sure that not a word of reproach will ever fall from my lips."—"Till we are married," Cecilia had intended to say, but she did not complete the sentence.

But the words of her comforters had their effect, as no doubt was the case with Job. She had complained to no one, but everybody had seen her condition. Her poor dear old mother, who would have put up with a very moderate amount of good usage on the part of such a lover as Sir Francis, had been aware that things were not as they should be. Her three friends, to whom she had not opened her mouth in the way of expressing her grievance, had all seen her trouble. That Maude Hippeley and Miss Altifiorla had noticed it did not strike her with much surprise, but that Mrs. Green should have expressed herself so boldly was startling. She could not but turn the matter over in her own mind and ask herself whether she were ill-treated. And it was not only those differences which the ladies noticed which struck her as ominous, but a certain way

which Sir Francis had when talking to herself which troubled her. That light tone of contempt if begun now would certainly not be dropped after their marriage. He had assumed an easy way of almost laughing at her, of quizzing her pursuits, and, worse still, of only half listening to her, which she felt to promise very badly for her future happiness. If he wanted his liberty he should have it,—now and then. She would never be a drag on her husband's happiness. She had resolved from the very first not to be an exigent wife. She would care for all his cares, but she would never be a troublesome wife. All that had been matter of deep thought to her. And if he were not given to literary tastes in earnest,—for in the first days of their love-making there had been, as was natural, a little pretence,—she would not harass him by her pursuits. And she would sympathise with his racing and his shooting. And she would interest herself, if possible, about Newmarket,—as to which place she found he had a taste. And, joined to all the rest, there came a conviction that his real tastes did take that direction. She had never before heard that he had a passion for the turf; but if it should turn out that he was a gambler! Had any of her friends mentioned such an idea to her a week ago, how she would have rebuked that friend! But now she added this to her other grievances, and began to tell herself that she had become engaged to a man whom she did not know and whom she already doubted.

Then there came a week of very troubled existence,—of existence the more troubled because she had no one to whom to tell of her trouble. As to putting confidence in her mother,—that idea never occurred to her. Her mother among her friends was the humblest of all. To tell her mother that she was going to be married was a matter of course, but she had never consulted her mother on the subject. And now, at the end of the week, she had almost resolved to break with the man without having intimated to any one that such was her intention. And what excuse had she? There was excuse enough to her own mind, to her own heart. But what excuse could she give to him or to the world? He was confident enough,—so confident as to vex her by his confidence. Though he had come to treat her with indifference, like a plaything, she was quite sure that he did not dream of having his marriage broken off. He was secured,—she was sure that this was his feeling,—by her love, by her ambition, by his position in the world. He could make her

Lady Geraldine! Was it to be supposed that she should not wish to be Lady Geraldine? He could take what liberties he pleased without any danger of losing her! It was her conviction that such was the condition of his mind that operated the strongest in bringing her to her resolution.

But she must tell some one. She must have a confidante. "Maude," she said one day, "I have made up my mind not to marry your uncle."

"Cecilia!"

"I have. No one as yet has been told, but I have resolved. Should I see him to-morrow, or next day, or the next, I shall tell him."

"You are not in earnest?"

"Is it likely that I should jest on such a subject;—or that if I had a mind to do so I should tell you? You must keep my secret. You must not tell your uncle. It must come to him from myself. At the present moment he does not in the least know me,—but he will."

"And why? Why is there to be this break;—why to be these broken promises?"

"I put it to yourself whether you do not know the why. How often have you made excuses for him? Why have the excuses been necessary? I am prepared to bear all the blame. I must bear it. But I am not prepared to make myself miserable for ever because I have made a mistake as to a man's character. Of course I shall suffer,—because I love him. He will not suffer much,—because he does not love me."

"Oh, yes!"

"You know that he does not," said Cecilia, shaking her head. "You know it. You know it. At any rate I know it. And as the thing has to be done, it shall be done quickly." There was much more said between the two girls on the subject, but Maude when she left her friend was sure that her friend was in earnest.

CHAPTER II.—SIR FRANCIS GERALDINE.

ON that same afternoon, at about tea-time, Sir Francis came up to the house. He had said that he would be there if he could get there,—and he got there. He was shown into the drawing-room, where was sitting Mrs. Holt with her daughter, and began to tell them that he was to leave the Deanery on the following morning and not be back till a day or two before his marriage. "Where are you going?" Cecilia asked, meaning nothing, only gaining time till she should have determined how she should carry out her purpose.

"Well;—if you must know, I am going to Goodwood. I had not thought of it. But some friends have reminded me that as these are to be the last days of my liberty I may as well enjoy them."

"Your friends are very complaisant to me," said Cecilia in a tone of voice which seemed to imply, that she took it all in earnest.

"One's friends never do care a straw for the young lady on such an occasion," said Sir Francis. "They regard her as the conquering enemy, and him as the conquered victim."

"And you desire a little relaxation from your fetters."

"Well; just a last flutter." All this had been said with such a mixture of indifferent badinage on his part, and of serious anger on hers, that Mrs. Holt, who saw it all and understood it, sat very uneasy in her chair. "To tell the truth," continued he, "all the instructions have been given to the lawyers, and I really do think, that I had better be away during the making of the dresses and the baking of the cake. It has come to pass by this accident of my living at the Deanery that we have already become almost tired of each other's company."

"You might speak for yourself, Sir Francis Geraldine."

"So I do. For to tell the truth a man does get tired of this kind of thing quicker than a woman, and a man of forty much quicker than a woman of twenty. At any rate I'm off to-morrow."

There was something in the tone of all this which thoroughly confirmed her in her purpose. There should come an end to him of his thralldom. This should not be by many the last of his visits to Goodwood. He should never again have to complain of the trouble given to him by her company. She sat silent, turning it all over in her mind, and struggling to think how she might best get her mother out of the room. She must do it instantly;—now at once. She was perfectly resolved that he should not leave that house an engaged man. But she did not see her direct way to the commencement of the difficult conversation. "Mrs. Holt," said Sir Francis, "don't you think a little absence will be best for both of us, before we begin the perilous voyage of matrimony together?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said poor Mrs. Holt.

"There can't be a doubt about it," continued the lover. "I have become so stupid, that I hardly know how to put one foot before the other, and Cecilia is so majestic

that her dignity is growing to be almost tedious."

"Mamma," said Cecilia after a pause, "as Sir Francis is going to-morrow, would you mind leaving us alone for a few minutes. There is something which I have to say to him."

"Oh, certainly, my dear," said Mrs. Holt as she got up and left the room.

Now had come the moment, the difficult moment in which Cecilia Holt had to remodel for herself the course of her future life. For the last month or two she had been the affianced bride of a baronet, and of a man of fashion. All Exeter had known her as the future Lady Geraldine. And more than that, she had learned to regard herself as the owner of the man, and of his future home. Her imagination had been active in drawing pictures for herself of the life she was to live,—pictures which for a time had been rosy-hued. But whatever the tints may have been, and how far the bright colours may have become dimmed, it had been as Lady Geraldine, and not as Cecilia Holt, that she had looked in the glass which had shown to herself her future career. Now, within the last four-and-twenty hours,—for the last crowning purpose of her resolution was hardly of longer date,—she had determined to alter it all. But he as yet did not know it. He still regarded her as his affianced bride. Now had come the moment in which the truth must be told to him.

As soon as her mother left the room, she got up from her seat, as did also her lover. He, as soon as the door was closed, at once attempted to put his arm round the girl's waist, as was his undoubted privilege. She with the gentlest possible motion rejected his embrace and contrived to stand at a little distance from him. But she said nothing. The subject to be discussed was so difficult that words would not come to her assistance. Then he lent her his aid. "You do not mean that you're in a tiff because of what I said just now. Of course it is better that we should not be together for the few days before our marriage."

"I do not think that I am in a tiff, Sir Francis. I hope I am not, because what I have to say is too serious for ill-humour." Then she paused. "What I have got to say is of some importance;—of very great importance. Sir Francis Geraldine, I feel that I have to ask you to forgive me."

"What on earth is the matter?"

"You may well ask. And, indeed, I do not know how to excuse myself. Your friends

will say that I am frivolous, and vain, and discontented."

"What the mischief is it all about?" he demanded with an angry voice.

She knew she had not as yet told him. She could perceive that he had not gathered from her first words any inkling of the truth; and yet she did not know how to tell him. If it were once told she could, she thought, defend herself. But the difficulty was to find the words by which she could let him know what was her intention. "Sir Francis, I fear that we have misunderstood each other."

"How misunderstood? Why Sir Francis? Am I to understand that you want to quarrel with me because I am going away? If so speak it out. I shall go just the same."

"Your going has no bearing upon my present purpose. I had made up my mind before I had heard of your going;—only when I did hear of it it became necessary that I should tell you at once."

"But you have told me nothing. I hate mysteries, and secrets, and scenes. There is nothing goes against the grain so much with me as tragedy airs. If you have done anything amiss that it is necessary that I should know let me know it at once." As he said this there came across his brow a look of anger and of hot ill-humour, such as she had never seen there before. The effect was to induce her to respect him rather than to be afraid of him. It was well that a man should have the power and the courage to show his anger.

But it encouraged her to proceed with her task. She certainly was not afraid of him personally, though she did dread what the world might say of her, and especially what might be said by his friends. "I do not know that I have done anything amiss of which I need tell you," she said with quiet dignity. "It is rather that which I intend to do. I fear, Sir Francis, that you and I have made a mistake in this."

"What mistake?" he shouted. "While you beat about the bush I shall never understand you."

"In our proposed marriage."

"What?"

"I fear that I should not make you happy."

"What on earth do you mean?" Then he paused a moment before he continued, which he did as though he had discovered suddenly the whole secret. "You have got another lover."

There was something in the idea so shocking to Cecilia, so revolting,—so vulgar in the mode of expression, that the feeling at once

gave her the strength necessary to go on with her task. She would not condescend to answer the accusation, but at once told her story in plain language. "I think, Sir Francis Geraldine, that you do not feel for me the regard that would make me happy as your wife. Do not interrupt me just at present," she said, stopping him, as some exclamation was escaping from his lips. "Hear me to the end, and if you have ought to say, I will then hear you. Of my own regard for you I will say nothing. But I think that I have been mistaken as to your nature. In fact, I feel sure that we are neither of us that which the other supposed. It is lamentable that we should have fallen into such an error, but it is well that even yet we can escape from it before it is too late. As my mind is altogether made up, I can only ask your pardon for what I have done to you, expressing myself sure at the same time that I am now best consulting your future happiness."

During this last speech of Cecilia's, Sir Francis had sat down, while she still stood in her old place. He had seated himself on the sofa, assuming as it were a look of profound ease, and arranging the nails of one hand with the fingers of the other, as though he were completely indifferent to the words spoken to him. "Have you done yet?" he said as soon as she was silent.

"Yes, I have done."

"And you are sure that if I begin you will not interrupt me till I have done?"

"I think not,—if there be ought that you have to say."

"Well, considering that ten minutes since I was engaged to make you Lady Geraldine, and that now I am supposed to be absolved from any such necessity, I presume you will think it expedient that I should say something. I suppose that I have not been told the whole truth." Then he stopped, as though in spite of his injunction as to her silence, he expected an answer from her. But she made none, though there came a cloud of anger upon her face. "I suppose, I say, that there is something of which it is not considered necessary that I should be informed. There must be something of the kind, or you would hardly abandon prospects which a few days since appeared to you to be so desirable."

"I have not thought it necessary to speak of your temper," she said.

"Nor of your own."

"Nor of my own," she added.

"But there is, I take it, something beyond that. I do not think that my temper, bad as

it may be,—nor your own,—would have sufficed to estrange you. There must be something more palpable than temper to have occasioned it. And though you have not thought fit to tell me, you must feel that my position justifies me in asking. Have you another lover?"

"No," she exclaimed, burning with wrath, but with head so turned from him that he should not see her.

"Nor have ever had one? I am entitled to ask the question, though perhaps I should have asked it before."

"You are at any rate not entitled to ask it now. Sir Francis Geraldine, between you and me all is over. I can only beg you to understand most positively that all is over."

"My dear Miss Holt, you need not insist upon that, as it is perfectly understood."

"Then there need be no further words. If I have done you any wrong I ask your pardon. You have wronged me only in your thoughts. I must take what consolation I can from the feeling that the injury will fall chiefly upon my head and not upon yours." Then without a further word of farewell she marched out of the room.

Sir Francis, when he found himself alone, shook himself, as it were, as he rose from the sofa, and looked about the room in amazement. It was quite true that she was gone—gone, as far as he was concerned, for ever. It did not occur to him for a moment that there could be any reconciliation between them, and his first feeling undoubtedly was one of amazed disappointment. Then, standing there in Mrs. Holt's drawing-room, he began to bethink himself what could have been the cause of it. Since the first week of his engagement he had begun and had continued to tell himself what great things he was about to do for Cecilia Holt. With her beauty, her grace, her dignity and her accomplishments, he was quite satisfied. It was expedient that he should marry, and he did not know that he could marry much better. Cecilia, when her mother died, would have twenty thousand pounds, and that in his eyes had been sufficient. But he was about to make her Lady Geraldine, and the more that he thought of this, the more grateful it had appeared to him that she should be to him. Then by degrees, as he had expected from her expressions of gratitude, she had rebelled against him. Of the meaning of this he had not been quite conscious, but had nevertheless felt it necessary that he should dominate her spirit. Up to the moment in which this interview had begun he had thought that he

was learning to do so. She had not dared to ask him questions which would have been so natural, or to demand from him services to which she was entitled. It was thus that he had regarded her conduct. But he had never feared for a moment but that he was on the road to success. Up to the moment at which he had entered the room he had thought that he was progressing favourably. His Cecilia was becoming tame in his hands, as was necessary. He had then been altogether taken aback and surprised by her statement to him, and could not for some moments get over his feeling of amazement. At last he uttered a low whistle, and then walked slowly out of the house. At the front door he found his horse, and mounting it, rode back into Exeter. As he did so he began to inquire of himself whether this step which the girl had determined to take was really a misfortune to him or the reverse. He had hardly as yet asked himself any such question since the day on which he had first become engaged to her. He had long thought of marrying, and one girl after another had been rejected by him as he had passed them in review through his thoughts. Then had come Cecilia's turn, and she had seemed to answer the purpose. There had been about her an especial dignity which had suited his views of matrimonial life. She was a young woman as to whom all his friends would say that he had done well in marrying her. But by degrees there had come upon him a feeling of the general encumbrance of a wife. Would she not interfere with him? Would she not wish to hinder him when he chose to lead a bachelor's life? Newmarket for instance, and his London clubs, and his fishing in Norway,—would she not endeavour to set her foot upon them? Would it not be well that he should teach her that she would not be allowed to interfere? He had therefore begun to teach her—and this had come of it! It had been quite unexpected, but still he felt as though he were released from a burden.

He had accused her of having had another lover. At the moment an idea had passed through his mind that she was suddenly prompted by her conscience to tell him something that she had hitherto concealed. There had been some lover, probably, as to whom every one had been silent to him. He was a jealous man, and for a moment he had been hurt. He would have said that his heart had been hurt. There was but little of heart in it, for it may be doubted whether he

had ever loved her. But there was something pricked him which filled him for the instant with serious thoughts. When he had asked the question he wished to see her at his feet. There had come no answer, and he told himself that he was justified in thinking the surmise to be true. He was justified to himself, but only for the moment, for at the next had come her declaration that all was to be over between them. The idea of the lover became buried under the ruins which were thus made.

So she intended to escape from him! But he also would escape from her. After all, what an infinite trouble would a wife be to him,—especially a wife of whose docility in harness he was not quite assured. But there came upon him as he rode home an idea that the world would say that he had been jilted. Of course he would have been jilted, but there would be nothing in that except as the world might speak of it. It was gall to him to have to think that the world of Exeter should believe that Cecilia Holt had changed her mind, and had sent him about his business. If the world of Exeter would say that he had illuded the girl, and had broken off the engagement for mere fancy,—as she had done,—that would be much more endurable. He could not say that such was the case. To so palpable a lie the contradiction would be easy and disgraceful. But could he not so tell the story as to leave a doubt on the minds of the people? That question of another lover had not been contradicted. Thinking of it again as he rode home he began to feel that the lover must be true, and that her conduct in breaking off the engagement had been the consequence. There had been some complication in the way of which she had been unable to rid herself; at any rate it was quite out of the question that he should have held himself to such an engagement, complicated as it would have been with such a lover. There would be some truth, therefore, in so telling the story as to leave the matter in doubt, and in doubt he resolved that he would leave it. Before he got back to the Deanery he was, he thought, thoroughly glad that he should have been enabled so easily to slip his neck out of the collar.

CHAPTER III.—THE END OF THAT EPISODE.

CECILIA during the following day told no one what had occurred, nor on the morning of the next. Indeed she did not open her mouth on the subject till Maude Hipplesley came to her. She felt that she was doing wrong to

her mother by keeping her in the dark, but she could not bring herself to tell it. She had, as she now declared to herself, settled the question of her future life. To live with her mother,—and then to live alone, must be her lot. She had been accustomed, before the coming of Sir Francis, to speak of this as a thing certain; but then it had not been certain, had not been probable, even to her own mind. Of course lovers would come till the acceptable lover should be accepted. The threats of a single life made by pretty girls with good fortunes never go for much in this world. Then in due time the acceptable lover had come, and had been accepted.

And to what purpose had she put him? She could not even now say of what she accused him, having rejected him. What excuse could she give? What answer could she allege? She was more sure than ever now that she could not live with him as his wife. He had said words about some former lover which were not the less painful, in that there had been no foundation for them. There had in truth been nothing for her to tell Sir Francis Geraldine. Out of her milk-white innocency no confession was to be made. But what there was had all been laid bare to him. There had been no lover,—but if there had, then there would have been a lie told. She had said that there had been none, and he had heard her assertion with those greedy ears which men sometimes have for such telling. It was a comfort to him that there had been none; and when something uncomfortable came in his way he immediately thought that she had deceived him. She must bear with all that now. It did not much matter, she assured herself, what he might think of her. But for the moment she could hardly endure to think of it, much less to talk of it. She did not know how to own to her mother that she was simply a jilt without offering anything in excuse. The truth must be told, but, oh, how bitter must the truth be! Even that accusation as to the lover had not been made till after she had resolved to reject him; and she could not bring herself to lie to her mother by pretending that the one had caused the other.

After lunch on the second day Maude Hipplesley came down and found her amongst the trees in the shrubbery. It will be remembered that Maude was niece to Sir Francis, and was at the present time living in the same house with him. "Cecilia," she said, "what is this that has happened?"

"He has told you then?"

"What is it? He has told us all that

you have quarrelled, and now he has gone away."

"Thank God for that!"

"Yes;—he has gone. But he told us only just as he went. And he has made a mystery of it,—so that I do not know how it has happened,—or why."

"Did I not tell you?"

"Yes;—you told me something,—something that made me think you mad. But it is he that has rejected you now!"

"Has he told you that?"

"He has told us all so just as he was leaving us. After his things were packed up he told us." Cecilia stood still and looked into her friend's face. Maude she knew could say nothing to her that was not true. "He has made a mystery of it, but that has been the impression he has left upon us. At any rate there has been a quarrel."

"Yes;—there has been a quarrel."

"And now our only business is to make it up. It is impossible that two people who have loved each other as you have done should be allowed to part in so absurd a manner. It is like two children who think they are never to be friends again because of some momentary disagreement." Maude Hipplesley who had not lived in the same town with her lover and therefore had never quarrelled with him, was awfully wise. "It is quite out of the question," she continued, "that this thing should go on. I don't think it matters in the least whether you quarrel with him or he with you. But of course you must make it up. And as you are the woman it is only proper that you should begin."

How much had Cecilia to do before she could prove to her friend that no such beginning was possible. In the first place there was the falsehood, the base falsehood, which Sir Francis had told. In order to save himself he had declared that he had rejected her. It was very mean. At this moment its peculiar meanness made her feel doubly sure that the man was altogether unfitted to be her husband. But she would allow the false assertion to pass unnoticed. If he could find a comfort in that let him have it. Perhaps upon the whole it would be better that some such story should go forth in Exeter. It could not be told by her because it was untrue; but for the moment she thought that she might pass it by without notice. "There can be no fresh beginning," she said. "We two have already come to the end of all that is likely to take place between us. Dear Maude, pray do not trouble

me. No doubt as time goes by we shall talk of it all again. But just at present, circumstanced as you are with him, nothing but silence between you and me can be fitting. I hope that you and I at any rate will never quarrel."

After that she told her mother and her two other friends. Her mother was for a week or two in despair. She endeavoured by means of the family at the Deanery to bring about some reconciliation. The Dean, who did not in truth like his brother-in-law and was a little afraid of him, altogether refused to interfere in the matter. Mrs. Hipplesley was of opinion that the lovers would be sure to "come round" if left to themselves. Maude who, though she had not liked her uncle, had thought much of his position and had been proud of the idea that he should marry an Exeter girl and her own peculiar friend, was in despair. But the Deanery collectively refused to take active steps in the matter. Mrs. Green was of opinion that Cecilia must have behaved badly. There had been some affair of pride in which she had declined to give way. According to Mrs. Green's ideas a woman could hardly yield too much to a man before marriage, so as to secure him in order that her time for management might come afterwards. With Miss Altifiorla, Cecilia found for awhile more comfort; but even from this noted hater of the other sex the comfort was not exactly of the kind she wanted. Miss Altifiorla was of opinion that men on the whole are bad, but seemed to think that among men this baronet was not a bad specimen. He did not want a great deal of attention and was fairly able to get about by himself without calling upon his future wife to be always with him. Then he had a title and an income and a house; and was in short one of those who are in a measure compelled to marry. Miss Altifiorla thought it a pity that the match should be broken off, but was quite ready to console her friend as to the misfortune.

There was one point as to which Cecilia was quite decided, and in this Miss Altifiorla bore her out altogether. That question of marriage was now settled once and for ever. Cecilia, much in opposition to her friend's wishes, had tried her hand at it and had failed. She had fallen grievously to the ground and had bruised herself dreadfully in making the attempt. It had perhaps been necessary, as Miss Altifiorla thought. It is not given to all to know their own strength as it had been given to her. They had often discussed these matters and Miss Altifiorla had always been

very firm. So had Cecilia been firm;—but then she had given way, had broken down, had consented to regard herself as a mere woman and no stronger than other women. She had given herself to a man in order that she might be the mother of his children and the head servant in his household. She had shown herself to be false for the moment to her great principles. But Providence had intervened. It may be surmised that Miss Altifiorla in discussing the matter with herself did not use the word Providence. Nor was it Chance. And as the rejection had come from the gentleman's hands,—so Miss Altifiorla was taught to believe,—she could not boast that Cecilia had accomplished it. But some mysterious agency had been at work which would not permit so exceptional a young lady as Miss Holt to fall into the common quagmire of marriage. She had escaped,—thanks to the mysterious agency, and must be doubly, trebly, armed with resolution lest she should stumble again. “I think,” she said one day to Cecilia, “I think that you have great cause to be thankful that he should have repented of his bargain before it was too late.”

Flesh is flesh after all and human nature no stronger than human nature. Cecilia had consented to bear in silence the idea that she had been jilted, and had endured her mother's tender little sympathies on the subject. But there was a difficulty to her in suffering this direct statement from her friend. Why would not her friend let the matter be passed by in silence! “It is well,” she said, “that we both repented.”

Now the subject had been much discussed in Exeter,—whether Sir Francis had jilted Miss Holt or Miss Holt Sir Francis. It had been always present to Miss Hippley's mind, that her friend had told her of her intention at a time when she was quite sure that Sir Francis had no such notion in his head. And when, on the day but one following, she had told Cecilia of the statement which Sir Francis had made at the Deanery, Cecilia had not contradicted it, but had expressed her surprise. She therefore had resolved to decide the question against her uncle, and had given rise to the party who were on that side. But the outside world were strongly of opinion that Sir Francis had been the first offender. It was so much the more probable. Miss Altifiorla had always taken that side, and had spoken everywhere of him as the great sinner. Still however there was a doubt in her own mind, as to which she was desirous of receiving such solution as

Cecilia could give her. She was determined now to push the question. “But,” said she, “I suppose it originated with him? It is a great thing for us to feel that you have not been to blame at all in the matter.”

“I have been to blame,” said Cecilia.

“But how? The man comes here and proposes himself; and is accepted, and then breaks away from his engagement without reason and without excuse. It is a thing to be thankful for, that he should have done so; but we have also to be thankful that the fault has not been on our side.” Miss Altifiorla had almost brought herself to believe that the man had made love to her, and proposed to her, that she in a moment of weakness had accepted him, and that she now had been luckily saved by his inconstancy.

“I think we will drop that part of the question,” said Miss Holt, showing by her manner that she did not choose to be cross-questioned. “In such cases there is generally fault on both sides.” Then there was nothing further said on the subject, but Miss Altifiorla pondered much over her friend's weakness in not being able to confess that she had been jilted.

All this had happened in the summer. During the gala days of the projected wedding plans had been made of course for the honeymoon. Sir Francis with his bride were to go here and to go there, and poor Mrs. Holt had been fated to remain at home as though no arrangement had been necessary for her happiness. Indeed none had been necessary. She was quite content to remain at Exeter and expect such excitement as might come to her from letters from Lady Geraldine. To talk to everybody around her about Lady Geraldine would have sufficed for her. And when all these hopes were broken up and it had been really decided that there should be no wedding,—when it became apparent that Cecilia Holt was to remain as Cecilia Holt, still there was no autumn tour. Cecilia had declared that in no place would life be so quiet for her as at home. “Mamma,” she had said, “let us prepare ourselves for what is to come. You and I mean to live together happily, and our life must be a home life!” Then she applied herself specially to the flowers and the shrubs, and began even to look after the vegetables in the fulness of her energy. In these days she did not see much of her three friends. In August Maude was married and became Mrs. Thorne. Mr. Thorne was the eldest son of a Squire from Honiton for whom things were to be made modestly comfortable during

his father's life. Maude's coming marriage had not been counted as much during the days of her friend's high hopes, but had risen in consideration since the fall which had taken place. Between Miss Altifiorla and Cecilia there had come, not a quarrel, but a coolness. The two ladies did continue to see each other occasionally, but there was but little between them to console misery. Miss Altifiorla had attempted to resume her position of equality,—unreasoned and imaginary equality,—with perhaps a slight step in advance to which in their present circumstances she was entitled by their age. Cecilia cared nothing for equality, but would not consent to be held to have lost anything. Though Miss Altifiorla declared that her friend had risen very highly in her sentiments, there was too evidently a depreciation in her manner; and this Cecilia could not endure. Consequently the two ladies were not, at this period, of much comfort one to the other. With Mrs. Green matters might have been different; but Mrs. Green too manifestly thought that Cecilia had been wrong, and still clung to the idea that with proper management the baronet might be made to come back again. With a lady holding such ideas as these there could be no sympathy.

In owning the truth it must be confessed that Cecilia at this period of her life was too self-conscious. She did not think, but felt, that the world all around her was suffused by a Holt-Geraldine aspect and flavour. She could not walk abroad without an idea that the people whom she saw were talking about her. She could not shut herself in her garden without a conviction that the passers-by were saying that the girl living there had

been jilted by Sir Francis Geraldine. She had been well aware of the greatness of the position in which she was to have been placed; and though she had abandoned the situation without a doubt as soon as she had learned her mistake as to the man's character, still she felt the fall, and inwardly grieved over it. She had not known herself at first,—how grievous would be her isolation when she found herself alone. Such was the case with her now, so that she fretted and made herself ill. By degrees she confined herself more and more to the house, till her mother seeing it, interfered. She became sick, capacious, and querulous. The old family doctor interfered and advised that she should be taken away from Exeter. "For ever?" asked Mrs. Holt. The doctor did not say for ever. Mrs. Holt might probably be able to let the house for a year and go elsewhere for that period. Then there arose questions as to all the pretty furniture, and their household gods. Cecilia herself was most unwilling. But before Christmas came, arrangements had been made, and the house was let, and the first of January saw Mrs. Holt and her daughter comfortably established in a pension at Nice. Mrs. Holt at any rate declared that she was comfortable, though Cecilia on her mother's behalf, stated it to be impossible. She herself told herself,—though she had whispered no word on the subject to living ears,—she herself told herself that she had been driven abroad by the falsehood which Sir Francis had told. She could not bear to live in Exeter as the girl that had been jilted.

This is the episode in the life of Cecilia Holt which it is necessary should be first told.

CHRISTIAN WORLDLINESS.

BY R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

THE title of this paper is a paradox. Between Christianity and "Worldliness" there is perpetual conflict; they can make no terms; even a temporary truce is impossible. The ideal Christian life is a life in God—a life under the absolute authority of the laws of an invisible, eternal, and divine kingdom.

But there are two wholly different conceptions of the relation between the kingdom of God into which, if we are in Christ, we have already passed, and the interests, pleasures, and pursuits of the earthly life.

According to one conception, our environment in this present world ought to have no attraction or charm when once we have seen the face of God and have learnt that we are to inherit immortal righteousness, wisdom, and glory. The light should fade which once shone on the mountains and the sea. Flowers should lose their grace; winds and running streams and the rustling leaves their music; stars their lustre. Delight in literature and in art should become languid. The passion for scientific discovery should be quenched. Interest in the political affairs

of nations should be suppressed. All pleasures except those which flow from the springs of eternal joy should cease to afford even transient satisfaction. The right temper to cultivate in relation to all that once seemed fairest, purest, noblest in this present life, is a temper of indifference or even of discontent. This conception of the true place of the world in Christian thought is sanctioned by great traditions, by many manuals for the conduct of the Christian life; and there are certain morbid moods of exalted religious feeling in which it appears to be the necessary result of a real and habitual faith in God and in Immortality.

But "for everything there is a season." At present and until our mortal years are spent, our place is among these visible and transitory things. We are here "by the will of God." Our feet are in the dust though our eyes may be made glad by the shining heavens. We are surrounded by an infinite and eternal universe; our relations to it are real, intimate, and enduring; the springs of our life and strength are there; and yet we cannot dissolve our relations to another and inferior order. And according to the Christian faith this inferior order is also divine. The fires of the sun are to burn themselves out and we shall see them sink and disappear, but God kindled them. This wonderful world,—with its beauty and its terror,—its green pastures and still waters, its deserts and its stormy seas,—its luxuriant and fertile plains, its wide wastes of snow and ice—is to pass away; but God made it. It was He who created what Paul describes as "our outward man," which is "decaying," as well as "our inward man," which is "renewed day by day;" and all our physical necessities, instincts, and sensibilities on the one hand, with the boundless provision for their gratification on the other, are the expressions of the divine thought and the effect of divine volitions. The loftier powers and finer capacities which find their exercise and their satisfaction in the discovery of truth and in the vision or creation of all forms of beauty also came from Him. "Discontent" with conditions of life which God has appointed can hardly be the legitimate and necessary result of the supreme revelation of God's righteousness and love. "Indifference" to the pleasant things which are the gifts of the divine goodness can hardly be the right temper for those to cherish who have been "made partakers of the divine nature." What God thought worth giving should be received gratefully and heartily enjoyed.

The revolution of thought concerning this present life produced by an intelligent and devout acceptance of the Christian revelation corresponds to that which was produced by the discovery of the true theory of the physical universe. The Earth has ceased to be the centre round which sun and stars revolve, but it retains its place among the hosts of God. Its relative magnitude has been reduced, but the actual height of its mountains and the actual breadth of its continents and oceans have not been diminished. And although we are environed by immensity, and know that many of the stars which shine in its awful depths are burning suns, each one of them, perhaps, the centre of vast and undiscovered worlds, this earth is still our home, and the laws which govern the most august of the principalities and powers among the luminaries of heaven are the laws which govern the motions of this inferior orb. To the Christian man this life is not an outlying waste, forsaken of God and unblessed; it is one of the provinces of the divine kingdom; the most trivial of our occupations, the most transient of our joys and sorrows ought to find their place in the divine order. It must be possible for us, with a clear vision of eternity and of the great glory of God, to stand in friendly and kindly relations to this present world. This is what I mean by "Christian Worldliness."

M. Renan's account of the Galilean ministry of our Lord is an idyl, a romance; but there are elements of truth in it which had disappeared from the traditional conception of our Lord's earthly life. The four Gospels give us the impression that Jesus of Nazareth had a great personal charm which was felt by all sorts of people. I think that they also give us the impression that, at least in the earlier years of His ministry, this charm was partly derived from His buoyancy of spirit, His animation, His innocent delight in pleasant things, in trees and flowers and birds, in the ripening corn, in the fresh air of the hills and in the shining waters of the lake. The charm was increased by His frank and alert interest in the common affairs of common people, in their sowing and reaping, in their building and fishing, as well as in what we should call their "religious life." No one that wanted a wedding to pass off cheerfully would have invited John the Baptist; our Lord was a welcome guest. Sometimes He went into mountain solitudes to pray, and His home was always with God; even in the early months of His ministry the shadow of

His final sorrows seems to have fallen on Him; but He did not remain on remote heights, apart from the ordinary interests of men; nor did the premonitions which came to Him of His supreme agony prevent Him from sympathizing deeply with the common troubles of mankind or from rejoicing in their gladness. There is a kind of spiritual detachment which, even when a man is surrounded by crowds, separates him as completely from the interests of the rest of the race as though he were surrounded by thick monastic walls through which no sound of the stormy winds and restless waves of the outside world could penetrate; but this seclusion is not illustrated and enforced by the example of Christ, and it is plainly condemned by the genial, generous, cordial spirit of His teaching.

It may be alleged that in all ages noble and devout men have come to regard the world with dissatisfaction and discontent, and that this temper is formally sanctioned, not by a few scattered texts in Holy Scripture, but by a whole Book, the twelve chapters of the Book of Ecclesiastes being successive variations on one theme—"Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

But is it quite clear that the Book of Ecclesiastes contains the Christian theory of human life? Does it illustrate the spirit with which a Christian man should regard the pleasant things of this world? Whoever the writer may have been, and whether or not he has given us the record of his own experience, the Book is to be read as containing the confessions of a man whose life has been a mournful failure and disappointment. He had become weary of everything—wearied of knowledge, weary of greatness, weary of wealth; weary of his palaces, his parks, his gardens, and his vineyards; weary of his men-singers and his women-singers; weary of observing the sorrows of men, weary of observing their joys. He was weary of the moral order of the world, for he had seen folly set in great dignity and the poor man's wisdom despised; all things came alike to all; there was one event to the righteous and to the wicked, to the religious man that offered sacrifice and to the irreligious man that offered none: "as is the good, so is the sinner and he that sweareth as he that feareth an oath;" the just man perished in his righteousness and the life of the wicked man was prolonged. He was weary of the earth itself, which lasted on while one generation came and another passed away; he was weary of the regularity of the rising and the setting of the sun, weary of

the waywardness of the changing winds, weary of the monotony of the rivers which were always running into the sea. The dead, so he thought, were better off than the living, for they had done with life; it would have been better still if they had never lived at all. "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity."

This was how the world looked to the writer of this Book; whether this was how God meant it to look to him is another question. This is how the world looks to many of us in some moods. And if we are to believe very much that appears in our current literature, this bitter melancholy, this profound discontent with all things in heaven above and on the earth beneath, is becoming more common than it used to be. This brilliant age of ours is asking whether life is worth living. The confessions of the ancient Jew are being translated into our modern English speech. There is less of poetic grace, of pathos, and of dignity in the English translation than in the Jewish original, but the substance is the same.

Now, I do not wonder that men who have given up the four Gospels come to believe in the Book of Ecclesiastes. That is a just Nemesis. A man may be sure that sooner or later the Bible will find him somewhere. Let him refuse to believe what it tells him about God, and he will be startled at discovering how much truth it will tell him about himself. But that this bitter and humiliating theory of human life should have found its way into the Christian Church, that this restless dissatisfaction with the world and all that is in it—a dissatisfaction which was plainly the penalty of self-indulgence, and irreligion—should be sought and cherished as though it were one of the elements of Christian perfection, is almost unintelligible. Some Christian people have made the astonishing mistake of binding up the Book of Ecclesiastes with the New Testament: they have put it somewhere between the four Gospels and the Revelation of John—an impossible place. They treat it as though it had been written by Paul in his last days instead of by Solomon, or by some unknown writer who wanted to represent the weariness and despondency of a wasted life. We, too, are required to write this melancholy epitaph over all our wisdom, strength, honour and joy, over our libraries, over our galleries of art, over the laboratories of science—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit; vanity of vanities, all is vanity." And if we are not in the mood to write it, we half suspect that

we are not as devout as we should be. I deny altogether the legitimacy of this appeal to the Book of Ecclesiastes, as though it contained the Christian theory of human life: the book was not written by a great saint, but by a great sinner.

But our false conception of the relations of the Christian man to the world is not really derived from this ancient Jewish book; it is part of that miserable inheritance which has descended to us from the worst days of Christendom. It is quite time that we Protestants got rid of the traditional saint of Romanism—the saint that we see on the walls of every picture-gallery in Europe, the saint that still haunts the imagination of hundreds of thousands of devout men who regard the Romish apostasy with horror. Every one knows the kind of figure I mean—the thin, pale face, the eyes red with tears or weary with watching, the transparent hands, the wasted form. That was the Roman Catholic saint, the saint of the Middle Ages, the saint, too, of those early Christian centuries, when the Christian faith was coloured by the dark superstitions and philosophical speculations of races that were just emerging from heathenism. We have given up the theology of Rome; we have forgotten to revise the Romish conception of the religious life. The Romish ideal of saintliness was the creation of Romish theology; all that was true and noble in it—and there was much that was true and noble in it—came from those eternal principles of the Christian faith which were not altogether suppressed or forgotten even in the darkest and most evil times; all that was artificial, ignoble, and unlovely, came from those Romish errors which we renounced at the Reformation. It was the theology of Rome that developed the characteristic type of holiness in the Roman Church, and now that we have parted with the theology, we ought to have a different type of sanctity.

But we are still mastered by the spell of the ancient tradition. We can hardly think of a man as a saint unless he is very quiet, placid, and subdued; if there is a touch of melancholy in him we are better pleased. He must not be too strong; he must be a little pale; and must not have too much flesh on him. A man of another sort, with plenty of muscle in his arms and plenty of colour in his face; with a ringing voice, a broad chest, sound lungs, a vigorous pulse, and a firm step; with a healthy appetite and a good digestion; with a cheerful satisfaction in the pleasures of life, and a buoyancy of spirit that rises above most of its troubles;

with an elasticity of temper that refuses to be chained to gloomy memories and to be vexed by common cares, that prefers the glad open sunshine to the shadows of solemn cloisters:—such a man hardly satisfies us. Without knowing exactly why, we find it hard to think of a man like this as a saint. A keen delight in common work and common pleasures seems to most of us inconsistent with the great life of Faith and with unbroken communion with God.

The late Canon Mozley, who is better worth reading when he is wrong than most other men are when they are right, has said some very suggestive things on this subject in his essay on the late Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, and they illustrate rather strikingly the point on which I am insisting. He thinks that in what he describes as Arnold's "vigorous, youthful, eager, intense, lively, affectionate, hearty, and powerful character," there was a certain deficiency; that there was not enough of sadness in it to touch our deeper sympathies. He says that we are sorry when our friends are unhappy, but that "we do not like them less, but more—yes, more, for being so"—a sentence which, I think, is not true without considerable qualifications. For everything depends on the cause and the temper of their unhappiness; there is a kind of discontent and fretfulness which repels and is likely to quench affection. A wilful absorption in sad memories, an excessive anxiety about personal interests, a refusal to be happy, make cordiality of love and friendship almost impossible.

Canon Mozley goes on to say, "Arnold's character is too luscious, too joyous, too luxuriant, too brimful. . . . The colour is good, but the composition is too rich. Head full, heart full, eyes beaming, affections met, sunshine in the breast, all nature embracing him—here is too much glow of earthly mellowness, too much actual liquid in the light. The happy instinct is despotic in him; he cannot help it, but he is always happy, likes everything that he is doing so prodigiously—the tail is wagging, the bird whistles, the cricket chirps." This is a caricature, and there are lines in it which are not to be found in the original. Arnold's strenuous energy, both in work and play, was, perhaps, his most remarkable quality, and the idea of energy is hardly suggested by describing his character as "luscious" and "luxuriant." But though a caricature, the sketch is sufficiently accurate to be recognised.

Mozley thinks justly that Arnold was a representative of high, joyous Lutheranism rather

than of Catholicism. Not that Arnold was altogether a Lutheran in theology, but he was a Lutheran in temper and character; and therefore he was not a saint of the true Catholic type. Mozley would not admit that such a man, however good and excellent, could be a saint at all. The saint must be less brilliant in colour; sad, neutral tints must predominate; there must be a great depth of shadow. Mozley hit the mark exactly in this contrast between the ideal of Catholicism and the genuine growth of Lutheranism. He preferred the Catholic. Heart and soul, with the full concurrence of all that I have learned from the New Testament about the will of God, I prefer the Protestant.

The principal cause of the difference between the Lutheran or Protestant type of the religious life and the Catholic, is to be found in that central truth concerning the infinite love of God and the freedom of God's salvation, which Luther preached under the name of Justification by Faith. It has been said that Luther rediscovered God; with God he rediscovered the gospel. He came to men fresh from the presence of Christ, whose mission it was, not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance, and who is the propitiation for the sin of the world. He declared that neither by fasting, nor by painful self-discipline, nor by protracted and successful struggle with temptation, are men to obtain the divine forgiveness and to pass out of darkness into the clear light of the divine presence, but by Faith. Redemption is God's free gift conferred on every man that consents to receive it.

It was a wonderful gospel. Men listened to it with the agitation of a great joy and with immeasurable hope. Luther said to them:—You are troubled by the consciousness of guilt; you look back upon years stained with sin; you are sinful still; your conscience tortures you and refuses to give you peace; you are sure that God must regard your sin with a deeper abhorrence than that with which you regard it yourself, and you are right; you look forward with terror to the hour when you will appear before His judgment-seat. How are you to obtain forgiveness, and with forgiveness deliverance from the pains of eternal death? The Church tells you to confess to a priest, to do penance, to fast, to pray, to mortify the flesh. By physical discipline, by mental torture, and by the devout use of the sacraments you may hope to escape the eternal fires.—This is the gospel of the Church. Away with all these miserable inventions of superstition and

slavish unbelief! Listen to the parable of the Prodigal Son. His father saw him "while he was yet afar off," and "was moved with compassion, and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him; forgave him at once and brought him home." Was there a hair shirt for him, an iron girdle, a cruel scourge, long fasting? That is not God's way of receiving a penitent child. "Bring forth quickly the best robe and put it on him, and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet;" kill the fatted calf; and fill the house with music and dancing.

That is the Lutheran gospel, and you see the joyousness of it. Catholicism keeps the penitent in painful suspense. Having forfeited the complete remission of sins granted him in baptism, he can never be certain that he has recovered it. As long as life lasts he is in trouble; he must still be clearing off old scores; when this life is over he may have to pass through fierce purgatorial fires.

But for the Lutheran, as soon as he saw the righteousness and power and infinite love of God which were revealed in Christ, the guilt of past years vanished away and left the blue heaven without a cloud.

Nor was this all. Lutheranism was happy in the present and confident about the future, as well as at rest about the past. Its temper was a temper of unmeasured faith in God. It was the antithesis of the despondency which had prevailed in Christendom for many centuries. It taught every man to have unmeasured confidence in the divine mercy for the forgiveness of his past sins, and unmeasured confidence in the divine inspiration for the strength he needed in the future to live devoutly and righteously.

The second element of confidence had as great a place as the first in the creation of a new type of the religious life. For the ideal Catholic saint is the monk, and monasticism in its best times and its highest moods sprang from a noble despair. The world was so full of evil, that for a man who wanted to live in God, the only safety seemed to be in flight; to master it completely seemed impossible. Its pleasures were very pleasant—so pleasant that the monk was afraid that while he was within their reach he would be unable to resist their charm, and therefore he fled from them. It is always hard for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven; and the monk thought it so hard that he stripped himself of everything and accepted a voluntary poverty. Wife and children—they may become our chief care and our chief delight, and the monk, being afraid that if he had

wife and children to love they might lessen the passion of his love for God, took vows of perpetual celibacy. Robust physical vigour and the physical enjoyments of life sometimes refuse the control of the divine will, and therefore the monk wasted his strength by fasting, watching, and prayer. It all came from a vehement desire to please God perfectly, but the desire was not associated with a confident faith in the power of God to enable us to please Him perfectly in the common paths of men.

Protestantism, with its clear, strong, happy consciousness of alliance with God, gave men courage to face the world—to fight its evils instead of flying from them. It believed in the great idea of the noble prayer—"Thy will be done"—not in the Church merely, not in the monastery merely—but "Thy will be done on earth"—in the family, on the farm, in the workshop, in the counting-house, in the courts of kings, in parliaments, in the army, in the painting-room, in the college, in the school—"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The world, with its complex social order, its intellectual activities, its material wealth, is not to be given over to the devil: God made it, and Christian men have to win it back to God again.

This element of Protestantism was, no doubt, greatly invigorated by the influence of the Renaissance. Something of the old pagan delight in physical strength and beauty was associated with the fresh enthusiasm with which the intellect of Europe recovered the immortal monuments of the genius of Greece; and to the Catholic conception of human life the movement was a serious peril. Reconciliation was impossible. But the healthier and nobler forces of the Renaissance found their natural home and received religious sanction in Protestantism; and in its turn the new learning contributed to the triumph of the new faith.

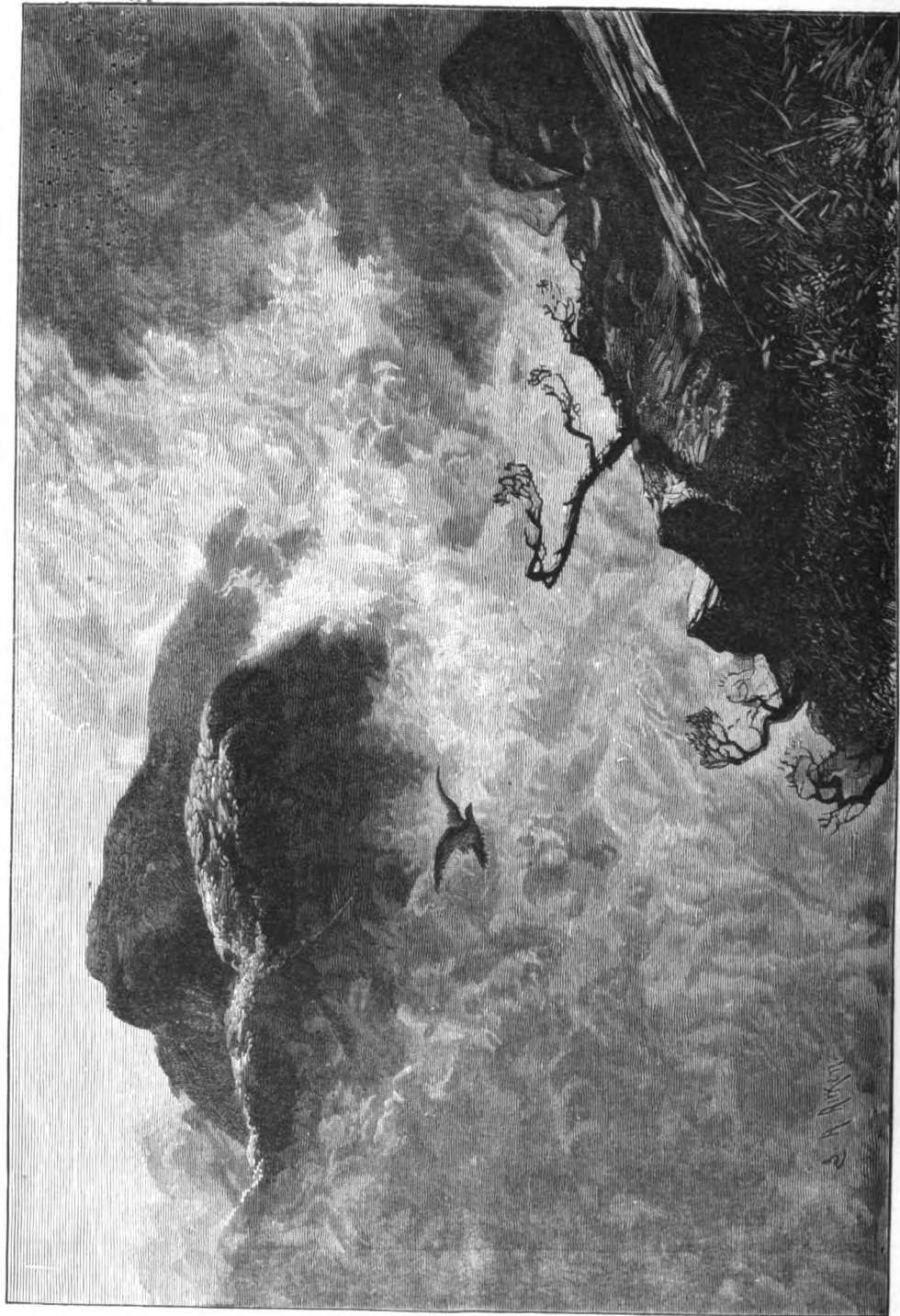
Not yet do we Protestants thoroughly understand the immense revolution which Protestantism must ultimately bring about in the whole sphere of the moral and religious life of man. What is there, some good men persist in asking,—what is there to satisfy the immortal soul, in music, in painting, in literature, in travel, in the mystery and peace of lonely glens, in the majesty of mountains, in the shining sea? That is all very true, but nothing to the purpose. I might as well ask a poor ill-clad wretch, shivering in the snow, what there would be to satisfy his immortal soul in a greatcoat or a blazing fire. Or I might ask the questioner himself,

as he sat down to breakfast, what there is to satisfy his immortal soul in coffee and broiled ham. We are not merely immortal souls—at present. To relieve the physical necessities of men is an act of divine charity. The cup of cold water will not do much for "the immortal soul," but it will not miss the divine reward. I decline to follow the example of some over-refined commentators who spiritualise the petition in which Christ taught His disciples to ask for their daily bread. He who wrought a miracle to satisfy the physical hunger of men will not think that I am forgetting my "immortal soul" if I offer the prayer in its plain sense. But my physical wants are the poorest and meanest of all the cravings of that wonderful nature which God has given me. The intellect has higher necessities. These, too, I may ask God to remember and to supply.

It is mere *ennui* or a morbid form of the religious life which induces a man to turn away with disgust from the pleasant things of this world. There is a worldliness which is Christian, and a distaste for the world which is very unchristian. Given a healthy body and a healthy faith in God, and eye and ear will find a thousand delights. The morning light will be beautiful and the perfume of flowers and the songs of birds. The verses of poets will have an infinite charm; and the voices of noble singers and the pictures of great artists will be to us among the dear gifts of God—dear for their own sakes and dear for the sake of Him from whom they came. We shall value the wisdom of ancient centuries and shall watch with keen and sympathetic excitement the brilliant intellectual achievements of our own time. We shall be thankful if we are able to visit famous cities, and the rivers and mountains of remote lands; we shall be still more thankful for the dearer joys of home. The music of our children's voices will be sweet to us, and the light in the eyes we love.

And yet we shall not be Pagans, finding our rest in visible and transitory things. They will satisfy the powers and capacities to which they are related, and we shall not in a spirit of querulous discontent refuse to enjoy the satisfaction they are intended to bring. We shall take them for what they are, rejoicing in them, being thankful for them, acknowledging them as proofs of the divine love and care. But over the common earth will bend the Heaven of God. The streams of earthly joy, beautiful in themselves, will carry us onward to the ocean of eternal blessedness. Sometimes there may

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THE HOME OF THE EAGLE.

be in us a certain discontent, a momentary impatience for the more regal powers and the diviner peace of the infinite future; but this will not be because we find no satisfaction in the pleasant things of this world, but because having found the present life so lovely and so fair we are filled with vague wonder and boundless hope by the assurance that the next life is to be lovelier and fairer still. The discontent will be checked and the impatience repressed, for we shall remember that already we dwell in God.

There are, no doubt, other aspects of human life, and the Christian Faith has words for those who mourn and who have a right to mourn, as well as for those who ought to be happy. Sometimes our homes are desolate, we are worn down with care, the brain is too weary, the heart too troubled, to find any

joy in the delights of other years. It is not always possible, even for those whose faith is strongest, to "rejoice in tribulations." "Christian worldliness" is inconsistent with the fanaticism which bids us be indifferent to the calamities of life, as well as with the fanaticism which bids us be indifferent to its pleasures. The gospel does not require us to dull our sensibility to transitory pain, any more than it requires us to dull our sensibility to transitory happiness. It recognises the reality of the suffering, but tells us that "our light affliction, which is for the moment, worketh for us more and more exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." For the miseries which we make for ourselves there is little comfort to be found in God; for the miseries which we cannot escape the divine love affords infinite consolation.

THE EAGLET AND THE CHILD.



I.

THE Baron cam' to his castle yett :
 "O wifie, let me in ;
 For I wi' rain and bluid am wet,
 And sair and weary-blin'."
 His leddy lookit down and saw
 Her dear lord standin' there,
 Wi' bluid upon his brow o' snaw,
 And on his yellow hair.

"Whaur hae ye been sae lang and late ?
 What deed is't ye hae dune ?"

"I've brought our son an eaglet-mate
 Frae Corriemulzie Linn.

The parent-eagles, fierce as fire,
 Did strike me wi' their wings ;
 I gave them o' my dirk's keen ire,
 And dyed the Corrie's springs.

"But bring babe Ronald forth to see
 This plaything o' the wild—"
 Rushed in the nurse—"Oh, wae is me,
 An eagle's stown the child !"

"Awa', awa', ye guilty man !"
 The anguished mither said,
 "'Tis son for son, 'tis ban for ban—
 O God that I were dead :"

II.

The eagle cam' to the wren's nest :

"O Jenny, are ye in ?
 Some counsel gie me o' the best,
 For I wi' grief am blin'."
 And Jenny lookit out and saw
 The puir bedraigled king,
 Wi' bluid upon his beak and claw
 And jaups on ilka wing.

"Whaur hae ye been sae late and lang,
 What waefu' deed's been dune ?"

"Oh, we hae tholed a cruel wrang
 At Corriemulzie Linn :
 The Baron climbed into our nest—
 Ower late we saw him there—
 And tore our darling frae our breast
 To please his baby heir.

"But I hae played his ain dark game,
 And rest his babe frae him ;
 What will he think when he gangs hame,
 To find his cradle toom ?
 O Jenny, speak and counsel me,
 And gie my heart relief—
 It boils within me like a sea
 Of fire, and rage, and grief."

"Awa', awa', ye cruel king,
Wha come for counsel here?
Your bluidy claw, your jaupit wing,
They shake my breast wi' fear:
Awa', and tak' the bairn wi' speed
Unto his mither's knee;
A kindly deed's a kingly deed
That sets the captive free."

III.

The human mither sabbit sair;
While round her and the Chief
The eagle-mither rent the air
Wi' cries o' rage and grief.
"O husband! tak' the eaglet hame,
Unto his ain dear nest;
A parent's heart is a' the same
In man or eagle's breast."

The eaglet heard his mither's cry,
And shook his helpless wings,
And screamed a prayer into the sky,
As to the King of kings.

The Baron tossed the youngling free
Upon the dial-stane:
Then with a swoop and clutch of glee
The eagle had her ain.

Yet sair and sairer did she greet,
Babe Ronald's mither fair;
"Oh, give me back my son, my sweet,
Ye powers of earth and air!"
"Be comforted, my wife, my joy,
And I'll redeem my sin;
I'll seek and find our darling boy
By Corriemulzie Linn."

But hark!—a sound—a surge of wings—
O wonder! O delight!
The eagle, son and sire of kings,
Brought hame the baby wight:
Then flashing into heaven wi' speed,
Shrieked forth exultingly,
"A kindly deed's a kingly deed
That sets the captive free!"

WILLIAM FREELAND.

CONCERNING STORMS:

With some Thoughts on Things Going Amiss.

"IT was not a blow on the head this morning. It was not so bad as that. But it was a smart rap over the fingers. And I found it painful enough."

These were the words which my friend Milverton said to me, relating that day's experience of troublesome life.

Trouble is of infinite variety. Even after you have passed fifty years you may get a blow on the head or a rap over the fingers which will be entirely different in its sensation from any you had ever felt before. All troubles are disagreeable: some are very terrible: yet no two are alike; each has its own characteristic and distinguishable sting. And the sting is indescribable in words. You cannot communicate to another what like it is: in suffering you are quite alone. And in fact, you do not try to communicate to any one your inner experiences. If you had a bad headache, you would naturally say so to those nearest you. But the heart-ache you keep to yourself. A cloud has overspread your sky: you are jarred and unhappy through some painful thought which has possessed you. But you are ashamed of this, as you were not ashamed of the headache. You go away out for a solitary walk of many miles: hoping thus to escape your trouble, or at least to endure it without worrying anybody else. And though you live in a well-filled home, through these melancholy miles you are as truly alone as you would be in the Great Sahara, in the vicinity of Timbuctoo.

"I think I have known every kind of

trouble but the want of money. That I have never known." I once heard a good and tried man say just these words. Poor Campbell the poet (who seems being quickly forgotten) had his years of this special trouble. They came pretty near to killing him. And he records that he had found this cross so agonizing that he would say to misfortune, "Take any form but that!"

You and I, kindly reader, have been thinking of certain troubles which our experience of this life suggests as likely to come to us: possibly as being sure to come. And I have ventured to assert that we shall not be so much afraid of these as we sometimes tend to be, if we boldly look them in the face, reckon them up and see the very worst of them. For to bring things to book does almost invariably bring them down greatly: and it is the vague and undefined that crows us.

There is a trouble of which young and inexperienced folk never think at all, which longer experience of the way of this world shows to be very likely to come. For there is nothing whatsoever which experience makes more certain than the fact that this trouble has many times come in past years. You would not think it likely. You would say there is no need for its ever coming at all. Yet it has come. And doubtless it will come.

It is what I call a Storm. Do not fancy that by any harmlessness, insignificance, or caution you will escape such. The quest of Quietness is a vain quest, in the world with-

out us or the world within. You need not think to say that you are such an inoffensive little being, you so shrink from strife, you so long for peace, that surely the winds of heaven will never blow rudely on your humble dwelling; never shake your windows and moan in your chimney and turn your umbrella inside out. You are not so foolish as that comes to. You know you must take your share of the winter gales and sleet: always liking them less as you grow older.

But you must take it in, for it is certain, that now and then a howling storm will arise in the world of your spiritual concerns, God knows why and how. Even if you had been far wiser than Solomon you could not have foreseen or averted it: and in fact, you are not so wise as Solomon, but you sometimes make hasty speeches and do ill-considered deeds. The moral storm must come as surely as the physical: and you need no more look to keep quiet always within your heart than to have calm always around your eaves. The coming of the storm is as incalculable in the spiritual as in the material world. Ay, more incalculable: No telegram comes with a weather prognostic bidding you for the next few days or weeks be specially careful to keep your temper and bridle your tongue, for that the condition of the atmosphere in which your soul lives bodes a storm as brewing: no warning comes to bid you be prepared to submit patiently to the buffeting of a moral and social blast which you had no share earthly in arousing. Everything is going on quietly and pleasantly and friendly; when suddenly there is thunder in the air, and the storm breaks bitterly and fiercely upon your defenceless head. Many things go wrong all at once. The gossiping person, always telling malignant lies, somehow of a sudden has his (or her) thoughts turned upon you. Things said and done in all innocence are by a little twist in telling made to appear not at all to your advantage. A very little twist sometimes suffices. I know a preacher who ministers in a historic church which Carlyle came to see, a few years ago. The great man asked who ministered in that church: and being told, he said *God bless him*. But Mr. Mactattle diligently disseminated throughout the parish that the words of the sage were *God help them*: implying that the flock which worshipped in that edifice needed help and pity in a special degree. No doubt they did, and do: but the sentiment expressed by Carlyle did not convey that sense. Then a certain proportion of those who know you are sure to dislike you: and

they hasten to be down upon you when you seem to be down. This is not magnanimous. But many of the Race are not magnanimous. And I remark that among civilized and Christian nations the manner is just the same. Likewise that in the realm of party politics the case is even so. But we pass from these: It is the microscope we are using, just at this moment. A man of mean nature quite honestly dislikes your doings: always disliked them: but he kept silent when all was prosperous with you. Now, he opens his mouth and dips his little quill. One has remarked, in a small community, how when a disaffected person writes to the local newspaper complaining that some public man has said or done this or that, quite a chorus of like letters follows: human beings pluck up courage and have a kick at the wounded lion. Now is the time to quarrel with the Bishop: to tell lies about the Principal. Your luck has quite failed you for the time: nothing succeeds to which you put your hand. And under the circumstances the sad likelihood is that you lose your head, and say and do things which harm yourself and play into the hands of the adversaries. In lesser and greater matters, notably in the very least, many of the thanes will fall from what seems a falling cause. The petted and quarrelsome person whom you kept right with difficulty, of a sudden develops a special wrong-headedness. Doubtless, you too, are not so patient and forbearing as you were wont to be. And, with the extraordinary capriciousness and irony of events in this world, the day comes on which something you have said fifty times without causing complaint from any mortal, being said once more suddenly brings a nest of hornets about your ears. For not only may one privileged man steal a horse without rebuke while another may not look over the hedge without being accused of horse-stealing, but the self-same man may at one season steal a team of horses amid general approbation, and at another season be severely mauled for looking over the hedge and being thankful he has nothing to do with horse-flesh. It is a fact of not remote history that a certain great man, by expressing views upon a certain subject which (though unsound) are in fact held by all educated persons, and are most freely expressed in social life: which, moreover, as fenced about by him could not possibly do harm to any mortal: did (because the time was not opportune and things not quite ripe) raise a brief though most furious hurricane which even he did not like at all. And

one remarked how, in those dark days, every spiteful little creature (some hawks and many geese) hastened to peck and hiss at the maimed eagle. It was a sorry manifestation of what abides, under a little veneer, in many human souls.

You and I, friendly reader, are humble folk : quite content if we may be let alone to quietly do the work given us. Yet the painful storm (it may appear to many as no more than a storm in a teacup) will break loose upon remote nooks in the valley of humiliation, and will vehemently shake even "Nature's unambitious underwood, and flowers that prosper in the shade." One has known it prove a specially trying and sorrowful experience to pass through. It has bent some weary heads to the very earth : and made some weary hearts wish they were under it. But looking out from the loopholes of retreat towards the high places of this world, one has many times wondered how the mighty of the earth, those who direct the great councils of nations, manage to live at all. For upon those heights the storm rarely ceases : the furious storm of abuse, misrepresentation, and keen hatred, from this or that class whose interests are menaced : not to name the earthquakes and convulsions which are always imminent in the politics of even fairly-settled nations. I remember a time, some years ago, a wintry time, when we had in this remote place two months of ceaseless tempest : no weaker word than tempest will convey the fact. Every afternoon, as it darkened, round a dwelling set on a cliff above a wide and bleak sea, the wind began to howl : it produced moans and shrieks which you would have said no wind could make : stout walls shook under it : and there were hours through which you could hardly hear a voice. It appeared as though life would not have been worth having had that raging fury of the elements been appointed to abide in permanence. Yet even such, as concerns the moral tempest, is in these days the life of some who have scaled ambitious heights : and who must stand out ceaselessly in the sight and hearing of many millions of men. I suppose their skins become tough. One has heard of a great Prime Minister who gazed long upon a hippopotamus, and said "How I envy that creature the thickness of his hide!" I suppose, too, that they conclude that upon the whole it is worth while to be so blown about, so blown up. Possibly they merely feel that they are *in for it*, and must go through : the sensation being like

that of one who found himself rolling along in a tumbril in the days of the Terror. One thing is certain : that in this world there are many souls, like Isaak Walton, studying to be quiet, who would not have that awful eminence at the price.

But to these shrinking mortals their own storm is sure to come : a great storm to their little strength and endurance. Revolutionary periods will arrive in their modest history in which all things will go amiss ; and the dear old way, which they wished might just go on as heretofore, will change, will cease. And I include in this apprehension of the storm which must come when it is due, the disquieting knowledge, brought by experience, that a moral machinery which is playing smoothly and efficiently and which has long done so, may all of a sudden jar, creak, stand still, break down. Only experience can make us understand the truth, so well understood by the ageing, that the chance is great against any considerable number of human beings going on for any great length of time in harmonious and cordial co-operation. The little rift may come from the most unexpected quarter. Good sense and good nature may some day utterly desert one who has hitherto been invariably judicious and good-natured. "We have gone on beautifully in this pleasant organisation for six months ; for two years ; we are safe to go on beautifully for ever." That is the reasoning of inexperienced youth. But such as have lived longer, and come to understand the curious material with which you deal, dealing with human nature, are thankful that things go smoothly, take great pains to avoid what may ruffle, make the most of the present time and opportunity, but know that time is on the side of Change, and that pleasant things cannot always go on. It is not that those will fail you, who are old friends. One has no fear of that sad contingency, no fear at all. That is an impossibility, in the case of the few who are indeed old friends. Only the last great change can bring any change *there*. But you have to work a good deal with people who are no more than acquaintances ; whom you never would have chosen even to be such ; but circumstances make many things inevitable. And men who have lived long have very strong reasons for placing no reliance on the sense and temper of the people with whom they are brought into professional or business relations ; little reliance (it must be sorrowfully said) upon their truthfulness and consistency. You may find it necessary to make use of crooked sticks ; to

have transactions with men and women whom you know to have told malignant falsehoods, whom you know to be little better than fools. Ah, the wrong-headedness of many even among educated folk, and their capacity of taking offence, of taking the pet, of jibbing, of lying down in harness, of kicking out viciously! Any man who has to deal with a great many of his fellow-creatures is taught by experience to calculate on a certain percentage of cantankerous, quarrelsome, crotchety, and dishonest beings. Wherefore, precious above words is a sweet-natured, sensible, and truthful man or woman. God be thanked, the Race (Frederick the Great notwithstanding) has its percentage of these too. No greater blessing has been vouchsafed this writer in this life, than that he is brought into daily relation with not a few of them.

Sometimes the current of Things in General sets in a direction which favours and encourages some evil tendency in human nature. This is notably so in the matter of Procrastination. For though it frequently happens that great trouble comes through putting off till to-morrow what ought to be done to-day, yet now and then it happens too, that something about which you were worrying yourself clears itself up wonderfully through being left alone, and things come right of themselves which your best endeavours might have put further wrong. Not through wilful procrastination, but through unwilling delay, has help come, in the matter of this essay, to its writer, at this stage. He is going to say just what he intended from the first; but fresh experience has made him feel, very vividly, how true is what he intended to say as consolation to the reader who is to-day beaten by a moral storm. *It will blow over.*

For a fortnight this page remained without a line added. In all these years, the like never happened to the writer before. You think this a small matter; but it is not such to one for whom the burden is never lifted till the work is ended which has been once begun. But there came a great pressure and worry of work, some of it most uncongenial; the driving day passed over, leaving nothing to show; and there was not a minute in which to collect one's thoughts, in which to write a line. It was a painful experience: that is the fact. But good has come of it at the end. For I have seen and felt, with wonderful distinctness, how true it is that if you do but have patience, the storm passes

away, and things right themselves that seemed as if they would never have been right more. Here is my consolation under this trouble, which is sure to come, and which some of us very specially fear to see.

That which I have called the Storm will come; unless our luck is quite exceptional. And it may be very trying while it lasts. But it will blow over; it will go down again as capriciously as it rose. Things had gone all amiss, in some degree through your own fault, but in tenfold greater degree through your ill-luck. Just bow your head to the blast: and bear, as you may, the jarring of all your nature. Things will all come right again. Only a good deal of experience will convince you that the storm must come. Only a good deal of experience will assure you that the storm will go. Just you cheer up: do not lose heart. We can stand very trying experiences, if we are sure they cannot last long. It is very painful, very discouraging, after all your hard faithful work, after all the thought you have given to the avoiding of offence, to be so misapprehended, misrepresented, and vilified. Believe, it will all be made up for. Those who to-day are doing you less than justice, will in a little while do you much more. I am not speaking of those human beings who by grave misconduct have passed under a cloud which is not likely to lift in this world: that is a different case altogether, though I could suggest very strong consolation there too. I am speaking of ordinary decent folk, who have got into a painful scrape but will get out of it: who have brought a hornets' nest about their ears by some doing which at the very worst is far short of an unpardonable sin. The storm will go down as capriciously as it got up. I have seen it do so twice since I paused in writing this essay.

And this is the consolation I suggest, in the endurance and the prospect of this especial trouble. I might speak of our getting good through the storm breaking upon us. Nothing on earth is more certain than that in divers ways we do: always providing we take the storm rightly: wisely, humbly, patiently. Yet this is equally certain: that if on this page I went on that tack, the blight of the sermon would forthwith fall upon my page, and the average reader would turn away from it. There is a certain line of thought which, though it be true and real, yet suggests church and church-time: and we all know extremely well what happens to pages which set out that line of thought. It shall not happen to this, if I can help it: the

reader need not have the smallest fear that anything more transcendental than the most worldly considerations shall be presented to him here. It might indeed be suggested, without rousing that peculiar pricking sensation of the extremest weariness with which we are all familiar, that the storm teaches us to take pains to avoid that in speech or conduct which raises the storm; and that the mortal who has got into a painful scrape learns at least to shun that which may get him into another like it. But the consolation for to-day is this one assured fact of experience: that the storm, in all ordinary cases, will not last long: that the storm, in all but the most exceptional cases, will in due time blow over. In our days of ignorance and inexperience, we fancy that when the sky blackens in the moral world and the wind gets up, it will never be calm again. You know whether a storm abides for ever in the outward world: and the two worlds are analogous. It may blow hard upon earth and sea for a long time: but the time comes to an end. "Is the weather ever to clear up, John?" was the question I heard put in my boyhood by a country parson to his "man." The cautious Scot forbore to prophesy. But he said what suggested much: "It has aye done so hitherto."

I looked out this morning (though the morning be but midway in February) on a calm sea

and a blue sky which smiled like May: and I thought of the blackness and the wild waves of two days since. I recalled the long-departed season in which one of the most amiable of men, and the most cautious, the incumbent of a rural parish, did, by publishing in an official document a statement (which was quite true) as to the ways of his female parishioners, make that parish for several weeks too hot to hold him. Then it cooled down to the normal temperature as of old. I thought how a great preacher and orator, by making a speech which stupid folk understood as meaning that you need not obey the Ten Commandments unless you liked, awaked a storm which was furious for a little space: but which speedily changed into the most sunshiny of summer weather. I remembered how my friend Smith attended a meeting in the city of St. Peter (near Melipotamus in Ethiopia), held in honour of a retiring ruler of that little community; and heard all men speak kindly of one who had been very severely mauled, verbally, while he reigned. There had been *Breezes*: that was the word employed, and it was a mild one to express the fact. But the breezes had died away; and the calm was as of the evening of July.

These things are sure. And they are consolatory.

A. K. H. B.

PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

A Sketch of the Indentor and his Process.

BY R. HEATH, AUTHOR OF "EDGAR QUINET, HIS EARLY LIFE AND WRITINGS."

AT the confluence of three rivers, in the neighbourhood of Rouen, stands an old French château, its red roofs and solid sandstone walls, its watch-tower and large detached *pigeonnier*, coming out against hills covered by woods extending for fifty miles. Built in the reign of Philippe-Auguste, Vasceuil was one of a series of castlets which, placed at intervals along the Andelle, commanded the Norman border. When the feudal wars ceased this *tour de vidame* lost its military character, and, being the entry of the great Forêt de Lyons, became a meeting-place for lovers of the chase. How often must the horn have sounded up these river valleys and in the deep glades of these woods, still the haunt of the boar and the stag!

But other days were in store for this relic of feudalism, when men of another world

would give it a new character and add some very different pages to its history. After the Revolution Vasceuil passed through more than one hand, until it came into those of its present owner. The border fortress and the hunter's lair became a retreat for poets, historians, and artists. In its garden Michelet discussed with sympathetic friends the plan of his famous book, "Priests, Women, and Families," and at the top of its watch-tower Elisée Reclus commenced his great geography, and wrote "The History of a Stream." Nor has Vasceuil only become a retreat for lettered ease, its philanthropic owner has welcomed there, as to a city of refuge, the aged, the banned, the stranger.

Yet Vasceuil was once again to fall back into its primitive condition. Seized by the Germans during the Franco-Prussian war, it

became a military post of observation. The invaders were as ruthless as the old Vandals, breaking up the furniture for their fires, and lighting them with pages torn at random from the contents of the library. The mistress of the house, hearing that the château was destroyed, with the characteristic courage of her family ventured into the Prussian lines, and, finding her home standing, took possession, and commenced to remove the things she valued. The soldiers turned her out and locked the door. She went to the head-quarters, was not only listened to but reinstated, the soldiers being so severely punished that she determined never to make another complaint. The husband of this brave woman is a character equally fine and original. Never were a man and his surroundings more worthy of each other than Vascoëuil and Alfred Dumesnil!

Last summer we spent some time in the neighbourhood of Vascoëuil, and often wandered in its direction. Our way led through a woodland path, at whose base the Crevon flows, sparkling and swift, across fat meadows, where cattle and man alike doze, by a curious water-mill, through which the stream comes pouring in great cascades, and through an ancient farm-yard and a magnificent avenue into the high-road, whence we caught sight of the tower and roofs of Vascoëuil, with its sylvan background stretching across the whole mouth of the valley. Arrived at its great gates we pass through a side door into a cool, old-fashioned garden, and there among the laden fruit-trees, the red-greys of the terrace and the ivy-covered walls for a background, great patches of blue phlox and red fuchsia for a mid-distance, and the tall grass with its poppies for a foreground, we see a figure clad *au paysan*—blue cotton clothes, sabots, and a great broad-brimmed hat. It is the *chatelain* himself, and with the serious grace of a friend of Bernard Palissy and a companion of the Admiral, he welcomes us to the scene of his great horticultural achievements. His eyes beam with gentleness, love, humour on the children who accompany us, and they are all happy as with one they wholly trust. How cool, after our hot walk, is this great dining-room, with its roof almost lost in obscurity! How charming this interior, with its enormous chimney-piece and its smoke-dried walls! Ascending a winding staircase we are in an octagon room, at the top of the tower, from whose windows we look out on all points of the compass. How vast and how sweet the scene! We should not be surprised to learn that it was here

Michelet conceived the idea of writing his book, "L'Oiseau."

M. Dumesnil was the favourite pupil of the great historian, and became his son-in-law. Madame Adèle Michelet-Dumesnil died in the spring of 1855.

A disciple of Edgar Quinet, rather than of Michelet, M. Dumesnil edited the works of the former, and during the four years that Quinet was a member of the National Assembly (1848—1852), he supplied his place at the College of France. His lectures were devoted to the Arts in Italy, and from the study of this great subject resulted a series of works directed as much to the heart as to the mind, full of thoughts, simple but profound, the expression of a mind acknowledging no theological system, yet deeply religious.

"La Foi Nouvelle cherchée dans l'Art" appeared in 1850. It was an effort to bring out the moral teaching of a line of great artists, from Rembrandt to Beethoven. In the works of faithful men of genius he seeks the Divine word. It comes as the perfumes of a garden, or as far-off music—sometimes fuller, sometimes weaker, often only in half-notes, but every sense being in a normal condition and the balance of his mind singularly perfect; what he perceives is real and no illusion. "La Foi Nouvelle" has a base of mysticism, but it is mysticism of the biblical type, which always ends in practical morality.

Two other works followed "La Foi Nouvelle"—"Le Livre de Consolation" and "L'Immortalité"—efforts of a soul seeking to found its hopes on something certain in an age in which all that was unreal in religion had fallen, burying under the ruins much that was eternally true. Their author evidently found in the untiring efforts of the human mind to discover the secrets of nature, in the desire to live in the memory of its fellows, and in the existence of the domestic affections—at once the joy and agony of life, grounds of consolation and of hope for individual immortality. In Bernard Palissy he found a man who was peculiarly the subject of these sentiments, so contradictory yet so common, and he wrote the life of the great inventor and noble confessor for truth, as a *feuilleton*, for the Paris newspaper, *L'Événement*.

To the works already mentioned he added one, more important than all: "L'Art Italien." Writing on Leonardo da Vinci in his *Revolutions of Italy*, Quinet directs his readers to the beautiful and profound things M. Alfred Dumesnil has said on that painter.



Vasceuil. (From a Sketch by the Writer.)

But the author of "L'Art Italien" is himself an artist, and a poet, in the highest and best sense. Without consciously setting himself to produce works of art, he has lived a poem and worked out in his own history a picture worthy of the painters he has so well interpreted.

Michelet's genius rose with the storm. "For me," writes Dumesnil, "it is so exactly the contrary that day and night I adjure myself, in the words of Leonardo da Vinci, *to fly Storms.*"

"I thank Heaven," he says, in another letter, "for giving me a respite in years so agitated. To have somewhere a little corner to clear from its weeds and its thorns, to fill it with vegetables and flowers, to make the tender grass spring up in a fruitful orchard, this seems to me the object for which I should like to labour."

As a philosopher, as an art critic, as the head of a family, as a friend his was always the genius of the horticulturist. Delight in nature, in its beauty, harmony, productiveness, in all its manifestations, but especially those least observed by the careless eye; finding his chief joy in being a fellow-worker with the Divine Artist; entertaining an affection for flowers more like St. Francis for his sisters, the birds, than a nineteenth-century man of science—all these traits were manifest in Alfred Dumesnil. When a

moment then came in his life, full of griefs, public and private, and a retreat offered itself, asking as it were his care and cultivation, a retreat such as Vasceuil, it was the most natural thing in the world that he should fly the storms of Paris and of literary life to devote himself to horticulture.

One who was to him more than brother possessed a small patrimony in the same delightful neighbourhood of Rouen. M. Eugene Noel had commenced his botanical studies and written his "Vie des Fleurs" when Dumesnil was absorbed in history and art. Now the two friends kept up frequent discussions on their common pursuit, made observations, and compared notes, but in the end the professor became a devoted gardener, and the student of botany a witty journalist.

To his new occupation Alfred Dumesnil brought all those habits of thought and investigation which had distinguished his studies, historic and æsthetic. He was ambitious to follow in the path of the men who had sought the secrets of nature.

To cultivate plants without earth had long been the dream of chemists; after years of patient study the gardener of Vasceuil has discovered a means of giving continued life and nourishment to plants, without their ever being brought in contact with the soil. All he does is to wrap their roots up in some moss to which he has imparted this life-giving

power. This "fertilising moss" is not only capable of affording nourishment to all kinds of vegetable life, but will do so indefinitely.

Since November, 1880, the date at which his researches proved successful, he has constantly been testing his process, and has never found the least interruption in the vegetative functions of the plants subjected to its influence; on the contrary, winter and spring plants have blossomed with a vigour he has never seen in his garden. With the shelter of a glass, hellebores taken up at the end of November and the middle of December have remained two and a half to three months in blossom. Other plants, primroses, daisies, violets, auriculas, have not only been in bloom for three months, but have thrown out new buds.

At Vasceuil we saw plants loaded with blossoms which had been in the fertilising moss for weeks. The public in Rouen and Paris have during the past year had frequent opportunities of beholding again and again the process in full operation in the exhibitions of flowers and vegetables which M. Dumesnil has given. The exhibitions have been arranged so as to give some idea of the useful and beautiful results of this new discovery, and also to afford an opportunity of following every stage of the vegetation of plants reared without earth.

It is manifest that this discovery will indefinitely increase the facilities for the floral decoration of interiors. There is scarcely any kind of vessel in which the plants

cannot be arranged, and the arrangement must inevitably be far more graceful, convenient, and healthful than with pots of earth.

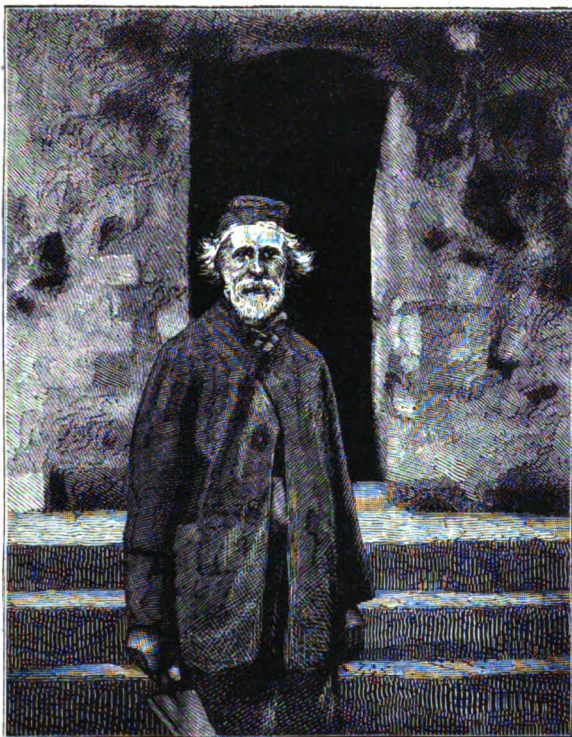
During the two winters since M. Dumesnil perfected his discovery, he has had all kinds of ordinary flowers blooming in baskets containing the fertilising moss. On the occasion of any fête, as for instance Christmas, his tables have been covered with a profusion of spring flowers, and he has been able to decorate his rooms with a freedom impossible

with plants growing in earth. Thus, while nature outside lay frozen and dead, the interior of his house has been a blooming parterre.

The practice of adorning rooms with plants is so agreeable a one, that few persons like to be told it may prove a source of disease. A Russian lady suffering from intermittent fever was attended by Professor Edward von Eichwald, of St. Petersburg. The disease readily gave way to quinine, but

returned again and again in the most inexplicable manner. At last the cause was discovered: when she left her sick room convalescent she went into the salon, a large room filled with plants. Professor von Eichwald ordered the room to be entirely cleared, and the fever returned no more. Such malignant effects are impossible with the fertilising moss, it cannot turn sour like earth and poison the plants, or contain germs of malaria and poison their owners.

The extraordinary way in which the discovery will develop the artistic character of



M. Dumesnil at Vasceuil.

floral decoration, in the facilities it will afford to all kinds of arrangements and effects in colour, can only as yet be faintly imagined. Churches, terraces, and even public roads will by its help be far more beautifully and rapidly decorated; for the great obstacle of weight in the removal of plants will be obviated—there will be scarcely anything to carry but the plant itself, so that in the majority of cases a child's strength will suffice to remove the wicker-basket in which the plant will be living.

There appear to be no practical difficulties in carrying out the process. The one all-important point is to preserve the roots of the plant from being torn or otherwise mutilated, and from being brought into close proximity with the fertilising moss. In taking a plant from the earth, M. Dumesnil removes the mould about the roots by placing it in slightly tepid water. Having prepared, in the basket or vase intended for the plant, a bed of fertilising moss, the quantity being regulated according to the strength of the plant, he places over it a layer of ordinary moss of similar thickness. He then takes the plant and, spreading out the roots, fastens it in the ordinary moss, covering the whole with another layer of the fertilising moss. A little water is given at first and the moss always kept *slightly* humid. If the change from the earth to the moss is made with intelligence, the plant soon exhibits all the beauty and freedom of life, its satisfaction in its new conditions being shown by the quantity of rootlets it throws out.

Other gardeners besides M. Dumesnil have tested the process and witness to the same results. M. Cabos, director of the public gardens at Havre, has, since the 22nd of November last, been cultivating in the fertilising moss *dracæni*, *alternantheri*, *crotons*, and *cocoa-nut* trees, all hot-house plants; as well as palm-trees, *chamærops* and the *Pteris Arguta* had developed numerous new roots in the moss. None of these plants had lost a single leaf, nor had even faded at the time of their transplantation. In a fortnight they had completely taken possession of the moss, and had thrown out new leaves. In the *chamærops*, two or three long roots of the thickness of a quill had appeared, one of the best indications of the vigour of a young palm-tree. The old roots had developed a quantity of fine rootlets. The *Cocos binoti*, and the various kinds of *dracæna*, all very delicate, had also produced new roots, and were in perfect health.

On December 9th he submitted a number

of ordinary green-house plants to the process, with complete success. All the plants preserved their vigour, and their health continued as if nothing had happened.

On the 17th, he placed in the fertilising moss a *Eucalyptus globulus*. This shrub has the reputation of not bearing transplantation; however it scarcely faded. Two *Cuphea bazli*, equally difficult subjects, were put into the moss on the same day, and gave no appearance of suffering from the change. The culture in moss of the *Eucalyptus globulus* is the more important, as this celebrated shrub has the property of disinfecting the air, and is beginning to be used in sick-rooms.

It will be observed that these perfect results have been obtained by practised horticulturists. Amateurs must not expect that this process in any way dispenses with attention to the ordinary laws of vegetable life. Happy results will depend as heretofore on the degree to which the plants are loved and cared for.

The object in the cultivation of vegetables being increased and regular productiveness, the plan adopted by the gardener of *Vasceuil* is to place their roots, enveloped as above described, in an ordinary bed of mould. The results are most satisfactory. We saw at *Vasceuil* as many as thirty fine potatoes the produce of one mother-tuber. Thus the poorest land may be made to teem with rich crops, the soil being of no importance, the earth merely affording room and shelter for the plants. Seedlings and cuttings are raised in the same way. In fact the process seems to have all the characteristics of a great discovery: perfection in principle and indefinite powers of further development.

The discovery of a nourishment applicable to all forms of vegetable life is the primary fact in the Dumesnil culture. The fertilising moss agrees with every kind of plant, those that grow wild, as well as exotics, herbaceous or ligneous, ornamental, or for food. By its fostering power with plants, natives of the Pyrenees, the Alps, the Carpathian Mountains, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas, introduced during recent years into English gardens, will, by this process, flourish under a simple glass all the year round.

M. Dumesnil's innovation rests on an idea justified by physiological laws, the extremely abundant development of the rootlets of plants when permitted to spread themselves out in a medium less dense and as rich as the most fertile earth. All the applications of the discovery are derived from this truth proved by experience. Thus is explained the increase in the rend of vegetables growing in

the earth and of their powers of vital resistance against frost and inclement weather, when their roots are covered up in a bed of fertilising moss.

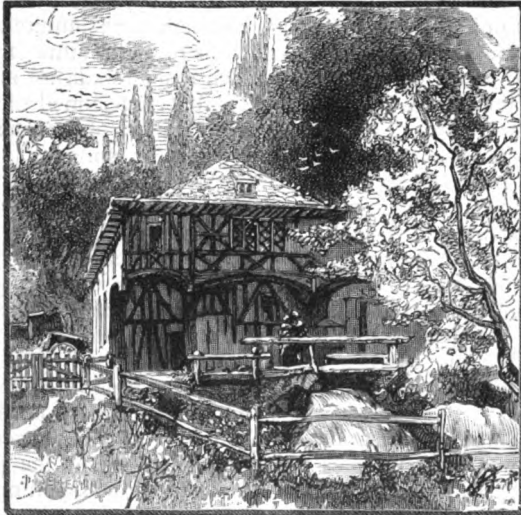
These are entirely new facts, and facts that may have an important influence in augmenting the public wealth.

The process is already patented in England, and a depôt will shortly be opened in this country for its sale, meanwhile it can be obtained from M. M. Langer, at Havre. It cannot be expensive, as among the advantages the inventor most looks for is the certainty of being able to fill the humblest apartments at every season with exactly the flowers its tenant most admires.

Alfred Dumesnil in his *Life of Palissy* the Potter gave a foretaste of his ardent sympathy with the discoverer, the man of faith who believes that God will reveal the secrets of creation to those who humbly and patiently and religiously labour for their discovery. He has followed in the path of his hero and crowned his work, for henceforth the beautiful art with which Palissy's name is identified

will become more charming than ever, bearing as its productions will not merely cut flowers, or flowers laden with earth, but living happy plants blooming in all their natural fragrance and glory.

Thus, as this new discoverer has said in summing up the work of Palissy:—"Not only does Science manifest herself to those who seek her, but she gives more than the knowledge they seek. Palissy sought white enamel; he found a new art, the art of enamelling in colour. It is the confirmation of the maxim—'Give, and it shall be given unto you.' To understand this mystery we must enter into the imagination of the discoverer; he succeeds beyond his intentions. The theme was his, the work of enlarging, of elevating it Providence itself undertakes. Thus have inventors discovered more than they imagined or ever intended, and the lesson of their lives is to note how well reality and mystery, the human will and the help of Providence, have mingled so that nothing is better fitted to encourage men to new discoveries."



Water Mill near Vascouil. (*From a Sketch by the Writer.*)

SOME NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

PART I.

IT is very difficult to realise the extreme antiquity of ancient Egypt. The dates assigned by learned experts to the same event or reign sometimes vary enormously. For instance, M. Mariette, a notable explorer and authority, believes that the Great Pyramid of

Gizeh was built 4,235 years before the coming of Christ. Bunsen shortens this number to 3,209; Poole, Wilkinson, and others reduce it to 2,450. It is right to say that their calculations do not present such divergent results in respect to later dates. When we come down the stream of Egyptian history to such comparatively modern times as those in which the Exodus of the Israelites took place we find chronologists nearly agreed. It is in regard to earlier ages that they differ widely. But even if we take the shortest of these periods between the building of the Great Pyramid and the commencement of the Christian era, its length baffles our power of mental measurement. We look with a sense of strained or imperfect perception at many of the old ecclesiastical and other buildings in our own land. They seem to us hoary with age. But what is a duration of, say, some 800 years, compared with that of the Great Pyramid, built, according to the least ancient computation of its date, 4,250 years ago? There are grave authorities which determine it to be much older. It is impossible for the mind to grasp and realise such a space of time.

When, however, we think of the witness to still more distant ages revealed by the construction of the Pyramid itself; when we discover by the marks of the workmen upon its materials that they were acquainted with the decimal notation; when we find enormous blocks of stone in its interior fitted with a nicety which almost defies the search for a joint; and when we peer further into the dim past, and try to apprehend the long growth of civilisation which must have taken place before such finished perfection of workmanship could have been reached, our nimble thought is checked. We are fairly aghast at the attempt to realise the antiquity of Egypt.

It was civilised, its chronicles were kept, its kings carried on wars with armies of imported negroes, its priests conducted an elaborate ritual in gorgeous temples, its rich men employed skilled painters and engravers to decorate the walls of their tombs, its courtiers—in notes which might have been penned yesterday—recorded their gratification at proofs of royal confidence, its life was full of the minutiae and etiquette of civilisation in government, religion, science, and art, ages before what many had considered to be the dawn of history, before a word had been written of the oldest books known to European scholars.

It is most notable, moreover, that we do

not get our view into the remote past of Egypt through the labours and researches of historians. I do not mean that we are indebted to geologists for the discovery of Egyptian relics as we are for the stone implements of prehistoric man. The testimony to Egyptian antiquity is strictly historical, but not the result of inquiry into legends and traditions which have survived the fall of a nation, and either been passed on from one generation to another or put into writing long after the events which are chronicled took place. We get the old history of Egypt at first hand. The life of the country was recorded as it passed; and the original documents are in existence. That which we learn about ancient Egypt is as fresh to its facts as the information published in the *Times*. Its records may be called a current journal of the condition and doings of its kings and people. We are indebted to no student who has gathered hints and glimpses of its past from traditions and memorials of events which were written long after they had happened. The history of Egypt was set down on the spot, and at the very time of its passage, by the Egyptians themselves. Their death chambers were minutely inscribed with the details of the routine of the dead man's life. Their temple walls not merely guarded sacred rites, but proclaimed the chief religious and political news of the year. There they wrote their creeds and their views. There they engraved the current Blue Books of the War Office and the Admiralty. There the idler in the town could learn about his country's gods, kings, battles, and quarrels as he strolled along. They were as plain to him as the staring illustrated advertisements and placards of our streets are to us.

But no one up to these latter days could read the writing. The text of the sculptures and paintings could not be deciphered. The most learned experts were like ignorant children, who look at the pictures of a strange book but cannot spell out their explanation; and though such pictures may please babies, they provoke philosophers. It is only within the present century that the veil has been drawn aside which hung before the contemporaneous literature of ancient Egypt, and any true perception has been reached by archæologists of the meaning and value of the testimony borne by its surviving records to the life of this most ancient world.

The stones of temples were seen to be covered with painted and chiselled history. Every square yard within the galleries and chambers of tombs was perceived to be

crowded with significant sculptures and detailed inscriptions. Sarcophagi, tablets, mummy cases, and statues were collected in museums, most of them bearing plain but untranslated witness to the time when they were new. Rolls of papyrus, closely written, were gathered and brought home by experts, only to defy interpretation. The wisest could but gaze and conjecture. Here were a multitude of witnesses brimful of information waiting to be examined, but no means or language could be found which would enable them to be questioned and say what they knew. It is only within the last few years that they have begun to open their mysterious lips and tell their tale. Some few good guesses had been made about the story which these witnesses could reveal, but they were only guesses. No one could do more than look at them and make fruitless experiments to break the silence which they kept. Thus learned men stood in speculative impotence, with a mass of testimony before them, eagerly groping for some key which would enable them to read and interpret it. But it was not till about sixty years ago that one, Champollion, laid his hand upon the needed clue. It had been indicated by a small tablet, now in the British Museum, called the "Rosetta Stone," discovered in 1799. This tablet was engraved 195 years before Christ, and is the record of a vote of thanks to Ptolemy V. by the priests at Memphis. Happily for those who live more than 2,000 years later, it was inscribed in the old hieroglyphic, or dead Egyptian language; in the demotic or vernacular, *i.e.* that of the then day written in a simpler manner by cursive signs; and also in Greek, used at that time for such public documents as involved any relation with the Greek inhabitants of Egypt. This trilingual inscription revealed the first glimpse of the long-sought-for secret. Its full revelation was aided by the preserved literature of the Coptic language spoken in Egypt till within a few centuries ago. For some time, though the Greek translation of the old Egyptian obviously indicated the perfect clue, small progress was made in the construction or discovery of an alphabet which should enable scholars to read the stores of history which were accessible. Five letters only were made out. This was in 1821. But in 1822 Champollion hit upon the complete key to the decipherment of Egyptian, proving the mixed nature of the language, written in signs partly representing sounds, partly ideas.

The door being thus opened, it was not

long before a crowd of experts rushed in. There was at first some naturally wild eagerness to apply the discovered clue, and some rather unphilosophic squabbling about results obtained by hasty interpretation, and the precise method in which the key should be applied to and turned in the hitherto impenetrable lock. But the wisest scholars have now for some time settled down to their work, and the labour they have bestowed upon it has quickened the dry bones of Egypt with marvellous life. The witnesses have broken their long silence and begun to speak. They have borne their testimony to the history, religion, customs, domestic routine, science and art of their old world. No doubt there are gaps and chronological perplexities in the record. All kinds and vehicles of information have been pressed into its construction. The field of it is enormous and minute. Not only have tombs, temple walls, and manuscripts been examined and read, but, to quote from Mr. Birch's Rede Lecture, "No object has been deemed too trivial for examination. The relations of one monarch to another have been found on scraps of vases, chips of wood, and fragments of papyri. A mutilated hieroglyph on the dress of a statue has revealed a political mystery, and a series of erasures on granite blocks, a religious revolution." But still, in the main, the stream of Egyptian history, with its indications of huge reversals, revivals, and changes, has been fairly made out. One result, in support of what I have already noticed in this paper, seems to be that, despite of their enormous antiquity, we trace back the Egyptians from historical and not geological sources. Their connection with prehistoric man is not discovered. We stand perplexed before the fact that some of the most ancient Egyptian monuments existing show the most finished workmanship; and we do not find any which led up to them, although the climate would have favoured their preservation.

Indeed, nothing strikes the visitor to Egypt more than the freshness of the oldest sculptures and inscriptions which have been uncovered. Egyptian air and sand are marvellous preservers. There are parts, *e.g.* of the temple at Abydos, which the sculptor might, seemingly, have just left, so clean and perfect are the edges of his work. You almost look for the chips and dust at the foot of the wall before which he stood, mallet and chisel in hand. Time appears to have stopped since he gave the last delicate touch to his performance, took up his tools and

walked home. Nay, in some places his departure is even vividly perceptible. Mariette Bey, in describing his entrance into one of the chambers at Memphis, where the Bull mummy was laid more than 3,000 years ago, tells us that he found on its sand-sprinkled floor the foot-prints of the workmen as they had left the place. *Man* has been of late the chief destroyer in Egypt. Memphis, the great metropolis, at least so much of it as remained above ground, has disappeared, having been made a quarry by comparatively recent generations of architects and builders. An Arabian traveller in the Middle Ages tells us that its ruins stretched for half a day's journey in every direction, and that although the spoiler was then at work, they were so grand as to be indescribable. Now they are gone. Precious mummy cases and manuscripts innumerable have been used for centuries as fuel. And at the present day the work of destruction and mutilation goes rapidly on. I myself found free access to sculptured tombs of inestimable historic importance allowed to Arabs, probably more ignorant of their value than shoeblacks on London Bridge are of the history of the Tower. But the most unpardonable sinners are modern tourists, with their knives and hammers. In a famous tomb at Benihassan, there was lately a wonderfully well preserved picture, long supposed to represent Joseph introducing his brethren to Pharaoh. Mr. Renouf says that an English lady has been heard to request her guide to cut out for her the face of Joseph. Still very much remains; many of the most precious relics hitherto discovered having been made safe in the shelter of museums, notably in that of Boulak at Cairo, which, though small, contains some of the most perfect specimens of old Egyptian work in the world, and is thus a storehouse of its history. There are also huge breadths of temple wall covered with hieroglyphic inscriptions of which only portions have been translated up to the present time. Beside these, the later generation of investigators have found or made access to sources of information concealed from older inquirers, I mean "texts" of high antiquity which had been long hidden in sealed tombs, but are now discovered, and are capable of trustworthy translation by means of the key which has been found.

I will now try to look in somewhat more connected order at several phases of old Egyptian life. The ethnology of Egypt has been found by the most learned experts to be very obscure. They can say little more

than that, looking at the faces and figures of the men portrayed upon the oldest monuments, they are distinct from those of the negro. These men have neither his blunt nose, long heel, nor black skin. The skull, according to Professor Owen, shows a highly Caucasian type and intellectual development. Mr. Birch thinks that the Egyptian resulted from a fusion of different races. Certainly his type, however produced, is wonderfully enduring. I have several times been much struck by the resemblance between the modern peasant who drove my donkey, and his remote ancestor painted on the walls of the most ancient tombs.

The history of Egypt, although we have long lists of consecutive Pharaohs, and though some portions of it stand out with surprising clearness, is broken by serious gaps which have not yet been bridged over. It is true that there is a papyrus composed about 1300 B.C., of which so much is decipherable as to show that it is a carefully compiled chronicle of the country from the supposed creation of the world—according to Egyptian notions—up to that date; but it is so torn and worn as to be historically almost useless. We learn, however, from other sources much about a succession of ancient dynasties, during the earliest of which wars were carried on with the Bedouins in the east, and Libyans in the west, and much devotion was shown in the construction of monuments and tombs. These wars were presently waged with the assistance of conscript negroes brought down the Nile in large transport ships. Then come blanks in which national calamities are marked by cessation in the building of temples and in the engraving of contemporary history, for the Egyptian never liked to chronicle events unfavourable to himself. Then the Theban dynasty arose, and Egypt arose with it. Former defeats were avenged, more temples and pyramids were built, agriculture was revived, and order re-established. This period was broken by the arrival of the famous Shepherd kings, but whence they came no one can really determine. We know, however, that in the main they accepted the civilisation which they found. After several hundred years they were expelled, a papyrus in the British Museum telling us how this was done. Then Egypt had a fresh Theban revival. We find her turning the tables on other countries, and from having been invaded becoming an invader. Her galleys were to be seen in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, the horse was introduced with the war chariot, Asiatic slaves were employed on

government works, and Central Asia was conquered, after campaigns begun by the famous battle of Megiddo, fought by Thothmes III. in Palestine. This is a singularly interesting period in Egyptian history, as it brings before us contemporaneous allusion to Damascus, Hamath, an "Og," king of Bashan, and many original names of the cities of Canaan two centuries and a half before the time of Joshua. To quote from Mr. Birch, "The arm of Egypt reached to Nineveh. Babel brought tributes and homage. . . . In the hymns or poems to Thothmes, Phœnicia and the islands of the Mediterranean are mentioned." Then comes another eclipse in Egyptian history, with religious revolution, in which, under Amenophis IV., the worship of the Disc was introduced and the old gods were vigorously assailed. Their honour, however, was soon restored, for this effort to stamp out popular polytheism and abolish all worship except that of the Sun produced a reform which lasted for only one generation. Presently fresh invasions came from the east, whereby the conquests of Thothmes were lost. These were, nevertheless, once more regained, and indeed extended into Europe, by Rameses II., or the Great, known to the Greeks as Sesostris, who is believed to be the Pharaoh who first mightily oppressed the children of Israel.

After the death of his son Menepthah, the supposed Pharaoh of the Exodus, there are plain proofs of another Egyptian convulsion, the country being divided among several rulers, like feudal barons. But fresh kings arise, the greatest of them being the Rhampsinitus of Herodotus, who was so mysteriously puzzled by the clever thief that got into his secret treasure-house. It is curious to note how this story of grim humour stands with chief surviving interest in the record of his sumptuousness and power. The granite coffin lid of King Rhampsinitus is now in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge.

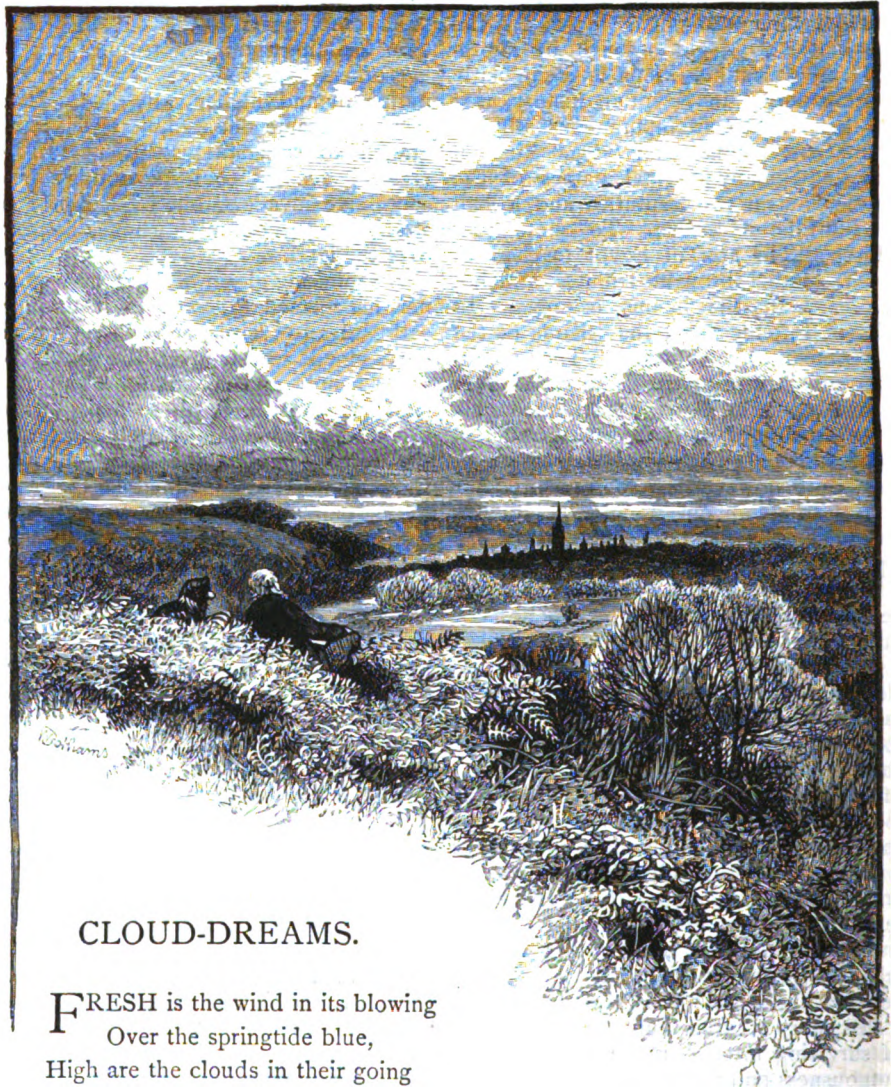
After his time Egypt began rapidly to lose its old characteristic life under foreign influences brought to bear upon it by immigration and inter-marriage. The event most interesting to us during this period was the invasion of Palestine and siege of Jerusalem by Shishak I. Before very long, however, fresh storms came from the east, and at length Cambyses swept over the land, making sad havoc among the images, and for awhile "the history of Egypt became that of a Persian satrapy." After the fall of Persia it appeared as a Grecian kingdom, with its capital at Alexandria, founded B.C. 332. It is true that

the Greeks, and subsequently the Romans, paid compliments to the old Egyptian religion, building some new temples and repairing others, but ancient Egypt by degrees nationally and intellectually died. Its architecture became debased, its "wisdom" degraded to superstitious littlenesses. Once great, it seemed to learn nothing from its successive invaders, but died slowly like a strong giant whose mighty bones lie scattered over the land.

A promising gleam of light and spasm of new life seemed to come to it through the early spread of Christianity there, but soon a dark cloud settled over the whole region under caliphs and sultans for a long Arabian night, with which, in these notes on ancient Egypt, we are not immediately concerned.

I have compiled the short summary of Egyptian history contained in the few preceding paragraphs in order to realise better the fact, that though it carries us back an immense way, it leaves us in the face of more which we cannot pursue. We are accustomed to read and hear of prehistoric and historic times, but few apprehend that these really may be said to have overlapped in the case of Egypt. How far they did so is one of the questions for geologists and historians to answer. The most amazing feature of Egyptian records is, not that we have proof of the existence of a civilisation anterior to any of which there is evidence in other parts of the world, but that we have no record whatever of its rise. When traced back as far as it can be traced, it presents itself to the explorer as in many respects full grown. The oldest monuments, e.g., display a perfection of finish in their construction, down to the minutest precision of workmanship, which is surpassed by none that succeeded them. The ruder ages of Egyptian architecture are the later. What went before, what long periods elapsed during which that civilisation grew which resulted in the most ancient remaining fabrics, it is bewildering to conjecture. But it would seem that while Europe lay in uncivilised darkness, while its peoples, if they may be called such, were in the condition represented by their expiring survivors, the Esquimaux, and have left behind them no surviving sign of their humanity better than flint flakes and the rudest scratchings on coarse implements of horn, there was a nation on the banks of the Nile familiar with stately buildings, on whose walls was a finished sculptured history, the result of long previous civilisation.

(To be continued.)



CLOUD-DREAMS.

FRESH is the wind in its blowing
Over the springtide blue,
High are the clouds in their going
Afret where the winds pursue;
With beauty their only showing,
White with their own content,
Gayly they go without knowing .
Whence come or whither sent.

From southward to westward drifted
All of this April day,
Full lightly they swing, uplifted
Over the city's grey ;

Tossed free of the wind and rifted
In darts of sudden blue,
Caught warm of the sun and sifted
With clear light thro' and thro'.

O'er shadowless deeps of azure
All as the wise winds blow,

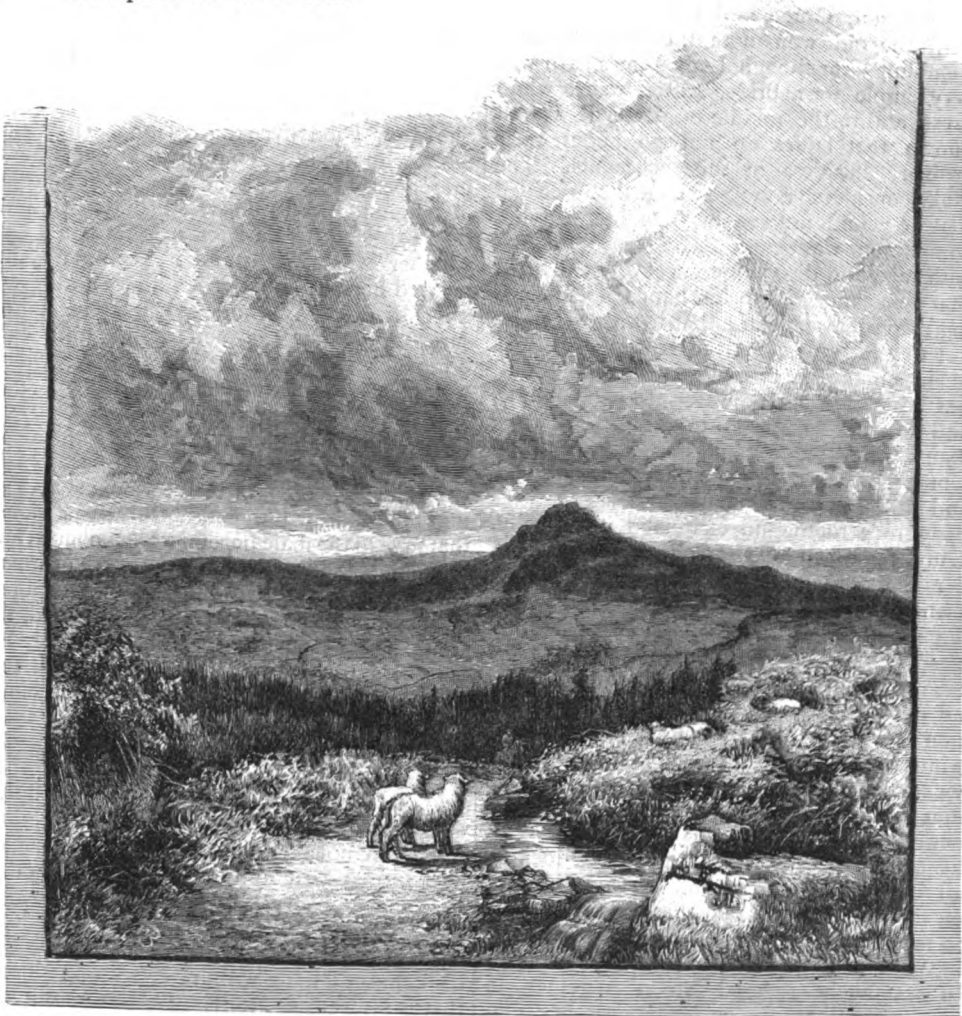
With a seemly grace of leisure,
 Cloud after cloud they go ;
 In a dance of sunny pleasure
 That keepeth high and clear,
 As unto an airy measure
 Too fine for human ear.

I watch them drift and dally,
 And shine as they were wet,
 With the brightness blown in sally
 Of winds that veer and fret :
 Till my youth dreams rise and rally,
 And press me still to seek

A cloud-land of slope and valley,
 Sun-touched on one pure peak.

O clouds ! you have me for lover,
 With love that shall not cease,
 'Though the dreams of youth be over,
 Your beauty bringeth peace ;
 In me ye can still discover
 The merry-hearted lad,
 Who was wont to watch you hover,
 In dreams that made him glad.

JAMES HENDRY.



LADY JANE.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE WEDDING-DAY.

IT was not a pleasant day in Grosvenor Square. When the Duke arrived in his cab the door was opened to him by the humble person who had care of the house while the family were out of town, an old servant to whom this charge was a sort of pensioning off. She was very much fluttered, and informed him in an undertone that Lady Jane had arrived a few minutes before "with a gentleman." "Her Ladyship is in the library, your Grace, and the gentleman with her," the old woman said, courtesying and trembling—for though Lady Jane's garb was very simple for a bride, still it was a white dress, and in the middle of winter it is well known that ladies do not go about their ordinary business in such garments. The Duke considered a moment and then decided that he would not see his daughter till her companion was gone. He was tremulous with rage and discomfiture, yet with the sense that vengeance was in his hands. This feeling made him conclude that it was more wise not to see Winton, not to run the risk of losing his temper or betraying his intentions, but to remain on the watch till he withdrew, and in the meantime to arrange his own plans. He told the old housekeeper to let him know when the gentleman was gone, and in the meantime hurried up-stairs to his daughter's room, and examined it carefully. Lady Jane had two rooms appropriated to her use, with a third communicating with them in which her maid slept. This was a large area to put under lock and key, which was her father's determination: but in the ferment of his excited mind and temper he felt no derogation in the half-stealthy examination he made of the shut-up rooms, their windows and means of communication, the locks on the door, and all the arrangements that would be necessary to shut them off entirely from the rest of the house. With his own hands he removed the keys, locking all the doors but one, and leaving the key on the outside of that to shut off all entrance to the prison.

While he was thus occupied the pair so strangely severed stood together in the library waiting for his appearance, and getting a certain bitter sweetness out of the last hour they were to spend together. They

were not aware that it was, in any serious sense of the words, their last hour. "Till to-morrow" was the limit they gave themselves. To-morrow no further interruption would be possible, the incomplete service would be resumed, and all would be well. Even the Duke, unreasonable as he might be, would not think it practicable, when in his sober senses, to endeavour to sunder those who had been almost put together in the presence of God. They believed, notwithstanding the tantalising misery of this interruption, that it could not be but for a few hours, and though Winton's impatience and indignation were at first almost frenzy, Lady Jane recovered her courage before they reached the house, and did her best to soothe him. She drew good even out of the evil. To-morrow all would be completed in her father's presence. When once convinced that matters had gone too far to be arrested, how could he refuse to lend his sanction to what must be, whether with his sanction or not? She pleased herself with this solution of all their difficulties. "My mother will come, I am sure," she said, "as soon as the train can bring her; I shall have her with me, which will be far, far better than Lady Germaine, and there will be no further need of concealment, which is odious, is it not, Reginald? There is a soul of goodness in things evil," she said. As for Winton he was past speaking: the disappointment, and those passions that rage in the male bosom, were too much for him—fury and indignation, and pride in arms, and the sense of defeat which was intolerable. But he permitted himself to be subdued, to yield to her who had put so much force upon herself, and conquered so many natural repugnances and womanly traditions for him. Lady Jane would not even let it appear that she felt the shame of being thus dragged back to her father's house. "To-morrow," she said, "to-morrow," with a thousand tender smiles. When it became apparent that the Duke did not mean to make an appearance she turned that to their advantage with soothing sophistry. "He has nothing to say now," she cried, "don't you see, Reginald? You cannot expect him to come and offer us his consent: if he withdraws his opposition that is all we can desire. Had he meant to persevere he would have come to us at once, and ordered you away, and made another

struggle. That is what I have been fearing. And now in return for his forbearance you must go. Oh, do you think I wish you to go? but it is best, it will be most honourable. What could be done in the circumstances but that you should bring me home? Yes, till your house is mine this is still home—till to-morrow," she cried, smiling upon him. Winton paced up and down the gloomy closed-up room in an agony of uncertainty, bewilderment, and dismay.

"My home is yours," he cried; "and what sort of place is this to bring you to, my darling, without a soul to take care of you or look after your comfort, without a fire even, or a servant:—on this day! It is intolerable! And how, how can I go and leave you, on our wedding day? It is more than flesh and blood can bear. Jane, I have a foreboding; I can't be hopeful like you. If you submitted to the force of circumstances in that wretched church, there is no force of any kind here. Don't send me away; come with me, my love, my dearest. The way is clear, there is nothing but that old woman—"

"There is our honour," said Lady Jane. "I pledged it to my father. And if I went with you it would only be to separate again. Surely I am better at home than at Lady Germaine's:—till to-morrow—till to-morrow," she repeated softly. The library was next the door, it was close to the open street, the free air out-of-doors. The temptation, though she rejected it, was great upon Lady Jane too. There was a moment in which, though she did not allow it, she wavered. The next moment, with more fortitude than ever, she recovered the mastery of herself. It was she at last who, tenderly persuading and beseeching, induced him to go away. She went to the door with him and almost put him out with loving force. "You will come back for me to-morrow—to-morrow! it is not long till to-morrow," she said, waving her hand to her distracted bridegroom as he hurried away. It was well that there was nobody in town—nobody in Grosvenor Square—except a passing milkboy, to see the Duke's daughter standing in the doorway like the simplest maiden, in her white dress, a wonderful vision for a murky London day, taking farewell of her love. She closed the door after him with her own hand, while poor old Mrs. Brown, in such a flutter as she had never before experienced in her life, came bobbing out from the corner in which she had been keeping watch. "Oh, my lady! my lady!" the old woman said. She had scarcely been high enough up in the hierarchy

of service below-stairs to have come to speech of Lady Jane at all, and now to think that she was all the attendance possible for that princess royal! Lady Jane it may be supposed was in no light-hearted mood, but she stopped with a smile to reassure the old servant.

"Nurse Mordaunt is with me," she said; "she will no doubt be here directly, Mrs. Brown. You must not vex yourself about me. It will only be till to-morrow. If you will have a fire lighted in my room, I will go there."

"Yes, my lady; oh, my lady! but I'm afraid there's some sad trouble," said the old housekeeper.

Lady Jane was far too high-bred to reject this sympathy, but it was almost more than in her valour she could bear. Her eyes filled in spite of herself. "It is only an extraordinary accident," she said. "But Mordaunt will tell you when she comes." She was glad to escape into the library that she might not break down. Turning round to re-enter alone that huge, cold, uninhabited place, her mind was seized with a spasm of terror. The blinds were drawn down, the fireplace was cold, it was like a room out of which the dead had been newly carried, not a place to receive a woman in the most living moment of life—on her wedding day! She had borne herself very bravely as long as her lover was there—almost too bravely, trying to make him believe that it was nothing, that she had scarcely any feeling on the subject. But when she saw him go, the clouds and darkness closed in upon Lady Jane, her lips quivered sadly as she spoke to Mrs. Brown. When she was alone her swelling heart and throbbing forehead were relieved by a sudden passion of tears. Would it be nothing as she had made believe? or was it a parting, an ending, a severance from Reginald and hope? A black moment passed over her—blacker than anything that Winton felt as, distracted and furious, burning with intentions of vengeance, and a sense of injury in which there was some relief from the misery of the situation, he hurried along towards the Germaines' house. There at least he could plan and arrange, and talk out his fury and wretchedness. But Lady Jane had no such solace. When she had yielded to that bitter *accès* of tears, and felt herself pass under the cloud, she had to gather herself together again all unaided, and recover her composure as best she could. That sensation of overwhelming cold which so often accompanies a mental crisis made her shiver. She drew her

cloak closely round her, and went slowly up-stairs through the hollow silence of the great house, pausing now and then to take breath in her nervous exhaustion, and looking anxiously for the appearance of her father. Did he not mean to come to her at all? Lady Jane had no idea that she was going with all those hesitations and pauses straight into a prison. Such a thought had never occurred to her. She believed still in reason and loving-kindness and truth. Her father, when he saw it impossible, would after all yield, she thought. Her mother would come to succour her in this extraordinary emergency. "There is a soul of goodness in things evil," she murmured again to herself, but not so bravely as she had said it to her lover. The house was so cold, such an echoing solitude, no living thing visible, and she alone in it, left to wear through the weary hours as she could—on her wedding day!

Thus with tired and lingering steps, and despondency taking possession of her soul, Lady Jane went softly up-stairs, longing to divest herself of her wedding gown and hide her humiliation, looking vainly for her father, whose appearance in this wilderness, even if it were only to upbraid and denounce her, would still have had a certain consolation in it. The Duke, unseen, watched her progress with a vindictive pleasure in the downcast air and slow, languid step. He watched her to her very door with an eagerness not to be described. At the last moment she might turn round, she might still leave the house, she might escape. In no case could he have used violence to his daughter. To level thunderbolts of speech was one thing, to use force was quite another. To lift his hand was impossible. If she turned round and fled down the stairs and out at the door she must do so: there was no way in which he could stop her: if any third person were present, even Mrs. Brown, he would be obliged to keep a watch upon himself, to demand no more obedience than she would give, to treat her as a reasonable being. All this the Duke felt, spying upon her steps as she went slowly up, following her, his footsteps falling noiselessly on the thick carpets. He heard her sigh, but this made no difference. To any one else this sigh of the widowed bride alone in this dismal empty house on the day that was to have been, that almost was, her wedding day, would have contained something touching. But it did not touch the Duke. He followed at a distance, keeping out of sight, determined to give her no opportunity to

appeal to him. When he heard her door close, a certain glow of satisfaction came over his face. He went forward quickly, and turned the key in the lock and put it in his pocket. He heard her moving about in the room, and he could hear that she stopped short at the noise and stood listening to know what it was. But all was quiet again, and Lady Jane suspected nothing. She had begun to look in her wardrobe for something to put on instead of her white dress. She thought it was some jar of one of the doors as she opened them. And he stole down-stairs again unnoticed and unobserved. Who was there to notice him? no one in the house, except his daughter locked into the room, and Mrs. Brown with her little niece down-stairs. The Duke withdrew into the library, where he had sat and pondered for many a day, but never as now. The old housekeeper had bestirred herself and had lighted a fire and set out a table with two places for luncheon. She at least could do her duty if no one else did. Mrs. Brown, indeed, felt as a neglected general has often done when the moment arrived in which he could distinguish himself. She had never had this opportunity. Now, at last, in the end of her life it had come to her. His Grace, who was so particular, should for once in his life know what it was to eat a chop, an English chop, in its perfection. She had sent out her handmaiden to fetch them and lit the fire herself in her devotion. This is an extent of enthusiasm to which few people would go. And Lady Jane, sweet creature, who was evidently in trouble somehow with her papa, who had sent that nice young gentleman off as fast as ever she could that the Duke and he might not meet, poor thing! what would be so good for her as a chop? The old housekeeper betook herself to her work with the warmest sense at once of benevolence and of power—power to ameliorate and soften the hardness of destiny, and to win fame and honour to herself. What enterprise could have a finer motive? Of the three people in the house, she was the happy one, as happens not unfrequently among all the twists and entanglements of fate.

Before, however, Mrs. Brown had begun to cook her chops, Nurse Mordaunt, Lady Jane's devoted attendant since her childhood, arrived in much anxiety and distress. Nurse had been detained by various matters, by Lady Germaine and by the delay in getting her ladyship's things, which had been left that morning at Lady Germaine's house. With a heavy heart nurse had effaced the

direction of Lady Jane Winton from the box. She had never herself approved of such a marriage any more than the Duke did. It injured her pride sadly to think of "my lady" marrying a commoner at all, and marrying him secretly at a poky little church in the city! But that she should be married and not married, half a wife, "dragged from the altar," was something which no one could contemplate with calmness. Nurse was more shamed, distracted, broken-hearted than any of the party. "Oh, don't ask me," she answered, shaking her head, when Mrs. Brown humbly, with every respect, begged to know what had happened. "It is as bad as a revolution—it's worse than the Chartists; even Radicals respect the marriage vow," nurse cried in her dismay. "I don't approve of it, and never did and never will. Up to the church door I'd have done anything to stop it. But bless us, if you don't keep the altar sacred what have you got to trust to?" She caused the boxes to be brought into the hall with their erased addresses. There was nobody to carry them anywhere, none of the attendance about to which Mrs. Mordaunt was accustomed. "Fetch one of the men," she had said at first, but then she remembered there was no man in Grosvenor Square at this time of the year. "Drat it, as if things were not bad enough already; no servants, no comfort, nobody but Mrs. Brown to look to everything!" Mrs. Mordaunt was too much broken down to go to her young lady at once. She condescended to go into the kitchen where it was at least warm, to eat one of the chops and to rest a little before she went up-stairs. And her arrival was scarcely over before it was followed by another more urgent and important. The old housekeeper almost fainted when, opening the door in answer to the impatient summons of another arrival, she saw the Duchess herself get out of a hackney cab. "Bless us!" the old woman cried; if the Queen had come next she could not have been more surprised.

The Duchess, it need not be said, was in the secret of all those arrangements which were to make Lady Jane into Reginald Winton's wife. She had a cold that day, partly real, partly no doubt emotional, but enough to make her keep her room in the morning, leaving her guests to the care of her sister, who was at Billings on a visit. She got up, as may be supposed, with a great deal of agitation from her broken rest, thinking of her Jane, how she would be preparing for her marriage, with nobody but Lady

Germaine to comfort and support her. Lady Germaine was very kind: she had taken charge of the whole business; she and her husband had gone to town on purpose to facilitate everything; but still it was dreadful to the Duchess to think that her child should have no one but Lady Germaine to lean upon at such a moment of her life. In her own room in the stillness of the morning the thoughts of the mother were bent upon this subject, which she went over and over, thinking of everything. She figured to herself how her child would wake, and realise what a fateful morning it was, and wish for her mother. How she would say her prayers with all the fervour of such a crisis, and linger upon the contemplation of the past, and the sweet but awful thought of the future. Though her husband and his reign were so near, Jane would think of her home, of the parents who loved her, and shed some tears to think that the most momentous act of her life was taking place away from them, in opposition to one of them. The Duchess, who was very much overcome at once by what she knew and what she did not know, by imagination and by fact, shed more tears herself at this point, and she had to dry them hastily to look up with an unconcerned face when her maid came into the room bringing a piece of news which in a moment startled her into activity and alarm. The Duke had gone suddenly off to town by the early train. After he had read his letters he had seemed agitated, but said nothing to Bowles (who was his Grace's valet) except that business called him to town. And he had been gone an hour when the news was brought to his wife. The reader may suppose how short a time elapsed before the anxious mother followed him. She went out quietly in a close carriage, nobody knowing, and got the next train, arriving in London two hours later than that by which her husband had travelled. He was sitting down with a little shrug of his shoulders, but not without appetite, to Mrs. Brown's chops, when she drove up to the door, and suddenly came in upon him, pale and full of anguish. Her eye ran round the room questioning before she said a word:—then she loosened her cloak and sat down upon the nearest seat with a sigh of relief.

"What have you done with Jane?" she was about to say: but then it appeared to her that Jane must have escaped, that everything was accomplished. She could have wept or laughed in the extreme blessedness of this relief, but she dared not do either. She looked at him instead, as he sat looking

suspiciously at her. "It made me very anxious to hear of your going," she said. "I feared something might be wrong. I am going back directly and nobody knows I am out of my room: but I felt that I must hear——"

"What?" he asked with watchful suspicion; it was a terrible ordeal to go through. The Duchess did all a woman could to take the meaning out of her own face and put upon it an aspect of affectionate concern alone. "I did not know what to think," she said; "I was very anxious: but it cannot be anything very bad, I hope, since I find you——" How hard it is to say what is not the truth! While she uttered these commonplace words her eyes were watching him, keenly questioning everything about him. At last her heart seemed to stand still. She perceived the two covers laid on the table. "You have some one with you," she said, with a catching of her breath.

He looked at her still more keenly. "I have Jane with me," he said.

"Jane!" It was all her mother could do not to break down altogether and show her anguish and disappointment in passionate tears; but her heart was leaping in her throat, and she could not speak.

"That is to say," he added slowly, with unspeakable enjoyment in the sense of having got the better of the women altogether and holding them in his hand, "she is in the house. I arrived in time to save her from becoming the victim—of a villain. I shall keep her safe now I have got her," the Duke said, with an ineffable flourish of his hand.

"The victim—of a villain? What do you mean by such words? They sound as if you had got them out of a novel," the Duchess said; but her heart was beating so that she could scarcely hear herself speak.

"Then you knew nothing about it?" said her husband calmly.

The Duchess got up from her seat. She was too much agitated to be able to keep still. "I knew, if that is what you mean, that she was to marry—the man she loved—to-day. What have you done? Have you parted your own child from her happiness and her life?"

He rose too. He had kept up his calm demeanour as long as he could. Now his rage got the better of him. "So you were in the plot," he cried, "you! I felt it, and yet I could not believe it. You who ought to have been the first to carry out my will and respect my decision."

"Augustus," said his wife, very pale, stand-

ing up before him, her hand upon the back of a tall chair, her head erect, "this must not go too far. Jane has not one but two parents, and she has always had her mother's sanction. You are aware of that."

"Her mother's sanction!" cried the Duke, with a tremulous laugh of passion. "That is a mighty advantage, truly. Her mother! what has her mother to do with it? Nothing! These are pretty heroics, and do very nicely to say to the ignorant; but you know very well that, save as my agent, you have no more to do with Jane or her marriage—no more——"

"It may be so in law," said the Duchess, recovering her composure; "but it is certainly not so in nature; nor have I ever considered myself your agent in respect to my child. I have yielded to you in a hundred ways—and so much the worse for you that I have done so; but, as regards Jane, I have never thought it my duty to yield—and never will; such a suggestion is intolerable," she said, with a touch of feminine passion. "My right and my authority are the same as yours—neither of them absolute—for she is old enough to judge for herself."

"Ah, poor girl!" he said, with a knowledge that it was the most irritating thing he could say, and at the same time a coarse sort of pleasure in insulting the women though they were so near to him; "that is at the bottom of everything. You made her believe it was her last chance. She was determined anyhow to have a husband."

The Duchess grew scarlet, but she was sufficiently enlightened by experience to restrain the angry reply that almost forced its way from her lips. She looked at him with a silent indignation not unmingled with pity, then turned her head away. Poor Mrs. Brown! Her chops that had been so good, so hot, stood neglected on the table. Her opportunity was over. It was no fault of hers that she had not distinguished herself. So many another disappointed genius has done its best, and some accident has stepped in and balked its highest effort. Had the Duchess delayed but half an hour, his Grace, after so much French cookery, would have experienced the wholesome pleasure of at least one British chop, and probably in consequence would have promoted Mrs. Brown to a post near his person. But it was not to be. There was no luncheon eaten that day in Grosvenor Square. The discussion was prolonged for some time, and then the Duchess was heard to go hastily up-stairs. She went to her daughter's room with tears of hot passion in her eyes and an intolerable

pang in her heart, and knocking softly, called to Jane with a voice which she could scarcely keep from breaking. "My darling," she cried, "my sweet, my own girl!" with something heartrending in her accents. All had been still before; but now there was a stir in reply.

"Oh, mother dear, come in, come in! How I have longed for you!" Lady Jane cried; and then there was a little pause of expectation, breathless with a strange suspicion on one side, and such miserable humiliation and anguish on the other, as can scarcely be put into words.

"I cannot come in, my dear love. Oh, my darling, you must be patient. I must go back directly to all those people in the house. You know it would never do——" Here the Duchess, unable to keep up the farce, began all at once to cry and sob piteously outside the door.

Lady Jane, fully roused, hurried to it and turned the handle vainly, and shook the heavy door. "I cannot open it," she cried wildly. "Mother, mother, what does this mean? Cannot you come in? What can take you away from me when I want you—the people in the house? Oh, mother, I want you, I want you!" she cried as she had never done in her life before. And then there was such a scene as might be put into a comedy and made very ridiculous, and which yet was very heartrending as it happened, and overpowered these two women with a consternation, a sense of helplessness, a bitter perception of the small account they were of, which paralyzed their very souls—not only that he had the power to do it, but also the heart: he with whom they had lived in the closest ties, whom they had loved and served, for whom they had been ready to do all that he pleased, one for the greater part of her life, the other since ever she had been born. What did it matter, any one would have said, the power such a man had over his wife and his daughter? He would never use it to make them unhappy. But there are capabilities of human misery in families which no one can fathom, which may seem to make it doubtful by moments how far the family relation is so blessed as it is thought to be. The Duke felt that now, for the first time, he had these women under his thumb, so to speak. He had them so bound that they could not resist, could not move, could not even call for help from any one without betraying the secrets of the family. He kept possession of his library, and, with the key in his pocket, had a moment of

triumph. They had united against him; but now they should feel his power.

CHAPTER XIV.—IN PRISON.

SPACE does not permit us to linger over the exciting scenes that followed. If there had been anything wanted to confirm the determination of the Duke to hold to the position he had taken up, it would have been the arrival of the Duchess and the prodigious step he took in refusing her admittance to her daughter. After that there was nothing too much for him. He had burnt his ships. When Lord and Lady Germaine arrived next morning to bring away the bride, with some trembling on the part of the lady, but a contemptuous certainty on that of the gentleman, that "the old duffer," though he had let his temper out, was not such a fool as all that—they were refused admittance peremptorily. After they had parleyed for some time with the man at the door, a personage whom the Duke, roused into energy by the position in which he found himself, had engaged on the previous day, and who was invulnerable to all assaults and persuasions, the Duchess herself came to them, extremely pale and with difficulty preserving her composure. She had remained all night notwithstanding the misery of the circumstances altogether, and though she did not admit it in words, her quick-witted visitors easily perceived that she herself had not been permitted to see her daughter. "You will think it is mediæval," she said with a faint smile. "The Duke is very determined when he thinks it worth while."

"I suppose," said Lady Germaine, touched by the aspect of the suffering woman, "that one does not have the blood of Merlin in one's veins for nothing."

"Merlin," said Lord Germaine, who was very slangy, "was the old swell who was seduced by Miss Vivien. I don't think it would have been hard work to get over him."

The Duchess stood in the doorway pale, supporting with difficulty any levity on the subject, yet ready to put as brave a face upon it as possible. "Give Reginald my love, and tell him it is impossible this can last for ever," she said. "I am sorry for him to the bottom of my heart, and sorry for my child, but at present I cannot help even her."

Lady Germaine stepped within the guarded door to take the Duchess's hand and kiss her. "And we are so sorry for you, so indignant——"

"Hush," the Duchess said. "It is my

fault, I should have had the courage of my convictions. I should have gone with my child myself; the error was mine."

Lady Germaine was half disposed to reply, "Oh, if you think we neglected any precaution——" But she had not the heart to be offended.

The pair drove away after a while considerably discomfited. "I did not think the old duffer had so much spirit," Lord Germaine said with secret admiration. "I say, Nell—if you tried to marry Dolly against my will I wonder if I should be up to that?"

"If there was any chance of it I should lock you up first," said his dutiful wife.

"And on the edge of a smash, the greatest smash that has been since—— Billings will have to be sold up, and all that is in it," Lord Germaine said thoughtfully.

Lady Germaine showed neither surprise nor pain at this piece of news. "What a chance for Reginald," she said. "He can buy in all their best things and do up Jane's rooms at Winton like her old ones at home." And then she laughed and added, "He wouldn't have those old things in his house. Taste had not been invented when their Graces were married."

It was in this mood of partial hilarity that they reached their own door, where poor Winton was waiting. However sympathetic friends may be, the way in which they take our troubles is very different from the way in which we ourselves take them. The Germaines, though they threw themselves so warmly into his affairs, and had given themselves so much trouble, had to change their aspect suddenly, to put up shutters and draw down blinds metaphorically, as they approached the actual sufferer. But into his misery and rage it is unnecessary to enter. He said as was natural a great many things that it would have been better not to say, and for some time after he besieged the house. He went in person, he wrote, he communicated by means of his solicitors with the solicitors of the Duke, whose mouths watered over the settlements he had made, which the authorities on his own side thought ridiculous, and professed their eagerness to do their best but would not flatter him with any hopes of success. "No man in his senses would reject a son-in-law like you, Mr. Winton, especially in the circumstances," the senior partner said; "but the Duke is the Duke, and there is nothing more to be said. We have found him very impracticable, extremely impracticable in his own affairs; things are looking bad for the family altogether. There is Lord

Hungerford now has some sense. He made a capital marriage himself—you should get him on your side."

Winton found no great difficulty in getting Hungerford on his side. That young nobleman was so much excited on the subject that he even took it upon him to speak to his father and show him how ridiculous it was.

"You can't make a house in Grosvenor Square like a castle in the Apennines," Hungerford cried; "for Heaven's sake, sir, don't make us ridiculous." Lady Hungerford on her side enjoyed the whole affair immensely. "I never realised before that I had really married into a great house," she said. "It's like the *Family Herald*. It's like the sort of nobility we understand among the lower classes, don't you know? not your easy-going, like-other-people kind." And she offered to take lessons of a locksmith so that she might be able to break open Jane's prison.

To tell the truth, even suggestions of this kind, which were partially comic and wholly theatrical, came to be entertained by Winton before his trial was over. One of his friends seriously advised him to get an Italian servant, used to conspiracies, smuggled into the house, in order to deliver the captive. Another thought that rope-ladders and a midnight descent from the window might be practicable; but a rope-ladder from a second-floor window in Grosvenor Square would not be easy to manage, and a wag intervened and suggested a fire-escape, which turned the whole into ridicule. This was one of the aspects of the case, indeed, which aggravated everything else. The whole situation, being so serious and painful to two or three people, was, to the rest of the world, irresistible from the comic side. People drove through Grosvenor Square on purpose to look up at the second-floor windows: and as the instruments began to tune up, and the feast to be set in order for the first arrivals of society, the importance of the strange event grew greater and greater. A new Home-Secretary, and all the consequent changes in the Cabinet, faded into nothing in comparison. "Have you heard that Jane Altamont was half married to Regy Winton some time in the winter, and that odious old Duke dragged her from the very altar, and has kept her ever since under lock and key?" Very likely it was Lady Germaine who first put the story about, but it was taken up by everybody with all the interest and excitement which such a tale warranted. Further details were given that were almost incredible; to wit that the Duchess herself,

though living in the same house, was not allowed to see her daughter, and that Lady Jane for two months had only breathed the fresh air through her window, and had never left the suite of rooms in which she was confined; worse than if she had been in jail, everybody said. But not even this was the point which most roused the popular indignation (if we may call the indignation of the drawing-rooms popular). Half-married! that was the terrible thought.

The Duke paid one or two visits before the opening of Parliament. It may be supposed that to none but very great houses indeed would his Grace pay such an honour: and though he was not very quick to observe in general matters, yet his sense of his own importance was so keen that it answered for intelligence, so far as he himself was concerned. He saw that the ladies regarded him with a sort of alarm, that even the gentlemen after dinner showed a curiosity which was not certainly the awed and respectful interest which he thought it natural he should excite. And it was not long before his hostess, who was, he could not deny, his equal, of his own rank and of unexceptionable antecedents, made the matter clear to him. "Duke," she said, "of course you know I wouldn't for the world meddle in any one's private affairs. But there is such a strange story going about— Dear Jane! We had hoped to see her with you as well as Margaret" (Margaret was the Duchess, and a very intimate friend of this other great lady); "and now neither of them has come. But it is not possible—don't think for a moment that I believe it!—that this story can be true."

"If your Grace will kindly explain what the story is?" Our Duke, liking due respect himself, always gave their titles to other people, according to the Golden Rule.

"I don't like even to put it into words; that you stopped her marriage—at the altar itself; that the dear girl is neither married nor single; that— But I give you pain."

"The statement is calculated to give me pain; but the facts, as of course your Grace knows very well, are true. I arrived in time to prevent my daughter from making a marriage which I disapproved."

"Oh, we are all liable to that," said the great lady, letting her eyes dwell regretfully, yet with maternal pride, upon a daughter who had been so abandoned as to marry a clergyman, but who had produced a baby, for

whose sake the parents had forgiven its father. "Who can guard against such a misfortune? But Beatrice, poor thing, is very happy," she added with a sigh.

The Duke made her a little bow. It said a great deal. It said, if you are so lost to every sense of what is becoming as to take it in that way—but I should never have allowed it! He to utter sentences of this kind, who had made himself the talk of Society! "But Duke," she said with spirit, taking up Nurse Mordaunt's argument, "if the altar is not held sacred, what will become of us? They say you stopped her when she was saying the very words—"

"The subject is not a very agreeable one," said the Duke; "I cannot take it upon me to recollect at what point they were in the service—but at all events, your Grace may be assured it was not too late."

"Oh, but it must have been too late," cried the indignant matron. "I heard he had said 'I will.' I heard he had put the ring on her finger. I could not have believed it was true had not you said so. But you cannot let it rest like that. Half-married! it's wicked, you know," her Grace cried.

And the other Duke, the gracious host, permitted himself, in a moment of expansion, to say something of the same sort. "I wouldn't interfere with your affairs for the world," he said; "but I hope, Billingsgate, you don't mean to let that sweet girl of yours lie under such a stigma—"

"A stigma! My daughter! There is no stigma," cried the head of the Altamonts, growing scarlet.

"Well, I don't want to be a meddler: but the women say so. They are all in a fuss about it; one hears of nothing else wherever one goes. You will have to give in sooner or later," said the other Duke.

"Never!" said his Grace of Billingsgate, and he hastened his departure from his friend's abode. But the next house he went to the same result was produced. There was a putting together of feminine heads, a whispering, a direction of glances towards him, from eyes which once had looked upon him only with awe; and after a little hesitation and beating about the bush, the same outburst of remark. Half-married! The most important lady in the company took him to task very seriously. "What is to become of her? you should think of that. At present she has you to protect her reputation. But suppose anything were to happen to you? We are all mortal; and think

of dear Jane with such a scandal against her. People will say it is the man who has drawn back; they will say all sorts of things; for it is inconceivable that a girl's father, her own father, should play with her reputation like that."

"Her reputation!" the Duke cried, almost with a shriek of indignation. "My child's reputation! Who would dare——"

"Oh, nobody would dare," said his assailant—"but everybody would understand. People would make sure that there were reasons. Half-married! There is not one of us that doesn't feel it. Such a thing was never heard of. Oh, you must not think you will escape it by going away. Wherever you go you will hear the same thing. The news has gone everywhere. Didn't you see it in the *Universe* at full length? Of course, nobody could mistake the Duke of B—— G——. Oh, I hope you will think it over seriously, before it is too late."

The Duke, more angry than ever, went back to Grosvenor Square. He was determined to face it out. Country houses are proverbially glad of a piece of gossip to give their dull life an interest. He began to go out into Society, as much as there was at that early season, and present a bold front to the world. His home was dull enough, with Lady Jane locked into her room and watched, lest by craft or force she should make her escape; her mother obstinately refusing to go out, or accompany him anywhere; his very servants looking at him reproachfully. The butler, who had been with him for about thirty years, and whose knowledge of wine and of the cellars at Billings was inexhaustible, threw up his situation; and so did the housekeeper, who was Jarvis's wife. "I don't hold with no such goings on," Mrs. Jarvis said. And when he dined with the leader of his party (which was in Opposition) Mrs. Coningsby did not wait till the conclusion of the dinner, but cried, "Duke, it cannot be true about Lady Jane!" before he had eaten his soup. This lady treated the subject lightly, which was more odious to him than the other way. "Oh, no, it can't be true," she said; "we all know that. They say you dragged her from church by the hair of her head, and snatched her hand away when the bridegroom was putting on the ring. Mr. Coningsby was in a dreadful way about it. He said it would be such a cry at the elections; but I told him, nonsense, the Duke is far too fine a gentleman, I said." This was more difficult to answer than the other mode of assault. The Duke

became all manner of colours as he listened. "And the elections are so near," the lady said. "Of course, the Government will not care how false it is, they will placard it on all the walls with a picture as large as life. They will turn all the clergy against us. Of course, dear Duke, of course, to people who know you so well as I do—you need not tell *me* that it is not true." The Duke sat grim, and heard all this, and did not say a word. There was a flutter in the drawing-room as he came in: everybody looked at him as if he had been a wild beast. "Dragged her out by the hair of her head!" he heard whispered on every side of him, and though Mrs. Coningsby still affected not to believe, the Bishop's wife contemplated him with terrible gravity. "Oh, I hope you will talk it over with the Bishop," she said. "He is so anxious about it. Lady Jane was always such a favourite. I do hope you will take the Bishop's advice. After a certain part of the service I have always understood it was a sin to interfere." Later in the evening he was mobbed by half-a-dozen ladies—there is no other word for it—mobbed and overwhelmed with one universal cry, "Half-married! Poor Lady Jane! Dear Lady Jane!" They pressed round him, each with her protestation, a soft, yet urgent babel of voices. The poor Duke escaped at last, not knowing how he got away. It seemed to his Grace that he had escaped out of a mob, and that his coat must be torn and his linen frayed with the conflict. He was astonished beyond all description; but he was likewise appalled by the discovery that even he was not above the reach of public opinion. It affected him against his will. He felt ashamed, uneasy, confused even on the points where he was most sure.

And when he came home, he went to his wife's boudoir where she sat alone, to bid her good night, which was a form he always observed, though this event had separated them entirely. She was permitted now to see Jane once a day, but as she would give no promise that she would not help her daughter to leave the house, this was the utmost that he had granted her. She was seated alone reading, pale and weary. She scarcely raised her eyes when he came in, though she put down her book. The fire was low and there was no light in the room except the reading lamp. The Duke could not help feeling the difference from former times. A temptation came upon him to throw himself upon her sympathy and tell her how he had been persecuted. He would

have done so had it been on any other subject, but he remembered in time that on this he had no sympathy to expect from his wife. So he stood for a minute or two before the fire, feeling chilled, silenced, an injured man. "No, I have not had a pleasant evening," he said shortly; "how should my evening be pleasant when every one remarks your absence? I am asked if you are ill; I am asked——"

"Other questions, I imagine, that are still more difficult to answer."

"And whose fault is it?" he cried, with vehemence. "If you had taken the steps you ought to have taken, and supported my authority, as was your duty, there would have been no such questions to ask."

The Duchess turned away with some impatience: she made no reply: the question had been often enough discussed in all its bearings. If she had now thrown herself at his feet and begged his pardon and forbearance, what a relief it would have been to him! He would have yielded and saved his position, and recovered the pose of a magnanimous superior. But the Duchess had no intention of the kind. After a while, during which they did not look at each other, she seated gazing into the fire, he standing staring into the vacant air, he took up his candlestick with an air of impatience. "Good night, then," he said, with in his turn an air of impatience.

"Good night," she said.

THE ANCHOR OF THE SOUL.

O Galilæan! art thou, too, forlorn,
Who wouldst the ruin of the world repair?
Art thou a failure as thy foes declare,
Who fain would crown thee still with barren thorn?
Shall generations evermore be born
To hopes deferred that wither to despair?
Shall sorrowful humanity still wear
The grievous yoke that it has ever worn?
Oh, folly! whatsoe'er of good or great
Rules in this world o'er what is base and vile,
This is His work, which he will consummate
At His good pleasure; therefore, with a smile,
We, who believe in Him, can calmly wait
His triumph, knowing all is right the while.

ISAAC SHARP.

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. II.—BY THE LATE CHARLES KINGSLEY.

WHEN our Lord says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world," do His words mean anything, or do they mean nothing? It must be worth our while to find out, considering who spoke them, and when He spoke them. And if they have any meaning, it must be worth while to know what that meaning is, and what we have to do with it.

He who spoke those words was a man—a man who had been made perfect by suffering—who had but forty days before actually died!—gone down into the depths of horror and agony—and died—and then risen again. And He was at that very time going to ascend into heaven to be face to face with

Almighty God. And those men to whom He spoke were His chosen friends; the men whom He was going, as He said, to send out into the whole world to baptize all nations in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. He said that He had come to do a great work and fight a great battle, and that He had now conquered and done His work, and men had only to reap the fruit of it and to trust in Him and become new men. And these words were, as it were, His last words—His last will and testament. Was it likely that these last words would have any meaning in them? Likely! Does it not stand to reason that they would be full of meaning? most likely the most important of

all His words? Perhaps the summing up and finishing of all His words, His whole message and teaching gathered up into one. He had been saying wonderful and blessed things for many a year. And I think that this last word of His was the most wonderful and blessed of all His sayings, as we might expect.

Fools and knaves may trifle on the edge of eternity, and talk fine words which they dare not stand by: but good and wise men, when they are stepping out of this life into the sight of God, take care what last words they leave behind them. We may see then by this that Jesus Christ must have meant something most deep and real and blessed, when He said that He was with men always, even to the end of the world. But *what* He meant we can only tell by seeing *who He was*. He was a man, but He was something more—He was God, the Son of God. He had been proving to every one that He was the Lord of their bodies, for He could heal them; the Lord of their spirits, for He could change their whole natures with words such as no man ever spoke; ay, that He was Lord of the very fiends, for they fled out crouching and shrieking at His voice. He had said but a few moments before that “all power was given to Him in heaven and earth.” He had said that God was His Father, that He was come to do His Father’s will, that He was filled infinitely with His Father’s spirit, and more tenfold still—that He and His Father were one—and most awful of all, that *He was God*, the *I AM*. He had said it, and more than once, and even the most unbelieving of His enemies understood what He said, and that He meant them to understand it. “Before Abraham was,” He said, “I AM.” He was *the I AM*. The self-existent, infinite, changeless, timeless spirit, made by nothing, needing nothing—the fountain of all life, the ground of all things, the Maker.

Try to think of that; try for once to think, however dimly, *what God is*, what Christ is, for Christ *is* God. In Him we live and move and have our being. This earth, and we upon it, with all our thinking and our working, our railroads and our printing presses, our cities and our cathedrals, miracle-working sons of men that we are, what are we all? The sun and moon, the stars and all the host of heaven, the galaxies and star clouds, in each of which are thousand thousands suns—the comets, every one a world, which pass us like the cannon ball and rush away into space, for

hundreds of years, for millions of miles, till their appointed ring is finished; what are they all to God? We and they, and space and time and all therein, nothing but a little dark noisy puppet-play going on within the infinite silence and glory of God, by which He in His great condescension is trying to teach us and His angels something about Himself.

The heavens and the earth—those who know them best love them most, for they know best their glory; but they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and when they have served their purpose God shall fold them up and lay them by, and as a vesture shall He change them, and they shall be changed, but He is the same for ever and His years shall not fail. Why should they? What are years to God? Time did not make Him—He made Time, and can unmake it, and then it will be Eternity, not Time, and a thousand years will be as one day, and what is more, one day will be as a thousand years.

For God is a spirit, and spirits have nothing to do with time and place. All times are the same to them. A spirit is everywhere and nowhere. Do we not know it in ourselves? Does distance or time make any difference in our souls? If we love any person we love them the same when with us or away from us. Let seas roll between us and them, our spirits go with them, we feel for them, long after them, take as deep interest in their welfare as if they were by our side. So the loving husband and wife, though they be absent from each other in their bodies, are present with each other in their spirits. So the tender mother’s spirit follows her child through long travels into distant towns, rejoicing in his health, sighing over his temptations, pouring out sad and sweet prayers night and day to God the Father of spirits, that He would make her child of the same spirit with herself, to love and pray for her as she does for him, to follow after the same holiness as she does, and to work as a loyal subject of the same Saviour. What is it to her whether her child be a mile off or ten thousand miles? What is it to her whether she have heard of him the day before or not for years? What is it to her whether he be dead or alive? Can that make any difference in her love? Can that make any difference in her rejoicing over him if he has shown a noble and holy spirit, in the bitter endless grief which she must carry to her grave if he has disgraced himself by a mean and foul, or evil spirit? Ay, if she had ten sons scattered in different regions

of the earth, would not her heart be with each and every one of them *at once*? Common sense, common experience shows you this.

And why is this? What is it in us which gives us this wondrous power of feeling for other human beings, wherever they may be, of leaping over all time and distance and circumstance, and coming near to those we love and being one with them? It is our spirits which have this power. Because we have spirits as Christ has a spirit, therefore time and place are nothing to us any more than they are to Him, and He can be near us, in us, one with us, wherever we may be, howsoever we may be. Believe that—believe that Jesus Christ's heart goes with you, as yours goes with those whom you love. Believe that.

But you will say, is that all? Does Christ being with us mean no more than that He loves us and thinks of us as we think of our friends? God forbid. It means much more.

Our spirits long after those we love, but for all our love we cannot reach them, we cannot tell how they are. Alas! often and often with our anxieties, our prayers, our yearnings, we cannot keep their love to us alive.

Our spirits are clogged and hindered by our bodies. Christ's spirit is a free spirit.

It can do all that our souls try to do and cannot. Christ is in heaven in the world of spirits, glorified in a spirit body which does not care for time and place, as we find in the accounts of His appearance after His resurrection. And He is the Lord of spirits, the life of them. He can not only care for us, He can change us, He can bring our souls to life by sending His spirit into them, and becoming one with them, that our souls may be found in Him, that they may live not with their own life, but with the life He gives them. He can make all noble thoughts, all noble desires, all courageous determinations spring up in our heart till it becomes a picture of Him. And so He dwells in our heart, and God's image is renewed again in us.

Is this too wonderful to believe? Hear then Christ's own words: "If a man love me my Father will love him, and we will come unto Him and make our abode with Him." And again—"I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you." For, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

HER LAST POSY.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE, M.A.

IN the rarest of English valleys
 A motherless girl ran wild,
 And the greenness and silence and gladness
 Were soul of the soul of the child.
 The birds were her gay little brothers,
 The squirrels her sweethearts shy;
 And her heart kept tune with the rain-
 drops,
 And sailed with the clouds in the sky.
 And angels kept coming and going,
 With beautiful things to do;
 And wherever they left a footprint
 A cowslip or primrose grew.
 She was taken to live in London,
 So thick with pitiless folk,

And she could not smile for its badness,
 And could not breathe for its smoke.
 And now, as she lay on her pallet,
 Too weary and weak to rise,
 A smile of ineffable longing
 Brought dews to her faded eyes:
 "Oh me, for a yellow cowslip,
 A pale little primrose dear!
 Won't some kind angel remember,
 And pluck one and bring it here?"
 They bought her a bunch of cowslips;
 She took them with fingers weak,
 And kissed them, and stroked them, and
 loved them,
 And laid them against her cheek.

“ It was kind of the angels to send them,
 And, now I'm too tired to pray,
 If God looks down at the cowslips,
 He'll know what I want to say.”
 They buried them in her bosom,
 And when she shall wake and rise,
 Why may not the flowers be quickened,
 And bloom in her happy skies?

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTHOR OF “ WALKS IN ROME,” &c.

III.—GIRGENTI AND THE SOUTHERN COAST.

SICILY is the only civilised country almost devoid of roads, and those who wish to take the nearest way in point of distance from Syracuse to Girgenti will not be able to accomplish it in less than five days, spent partly in a carriage or diligence, partly on mule-back, and partly in a lettiga. The curious Val d'Ispica, with its sandstone cliffs full of sepulchres, and the remains of the Greek Kamarina, may be visited by short detours from this route, and the way passes through Terranova, which occupies the site of the celebrated Gela. But there is little beauty of scenery, and intense discomfort, so those are wise who take the railway from Syracuse to Catania, and thence to Girgenti.

In summer the upland plains, through which we pass after leaving Catania, are radiant with corn and flowers. But in winter, as all the land is arable, the landscape is as colourless as the towns, sulphur is the only industry, and, though many of the places which the line passes through have some classical interest, none are likely to arrest a traveller, till he sees the great insular rock crowned by Castrogiovanni “ l'Inespugnabile ” rising before him.

Castrogiovanni or Castro Janni (Castrum Ennae) is one of the most remarkable natural fortresses in the world, surrounded on all sides by precipices. It occupies the site of the ancient Sicilian city of Enna, whose position in the centre of Sicily—“ umbilicus Siciliae ”—and great natural strength, made it a point of the utmost importance in the many wars by which the island was ravaged. But it is chiefly celebrated by mythological story as the spot near

which Proserpine was carried off by Pluto as she was gathering flowers by the side of a lake, the Pergus of Ovid, supposed to be still represented by the Lago Pergusa, a pool four miles from the town, but the woods and meadows, beloved by the goddess, and described by the poets, have disappeared, and in winter the country is bare and desolate in the extreme. Every acre is consecrated to Ceres, whose temple at Enna Cicero describes to have been approached with as much awe and reverence as if the worshippers were to visit the goddess herself rather than her shrine.

By the time this article appears, the railway to Girgenti will be completed. Until lately, we were ejected from the train at the miserable station of Canicatti and stowed away in a succession of wretched tumble-down diligences and carriages for three hours' jolting through the deep mud. Mounted gendarmes rode before, and others sat with their guns on the luggage on the top of the carriages, while pistols peered ominously from the cloaks of our Sicilian companions, for, as they said, though no real brigands remained, the inhabitants of the villages through which we travelled, ground down by the cruel taxes of the present government, were apt to rise *en masse* and to attack any carriages that passed.

During the last fragment of railway journey a high hill is conspicuous, the other side of which is covered by the modern town of Girgenti. A winding road leads up from the railway station, and one is astonished to enter from the desolate country upon a handsome well-paved street, and to be wel-

came at (for Sicily) an excellent hotel—"Belvidere"—with an exquisite view to the wide expanse of glancing sea, across billow upon billow of purple wooded hill, crowned by the remains of ancient temples.

The great Greek city of Acragas was founded B.C. 582 by a colony from Gela, and derived its name from the little river Acragas (now Fiume di S. Biagio) which washes the hill on the east and south, and joins another stream, the Hypsas (now Drago) which flows from the west. Supreme power was soon obtained by Phalaris, who raised Acragas to be one of the chief towns in Sicily, but himself obtained a proverbial reputation for cruelty. In B.C. 488, Theron became despot of Acragas, and after confirming his influence by an alliance with Gela and by annexing Himera to his dominions, adorned his native city with many magnificent buildings, and ruled with a wisdom and beneficence which is celebrated by Pindar.

Theron retained the sovereign power till his death (B.C. 472), but the tyranny of his son Thrasylus led to his expulsion in the following year. After this, for sixty years, Acragas had a democratic government, and its people spent their time in the sumptuous adornment of their city, which became proverbial for its wealth. Their own citizen, Empedocles, is reported to have said that they built their houses as if they were to live for ever, yet gave themselves up to luxury as if they were to die on the morrow. But in 406 B.C. their prosperity came to an end, when Acragas was besieged by the Carthaginians, and its inhabitants reduced to such straits that they were compelled to emigrate to the parent city of Gela, abandoning their own town to plunder and destruction. Timoleon recolonised Acragas in 340 B.C. and was regarded as its second founder; in 289 B.C. it again fell under despotic rule in the person of Phintias. Espousing the Carthaginian cause in the beginning of the first Punic war, it was besieged and taken by the Romans, who carried off 25,000 of the inhabitants into slavery. In the second Punic war it was faithful to Rome, but was captured by Himilco, and became the chief stronghold of the Carthaginians till betrayed in 210 B.C. to the Romans, who again sold the inhabitants into slavery. From this date Acragas ceased to exist as a Grecian town, its name was changed to Agrigentum and it was permanently subject to Rome. In the time of Cicero it was again one of the most wealthy and populous cities of Sicily. In A.D. 827 it fell into the hands of the Saracens, from

whom it was wrested by the Normans in 1086.

Thus much of history, dull enough when one is not upon the spot, it is necessary to recapitulate in order to give some connection to the places we are going to visit.

Polybius describes Acragas as excelling almost all other cities not only in beauty, but in strength. On its fortified rock, partly defended by art and partly by nature, it was nearly impregnable. It was full of noble porticoes and temples, amongst which the unfinished temple of Jupiter Olympius was equal in size and splendour to any of the temples of Greece. The ancient city was ten miles in circuit, and, like Syracuse, it was divided into five parts,—Mons Camicus, Rupis Athenea, Agrigentum, Neapolis, and Agrigentum in Camico. Reduced to narrow limits, the modern town, still surnamed "La Magnifica," is indeed alike glorious in its situation and surroundings. No other Sicilian city has such a noble position, and it is a bath of winter sunshine, causing the most beautiful flowers to bloom profusely at Christmas. From its one long handsome street a succession of alleys scramble up the steep hillside, and a winding road leads to the cathedral. The main streets are gay and crowded, and seem especially so to one coming from the lifelessness of Palermo. Children swarm everywhere. The inhabitants of Girgenti are the most prolific in Italy: Fazzello mentions an Agrigentine woman in his own time who brought forth seventy-three children at thirty births.

At the top of the ancient Acropolis—Mons Camicus—the highest part of the town, marked by its heavysquare Gothic campanile, stands the Cathedral of S. Gerlando, containing the gorgeous silver shrine of that saint, who was the first bishop of Girgenti. The interior of the church is modernised, but all travellers must visit, in its sacristy, the magnificent ancient sarcophagus, long used as a font, sculptured with the story of Hippolytus. Goethe describes this as the most glorious alto-relievo he had ever seen. The skill of the sculptor is shown in the withered and dwarfish aspect bestowed upon the nurse of Phaedra, in order to give more effect to the noble youthful forms beside her. The sacristan will also exhibit with glee the curious church-echo—"porta voce," which tradition asserts to have revealed to a jealous husband the secrets of his wife's infidelity, as they were being poured into the ear of her confessor; certainly every word spoken at the cornice behind the high altar is distinctly

audible to a person standing at the west door. Not far from the cathedral is S. Maria dei Greci, the oldest church in Girgenti, still

Returning to the main road, which winds down the hill through hedges of roses and scarlet geranium, we find on the right, amongst groups of noble stone pines and cypresses, the deserted church and convent of S. Nicolà, with a curious Roman portal. Artists will not fail to come here and sketch amidst the exquisite combinations of arched bridge, sculptured terrace, huge vases and pipes and aloes, in the ancient garden, in one corner of which is a curious Roman building, used as a chapel in Norman times, and now a summer-house, known by the natives as Oratorio di Falaride.



The Temple of Concord.

used for Greek rites, with remains of the Temple of Jupiter Polieus, ascribed to Phalaris, built into its walls.

If we leave the town by the east gate, Porta Ponte, we find the so-called Giardino Inglese, a pretty tangle of roses and citizens, against the hillside. A terrace—La Villa—much frequented on warm evenings as a promenade, runs along the south side of the hill and overlooks the sea. Hence we may ascend by a rocky path through gardens of almonds to the summit of the Rupe Atenea. Nothing remains here except the platform of a temple, which is either that of Jupiter Atabyrios or that of Athene which gave a name to the height, and whither Gellias, the famous rich citizen of Acragas, fled up the stony way when the city was taken by Hamilcar, and, on finding himself pursued and escape impossible, set fire to the building and perished in the flames.

By a lower road, or over the brow of the hill, overgrown with palmetto, wild iris, and asphodel, we may reach, in a desolate but beautiful position, the curious little Norman Church of S. Biagio (St. Blaise), built upon the remains of the Temple ("in antis") of Demeter and Persephone, which led Pindar to apostrophize Acragas as—

"Fairest of mortal cities, seat divine
Of the lovely Proserpine."

From hence we look down upon the little river Ruscello which flows between the Rupe Atenea and that part of the ancient town known as Neapolis, where now there is nothing but tombs.

Descending the main road from the front of the church, with a glorious view of the different temples which Diodorus describes as having been built from money obtained by the sale of olive oil at Carthage, we reach, in a few minutes, the remains of the Temple of Hercules, once a grand Doric building, resembling the Parthenon in size and plan, but now utterly ruined, with a single pillar standing erect amid a mass of fallen masonry, and columns like the bones of a great skeleton. It was from this temple that Verres was prevented from carrying off the famous bronze statue



In the Temple of Juno Lacinia.

of Hercules, by a general rising of the people of Agrigentum — an incident of which Cicero gives a most graphic description.

A few minutes' walk will bring us to the glorious Temple of Concord, the most perfect Doric temple in Sicily, standing on the edge of the precipice which formed the natural rampart of Acragas. Like that of Hercules, the Temple of Concord is built of yellow sandstone, and is of the form called "hexastylus peripteros," having six columns in each portico, and other columns at the sides. Its cella, in the Middle Ages, was used as the church of S. Gregorio della Rupe. This temple is much smaller than those of Paestum, but may, as Goethe says, "be compared to them as a god to a giant."

The wayside, beyond the Temple of Concord, is bordered by the ancient walls which Virgil saw from the sea. They are perforated by the tombs which caused the death of so many of the Carthaginian soldiers by pestilence when they were opened, and which the inhabitants of Agrigentum were in the habit of raising not only to their dead citizens, but to horses which had won prizes in the games, and even to favourite birds. A large dome-shaped sepulchre, called "Grotta dei Frangipani," is very curious, and is overgrown with maiden hair, the *αδίατρον* of Theocritus.

On the highest part of the hill, which is covered with venerable olives, rises the beautiful ruin of the Temple of Juno Lacinia, of which sixteen columns are standing erect, while many others lie prostrate. The situation is utterly desolate now, only the little Pasqualuccio, in a peaked hat and sheepskin coat,



The Tomb of Theron.

with coins in his ears after the old Greek fashion, plays on his reed-pipe whilst watching his goats and preparing a "colazione" of acanthus leaves for each of them, set out, like plates on a dinner-table, upon the fallen columns of the temple.

[Having eaten our luncheon amongst the asphodels and violets in the shade of this temple, looking upon the unspeakably glorious view of Girgenti, gleaming white on the hill above the grey-green olives, we may return to the Temple of Hercules, beneath which are the remains of the Porta Aurea, the sea-gate, where the Numidians, under Hanno, betrayed the city to the Roman Laevinus. Just beyond the site of the gate, surrounded by magnificent old olive-trees, is the picturesque monument which bears the name of the Tomb of Theron. Unfortunately, it does not correspond with the description in Diodorus of the magnificent monument of the despot which the intervention of a thunderbolt saved from destruction when Hannibal ordered the tombs in the neighbourhood of the city to be destroyed, that he might use the materials in his earthworks.

About a quarter of a mile distant in the plain are the remains of the Doric Temple of Asklepios (Esculapius) described by Polybius. It contained a famous statue of Apollo by Myron, which was carried off by the Carthaginians, brought back by Scipio Africanus, and afterwards stolen by Verres. The ruins, which are obscure, are built into the walls of a farm-

house called Casa Gregorio.

Returning by the Porta Aurea, on the left is the entrance to the immense ruin of the Doric Temple of Jupiter. Nothing now re-



In the Temple of Jupiter.

mains of the building but a confusion of prostrate fragments and pillars, and huge blocks of stone. But in the centre lies a gigantic statue—once a caryatid—of thirteen disjointed fragments. Its almost shapeless head shows traces of a berretto upon its curly hair. Its arms are raised and thrown back. It is as if the god himself had laid himself down for a sleep of centuries in the midst of his temple, of which he has survived the very ruins.

Beyond the Temple of Jupiter, in the most lovely position—a thoroughly Greek landscape, backed by delicate rose-coloured mountains, and surrounded by old olive and almond trees—is the Temple of Castor and Pollux, the most picturesque ruin in Sicily. It had once six pillars in each front, and thirteen at the sides, but only four are standing now, though many others lie prostrate amongst the palmetto and smilax.

Exquisitely beautiful are the wild-flowers here in spring—crocuses, lilies, asphodels, and a thousand others which Persephone would have lingered to gather; but they pass unheeded now, for, like Cometas in the fifth Idyl of Theocritus, the natives still prefer cultivated flowers to the eglantine and anemones of the wayside. Nothing modern can be seen from hence, or indeed from any of the temples; and amongst the buildings, the hills, and the plants upon which they looked, it is easier than in any other place to recall the forms of the ancient inhabitants—Theron the genial and bountiful, Gellias the hospitable, above all the poet Empedocles, draped in purple robes, wearing a laurel crown, and shod with golden sandals, instructing his fellow-citizens in Pythagorean philosophy under the shade of the olives, urging them to redeem the heavenly birthright which they had forfeited by their sins, teaching faith in a spiritual invisible God, and expounding his strange theories as to the physical and natural objects around him.

On the other side of the river Drago, the ancient Hypsas, a column shoots up amid the woods. It belongs to the Temple of Vulcan. Here the ruins are only of Roman date, and are built up into a cottage, and partly used as an apiary, overshadowed by an immense carouba tree. Hence, passing over the site of the Carthaginian camp, we may return to Girgenti by the road which leads to the harbour of Porto Empedocle, crossing the Hypsas again in a deep ravine. Artists will certainly walk out in this direction to sketch the windings of the rocky way near the town, fringed with aloes, the cactus of

Theocritus and Tertullian, and backed by lovely views of sea and mountain, unspeakably delicate and ethereal in colour.

Nothing can exceed the hospitality and kindness of the natives of Girgenti, beginning with the landlord of the Belvidere, Don Gaetano di Angelis, a stately old Sicilian,

who treated us far more like honoured guests than customers. He had lately married for the second time, a pretty, merry child-wife, in huge gold earrings, who paid us frequent visits, and was much delighted with our drawings and to sit for her portrait. They quite enjoyed the preparation of the luncheon basket with which we always set off at 9 A.M., not returning till the sunset had turned the sea rose-colour and set the mountains aflame. Each of the January days we spent at Girgenti we picnicked amongst the asphodels and lilies in the shadow of one of the Greek temples, and were glad to find a shelter from the burning sun which blazed in a sky that only turned from turquoise to opal. The second day after our arrival, as we were coming home up the hill in the still warm evening light, we turned aside to the old deserted convent of S. Niccolà. A merry crowd of gentlemen and ladies and little boys and girls were shouting and singing on the terrace, and dancing the tarantella to the music of three peasants on a bagpipe, tambourine, and



Temple of Castor and Pollux.

triangle. Like a Bacchanalian rout of mythological times, they came rushing down to meet us, twenty-six in number, chained together with garlands, and the girls all wreathed with wild scarlet geranium. They escorted us all over the garden, gathering flowers and fruit for us, the crowd of little children gambolling and dancing in front. Then they begged us to go back with them to the terrace, and began dancing again, and invited us to join them. Some songs afterwards from several of our party were tumultuously applauded with "prosit" and "evviva." The result of this meeting was showers of visiting cards from all the notables in Girgenti, especially from the numerous family who rejoice in the singular name of the "Indelicati." Then came an invitation to a party and ball at Casa Gibilaro, the sons, Cesare and Salvatore, coming to escort us up the steep street. Sicilian ladies sang, and so did some of their guests, and the Girgentines were taught to dance Sir Roger de Coverley, with which they were greatly enchanted. Our first acquaintances, the family of twenty-six—grandmother, uncles, aunts, cousins, parents, and children—were all there, living in the happiest union and affection; no daughter of the house ever marrying out of the place, and all meeting constantly. On the last night of our stay another dance was given in our honour, at which all the professors of the University (on delightful terms of merriment with their pupils) assisted, the Professor of Theology frisking about in the tarantella, and the Professor of Philosophy leading the cotillon.

Very few of the inhabitants of Girgenti have seen anything beyond the immediate neighbourhood of their town, and no one we saw could give us any information about the route to Selinunto. Indeed, the south-western part of Sicily is that most dreaded on account of brigandage, and since the fall of the Bourbons, and the annihilation of the effective rural police by the present Government, travelling there has had its dangers. Then there is no road for carriages. The journey to Castelvetrano can only be accomplished in two days by a boat, or in two days on mule-back, sleeping at Sciacca.

From Castelvetrano it is a ride of two hours and a half to the tremendous ruins of Selinunto or Selinus, which occupy the palmetto-covered heights on either side of the little stream Gorgo di Cotone, a short distance before it flows into the sea.

Thucydides says that in 628 B.C. "the

Megarans, who are also called Hyblenses, a hundred years after their city Megara was founded, sent hither Pammilus, and founded Selinunte." The town was called after the river Selinus (now Madiuni), which received its name from the quantity of wild parsley (*σέλινον*) which grew along its banks. It rose rapidly to power and prosperity, but was taken and totally destroyed by the Carthaginians, little more than two hundred years after its foundation. Sixteen thousand Selinuntines were slain in the siege, and five thousand taken captive. Selinus, which still continued to have existence as a humble tributary, was a second time destroyed by the Carthaginians in 250 B.C. Under the Saracens it was called Rahl-el-Asnâm, the "Village of the Idols," and it was one of the last places in Sicily which they defended. This led to its being again completely destroyed by the Romans, who gave it the ignominious name of "Terra dei Pulci," or the "Land of Fleas."

There are two great groups of ruins in Selinunto—those in the Acropolis, which consist of the fragments of three great temples, one smaller temple, and some other remains; and those on the opposite or eastern hill, which consist of three important temples and other buildings. From the Acropolis one looks down upon the two streams for whose course Empedocles, at his own cost, cut a channel through the marshy land, to save the town from pestilence; for which, when he appeared amongst them in his priestly robes and laurel crown, the people hailed him as a god. All the ruins are completely chaotic. "Sixty columns," says Crabbe Robinson, "lie on the ground, like so many sheaves of corn left by the reaper." The temples are of the Doric order; nothing is really known about them—all is in the imagination of antiquaries—but in their desolation they are stupendous, and from their colossal size merit their popular name of "I Pileri dei Giganti." That on the eastern hill, standing most to the north, of which three imperfect columns are still erect, is, as Swinburne describes, "one of the most gigantic and sublime ruins imaginable." The oldest of the famous metopes, now in the museum at Palermo, some of the earliest known attempts at composition in sculpture, were found in the central temple on the west, the later ones in the central temple on the eastern hill. All around the country is indescribably bare and treeless; there is nothing to recall the "palmosa Selinus" of Virgil.

A VERY COMMON MIND-TROUBLE.

By J. MORTIMER GRANVILLE, M.D.

IN a large proportion of instances persons who live sedentary lives and labour habitually with their brains to the neglect of the other parts of their bodies, suffer more or less annoyance from a mind-trouble which, under favouring conditions, may readily become a disease. It is not generally or clearly recognised by practical medical psychologists. It consists of an uncontrollable and all-pervading feeling of *doubt*; not suspicion, in the technical sense of that term, as applied to a maniacal mistrust of those around, but doubt as to the commonest facts and acts of ordinary life and experience. What is seen must also be touched, what has been done must be done again, or some special measure taken to ascertain that it has been thoroughly accomplished. The consciousness which is plagued with this malady—for such it really is—seldom rests and is a prey to worry. Locking a door, extinguishing a lighted candle or match, turning off the gas, or in some cases so simple a matter as placing a vase on a pedestal, or even a book on a table, are serious undertakings from which the mind shrinks; or if the act be hastily and heedlessly performed the sufferer endures a misery of misgiving for some time afterwards, and, which makes the matter worse, the longer the doubt lasts, the more oppressive does it become.

The trouble caused by doubt as to the doing of things which are of the simplest and most ordinary description, is out of all proportion to the subject-matter itself. At first the victim of this strange distress tries to compel his self-consciousness to rest. He resolves that he will not think of the act. It shall be performed instantly, or if it has been done it shall be forgotten. He goes away, presently the thought suggests itself that, after all perhaps, he has not accomplished what he intended, or that he has done it badly. He puts away this suggestion, but it returns with fresh force and overwhelms him. The suspicion grows to a fear, the misgiving to a great anxiety. The uncertainty as to safety becomes first an apprehension and then a terror of danger. All sorts of evil consequences will or may ensue from his omission to lock that door or drawer, to turn off that gas burner, or to place some ornament firmly enough on its pedestal! The demand, or impulse, to return and verify the underlying belief that all is well,

will brook no denial. The creature of a craze like this may go to bed and try to sleep, but he will toss restlessly on his pillow, and at length he *must*—or he fancies he must—give in; and from any distance at any pains he returns, generally to find that his fears have been wholly groundless. Only those who have either themselves experienced this doubt, or repeatedly watched its growth and witnessed its effects in others, can imagine how terrible in itself, and what a prolific source of mental mischief, so seemingly small a matter may prove. It is in fact the first and warning symptoms of many a grave and—because neglected—afterwards incurable case of mind disease!

Something will be gained if we can only ascertain the real nature of this feeling of uncertainty, and discover whence and how it arises. In order to understand doubt, of the sort to which I allude, it is indispensable to learn something about ordinary certainty. Whatever this harassing misgiving with regard to little things may be, it is obviously the contradictory of that sense or impression which satisfies the healthy mind concerning the acts it performs, or the objects with which it is brought into contact, and enables it to leave the mental stand-point it occupies, instantly, and to pass without hesitancy or any lingering uncertainty to another. We must, therefore, study the two states together. When the mind works normally there is what may be described as a *sub-conscious* recognition of its surroundings and of its work. The supreme consciousness does not, so to say, need to burden itself with the task of supervising the performance of ordinary mental functions.

When a man is walking quickly through an ordinary thoroughfare, his mind may be intently engaged with some subject of special thought far removed from the scene around him. Nevertheless, he threads his way through the crowd, and without, so far as he is aware, noticing obstacles, avoids them. When, however, he desires to cross the road, he pauses, looks up and down the carriage-way, and takes special precautions to avoid being run over by any passing vehicle. There is an appreciable difference between the mental process of walking on a footpath and that required for crossing the road, nor is the difference simply one of degree. The first-mentioned act or series of

actions is performed under the protective guidance of one faculty; while the other requires the intervention of a faculty of higher grade. The one performance is automatic or at most consensual, the other is, in a higher sense, voluntary. Habit will enable a man to accomplish any general purpose, which is frequently carried out by any part of his body; but an active present judgment is necessary for the accomplishment of an intention which is not a matter of routine. The illustration I have selected—namely, that of walking on a pavement and crossing a street—will serve to show how the performance of acts which are often repeated may be gradually referred to habit, instead of being directly controlled by the will or the judgment. Thus, a man who at first requires to summon all his wits to aid him in crossing a crowded roadway, may, after a time, become so accustomed to the act that he will scarcely pause in his train of abstract thoughts to perform it. The point to recognise is that the supreme consciousness does not normally interfere in the performance of common acts or functions, nor does it busy itself with ordinary surroundings.

Now the state of mind which makes a man fidgety about the doing of familiar things, is essentially one in which the higher consciousness has, from some cause, come to exercise a fussy control over the commonest of acts and to take cognisance of the most ordinary surroundings, instead of leaving the former business to the automatic faculty of habit, and the latter to the sub-consciousness. When this interference occurs, a state of matters is set up which is as worrying and unnatural as would be the result if a music-master insisted on controlling the detailed "fingering" of an expert pupil who had acquired a perfect habit of pianoforte playing; or as though a writing-master should continue to guide the hand which had overcome the initial difficulties of the art of penmanship and could write fluently. Imagine the mental result of being compelled to spell out a syllable at a time—in the good old-fashioned way—when reading aloud an exciting chapter of an entrancing story! This is a faint picture of the sort of annoyance to which the man is subjected who is, as it were, sent back to a state of mental pupilage, and again taught to lock doors, put out candles, and turn off the gas by his morbidly intrusive and mistrusting consciousness.

The state of mind to which I refer may be brought about by either of several disorderly or morbid mental processes. One of the common ways in which the trouble arises, is

the mischievous practice of trying to do several things at once or to "divide the attention." A scholar will insist on having several books open on his table before him, and he unconsciously forms the habit of spreading first his mental perceptions and then his thoughts over a wide field, and of taking in the largest possible number of objects. At the outset this is a habit of physico-mental sight, then it becomes a habit of the intellectual organism; or it may begin as an intellectual exercise, and afterwards come to be, in a purely physical way, sensory. Literary men often establish the distressing condition described, by work which requires continual reference to books or papers, and the "bearing in mind" of a large number of data for the purpose of collation. It is probable that Dr. Johnson, the great lexicographer, formed his habit of post-touching in this way. Men whose mental work consists in "managing," may contract the same habit if they are themselves stationary—sitting in a chair at a particular desk, while books, papers, or persons crowd in upon them. Another and very dissimilar class of minds, which, instead of being worried by a multiplicity of brain-work, have so little to occupy their attention that the consciousness forms a habit of dallying with the details of every little thing that falls in its way, suffers from the same malady.

So long as the habit is purely *mental* it exerts a mischievous effect on the mind and lowers the tone of its intellectuality; but it does not generally attract attention until, or unless, it extends to the *senses*, then the evidences of doubt declare themselves, and the mental state finding expression in acts, is rapidly confirmed. The evidence of one sense is no longer sufficient to convince the consciousness. What is felt must be seen, what is seen must be felt; what has been done with one form of attention, acting through a particular sense, must be repeated with another form and sense. The victim of this habit is not sure he has turned the key properly in the lock unless he hears it click, or he must see it turn or carefully examine the door to convince himself that it is really shut. After a time he has to do this several, it may be a certain number of, times, e.g., three, seven, or nine. So it is with everything. As he walks along the streets he must touch the posts or railings, because the evidence of sight alone is not sufficient to convince him of their tangibility. To confirm his visual impression of separate stones in the paving of the footpath, he must tread on the centre of each. If he misses one he must go back,

or if the process has not been properly performed it will have to be repeated. Cases differ widely in the particular manifestation of this peculiarity, and it may occur in any degree, ranging from a mere hesitancy about leaving things to the eccentric acts I have enumerated. The trouble is, however, the same under all its divers forms and varieties. I do not mean to imply that the consciousness knowingly reasons as to the proposition that corroborative evidence must be procured by the application of additional sensory tests; but that is the method instinctively taken to remove the doubt, and it throws light on the nature of the neurosis. The consciousness is doing work for which it is unfitted, and it does it in a fussy and clumsy fashion, which occasions much needless effort and is in itself distressing.

Why the consciousness should meddle in the affairs of the sub-consciousness in this way may be a mystery, but the fact that it does so cannot be doubted. The acts which trouble the mind in this malady ought to be performed by habit or without the need of special cognisance. When special cognisance is really necessary, and the consciousness is legitimately engaged in superintending a particular action which does not happen to be a matter of routine, this morbid characteristic of its interference in affairs which do not concern it is not apparent. The habitual sufferer from this doubt does not feel the same hesitancy in closing a carriage-door which he feels in closing the door of a cupboard. He will turn off the gas at the main on an exceptional occasion, or at any other burner than the one to which he is accustomed, without the precautions he is obliged to take when performing routine work. It is only when the higher consciousness is *needlessly* engaged in common and little matters that it causes so much trouble.

A curious proof of the truth of this last observation is supplied by a form of the trouble from which some of its victims suffer great inconvenience. In reading a passage from any unfamiliar book for the first time, they have no doubt as to the meaning of the words employed; but if the reader or student allows himself to go back, he is unable to comprehend the meaning of the simplest sentence, or at least, he is in more or less doubt about it. This is because that form of consciousness, which we call the faculty of attention, has done its work properly the first time when there was a legitimate need for the use of the higher brain-centres; but the consciousness will not be pressed to repeat the

act, or if it is pressed it will fall into a morbid state and become exacting as to the evidence, so that the reader may have to spell out the words or repeat them aloud for the sake of their sound before he is satisfied.

It is needless to fill in the outline of this state. The sufferer will recognise the truth of the sketch, and supply the details. Let me now try to point out the remedy. Like almost all the troubles to which the harassed mind is subject, the evil is one for self-cure. The aim should be to develop the habit of doing as much as possible of the ordinary business of life by routine. It is useless, and only exaggerates the trouble, to struggle directly against the impulse to remove a doubt and satisfy the mind. A pressing demand for evidence should be met by the smallest possible concession: but there must be some concession, or the worry, it may be agony, of doubt will ensue, and it is this feeling of uncertainty—not the means taken to relieve it—that does mental mischief. Better therefore yield than resist, but try to forget the matter as quickly as may be. The readiest mode of dealing with the difficulty when it arises is to associate the act done or the object recognised with some other act or object. For example, if there be a suggestion of doubt as to the locking of a door, fix the eye, not on the door, but on something else, while locking it. Then, when the question afterwards suggests itself, "Did I lock that door?" the generally sufficient answer will come, "Yes, I know I did, because I remember looking at a particular spot on the wall paper of the room, or on the pattern of the carpet, while I did it." This is confessedly only a subterfuge, but it often helps the mind to satisfy itself, and may be helpful as an adjunct to self-cure.

Meanwhile the remedy proper must consist in making all ordinary duties matters of *habit*. The consciousness should be intentionally diverted rather than opposed. It is a good plan to set the intellectual part of the mind a long and interesting task, to which it can revert in moments of mental leisure, and thus be saved from dissipating its strength in needless meddling with minor affairs. The task must be attractive, and, as far as possible, engrossing. At the same time a habit of concentration should be cultivated. The deep, underlying mental cause of the trouble is a want of strong and clear focussing of the mind-powers and faculties. "Strength of mind" is not so much a consequence of *greatness* as of *cohesion*. A morbid mind may be stronger than an expansive intellect. We often see persons with a shifty gaze,

which seems to roam over the scene before them rather than to look precisely at one object. There is also a quickly moving and restless eye, which darts glances everywhere, but does not appear to examine anything completely. Something like the notions of character which these different eyes suggest, may be predicated of the mind that suffers from the trouble of doubt; there is a vacillating attention, or one which is, as it were, overtaxed by having so many thoughts or notions that it can form a clear idea of none.

Persons who suffer in this way should avoid, on the one hand, indifference to the things around them, and, on the other, a habit of trying to take in too much. The eye should be trained to fix itself steadily on one object at a time, and the effort made to discipline the eye will discipline the mind. Intellectually, there should be an avoidance of the endeavour to appear clever or observant, in the sense of "seeing everything." The

characteristic tendency of victims of doubt, if they are not absolutely stupid, is to aim at brilliancy. They would be "wits," or experts, or at least "clever." They try to see more, to take in a wider field, and to think better or more "broadly" than their fellows. They are perpetually striving to produce an effect, and when they fail, or fear they have failed, they are proportionately depressed. By the frequent recurrence of periods of mental depression—which follow upon disappointments in the endeavour to perform feats of thought or observation—sufferers from this trouble too often fall into a state of chronic melancholy, with paroxysms of irritability. By taking the matter in time it is nearly always possible to avoid this untoward issue of a malady which is perfectly remediable at the outset. A perpetual state of doubt as to small matters is one of the most distressing of common mind-troubles, but it may be easily mended when once its cause and nature are clearly understood.

WATCHING THE WEATHER ON BEN NEVIS.

By CLEMENT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., F.M.S., &c.

PART I.—PREPARING FOR WORK.

THE establishment of a meteorological observatory on Ben Nevis—the highest mountain in the United Kingdom, 4,406 feet high—was first proposed in 1877 by Mr. Milne Home of Milne Graden, a gentleman well known for his attainments in science and zeal for physical investigation, and the chairman of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Mrs. Cameron Campbell of Monzie, and Lord Abinger, the owners of the mountain, kindly gave consent. The Society took up the proposal, and in course applied for assistance to the Meteorological Council and Government Grant Committee, to enable them to found the mountain station. Difficulties however stood in the way of the application being successful, and the matter remained in abeyance. A proposal was next set on foot to erect on the Ben by public subscription an observatory to the memory of the late Mr. David Hutcheson, who did so much towards opening up the Highlands by his fine fleet of steamers; but no result accrued leading to the erection of the station.

Having read of the efforts made by the Society, being convinced of the importance of high-level observatories, and further having

given myself up to a life of geographical and meteorological research, I wrote to the Secretary in December, 1880, proposing to place a set of standard instruments on Ben Nevis and to make regular daily ascents from Fort William in time for 9 A.M. observations on the summit, under their auspices, if they would grant me facilities of accommodation and a pony. My offer was accepted.

I had lately been conducting on my own account a series of climatological investigations in North Staffordshire—in the basin of the river Churnet and on Beacon Stoop, Weaver Hills; but taking one set of instruments, and leaving the remainder of the work in the hands of assistants, I set out for the Highlands. At Edinburgh I met the Council of the Society, and obtained the barometer. I then continued my journey *viâ* Stirling and Oban. My wife accompanied me, she having kindly undertaken to assist in the work by taking observations near the sea-level at Fort William simultaneously and in direct connection with those to be made by me on the top of the Ben, thus adding largely to their value.

A word as to the necessity for high-level stations. To find a state of matters existing



Ordnance Survey Cairn. Rain Gauge.

The Ben Nevis Observatory.

(From a photo. by P. Macfarlane, Fort William.)

Barometer Cairn.
Radiation Thermometer.

Thermometer Screen.

that demands the spread of meteorological investigation and research in these islands, we have only to consider the fearful cyclonic hurricanes that now and again sweep over us from the Atlantic, proving so disastrous to our fishing fleets, human life and property. By high-level observatories in connection with stations at lower levels adjacent we deal, as it were, with vertical sections of the atmosphere, considered with reference to the distribution of atmospheric pressure, wind, and temperature. Hence we can learn more of the conditions attending the advance of these dreaded "depressions," gaining more knowledge of their nature and shape, and of the circulation of the wind about their areas at various altitudes; so it may become possible, by observation and a little patient research, to forecast with a certainty greater than has hitherto been attained. Ben Nevis and Fort William are for many reasons the best positions that could be chosen for such important investigations.

We arrived at Fort William by the *Pioneer* on the evening of Saturday, May 28th. Sun-

day immediately following was of course a rest day; but after evening service in the English Church I strolled along Glen Nevis and ascended the hill behind Fort William to reconnoitre, obtaining a first good view of the mighty Ben, hoary even now in the garb of winter. I own to being greatly impressed with the magnitude of the work before me, as I surveyed the grey rugged steepes towering upwards against the twilight sky, in dark contrast with the shelving fosses of snow high in the rugged burns of the old mountain.

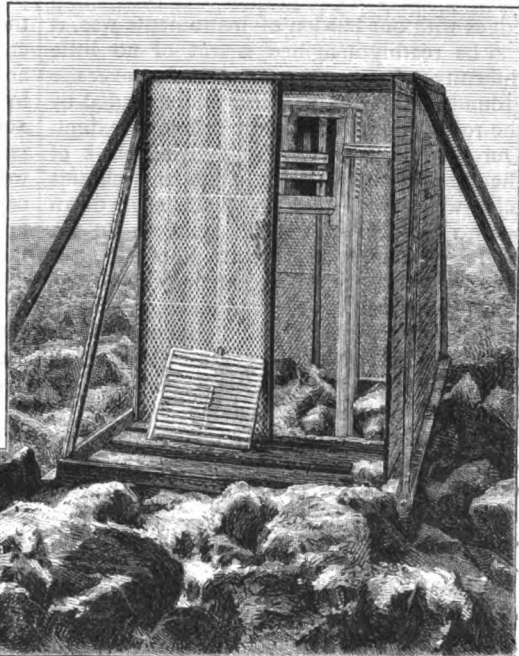
The evening mists were gathering around the adjacent hills and the shades fast deepening, when, having finished my survey, I returned to Fort William. On the following day, being determined to commence the work with as little delay as possible, and kindly assisted by Mr. Colin Livingston, of the Public Schools—distinguished for his scientific abilities, and who is ever eager to assist in every good work—matters were soon arranged. The services of a local joiner were at once secured; and at 10 P.M. some eight workmen set out for the summit, each with his burden nicely adjusted, carrying the necessary "fixings" for the instruments and sundry tools, posts, and stanchions. After two hours' sleep and an early breakfast, at half-past one I followed with the barometer; accompanied by Mr. Livingston and the landlord of the Temperance Hotel, carrying the rain-gauge and thermometers. A large anti-cyclone lay at the time over Great Britain, and consequently the weather was calm and all that could be desired, and the morning air of early summer delicious. Our path lay along



The Barometer Cairn.
(From a photo. by P. Macfarlane, Fort William.)

sundry club mosses and the butterwort (*Pinguicula vulgaris*) being in considerable abundance. The rugged Ben rises precipitously farther on the left, and the jagged precipices of *Carn Dearg*, its north-west shoulder, 3,961 feet high, frown darkly over the moors below. The swamp crossed we began the stiff part of the climb. About 2,400 feet, at 5.10 A.M., the snow was first reached; not lying evenly, but in drifts and deep accumulations in the waterworn courses trenched out by the mountain torrents. We had now left the region of the coarse-grained granite, had attained what is practically the limit of vegetation; and our course, taking one shorter than the usual track, lay diagonally up the western side over the bare rough felsites and porphyrites of the steep slopes of the mountain. It was indeed toilsome work, owing to our being encumbered with the delicate instruments. Mr. Livingston and I each took our turn in carrying the barometer, which it was necessary to hold with the greatest possible care under the arm, cistern end uppermost, lest by any jerking or rough handling air should find its way into the tube, and so this invaluable and indispensable instrument be rendered useless for the contemplated observations. The climb, moreover, was rendered

the Inverness road for over a mile. Then we turned to the right and crossed the Peat Moss at the base of the Ben Nevis system. We now took a short and unfrequented course, and commenced the ascent of the heathy moors forming the northern slopes of the mountain. We followed pretty much the direction of the wild Highland burn, *Allt Coire an Lochain*—now gurgling softly round a secluded nook, now plunging in a white cascade over some coarse granite boulders: and at about a quarter-past four reached the well-known lake or tarn, called *Lochan Meall an t-Suidhe*, from the high grassy hill on the west, 2,322 feet high, that on this side rises immediately from the water's edge. To our left is a stretch of quagmire, about a quarter of a mile in width, which we must needs cross, the vegetation of which chiefly consists of bog grasses, mosses, lichens, several kinds of orchis, and dwarf heathers; the delicate white reindeer moss (*Cladonia rangiferina*),



The Thermometer Screen. (From a photo. by P. Macfarlane, Fort William.)

the more trying under these circumstances

by the huge sharp boulders over which, neatly poising ourselves at every step to prevent capsizing with our precious burdens, we slowly plodded our way upwards. How grand now becomes the picture! Deep at the bottom of the ravine below, hemmed in by the hills and mountain's side, stretch the grassy undulations of Glen Nevis. Beyond out-reach the long arms of Loch Linnhe and Loch Eil, while farther the eye is carried over the sublime mountain vastnesses of the Highlands till the hills of Skye and streak of the Western Ocean far in the distance bound the panoramic view. Near half-past six we arrived at the famous spring, 830 feet below the summit, afterwards named by me "Buchan's Well," in honour of the able meteorologist and indefatigable secretary of the Scottish Meteorological Society. Here we paused for rest and refreshment, and to quaff the clear water trickling from beneath the cold grey stones. On soon we trudged over sharp loose rock, taking an east-south-easterly direction, and guided now and again by a solitary cairn, looking dreary enough in these weary wilds, and about seven o'clock came to the rough plateau at 4,000 feet, which I subsequently had occasion to name "The Plateau of Storms." Here massive blocks of agglomerate lie strewn in great profusion, and walking safely in equilibrium over their sharp edges with our burden of instruments was, it can be readily imagined, a feat of no little difficulty. Snow did not uniformly cover the ground, but lay in patches, where shaded by the rocks, generally an acre or two in extent. Our way was now past the shelving brink of the first precipices, their clefts and chasms filled with snow—that sink down, away down some 1,300 feet in terrible grandeur to the fearful profounds of the corries beneath. A hundred yards more and we glimpsed the top. The cap of the mountain was surrounded by a thin mist, and the snow lay much as before in great patches, a foot and a half in depth. At length, shortly before half-past seven, we reached the summit on its west side—we were verily on Ben Nevis—the instruments were safe. After laying them down near the Ordnance cairn with mutual congratulations and feelings of intense relief, I at once proceeded to the establishment of the temporary observatory.

Some description of the top may here be necessary, and I speak partly from subsequent observation. It consists of a tableland some ninety acres in extent, and is covered to a depth of several feet by blocks of felstone lavas and volcanic agglomerates, probably

the débris of some ancient eruption. These lie tilted up at every angle, a very chaos of disorder and confusion. Chiefly at the northern boundary of this singular plateau are the great precipices, their edges in places smoothed o'er by huge sloping walls of snow. Precipices and dykes again bound the mountain on the east; the southern slopes are very rugged, and below are the grassy carpet and waters of the Glen. At some points along the brink of the northern precipices, where the effects of glaciation are most marked, the eye looks sheer down at right angles many hundreds of feet into dark yawning gulfs that make one shudder. At other places, as by the great cairn which is near the edge, one beholds on looking down a series of sharp bluffs and jagged crags choked with rubble and crumbling rock one below the another, till far, far beneath, some two thousand feet, is the *Coire Leas*, with its rushing waters winding away yonder to the broad expanse of the Lochy valley.

No amount of writing can adequately describe the grandeur of the view from the summit of Ben Nevis on a clear day. The rough old platform of sombre grey rock on which we stand contrasting with the bright plots of snow gleaming in dazzling whiteness in the blazing sun, the awful abysses of the precipices thrown out in greater majesty by the huge black shadow of some opposite crag, the adjacent dykes, sombre moors, ancient valleys, deep glens, blustering torrents in the distance below—surrounded by the noble display of mountains, range behind range, peak behind peak, bounded on the west by the lochs and sea, with the whole capped by the clear blue vault above—all impress the mind profoundly with a sense of the majesty of Nature.

Well, one set of men forthwith commenced to build a cairn, which was absolutely indispensable for the safe keeping of the barometer, on a spot I had chosen some thirty-five paces south from the precipices; another to clear away the snow and loose boulders and prepare the posts and stanchions previous to the erection of Stevenson's thermometer screen at a point ten paces more to southward. Meanwhile Mr. Livingston and I, having collected the fragments of wood sawn off by the workmen, set to work to make a fire in the sheltered corner formed by an up-tilted rock; and having come provided with a tin coffee-pot, pannikin, preserved coffee and milk, biscuits, a tin of meat, and just a nice portion of the famous "Long John," we were soon enjoying a second breakfast. The

men rapidly progressed with their work. In an hour or two a cairn seven feet high and seventeen feet in circumference, formed of the mountain stone adjacent, was completed; the barometer was carefully unpacked and suspended in a suitable box fitted with lock and key, and partly enclosed by the cairn. My delight can be imagined when I heard the clear metallic ring of the mercury when testing the instrument before finally fixing it, proving that the vacuum was perfect, and saw it hanging vertically in position. The column soon fell to about 25.9. An outer door opening to northward, and supported by a wooden stanchion, was finally added to keep off rain and snow, while yet allowing the air free access to the cistern. I should mention that this barometer is a fine instrument on Fortin's principle. It was made under the direction of Mr. Robert H. Scott, of the Meteorological Office, by Negretti and Zambra, for the Scottish Meteorological Society, especially for use on Ben Nevis; and is so constructed as to read as low as twenty-three inches. Almost simultaneously with the completion of the cairn was the thermometer screen fixed in position. It was screwed to four stout posts, fitted with a lock and angle stanchions to prevent vibration during gales; and placed at such a height that the bulbs of the instruments might be four feet above the rock. Subsequently it was enclosed in a wire cage designed by Mr. Thomas Stevenson, C.E., as an additional protection. I now fixed all the thermometers in their places. Dry and wet bulbs and maximum and minimum self-registering instruments were placed in the

screen, the former showing the temperature of the air and that due to evaporation—hence the hygrometrical conditions of the atmosphere, the latter recording extremes of temperature occurring during any given time. Some ten paces westward I placed the solar radiation thermometer (black bulb *in vacuo*) on a post four feet above ground, and the terrestrial radiation thermometer on the snow (subsequently on the rock, with its bulb exposed on cotton wool). Eighteen paces south-west from the screen was the rain-gauge fixed with its rim one foot above ground. All these instruments were my own observing standards that I had used in Staffordshire. The weather throughout was very fine, and in this we were most fortunate. So great was the diathermancy at this altitude during these anti-cyclonic conditions that the sun's rays shot down upon us with great power, so that our necks and faces became quite sore from the scorching beams; and as the day wore on we had to tie handkerchiefs round our heads to prevent sunstroke. This was owing to absence of aqueous vapours which so marvelously temper sunshine in the lower regions of the atmosphere, thereby preventing our becoming scorched by day and frozen by excessive radiation at night. The instrumental equipment of the observatory was now completed, and all ready for my first observations on the morrow. Having surveyed the whole with much satisfaction, as may well be supposed, and locked up the instruments, I descended with my party, leaving about three P.M. and reaching Fort William at five.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MOON AND I.

A GOLDEN moon that leans her gentle face
 On the blue darkness of the summer sky—
 We watched her steal aloft a little space,
 My love and I.

Parting the opal clouds, upward she rose
 To wander lonely 'mid the stars on high :
 We thought our world as bright as one of those,
 My love and I.

Dear love, the moonlight smote your rippling hair
 And made you smile you knew not how nor why ;
 My heart beat strangely as we lingered there,
 My love and I.

I asked her, fooled by the bewildering light,
 If she would try to love me by-and-by :
 She rose and left me—I stood in the night—
 The moon and I.

A. MATHESON.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—"I WILL NOT TAKE BACK MY WORD."

THAT seemed to be the natural close of the interview. Nothing more could be done that night, and the Fiscal had said, "We must inquire into it in the morning." But Armour could not go yet. He had only done half his duty: the other half he found it difficult to discharge in the presence of a third person. He was unexpectedly relieved by Fenwick.

Throughout the hours they had been sitting together he had been perfectly conscious that Fenwick had heard the current gossip about his affairs; and Fenwick had been conscious that Armour was so. But neither had made the slightest allusion to it. Indeed, they had made little effort to converse.

It was not delicacy which prevented Fenwick from some commonplace expression of sympathy. He was again and again on the point of saying: "I'm sorry you are in such a mess, old fellow," but he had an uncomfortable remembrance of the light way in which he had repeated the gossip of the village to Mrs. Musgrave, and somehow felt that he had no right to speak. The repressed sorrow and anxiety which the man's very calmness suggested touched even Fenwick's shallow nature, and made him aware that he was in the presence of something too deep for his comprehension.

So, observing that Armour evidently wished to speak in private to the Fiscal, he rose.

"I must go to roost," he said. "Hope you will have some good news in the morning, Armour."

And he retired to the enjoyment of undisturbed sleep. He was not dyspeptic, and no care for anybody or anything had ever cost him an hour's repose.

"I see you are tired, Mr. Musgrave," began Armour; "but before going I must explain two things to you."

The Fiscal sat down for the first time since his entrance, showing signs of fatigue.

"Go on."

"I have spoken to your daughter, and her answer is what I wished it to be."

"Aweel, man," said the Fiscal, with the shadow of his sly, good-natured smile passing over his countenance, "when a bonnie lassie says ay to the question you have put to her, there's no need for looking as glum as though you rued your bargain already."

Armour smiled sadly at that thrust: it could not hurt him.

"You have not yet heard the second thing I have to tell you; and it is the cause of my gloom—my fear that you will withdraw the leave you gave me to win her if I could."

"Seems to me that you have won her, and it's of no consequence whether I take back my word or no."

"You can still forbid our marriage."

Mr. Musgrave looked steadily in his eyes for a moment. Then, slowly—

"And if I should forbid it, would you heed me? She has reached her majority, you know, and I am only her father."

That was an awkward question to answer honestly. "The old Adam" is an expressive phrase: and we are continually plucking the apples we have repeatedly passed unnoticed until the command has been laid upon us not to touch them. The rebellious query instantly rose in Armour's mind—

"If we two are decided that our future happiness lies in our union, who has a right to keep us apart?"

He did not then attempt to answer himself, but he answered the Fiscal as honestly as he could—

"I do not know what I should do, but I believe that she would obey you."

"That's right, Armour. Caution is a guid mare to ride at all times, and if you never commit yourself till the occasion arises—well, you'll get through the world with as

few leas on yout conscience as a man can hope to have in the present condition of human affairs. I am sure she would obey me, provided I gave her good reasons for my objection."

"I am afraid you can show good reasons for objecting now."

Armour spoke calmly; but he felt sick. He had been standing for a moment on the high hill-top, with all the glory of the newly risen sun upon him, and suddenly there was darkness.

The Fiscal was still watching his face closely.

"Ay, and what might they be?"

"The affair is so strange that it will require more explanation than you will care to listen to at this hour. The gist of it is this——"

There his heart failed him, and he paused. He was about to speak the words which would separate him from Ellie: he felt like a man who is compelled to pronounce sentence of death upon himself.

The Fiscal did not offer him any assistance, and he continued firmly—

"The gist of it is this: the man who has been passing as Thorburn is my father, and there is——"

"Stop!"

Mr. Musgrave rose and grasped him by the hand.

"You need not go any further, I knew about Thorburn all the time: I understand what has taken place—does Ellie know it?"

"Everything," replied Armour, in some bewilderment at the unexpected manner in which his information was received.

"And is she still ready to share your lot?"

"Ay, she is ready."

"Then if my blessing is any use to you, take it as part of her tocher, my man."

"Then you do not mind what folks may say?" Armour almost gasped, half afraid that the Fiscal did not quite understand the position.

"I mind what nobody says. When a thing is settled I expect every man to stick to his bargain, and I am not going to take back my word because ill has befallen you. What blame there is, you have had no hand in it. Since Ellie and you are agreed, so am I; you have only got to make peace with her mother."

"I shall speak to her during the day," cried the lover impetuously, without the slightest consideration as to the reception he would have.

"Cannily, cannily, cannily," rejoined the Fiscal warningly, and smiling at the man's

rashness; "when I observed that I did not mind what anybody said, I was not counting the guidwife. You had better not run at her the way you did at me; and may be, on consideration, it would be as well to say nothing for a day or two. She has notions of her own about settling Ellie; and at any rate it will be as well to let me break the news to her. You can come to me in the morning at the office, and we'll see about Thorburn."

Armour went away with calm, steady steps, feeling that his head was more firmly planted on his shoulders than it had seemed to be during the last few days. In spite of all that had happened and all that might happen, Ellie was his by her own and her father's consent. With that knowledge, what lion was there in his path he could not face and overcome?

It was not the wild ecstasy of the merely passionate lover which filled him; it was a sober, manful joy, inspiring him with increasing strength of mind and muscle. He could go through any trial calmly, now. He did not give any serious thought to the possibility of Mrs. Musgrave's interference marring his happiness—their happiness, he ought to say; and a glow of pleasure coloured his cheeks and brightened his eyes as he remembered that she was the sharer of his joy and sorrow now. He could not believe that any mother would oppose the wishes of her husband and daughter.

The Fiscal had seen him to the door, and watched him passing the lawn in the moonlight into the shadows of the avenue. He closed the door and fastened it—he was a considerate master and never kept servants out of bed for his own convenience. Then he proceeded slowly to his private room. The fire was burning low, he stirred it, and flames shot up instantly, brightening the place, but making fantastic shadows on the walls and in the corners. On the ceiling above him was a round disc made by the lamp, and it was like a great eye watching him.

He was not a man to be disturbed by shadows; but when he rested his head back on the chair, turning his face upward, the fancy took him that the eye was looking steadily and questioningly down into his face. He knew quite well what made the shape on the ceiling, and yet he continued to gaze at it like one who means to outstare an accuser.

At length he looked down into the fire, and as he watched the flames, like long blades of golden grass, flickering and inter-

twining as if they were dancing a reel, this was his thought—

“At least I can make him happy. That will count for something.”

His broodings were interrupted by a visitor as unexpected at that hour as a ghost; for although the Fiscal sometimes sat till unreasonable hours in the morning, his studies were never interrupted by Mrs. Musgrave.

She entered now, candle in hand, the train of her magnificent dressing-gown trailing in graceful folds after her, the black lace mantilla floating over her shoulders from the large comb which secured her hair at the back, and looking like a tragedy queen in the sleep-walking scene of *Lady Macbeth*.

When he looked round and saw her, there was no surprise on his face; but he did not speak, and that surprised her; for she had prepared to be received with one of his pieces of heavy pleasantry.

“I have been waiting for you all this time,” she said reproachfully, “and at last I thought you must have fallen asleep; for it is a long time since Mr. Armour went away.”

“Oh—and what were you waiting for particularly to-night?”

That was a most ungracious way of acknowledging her anxiety for his comfort.

“I was desirous of learning what was the nature of your interview with Mr. Armour. I did not see him; but Ellie said he would explain everything to you.”

“What is everything about?”

“His family—the disgraceful position he occupies—his father. I do trust, Richard, that you have treated him as it behoves you to do out of respect for me, and forbidden him to come here again.”

The Fiscal began to recover something of his jocular humour, and there was a glint of the sly twinkle in the corners of his eyes as he spoke.

“Forbidden him to come here again? What should I do that for?”

“What for!” Mrs. Musgrave could scarcely believe her ears. “Surely he has not told you the truth about himself.”

“He would have done that, but he had no need. I knew it all before him.”

“Then I presume that for your daughter’s sake if not for *mine*—she was very sarcastic here—“you will not permit that person to continue on visiting terms at Torthorl.”

This was pronounced with the dignity of one who, aggrieved and disappointed in everything else, is at least sure of that point.

“I don’t know how that may be,” said the Fiscal, now standing on the hearth, his back

to the fire and hands clasped behind him. He was apparently giving serious consideration to the question she had raised.

This was beyond endurance, and Mrs. Musgrave so far forgot herself as to raise her voice higher than usual—an offence against good breeding which she severely reprobated in others, and rarely, indeed, perpetrated herself.

“Do not know how it may be! Why, you can tell him that we cannot receive him. No one will receive him after this—this scandal.”

“Ay, but I am afraid we will be obliged to receive him; and so I suppose we must be No one.”

“We *obliged* to receive *him*?”

She was becoming calm in her desperation.

“Just that,” answered the Fiscal quietly.

She could not reply immediately; vexation and amazement combined had possession of her, and for the moment she entertained a suspicion that her husband had been drinking. But knowing his habits, she recognised the fact that he was perfectly sober and more serious than was usual when talking with her.

“May I ask why we are obliged to receive him?”

“I did not intend to mention it to you so soon; but the reason is because he is to become your and my son-in-law some time soon.”

Mrs. Musgrave sat down, dumb, staring at him.

She had no powers of reflection, but she had very quick instincts, and, notwithstanding the astounding effect of this announcement, her instincts made her aware of two things as she sat there looking at the calm, heavy, and wearied face of her husband.

First, he was in one of those moods over which all her arts of scolding or cajolery could exercise no influence. Second, that such a marriage was not to be permitted on any account. But how to work out the two propositions to a harmonious result she had not the faintest idea at that moment. She only knew that it must and should be done.

With more discretion than her husband would have given her credit for she warily beat a retreat under this cover—

“You have no consideration for me. It is cruel of you to make such a jest about your own daughter, and to me, at this time in the morning!”

She laid special emphasis on the time chosen for this declaration, which she affected to regard as only one of his jokes, as if that intensified the heinousness of his offence.

“It is no jest, Euphemia, I have given my

word, and I will not take it back unless one of them asks me to do so."

There was another sign that he was deeply moved—he called her by her Christian name. But there was also the glimmer of a suggestion for her future tactics—Ellie herself should ask him.

"Spare me from any more of this—this nonsense to-night."

"I have no desire to say more."

Although so late in going to bed, the Fiscal was up a little earlier than usual. He thought his wife asleep, when she spoke.

"I am not well this morning."

"Ods my life, what's wrong? Will I send for Sam Johnstone?"

"It is a change of air I want, and as Mrs. Dinwuddie has often asked us to pay her a visit, I think we will go for a few days."

"A capital idea. You are to take Ellie with you, I suppose. I'll be very lonely."

"She wants a change as much as I do, and a little sea air will do us both good."

"I have no doubt of it. When do you start?"

"To-day, but we will not be away more than a week. Mrs. Dinwuddie has been so pressing that we really must not put her off any longer."

"She may think you are taking her a little too much at her word if you tumble in upon her without a day's notice."

"Oh no, she has often said that a telegram before starting will be notice enough for her, as they have always plenty of room."

"As you please, then, good-bye."

He went out, smiling grimly to himself: the motive for this sudden flight to Kirkcudbright was amusingly evident to him: it was like a child performing a conjuring trick. Mrs. Musgrave was, like the child, very proud of being able to deceive everybody so cleverly when the only person deceived was herself.

Ellie was waiting for him as usual; but what was not usual, he took her head between his hands, and, turning her face towards the open window through which the sun was shining somewhat coldly, he gazed into her eyes earnestly.

"Well, my bonnie lass, it's a fine morning, and I hope you are quite well."

The blushing smile told him that she divined some of his thoughts; and presently she proved it in words.

"*He* has spoken to you?"

"He has that, and to some purpose. He's a clever loon yon; and it'll no be for want of speaking out that he does not get all he

wishes. It's my opinion that if he took it into his head that he wanted to marry the Queen hersel' he'd just go bang up to Balmoral or Windsor and say so."

"What would happen then?" laughingly inquired Ellie, amused by her father's drollery and pleased that he thought so well of her lover.

"They would lock him up, of course, as I mean to do for coming into my house and robbing me in the barefaced way he has done of the brightest jewel in my crown. . . . What's that sang, Ellie? He ought to chirp it to you now."

He was still holding her head and looking down into her eyes, seeking her thoughts; but she was conscious of a note of sadness in his voice and look, in spite of his playful manner.

"You know about—about his father," she said hesitatingly, "and you do not count that against him?"

"No man can be responsible for his forebears; and it would not be fair to make him so; for you see he has not got a choice in selecting them. May be if he had there would be as many bairns cut off their fathers with a shilling as there are fathers who do that for their bairns."

"I knew you would not blame him or alter because of that," she cried with bright joy on her face. "I knew you would not, and I told him so!"

"Ay, ay," muttered the Fiscal slowly, "and I suppose you care a hantle more for that loon now than for anybody else?"

Then her arms crept round his neck, her head slipped from his hands, and her face was hidden on his breast. His arms closed tightly round her.

"My bairn!"

The guttural sound was like a convulsive sob. He knew that whatever the mystery of this division of human love, his place in her heart was large and deep as ever. He gently turned her face upwards and saw that the big blue eyes were full of tears. Then he touched her brow with his lips, and there was no need for more words between them on that subject.

"Awa' wi' you, you hizzie," he said abruptly, "give a hungry man his breakfast. You'll not be here to give it to me the-morn."

"Not here to-morrow! Why?"

"Because your mother is going to Kirkcoobry for the benefit of her health, and she takes you with her."

"Oh, I am so sorry," exclaimed Ellie; "I wanted very much to be at home just now."

"Then keep a calm sough about it, and do as you are bid. Your mother is not well; and she wants to keep you out of mischief. But may be other folks will need a change of air before the week is out. Meanwhile I am not altogether sorry you are going, for I have some very unpleasant business in hand, and expect to be in a bad temper for a month to come."

"But not with me," she said with a confident smile.

"You're as well to be out of my gate, any way."

And he made a great pretence of looking black at her.

She walked with him that morning down by the new planting—the same walk Armour had taken with him on an important occasion—and he was firing off his heavy pleasantries all the way. But when they were parting he said to her with a pathetic look and tone that bewildered her—

"Whatever happens, Ellie, I'll do the best I can for you."

CHAP. XXI.—THE STRICTEST INVESTIGATION.

As a rule the only difference in the manner of the Procurator-Fiscal when in his office from what it was outside of it was that he became more serious, seldom spoke to any of the clerks except on business, and then it was in a low, grave voice. But the people who came to be precognosed could never tell when he was only joking them and when in earnest; and his banter had been known to elicit the facts of a case from the most unwilling witness more promptly than the most severe cross-examination could have done.

His office, in one of the new streets of the county town, was an unpretentious-looking place—the insurance office next door was an imposing edifice in comparison—but it was opposite the huge red pile of buildings which formed the New Gaol. The majestic shadows of that erection and of the Court House close by cast an awe-inspiring gloom over the Fiscal's office, rendering its very simplicity suggestive of peril to the evil-doer. The cold stone-like wax-cloth on the passages and the floors of the outer rooms was always painfully clean, and there was an atmosphere of silence and mystery in the place which inclined people to walk on tip-toe as soon as they crossed the threshold.

The Fiscal's chamber was always in a kind of mist: daylight was made dim by the white-stained glass of the window—the window, even had the glass been clear, would not have made the room much brighter, for it

faced a blank wall of the next house—and the gas when lit produced no better effect. The deep black-purple carpet—suggesting the colour of an old blood-stain—the dark oak furniture and bookcases had the same effect on the gas as the stained glass on the daylight. The books and papers were always arranged in scrupulous order: it seemed as if no hand ever opened a paper or took down a book. The stiff-backed, dull-grey leather-covered chairs were always exactly in the same positions. There was not a speck of dust anywhere, and no spider had ever been adventurous enough to invade this melancholy room.

In front of the huge oak desk sat the Fiscal, his confidential clerk on his left, Armour on his right. On the other side of the desk, face towards the window, so that what light there was fell full upon it, was a smart-looking gentleman in dark brown walking suit, a billycock hat in his hand. The face was small, thin, and keen as a razor, a thick military moustache was the only hair on it; the grey eyes quick and penetrating, the short-cut dark hair streaked with grey. Height five feet ten and a half; figure all muscle and sinew, not a superfluous ounce of flesh anywhere.

This was Captain Brown, the chief constable, a gentleman as remarkable in his way as the Fiscal himself. They were excellent friends and worked successfully together.

"I am anxious," the Fiscal proceeded, "that there should be the strictest search made for this unfortunate man. You say that all your night reports are in?"

"Every one, and there is nothing particular doing," replied the Captain in a brisk curt way, as if he were talking about business in stocks or drysaltery.

"I am disappointed, for as Mr. Armour gave early information and the word was passed on, I would have expected that something might have been heard of him."

"He can't have gone far or some of the men would have seen him. We'll try the loch and the river to-day. No doubt we'll have some news to-morrow."

"If there is none we will offer a reward."

"How much?"

The Fiscal turned to Armour and the latter answered the look—

"Offer whatever you think will be sufficient."

"Then say fifty pounds for such information as may enable us to find him."

"Alive or dead, we'll find him within a week. Good morning."

The Captain put on his hat and departed with quick, decisive steps. He was a man who doubted and suspected every human being except one. It is unnecessary to say that the exception was Captain Brown.

He regarded every one he met as a probable customer: took a mental photograph of him or her at once, making a calculation of the height, weight, and strength of the person at the same time. His memory for faces was said to be as marvellous as that of the sheep-kenner, and the Fiscal had long ago dubbed him the human sheep-kenner. The Captain had never been known to make a mistake in identity, no matter how brief his first inspection of the person to be identified might have been, or how long the interval between his inspections.

"Is that all we can do?" asked Armour, feeling in that gloomy chamber the sense of helplessness which comes over one when, despite all our watching and care, death steps in and takes away our patient. Those eyes so lately bright with intellect now so dull; those limbs, so lately warm and active, now so cold and stiff—is there no one who can help us to bring the light back into the eyes and the power of motion into the limbs? We have striven hard with the conqueror thus far and we ask vacantly—"Is that all we can do?"

"That is all."

Armour rose to go, the Fiscal from beneath his heavy brows observing him thoughtfully.

"You can take those papers to your own room, Adamson, and get the depositions in the Kirkhope House affair ready for me as quickly as you can."

The confidential clerk obeyed promptly and noiselessly.

"I never knew a body who was patient because he was bidden, or I would bid you be patient, Armour. I say instead—you must wait. It depends upon yourself in what manner you will wait. You can spend the time in grumbling, or you can go about your ordinary work in your ordinary way like a sensible mortal. That's what I would try to do."

"That is what I mean to do. I have reason to be patient, for the only harm I feared in this exposure is spared me. Since you do not think it cause enough to keep—your daughter from me, I can bear anything."

He had not yet learned to say Ellie to any one except herself and Grannie.

"You mean you *think* you can bear anything. Eh, man, what a pity that kind of feeling lasts such a wee while!"

"It will last me all my days," said the lover modestly.

"Then you mean to have a short life. However, be that as it may, you are not beholding much to me. What I do is to please Ellie, and maybe because there is something of kindly thought for yourself—"

"You have shown that in many ways, Mr. Musgrave," interrupted Armour gratefully.

"Maybe, maybe, but I want you to understand that I just want to please Ellie; and if she should happen to change her mind about you I would say, Very well, my lass, please yourself—always provided that the man was honest, rich or poor would not matter to me."

Armour smiled—he would have laughed if they had not been in that depressing chamber—at the idea of Ellie's proving fickle.

"I am content," he rejoined confidently, "to leave my happiness in her keeping."

"And I believe it could not be in safer hands. I only mentioned that to show you that I am only considering her. Now, I have a bit of news for you that may not be to your liking. Mrs. Musgrave starts for Kirkcooby to-day, and Ellie goes with her."

Armour's countenance fell. This was a disappointment indeed, for he had reckoned upon seeing her often during this period of suspense about Thorburn.

"I am sorry she is to be away just now, but I hope they will have good weather," he said awkwardly.

"Ay, man, and is that all you can think about it? Now I would have fancied that you might have discovered some business to take you there at the same time. There's to be a bowling match on Saturday. What for should you not go to see it?"

Armour understood, and his face cleared.

"Thank you, I will be there."

"I'll give you a letter for a friend of mine, so that you will not want for company if the Dinwuddies should not have the grace to ask you to take your kail with them . . . That's all right, say no more. About the other matter there shall be the strictest investigation, and you'll have news as soon as there is any to give you."

They did not shake hands, they *grasped* hands as if they were two ardent friends pledging lifelong faith to each other. Armour felt that this man was his father as well as Ellie's, and inwardly resolved that he should give him all a son's respect and duty.

The mist in the gloomy chamber seemed to clear away and he saw clearly before him a large-hearted, generous man whose affections lifted him above the sordid calculations of

the world. He had, indeed, been fortunate in his life, most fortunate in finding such a friend in the father of his Princess. Surely the Lamp had fallen into his hands!

What a grim shadow crossed his mind—was there to come some magician in disguise and spirit away his Princess, castle and all?

When he had gone the Fiscal stood for a few minutes in the middle of the floor, thinking. Then, returning to his desk, he muttered to himself—

“He’s a fine lad, yon,—a fine lad.”

He touched the handbell; Adamson, the confidential clerk, returned, and in his calm methodical manner the Fiscal resumed the business of the day.

In the afternoon Captain Brown reappeared.

“A most indefatigable officer, this human sheep-kenner,” the Fiscal used to say, “although he is a Londoner and rather miserly with his h’s whiles.”

“Have you found the man?” he inquired, looking up from his papers.

“Not yet,” replied the Captain.

“Nor any trace of him?”

“No, unless we may connect with him a trifling discovery at Campbell’s farm on the way to Lockerbie.”

“Ah, Campbell’s farm.” The Fiscal leaned back on his chair. “What was that?”

“In a shed facing the road there are signs of a scuffle, and there is a pool of blood beside a harrow, which is resting against the wall.”

“Blood!” said the Fiscal slowly: “somebody has cut a finger and stopped there to bandage it.”

“There is too much of it for that. It looks like foul play of some sort, whether it has anything to do with the man we are seeking or not.”

“What makes you associate it with him, Captain?”

It was a habit of the Fiscal to give people their titles frequently in conversation—not from any premeditated intention to pander to vanity, but arising naturally out of his easy friendly way of talking.

“This, the man was weak, not able to travel far; he is not in the loch, not in the river. He must have required food some time; but he has not been seen at any farm or cot for nearly twenty miles round. Starting from Armour’s mill our man, wanting to escape observation, was more likely to cut through the fields or to take the Lockerbie

road than to turn into the town, where we could easily have found him.”

“Keep in mind that he was a kind of daft creature.”

“That is precisely why I fancy that he would have cunning enough to keep away from the town, but not enough to keep off the beaten road. Well, we have no trace of him; but we find at this place—which is a likely enough place for him to take a rest—we find signs of a scuffle and this blood.”

“What possible motive could any one have for harming a poor creature like that? He had no money or valuables about him.”

“He had several pounds with him. The woman Howison who was nursing him, saw them in a drawer in his cottage, and Mr. Moffat, the minister, saw him take them out and put them in his pocket. He had been preparing to leave Thorniehowe for some time, and had no doubt saved something. I understand he had good wages.”

“Well?”

The Fiscal was making notes of all the Captain said.

“Next we have the Kirkhope gents prowling about somewhere; hard up very likely, as they have not got their swag away. One of them might have come across him, and he would be an easy victim to deal with. You see the connection now.”

“Ay, it’s possible. . . . Any way we ought to know what happened in the shed. Did the folk at the farm not see anybody or hear anything?”

“No. A ploughman found the place as I have told you this morning, and when he saw the blood he went to his master.”

“I cannot make out how it can be. . . . I’ll go with you and have a look at the place.”

“I thought you would consider it worth while going, and have the gig ready.”

The Fiscal put on his over-coat and hat and accompanied the chief constable.

The Captain’s gig was like the owner, smart and quick: it seemed to have been built for skimming over the earth, and the sleek, well-groomed bay which drew it was an admirable match for it and their master.

The Fiscal surveyed the shed and its surroundings with the critical eyes of one accustomed to seek for evidence in the merest trifle. He examined every one connected with the farm, and especially questioned the ploughman, who had been the first to enter the shed in the morning, as to the exact state in which he had found things. But he obtained little information beyond what the Captain had brought him.

One thing he pointed out, however, for the benefit of the farmer—that the harrow being placed against the wall with the teeth outward, any one falling against it might sustain serious injury. It was possible that some accident of that kind had happened which would account for the blood.

Then Captain Brown drove him back to his office.

CHAPTER XXII.—CHECK!

ELLIE had been very good about that journey to Kirkcudbright—local pronunciation has softened the word into "Kirkcoobry," for the convenience of the tongue and the pleasure of the ear. She made no demur whatever to the excursion so hastily proposed by her mother, and that lady was much relieved in consequence. She had expected opposition or at any rate some request for delay.

During the journey, too, Ellie was so cheerful—she was always attentive—that Mrs. Musgrave was greatly consoled by the thought that whatever the Fiscal might believe, Ellie was not so deeply attached to this paper-maker as to be insensible to reason and to the merits of other wooers. She was much exercised in mind to discover how far matters had gone between her daughter and Armour: she knew they must have gone farther than her suspicions had suggested, or her husband would not have spoken as he had done. But for the present she controlled her curiosity: it was her policy to pass over the incident as if it had never occurred, and, if possible, not to allow the name of Armour to be heard during their stay.

When she saw Ellie laughing with the two Dinwuddie girls and their brother George, who had just obtained his commission and was proud of being a full-blown ensign in the 74th, she was satisfied that her plan was to succeed more quickly than she had expected.

"I told you, child, that you required change of scene and change of faces, and society such as my daughter should have, to put away those anxious looks which have been quite frightening me—although I did not want to make you worse by speaking about them."

"I did not know that I had been looking anxious, mamma," said Ellie simply; "I thought I was as happy as anybody can hope to be."

"Nonsense, you were beginning to look dreadful. Here, after only one day, you are looking like yourself again. I feel ever so

much better myself, and you must be glad we came away."

"I am glad we came."

"I was sure you would be; and you see how much pleasure our coming has given to dear Charlotte (Mrs. Dinwuddie) and the whole family. They have invited some friends on our account and we are to be quite gay to-morrow."

She did not say that one of the friends invited at her instigation was Hugh Fenwick.

Ellie was glad she had come, but for another reason than that which it gratified her mother to believe to be the true one.

Ellie had written to Armour and had received an answer. She knew her father's mind and her own; and she knew that the decision they had come to would be the cause of much distress to her mother. The time when that decision would have to be formally declared could not be long put off, and meanwhile she was eager to afford her as much pleasure as it was in her power to give. So she determined that for her sake there should be no outward sign of regret at leaving home at this juncture in Armour's affairs. The motive for this resolve set her mind free and she was as happy as she looked.

With the two girls and Ensign George for escort there were pleasant walks round about the old town, and there was a boat in which they made excursions in the bay. She made a sketch of the Maclellans' Castle—the Dinwuddies claimed to be directly descended from the Maclellans and regarded the ruins as a sort of family monument—and found particular delight whilst working at it. Somehow the tumble-down pile recalled that bright day at Sweetheart Abbey and nobody guessed why the colour was so rich in her cheeks when Miss Dinwuddie admiringly exclaimed—

"That is a labour of love surely—it is just beautiful!"

She was surprised, but not disturbed, when Fenwick arrived. Certainly, she felt a little sad, thinking of the disappointment in store for her mother; but that only urged her to greater exertions to please her for the time being. Poor Mrs. Musgrave required all the comfort that could be given to her on this very day; for Mrs. Dinwuddie informed her as an agreeable surprise that another friend of hers had arrived in the town and was to make one of the guests at dinner that evening. This guest was Mr. John Armour, who had brought a letter of introduction from the Fiscal.

Mrs. Musgrave's sense of personal dignity was too keen to permit her to show the annoyance she experienced not only at Armour's arrival, but at this new proof of her husband's determination to have his own way. She did think of telling her hostess in confidence the grounds on which she would have preferred not to meet Mr. Armour; but that could serve no purpose, and she was too good-natured to make her friend unnecessarily uncomfortable.

This was decidedly "check" to her first move in the game she was playing with her husband, and she felt irritated as she pictured him smiling to himself at her chagrin. But she kept the irritation to herself and quietly resolved that her next move should be to return to Torthorl at the end of the week. At home, she now saw, the situation would be more under her command than at a friend's house. She might go abroad; but she knew what the Fiscal would say—

"You may go, if you please. Ellie must stay with me."

No; it was evident that she would gain nothing by open rebellion. After the return to Torthorl circumstances must decide what her next move should be. Meanwhile she would continue to treat the whole affair as a preposterous idea unworthy of serious attention.

She carried out her programme fairly well, making no pretence of any change in her sentiments regarding Armour. She was the first to inform Ellie of his coming.

"That Mr. Armour is to be of the party this evening," she said carelessly, but watching her daughter's face all the time. "The Dinwuddies cannot know much about him or they would never have invited him; and of course it is not our business to enlighten them."

Ellie was not in the least confused by the announcement of his coming; there was not one of the pretty affectations of indifference which girls display when told of the unexpected approach of a lover. She answered frankly, as one friend might do in speaking of another.

"I dare say he has a good introduction."

"Your father is his sponsor. I don't understand what it is you and your father can see in him to make him such a favourite. I can never bring myself to like him."

Ellie made no reply.

In the evening Mrs. Musgrave could not help being cold to Armour; the coldness, however, was not so markedly as to be ostensible to others. But he must have felt

it, and she was, therefore, the more astonished by his conduct towards her. Without being obtrusive he was attentive. She could have understood a desire to get into her good graces because he was wooing her daughter; but the same motive had existed all along and he had never before made any attempt to win her favour—indeed, he had been hitherto rather shy with her, and always apparently glad to speak to any one else in the room.

This evening he was in a quiet way distinctly trying to please her, and yet there was Fenwick paying marked attention to Miss Musgrave—so marked that Mrs. Dinwuddie and her girls made up their minds on the spot that it was a match—whilst Armour, unmoved, showed no inclination to interfere, although he must see what was going on.

Mrs. Musgrave was perplexed: she could not catch the magnetic glances which Ellie and Armour interchanged. Fenwick was certainly making the most of his opportunity; and she was not repulsing him. Still the position was a little bewildering to the anxious mother.

Now, it is beyond the comprehension of man, what clever ways the most guileless woman finds to please others when she wishes to please, and to hoodwink them also. This, too, without any idea that she is practising deceitful arts!

Ellie had found time to say to Armour—

"You must be kind to my mother to-night, for my sake."

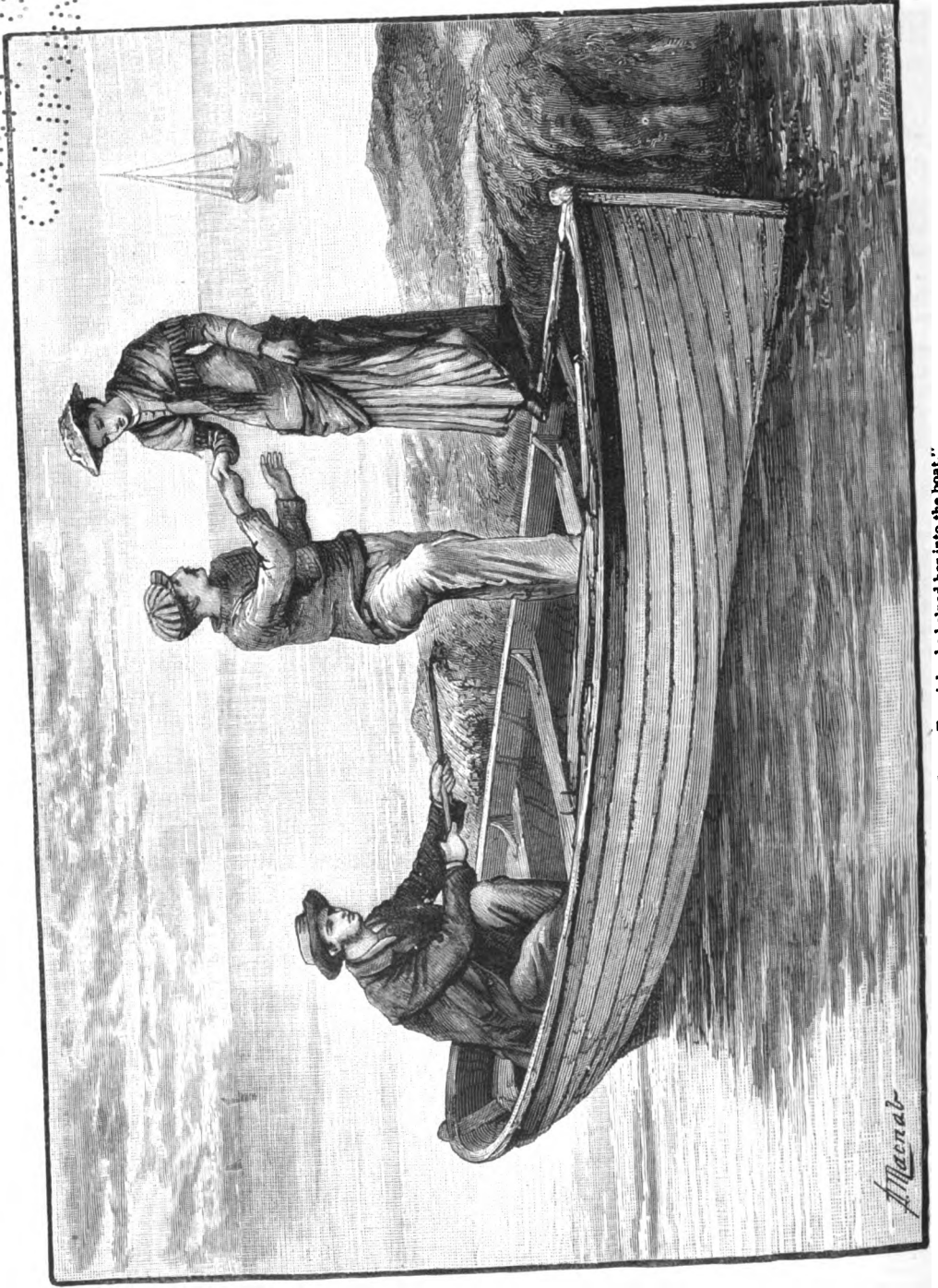
He would have been kind to his bitterest foe under such a command. As it was he was quite ready to do his best to please Mrs. Musgrave. He did not dislike her, and would have been glad to overcome the objections which he felt she entertained to him. So he resigned his sweetheart for the evening and devoted himself to her mother.

It was a little trying to him at times; but the great future was his, and out of that he could spare a few hours.

Fenwick was in high glee: he felt somehow as if he had entered a race with somebody and the glow of triumph was upon him, finding himself, as he thought, already ahead of the other competitors. For that evening, at any rate, he was allowed to monopolise Miss Musgrave's conversation; and the next day too, it seemed that he was to enjoy the same privilege.

He had proposed an excursion in the boat. Ensign George was engaged in connection with the great bowling match between Kirkcudbright and Newton-Stewart, and could not go.

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"It was Fenwick who helped her into the boat."

"Never mind," said Fenwick, "I can take the two oars myself, and perhaps Miss Musgrave would like a lesson in rowing."

"Mr. Armour is coming," said Miss Dinwuddie, innocently dashing down Fenwick's hopes.

"He won't know anything about rowing."

"He told me that he used to be very fond of it when he was in Glasgow," said Ellie mildly.

Mr. Armour came and was very willing to take an oar. On the way to the boat Fenwick contrived to be with Ellie, whilst Armour walked beside Miss Dinwuddie.

"You good folk go on," said the latter when they were near the shore where the boat lay, "and I will be after you in a minute. I want to leave a message at that cottage up there for Miss Graham."

"Graham?" repeated Armour, remembering the terrible association of his father with that name. "Who is she?"

"A queer old body—but I'll tell you about her afterwards."

She ran up to the cottage, and the three went down to the shore, Ellie walking between the two men. It was Fenwick who helped her into the boat; it was Fenwick who managed to do everything for her, thrusting himself forward in his gay cavalier fashion as if he had the right to do it.

Armour remained passive in the confidence of possession, smiling at the butterfly; but Ellie was beginning to feel somewhat uncomfortable under this excess of attention, and wished they were in the house again, where she would have been able to escape from him.

Miss Dinwuddie was longer than she had intended to be, and on rejoining her friends she looked as if something funny had occurred.

"Why, Mr. Armour," she said, as she was taking her seat, "I bring an invitation for you."

"Who may that be from?"

"Miss Graham. She wanted me to stay with her for a little; I explained that friends were waiting for me; then she must know who the friends were. When I mentioned your name she immediately wanted to know everything about you from where and when you were born to this day. I told her all I knew, but that did not satisfy her, and so she wants to see yourself."

He could not say that he would be pleased to accept the invitation, for the fact that his name had so roused the lady's curiosity suggested that she must be some relative of the

unfortunate man whose fate had exercised such an influence over his own life. He took his oar and the boat glided lightly over the water.

"I promised that you would come up with me," continued Miss Dinwuddie, "and you need not be afraid of her. She is quite harmless although she is crazy. She spends nearly all her time in one room amongst her dogs and birds of all kinds, talking to them all the day long as if they were human beings, and I really do think some of them understand her better than we can."

"Who takes care of her?" asked Ellie, as Armour did not speak.

"Two old folk, a gardener and his wife. They have been with her for years, and have grown into her ways. She has one particular craze—she will not allow the window to be closed night or day, winter or summer. I have been with her when the snow has been driving in at the window and melting on the floor with the heat of the fire, while all the robins in the Stewartry seemed to be congregated there. You will be very much interested, Mr. Armour, and you must think yourself highly honoured, for there are not more than half a dozen people she will speak to on any account."

"Very well, I will go," said Armour, but the prospect was not a pleasant one.

Ellie had seen the shade on his face, and, knowing the whole story of the past, she understood it. He was thinking of his father, and became restless in his desire for news. Notwithstanding that he was here beside Ellie, and the Fiscal had told him that he would be most useful if he waited quietly in some fixed place whence he could be instantly summoned, he felt that he would be more satisfied if he were joining in the search. This waiting to be called was only made bearable by her presence.

The party was not so blithe as when they started. Fenwick chattered about the coast, the smugglers and their caves, about "Guy Mannering," and Dirk Hatterick, but even he was glad when they stepped on shore again.

CHAPTER XXIII.—UNDER THE SHADOW.

"Oh no, you cannot come with us," said Miss Dinwuddie to Ellie and Fenwick; "you must either wait for us or go on home to lunch—it is nearly the hour now. We will not be long behind you."

"We'll go on slowly," said Fenwick, taking upon himself to reply for Ellie.

"Just as you like. Come away, Mr.

Armour, and see what you think of your new friend."

And she marched up the braeside, Armour being obliged to accompany her. Miss Dinwuddie, after her observations of the previous evening, was under the impression that she was doing Cupid a good turn and was aiding the course of true love to run smooth in thus leaving Ellie and Fenwick together. "Matchmaking is a stronger instinct in the woman-breast than maternal affection itself," Mr. Moffat used to say, "they are aye marrying themselves or other folk."

The cottage was a squat-looking square erection of reddish stone, one story, and the slated roof projected more than a foot beyond the walls, serving as an umbrella for them. This was needed as the stone was very porous. The walls were bare, but a few geraniums were growing in a narrow strip of earth along the side of the cottage. The garden was laid out in squares of exactly the same size whether they were for flowers or vegetables. The boxwood bordering was thick and carefully trimmed; there was not a weed anywhere or a blade of grass visible on the straight paths. It was like one of the toy gardens in which everything is rigidly straight and prim, and the trees were trimmed as if they were toy trees.

The lower sash of the front window had been taken out, and as they approached the house Armour heard the yelping of dogs, the tumultuous whistling of birds, and above the din the screeching of parrots and paroquets mingled with the husky voice of a jackdaw.

Miss Dinwuddie, without knocking or waiting to be announced, entered a small room where the menagerie was kept.

Seated in a huge old arm-chair was a woman who must have been tall when able to stand up, and her face—although it was scored with lines like a railway map, and adorned with a considerable moustache—bore signs that she had once been handsome. She was handsome still; but seared and yellow. On the head was a white "mutch," over which was a broad black band. She was dressed in what had been a black satin gown; it was now an admirable specimen of the various shades of brown. A faded Paisley shawl hung loosely over her shoulders, and an old railway rug covered her feet.

As the visitors entered two terriers barked furiously, but did not leave the side of their mistress; a jackdaw with a scream flew up to the back of her chair and perched there

with head on one side inspecting the intruders and making a clicking sound as if it were muttering uncomplimentary remarks.

"Wha're ye—wha're ye," shrieked one of the parrots; "Kail brose—hoo's a'—hoo's a'," was the shrill cry of another, and a paroquet maintained a continuous series of hoarse screams.

"Qu'ate, ye brutes—qu'ate," commanded Miss Graham in a masculine voice. With a heavy staff she gave one of the dogs a rap on the back, and his bark was changed to a howl.

Miss Dinwuddie had to raise her voice to its highest pitch.

"Here is Mr. Armour."

"Bide a wee, ur the brutes are qu'ate," and by dint of much scolding she did succeed in modifying the clamour a little. Then, with a red face, looking at the visitors: "What said ye?"

Miss Dinwuddie repeated her introduction.

Miss Graham bowed her head in a stiff, stately way three times; then regarded him frowningly.

"Armour—you're no Jock Armour—the Jock Armour I mean. . . . Bide a wee, there's something about ye that kind o' minds me o' him. But you're no the man. Are there ony mair o' your name that you ken?"

Armour was ashamed to find himself hesitate to answer that question even to this half-witted lady.

"My father's name is John also."

"Your father—hoot awa'," she exclaimed contemptuously. "Do you mean to tell me that I'm auld enough to be your mither? He was just about your ain age, and it's no mair nor twa-three years sin' he gaed awa' to foreign parts. He took a curse wi' him, an' I'm wanting to take the curse aff him, but I maun see himse' ur I *can* do that. Hae ye been in foreign parts?"

"Yes, I have been abroad."

"An' did you no meet him in your travels? You would hae been sure to hae ta'en up wi' him. He was a blithe cr'atur' if it hadna been for the curse upon him. A black curse. . . . Ay, an' ye dinna ken him. He was just like you an' there's something about ye that minds me o' him."

Armour was puzzled, but Miss Dinwuddie explained in a whisper—

"One of her fancies is that things which happened many years ago occurred quite recently. She believes that she is not more than thirty although she is over sixty, and is dreadfully offended if anybody mistakes her age."

Armour understood now and was satisfied that the man she referred to was his father.

"I hae been speirin' at everybody that has travelled an'—losh, but it maun be a big place the world, for naebody kens onything about him."

"I think I have met him."

"Fetch him to me, then, fetch him to me. . . . Bide a wee, ye mauna tell him my name: he's fear't for it. I am ane o' the Grahams o' Montrose—we are great folk an' he's fear't for us. But I want him. I hae been trying to learn thae birds his name that they might flee awa' an' cry it a' ower the world so that he might come an' hae the curse ta'en aff him. Whar is he?"

"I do not know at this moment, but I hope to learn in a few days."

The eager look on her face changed to one of gloomy disappointment.

"It's aye the same, naebody kens him. Gang your wa's—I'm no' entertained."

"I am interested in him too, if we mean the same man, Miss Graham," said Armour with some emotion, "and I wish you would tell me how you are to take the curse from him."

"I'm no' entertained. Gang your wa's. Ye may come to the castle again if ye fetch him in wi' ye."

"We need not wait," said Miss Dinwuddie, "she will tell you nothing more to-day. Goodbye, Miss Graham, we are coming back soon."

"Ay, fetch him to me," muttered the woman without looking at them as they withdrew.

"Can you tell me what is her history?" asked Armour as soon as they were outside. "Had she any relative named Edward Graham?"

"I think that was her brother's name, and they say that he committed murder and was hung for it. That was the chief cause of her derangement. My father can tell you all about it, for he is one of her trustees."

"Has she no relatives alive?"

"Yes, but she has a small income of her own and prefers to live as you see her. I suppose her friends prefer it too, for they proposed to put her into an asylum, but as she is harmless, and in many respects very shrewd, the lunacy commissioners allow her to remain where she is under the care of Peter Baird and his wife."

"Do her friends not take any care of her? Do they not visit her?"

"She will have nothing to say to them since they tried to get her into the asylum.

She fancies that she is very rich and that her friends want to take her fortune from her. They think it is best not to disturb her by visits which only cause excitement. She is happy in her way, I believe, and although she is always waiting for your namesake to come back so that she may take the curse off him, as she says, she is not disturbed about him and is content to wait."

"Did you ever hear how she proposes to take the curse off him?" he inquired with a curious sensation of superstitious anxiety at which under other circumstances he would have smiled.

"No, she has never precisely explained how she is to do it; but my father and I believe that it is some message she received for him from her brother. . . . I told you that you would be interested."

Ay, he was interested: the shadow of the curse fell very blackly over him and over that poor woman in the cottage on the brae. He was brave and firm in his resolution to claim and maintain the place he had won for himself; to attempt no concealment of his antecedents, although he would not be such a fool or braggart as to thrust them unnecessarily upon the attention of others. But at this moment there was a sharp sting in his brain as he thought how this frank, generous-hearted girl beside him, who was now so friendly, would shrink from him if she were suddenly made aware of his relationship to the man Miss Graham was waiting for.

He was beginning to realise that there are circumstances in which the shadow of another's guilt may darken innocent lives.

It was hard enough for him to feel the shadow on himself; how would it be for Ellie? Was it right to drag her under it too?

"I would like your life to be all sunshine," he said when he found an opportunity of speaking to her apart from the others. It was at the bowling-green, whither they had all repaired immediately after lunch.

The bright day had brought many spectators to the green, and there was a hum of cheery voices, above which rose the encouraging shouts of the backers, or the general applause of the on-lookers, when some well-played bowl skimmed lightly over the close-cut turf and, obedient to the carefully calculated bias, curved gracefully through the maze of other bowls, taking a first place. Then the shout was for "Newton-Stewart!" and the next moment it was "Kirkcoobry, Kirkcoobry!"

Four lines of earnest on-lookers formed a steady square at the edges of the bowling-

plain; but outside that square there was constant movement and change of places, except when attention was arrested by exclamations of unusual interest, and all eyes were attracted to the progress of a bowl.

Amidst the moving lines Ellie and Armour had become separated from their party.

"Then I should be sure to be sighing for some shade," she answered, laughing at the serious way in which he expressed his unattainable wish.

"There will be no want of that, Ellie."

"Well, we must just take it as it comes," was the commonplace but comforting rejoinder. "I have good news for you—at least I hope you will think it is good news. We are to go home on Tuesday."

"That is good news, for I must return this afternoon."

"I thought you intended to remain till Monday!" she exclaimed, disappointed.

"Yes, but the conversation with Miss Graham has made me restless; I am eager to get back—to be doing something myself to find him. I should be content if we even knew where he was; but, knowing nothing, this inactivity is proving too much for me."

"Will you not find it worse at home?"

"There I shall find work to do in making preparations for you. Here I can do nothing for you or—for him."

"But what can you do for him? My father has told you that you must wait, and you can trust him—he will leave nothing undone."

"I know it—I am sure of it. Had the case been his own he could not have taken more interest in it. Gratitude is not a strong enough word for my regard for him. And to think that through it all he knew everything!"

"Then trust him and wait till he calls you."

Of course he would wait when she wished him to do so.

And that was altogether the finest bowling match that had ever been played in Scotland, although these two left the green without knowing which side had won the victory. They heard excited cheers as they were leaving the ground, but did not know that the champion player of Kirkcoobry had with his last bowl cleverly cut the Jack out from the midst of a circle of the enemy and gained the day for his native town.

But Armour was much puzzled when, about an hour afterwards, Ellie came to him and said he was to go back to Thorniehowe that evening as he had thought of doing. She

was still smiling, but there were traces of agitation on her face.

"What has happened?"

"Nothing of very great importance. Only I want you to help me to make my mother happy during the few days she is here."

He understood and obeyed.

This was what had happened to cause Ellie to send him away.

On returning to the house Mrs. Musgrave had summoned her to their dressing-room. There was much distress in the mother's expression, but no sign of anger. She was evidently striving very hard to keep from crying as she spoke, and Ellie was dismayed to see her in this state.

"You are grieving me very much, Ellie; and I thought we were to be so happy here together—and we were happy until yesterday."

"What have I done, mamma?" asked the girl, hastily searching her memory for any act that could justify this accusation.

"What have you done!—oh, Ellie! You know quite well what you have done. You are causing everybody to speak about you and Mr. Armour—and you know how vexing that is to me. I cannot stand it."

Here she wept, and the daughter hastily tried to soothe her; but without much immediate effect. Ellie thought she had sacrificed her own inclinations to a considerable extent in keeping Armour so much at a distance except during that half-hour at the bowling-green; and now it seemed the sacrifice had been made without avail.

"I did not mean to give any one cause to talk about us," she said quietly. "What do you want me to do?"

"I don't know what you are to do," answered the mother, still agitated, "but what I am to do is to tell Charlotte that we cannot remain here another day if she persists in having that man about the house."

Then Ellie reflected for a few moments, and presently she spoke—

"I don't think you should do that, mamma. . . . I think Mr. Armour will go home this evening."

"I certainly will speak to Charlotte if he remains."

Then Ellie went and told her lover that he was to go home: but she determined at the same time that as soon as they returned to Torthorl the necessary explanation should be made.

Mrs. Musgrave was pacified, and she also came to a determination:—that before they returned to Torthorl something should happen.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.—MR. WESTERN.

THE Holts travelled about during the whole of that year, passing the summer in Switzerland and the autumn in the north of Italy, and found themselves at Rome in November, with the intention of remaining there for the winter. One place was the same to them as another, and it was necessary that they should at any rate exist until the term had expired for which they had let their house. Mrs. Holt had I think enjoyed her life. She had been made more of than at home, and had been happy amidst the excitement. But with Cecilia it had been for many months as though all things had been made of leather and prunello. She had not cared, or had not seemed to care, for scenery or for cities. In that last episode of her life she had aspired to a new career, and had at first been fairly successful. And she had loved the man honestly for a time, and had buoyed herself up with great intentions as to the future duties of her life. Then had come her downfall, in which it was commonly said of her that she had been jilted by her lover. Even when the mountains of Switzerland had been so fine before her eyes as in truth to console her by their beauty, she had not admitted that she was consoled. The Campanile at Florence had filled her with that satisfaction which comes from supreme beauty. But still when she went home to her hotel she thought more of Sir Francis Geraldine than of the Campanile. To have been jilted would be bad, but to have it said of her that she had been jilted when she was conscious that it was untrue was a sore provocation. And yet no one could say but that she had behaved well and been instigated by good motives. She had found that her lover was ignoble, and did not love her. And she had at once separated herself from him. And since that in all her correspondence with her friends she had quietly endured the idea which would continually crop up that she had been jilted. She never denied it; but it was the false accusation rather than the loss of all that her marriage had promised her which made her feel the Matterhorn and the Campanile to be equally ineffective. Then there gradually came to her some comfort from a source from which she had certainly not expected it. On their travels they had become acquainted with a Mr. Western, a

silent, shy, almost middle-aged man, whom they had sate next to at dinner for nearly a week before they had become acquainted with him. But they had passed on from scenery to city, and, as had been their fortune, Mr. Western had passed on with them. Who does not know the way in which some strange traveller becomes his friend on a second or a third meeting in some station or hotel saloon? In this way Mrs. Holt and Cecilia had become acquainted with Mr. Western, and on parting with him at Venice in October had received with gratification the assurance that he would again "turn up" in Rome.

"He is a very good sort of man," said Mrs. Holt to her daughter that night. Cecilia agreed, but with perhaps less enthusiasm than her mother had displayed. For Mrs. Holt the assertion had been quite enthusiastic. But Cecilia did think that Mr. Western had made himself agreeable. He was an unmarried man, however, and there had been something in the nature of a communication which he had made to her, that had prevented her from being loud in his praise. Not that the communication had been one which had in any way given offence; but it had been unexpected, confidential, and of such a nature as to create much thought. No doubt an intimacy had sprung up between them. But yet it was singular that a man apparently so reticent as Mr. Western should make such a communication. How the intimacy had grown by degrees need not here be explained, but that it had grown to be very close will appear from the nature of the story told.

The story was one of Mr. Western's own life and was as follows. He was a man of good but not of large private means. He had been to Oxford and had there distinguished himself. He had been called to the bar but had not practised. He had gone into Parliament, but had left it, finding that the benches of the House of Commons were only fitted for the waste of time. He had joined scientific societies to which he still belonged, but which he did not find to be sufficient for his happiness. During these attempts and changes he had taken a house in London, and having a house had thought it well to look for a wife. He had become engaged to a certain Miss Mary Tremenhere, and by her he had been—jilted. Since that, for twelve months he had been travelling abroad in quest, he said, not of consolation,

but of some mitigation of his woe. Cecilia, when she heard this, whispered to him one little question, "Do you love her?" "I thought I did," he answered. And then the subject was dropped.

It was a most singular communication for him to make. Why should he, an elderly man as she at first took him to be, select her as the recipient for such a tale? She took him to be an elderly man, till she found by the accidents of conversation that he was two years younger than Sir Francis Geraldine. Then she looked into his face and saw that that appearance of age had come upon him from sorrow. There was a tinge of grey through his hair, and there were settled lines about his face, and a look of steadied thought about his mouth, which robbed him of all youth. But when she observed his upright form, and perceived that he was a strong stalwart man, in the very pride of manhood as far as strength was concerned,—then she felt that she had wronged him. Still he was one who had suffered so much as to be entitled to be called old. She felt the impossibility of putting him in the same category among men as that filled by Sir Francis Geraldine. The strength of manhood was still there, but not the salt of youth. But why should he have told her,—her who had exactly the same story to tell back again, if only she could tell it? Once, twice there came to her an idea that she would tell it. He had sought for sympathy, not under the assurance of secrecy but with the full conviction as she felt it, that his secret would be safe. Why should not she do the same? That there would be great comfort in doing so she was well aware. To have some one who would sympathise with her! Hitherto she had no one. Even her mother, who was kindness, even obedience itself, who attended to her smallest wish, even her mother regretted the baronet son-in-law. "And yet she would have been left all alone," she said to herself, marvelling at the unselfish fondness of a mother. Mr. Western would be bound to sympathise. Having called upon her for sympathy, his must be ready. But when she had thought of it thrice she did not do it. Were she to tell her story it would seem as though she were repeating to him back his own. "I too have been in love, and engaged, and have jilted a gentleman considerably my senior in age." She would have to say that, likening herself to the girl who had jilted him,—or else to tell the other story, the untrue story, the story which the world believed, in order that she might be on a par with him. This she could not do. If

she told any she must tell the truth, and the truth was not suitable to be told. Therefore she kept her peace, and sympathised with a one-sided sympathy.

In Rome they did again meet, and on this occasion they met as quite old friends. He called upon them at their hotel and sat with them, happier than usual in his manner, and, for him, almost light and gay of heart. Parties were made to St. Peter's, and the Coliseum, and the Capitol. When he left on that occasion Cecilia remarked to her mother how much less triste he was than usual. "Men I suppose," she said to herself, "get over that kind of thing quicker than women."

In Rome it seemed to Cecilia that Mr. Western when alone with her had no other subject for conversation than the ill-treatment he had received from Mary Tremehere. His eagerness in coming back to the subject quite surprised her. She herself was fascinated by it, but yet felt it would be better were she to put a stop to it. There was no way of doing this unless she were to take her mother from Rome. She could not tell him that on that matter he had said enough, nor could she warn him that so much of confidential intercourse between them would give rise in the minds of others to erroneous ideas. Her mother never seemed to see that there was anything peculiar in their intercourse. And so it went on from day to day and from week to week.

"You asked me once whether I loved her," she said one day. "I did; but I am astonished now that it should have been so. She was very lovely."

"I suppose so."

"The most perfect complexion that was ever seen on a lady's cheek." Cecilia remembered that her complexion too had been praised before this blow had fallen upon her. "The colour would come and go so rapidly that I used to marvel what were the thoughts that drove the blood hither and thither. There were no thoughts,—unless of her own prettiness and her own fortunes. She accepted me as a husband because it was necessary for her to settle in life. I was in Parliament, and that she thought to be something. I had a house in Chester Square, and that was something. She was promised a carriage, and that conquered her. As the bride I had chosen for myself she became known to many, and then she began to understand that she might have done better with herself. I am old, and not given to many amusements. Then came a man with a better income and with fewer years; and she did not hesitate

for a moment. When she took me aside and told me that she had changed her mind, it was her quiescence and indifference that disturbed me most. There was nothing of her new lover; but simply that she did not love me. I did not stoop for a moment to a prayer. I took her at her word, and left her. Within a week she was acknowledged to be engaged to Captain Geraldine."

The naming of the name of course struck Cecilia Holt. She remembered to have heard something of the coming marriage by her lover's cousin, and something, too, of the story of the girl. But it had reached her ear in the lightest form, and had hardly remained in her memory. It was now of no matter, as she had determined to keep her own history to herself. Therefore she made no exclamation when the name of Geraldine was mentioned.

"How could I love her after that?" he continued, betraying the strong passion which he felt. "I had loved a girl whose existence I had imagined, and of whom I had seen merely the outward form, and had known nothing of the inner self. What is it that we love?" he continued. "Is it merely the coloured doll, soft to touch and pleasant to kiss? Or is it some inner nature which we hope to discover, and of which we have found the outside so attractive? I had found no inner self which it had been possible that I could love. He was welcome to the mere doll who was wanted simply that she should grace his equipage. I have asked myself, Why is it that I am so sorely driven, seeing that in truth I do not love her? I would not have her now for all the world. I know well how providential has been my escape. And yet I go about like a wounded animal, who can find none to consort with him. Till I met you, and learnt to talk to you, I was truly miserable. And why? Because I had been saved from falling when standing on a precipice! Because the engine had not been allowed to crush me when passing along on its iron road! Ought I not to rejoice and be thankful rather, as I think of what I have escaped? But in truth it is the poor weakness of human nature. People say that I have been—jilted. What matters it to me what people say? I have been saved, and as time goes on I shall know it and be thankful."

Every word of it came home to her and gave her back her own story. There was her own soreness, and her own salvation. There was the remembrance of what the people in Exeter were saying of her, only slightly re-

lieved by the conviction that she had been preserved from a life of unhappiness. But she had never been able to look at it quite as he did. He knew that the better thing had happened to him; but she, though she knew it also, was sore at heart because people told the story, as she thought, to her discredit. There was, indeed, this difference between them. It was said truly of him, that the girl had jilted him, but falsely of her that she had been jilted.

She, however, told him nothing of her own life. There had come moments in which she was sorely tempted. But she had allowed them to pass by, telling herself on each occasion that this at any rate was not the moment. She could not do it now,—or now,—or now, lest there should seem to be some peculiar motive on her own part. And so the matter went on till there had arisen a feeling of free confidence on the one side, and of absolute restraint on the other. She could not do it, she said to herself. Much as she trusted Mr. Western, deeply as she regarded him as her friend, strongly as she wished that the story had been told to him at some former passage of their intimacy, the proper time had passed by, she said, and he must be left in his ignorance.

Then one day there happened that which the outside world at Rome had long expected; and among the number Mrs. Holt. George Western proposed to marry Cecilia Holt. Of all the world at Rome who had watched the two together she probably was the last who thought of any such idea. But even to her the idea must surely have come in some shape before the proposal. He had allowed her to feel that he was only happy in her company, and he had gradually fallen into the habit of confiding to her in everything. He had told her of his money, and of his future life. He had consulted her about his books, and pictures he had bought, and even about the servants of his establishment. She cannot but have expected it. But yet when the moment came she was unable to give him an answer.

It was not that she did not think that she liked him. She had been surprised to find how fond she had gradually become of him;—how Sir Francis had faded in her memory, and had become a poor washed-out daub of a man while this other had grown into the proportions of a hero. She did not declare to herself that she loved him, but she was sure that she could do so. But two reasons did for a while make her feel that she could not accept him. The one was

weak as water, but still it operated with her. Since she had been abroad she had corresponded regularly with Miss Altifiorla, and Miss Altifiorla in her letters had been very strong in her aversion to matrimony. Many things had been said apparently with the intention of comforting Cecilia, but written in truth with the view of defending herself. "I have chosen the better side, and have been true to it without danger of stumbling." So it was that Miss Altifiorla put it. "You, dearest Cecilia, have had an accident, but have recovered and stand once more upon the solid ground. Take care, oh take care, that you do not fall." Cecilia did not remember that any chance of stumbling had come in Miss Altifiorla's way; and was upon the whole disgusted by the constancy of her friend's arguments. But still they did weigh, and drove her to ask herself whether, in truth, an unmarried life was not the safer for a woman. But the cause which operated the strongest with her was the silence which she had herself maintained. There was indeed no reason why she should not at once begin and tell her story. But in doing so it would appear that she had been induced to do it only by Mr. Western's offer. And she cheated herself by some vague idea that she would be telling the secrets of another person. "Had it been for myself only," she said to herself, "I would have done it long since. But that which made it improper then would make it still more improper now." And so she held her peace and told Mr. Western nothing of the story.

He came to her the day after his offer and demanded her answer. But she was not as yet able to give it to him. She had in the meantime told her mother, and had received from her that ready, willing, quick assurance of her sanction which was sure to operate in a different way than that intended. Her mother was thinking only of her material interests,—of a comfortable house and a steady, well-to-do life's companion. Of what more should she have thought? the reader will say. But Cecilia had still in her head undefined, vague notions of something which might be better than that,—of some companion who might be better than the companions which other girls generally choose for themselves. She dreamed of some one who should sit with her during the long mornings and read Dante to her,—when she should have taught herself to understand it; of some one with a hidden nobility of character which should be all but divine. Her invectives against matrimony had all

come from a fear lest the man with the hidden nobility should not be forthcoming. She had tried, or had nearly tried, Sir Francis Geraldine, and had made one hideous mistake. Was or was not this Mr. Western a man with all such hidden nobility? If so she thought that she might love him.

She required a week, and gave her whole thoughts to the object. Should she or should she not abandon that mode of life to which she had certainly pledged herself? In the first days of the misery created by the Geraldine disruption she had declared that she would never more open her ears or her heart to matrimonial projects. The promise had only been made to Miss Altifiorla,—to Miss Altifiorla and to herself. At the present moment she did not greatly regard Miss Altifiorla;—but the promise made to herself and corroborated by her assurance to another, almost overcame her. And then there was that story which she could not now tell to Mr. Western. She could not say to him;—"Yes, I will accept you, but you must first hear my tale;" and then tell him the exact copy of his own to her. And yet it was necessary that he should know. The time must come,—some day. Alas; she did not remember that no day could be less painful,—less disagreeable than the present. If he did not like the story now he could tell her so, and have done with it. There could be no fault found with her. It had hitherto been free to her to tell it or not as she pleased. "I had not meant to have disclosed my secret, but now it is necessary." Even had he fancied that she had "invented it" in part and made it like to his own, no harm,—no dangerous harm would come from that. He could but be angry and recede from his offer. But she found that she did not wish him to recede. Her objections to matrimony had all been cured. She told herself at the last moment that she was not able to undergo the absurdity of such a revelation,—and she accepted him.

CHAPTER V.—CECILIA'S SECOND CHANCE.

IT became at once necessary that Mr. Western should start off for London. That had been already explained. He would go, whether accepted or refused. When she had named a week, he had told her that he should only have just time to wait for her reply. She offered to be ready in five days, but he would not hurry her. During the week she had hardly seen him, but she was aware that he remained silent, moody, almost sullen. She was somewhat afraid of his

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"When the letter was completed she found it to be one which she could not send."

temper;—but yet she had found him in other respects so open, so noble, so consistent! “It shall be so,” she said, putting her hand into his. Then his very nature seemed to have changed. It appeared as though nothing could restrain him in the expression of his satisfaction. Nothing could be more quietly joyous than his manner. He was to have left Rome by a mid-day train, but he would wait for a train at midnight in order that he might once dine with his own wife that was to be. “You will kill yourself with the fatigue,” Cecilia said. But he laughed at her. It was not so easy to kill him. Then he sat with her through the long morning, telling her of the doings of his past life, and his schemes for the life to come. He had a great book which he wanted to write,—as to which everybody might laugh at him but she must not laugh. And he laughed at himself and his aspiration; but she promised all her sympathy, and she told him of their house at Exeter, and of her mother’s future loneliness. He would do anything for her within his power. Her mother should live with them if she wished it. And she spoke of the money which was to be her own, and told him of the offer which her mother had made as to giving up a portion of it. Of this he would have none. And he told her how it must be settled. And he behaved just as a lover should do,—taking upon himself to give directions, but giving all the directions just such as she would have them.

Then he went; and there came upon her a cold, chilling feeling that she had already been untrue to him. It was a feeling as to which she could not speak, even to her mother. But why had not her mother advised her and urged her to tell him everything? Her mother had said not a word to her about it. Why did her mother treat her as though she were one to be feared, and beyond the possibility of advice? But to her mother she said not a word on the subject. From the moment in which Mr. Western had first begun to pay her attention, the name of Sir Francis had never been mentioned between the mother and daughter. And now in all their intercourse Mrs. Holt spoke with an unclouded serenity of their future life. It was to her as though the Geraldine episode had been absolutely obliterated from the memory of them all. Mr. Western to her was everything. She would not accept his magnificent offer of a home, because she knew that an old woman in a man’s house could only be considered as in his way. She would divide

her income, and give at any rate a third to her daughter. And she did bestow much advice as to the manner in which everything should be done so as to tend to his happiness. His tastes should be adopted, and his ways of life should be studied. His pursuits should be made her pursuits, and his friends her friends. All this was very well. Cecilia knew all that without any teaching from her mother. Her instincts told her as much as that. But what was she to do with this secret which loaded her bosom, but as to which she could not bring herself even to ask her mother’s advice?

Then she made up her mind that she would write to her lover and relate the whole story as to Sir Francis Geraldine. And she did write it; but she was alarmed at finding that the story, when told, extended itself over various sheets of paper. And the story would take the shape of a confession,—as though she were telling her lover of some passage in her life of which she had cause to be ashamed. She knew that there was no ground for shame. She had done nothing which she ought not to have done, nothing which she could not have acknowledged to him without a blush. When the letter was completed, she found it to be one which she could not send. It was as though she were telling him something, on reading which he would have to decide whether their engagement should or should not be continued. This was not at all her purpose. Thinking of it all with a view to his happiness, and to his honour, she did not wish him to suppose that there could be a doubt on that subject. It was clear to her that a letter so worded was not fit for the occasion, and she destroyed it. Still she was minded to write to him, but for the moment she postponed her purpose. Of course she wrote to her friends in Exeter. Were she to be silent to them it would appear as though she were ashamed of what she was now doing. She told Maude Hipplesley,—or Mrs. Thorne as she was now called; and she told Mrs. Green, and also Miss Altifiorla. Immediate answers came from the three. Those from the two married ladies were in all respects satisfactory. That from Mrs. Thorne was quite enthusiastic in its praises of matrimony. That from Mrs. Green was a little less warm, but was still discreetly happy. She had no doubt in her own mind that a married life was preferable, and that Mr. Western, though perhaps a little old, was upon the whole a well-chosen and deserving consort for life. But the letter from Miss Altifiorla was very different from

these, and as it had some effect perhaps in producing the circumstances which are to be told, it shall be given at length ;—

“MY DEAR CECILIA,—I am of course expected to congratulate you, and as far as Mr. Western’s merits are concerned, I do so with my full heart. He is possessed, I have no doubt, of all those virtues which should adorn a husband, and is in all respects the very opposite to Sir Francis Geraldine. You give me to understand that he is steady, hard-working, and properly ambitious. In spite of the mistake which you made in reference to Sir Francis Geraldine, I will not doubt but that your judgment in respect to Mr. Western will be found correct. If it is to be I dare say it could not be better. But must it be?” “Of course it must,” said Cecilia to herself, feeling very angry with Miss Altifiorla for raising the question at such a time and in such a manner. “After all the sweet converse and sweeter resolutions that have passed between us on this matter, must all be abandoned like a breath of summer wind, meaning nothing?” Of what infinitely bad taste was not the woman guilty, in thus raising the question when the only final answer to it had been already given? Cecilia felt ashamed of herself as she thought of this, in that she had admitted the friendship of such a friend. “A breath of summer wind!” she said, repeating with scorn her friend’s somewhat high-flown words. “I cannot but say that, like Martha, you have chosen the worse part,” continued the letter. “The things of the world, which are in themselves but accidents, have been for a moment, all in all to you ; but knowing you as I do, I am aware how soon they will fade away, and have no more than their proper weight. Then you will wake some day, and feel that you have devoted yourself to the mending of his stockings and the feeding of his babies.” There was something in this which stirred Cecilia to absolute wrath. If there were babies would they not be her babies as well as his? Was it not the intention of the Lord that the world should be populated? The worse part, indeed! Then she took up the cudgels in her own mind on behalf of Martha, as she had often done before. How would the world get on unless there were Marthas? And was it not more than probable that a self-dubbed Mary should fall into idle ways under the pretence that she was filled with special inspiration? Looking at Miss Altifiorla as a Mary, she was somewhat in love with the Marthas.

“I do not doubt that Mr. Western is what he should be,” the letter went on, “but even judging him by your letter, I find that he is autocratic and self-opinioned. It is his future life, and not yours, of which he is thinking, his success and not yours, his doings and not your doings.” “How does she know?” exclaimed Cecilia. “She has only my account of him, and not his of me.” “And he is right in this,” went on the letter, “because the ways of the world allow such privileges to men. What would a man be unless he took the place which his personal strength has obtained for him? For women, in the general, of course matrimony is fit. They have to earn their bread, and think of little else. To be a man’s toy and then his slave, with due allowance for food and clothes, suffices for them. But I had dreamed a dream that it would not suffice for you. Alas, alas! I stand alone now in the expression of my creed. You must excuse me if I repine, when I find myself so cruelly deserted.”

All this Cecilia felt to be as absurd as it was ill-timed;—and to be redeemed, as it were, from its ill-nature by its ridiculous philosophy. But at last there came a paragraph which admitted of no such excuse. “What has Mr. Western said as to the story of Sir Francis Geraldine? Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has pardoned that episode. In spite of the expression of feelings which I have been unable to control, you must believe, dear Cecilia, that I am as anxious as ever for your happiness, and am,

“Your most affectionate friend,

“FRANCISCA ALTIFIORLA.”

Cecilia, when she had completed the reading of the letter, believed nothing of the kind. That last paragraph about Sir Francis had turned all her kindly feelings into wrath, and contained one word which she knew not how to endure. She was told that Mr. Western had “pardoned” the Geraldine episode in her life. She had done nothing for which pardon had been necessary. To merit pardon there must have been misconduct ; and, as this woman had known all her behaviour in that matter, what right had she to talk of pardon? In what had she deserved pardon ;—or at any rate the pardon of Mr. Western? There had been a foolish engagement made between her and Sir Francis Geraldine, which had been most wisely dissolved. The sin, if sin there had been, was against Sir Francis, and certainly

had never been considered as sin by this woman who now wrote to her. Was it a sin that she had loved before, a matter as to which Mr. Western was necessarily in ignorance when he first came to her? But might it not come to pass that his pardon should be required in that the story had never been told to him? It was the sting which came from that feeling which added fierceness to her wrath. "Of course you have told him the whole, and I presume that he has pardoned that episode!" She had not told Mr. Western the whole, and had thus created another episode for which his pardon might be required. It was this that the woman had intended to insinuate, understanding with her little sharpness, with her poor appreciation of character, how probable it was that Cecilia should not have told him of her previous engagement.

She sat thinking of it all that night till the matter assumed new difficulties in her mind's eyesight. And she began to question to herself whether Mr. Western had a right to her secret,—whether the secret did not belong to two persons, and she was bound to keep it for the sake of the other person. She had committed a wrong, an injury, or at any rate had inflicted a deserved punishment upon Sir Francis; one as to which a man would naturally much dislike that it should be noised about the world. Was she not bound to keep her secret still a secret for his sake? She was angry with herself when she asked the question, but still she asked it. She knew that she owed nothing to Sir Francis Geraldine, and that she owed all to Mr. Western. But still she asked it, because in that way could she best strengthen herself against the telling of the story. The more she turned the matter in her mind, the more impossible to her became the task of telling it. At last she resolved that she would not tell it now. She would not tell it at any rate till she again saw him,—because Miss Altifiorla had told her that she "presumed he had pardoned her that episode."

It was arranged that they should be married at Exeter in April. Their house there was not yet vacant, but would be lent to them for a fortnight. After the marriage Mrs. Holt would go into lodgings, and remain there till the house should be ready for her. But they were both to return to Exeter together, and then there would be bustle and confusion till the happy ceremony should have been performed. It was arranged that she should have but two bridesmaids, but she was determined that she would not ask

Miss Altifiorla to be one of them. A younger sister of Mrs. Green and a younger sister also of Maude Hipplesley were chosen. Miss Altifiorla, when she came to see Cecilia on her return, expressed herself as quite satisfied. "It is 'best so, dear," she said. "I was afraid that you would ask me. Of course I should have done it, but my heart would not have been there. You can understand it all, I know." Cecilia's wrath had become mitigated by this time, and she answered her friend civilly. "Just so. You think I ought to be an old maid, and therefore do not like to lend a hand at turning me into a young wife. I have got two girls who have no objection on that score." "You might find a hundred in Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla proudly, "and yet I may be right in my opinions."

Mr. Western was to come down to Exeter only on the day before the marriage. The Holts had seen him as they came through London, where they slept one night, but as yet the story had not been told. Cecilia expected, almost wished, that the story might reach him from other quarters. It was so natural now that he should talk about the girl whom he intended to marry, and so natural,—as Cecilia thought,—that in doing so he should hear the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis was a man well known to the world of fashion, and many men must have heard of his intended marriage. Cecilia, though she almost hoped, almost feared that it should be so. The figure of Mr. Western asking with an angry voice why he had not been told did alarm her. But he asked no such question, nor, as far as Cecilia knew, had he heard anything of Sir Francis when the Holts passed through London.

Nor did he seem to have heard it when he came down to Exeter. At any rate he did not say a word respecting Sir Francis. He spent the last evening with the Holts in their own house, and Cecilia felt that he had never before made himself so happy with her, so pleasant, and so joyous. It had been the same during their long walk together in the afternoon. He was so full of affairs which were his own, which were so soon to become her own, that there was not a moment or her in which she could tell the story. There are stories for the telling of which a peculiar atmosphere is required, and this was one of them. She could not interrupt him in the middle of his discourse and say:—"Oh, by-the-bye,—there is something that I have got to say to you." To tell the story she must

tune her mind to the purpose. She must begin it in a proper tone, and be sure that he would be ready to hearken to it as it should be heard. She felt that the telling would be specially difficult in that it had been put off so long. But though she had made up her mind to tell it before she had started on her walk, the desirable moment never came. So she again put it off, saying that it should be done late at night when her mother had gone to her bed. The time came when he was alone with her, sitting with his arm around her waist, telling her of all the things she should do for him to make his life blessed;—and how he too would endeavour to do some little things for her in order that her life might be happy. She would not tell it then. Though little might come of it, she could not do it. And yet from day to day the feeling had grown upon her that it was certainly her duty to let him know that one accident in her life. There was no disgrace in it, no cause for anger on his part, nor even for displeasure if it had only been told him at Rome. He could then have taken her, or left her as he pleased. Of course he would have taken her, and the only trouble of her life would have been spared her. What possible reason could there have been that he should not take her? It was not any reason of that kind which had kept her silent. Of that she was quite confident. Indeed now she could not explain to herself why she had held her peace. It seemed to her as though she must have been mad to have let day after day go by at Rome and never to have mentioned to him the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. But such, alas, had been the fact. And now the time had come in which she found it to be impossible to tell the story. As she went for the last time to her solitary bed she endeavoured to console herself by thinking that he must have heard of it from other quarters. But then again she declared that he in his nobility would certainly not have been silent. He would have questioned her and then have told her that all was right between them. But now as she tossed unhappily on her pillow she told herself that all was wrong.

CHAPTER VI.—WHAT ALL HER FRIENDS SAID ABOUT IT.

AND "all went merry as a marriage bell." George Western and Cecilia Holt were married in the Cathedral by the Dean, who was thus supposed to show his great anger at his brother-in-law's conduct. And this was more strongly evinced by the presence of all

the Hipplesleys;—for all were there to grace the ceremony except Maude, who was still absent with her young squire, and who wrote a letter full of the warmest affection and congratulations, which Cecilia received on that very morning. Miss Altifiorla also came to the cathedral, with pink bows in her bonnet, determined to show that though she were left alone in her theory of life she did not resent the desertion. And Mrs. Green was there, humble and sweet-tempered as ever, snubbing her husband a little who assisted at the altar, and whispering a word into her friend's ears to assure her that she had done the proper thing.

It is hardly necessary to say that on the morning of her wedding it was in truth impossible for Cecilia to tell the story. It had now to be left untold with what hope there might be for smoothing it over in some future stage of her married life. She had done the deed now, and had married the man with the untold secret in her heart. The sin surely could not be of a nature to weigh so deeply on her conscience! She endeavoured to comfort herself with that idea again and again. How many girls are married who have been engaged to, or at least in love with, half-a-dozen suitors before the man has come who is at last to be their lord! But Cecilia told herself, as she endeavoured thus to find comfort, that her nature was not such as theirs. This thing which she had done was a sin or not a sin, according as it might be regarded by the person who did it. It was a sin to her, a heavy grievous sin, and one that weighed terribly on her conscience as she repeated the words after the Dean at the altar that morning. There was a moment in which she almost refused to repeat them,—in which she almost brought herself to demand that she might retire for a time with him who was not yet her husband, and give him another chance. Her mind entertained an exaggerated feeling of it, a feeling which she felt to be exaggerated but which she could not restrain. In the meantime the service went on; the irrevocable word was spoken; and when it was done she was led away into the cathedral vestry as sad a bride as might be.

And yet nobody had seen her trouble. With a capacity for struggling, infinitely greater than that possessed by any man, she had smiled and looked happy beneath her bridal finery, as though no grief had weighed heavily at her heart. And he was as jocund a bridegroom as ever put a ring upon a lady's finger. All that gloom of his, which had

seemed to be his nature till after she had accepted him, had vanished altogether. And he carried himself with no sheepish, shame-faced demeanour as though half ashamed of the thing which he had done. He seemed as proud to be a bridegroom as ever girl was to become a bride. And in truth he was proud of her and did think that he had chosen well. After the former troubles of his life he did feel that he had brought himself to a happy haven at last.

There was a modest breakfast at Mrs. Holt's house, from which the guests departed quickly as soon as the bride and bridegroom had been taken away to the railway station. But when the others were gone Miss Altifiorla remained,—out of kindness. Mrs. Holt need make no stranger of her, and it would be so desolate for her to be alone. So surmised Miss Altifiorla. "I suppose," said she, when she had fastened up the pink ribbons so that they might not be soiled by the trifle with which she prepared to regale herself while she asked the question, "I suppose that he knows all the story about that other man?"

"Why should he?" asked Mrs. Holt in a sharp tone that was quite uncommon to her.

"Well; I do not know much about such things, but I presume it is common to tell a gentleman when anything of that kind has occurred."

"What business has he to know? And what can it matter? Perhaps he does know it."

"But Cecilia has not told him?"

"Why should she tell him? I don't think that it is a thing we need talk about. You may be quite sure that Cecilia has done what is proper." In saying this Mrs. Holt belied her own thoughts. Cecilia had never said a word to her about it, nor had she dared to say a word to her own daughter on the subject. She had been intently anxious that her daughter should be married, and when she had seen Mr. Western in the act of falling in love, had studiously abstained from all subjects which might bring about a reference to Sir Francis Geraldine. But she had felt that her daughter would make that all straight. Her daughter was so much more wise, so much more certain to do what was right, so much more high-minded than was she, that she considered herself bound to leave all that to Cecilia. But as the days went on and the hour fixed for the marriage became nearer and nearer she had become anxious. Something seemed to tell her that a duty had been omitted. But the moment had never come in which she had been able

to ask her daughter. And now she would not endure to be cross-examined on the subject by Miss Altifiorla.

But Miss Altifiorla was not at all afraid of Mrs. Holt and was determined to push the question a little further. "He ought to know, you know. I am sure Cecilia will have thought that."

"If he ought to know then he does know," said Mrs. Holt with great certainty. "I am sure we may leave all that to Cecilia herself. If he is satisfied with her, it does not matter much who else may be dissatisfied."

"Oh, if he is satisfied, that is enough," said Miss Altifiorla as she took her leave. But she felt sure that the secret had not been told and that it ought to have been told, and she felt proud to think that she had spotted the fault. Cecilia Holt would have done very well in the world had she confined herself,—as she had solemnly promised,—to those high but solitary feminine duties to which Miss Altifiorla had devoted herself. But she had chosen to make herself the slave of a man who,—as Miss Altifiorla expressed it to herself,—"would turn upon her and rend her." And she, Miss Altifiorla, had seen and did see it all. The time might come when the wounded dove would return to her care. Of course she hoped that the time would not come;—but it might.

"I'll tell you one thing," said Mrs. Green to her husband as they walked home from the breakfast. "That girl has not yet said a word to that man about Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What makes you think that, my dear?"

"Think it! I know it. It was not likely that there should be much talk about Sir Francis either in the Cathedral or at the breakfast; but one can tell from other things whether a subject has been avoided. These are plain when little things would have been said but are not said. There has been no allusion made to their reason for leaving the house."

"I don't see that it signifies much, my dear."

"Oh; doesn't it? What would you have thought if after I had become engaged to you you had found that a month or two before I had been engaged to another man?"

"It is more than twelve months, my dear."

"No, it is not more than twelve months since first they met in Italy. I know what I am talking about and you need not contradict me. You'll find that he'll learn it of a sudden, and then all the fat will be in the fire. I know what men are." It was thus.

that the gentle Mrs. Green expressed herself on the subject to her husband.

At the deanery the matter was spoken of in a different tone but still with similar feelings. "I don't think Cecilia has ever yet said a word to that poor man as to her engagement with Francis. I cannot tell what has put it into my mind, but I think that it is so." It was thus that Mrs. Hipplesley spoke to the Dean.

"Your brother behaved very badly;—very badly," said the Dean.

"That has got nothing to do with it. Mr. Western won't care a straw whether Francis behaved well or ill. And for the matter of that I don't think that as yet we quite know the truth of it. Nor would he care if his wife had behaved ill to the other man, so long as she behaved well to him. But if he has heard nothing of it and now finds it out he's not the man I take him to be if he don't let her hear of it."

"It's nothing to us," said the Dean.

"Oh, no; it's nothing to us. But you'll see that what I say comes true." In this way all the world of Cecilia's friends were talking on the matter which she had mentioned to no one. She still hoped that her husband might have heard the story, and that he kept it buried in his bosom. But it never occurred to her that it would become matter of discussion among her friends at Exeter.

There was one other person who also discussed it very much at his ease. Sir Francis Geraldine among his friends in London had been congratulated on his safe but miraculous escape. With a certain number of men he had been wont to discuss the chances of matrimony. Should he die, without having an heir, his title and property would go to his cousin, Captain Geraldine, who was a man some fifteen years younger than himself and already in possession of a large fortune. There were many people in the world whom Sir Francis hated, but none whom he hated so cordially as his cousin. Three or four years since he had been ill, nearly to dying, and had declared that he never would have recovered but for the necessity that he was under to keep his cousin out of the baronetage. It had therefore become imperative on him to marry in order that there might be an heir to the property. And though he had for a few weeks been perfectly contented with his Cecilia, there could be no doubt that he had experienced keenly the sense of relief when she had told him that the engagement must be at an end. Another marriage must

be arranged, but there would be time for that; and he would take care, that on this occasion he would not put himself into the hands of one who was exigeante and had a will of her own. "By Jove," he said to his particular friend, Dick Ross, "I would almost sooner that my cousin Walter had the property than put it and myself into the hands of such a virago."

"You'll only get another," said Dick, "that will not let on, but will turn out to be twice as bad in the washing."

"That I hardly think probable. There are many things which go to the choice of a wife, and the worst of it is that they are not compatible one with another. A woman should be handsome; but then she is proud. A woman should have a certain air of dignity; but when she has got it she knows that herself, and shows it off in the wrong place. She should be young; but if she is too young she is silly; wait a little and she becomes strong-minded and headstrong. If she don't read anything she becomes an ass and a bore; but if she do she despises a man because he is not always doing the same thing. If she is a nobody the world thinks nothing of her. If she come of high birth she thinks a deal too much of herself. It is difficult."

"I'd have nothing to do with any of them," said Dick Ross.

"And let that puppy come in! He wrote to me to congratulate me on my marriage, just when he knew it was off."

"I'll tell you what I'd do," said Dick. "I'd marry some milk-maid and keep her down on the property. I'd see that it was all done legally and I'd take the kid away when he was three or four years old."

"Everybody would talk about it."

"Let 'em talk," said Dick heroically. "They couldn't talk you out of your ease or your pleasure or your money. I never could find out the harm of people talking about you. They might say whatever they pleased of me for five hundred a year."

Then there came the news that Cecilia Holt was going to marry Mr. Western. The tidings reached Sir Francis while the lovers were still at Rome. Of Mr. Western Sir Francis knew something. In the first place his cousin Walter Geraldine had taken away the girl to whom Mr. Western had in the first instance been engaged. And then they were in some degree neighbours, each possessing a small property in Berkshire. Sir Francis had bought his now some years since for racing purposes. It was adjacent to Ascot,

and had been let or used by himself during the racing week, as he had or had not been short of money. Mr. Western's small property had come to him from his uncle. But he had held it always in his own hands, and intended now to take his bride there as soon as their short honeymoon trip should be over. In this way Sir Francis had come to know something of Cecilia's husband, and did not especially love him. "That young lady of mine has picked up old Western on her travels," This Sir Francis said to his friend Ross up in London. The reader however must remember that "old Western" was in fact a younger man than Sir Francis himself.

"I suppose he's welcome to her?" said Ross.

"I'm not so sure of that. Of course he is welcome in one way. She'll make him miserable and he'll do as much for her. You may let them alone for that."

"Why should you care about it?"

"Well; I don't know. A fellow has a sort of feeling about a girl when he has been spooning on her himself. He doesn't want to think that another fellow is to pick her up immediately."

"Dog in the manger, you mean."

"You may call it that if you like. You never cared for any young woman, I suppose?"

"Oh, haven't I? Lots of 'em. But if I couldn't get a girl myself I never cared who had her. What's the good of being selfish?"

"What's the good of lying?" said Sir Francis, propounding a great doctrine in

sociology. "If I feel cut up what's the use of saying I don't,—unless I want to deceive the man I'm talking to? If I feel that I'd like a girl to be punished for her impertinence what's the use of my pretending to myself that I don't want it? If I wish a person to be injured, what's the use of saying I wish them all the good in the world,—unless there's something to be gained by my saying it? Now I don't care to tell you lies. I am quite willing that you should know all the truth about me. Therefore I tell you that I'm not best pleased that this minx should have already picked up another man."

"He has the devil of a temper," said Dick Ross, wishing to make the matter as pleasant as possible to his friend.

"So your Miss Holt is married," Ross said to his friend on the day after the ceremony.

"Yes; she is married, and her troubles have now to begin. I wonder whether she has told him the little episode of our loves."

"You may be sure of that," said Dick.

"I am not at all so sure of it. She may have told him when they first became acquainted, but I cannot imagine her telling him afterwards. He is as proud as she, and is just the man not to like it."

"It doesn't much signify to you, at any rate," said the indifferent Dick.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Sir Francis.

"I like the truth to be told. It may become my duty to take care that poor Mr. Western shall know all about it."

"What a beast that fellow is for mischief!" said Dick Ross as he walked home from his club that evening.

THE PLACE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D.

FIRST PAPER.

SINCE the days of the apostles, all who have seriously considered the nature of Christianity and the constitution of Christian society have in some shape been occupied with the relation of the religion of Jesus to the religion of Israel under the old dispensation. The New Testament itself is full of this question. In the first days of the Church, the followers of Jesus were, so far as outward appearance went, nothing else than a new Jewish sect, whose members, daily assembled in the porticoes and courts of the Temple, had not ceased to be Jews in becoming

disciples of the Crucified One. But very soon the conversion of the Gentiles made it plain that Christendom could not continue to be a mere inner circle within the limits of Judaism, that the new religion was wider than the old theocracy, and breathed too free a spirit to be bound by the trammels of the ceremonial law. Then began the first and greatest of Christian controversies, that controversy of the disciples in Palestine, who still clung to the law of Moses and the ordinances of the Pharisees, with Paul and the Pauline Christians, which directly produced

some of the weightiest books of the New Testament and has left its marks on almost every part of the apostolic literature. The destruction of the Temple, the fall of the Jewish state and the dispersion of the Church at Jerusalem changed the conditions of the controversy, but the relation of the new dispensation to the old, the connection between the Church and the theocracy, still remained a vital question, the answer to which affected every point of Church life, and almost every doctrine of theology. The Old Testament Scriptures had become the Bible of the Christian Church, and formed a fixed canon long before the New Testament canon had been collected and formally closed. How were these Scriptures to be read—how were their precepts to be applied in the new society, their teaching embodied in Christian theology, their promises appropriated by Christian faith? These were questions which touched every interest of Christian life, and which the growth of the Church, the progress of her organization and the development of her doctrine brought forward in ever new aspects. Far from exhausting the subject, the course of centuries has only multiplied the aspects in which the great problem of the relation of the two dispensations has presented itself to successive generations. Merely to enumerate all the theories that have been broached on this topic, and the practical influence they have exerted on the shaping of personal religion, on Church life, and even on the conduct of political affairs, would occupy a volume.

The system of the old Catholic Church, based on the view that Christianity is a new law replacing the law of Moses; the scheme of empire of the Church over civil rulers which Mediæval Rome erected upon the vast theory of Augustine's *City of God*; the new theocracies of the Anabaptists and similar sects in and after the Reformation period, which in some sense may be regarded as the precursors of modern socialism—these are but individual examples of the extent to which speculations on the connection of the new and old dispensations have affected the whole course of Christian thought and action. And when we turn to the questions that divide the Churches and produce divergent types of worship, doctrine, and discipline in our own days, we shall find that the interpretation of the Old Testament in its meaning and authority for Christians lies near the root of the most important and practical of modern controversies. To see how true this is we need only look at those controversies

that have exercised the Churches of Great Britain during the last generation. The antithesis between the High and Low Church parties in England, the question between Erastianism and the spiritual freedom of the Church, the question of State support for Churches, so far as it is discussed from a theological rather than from a political standpoint, the more fundamental question of the very idea of a Christian state, not to speak of a multitude of smaller controversies, still turn in some of their most vital aspects on the great problem of the relation of the Christian Church to the Hebrew theocracy. I do not mean that these questions are always or perhaps usually discussed by arguments directly drawn from the Old Testament. But the ruling ideas on which the several parties in these controversies base their arguments, their conception of what the Church is or ought to be, are either derived from the Old Testament directly, or reproduce types of doctrine which were originally framed by reference to it. The High Churchman who goes back to the system of the old Catholic Church, the successors of John Knox and the Puritans who still live under the influence of the theocratic ideals of the Swiss Reformation, the sectarians who identify all Church organization with the apocalyptic Babylon, are so many modern representatives of theories which in their first beginnings were expressly based on divergent views of the relation of the old and new dispensations. In the nineteenth as in the second century, the great questions of Church organization and Church life remain open questions, because men are not agreed as to the meaning of the Old Testament system and the sense in which the Old Testament canon is still a part of the Divine rule of faith and life for Christendom.

Nor is it otherwise in the sphere of doctrine. All variations of doctrine are now running up more and more into the great question of the authority of Scripture, and the battle-field of this controversy is the Old Testament, on which the New Testament writers themselves depend. It is impossible to separate the Christian Revelation from the Old Testament, and the best, if not the only possible, defence of a positive Christianity is the proof that the work of Christ set forth in the New Testament is the crown of a structure whose foundations were laid deep in Old Testament times. Thus every misconception of the meaning of the old dispensation brings with it some distortion in our view of the meaning of Christianity, gives an unreality to

the scheme of our religion, and tempts men who see the unreality without knowing its cause and cure to throw positive Christianity altogether aside.

There never has been a time when a right understanding of the Old Testament as the historical substructure on which Christianity builds was more necessary than in these days. On the one hand the Churches are still divided by controversies which had their first origin in misconceptions about the Old Covenant, and these misconceptions cannot be removed till they are traced back to their source. On the other hand we live in an age of searching historical inquiry, in which Christianity, by its own profession a positive and historical religion, is daily called upon to exhibit its historical pedigree as the test of its unique claims on the minds and hearts of men. And here again we are thrown back on the study of the Old Testament; for Jesus professed to bring no new religion, but only to carry to their fulfilment and perfection the things already given in germ to Israel under the old covenant.

It will not be disputed that the great majority even of intelligent Christians are accustomed to deal with these weighty matters quite in a haphazard way. Very many are content simply to accept the Old Testament as part of Divine Revelation, and to read individual passages by the light of the New Testament, without trying to form any general idea of the differences between the two dispensations, and the reason why the people of God was so long left to live by an imperfect light. Others again are so much struck by the imperfection of the Old Covenant that they practically leave it on one side and hardly attempt to go back beyond the New Testament at all. Very few make any serious effort to understand the Old Testament as a whole, or to form a clear picture of the actual life of the nation of Israel under the Law. Yet if the Hebrew Bible had been lost for centuries and were now brought into our possession by some new discovery, as the Assyrian records have been, our first observation would be that this book contains the whole history of a nation nurtured under conditions remote from all our present experience. The ancient laws which it contains, the wonderful religious life which it records, would present themselves as an historical problem, and we should not be content till we had reconstructed a complete and harmonious picture of the growth and maturity of the commonwealth and religion of Israel. We should not think ourselves to have done

justice to so wonderful a record by merely looking at isolated chapters, by admiring the simplicity and truth of individual parts of the narrative, the beauty and spiritual depth of particular passages in the Psalms or the Prophets. Why then should any Christian be content with so superficial a study of the Old Testament, simply because the book, instead of being a new discovery, has been from the first days of Christianity a sacred possession of the Church?

In reality the fact that the Old Testament is part of our inheritance as Christians makes the historical study of the Old Covenant vastly more necessary and interesting to us. It is a marvellous thing that out of the Jewish theocracy, an institution so remote from all our habits of life and thought, sprang that religion which after a lapse of well-nigh two thousand years is still fully abreast of the ideas of modern society, and still stands forth as perfect a rule of faith and life as when the apostles first preached. And it is still more marvellous that this ever-new Christianity, which is the basis of all our modern civilisation, the ideal of all that is worthy in our modern life, this religion as wide as humanity itself, still carries with it as part of its sacred records, the holy books of a petty nation of Syria, an obscure community, which at the time when Jesus rose in its midst was celebrated only for the obstinacy of its isolation from all the interests of the rest of mankind.

There is nothing so fitted to quicken our interest in a thorough study of the Old Testament as a view of the place of the Jews in the ancient world at the time of Christ. The work of Jesus falls in the first age of the Roman Empire, when Greek civilisation and Italian conquest had everywhere shattered the old forms of national life. From the Euphrates to the Atlantic national independence had been crushed, and every race had passed under the twofold sway of Roman government and Hellenic culture. The Greeks and the Romans seemed not only to have conquered, but to have absorbed the whole Western world.

In the midst of this universal levelling of ancient distinctions of race and nationality, the historian finds one nation, and only one, which refused to surrender its identity to the authority of the Roman Empire or the magic of Greek culture.* Since the days of Alexander the tide of Western conquest had again and again rolled over the mountains of Judæa, but it had never broken the spirit or

* See Mommsen, *Römische Geschichte*, lii. 533, sq.

destroyed the national idiosyncrasy of the Jews. It was not the strength of the Judæan state or the warlike prowess of its inhabitants that created this exception to the all-levelling might of the West. The Jews had fought bravely for political independence, but never with more than temporary success. Indeed it was not political independence that was their great object. They had been willing subjects so long as their sacred law was left untouched, and the flame of patriotism burst into fierce glow only when their religious isolation was attacked. The burning love for Jerusalem which filled the Jewish heart was given not to the capital of the Hasmonean princes, but to the holy mountain, the seat of the Temple and its solemn ordinances, which was the spiritual home of every Jew, not only of the inhabitants of Palestine, but of the far larger mass of the Diaspora, the communities of Jewish blood and Jewish faith dispersed in Alexandria, in Antioch, in Rome, in all the great centres of population and of trade. The Temple, to which rich tribute continually streamed from every corner of the world where the calamities of war or the pursuits of commerce had carried the Jewish name, was the visible centre of a faith which centuries of conflict and oppression had only burned more deeply into every Jewish breast, and which through the system of the law, no longer limited to the Pentateuchal code, but developed and refined by successive generations of the Scribes, prescribed a fixed rule for every action, and stamped a unique character on the whole conduct of life. Beyond the points of legal observance no nation was so flexible, so easily adapted to new circumstances as the Jews. They penetrated everywhere, and everywhere they found a place and made themselves useful or even indispensable. But with all their pliability they never drew nearer to those among whom they lived. A mutual antipathy seemed to separate them from the rest of mankind; their love, tenderness, and fidelity, as Tacitus describes them,* were reserved for their own race; towards all others their bearing was one of hatred and enmity. Their isolation was neither broken by intermarriages with other peoples, nor softened by the presence of Jew and Gentile at the same table. Even their proselytes, as the Roman historian complains, were framed to the same temper, and learned as their first lesson to hate the gods, to cast off the ties of country, to despise their parents, their children, and their brothers.

* Tacitus, *Hist.* v. 5.

Such were the Jews in the time of Christ as they appeared to the most philosophical of Roman historians. It is true that Tacitus and his countrymen saw them only from the outside, and did not know the hidden springs of the life which seemed so strange and repellent to the cultured nations of the West. But, in truth, it was hardly possible for the Gentiles to penetrate below the surface of the Jewish mind. No fellowship with Judaism could be purchased except by becoming a Jew, or at least a proselyte of the gate. Within the hard shell of ritual observance lay precious spiritual truths. Even heathen critics were constrained to admire the grand thought of a single eternal Deity, supreme and exempt from change, whom it is profanity to represent by an image, whose being must be grasped by the mind alone, without the aid of sense. But there was no access to this God except through the gate of the exclusive and intolerable ordinances of the law; and so the spirituality of Jehovah appeared to those who stood without not as a truth for all mankind, but as part of an odious system which held all things for profane that other nations deemed sacred, which was at war not only with religion but with every institution of civilised life.

And indeed the official Judaism of that age, the Judaism of the Scribes and Pharisees, is scarcely more lovable to us who can study it in the books of the rabbins themselves, than it appeared to the Greeks and Romans, who saw it only in its outer manifestations. The spirit of exclusiveness was constantly on the increase, and every fresh development in the legal system of the Scribes was a new barrier between Israel and the Gentiles. The just conviction that Israel possessed a precious divine gift which no other nation shared took the shape of a cruel arrogance, not unmingled with servility, which was content to suffer the yoke of the heathen, and even to cringe before the hated master, while nourishing a secret hope of revenge in the days of the Messiah, when the Divine power that loved the people of the law and none but them should at length reveal itself in wrath against the oppressors of the children of the Covenant. Meantime the Jew shut himself up within the strait barriers of law and tradition, and concentrated all his energy in devising and executing a more and more perfect system of obedience to the formal and meaningless precepts of ceremonial righteousness, by which he hoped at length to purchase the redemption so long deferred for the people's sins. Such a religion had no mis-

religion of light and healing to a world which, under all the outward peace and order of the Roman empire, was full of misery, darkness, and vile-corruption. The Scribes and Pharisees might compass sea and land to make one proselyte, but their zeal stands condemned, not only by the hostile Roman but by Jesus himself: "When he is become so ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves."

The strength and weakness of this strange religion, as it was taught by the recognised leaders of Jewish thought, are alike made plain by the subsequent course of history. That the Jews should continue to form a political state in the midst of the Roman world was impossible. Land and nation were crushed by the ruthless legionaries, the Temple was laid in ruins, and a heathen shrine polluted the holy mountain. But there was that in Judaism and its law which refused to perish so long as the blood of their fathers ran in Jewish veins. The crowning calamity only knit the suffering remnant into closer unity. The law took the place of the Temple as the rallying point of Judaism. The Scribes had never been so powerful as when they alone were left representatives and guardians of the unique treasure of Israel. The Pharisees were no longer a mere party, they absorbed the whole nation. And in one sense the Scribes showed themselves worthy of their trust. Pushing still farther their old tendencies, rounding out the traditional law into a finished system, setting their stamp on every surviving relic of the old life, they gave to the Jews as a religious community a strength to resist all attacks from without which Judæa as a state had never possessed. Judaism has proved itself indestructible down to our own days, but its indestructibility has displayed its unprofitableness in the strongest light. For eighteen centuries the Jews have circulated through the length and breadth of the inhabited world. Their pliability, their address, above all their fidelity to one another, their concentration on purely Jewish interests, have everywhere given them influence and power. But their religion has won no permanent conquests. Their greatest achievement lies without doubt in the large part they had in shaping the ideas of the prophet of Islam. But Mohammed himself disowned his teachers, and even if we reckon the religion of the Koran as a Jewish sect, its decadence and approaching fall are but a fresh proof that the religion of the Scribes—for it was from Jewish tradition, not from the Old Testament, that Mo-

ammed learned—is not a religion for mankind.

That is one side of the picture, and, even though this were all, it is enough to invite our most serious attention. The Judaism of the rabbins may seem a lifeless thing, a fossil which resists destruction only because it is petrified into adamantine rigidity; but even if this be true, and it is certainly not the whole truth, the fossil is itself a witness to former life. Nothing in human history could endure what Judaism has endured unless there were reality and truth in its beginnings. A religion once established may endure long after its first life and vigour are exhausted. But it was no dead faith that first conquered a whole nation, that stamped upon them an indestructible character, and set fast in their hearts an ideal which, amidst all the puerilities of Talmudic theology and all the absurdities of Talmudic ceremonial, has never ceased to direct the heart of the worshipper away from the world of sense to the things that are unseen and eternal.

But the picture has another side. At the very time when the Jewish state was entering on its last fatal struggle with the Gentile power; when the expectation of the Pharisees, who looked for the restoration of earthly freedom and empire, was proving itself a vain delusion; when the attitude of official Judaism to the world without had already defined itself in a way that made it plain that in this form at least the religion of Jehovah had no saving message to the world, there rose from the midst of the nation, whose signature read of all men was hatred of the human race, a teacher and a deliverer, bearing a message of love and healing, not to Jews alone, but to all sinners and sufferers of mankind.

The religion for all humanity which had escaped the search of Greek philosophers, and was aimed at in vain by Roman statesmanship, went forth from Jerusalem, from the very courts of the Temple on Zion, where every ordinance and point of ritual proclaimed that the spiritual good things of the Old Covenant were the private and exclusive possession of the seed of Abraham. The contrast between the world-wide scope of Christianity and the national aims and local restrictions of the religion of the law is so glaring that men have often been disposed, from the days of the Gnostics downwards, to represent the new religion as the direct negation of the old. The God of the Christians, said the Gnostics, is not the Jehovah of the Old Testament. Much the same

doctrine is still held in some circles of modern Christians. The Old Testament is treated as a thing wholly superseded by the gospel, with which Christians have nothing more to do. Such a view of the religion of Jesus is flatly contradicted by the gospel history. The birth of Christianity from the midst of Judaism, the fact that our Lord, in His human nature, sprang from the seed of Israel and the stock of David, are not mere accidents. The teaching of Christ was a protest against the official Judaism of His day, but it was a protest grounded upon the observation that the Scribes and Pharisees had forgotten the true spirit of Israel's religion, and the true meaning of the law and the prophets. The revolution which Jesus wrought in the religion of Israel was, in fact, a conservative revolution. He appealed from the Scribes to Moses, from the traditions of the Pharisees to the written Word. To the first Christians the Old Testament was not less but more than it was to contemporary Judaism. It acquired a new fulness of meaning by its fulfilment in the work, the death, the resurrection of Him to whom the law and all the prophets bear witness. It is not easy for us to adapt our habits of thought to the lines of argument by which the apostles apply individual passages of the Old Testament to the things of Christ. The exegesis may often appear to be arbitrary, the reasoning to savour of rabbinical subtlety. But the broad fact remains unquestionable, that to Jesus and His apostles Christianity never presented itself as the abrogation of the religion of Israel, but always as its fit continuation and natural completion. It was on the teaching of the Old Testament that Jesus framed His doctrine: in the Old Testament he found the image of His own life and work; and in the Old Testament he taught his disciples to seek the arguments that justified their faith. The same Scriptures which, in the hands of the Scribes, were the foundation of a religion of national isolation and lifeless formalism, supplied Jesus with the beatitudes of the Sermon on the Mount, and nourished the enthusiasm of Paul in his mission to the Gentiles.

Modern Jewish controversialists are accus-

tomized to express their reading of these facts by calling Jesus a Jewish rabbi, the founder of a new Jewish sect, and, absurdly enough, some Christian writers have been found to adopt their language. In reality Jesus was the very opposite of the rabbins; His public life was spent, not in adding to the controversies of the schools, but in preaching a conception of the meaning and scope of the religion of Israel which died away with the rabbins altogether. To the official Judaism of the Scribes the rabbins were a necessity. Religion was summed up in obedience to a law so complicated in its provisions that plain men could not hope to walk in the path of righteousness without the help of a teacher trained in the law. Such a teacher Jesus never claimed to be. He had no new glosses to give upon obscure points of ceremonial duty, for He preached a conception of righteousness and a view of the true kingdom of heaven which made the way of salvation as plain to publicans and sinners as to the most self-righteous Pharisee.

To speak of Jesus as a rabbi is to ignore the first characteristics of His teaching, the accent of personal authority that distinguished it from the traditional wisdom of the Scribes, and the claim it made, not to interpret the Old Testament merely, but to fill up the scheme of salvation which the Old Testament left still incomplete.

Thus the conflict between Jesus and the Scribes was really a conflict between two fundamentally different views of the whole scheme of that Old Testament revelation which He and they alike accepted as Divine. The view of the Scribes, carried out with marvellous consistency and tenacity of purpose, produced the isolation of the Jewish community, the system of the Talmud, the whole distinctive features of mediæval and modern Judaism, as a community which has become indestructible by alienating itself from humanity. The teaching of Jesus has produced results the very opposite of these, transforming the religion of a petty nation into a religion of universal mankind. Of this antithesis and of the lessons to be drawn from it for our own study of the Old Testament we shall have more to say in another paper.

LOVE'S RIDDLE.

"WHY I love thee," is thy question so?
 "Why, when Isabel is lovelier far?"
 Dear, so hard to read Love's riddles are,

He's no lover who can solve them well:
 I may tell when thou hast made me know
 Why thy smile has nought of Isabel.

"Why I love thee," dost thou ask me this?
 "Why, when Lucy's voice is thrice as sweet?"
 Dear, Love's measures are so hard to mete,
 More and less compute no lover's choice:
 Ere I tell, say what the reason is
 Why thy singing has not Lucy's voice.

"Why I love thee," must I answer now?
 "Why, when Blanche is wittier fifty-fold?"
 Dear, Love wrote his changeless law of old,
 Lovers' wisdom should not know its why:
 Why art thou not she, nor she but thou?
 Tell me, Love, for therein's my reply.

AUGUSTA WEBSTER.

WATCHING THE WEATHER ON BEN NEVIS.

By CLEMENT L. WRAGGE, F.R.G.S., F.M.S., &c.

PART II.—AT WORK.



Ice-covered Thermometer.

I HAD decided to make three chief sets of observations on the summit daily, viz., at 9, 9.30, and 10 A.M.; noting on each occasion atmospheric pressure, temperature, rainfall, moisture, direction and force of the wind, kind and amount of cloud and movements of the various strata, other hydrometeors, and especially ozone. It was also a part of the observing plan to make observations at various altitudes during my outward and homeward journeys. The instruments for the low-level observatory had not yet been

forwarded, and pending their arrival Mr. Livingston kindly undertook to observe his own instruments at 9 A.M., at Fort William, in connection with the Ben Nevis station; so that also as far as sea-level observations were concerned there was no hindrance to the immediate commencement of the observing work. Accordingly the next morning, June 1st, I began the regular daily ascents and reached the summit at 9 o'clock; having noted the aneroid and sling thermometer at the sea level at 5 A.M., and at several points on the way. I of course deemed it prudent to train an assistant, Mr. William Whyte of Fort William, to take my place in the observing work in case of need; and after I had climbed the Ben on nine consecutive days, from May 31st, it was considered advisable that he should relieve me in the ascent at the rate of about twice a week, so allowing me time to post up the numerous observations, and obtain that amount of rest which it was necessary to take. I also instructed another to act as assistant if occasion required, but his services were not needed. The instruments for the low-level station shortly arrived; and I placed them at Achintore, three-quarters of a mile south-west from Fort William, where I went to reside, and about twenty-eight feet above the level of the sea. The observations and hours of making them were precisely similar to those of the mountain station, with the exception of solar and terrestrial radiation; but extra observations partly in connection with those made during the ascent and descent of Ben Nevis were taken at 5 A.M., 7 A.M., 8.30 A.M., 10.30 A.M., noon, and 3 P.M.; a usual evening set at 9 P.M., and afterwards also at 6 P.M., so that in all a series of eleven sets of observations were daily recorded at

the low-level station. My wife chiefly performed this work.

During the first few mornings a guide accompanied me in the ascent to point out the peculiarities of the track, but I soon dispensed with his services. At first I breakfasted at half-past four, noted the barometer, aneroid, thermometers, wind, cloud, &c., at the low-level station at 5 A.M., and afterwards—with satchel over the shoulder and taking the aneroid, sling thermometer, compass, ozone tests and spirit level—I immediately set out for the mountain, astride the little Highland pony and accompanied by my large black Newfoundland dog "Robin Renzo," a pleasant and encouraging companion. Later on I found I could accomplish the ascent in three hours, and I left about six o'clock. The pony carried me to and from a point near the Lake, some 1,900 feet of altitude; and so I was able to economise my strength for the hard portion of the ascent. Visitors to the Ben setting out on foot usually take a direct course to the tarn, up the slopes of *Meall an t-Suidhe*; but with a pony this is altogether impracticable.

The bridle track, when the Peat Moss is passed, crosses *Ailt Coire an Lochain*, the burn before noticed; and takes a course up the northern slopes opposite the great dark precipices in the same main direction as that we followed when taking the instruments, but more circuitous. At first it leads on past huge granite boulders, probably borne thither by some glacier of old; then it goes over the heather-clad moorlands alternating with treacherous swamps, partly covered by dwarf willows and the redolent bog myrtle; now for some distance it follows the foaming burn, here and there overhung by the sweet-smelling rowan and the slender birch; near the point where the last stunted birch is seen, about 1,170 feet above sea, it becomes well-nigh lost in sloughs and morasses, ruts and crannies; and at length it leads to a cairn, at the head of the quagmire before noticed, that lies immediately between the mountain and *Meall an t-Suidhe*—at the foot of which latter is the lonely tarn. Here I, at first, off-saddled, "hobbled" the pony by tying its fore legs, turned it adrift to graze, and having taken a set of observations about seven o'clock near the water's edge, continued the ascent. Later in the season I took the pony to the farthest limit it could reach, about 2,000 feet, and left it there. The track I usually followed from this point is that ordinarily taken by tourists, not the diagonal course taken on my first ascent, and winds gradually

up the steep western slopes, the only side on which the mountain is safely approachable. At a point some 2,600 feet above sea, where the vegetation has become very scanty, it crosses the Red Burn, a rugged gorge going down at an angle of some forty degrees into the depths of Glen Nevis below. Snow lay deeply during the better part of June in great shelving masses in this ravine; and I had to plod my way across it as by a series of steps, giving a peculiarly Arctic zest to my experiences. The path, such as it is, now leads on over loose rock and sharp angular fragments of rubble, directly up the steep face of the mountain; and this is undoubtedly the stiffest and most trying part of the climb. Almost at every step the foot slips back, and at one point, about 3,250 feet, the ascent partakes of the nature of a scramble, so that on some occasions I found it ease me to go on all fours. Poor Renzo at first suffered severely, but in time his feet became hard. About 970 feet above the crossing is Buchan's Well, to which I have before referred, the source of the burn. Here, having taken a few raisins and a biscuit to sustain the innerman, I made another set of observations at 8.30, noting, too, the temperature of the water, which, by the way, throughout the season remained very uniform, at a mean of about 37.3. Subsequent examination of this water, conducted by the late Sir Robert Christison, proved that it is remarkably pure. In the sample I brought away no colour was detected by Sir Robert, neither were found any traces of lime, and only the merest tinge for chloride of sodium. The reader is already acquainted with the nature of the course from this point onwards, so I will merely remark that by 8.45 I had reached the Plateau of Storms, 4,000 feet, and by nine o'clock the summit.

The first two days of June were beautifully fine. High temperatures and great diathermancy were recorded, the temperature of the air by the dry bulb on the Ben at 9 A.M. on the 1st reading 49.4, and that of evaporation by the wet bulb 43.4, while at Fort William at the same hour 63.6 and 59.0 respectively were the values. On the 2nd, however, I could see from my lofty station, by the movements of fine fibres of cirrus cloud, that a change was approaching; and on the 3rd a cyclonic disturbance came up from the Atlantic, reduced the temperature, as is usual with this type of weather in summer, and brought a total change at the mountain station—the very opposite to that first experienced—viz. cold rain, and cloud-fog, the usual conditions. Indeed, look-

ing back at my five months' work on Ben Nevis I can say that, although some very fine days were recorded in early autumn, on no subsequent occasion did I experience on the mountain weather like that of May 31st and June 1st. It was altogether the exception during the period. The dry bulb on the 3rd read 36·2, wet 36·1, and the corresponding readings at Fort William were 53·1 and 50·8. On June 5th, when the centre of this depression was crossing, I could not reach the Ben before 10.15 A.M. I arrived at the Well about eight o'clock, in ample time; but a blinding snow-squall came on, cloud-fog enveloped the mountain, the wretched track, (hardly discernible in clear weather, and with which during the first few days I was not very well acquainted,) was now covered with snow, and I took two hours in groping my way through the fog to the summit, building cairns in true Arctic fashion as I pushed along. On at last arriving I found winter holding full sway. The thermometer screen was frozen up, and I had difficulty in reaching the instruments. Snow was falling briskly, and temperature had been as low as 28°0. On June 7th and 8th, when this cyclonic depression was passing off, the winds circling round its rear or western side brought great cold at the mountain station. The highest temperature within twenty-four hours only reached 26·7, and the lowest was 20·9.

As I became accustomed to the course I had no difficulty in finding my way when enveloped in the thickest cloud, although at times distinct vision was limited to a few yards. The spectral-looking cairns in the dreary wastes between Buchan's Well and the summit, looming out from the cloud-fog as I proceeded, proved a great assistance; and to make myself doubly secure I had taken a set of compass-bearings. Indeed, so often afterwards were the upper portions of the mountain enveloped in cloud, and so accustomed did I become to the raw, gelid fog-sheet, that when it *did* lift the broad expanse of grey rock around appeared very strange to the sight.

As yet I had hardly time to complete the arrangements for the erection of a place of shelter on the Ben, and I must admit that in cold and wet weather during June my hour's stay on the summit proved a very hard experience. The rain at times was remarkably heavy, as is usual in mountainous regions, owing to the ranges condensing the aqueous vapours by the ascent of the nearly saturated air up the cold slopes.

Between the sets of observations I fre-

quently crouched down in a hole near the precipices, frequented, I think, by the Sappers and Miners when surveying, but this only afforded protection from the wind which at times blew fitfully with great violence. Often it moaned, roared, and re-echoed in the precipice corries and glens below with terrific bluster; and suddenly a gust would sweep across, travelling upwards of a hundred miles an hour. So great was the fury of south-west and north-east gales on the 4,000 feet plateau, by the way—owing, no doubt, to the contour of that portion of the mountain—that I have experienced in heavy weather no little difficulty in making way across it; and during the storm of the 26th of August, when I had the pleasure of being accompanied by the *Times* correspondent, we had to fight for every foot of our way, getting on from boulder to boulder during the lulls. Hence I named it the "Plateau of Storms." On other occasions, when the summit was enveloped in thick cloud, I had almost to grope my way to the different instruments; either rain was falling persistently in a fine drizzle, or the fog particles sometimes even crystallizing on my clothes and beard. Poor old Renzo, under these circumstances, planted himself on some convenient boulder; and there remained waiting the time when, having taken my last readings and locked up the instruments, I gave him the signal for departure. He looked the picture of misery, with his black coat and eyebrows tipped with rime, as if by hoar frost.

I should mention that my under-clothing was chiefly of thick lamb's-wool, with a sailor's jersey and my oldest suit over all. Very seldom did I carry an overcoat, and never a waterproof or gloves. Hence by my own negligence I was often wet through for many hours, with my hands swollen by the cold and biting wind, so that I could only just legibly scrawl down the observations, holding the pencil in my clenched fist; and yet I preferred all this to encumbering myself with an overcoat or waterproof.

During the first month I usually left the summit for the homeward journey soon after ten o'clock, often reaching Buchan's Well considerably within the half hour. Here I took another set of observations, and afterwards luncheon. Usually it was about mid-day when I got back to the Lake, and here I took observations again—noting, too, the temperature of the water. I could not, however, always manage to reach an intermediate point at any specified time. Frequently I paused to observe, as when the limit of the

cloud-fog was reached; or on any marked change of meteorological conditions. Again, I sometimes lingered or made short detours to obtain specimens of the mountain flora.

I had often great trouble in finding or recapturing the pony. At first I had a brown horse which went through a set of skilful manœuvres in his hobbles, kicking up behind, and on one occasion resisting every effort of mine to recapture him. Then I had an artful white mare which I kept for the remainder of the season. Notwithstanding the hobbles she often, by a series of jumps, wandered far from the spot where I had off-saddled; and on many occasions when thick cloud-fog extended down the mountain to some 1,600 feet of altitude, I have arrived at the spot where I left the saddle and bridle only to find that I had to saddle myself with them, and forthwith, bridle in hand and saddle on my head, set out in the fog to find her. It can be imagined that under these circumstances I had no easy task. Any attempt at tracking her was of but little avail, for the impressions of the hoofs on the mossy quagmire were effaced almost as soon as made, and she had no bell. I had no alternative, then, but to describe a circle around the spot where I had off-saddled, increasing the radius until at last I came across the truant, and found her either quietly grazing or shivering in the rain some hundred yards or more from the spot where she had been left. Often she had made the most of the time allotted her during my absence on the Ben, and, being very sagacious and knowing every step of the track, had proceeded homeward. Sometimes she was more than half way towards the Peat Moss at the base of the mountain, and I had to trudge after her with bridle in hand and saddle on my head. Being at length mounted, the next move was to get the pony over the ruts and swamps; for the descent from the lake in some respects tried her powers more than the ascent. I usually let her follow her own course. The sagacity of the animal was truly marvellous. Frequently, having sniffed the ground, she would make a circuit to avoid some hole or piece of swamp. Once or twice, however, she got bogged above the knees, or the crupper broke, and I went flying over her head, but sustained no injury.

I usually reached the Peat Moss, where I again dismounted to take a set of low-level observations, about a quarter to two; and having at length gained the Inverness road I cantered into Fort William, arriving at

Achintore generally about two o'clock. A set of low-level observations at three completed the Ben Nevis series for the day, and after dinner and a pipe, and having dispatched my telegram to the Meteorological Office, I almost always went to bed, turning in about five and sleeping till nine when the last set of observations were made at the sea-level station. This afternoon's rest was absolutely necessary. Before midnight I was frequently engaged in writing notices for the newspapers. I then went to bed for a second sleep—was called between four and five—took a hasty breakfast and the sea-level readings, and again set out for the Ben.

So the summer rolled by, and of course the daily routine continued much the same.

By July 1st a substantial hut—with walls about three and a half feet thick, and having a compartment eight feet long, four broad, and about six feet high—had been erected as a place of shelter on the top of the mountain fifty paces east-south-east from the thermometers. (*See illustration, page 384.*) This was covered with a tarpaulin of ship's canvas, supported by a spar and lashed down with tarred cord. I found this place a great convenience, especially as I was enabled to make a fire and take my luncheon in comparative comfort. I now took an extra set of observations on the summit at 10.30 A.M., and sometimes every half hour till noon.

Later in the season I began to experience some difficulty in setting out on my daily task, as will at once appear.

The little mare unfortunately at this time commenced to jib on starting, having become thoroughly disgusted with her part of the work. Occasionally, about a quarter past six, when I had just mounted—laden with a bundle of sticks, a tin of saw-dust steeped in paraffin, wherewith to light my hut fire, coal in my satchel, and travelling instruments and luncheon in my pockets—she would sheer right round and not move a yard on the way. The prospect was pleasant. I had to climb to an altitude of 4,378 feet by a circuitous route in little more than two hours and a half, to take observations on the way, and read the instruments on Ben Nevis at nine. After a deal of persuasion, coaxing, and whipping, with the lad pushing on behind and Renzo capering and barking ahead, she consented to make way; but nothing short of dismounting and leading would get her past the stables in Fort William.

Once I made the ascent from Fort William in exactly two hours and a half; and have climbed from 2,000 feet to Buchan's Well,

with my several encumbrances, without a single stoppage, in less than half an hour. Hence I have reached the summit streaming with perspiration: and, with a mean temperature of three or four degrees above freezing, and enveloped in a thick rain-cloud, I have remained there nearly two hours; and yet I experienced no ill effects beyond a passing sense of fatigue in the muscles, and my general health remained excellent throughout. I will now give an account of one morning's routine on the Ben after the erection of the hut and let that serve for all. Having taken the chief set of observations at 9 A.M., I proceeded to my little house, made a circle of stones in the middle of the rough floor to contain my fire, and arranged the sawdust, sticks, and cobbles. Sometimes I used fragments of peat that I had stopped to pick up on the Moss. This done, I arranged a piece of rock to serve as a seat; and on another stone displayed the little delicacies my wife had prepared with much satisfaction. I always, however, took a plentiful supply of oatmeal cakes and raisins; and I can highly recommend such fare as being most sustaining. I had just time to light my fire and then I took the 9.30 observations. Afterwards I fetched some water from a little well, named after myself, about 25 feet from the summit on the south side; and forthwith commenced to discuss my luncheon. Renzo came in for a share; but on one occasion he attempted to help himself and I turned him out of the hut. He was so offended that he at once set off home through a thick cloud-fog, and I found him in the afternoon at Achintore awaiting my arrival.

Having taken the ten-o'clock observations, I returned to the hut and continued my repast, finishing up with a pipe of the "Three Castles," which was immensely enjoyed. The extra set of readings at half-past ten usually finished the work on the summit. I then commenced the homeward journey through the cloud-fog, skipping cheerily over the stones and singing "Rio Grande," or "Homeward Bound," with as much heartiness as when, during my voyages, I occasionally lent a hand at the ship's capstan—and what more invigorating, what more cheering, than a good song under such circumstances? Sometimes the instruments were very sticky to the touch. This was probably occasioned by chloride of magnesium carried in the south-westerly gales from the Atlantic. That chloride of sodium was so borne from the ocean seems proved by the late Sir Robert Christison. He kindly examined a pure

sample of the Ben Nevis rain-water that I had taken from the gauge after south-westerly winds. We found that the blue precipitate for common salt was distinctly marked, as also was the grey-tinged colour showing the presence of carbonate of lime.

My ozone tests on the Ben were frequently deeply tinted in the space of half an hour; but chlorine similarly borne on the ocean winds may have deepened the colour, and I had no means for subjecting the test papers to a uniform and measurable current of air.

I have already attempted to give some account of the magnificent view from the Ben on a perfectly clear day. Such days were of rare occurrence. On some sixteen mornings in June, thirty in July, twenty-two in August, and twenty-one in September was the mountain enveloped in cloud. Occasionally during Atlantic depression weather the cloud-fog extended right down the mountain to about a thousand feet, but usually its limit was about three thousand feet above sea. Then on some mornings, under certain conditions, breaks in the cloud mass would occur; or great white belts in heavy rolls would encircle the mountain. On such occasions the views as I ascended became truly sublime.

Sometimes when thin cloud hung over the precipices and the sunlight was bursting through the fog, a huge white fog-bow formed about double the breadth of an ordinary rainbow. The shadows of the crags and rocks cast on the masses of loose cloud filling the abysses beneath, gave a most singular picture; and the dim outline of my head and shoulders, as I stood on the brink of the precipices, thrown on the misty sheet many hundreds of feet below, was encircled by *antheia*, or glories of light similar to those Scoresby saw in the Arctic regions. These consisted of a series of concentric rings, the colours being orange, blue, orange, red, indigo, and green. The total diameter I found by span measurement to be about fifteen degrees.

Sometimes when the barometer was high in early autumn, vast masses of cumulus clouds have hung low over the glens, valleys, and around the lower portions of the mountains owing to rapid condensation of the vapours of the lowlands. I have left Fort William shortly before half-past six with a thick pall of cloud-fog low overhead; and prospects for the day to the casual observer looked gloomy indeed. At 500 feet above sea I first encountered it,

and remained enveloped as in a dense shroud during the next 850 feet of the ascent. At this point glimpses of the sky above became visible; and, when I had attained an altitude of 1,500 feet, I found myself entirely out of the fog, and looking down upon a vast mass like a great "sea" of clouds from which the mountains' tops to northward reached out like the hilly coast line of South Africa. On arriving at the top of the Ben, the scene was in the highest degree impressive. The summit was entirely clear, the sky high above bespattered as it were with large flakes of cirro-cumulus and streaks of cirro-stratus; while below, all around, covering the glens and lesser mountains, and reaching right into the precipice corries, were vast masses of white cumulus clouds tipped with orange, and packed and piled up as in great undulatory breaking billows sweeping the sides of the higher peaks and sending off arms, wisps, streaks and fibres into the far-distant ravines and burns. The very tops of some mountains would just appear above the great sea of cloud below me like tiny islets, or some black imps of nursery rhyme. Later in the day when temperature increased, evaporation was progressing, and the excess of vapour could be the better retained in the invisible state, the cloud masses broke up into detached fleecy cumuli perched on the mountains' sides, or hovering over the valleys like fantastic sprites of the air.

Once more. Under different conditions, on the morning of October 12th, when the first winter snows fell, and a barometric depression was crossing, the views from the Ben were the finest I had ever yet seen. Away below lay *Lochan Lundavra*, snug as at the base of the surrounding snow-tipped mountains. Here now came looming out a crater-like ridge lashed with snow from beneath a mass of dirty lowering clouds, there again appeared a mountain height bathed in the autumn sunlight; while the stately storm cumulus of a dark inky blue colour, awful to look at, came rolling over in great majesty. Squall-streamers of dirty cloud followed up one after another in quick succession, the wind roared fitfully, and whirls of snow played right merrily over the old volcanic stones. The stones were covered to windward with ice encrustations, while the contrast of grey against the snow-dusted rocks added a degree to the lights and shadows of the majestic whole. My hut on this occasion was partly filled with snow, it having driven with great force through the chinks and crevices of the walls. A little shrew (*Sorex*

araneus) had taken shelter under the tarpaulin and quickly disappeared beneath the stones.

Indeed, the upper parts of Ben Nevis are not wholly destitute of forms of life.

I have seen the track of a fox at a point about 3,850 feet above sea. The foot-prints of the mountain hare have been noticed on the snow at 4,000 feet, and my assistant killed a rabbit at 3,000. Of birds I have seen flocks of "twites" on the summit, though I could never get near enough to exactly identify them. And once I saw, when some distance off, what I firmly believe was a chaffinch (*Fringilla cœlebs*) near the thermometer cage. The ptarmigan (*Lagopus mutus*) I have observed in flocks of four or five by Buchan's Well, 3,570 feet above sea, but never higher. At 2,000 feet the ptarmigan and common grouse meet; I have never seen the former lower than that altitude, nor the latter higher. Specimens of the beetles and spiders have been obtained at 2,600 feet and at the Well respectively. The common black slug I have seen about 2,800 feet, and the frog about 2,350 feet. Of only two wasps seen by me during the entire season, one was about twenty-five feet from the summit early in June.

Although the practical limit of vegetation is about 2,400 feet, yet many isolated plants and grasses flourish at a much greater altitude, and many choice specimens of mosses and lichens on the top of the mountain. I have only space to mention *Saxifraga stellaris*, *Carex rigida*, *Poa alpina*, *Racomitrium lanuginosum* and *Stereocaulon paschale*.

At length the approach of winter put a stop to my systematic operations; and as it was not till the 14th October, the day of the great storm that wrought such havoc on the Berwick coast, that the first break occurred in the daily routine on the Ben, some short account of my experiences on this memorable day may be of interest. I knew, of course, by my observations that I was in for rough weather when about to leave Achintore; but nevertheless I buttoned up tightly, took a cup of hot coffee and a consoling pipe, donned my sou'wester and set out for the mountain, accompanied by Colin Cameron, a trusty old guide, for company's sake and in case of accident. It was altogether impracticable, owing to swollen burns and swamps, to take the pony, so we proceeded afoot. On nearing 1,000 feet we reached the cloud-fog and snow limit. On we ploughed and waded through the slush and swamps, and did not reach the Lake until three quarters of an hour after my usual time. The wind had now

backed to NNE., and was increasing in force, tearing around the west side of this terrible cyclone with a velocity of full ninety miles per hour, accompanied by blinding sleet and snow. I was determined to advance, so we continued the ascent. It was, however, evident that we could not reach the summit; yet, baffled and beaten back by the wind which was still increasing, we still struggled onwards, each being loath to give in. We now floundered along in the direction of the Red Burn, stumbling over rocks and into holes and crevices, having no track to guide us through the fog and drift. By 8.50 A.M. we had reached an altitude exceeding 2,200 feet, the wind was travelling fully a hundred and thirty miles an hour and upwards, and the fury of the blinding and suffocating drifts sweeping diagonally down the mountain's side was positively terrible. We could not keep our legs, and it was quite impossible to proceed farther. Thick cloud-fog enveloped all and distinct vision was at times limited to about a yard. Our clothes were hard frozen and coated with ice, and ice lumps like eggs had formed on our beards. Temperature was 31.5. So arm in arm we retraced our steps, ploughing through the deepening drifts now thigh deep, and falling down at every few paces. We could, however, only proceed in the descent by intervals, struggling on from boulder to boulder, and pausing to leeward of them for breath and shelter from the tearing drifts. At last, to our intense relief, for we had lost our position, a dark hazy outline loomed out from the thick fog below; and soon we were safely by the edge of the tarn, following it along till we made the track. Renzo, covered with rime and ice, looked like some veritable ghoul of the mountain. Before mid-day we arrived safely in Fort William. Colin declared it was the very worst weather he had ever experienced; and in all my experiences by land and sea, in the "roaring forties" and elsewhere, I have never seen weather equalling this in fury.

On my first ascent after this storm I found pieces of rock, averaging an inch square, lying on the snow near the Plateau of Storms, some forty feet or more from the precipices. Of course they had been hurled up by the force of the wind, and sufficiently attest its occasional violence at this point.

On reaching the summit I found that the tarpaulin of my hut had been carried away bodily, and only a few shreds and pieces of rope remained of it, so that I had again no shelter.

It was now evident that my work on the Ben must soon close for the season; and as it was decided to leave the barometer and self-registering thermometers, I deemed it prudent to make the former secure by building up the cairn on the north side, so as to completely enclose the instrument. This was done on October 17th, a mason and other men accompanying me for the purpose. Having examined the work, and seen that the entire cairn was strengthened by additional stanchions of stone, I felt satisfied that all was made snug to withstand the storms of winter.

I made several successful ascents after this to read the thermometers, but on some occasions, having reached a mean altitude of 2,850 feet, I was driven back by violent storms and whirls of snow sweeping in squalls directly down the face of the mountain. A second attempt, on October 22nd, by the slopes of *Carn Dearg*, also ended in defeat, owing to the furious squalls and driving snow.

Well, then, it was now useless to continue my daily struggle with the mountain storms; and I only awaited a favourable opportunity for closing the observatory till next season, when I hope to resume my work. This occurred on October 27th, and I took Colin Cameron with me to assist in bringing down those instruments which I considered it inexpedient to leave. We found the rocks of the summit thickly encrusted with ice and rime to a depth of six or eight inches. The thermometer-cage was entirely frozen up, so that I could not thrust the point of my stick through a single mesh of the wire-work; and ice incrustations of most weird and fantastic shapes had formed on the instruments and fixings. The ice covering the solar radiation thermometer presented a most extraordinary appearance. The entire instrument, with the post on which it was mounted, was thickly embedded in a mass of frozen snow and rime, stretching horizontally to windward, with arms and spikes of ice shortening in length nearer the ground. (*See illustration, page 377.*) The uppermost of these was about four feet long, and the lowest about a foot, thus illustrating in a remarkable manner the power of friction in retarding the rime-bringing currents. The spines and spears of the extremities of this wonderful ice-mass were truly exquisite. The sides of the great precipices were lashed with snow and rime, looking as though dusted with flour; and the contrast, on glancing next o'er the hoary old platform of the



Mr. Wragge's Hut on the Summit of Ben Nevis. (From a Photo. by P. Macfarlane, Fort William.)

Ben, and then carrying the eye to the lesser mountains tinted with a deep blue beneath compact rolls of bluish-green cumulus, must be left to the imagination to portray. Temperature was as low as 24·4 Fahrenheit; and, while I took the last observations, Colin made a fire in a corner of the roofless hut, using fragments of spars and of the old sail, and a new charm was added to the picture when the pale-blue smoke came circling upwards from behind the white wall on which Renzo was quietly reposing. After luncheon I began to remove the instruments I intended bringing away. We had to boil melted snow in an old tin can, and pour the water over the radiation thermometer in order to liberate it from its icy prison. This was a most delicate operation, and an hour had elapsed before it was successfully accomplished. I also removed the dry and wet bulbs, rain-gauge, and terrestrial radiation thermometer, but left the self-registering instruments, having set them for the winter. When I had put a lashing round the thermometer-screen, and made all secure, I bade farewell to the old Ben, expressing a wish that we might meet again next season, and at two o'clock commenced the descent, Colin carrying the rain-gauge and I the thermometers. I paused at the Lake to observe

and to remove a gauge I had been observing weekly there, and finished up with a set of observations by the sea-level at six o'clock. So ended my work on Ben Nevis for 1881. As some readers may like to have a synopsis of a few of the elements of observation, I add one as a footnote.* More I cannot do. To fully discuss the work, and various means, and the benefits that have accrued would occupy the space of a large volume; and this it is my duty to leave to the Scottish Meteorological

* Synopsis of some of the observations made during 1881 on Ben Nevis and at Achintore, Fort William:—

June.		July.		August.		September.	
Ben.	Fort.	Ben.	Fort.	Ben.	Fort.	Ben.	Fort.
Total rainfall. Inches.							
12'31	7'12	15'19	10'90	12'34	6'41	6'09	2'01
Greatest rainfall in 24 hours.							
1'80in (30th)	1'22 (30th)	1'91 (3rd)	1'90 (29th)	2'30 (25th)	1'20 (29th)	1'26 (25-29)	0'41 (25-29)
Number of rainy days.							
25	22	31	30	24	18	22	16
Maximum Temperature.							
57'2 (1st)	76'0 (1st)	50'2 (5th)	69'7 (14th)	53'9 (4th)	64'9 (5th)	50'0 (11th)	63'3 (20th)
Minimum Temperature.							
21'5 (8th)	35'0 (8th)	28'9 (21st)	44'0 (27th)	28'0 (27th)	35'9 (29th)	28'0 (2nd)	37'7 (15th)
October 1—27. Total rainfall, inches, Ben, 6'58, Fort, 4'31.							
Maximum Temperature, Ben, 51'3 (7th), Fort, 62'2 (1st).							
Minimum Temperature, Ben, 18'3, Fort, 30'1 (16th).							

Society, under whose auspices the work was accomplished.

Whatever hardships I have endured—and I delight in an active, open-air life—were self-imposed; and I have been well repaid by the stimulating knowledge that I was working under the auspices of a Society that appreciated my labours and so cordially

seconded my efforts, and that I have been of some service in the cause of physical research. Regular winter observations on Ben Nevis would, I am convinced, prove of immense value to the country in the matter of weather forecasting; but these cannot be insured until an observatory-house has been erected there.



The Low-level Observatory at Achintore. (From a Photo. by P. Macfarlane, Fort William.)

LONGFELLOW.

AS I write the name that stands at the head of this page my eyes fill with a far-off memory. While I know that every reader to whom that name was familiar felt that it recalled to him some thought, experience, or gentle daily philosophy which he had made his own, I fear that I, reading the brief message that flashed his death under the sea and over a continent, could not recall a line of his poetry, but only revived a picture of the past in which he had lived and moved. But this picture seemed so much a part of himself, and himself so much a part of his poetry, that I cannot help transferring it here. Few poets, I believe, so strongly echoed their song in themselves, in their tastes, their surroundings, and even in their experiences, as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

I am recalling a certain early spring day in New England twelve years ago. A stranger myself to the climate for over seventeen years, that day seemed to me most characteristic of the transcendent inconsistencies of that purely local phenomenon. There had

been frost in the early morning, followed by thaw; it had rained, it had hailed, there had been snow. The latter had been imitated in breezy moments of glittering sunshine by showers of white blossoms that filled the air. At nightfall, earth, air, and sky stiffened again under the rigour of a north-east wind, and when, at midnight, with another lingering guest we parted from our host under the elms at his porch, we stepped out into the moonlight of a winter night. "God makes such nights," one could not help thinking in the words of one of America's most characteristic poets; one was only kept from uttering it aloud by the fact that the host himself was that poet.

The other guest had playfully suggested that he should be my guide home in the midnight perils that might environ a stranger in Cambridge, and we dismissed the carriage, to walk the two miles that lay between our host's house on the river Charles and his own, nearer the centre of this American university city. Although I had met him several times before in a brief week of gaiety, until that evening I

do not think I had clearly known him. I like to recall him at that moment, as he stood in the sharp moonlight of the snow-covered road, a dark mantle-like cloak hiding his evening dress and a slouched felt hat covering his full silver-like locks. The conventional gibus or chimney-pot would have been as intolerable on that wonderful brow as it would on a Greek statue, and I was thankful there was nothing to interrupt the artistic harmony of the most impressive vignette I ever beheld. I hope that the enthusiasm of a much younger man will be pardoned when I confess that the dominant feeling in my mind was an echo of one I had experienced a few weeks before, when I had penetrated Niagara at sunrise on a Sunday morning after a heavy snowfall and found that masterpiece unvisited, virgin to my tread and my own footprints the only track to the dizzy edge of Prospect Rock. I was to have the man I most revered alone with me for half an hour in the sympathetic and confidential stillness of the night. The only excuse I have for recording this enthusiasm is that the only man who might have been embarrassed by it never knew it, and was as sublimely unconscious as the waterfall.

I think I was at first moved by his voice. It was a very deep baritone without a trace of harshness, but veiled and reserved as if he never parted entirely from it, and with the abstraction of a soliloquy even in his most earnest moments. It was not melancholy, yet it suggested one of his own fancies as it fell from his silver-fringed lips,

—Like the water's flow
Under December's snow."

It was the voice that during our homeward walk flowed on with kindly criticism, gentle philosophy, picturesque illustration, and anecdote. As I was the stranger, he half-earnestly, half-jestingly kept up the rôle of guide, philosopher, and friend, and began an amiable review of the company we had just left. As it had comprised a few names, the greatest in American literature, science, and philosophy, I was struck with that generous contemporaneous appreciation which distinguished this Round Table, of whom no knight was more courtly and loving than my companion. It should be added that there was a vein of gentle playfulness in his comment, which scarcely could be called humour, an unbending of *attitude* rather than a different phase of thought or turn of sentiment; a relaxation from his ordinary philosophic earnestness and truthfulness. Readers will remember it in

his playful patronage of the schoolmaster's sweetheart in the "Birds of Killingworth."

"Who was, as in a sonnet he had said,
As pure as water, and as good as bread."

Yet no one had a quieter appreciation of humour, and his wonderful skill as a *raconteur* and his opulence of memory justified the saying of his friends, that "no one ever heard him tell an old story or repeat a new one."

Living always under the challenge of his own fame, and subject to that easy superficial criticism which consists in enforced comparison and rivalry, he never knew envy. Those who understood him will readily recognise his own picture in the felicitous praise intended for another, known as "The Poet," in the "Tales of a Wayside Inn," who—

—did not find his sleep less sweet
For music in some neighbouring street."

But if I was thus, most pleasantly because unostentatiously, reminded of the poet's personality, I was equally impressed with the local colour of his poetry in the surrounding landscape. We passed the bridge where he had once stood at midnight, and saw, as he had seen, the moon

"Like a golden goblet falling
And sinking in the sea;"

we saw, as Paul Revere once saw,

—The gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight—,"

and passing a plain Puritan church, whose uncompromising severity of style even the tender graces of the moon could not soften, I knew that it must have been own brother to the "meeting-house" at Lexington where,

—Windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast,
At the bloody work they would look upon."

Speaking of these spiritual suggestions in material things, I remember saying that I thought there must first be some actual resemblance, which unimaginative people must see before the poet could successfully use them. I instanced the case of his own description of a camel as being "weary" and "baring his teeth," and added that I had seen them throw such infinite weariness into that action after a day's journey as to set spectators yawning. He seemed surprised, so much so that I asked him if he had seen many—fully believing he had travelled in the desert. He replied simply "no," that he had "only seen one once in the *Jardin des Plantes*." Yet in that brief moment he had noted a distinctive fact, which the larger experience of others fully corroborated.

We reached his house—fit goal for a brief journey filled with historical reminiscences, for it was one of the few old colonial

mansions, relics of a bygone age, still left intact. A foreigner of great distinction had once dwelt there; later it had been the head-quarters of General Washington. Stately only in its size and the liberality of its offices, it stood back from the street, guarded by the gaunt arms of venerable trees. We entered the spacious central hall, with no sound in the silent house but the ticking of that famous clock on the staircase—the clock whose “Forever—never! Never—forever!” has passed into poetic immortality. The keynote of association and individuality here given filled the house with its monotone; scarcely a room had not furnished a theme or a suggestion, found and recognised somewhere in the poet’s song; whether the room whose tiled hearth still bore the marks of the grounding of the heavy muskets of soldiery in the troublous times; the drawing-room still furnished as Washington had left it; the lower stairway, in whose roofed recess the poet himself had found a casket of love letters which told a romance and intrigue of the past; or the poet’s study, which stood at the right of the front door. It was here that the ghosts most gathered, and as my guide threw aside his mantle and drew an easy-chair to the fireside, he looked indeed the genius of the place. He had changed his evening dress for a dark velvet coat, against which his snowy beard and long flowing locks were strikingly relieved. It was the costume of one of his best photographs; the costume of an artist who without vanity would carry his taste even to the details of his dress. The firelight lit up this picturesque figure, gleamed on the “various spoils of various climes” gathered in the tasteful apartment, revealed the shadowy depths of the book-shelves, where the silent company, the living children of dead and gone poets, were ranged, and lost itself in the gusty curtains. As we sat together the wind began its old song in the chimney, but with such weird compass and combination of notes that it seemed the call of a familiar spirit. “It is a famous chimney,” said the poet, leaning over the fire, “and has long borne a local reputation for its peculiar song. Ole Bull, sitting in your chair one night, caught it quite with his instrument.” Under the same overpowering domination of himself and his own personality, here as elsewhere I could not help remembering how he himself had caught and transfigured not only its melody, but its message, in that most perfect of human reveries, “The wind over the chimney.”

“ But the night wind cries, ‘Despair!
Those who walk with feet of air
Leave no long-enduring marks;
At God’s forges incandescent
Mighty hammers beat incessant,
These are but the flying sparks.

“ ‘Dust are all the hands that wrought,
Books are sepulchres of thought;
The dead laurels of the dead
Rustle for a moment only,
Like the withered leaves in lonely
Churchyards at some passing tread.’

“ Suddenly the flame sinks down;
Sink the rumours of renown;
And alone the night wind drear
Clamours louder, wilder, vaguer,—
‘Tis the brand of Meleager
Dying on the hearthstone here!

“ And I answer,—‘ Though it be,
Why should that discomfort me?
No endeavour is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing,
And the rapture of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain.’ ”

Why should not the ghosts gather here? Into this quaint historic house he had brought the poet’s retentive memory filled with the spoils of foreign climes. He had built his nest with rare seeds, grasses, and often the stray feathers of other song birds gathered in his flight. Into it had come the great humanities of life, the bridal procession, the christening, death—death in a tragedy that wrapped those walls in flames, bore away the faithful young mother and left a gap in the band of “blue-eyed banditti” who used to climb the poet’s chair. The keynote of that sublime resignation and tender philosophy which has overflowed so many hearts with pathetic endurance, was struck here; it was no cold abstract sermon preached from an intellectual pulpit, but the daily lessons of experience, of chastened trial shaped into melodious thought. How could we help but reverence the instrument whose smitten chords had given forth such noble “Psalms of Life”?

Such is the picture conjured by his name. Near and more recent contact with him never dimmed its tender outlines. I like now to remember that I last saw him in the same quaint house, but with the glorious mellow autumnal setting of the New England year and the rich, garnered fulness of his own ripe age. There was no suggestion of the end in his deep kind eyes, in his deep-veiled voice or, in his calm presence; characteristically it had been faintly voiced in his address to his classmates of fifty years before. He had borrowed the dying salutation of the gladiator in the Roman arena only to show that he expected death, but neither longed for it nor feared it.

BRET HARTE.

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

BY W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

II.—STREAMS IN THE SOUTH—ROADS AND PATHS—THE LODGE IN THE GARDEN.

THE dryness of the summer in the East lends its wonder to the palm. It also lends a pathetic beauty to a phrase in the Psalms that has taken strong hold of the people. "Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the south."* The south country in Palestine, stretching away towards the sand of the desert, was exposed to the drought of the rainless heat, and in the dry season the streams, none of them having far to run, shrank and disappeared. When the rainy season would return the river beds would fill with trembling, hurrying waters. Torrents would flow down what were now only rough mule tracks. Vegetation would spring again beside these dusty watercourses, and the contrast would be almost as great as between a desert and a garden. And with that old image from his home before him the singer cried: Turn back to us the time of freedom and home when every one may sit under his own vine or fig-tree: turn back to us the days of holy festival and temple service: we are in a dry and thirsty land where no water is, where our harps hang on the willows, and men say, Where is thy God? Let it come at last to an end, and let the old life flow through the old channels; let it be like the south country when there is abundance of rain.

It is only in the East that we can measure the force of this expression. Our streams may diminish in volume, but they never disappear nor even lose their river character. The different conditions in the East were first apparent in Japan. The railway from Yokohama, the chief seaport, to Tokio, the capital, crosses a number of broad water-courses, and the bridges are both long and of great strength to resist the current; but the only water visible was a slender rill or two endeavouring to force a passage among great stones and bare sand. The streams had disappeared. In Western India we crossed rivers that were only an aching wilderness of sand, but that in the rains are as stately as the lower Shannon or the Rhine. When the flood is high thousands of channels draw off the water for the supply of distant fields and reservoirs. But even this is seldom enough; and the husbandman and his cattle and the parched crops long for the next filling of the

empty channels. Then, when the rains come, the river rises to a mighty breadth, and all the land is musical with the noise of waters, and all the fields rejoice. Freshness and greenness, life and fertility, all seem to return with the falling rain.

In Southern India there was another side of the picture. For there the rains were not over, and that very soil, which is sometimes like red dust, and from which the palm-tree can draw no supplies, was a place of running streams. It is a region proverbial for the difficulty of finding the way, and the difficulty was increased by the floods which covered such tracks as there were, so that sometimes for hours our bearers were wading, and at night the gleam of torches that they carried was reflected in the long still pools through which we plashed. We frequently lost the track, in spite of the keenness of the native instinct, and where there should have been only a gully that might be crossed dry-shod, we would find a river hundreds of feet wide, where it required all the strength of the men to resist the force of the current and prevent us being swept away when we were in mid-stream.

When the prophet Joel pictures happier days, what, therefore, is more natural for him to say than that all the rivers of Judah shall flow with waters;* or that Isaiah should compare the day of the Lord to the parched ground becoming a pool, the thirsty land springs of water;† or that the psalm-singer should compare the misery of the captivity, the spiritual dryness of the life in Babylon, and the want of every devout privilege to which the Jew was used, to the summer with its shrunken streams and parched river-beds, and that he should cry—

"As streams of water in the south
Our bondage, Lord, recall"?

Turn back to the heritage of God the time of plenteous rain—

"Whereby Thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again."

And how often the Church and Christian people have uttered this prayer when the spiritual life was meagre, when its streams had shrunk and dried, and it wanted freshness and vigour!

* Ps. cxxvi. 4.

* Joel iii. 18.

† Isaiah xxxv. 7.

In these streams we found another illustration that set one of our Lord's sayings in a vivid light. The rapidity with which they fill is more surprising than their emptiness. "My brethren have dealt deceitfully as a brook!"* Job cries, contrasting the promise of his friends with their performance—all the noisy flow of waters gone, and nothing to refresh him. But we have little notion of the suddenness and enormous height to which such rivers rise. The rainy season was not quite over when we were in Travancore. We found a rapid river running at that point between high banks; and when speaking afterwards with the engineer, he told us that the bridge gave him constant anxiety from the weight of water suddenly flung against the piers. He had known the river rise in a few hours twenty-seven feet. With this rapid and sudden flood in our mind we thought of the houses in our Lord's parable, the one built on the rock, and the other on the mere sand that has been piled up by the river, but apparently far beyond the reach of its waters. We had seen native huts erected on such high sandy spaces, and native huts are sometimes frail things compared with even our mud cabins. In Ceylon one may see numbers of them along the road that are little more than four posts of wood, with bamboo mats hung between for walls and a few branches for the roof. In the west of India I have walked past some houses where families were living, and that looked no more substantial than a heap of thorns. Even the class better than these—for such are the worst—are constructed of the least durable material, commonly of mud, and with so little pains that the wonder is they hold together. Life in the East is out-of-doors, and for the bulk of the population there is neither temptation, nor perhaps necessity, to make a house more than a hasty shelter. The foundation is, therefore, of more importance in such a climate than in ours, for if both house and foundation are frail there is no escape from peril. The rains had been unusual before we were in Tinnevely, and we not only saw the result in stately bridges where half the arches lay in ruins, in great stretches of road swept away, and in gravel and stones drifted over the arable land, but were informed of the incredible number of houses that had been destroyed, carried off by floods, and one might almost say dissolved under the rain. Now we may imagine the frail house of the parable, where I have suggested that the

builder put it; and when the floods would come, and the winds blow, and the river spread the rush of its waters far and wide, it could not escape. And thus in the parable a great stress is laid upon the site, because, if that be safe, and if it be rocky, the stream may beat vehemently, but the house will not fall. The set of the water is against the foundation.

It is not an illustration that can ever be threadbare; and men can never get beyond the need of asking themselves what kind of site they have chosen on which to build the home of their life; and if their life be one of large plans or ambitions, then the stateliness of the house makes the question the more needful. We are building our confidence here, and our hope for hereafter. If a man was to build even on the upper edge of one of those sand-drifts I have mentioned, and away beyond the height of ordinary floods, yet should the rush of waters rise there, and the sand be swept from underneath the house, we can understand how the house must fall. It is not enough to keep as far away as we can from the mass of careless people, if we are still building on the sand: and whatever is not leading us to do the will of Christ is sand. His will and the doing of it is the only rock on which human lives—and hopes and affections are a part of human lives—can be built to last for ever.

It is in the country also that we meet with the roadways. In most places they are not regularly made. Draught animals, camels and mules and oxen, and carters with their rough and primitive vehicles, have made them first, mere tracks across the fields. In some parts of India the post-roads are well constructed and well kept. What I have said would apply more to districts of it in the South-East, and to much of China, as well as to Syria. The track is probably broad, although irregular; and it includes several separate paths. Each path has worn its own rut, and sometimes runs into, sometimes avoids the others, so that the appearance of the roadway is of a confused pattern of paths. When the road approaches a large city the number of these paths increases, as others from various directions converge upon the main road; but each remains distinct.

An abundance of illustration will occur here to every one. The roughness of such a road would be scarcely intelligible to one who has not seen and felt it; but it is so rough in Northern China that no one thinks

* Job vi. 15.

of walking on it, but prefers the top of a low mud bank which the farmers raise on either side to protect their fields. In the dry season it is a series of minute and hard ridges; in the wet season a sea of mud of varying depth. It is easy to understand the force of the expression that the rough ways shall be made smooth; that as these roads have sometimes been levelled for the passage of an emperor, so the difficulties and hindrances would be smoothed out of the way of the King of kings as He advances in His kingdom among men, and these rough ruts and ridges would all be levelled down.

Such a preparation receives its reward. When in Travancore we were struck with the house a native Christian had built for himself in the village. It was a substantial house, and as much European as native in its character; and it was the first of the many excellent houses now built by native Christians in the same quarter. In one of the rooms there was a small but excellent library, both of native and English books; and among them a richly bound set of volumes caught my eye, and I found that when a late Governor of Madras wished to visit the district, and the native rajah wished him to come by a beautiful route over the hills, the track was in such bad repair that it would have been impossible but that this Christian man stepped forward and undertook it; the crooked places were made straight, and the rough places plain; and the volumes I saw were handed to him by Lord Napier in admiration of his success.

And that is precisely what God is effecting by His providence, by those innumerable messengers that He uses in the East—commerce, and science, and travel, foreign books and foreign customs—which are all smoothing down the ancient ruts and ridges in these eastern highways that the feet of the messengers of peace may traverse them more swiftly.

We were reminded also how the word paths occurs in the Bible where we would use the singular path. For we would imagine that there was but one path of righteousness, and that all the others led astray; yet we sing in the twenty-third Psalm, "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness;" and we pray with the seventeenth Psalm, "Hold up my goings in Thy paths." And in this there is not only a fitness appropriate to the character of the country, but the image acquires a shade of meaning that we cannot give it. These paths make up the common road; but the travellers on that road follow

every one his own. And, thus, besides the main direction of the road that it is towards heaven, and its character that it is righteous, we have room for the individual life. Our lives are not uniform, but each is led along the path of his own, until every one of us appeareth in Zion before God.*

In the road of evil there is also the same thought. When, like sheep, we went astray, we followed every one his own way; and the breadth of the road includes also the idea of a vast number of lives, every one following its own bent, and finding room on that road, while the road itself leadeth to destruction.

The roads led us to a city; and when we had rested there, and then once more left the walls behind and got out into the country, we were not long in discovering the source of some familiar Scripture illustration. We sometimes found a rude platform in the middle of a cucumber field (in Japan we would pass them in the railway train), supported on four poles, raised about fifteen feet above the ground, and rudely thatched: the station for a watcher, who saw that no thefts were committed on the crops. When the crop is gathered, the lodge is left, but there is no tenant of it; and, lonely at the best, it is doubly lonely now. So that when Isaiah seeks an image that will thoroughly represent the desolation of Israel, he says, the daughter of Zion is as a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, empty, and with nothing left to guard.†

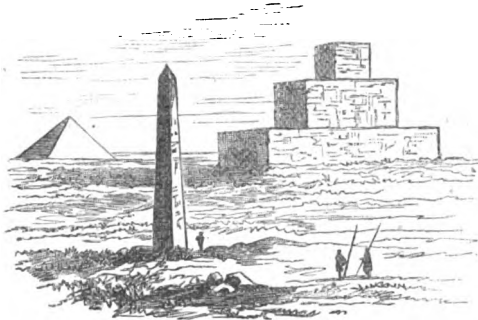
This idea of guarding, and therefore watching, underlies more than one pathetic passage. The habit is one of the most frequent in the East. In Manchooria I found myself one night with our missionaries belated before we reached our destination. The wrong road had been taken owing to floods, the mules had fallen, and about a mile from the city, and with no light but the stars, we were obliged to scramble up a steep bank, and wait until our carters could secure help. Like most nights in the East, the air was wonderfully still, and sounds penetrated far. The commonest were the shrill cries and loud barks of the ill-favoured dogs that prowled in our neighbourhood, and we could feel the force of the language of the fifty-ninth Psalm, "At evening let them make a noise like a dog, and go round about the city; let them wander up and down for meat, and grudge if they be not satisfied." A watchman was walking round a huge field of millet, a tall and

* Psalm lxxiv. 7.

† Isaiah i. 8.

powerful man, one of the Emperor's Tartar soldiers. He was hired for this service all through the ripening of the grain, and no doubt his beat reached to that of some other; and he was the third watcher of the standing crop we had seen that day. The danger was not here from wild animals, but from robbers, and from the poor who abound in the constant decay of China. In India the watcher uses his voice to the utmost, and his cry is a brief and often startling feature of the night; and in Syria the practice is the same. This warning cry, warning of an enemy, of danger, is used in more than one passage of Isaiah. "I have set watchmen upon thy walls, O Jerusalem, which shall never hold their peace day nor night" (lxii. 6); "Thy watchmen

shall lift up the voice; with the voice together shall they sing: for they shall see eye to eye, when the Lord shall bring again Zion" (lii. 8), which Dr. Thomson explains from his own observation to mean that the watch of each will reach to the point where the eye of the next can take in the survey. There will come happy days yet to the Church, according to this prophecy, when internal dissensions will cease; when sects will not be jealously watching against each other, but against the common enemy of sin; when there will be a sleepless vigil among these sentinels of danger, and as one descries it, all the rest will be so quick to respond to his alarm, that it will be like a common cry or chorus.



LADY JANE.

By Mrs. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XV.—DELIVERANCE.

LADY JANE had been for two months the solitary inhabitant of those two rooms on the second floor. Yet not altogether solitary—Nurse Mordaunt had been allowed to join her, and had been the faithful companion of her captivity. She was a better companion than a younger maid would have been, for she had been a kind of second mother to Lady Jane, and knew all her life and everything that concerned her, besides being a person of great and varied experience who had anecdotes and tales to illustrate every vicissitude of life. Nurse Mordaunt was acquainted even with parallel instances to place beside Lady Jane's own position. She knew every kind of thing that had ever happened "in families," by which familiar expression she meant great families like those to which she had been accustomed all her life. Little families without histories she knew nothing of. The profound astonish-

ment which overwhelmed Lady Jane when she found herself a prisoner it would be impossible to describe. She felt once more as she had felt when her father insulted her womanly delicacy and sent the blood of shame tingling to her cheeks, shame not so much for herself as for him. Was it possible that her father, the head of so great a house, the descendant of so many noble ancestors, and again her father, the man to whom she had looked up with undoubting confidence and admiration all her life—that at the end he was no true gentleman at all, but only a sham gentleman, the shadow without any substance, the symbol with all meaning gone out of it? Do not suppose that Lady Jane put this deliberately into words. Ah, no! the thoughts we put into words do not sting us like those that glance into our souls like an arrow, darting, wounding before we have time to put up any shield or defence to keep them out. Deeper even than her separation at such a moment from her lover, more

bitter than her thoughts of his disappointment, of his rage and misery, was this empoisoned thought: her father, a great peer, a noble gentleman—yet thus suddenly showing himself not noble at all, not true, a tyrant without any understanding even of the creatures whom he could oppress. Lady Jane was sad enough on her own account and on Winton's, it may well be believed: but of this last wound she felt that she never could be healed. Imagine those traditions of her rank in which she had been brought up, her proud yet so earnest and humble sense of its obligations, the martyrdom which in her youth she had been so ready to accept—all come down to this, that she was a prisoner in her father's house, locked up like a naughty child, she who had been trained to be the princess royal, the representative of an ideal race! Ah, if it had but been a revolution, a rebellion, democracy rampant, such an imprisonment as she had once been taught to think likely! but to sink down from the grandeur of that conception to the pettiness and bathos of this! She tried to smile to herself sometimes, in the long days which passed so slowly, at her own ludicrous anticipations, and at the entire futility after all of this suffering to which she was being exposed. But she had not a lively sense of humour, and could not laugh at those young dreams, which after all were the highest of her life. And somehow the sense that the present troubles could produce no possible result of the kind intended, made her almost more impatient of them than if they had been more dangerous. That her father could think to subdue her by such means, that he could expect to convince her by so miserable an argument, that he could suppose it possible that she would change for this, abandon what she had resolved upon at the expense of all her prejudices and so many of her better feelings, because of being shut up in two rooms for two months, or two years, or any time he might choose to keep her there! If she had not thought her filial duty a sufficient reason, would she be convinced by a lock and key? Lady Jane smiled with high and silent disdain at so extraordinary a mistake. But it was unworthy, it was lowering to her moral dignity to be exposed to so vexatious and petty an ordeal. At a state prison, with the block at the end, she had been prepared to smile serenely, carrying her high faith and constancy through even the death ordeal. But confinement in her own room was laughable, not heroic; it made her blush that she should be exercised in so

miserable a way—in a way so impossible to bring about any result.

Nurse Mordaunt was an excellent companion, but after a while she began to droop and pine. She wanted the fresh air; she wanted to see her grandchildren; she wanted, oh, imperiously beyond description! a talk, a gossip, a little human intercourse with some one of her own kind. Lady Jane was a darling—the sweetest of ladies; but it was a different thing talking to that angel and chatting familiarly over things in general with Mrs. Jarvis. Nurse no more than other mortals could be kept continuously on the higher level. She longed to unbend, to be at her ease, to feel herself, as the French say, *chez elle*, in which expression there is almost a more intimate well-being than in that of being at home, which we English think so much superior. Her health suffered, which Lady Jane would not allow that hers did; and, at last, Nurse Mordaunt made such strenuous representations on the subject to the new servant, whose business it was to watch over the prisoners, that she was allowed to go out. She was allowed to go out and the Duchess to come in, two proceedings altogether contradictory of the spirit of the confinement, and which were, indeed, a confession of failure, though the Duke himself was unaware of it. This made a great change to the prisoner, whose cheeks, though still pale, got a little tinge of colour and hope in consequence. It did more for her than merely to bring her her mother's society, though that was much. It brought her also other news of the outer world—news of Winton more definite than the distant sight of him riding or walking through the square, which he did constantly. Now, at last, she received the budget of letters, of which her mother's hands were full. Lady Jane smiled and cried a little at the entreaties her lover addressed to her to be steadfast—not to give him up. "I wonder what they all think," she said; "is this an argument likely to convince one's reason, mother, or to persuade one for love's sake?" She looked round upon her prison—her pretty chamber furnished with every luxury—and laughed a little. "Is it my head or my heart that is appealed to?" she said. This, perhaps, was too clear-sighted for the angelic point of view from which the world in general expected Lady Jane to view most matters. But, in fact, though she had more poetry in her than her mother, Lady Jane had come into possession of part of her mother's fortune, so to speak—her sense; and that is a quality which will assert itself. Now the Duchess, in the



"Her amazement was so great that it turned to something like consternation."

excitement of standing by helpless while her daughter suffered, had come to regard the matter more melodramatically than Lady Jane did, to suffer her feelings to get the mastery, and to imagine a hundred sinkings of the heart and depressions of the spirit to which the captive must be liable. She recognised the change instinctively, for it was one

which had taken place long ago in herself. She, too, had been brought to see the paltriness of many things that looked imposing, the futility of *les grands moyens*. Lady Jane's development had been slow. At twenty-five she had been less experienced than many a girl of eighteen. But now her eyes were opened. Even her lover, who thought it

possible that she might yield under such persuasion, was subject to almost a passing shade of that high but gentle disdain with which she contemplated the vulgar force to which she was subjected; for it was vulgar, alas! though a duke was the originator: and unspeakably weak though it was what the French call *brutal*—everything, in short, that a mode of action destined to affect a sensitive, proud, and clear-seeing soul ought not to be.

The new *régime* had continued but a short time when Nurse Mordaunt returned one day from her walk with heightened colour and great suppressed excitement. Something, it was evident, was in her mind quite beyond the circle of her usual thoughts; but she talked less, not more, than usual, and left her lady free to read over and over the last letters, and to refresh her heart with all the raptures of her lover's delight in having again found the means of communicating with her after the misery of six weeks of silence and complete separation. Something he said of a speedy end of all difficulties, which Lady Jane took but little thought of, being far more interested in the reunion with himself, which his letters brought about. A speedy end: no doubt an end would come some time; but at present the prisoner was not so sanguine as those outside. She did not know the gallant stand which the ladies were making, or the social state of siege which had been instituted in respect to the Duke; and she sighed, but smiled, at Winton's hope. All went on as usual during the long, long evening. It was long though it was provided with everything calculated to make it bearable—books and the means of writing, writing to *him*—which was far more amusing and absorbing than any other kind of composition. Her fire was bright, her room full of luxurious comfort—a piano in it, and materials for a dozen of those amateur works with which time can be cheated out of its length. But she sighed and wearied, as was natural, notwithstanding the happiness of having her lover's letters, and of having talked with her mother, and of knowing as she did that some time or other this must come to an end. "After all, nurse," she said with a little laugh, as she prepared for bed, "to be in prison is not desirable. I should like to have a run in the woods at Billings, or even a walk in Rotten Row."

"Yes, dear," said nurse, leaning over her, "your ladyship shall do better than that. Oh, yes, my sweet, better days are coming. Don't you let down your dear heart."

"No; that would not do much good,"

Lady Jane said with a sigh; but she did not remark, which was strange, that nurse was full of a secret, and that a delightful secret, exultingly dwelt upon, and ready to burst out at the least encouragement. Or perhaps she did perceive it but was too tired to draw it forth. And she gave no encouragement to further disclosure, but went to her rest sighing, with a longing to be free, such as since the first days of her imprisonment she had not felt before. And she could not sleep that night. Lady Jane was not of a restless nature. She did not toss about upon her pillows and make it audible that she was sleepless: and she had much to occupy her thoughts, so many things that were pleasant, as well as much that it hurt her to contemplate. She put the hurtful things away and thought of the sweet, and lay there in the darkness of the winter's night lighted and calmed by sweet thought. When it was nearly morning, at the darkest and chilliest moment of all, there came a rustling and soft movement, which, however, did not alarm her since it came from Nurse Mordaunt's room. Then she perceived dimly in the faint light from an uncurtained window a muffled figure, with which indeed she was very familiar, being no other than that of nurse herself in a dressing-gown and nightcap, with a shawl huddled about her throat and shoulders, stealing round the room. What was nurse doing at this mysterious hour?—but Lady Jane was not afraid. She was rather glad of the incident in the long monotony of the night. She turned her head noiselessly upon her pillow to watch. But the surprise of Lady Jane was great at the further operations of her attendant. Nurse arranged carefully and noiselessly a small screen between the door and the bed, then with great precaution struck a light and began with much fumbling and awkwardness to operate upon the door. What was she doing? The light throwing a glimmer upward from behind the screen revealed her face full of anxiety, bent forward towards the lock of the door, upon which many scratches and ineffectual jars as of tools badly managed soon became audible. The candle threw a portentous waving shadow, over the further wall and roof, of the old woman's muffled figure, and betrayed a succession of dabs and misses at the door which Lady Jane for a long time could not understand. What did it mean? The noise increased as nurse grew nervous over her failure. She hurt her fingers, she pursed her mouth, she contracted her brows; it was work that demanded knowledge and delicate

handling, but she had neither. When Lady Jane raised herself noiselessly on her arm, and said in her soft voice, "What are you doing, nurse?" the poor woman dropped the tools with a dull thump on the floor and almost went down after them in her vexation. "Oh, my lady, I can't! I can't do it, I'm that stupid!" She wept so that Lady Jane could scarcely console her, or understand her explanation. At last it came out by degrees that the tools had been given her, with many injunctions and instructions, to break open the lock of the door. "By whom?" Lady Jane demanded with a deep blush and sparkling eyes. Why she should have felt so keen a flash of indignation at her lover for thinking of such an expedient is inscrutable, but at the moment it seemed to her that she could never forgive Winton for such an expedient. But it was Lady Germaine who was the offender, and Lady Jane was pacified. She bound up nurse's finger and sent her off summarily to bed. Then, it must be allowed, she herself looked upon the tools long and anxiously with shining eyes. It seemed to her that it would be fighting her father with his own weapons. It would be as unworthy of her to get her freedom that way, as it was of him to make a prisoner of her. Would it be so? Lady Jane's heart began to beat, and her brow to throb. Would it be so? The mere idea that she held her freedom in her hand filled her whole being with excitement. She locked them away into a little cabinet which stood near her bed. She was too tremulous, too much excited by the mere possibility to be able to think at all.

That night had been a very exciting one for the Duke. Again he had been the centre of a demonstration. It did not seem to him that he could turn anywhere without hearing these words, "half-married," murmuring about. This time it was at the house of the Lord-Chancellor that the *émeute* occurred. A very distinguished lady was the chief guest: not indeed the most distinguished personage in the realm, but yet so near as to draw inspiration from that fountain-head. She said, "We could not believe it," as Mrs. Coningsby had said: but naturally with far more force. "I am afraid you are not of your age, Duke."

"There is little that is desirable in the age, madam, that any one should be of it," his Grace replied with dignity. Here he felt himself on safe ground.

"Ah, but we cannot help belonging to it: and it is for persons of rank to show that they can lead it, not to be driven back into

antiquity. All that is over," said the gracious lady. The Duke bowed to the ground as may be supposed. "Lady Jane I hope will appear at the drawing-room *on her marriage*," his distinguished mistress said as she passed on. The emphasis was unmistakable. And how that silken company enjoyed it! They had all gathered as close as possible, and lent their keenest ear. And there was a whisper ran round that this was indeed the way in which royalty should take its place in society. As for the Duke, he stumbled out of these gilded halls, more confused and discomfited than ever Duke was. He did not sleep much more than Lady Jane did all that long and dark night. What was he to do? Must he *Give In*? These words seemed to be written upon the book of fate. Relinquish his prejudices, his principles, all the traditions of his race—retrace his steps, own himself in error, undo what he had done? No! no! no! a thousand times no! But then there seemed to come round him again that rush of velvet feet, that sheen of jewelled brows, the look with which the central figure waved her lily hand— The Duke felt his forehead bedewed with drops of anguish. How could he stand out against that? he the most loyal of subjects, and one whose example went so far. If he set himself in opposition, who could be expected to obey? He thought of nothing else all night, and it was the first thing which occurred to him when he woke in the morning. What to do? He was tired of it all, all, and tired of other things too, if he could have been brought to confess it. His heart was sore, and his soul fatigued beyond measure. He had not even his wife to lean the weight of his cares upon, and everything was going wrong. He could now at last feel the sweep of the current moving towards Niagara. It bore him along, it carried him off his feet. Ruin at hand: he would not allow himself even now to believe in it—but in his heart was aware that it was ruin. And this other matter in the foreground occupying the thoughts which had so many other claims upon them! The reader may be very glad that our space is limited, otherwise there is enough to fill a volume of the Duke's self-communings and perplexed, distressful thoughts. He got up in the morning, still half-dazed, not knowing what to do. But in his heart the Duke was aware he was beaten. There was no more fight in him. He swallowed his breakfast dolefully, and sat down in his vast, cheerless library by himself to settle what he was to do, when— But for this we must go

back a little in the record of the family affairs.

Lady Jane had begun the day with a sense of underlying excitement, which she covered with her usual calm, but which was not her usual calm. She had the means of escape in her power. She said nothing to nurse, who, subdued by her failure and crushed by her lady's first flash of indignation, effaced herself as much as possible, and left Lady Jane in the room which looked out upon the square, which was her dressing-room (nominally) and sitting-room, undisturbed. Lady Jane could not forget that the tools were in that little carved cabinet, which, never in the course of its existence, had held anything of such serious meaning before. She could not keep them out of her mind. To use them might be unworthy of her, a condescension, putting herself on the same level as her tyrant; but after all, to think that the means were in her power! Lady Jane was very well aware that, once outside that door, her captivity was over. It was a thing that could not be repeated. Once upon the staircase, in the passage, and all the world was free to her. When you think of that after two months' imprisonment, it is hard to keep the excitement out of your pulses. At last it overcame her so much that she got up, half-stealthily, timidly, and went to the door to examine the lock, and see whether, by the light of nature, she could make out what was to be done. It had been closed not long before to permit of the exit of the maid who carried their meals to the prisoners. The tools were in the cabinet, and in all likelihood Lady Jane would be as maladroit with those poor small white hands of hers as nurse had been. She went to the door and examined the lock closely. All at once something occurred to her which made her heart jump. She took hold of the handle, it turned in her hand. Another moment and she flung it open with a little cry of terror and triumph. Open! and she free, out of her prison. It was but one step, but that step was enough. Her amazement was so great that it turned to something like consternation. She stepped out on to the landing, which was somewhat dark on this February morning: and there she paused. She was a woman born to be a heroine, one of the Quixotic race. She paused a moment, holding her head high, and reflected. This must have been an accident: for once the jailer had made a mistake, had slept upon his post, had turned the key amiss. Was it good enough to take advantage of a mistake, to save herself by the slip of a servant?

She hesitated, this spiritual descendant of the great Spanish cavalier, that noblest knight. But then Lady Jane's sense came in. She was aware that now at this moment she was delivered, that no force in the world could put her again within that door. She gathered the long skirt of her black gown in her hand, and slowly, stately, not like a fugitive, like the princess she was, went down-stairs.

The Duke was in his library thinking what to do, and the Duchess—in her morning room, with her heart greatly fluttered by that little royal speech, which had been reported to her already—sat with, strange to say, only half a thought of Jane, looking in the face that other dark and gloomy thing, the ruin that was approaching. She had palpable evidence of it before her, and knew that it was now a matter of weeks, perhaps of days, so that though her heart, like an agitated sea after the storm, was still heaving with the other emotion, her thoughts for the moment had abandoned Jane. But the Duke's mind was full of his daughter. He would have to *Give In!* Look at it how he would, he saw no escape for that. "The women," as Lord Germaine in his slangy way prophesied, "had made it too hot for him," and royalty itself—clearly he could not put his head out of his door, or appear in the society of his peers again, till this was done. But how was it to be done? To make his recantation in the eye of day, in the sight even of his household, was more than he could calmly contemplate. It was no longer, what was he to do? but, how was he to do it? that was in his mind. He had got up, unable to keep still, and feeling that some step must be taken at once. When—

We had already got this length on a previous page. At this memorable crisis, when all the world seemed to his consciousness to be standing still to see what he would do, the door of the library was pushed slowly open from without. The doors in Grosvenor Square did not squeak and mutter like the wizards in the Old Testament, as our doors so often do, but rolled slowly open, majestically, without sound. This was what happened while the Duke stood still, something within him seeming to give way, his heart fluttering as if what he expected was a visitor from the unseen. He stood with his eyes opening wide, his lips apart. Was it a deputation from Mayfair? was it the royal lady herself? was it— It was something more overwhelming, more miraculous than any of these. It was Lady Jane. The reader is already aware who was coming.

but the Duke was not aware. He gasped at her with speechless astonishment, as if she had been indeed a visitor from the unseen.

She was very pale after her long incarceration, and the hollow, alas! very visible on her delicate cheek. She was dressed in a long, soft cashmere gown, black, with an air of having fitted her admirably once, but which now was too loose for her, as could be seen. But though she was thin and pale, she held her head high, and there was a sort of smile in the look with which she regarded her father. Hers was indeed the triumph. She was too high-minded, too proud to fly. She came into the room, and closed the door with a sort of indignant stateliness. "I have come to tell you," she said, "that by some accident or misadventure my door was found unlocked this morning, and I have left my prison." She held her head high, and he bowed and crouched before her. But yet had she but known, her own relief and ecstasy of freedom was nothing to her father's. It was as if the load of a whole universe had been taken off his shoulders.

"This is Martin's fault," he said; "the fellow shall be dismissed at once. Jane, you will believe me or not as you please, but I had meant to come myself and open the door to you to-day."

He dropped down into a chair all weak and worn, and held his head in his hands: his nerves now more shattered than her own. It was all he could do to keep himself from bursting like a woman into tears.

"You surely do not imagine that I could doubt what you say? I am glad, very glad, that it was so——" she said, her voice melting. He was her father still, and she was not guiltless towards him. "I wish that I had waited till you came," she said.

"Yes;" he seized eagerly upon this little advantage. "I wish that you had waited till I came: but it was not to be expected. I do not say that it was to be expected." Then he hoisted himself by his hands pressing upon the table, and looked at her. "Bless me," he said, "how thin you are, and how pale!—is this—is this my doing? Gracious! shut up so long, poor girl—I suppose you must hate me, Jane?"

Lady Jane went up to him holding out her hands. "Father, I have sinned against you too. Forgive me!" she cried, too generous not to take upon herself the blame; and so the father and daughter kissed each other, he crying like a child, she like a mother supporting him. Such a moment had never been in the Duke's long life before.

And we are bound to allow that neither the Duchess, who was his faithful wife, nor Winton, always ready to appreciate the noble sentiments of Lady Jane, could ever understand the fulness of this reconciliation. It is to be hoped that the reader will comprehend better. They were too resentful and indignant to resume their old relations in a moment as if nothing had happened, which Lady Jane did with perhaps more tenderness than before. But into this question there is no time to enter. When Lady Jane went in softly, as if she had left her mother half an hour before, into the morning room, the Duchess flung away her papers with a great cry, and rushed upon her daughter, clasping her almost fiercely, looking over her shoulder with all the ferocity of a lioness in defence of her offspring. She would have ordered the carriage at once to take Lady Jane away, or even have gone with her on the spot, on foot or in a cab, to a place of safety: but Lady Jane would not hear of any such proceeding. She calmed her mother, as she had soothed her father, and in an hour's time Winton was in that little room, which suddenly was turned into Paradise. He had been carrying about with him all this time a special licence ready for use, and as everything can be done at a moment's notice in town, even in February, Lady Jane Altamont, attended by a small but quite sufficient train, and before a whole crowd of excited witnesses, was married next morning at St. George's, Hanover Square, like everybody else of her degree. Needless to say that there was in the *Morning Post* next morning, as well as in most of the other papers, an account of the ceremony, with a delicate hint of difficulties, unnecessary to enter into, which had gone before. This was read by many who understood, and by a great many more who did not understand; but nowhere with greater excitement than in the Rectory House of St. Alban's, E.C., where Mrs. Marston took the fashionable paper, poor lady, because in that wilderness she was so out of the way of everything. She rushed in upon her husband in his study (who had just seen it in the *Standard* with feelings which are indescribable) with the broadsheet in her hand. "Listen to this, William," she cried solemnly; "didn't I tell you it was none of our business to meddle; and your fine Duke whom you were so anxious to be serviceable to, and that never said thank you—— But I told you what you had to expect," Mrs. Marston cried.

THE END.

POEMS ON PICTURES.

THE HUGUENOT. By J. E. MILLAIS, R.A.

IT must not be ! There is a loftier light
 Than in the lovely heaven of thy sweet eyes,
 Whereby a man must know and choose the right,
 And hold it till he dies.

It must not be : there is a stronger love
 Than feeds those tendrils which our hearts entwine,
 Whereby my will is dedicate above,
 And is not mine or thine.

A stronger love : therefore a nobler life,
 For which these few fair hours of earthly breath
 Must not be spared from any fiery strife,
 Nor loved unto the death.

Yea, dearest, there is yet a dearer face
 Than that I gaze on when I gaze on thee,
 Bending upon me with importunate grace
 Down from the Altar-Tree.

Nor mayest thou plead against that sweeter Voice
 Than, O my darling, of thy tender cry—
 O'er thine I hear it and I can rejoice
 To leave thee and to die !

“To leave thee”—Ah, Lord CHRIST, I lose her not
 Who leave her now in witness for Thy Name :
 So only shall she find me without spot
 Of craven guile or blame.

Find me—when Thou shalt in Thy kingdom come !
 So lose we not each other. I am Thine ;
 And in the true life of Thy glorious Home
 Thou wilt restore me mine.

S. J. STONE.

ADVENTURES ON THE ROVUMA.

Letters in course of an Exploration.—II.

Zanzibar.

DEAR —. Just about the time my former letter reaches you, I proceed to commit to paper the remainder of my story. This time, as you perceive, I write from comparatively civilised quarters.

I have returned to the city of Zanzibar, without having discovered either coal or gold ; and, as my honest report has not been calculated to gladden the expectant heart of His Highness or to afford the happy prospect of filling his royal pockets, I do not write in the sunshine of court favour. In view of the hint conveyed in my last, you will not be surprised to hear that my exami-

nation of the “Coal fields” only brought to light bituminous shales in meagre quantities. These have been seen by some imaginative Arab and Parsee observers and magnified into “rich beds” of the more precious material. Such formations, though of no commercial value, are interesting geologically. However, as His Highness lacks even the most rudimentary acquaintance with my favourite science, I have thought it hopeless to attempt to arouse in his mind any enthusiasm regarding a subject so far removed from the sphere of business. The sum of the matter is that he asked for coal and I have given him shale.

After fully satisfying myself of the absence of the desired mineral, I continued my march up the Lujendè one or two days farther. The fertile and beautifully wooded banks of the river afforded splendid cover for fine herds of game, which every now and again could be seen grazing in the open glades, bounding away in alarm at our approach, or standing like statues under the shady cover of noble trees, awaiting the passing of the hot noonday sun.

One morning, while securing the skins of two fine waterbuck which I had just shot, we were very much startled at finding ourselves surrounded ~~aby~~ a large band of Zulu-like warriors, who had been attracted by our shooting. ~~On~~ finding that they were espied they raised their war-cry, shook their shields and spears in the air, and indulged in various threatening gestures. They ~~were~~ evidently the much-dreaded Mavitu (generally believed to be Zulus); who by their continual war raids have turned almost the entire Rovuma valley into a desert. Putting matters in order in case of an attack, I, according to my usual practice, stepped out from among my men unarmed, at the same time shouting out, "Msafara wa Mzungu!" ("a white man's caravan"). This had the desired effect. A consultation was held among them, followed by more peaceful signs; and, on our inviting them to come near, they readily approached, uttering the usual expressions of wonder at all they saw. On closer acquaintance we discovered that, like the Mahengè, whose real character I unearthed on my previous journey, they were not Zulus at all, but belonged to a tribe called Nindè, living near the coast town of Kilwa. A number of these Wa-Nindè having observed the panic of terror occasioned by a memorable raid of Zulus, and finding that the very sight of a Zulu dress was sufficient to paralyze a whole district with alarm, had assumed the garb of the dreaded warriors and adopted their mode of warfare. Thus a mere handful of men have almost annihilated one tribe and wrought serious havoc among one or two others.

On the day following this incident we reached a point where the Lujendè breaks over some wonderful cliffs in thundering cascades, the roar of the water being heard at a great distance. On bare isolated rocks, in the midst of this grand turmoil, dwells an unfortunate remnant of the tribe which once occupied the whole surrounding country. Their miserable huts are reached only with the utmost difficulty and danger, partly by canoes and partly by jumping from rock

to rock. I paid them a visit and was surprised to notice how healthy and apparently jolly they were.

Two days later we camped at a Makua village called Kwa-nantusi. There I ascended a very remarkable quadrangular mountain called Lipumbula. It rises a thousand feet above the plain, in sheer perpendicular precipices, except on one side, where there is a talus of rubbish half-way up. In the ascent we of course chose this side. All went merrily until we had surmounted the talus. There we were brought up against a dead wall, which seemed quite unassailable. We made two different attempts, both of them dangerous, and failed. A third venture, however, revealed to us a sort of crack or joint, and taking advantage of this we finally gained the summit, though with skinned hands and knees owing to the energy with which we had clutched the coarse, gritty rock. For upwards of an hour we were in such a position that the slightest unguarded movement or impulse of nervousness would have certainly caused us to be dashed to atoms hundreds of feet below.

Leaving Kwa-nantusi and also the Lujendè River, we struck away in a N.N.W. direction until we reached the second branch of the Rovuma (which indeed bears that name), at the Makua village called Undè. Here my men piously and earnestly assisted at bidding God-speed to the soul of the chief who had just died, and whose obsequies were being celebrated. They drew down the applause of all right-minded negroes by the zealous manner in which they quaffed the huge pots of funeral beer, and by the abounding energy with which they danced the death dance; although by-and-by an uneasy notion seemed to spread among the natives that they were being deprived of their proper share in this pleasant manifestation of regret. As hundreds had gathered from all parts of the country to these praiseworthy solemnities, and as they had all done their best to drown their profound sorrows in the flowing bowl, their attentions to me became more obtrusive than pleasing. A drunk man anywhere is imbecile if not violent, but a drunk negro is the very personification of idiocy.

Among the Makua a curious custom prevails. When a chief dies, the first act of his successor (who is always, where possible, his sister's son) is to take possession of the deceased chief's wives. After he has spent a night in the harem, the head wife brings out her late husband's stool and, seating the new chief on it, shaves his head in presence



From a Photo.]

Mount Lipumbula.

[by Mr. Thomson.

of the assembled people, who thenceforward recognise him as their sultan.

It was with a deep pathetic interest that I realised, on reaching this part of the Rovuma, I was traversing ground made classical by the footsteps of Livingstone. Here, at the very threshold of that great last journey, commenced the long series of privations which resulted in his lamented death. Here he had to face the horrors of starvation; besides being subjected to a thousand worrying annoyances by his boys and Sepoys, while his great sensitive heart recoiled from the sights of unspeakable cruelty he was constantly witnessing, as the ghastly bands of slaves passed coastwards day by day. Yet, overwhelming as his trials were, it is delightful to know that they were not endured in vain. Short as is the lapse of time since that crisis of sympathetic suffering, he must, if he is cognisant of present facts, already feel amply rewarded for all his pain.

From Undè we proceeded down the Rovuma. Our route led us first N. and then suddenly E.S.E. At the point where the river makes this abrupt turn it passes by a great gorge through some very extraordinary mountains, forming scenery of the grandest and wildest. At one place the water shoots over falls in thundering masses, broken by huge impending rocks into white foamy clouds and rainbow-circled spray; then, rushing from the vast seething caldron with angry

speed, it presently calms down into beautiful rock-bound placid pools without a ripple or a sound, except where an occasional hippo rises with a snort to the surface and sinks again, leaving behind a series of ever widening circlets of waves. The mountains around rise in cones and domes smooth and polished, as if they had but yesterday emerged from beneath an Arctic glacier. This idea is supported by the almost utter absence of even the slightest vegetation—a fact certainly very remarkable in the tropics.

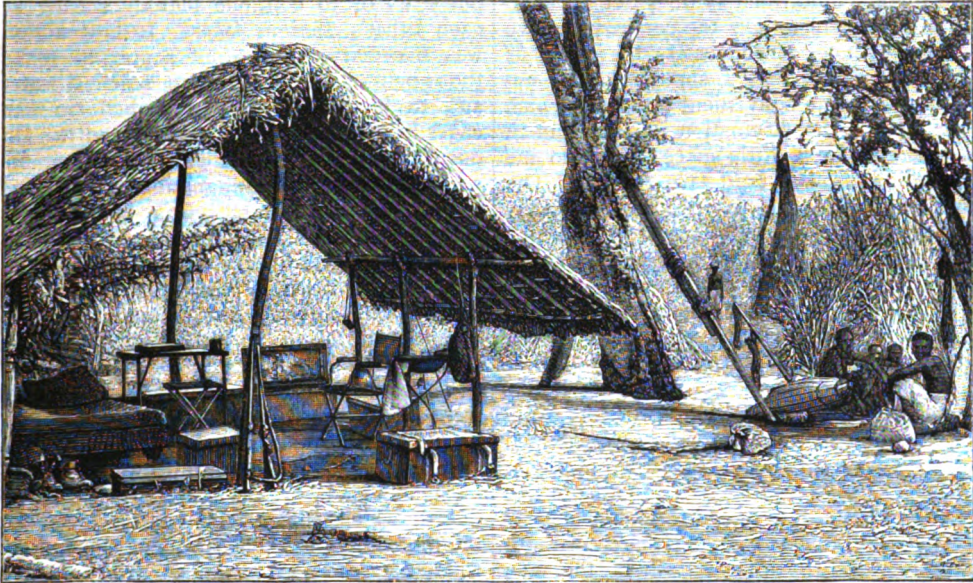
Two days after passing these mountains—of which a prominent one bears the name Masenga—we regained our former route at the point where the Lujendè joins the Rovumà. Not to return to the coast by the way I came, I resolved to cross to the south side of the river into new and unknown ground.

It was now the first of September when we entered upon the last stage of our march. Early on that morning I am awakened by the *réveil* of the caravan. Reluctantly I bestir myself, kick off my pyjamahs, and struggle into my clothes by the faint aid of the first rays of dawn. As I emerge from my tent after my ablutions and sit down on a box to my morning's coffee, the bedstead and boxes are packed, the tent pulled down and folded. By the time I have finished my hasty breakfast everything and everybody are ready for the start, and long ere the sun has

shown his rosy countenance over the horizon we are moving out of camp.

During the night lions have been prowling about and keeping up a hideous roaring, so I hurry away in front with the prospect of meeting one strolling home in the grey light of the early hours. The air is raw and cold, so I march at the double-quick and recklessly thrust my hands to the bottom of my pockets in the happy consciousness of not being in Regent Street. My two usual attendants in my hunting expeditions have considerably shrivelled up and have developed an ashy complexion unpleasant to behold, as they slink along shivering with the cold and doubtless envying me my pockets.

We soon get a considerable distance ahead of the caravan and begin to keep a sharp look out for game. Several herds are descried at a distance; but, not caring to go far out of our way, we leave these unmolested. Matters, however, don't become more promising, and we begin to conclude there is to be no sport this morning. Just as that thought shapes itself, down sinks the guide in a crouching position, while he excitedly whispers, "A lion! a lion!" Instinctively we follow his example. After a hurried glance at my rifle I cautiously raise my head. Looking in the direction indicated by the guide, I am mortified at seeing, already fifty yards off, a fine lion leisurely bounding



From a Photo.]

Camp at Pachininga, on the Upper Rovuma.

[By Mr. Thomson.

away through the long grass. Rising erect I fire precipitately. The shot is evidently lost. The lion, unharmed, simply pauses for a momentary stare and then continues its course. Grinding out an expression of intense vexation and yielding to the impulse of the moment I rush after the animal in hot haste. My servants, less eager and more wise than I, remain where they were. It never occurs to me that I have only the remaining cartridge of my double-barrelled rifle for a possible encounter with the enemy.

The movements of the lion can only be traced by the shaking of the grass, and with eye intently fixed on that I dash on pell-mell, tripping, stumbling, and gasping for

breath, while my heart palpitates with the excitement of the chase. We thus keep up the race for about three hundred yards, when all at once the shaking of the grass ceases, reminding me that I must proceed with much more caution lest I rush abruptly into the fervent embraces of his leonine highness—a consummation most devoutly to be deprecated, seeing I have no ambition for the world's reprobation and a warning epitaph. Moving on very stealthily for some time I suddenly emerge into an open space and as suddenly halt transfixed; for there stands the lion at a distance of little more than fifteen yards, with its side towards me, and evidently awaiting my approach. The mo-

mentary shock gives place instantly to a strange feeling of exultation. With such a splendid opportunity for a shot I am sure of my game! Mentally, as by a flash, I picture myself exhibiting the trophies of the encounter to an admiring troop of friends. I level my gun and bang it goes. To my infinite mortification and, as I think, against all the laws of reason, there is neither the grand death-spring nor the tragic last roar. Unwounded and undaunted there stands my dangerous antagonist, "staring upon the hunter!" It takes one or two seconds to let the grim realities of the situation dawn upon my imagination. Only too evidently the tables are turned upon me. I have no ammunition and I dare not flee. To "fix" him with my eye unfortunately does not occur to me as practicable. On the contrary, I have a very distinct consciousness that he has "fixed" me, and that I should not be ungrateful for some convenient tree from which I might try the fascination of the human gaze. Thus for a little space, which to me seemed hours, we stand face to face. The lion seems uncertain what to do, but finally resolves to treat me with contempt. Turning with dignity, he gives one or two powerful bounds and disappears in the jungle, while I, limp and bedraggled, return to my men.

To resume the less dramatic details of our coastward journey—we struck away E.S.E. from the Rovuma, and after a six hours' quick tramp through a lightly-wooded country, with game in abundance, we camped beside a dried-up stream, in the bed of which, however, we were able by deep digging to procure a little water. On the following day we had an unusually trying march without water. After the first six hours the men with their heavy loads began to feel thirst acutely and became very despondent. Instead of pushing on with greater haste they gave way in the most childish manner, sitting down for long rests only with the result of aggravating their tortures, and grumbling in the most exasperating manner. I made every effort to urge them onward. At last, finding that neither cheering words nor other gentle methods were of any avail, I was compelled to have recourse to the more effectual argument of the belt.

Hour after hour passed wearily away, and still we saw no sign of our destination. By-and-by even the belt could not persuade the negroes into active effort. Gradually the caravan got scattered over several miles of country, some lying despondently by the wayside, others straggling slowly and wretch-

edly forward. Giving up my unavailing attempts to push them on, I gathered an energetic few around myself and hastened ahead.

In about an hour we reached some village wells, but to our dismay we found them dry. This was a serious matter and deepened our anxious forebodings. Our guide knew nothing of the country beyond the next village. If it also was deserted our case would indeed be desperate. Possibilities darkly suggested themselves to my mind which I did not dare to express in words. Certain it was that another long waterless march, in the already prostrate condition of the men, would mean death to many of them.

However, we had no time to brood over our fears or to continue blankly staring at each other's anxious faces. Instant action was necessary. So, firing a gun to make those behind imagine we had reached water and to hurry them up, we pushed on with eager haste to the village two miles off. On our arrival we were delighted to find it occupied, though our indignation was roused by our inhospitable reception. With difficulty I restrained my followers from forcing their way into the huts in search of water. The people declared they had none, and the wells were four hours distant. This, of course, was false; and they soon saw we were not to be deceived. Our impatience began to alarm them, when they noticed we were so well armed. At last they cautiously brought out a small pot of the precious fluid and sold it for the clothes in which one of my men stood. Anon other two were produced, which sufficed for the first comers; the more obstinate laggards being compelled, when they came in, to wait in agony until a further supply was brought from the distant wells. After such a terrible experience we found it necessary to rest a day to recruit our exhausted energies.

Mkomolo was the name of the village we had thus reached. The inhabitants are Makua, a tribe distinguished from the Makondè by a horseshoe-shaped mark upon their forehead. They also tattoo less and wear a smaller pelelè. Moreover they exhibit a much higher degree of intelligence.

Here we were much interested to learn that, one or two weeks previously, two missionaries had passed on their way to Mozambique. Clearly the palmy days of our early African explorers are gone. Then a traveller might wander about for years and neither see, nor come upon the trace of, a white man. In those times a meeting with one was a notable

and memorable event. Now all that is changed. In these later days the explorer has carefully to con his map to find a track where the white man's foot "hath ne'er or rarely been." Even then, when he begins to think he has realised that "rapture on the lonely shore," and that "society where none intrudes," of which the poet speaks, he will almost certainly have his Byronic musings abruptly broken by the sudden apparition of some adventurous brother, who will touch his cap in the most polite manner and "presume he speaks to So-and-so!"

After one day's stay at Mkomolo we were once more *en route*, and once more we were put to great straits for want of water. According to our guides wells would be reached in six hours: but lo! when we arrived, there was just sufficient liquid mud to quench the thirst of three or four men. So onward we must press, travelling all the afternoon. I shot two hartbeests on the way. We looked longingly at the blood, but held out. After sunset we camped, the majority being dead beat. Those who had carried light loads were made meantime to push forward in search of the indispensable element. It was past midnight before they returned, and then they brought only sufficient to drink. Cooking had therefore to be dispensed with.

Next day we had an experience similar, but still more serious, owing to our leaving the plains and getting among rugged rocky mountains. Anticipating a thorough breakdown of the men, Chuma and I hurried off after mid-day and pushed on at our utmost speed. In two hours we reached cultivated ground, and shortly after we descried a cool crystal stream, into which we plunged with exuberant delight and drank to repletion. We discovered, quite close at hand, a village called Madodo. On telling the people our predicament, and offering them beads, &c., to go to the relief of my men, the women immediately rushed for their water-pots and set off with an abundant supply. The porters, in a sad state of weariness, continued to arrive until after four o'clock. Then, to my indignation, I learned that those of the caravan farthest behind had got no water, because the foremost party, when the women met them, had had a fight over the precious fluid and spilled the most of it. Determined to punish the rascals I called them all up, and, despite their beseeching looks, ordered them to return with food and water till they should have found the last straggler. They were dreadfully tired, but I was inexorable, and there was nothing for it but to obey. Thus,

by sunset, every one was rescued and in camp.

The scenery around Madodo was exquisite. It reminded me of the wonders of Usambara, and I decided to remain a day just to enjoy the enchantment. Indeed, when I made myself familiar with the people, I was almost tempted to wish I had a month to spend instead of a day. Madodo is one of those very delightful spots, occasionally met with in savage countries, where one insensibly grows poetical in his musings and dreams of Arcadia and its gentle joys. Here are all the charms of unconventional life—luxuriant nature, a balmy atmosphere, no cares and no wants but what one can himself supply with the minimum of trouble! Only you require to stay *but* a day. If you linger you will soon find that you have after all found *not* quite a Paradise. Your first ideal gets rather sadly modified by unwelcome realities:

I had capital fun—for even in African travelling we have our hours of ease—in my attempts to take some photographs of the people. I found this a matter of the utmost difficulty. At most places my attempts had proved abortive, owing to the suspicious and superstitious notions of the people, who would just as soon have stood at the cannon's mouth as face the camera. While the instrument was being erected they usually gathered round in crowds, open-mouthed with wonder and curiosity. But no sooner did I slip the black cloth over my head for focussing purposes than they fled incontinently, and neither bribery nor cajolery could avail to make them stand again. They were always thoroughly imbued with the idea that I was working witchcraft, and that my supposed charming would take some vital essence out of them. Hence not a few villages remained absolutely deserted as long as the camera continued on its legs.

A day's march from Madodo we came upon a section of the Matambwè tribe, who roused our wonder by their wild and ghastly appearance. It is said that they make a point of washing themselves only once a year; and certainly the statement seemed quite believable, for almost their entire clothing consisted of a coating of dirt. It appears that, in place of using water, they rub themselves with wood ashes. This gives them a weird, unearthly look, which is intensified by a strangely wild and untamed deportment, such as often characterizes the lower undomesticated animals. These people are remarkably tall and slender, though in point

of shape their figures are anything but models. They only wear at most a few square inches of cloth, and their huts are such miserable wrecks as are rarely to be seen in Africa.

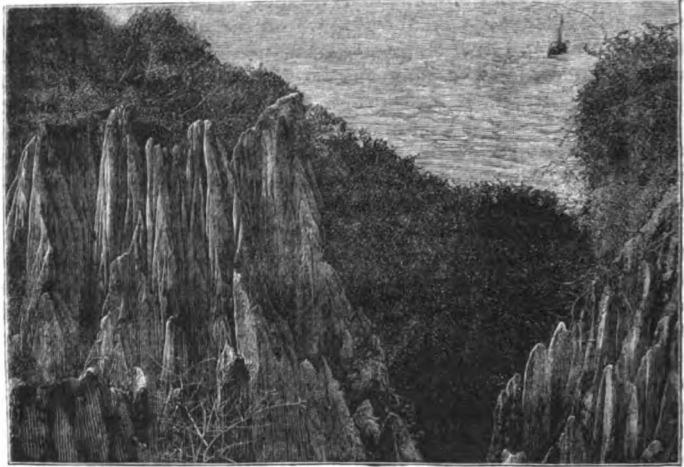
On the 10th of September we reached the coast at a place called Minenenè, situated on the boundary line between Zanzibar and Mozambique. So far from hailing with delight the sight of the Indian Ocean, I was only too sorry that our trip was of so short duration. A more enjoyable seven weeks I have never passed. I had not even one day's illness, and I experienced neither troubles with the native tribes nor annoyance with my men.

Of course, even in circumstances so exceptionally favourable, African travelling is no rosewater work. To see any "fun" in it at all one must not only be largely endowed with the imperturbable optimism of Mark Tapley, but have a frame healthy and robust and fitted to bear fatigue and heat and hardship in no ordinary degree, besides rejoicing in an appetite neither delicate nor fastidious. But to one whom Nature has favoured in these respects, it is surprising how much of the "jolly" element is discernible in the midst of all discomfort. So many facts in the explorer's daily experience have a ludicrous aspect to one with the sense of humour, that the unpleasant things quickly sink into oblivion. Mosquitoes become playful, marshes and swamps subjects of laughter, and even irate and pugnacious chiefs with their motley following comical as nigger minstrels.

Let me conclude this uncommonly long letter by relating how I got from Minenenè to Zanzibar. Along with the men who conveyed my former letter, I had sent to the sultan news of my failure to find coal. I stated also the time of my probable arrival at the coast, and asked for a steamer to take us off. However, I had a shrewd suspicion that I need not, in the circumstances, reckon much upon this means of transport being granted; the sultan's interest in me being simply in proportion to the degree of my success. I was therefore by no means sur-

prised to find that I was left to get to Zanzibar as best I could.

Finding neither ship nor steamer at Mine-



From a Photo.]

Curious mud Pillars near the Coast.

[by Mr. Thomsen.]

nenè we pushed on to Mikindany, a place more important, and therefore more promising for our purpose. We were fortunate enough to have our expectations verified. We secured a dhow at once, and settled with the captain as to terms. Under the most favourable circumstances the voyage would last six days; but if winds were unpropitious we might be knocked about for double or treble that time. Considerable stores of food, water, and firewood, therefore, had to be hastily procured. On the night of the 12th of September we all got on board the curious craft preparatory to an early start on the following morning.

In my former letter I commiserated your inexperience as "a home-keeping youth." I must now confess, however, that you have reason for devout thankfulness that you are practically unacquainted with Arab dhows. It is true that when I look back upon some of my voyages I am inclined to smile as I recall the scenes that enlivened them; but I believe I have never been known to smile on board. In the actual experience of this interesting form of navigation I am profoundly convinced of the blessedness of the uninitiated. Imagine a curiously-shaped boat, partially covered in, high in the stern and low at the bow, suggesting to the nervous mind a treacherous purpose of diving beneath the first advancing wave. There is a very heavy lateen sail held up by rotten ropes, which occasionally startle the crew

and passengers by breaking and letting their whole burden crash down upon deck. The water leaks in at every point indiscriminately, requiring four men to bale night and day. There are eighty passengers where, according to Western notions, thirty would be a superabundant cargo. From stem to stern there rises a combination of abominable smells truly sickening: the rotting wood of the dhow, the accumulated grease and filth of years, the bilge-water, and the effluvia from the perspiring skins of the crowded negroes—all contribute their quota to an effect which words cannot describe. Such were the horrors which awaited me as the dhow left Mikindany behind. When at last my usual attack of sea-sickness laid me low, I really felt that that otherwise unwelcome sensation might sometimes be reckoned a boon and a blessing.

The worst, however, was yet to come. As night set in I crept with some difficulty into my camp bedstead, which we had contrived to stow under a sort of after-deck (there was only about eight inches between my nose and the flooring overhead). I had just begun to doze off when an uneasy consciousness of strange sensations dawned upon me. Soon I was made only too painfully certain of the presence of some of the most objectionable companions of man in all lands. One well-known species swarmed over me with pertinacious purpose; another kind of a more lively nature, in their excitement at the discovery of a thin-skinned subject—a decided variety from the leathery nigger integument—skipped about with playful glee, prospecting here and there as the humour suggested; then, to crown the whole, before I left that wretched bunk, a creeping sensation set in about the roots of my hair, which at first made me imagine it was about to stand on end with the horror of my situation, but which, alas! turned out to be a still more real aggravation of my tortures.

On fairly comprehending the realities of the case I impulsively made to get up, when bang went my head against the roof, causing me to subside with a groan, and reminding me that I must endure what could not be cured. As the night slipped slowly on, and the noisy porters gradually dropped asleep, I discovered with despair that I had got a new torment to encounter. A rasping sound here and there began to irritate my highly-strung nerves, followed by some jangling among objects not wont to break into sound spontaneously. Two large Muscovy ducks, which I happened to have as near neighbours,

began to quack dolorously, and some imprisoned hens began to cackle. These various symptoms suggested the unwelcome presence of rats; and the suspicion I only too speedily verified in my own proper person. I had just fairly grasped the possibilities of the situation, when a sudden movement on my blanket warned me to prepare for action. I kicked out pretty lively, relieving myself of this pioneer; but it was plain I must prepare to receive the enemy in numbers, and the prospect made me highly excited. The next rat arrived at the double-quick, and got well up ere it became aware of its danger. I struck out with clenched fist; but I only succeeded in skinning my knuckles on the flooring overhead, which made me howl with pain. "Cabined, cribbed, confined," as I was, the utter futility of attempting to stay the gambols of the hateful creatures became only too clearly manifest. My experience that night was unspeakable, and I look back upon it as a frightful nightmare.

The following night I tried to get a little sleep on the afterdeck, packed away among the men. The consequence was an alarming addition to the parasitic forces. The wind also was changeable, causing us to tack about continually. Every few minutes I had to get out of the way while they were shifting the sail. On one of these occasions the ropes snapped, and down came the huge sail, nearly crushing a number of us. This night of varieties ended with a most effective shower.

Such, then, is a fair specimen of the delights of a dhow voyage—delights served up nightly with some fresh sensation of horror or misery. Were I to describe the disgusting realities of that seven days' passage more minutely, I am afraid you would suspect me of drawing upon a morbid imagination and painting with a big brush. I therefore forbear, and leave you to fill in the blank for yourself.

We entered Zanzibar harbour on the 19th, when I fled from the dhow precipitately. A friend, who asked me to put up with him till my own house was set in order, had his generous invitation promptly and politely declined. If he ever ascertains the reasons why I dared not introduce myself and my clothes into his well-ordered household, he will feel thankful for his escape.

My letter must here close. For the record of subsequent events you must wait till a more convenient season. How I have fallen out of favour with the court of the sultan and learnt what it is to be unappreciated

—how I am forbidden to venture beyond the outskirts of the town—how I am neglected, and wished anywhere but at Zanzibar, and how I feel under all these unwonted experiences—you shall learn when I set

foot once more in old Scotland, and pour into your sympathetic ear the story of my life in the service of an Eastern potentate.

Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH THOMSON.

FREDERICK CHOPIN.

By E. J. WHATELY.

THE life of Frederick Chopin, one of the most eminent musicians of our own day, presents a picture we have rarely seen equalled for its deep pathos. The sadness felt in gazing on it is often relieved, indeed, as we follow the details of the great composer's earlier years, by bursts of a gayer humour and joyous fancy, bright, fitful, and poetic; but, as a whole, to use a musical simile, it resembled a piece which begins in the major key, and after many modulations and changes, now glad, now mournful, ends at last in a gloomy minor. His career was like a summer day in Alpine regions, whose dawning, though bright and joyous, presages coming storms. As the day advances the horizon blackens, the thunder rolls, and the fair beauty of the landscape is obscured by blinding rain. No sooner does the tempest cease, than brightness flashes out again, but only for a moment, to be again obscured in tears and darkness, till at last a premature night covers all with its sombre curtain. Such a brief summer's day was the life of the subject of this sketch—not only as depicted by one who intimately knew him, but as seen in the familiar letters which speak for themselves, and give a view of the vividly contrasting traits of his character—the gay, ready wit, and graceful fancy which gave such a charm to his society in early life, combined with the morbid feelings and overwrought sensitiveness which endued him with so terrible a power of suffering.

Frederick Chopin was born on the 1st of March, 1809, in a village a few miles from Warsaw. Thus Polish by birth, he was, however, French by origin on the father's side. Nicholas Chopin, his father, was a native of Nancy, in Lorraine, who entered early in life the household of a noble Polish lady, whom he accompanied to Warsaw as tutor to her two children. When he took this step he had no intention of permanently expatriating himself; but having been twice prevented by circumstances from returning to France when on the point of doing so, he

finally made his home in Poland, and settled in Warsaw, supporting himself by tuition, and latterly by taking pupils into his house. He learned to love his adopted country with all the ardour of one of her own children, eagerly sharing their hopes of independence, and deeply moved by the failure of her attempts. In 1806 this feeling was cemented by his marriage with a Polish lady, Justine Kryzanowska, and the union was blessed with four children, three daughters and one son, the subject of this sketch. The daughters were all possessed of considerable literary talents; and one, who died in very early youth, seems to have resembled her brother in temperament and genius, though in her it took the form of poetry rather than of music.

Frederick Chopin's own childhood was a remarkable one: from his earliest days his wonderful gift for music and intense sensibility to its voice displayed itself; and while so young that he could not write down musical notes for himself, he would ask his master to note his improvisations for him. Frederick was not quite nine years old when he first played in public, on the occasion of a concert given for the benefit of the poor in Warsaw. His performance excited great astonishment; and we can well imagine the beautiful child, dressed in his picturesque and splendid national costume, attracting all eyes by his appearance, as well as by the rare musical powers already developed. Yet so childlike was he, and so inspired by the gay scene around him, that on being asked by his mother when he returned home, "What did the public like best?" he replied, "Oh, mamma, everybody only looked at my collar!" Love for his country strongly inclined the boy's character even from childhood, and influenced his musical compositions. He was a true Pole in music as in everything else, and loved to take the national airs of his country as the subjects of his improvisations. As he grew up and came before the world as a rising musician, while his marvellous

facility of execution excited astonishment everywhere, his peculiar excellencies as a composer at first failed to meet with due appreciation from strangers. Originality was so early stamped on all his productions that his disregard of established rules shocked the strictest musical critics. But his master at the Conservatoire, Elsner, a discerning man, silenced all objections of this kind with the words: "Let him alone, he does not follow the common way, because his talents are uncommon." Under so judicious a teacher the powers of the young artist had a fair field for development. The peculiar attribute of his music seemed to be the power he possessed of making it the interpreter of his inmost thoughts; and partaking thus of his own mind, there is, as was observed, a strong tinge of nationality in all he wrote. In improvising, as he loved to do, on the wild and graceful national airs of Poland, or in composing melodies of a kindred character, his talents were very early displayed. He had a pianoforte in his bedroom, and often worked far into the night. Sometimes, when the household were asleep, he would spring from his bed, rush to the instrument, and strike a few chords to develop some musical fancy or resolve a harmony, and then, lying down to rest, would again start up and repeat his attempt; the servants could not understand such proceedings, and said "his mind must be affected." But his amiable character and kindness of heart made him loved even by those who could not understand him. At the Conservatoire of Warsaw he was popular with all his fellow-students; his superiority was so evident that it placed him beyond the reach of jealousy.

In 1828 he left his native land and visited Berlin, and the year following, Vienna, Prague, Toplitz, and Dresden. Everywhere his talents insured him success, and the hearty, childlike enjoyment of all he saw and heard, which appears in his letters, is pleasant to see. On one occasion, when he had been travelling for several days in the slow fashion of German *diligences*, he was delighted and surprised on stopping at a small post-house, to discover a grand pianoforte in one of the rooms, and still more surprised to find it in tune—thanks probably to the musical taste of the postmaster's family. He sat down instantly and began to improvise in his peculiarly happy manner—one by one the travellers were attracted by the unwonted sweet sounds, one of them even letting his beloved pipe go out in his ecstasy. The postmaster, his wife, and his two daughters

joined the group of listeners. Unmindful of his audience, of the journey, the lapse of time, and everything but the music, Chopin continued to play and his companions to listen in rapt attention, when they were suddenly roused by a stentorian voice which made the windows rattle, calling out, "The horses are ready, gentlemen!"

The postmaster roared out an anathema against the disturber—the postillion—and the passengers cast angry glances at him. Chopin started from his seat, but was instantly surrounded by his audience, who entreated him to continue.

"But we have been here some time," said Chopin, consulting his watch, "and are due in Posen already."

"Stay and play, noble young artist," cried the postmaster; "I will give you courier's horses if you will only remain a little longer."

"Do be persuaded," began the postmaster's wife, almost threatening the artist with an embrace. What could he do but resume his place at the instrument?

When at last he paused, the servant appeared with wine; the hosts' daughter served the artist first, then the travellers, then the postmaster proposed a cheer for the musician, in which all joined. The women in their gratitude filled the carriage-pockets with the best eatables and wine the house contained; and when at last the artist rose to go, his gigantic host seized him in his arms and bore him to the carriage! Long years afterwards Chopin would recall this little incident with pleasure, and declare that the plaudits of the press had never given him more delight than the homage of these simple music-loving Germans. His success in all the cities he visited was brilliant; everywhere he carried the palm. But in the midst of this intoxicating vortex of excitement, which he was capable of heartily enjoying, his heart never wavered from the dear home circle; his letters to his parents and sisters were constant, and full of affectionate playfulness.

He returned to Warsaw, gave many concerts, and continued to be the idol of the public. But all his friends agreed that a wider field should be sought for the development of his talents; Warsaw offered too few advantages of this kind, and a long sojourn in Italy and Paris was recommended. In 1830, with the full consent and approbation of his parents, he set out on his journey, and left Poland never to return. Could his parents have foreseen what the result of that sojourn

at Paris would be, they would have entreated him rather to pass his life in the humblest provincial town than to take this step.

The journey to Italy was ultimately abandoned; after some stay in Vienna and Munich he came to Paris, with the intention of prosecuting his musical studies in that capital. The time he arrived was one of considerable political agitation, especially among the Polish residents at Paris, and Chopin naturally became the centre of the circle. To all who had suffered loss or exile in their country's cause he was ever a true and fast friend, often sharing his lodgings with his needy countrymen, and doing all in his power to alleviate their privations. His sympathies were always warmly enlisted in the struggles for Polish independence, and he mourned over their failure as for a personal sorrow.

Meantime he pursued his musical studies with ardour and perseverance. He presented himself to Kalkbrenner, then regarded as the first pianist in Europe, and modestly asked to become his pupil. Kalkbrenner soon saw that the young artist had nothing more to learn from him; but he thought his own fame as a teacher would be established by a pupil of such rare gifts, and, therefore, accepted him, but on the condition that he should remain with him for three years, to correct, as he said, the many faults of his playing, of which Kalkbrenner could undertake to cure him in that time. Chopin did not suspect the great pianist's true motives, but being much surprised at such a stipulation, he wrote to his father and his old master, Elsner, to ask their opinion. Elsner, who thoroughly understood the powers of his former pupil, saw that such a one-sided training as Kalkbrenner proposed would be absolutely injurious to Chopin's development as a musician, and wrote him a letter full of sensible advice, which decided the young artist to follow the dictates of his own good sense, and give up the plan of learning with Kalkbrenner. To show him, however, that his refusal was made with no want of friendly feeling, he dedicated to him one of his pieces.

His amiable character and modesty seems to have disarmed the jealousy of brother artists, and he was generally esteemed and liked by those whom he met in Paris. With Liszt, the celebrated pianoforte player and composer, he was especially intimate. One evening, at a later period, when several artists were all assembled together, Liszt played one of Chopin's pieces, to which he added some embellishments of his own. When he had finished, Chopin said, "I beg

you, my dear friend, when you do me the honour of playing my compositions, to play them as they are written or not at all."

"Play it yourself, then," said Liszt, rising from the piano, rather piqued.

"With pleasure," answered Chopin.

At this moment a moth extinguished the lamp. They were going to relight it, when Chopin cried, "No, put out the lights—the moonlight is enough."

Then he began to improvise, and played for nearly an hour, with such power and feeling that his audience were moved to tears. Liszt, much affected, embraced Chopin, saying, "You are right, my friend; works like yours ought not to be meddled with. You are a true poet."

"Oh, that is nothing," said Chopin gaily. "We have each our own style; that is all the difference between us."

This total absence of petty rivalry seems to have characterized both Chopin and his most intimate friends. His liveliness and ready wit made him a delightful companion. His powers of mimicry were remarkable, and he could imitate the style of any pianist to the life.

Paris thus presented many attractions to the young artist; but his gains were small, he had many distressed friends to need his help, and he felt unwilling to be a burden on his parents, whose means were limited, and who had daughters to provide for. Under these circumstances, he felt discouraged as to his future, and at one time thought of emigrating to America. The plan was one unsuited to him in every way, and his parents advised his remaining at Paris or returning to Warsaw, difficult as the latter step was to one who had remained abroad after his passport had expired. His love of his country and his family awakened an ardent desire to return. Well it would have been for him if he had! But on the very day he was preparing to depart, he accidentally met his countryman, Prince Valentine Radziville. The Prince made him promise that he would meet him that evening at M. Rothschild's. He was asked to play by his hostess, charmed all present with his improvisations, and from that time his position in Paris was changed. He was engaged to give lessons in the first families in the city, his affairs quickly became prosperous, and his position assured. He naturally gave up the idea of returning to Warsaw. He had, however, the following year an opportunity of meeting his beloved parents at Carlsbad. This was the last time he was ever to see them. On this occasion he visited



Frederick Chopin.

Leipsic, where he made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, who, though belonging to a very different musical school, did full justice to Chopin's powers. In a later visit to Germany he met the celebrated Schumann, and their regard and esteem for each other was mutual. This, the most brilliant and prosperous period of Chopin's life, was, however, clouded by two severe disappointments, which to his ardent and affectionate nature were peculiarly painful. Twice he was betrothed, both times to persons who seemed well suited to make him happy, and to whom he was deeply attached; and on each occasion the inconsistency of the object of his affections broke

off the marriage. The second of these attachments had been a most specially deep and tender one, and the wound received was severe and lasting. It led to his giving up a plan of settling in his native land near his parents, and probably paved the way for the reception of that evil influence which was the bane of his remaining years of life.

We come now to a period too important to be altogether passed over, and yet too distressing to be dwelt on in detail. The true history of the influence exerted on his after life by the celebrated moralist, "George Sand," is told faithfully and to all appearance most impartially in his Memoir. That one of so highly wrought and excitable a nature should have fallen readily under an influence so powerful and so fascinating can hardly appear

* Our portrait is engraved from a photograph in F. Bruckmann's Gallery of Celebrities, by permission of the London publishers, J. F. Schipper & Co., King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

surprising when we see how little support he seems to have derived from the only true safeguard—a firm and high Christian principle. He was brought up in a healthful and pure family atmosphere by excellent and affectionate parents, and his mother is described as a woman of real and earnest piety. But, unhappily, an education conducted by the most honest and devout of Romanists (even if really possessing sincere Christian motives of action) is deprived of that greatest of helps and safeguards—the only *true* safeguard, indeed, in the training of the young—the intimate knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and constant reference to them as a guide to daily life. “Thy word have I hid in my heart that I may not sin against Thee,” is true now as in the Psalmist’s time; and no words of good counsel or books of devotion can ever supply the place of that holy Word of God taught at the mother’s knee, implanted in the young mind while yet fresh and receptive, which has been the means, under God, in countless instances, of keeping the young from yielding to temptation, or recalling them even after they have gone astray. Alas! poor Chopin had no such talisman. His religion was one which can be followed without any inner principle of action whatever. Thus undefended, we can hardly wonder that he was an easy prey to the baleful influence of one who, though richly gifted with intellectual powers, had thrown aside all the restraints of higher principle.

George Sand’s admiration for the genius of Chopin was intense; and when his failing health led a change to a warmer climate to be recommended, she urged his accompanying her and her family to Majorca, where she was going for the health of one of her children. This step seems to have been as hurtful to him physically as the intercourse with such a woman could not fail to be mentally and morally. The discomforts of a sojourn in an uncivilised region counterbalanced the advantages of climate; the influences of the wild and desolate surroundings in the midst of which he lived powerfully affected his always sensitive nervous system. He became a prey to distressing depression and unreal terrors; his music was now, as ever, the outlet for all his feelings, and the slender, wasted fingers of the suffering artist spoke, as they wandered over his instrument, in the wildest and saddest tones of anguish. His compositions of this period are marked by a strangely weird and fanciful but deeply pathetic character. His hostess and companion was totally unable to enter into his

sufferings: she had begun to weary of the society of the poor invalid, and she now treated him with the most palpable and unkind neglect, so that utter loneliness contributed to increase his nervous and overwrought state.

At last he returned to Paris, and seemed better for the change; but the baneful power of his false friend had not passed away. The simple tastes and wholesome interests of early life had left him, as well as the light-hearted spirits of his youth; a craving for luxury and the more refined gratifications of sense, imbibed in a long residence in the gay capital, had increased upon him. The constant desire for excitement, and his want of common care of his health, told most unfavourably upon body and mind; and the unhappy intimacy he had formed kept him back from the close and loving home-correspondence which had been so long like a pure and healthful spring of life, in the midst of adverse circumstances on the other hand.

He knew how his parents would regard this now paramount influence, and shrank from communication with them; and when his father died, in 1844, his agitation was so great that he could not even bring himself to write a line of sympathy to his sorrowing mother and sisters, but delegated the task to one who could not have been a congenial correspondent to the afflicted widow—the very friend whose power had thus separated him from his home circle and those who had best loved him. Over the rest of this mournful page in the artist’s life we gladly draw a veil. Happily, about two years before his death the evil spell was broken, by the act and deed of her who had been its author; her conduct was such as to open his eyes, and when, later, she attempted to renew the intercourse, he himself refused.

His health continued to decline. In 1849 he paid a visit to England, and was overwhelmed with kind attentions; but the hospitality of his friends seems to have oppressed him more than it gratified him. The London fogs aggravated his malady, which was further increased by late hours and excitement. He returned to Paris and sank rapidly. His eldest sister came from Poland with her husband and daughter to nurse him, and he was surrounded with kind and assiduous friends; but no care could now avail him, and on the 15th of October, 1849, he breathed his last.

We long for some evidence that better hopes than those of earth comforted his death-bed; but very little of any kind can be

gathered. Some religious feelings can be traced in his early life; but whether, in his closing days, any such survived the deadening influence of years spent in a gay and unthinking circle, and the yet more fatal effect of association with one who might almost be looked on as a kind of apostle of unbelief in revealed religion, we have no means of ascertaining. One hint given in a letter from the very person in question seems to imply that superstitious terrors and gloomy fancies connected with some tenets of the Romish faith hung about the poor sufferer's mind, and increased his depression; but how far this was true does not appear. He died in outward communion with his own Church, and received devoutly the last rites from a priest; this is all we hear, except that he listened with solemn delight to the sacred songs with which an accomplished friend soothed his last hours. Was it only the pleasure he felt in the sweet familiar sounds? or might the language of music, which of all others spoke the most powerfully to his soul, convey, through God's overruling mercy,

some thought which might turn the departing spirit to Him who never yet rejected a returning wanderer from His feet? Who can tell? None but the Searcher of hearts. To us the scene closes in a gloom as of night.

But this unspeakably mournful history surely carries with it its own lesson. We see one abundantly endowed with powers to charm and attract, to adorn life, and to make it enjoyable to himself and others; and yet how did all this avail him? The life which had begun so brightly passed away in darkness and sadness—his quick sensibilities and exalted feelings having proved to himself instruments of torture instead of blessing—separated from the home and family whose sunshine he had once been, disappointed in all his high aspirations. And why? Because those gifts were used in the world's service alone, and the world had proved, as it always has done and will do, a hard master. Never was there a more eloquent commentary on the words of the preacher—"Now I saw that this also was vanity."

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

NO. III.—THE GLORY OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. A. GOODRICH (GLASGOW).

A DULL, prosaic affair is life to many. If ever they saw in and about it glory, they now see nothing but the light of common day. The wondrous gift of personal life which once they thought to be of unspeakable lustre and worth, they have found out, they think, to be only "a cunning cast of clay." They trusted the world overmuch, and have been woefully deceived; or selling themselves to a vain philosophy, knowledge has become to them an unreality, faith a folly, duty a utility, love an illusion. Life certainly to them has no glory. Yet making due allowance for the illusions which we all, in so far as we lack the sober mind, become the victims of, there is still a light in life which may be made to burn with the pure intense flame that makes life glorious both in itself and to others.

But what in truth and soberness is the glory of human life? There is One Life from which all life comes, and in which all life has its being. To know what is the glory of that Life may help us to know what is the glory of our life, which is its image. What then is the glory of God? The glory of God is not

simply His eternity and infinity. Space is infinite, space is eternal; but space as space is not glorious. Neither is God's glory His great power. Mere strength is not glorious: Samson in the lap of Delilah was not glorious. Nor is mere knowledge glorious; many men have been little else than flesh-bound encyclopædias, and they were in no degree glorious. The glorious things are moral qualities; it is their touch, and their touch alone, that crowns the mighty, or the wise, or the ancient with glory. Without goodness the strong man's strength is cruelty, and the clever man's knowledge vanity. Though I understand all mysteries and all knowledge, though I could remove mountains and have not charity, I am nothing. Though God be eternal, though God be infinite in power and in knowledge, and had not charity, He would be—well, no glorious God; nothing in Him to bow the soul in worship, to inspire the heart with faith, to glorify the life with love.

We may predicate infinity and eternity of a dead impersonal force, but the force would not therefore be glorious. What real glory

can there be in that which is insensate, impersonal, which knows not, loves not, wills not? But as soon as we predicate goodness, we predicate an understanding, a will, a person. Moral qualities are personal; no dead force, whatever its age or power, can possess moral qualities. To predicate, therefore, goodness of God, is higher far than to predicate eternity or infinity; more glorious, inasmuch as such predication involves that mystic, glorious thing—personality. The attributes, however, of eternity and infinity associated with moral qualities, indefinitely increase their glory by affording to them boundless activity. God is infinite and eternal; but that through the illimitableness of His being He is altogether good, having no weak, or undisciplined, or inharmonious place, is His glory. God is mighty and wise; but that His power and wisdom are informed by a living tender soul of perfect goodness, is His glory.

Man's true life is akin to God's life; since then goodness is the glory of God, goodness also is the glory of man. It is, moreover, to this goodness that man can attain. Obviously the other attributes of God, His eternity and infinity, it is impossible for man, who is but of yesterday and knows nothing, to attain unto. But possessing a living soul, being a real person, even as God is, it is possible for man in his degree to be good as God is good. "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect."

But where may we see this glory of life whose essence is goodness? At least it must be seen by us ere we can strive after it. We see this glory in subdued, beautiful light glowing through the thick veil of nature so curiously and wonderfully wrought. We see the glory somewhat more plainly in the wise words and lives, heavenly fair, of the good, among all peoples and through all time. We see the glory still more in the great revelation in Moses, in the majesty of law and mercy of sacrifice. But these have no glory in comparison with the glory given in Christ Jesus. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God." "The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us, and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." The fulness of Christ's glory was grace and truth, mercy and righteousness. A dim, dull life, obscure in circumstances, rejected, despised, crucified, "a root out of a dry ground," without form or comeliness, has this life of Jesus Christ appeared unto many. No glory of station,

no glory of wealth, no glory of eloquence, no glory of popularity there. No; but His profound conviction of God, of truth, of immortality, His stainless purity, His incorruptible fidelity, His true sympathy, His lofty superiority to consecrated wrongs and errors, His scorn of lies and loathing of hypocrisy, His gentleness, meekness, goodness, invest Him with the glory as of the only begotten of the Father. Here is the glory of truth, the glory of goodness, the glory of suffering even unto death for others. The glory of the setting sun amid the ocean billows of cloud splendour, as we have seen on summer eve among the hills, is pale and poor, compared with the moral effulgence of Christ, the King of glory, as He in the clouds of our sin sank unto death, displaying therein the majesty and pathos of supreme righteousness and love.

This goodness of Jesus Christ, then, is the glory of life. But how are we, weak and sinful, to attain unto that glory? The New Testament is very explicit in the answer. "We all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Lord the Spirit." (2 Cor. iii. 18.) And so the glory comes to us by beholding, as comes the glory to flower and tree. Much, however, is implied in that beholding. We must first see and admire the glory, but we are very apt to pass it by, and gape at some worldly show as the glory. When the young artist says of some great master, "I see glory in his work, I admire it, I believe in him," then, and not till then, is he in a condition to feel the transforming power of that master. In like manner the transforming power of Christ's character or glory, we are not in a condition to receive, till our spirit distinctly affirms, "Yes, Christ is the fairest among the children of men. His purity and sympathy, His meekness and gentleness, in a word, His love, make him truly 'the altogether lovely'; that is what man should be, what I would be; His goodness is the glory of life."

And the beholding must be not a glance but an appreciative, affectionate beholding, such as the mother gives to the child of great promise. With the interest of affection she beholds the child; she wearies not of the repeated beholdings. Not a line escapes her, not a look or expression she misses. With sacred delight she discerns fresh forms of awakening intelligence or fuller tones of moral life. In such beholding her own soul is changed into the glory of the child, hence the glory of young motherhood; she also

transfuses her soul into the child, hence the abiding power of the true mother. Such beholding, affectionate, appreciative, never wearying, but ever returning with fresher delight, is the beholding of Christ's glory that changes us into the same image.

This comparison of the mother and child, defective as it is in some points, suggests the vital truth, that ere the beholding can be really effectual, there must be between the soul and Christ a spiritual relation or union most intimate. Such union is formed only by that faith in Christ which commits our sinful souls with unquestioning trust to Him for the forgiveness of sins and the sanctification of life. From that union proceeds the admiration and affection, and all else necessary to render the beholding effectual to changing the beholder into the image of that glory.

The beholding, moreover, must be with an *open face*. "But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image." Having descended from the Mount, Moses, in speaking with the children of Israel, put a veil on his face. The open face in the passage quoted is in contrast with that veiled face of Moses. Significant words these, the "open face:" the face without fear or guile; the face which as it has nothing to conceal so it has no dread of what the unknown may reveal; the face not dark with prejudice, or cunning, or hate, but open with intelligence, frankness, benevolence. We may often see this open face, if we have eyes for the sight, among guileless children, now and again in some pure, high-minded young man, and occasionally in the mature man or woman. Too oft, however, the face is veiled with secrecy to conceal some hidden wrong, or with suspicion lest it should be deceived, or with craft that it may deceive others. Or the face rather than veiled is closed by crass ignorance or sheer covetousness, or is glozed over with conceit or hypocrisy, or is distorted by some foolish pretence or silly affectation. The open face is no other than the true human face. The crafty face is that of a fox, the stolid face is that of an ox, the pretentious face is that of an owl, the closed face is that of a sphinx; the open face is that of a man, of an angel, of the Christ. But among men the open face is rare. Still, without it, never yet has glory been seen in earth or heaven, in art or literature, in man or God. Look at the faces of the great artists, poets, thinkers, at the faces of any who have seen glory anywhere, have they a closed or veiled face? They have the open face; a face

somewhat sad, may be, possibly a little troubled, for such see much that is far from glorious, but still an open face, without fear looking out upon men and things, God and eternity; and they have seen glory—the glory of God and of life.

We in our sins are ever weaving over our face veils more or less thick which intercept this glory streaming from God in Christ all about us. To behold Christ so as to discern His glory involves sustained labour; to look steadfastly, inquiringly, fatigues. Many indolent, therefore, will not labour habitually to behold the glory of life in Christ—the veil of indolence is on their face. Some are so self-satisfied with what they know and are, that they do not suspect there is very much for them yet to see of the glory of life in Christ—the veil of self-satisfaction is on their face. Some behold only a part of Christ; they fix their attention exclusively on His life, or exclusively on His teaching, or they fail to appreciate the import of His incarnation, or crucifixion, or resurrection—the veil of error is upon their face. Some will not behold steadfastly, from a secret feeling that they would see somewhat that would make a change of conduct or of creed imperative, which would be inconvenient—the veil of insincerity is on their face. Oh! for the open face, the face without guile and without fear, the face turned to the rising of the light, attent unto its appearing, yet patient, because trustful, receptive, responsive to the light when it shines.

Beholding thus with the open face the glory of the Lord, we, through the Holy Spirit working in the law of imitation, so potent in life, shall be changed into the same image from glory to glory. We shall attain the glory of life in ever-increasing degree. To-day we are in circumstances needing active graces, to-morrow in circumstances needing passive graces; beholding the glory of the Lord, we are changed from the glory of the active to the glory of the passive graces. Now we need indignation against the wrong, then sympathy with the wrong-doer, then wisdom to win a soul; beholding Christ we are changed from the glory of righteous indignation to the glory of true sympathy, and from that to the glory of soul-winning. Beholding the glory of the Lord, as we advance in years, we are changed from the glory of character belonging to youth into the glory belonging to fulness of years, and from that into the glory belonging to the aged. From glory to glory: from the glory of faith to the glory of assured hope, from the glory of

assured hope to the glory of established character, on to the glory of zeal with knowledge, and farther on to the glory of perfect love, and yet farther on to the glory of heaven. The life in Christ begins in glory, continues in glory, ends in glory. It is glory all through, only different in degree. And through the ages of the everlasting life, will not the same rule obtain, from glory to glory? As no number of finite additions can make the infinite, so progress towards that infinite glory—the goodness of God—must be forever from glory to glory.

Here then is the glory of life. We have felt there was a glory for this life; we have had dreams concerning it; the vision of it has now and again floated before us, exciting us; beams of its light have here and there crossed our dull way, making us pause.

“Are these things,” we have asked, “but the projections of our inflamed imaginations? are they only the delusions of a youthful enthusiasm?” No: not altogether delusions. There is a glory for this life; yes, for this poor, smitten, sinful life. Howbeit the glory differs from what we had thought. The glory is this: righteousness and love in Jesus Christ. Does this seem a disappointing interpretation to our dream? Goodness in the knowledge of God and the fellowship of Christ, is that life's glory? It is: and glory verily it is. The very glory which crowns Almighty God: can we have more? Beware! take not the glare of this world, or the glamour of pleasure, or the glitter of gold for life's glory. It is not there: it is here, goodness through and in the communion of God our Saviour.

THE ORPHAN HOMES OF SCOTLAND;

And what they do for the City Waifs.

By JAMES HENDRY.

CHILD life amongst the poor of a large city is a sad thing to see and a still sadder thing to experience. When the parents are very poor, the little body is pinched and the little mind grows pathetically aged; when vice is added to poverty, the hapless children have to suffer the bitterest experience of cold, hunger, and cruelty. They grow up with a wild, hunted look upon them. What few pleasures they have, are of a stealthy, ravenous sort, won by themselves with a wit that has been cradled in crime and deceit. They quickly learn to be professionally poor and miserable. With piteous, persistent cry of hunger they assail the charitable soul, home-going on a wet night. Well, what is he to do? He feels that this shivering whine is just a trifle forced, that this dogged little youngster has a very business-like air with him. He has also a suspicion that there may be some worthless man or woman in the background, watching the result of the appeal, and ready to pounce upon whatever money may be given. He does not know very well what to do. There is the child—cold, wet, miserable—upturning a white, piteous face under the lamp-light. A copper or two he thinks can do no harm. So he thrusts the coin into the child's hand, and hurries on without question or look behind. Thus the giver gets easy riddance

of a duty placed there to his hand, and encourages the child to continue a practice which avails not for good. Nay, what else than harm can this foolish wayside charity do for an outcast child who prowls the inhospitable streets by day and seeks cellar or stair for cold shelter by night? The money, when he is allowed to keep it, is spent not too wisely nor too well; and there next day is the little waif, needy and miserable as ever.

What these children require is not money, but a friend; not an easy pocket philanthropy so much as a little direct personal kindness. It would be well to question the child frankly; it would be better to take it with you and find it food and shelter; but best of all would it be for you to establish it in a good home. A very difficult matter, you say? Yea, truly; a much more difficult thing than you may superficially suppose. For these city children are of stealthy habit, and strong, unguided will. To teach them what is right and what is wrong, to train them in orderliness and self-help, is no simple matter. Only patience without stay and love without stint can possibly do it. Yet it is our purpose to set forth how this is being done; in a large beneficent way and with great measure of success.

William Quarrier has put it beyond the

power of any one in Glasgow or in Scotland to say that they cannot find a home for any poor outcast child. He is ready to receive the little ones by night or by day; to feed and clothe them, to teach and train them; and further to find them a home and an honest career either in this country or in Canada. He has made this his life-work. And this is how the thing was begun. One day, when he was but eight years of age, William Quarrier stood in the High Street of Glasgow, bare-footed, bare-headed, cold, and very hungry. The passers-by looked at him, but there was no pity or befriending in any face. "Is there no help for a poor lad among all these busy, smiling, comfortable people?" This was the question the starving boy had to ask himself. He had not tasted food for a day and a half; and the bitterness of poverty was upon him. Yet there in the open, compassionless street he made resolve that if God would prosper him, he would not so pass by the children. This early purpose he never forgot. Working at his trade as a shoemaker he still remembered it; for many years he laboured and saved that this his life-desire might be fulfilled. Grown to manhood he began to seek out and befriend the poor homeless waifs who flit about in the darkness and busy desolations of a city like Glasgow. To this he gave nearly all his time and energy. Had he put his rare aptness for affairs and skill of organization into his own business, he would probably have been one of our most successful merchants. As it is he puts his own success in the background and devotes himself ceaselessly to the cause of the poor, neglected children.

His first endeavour, made eighteen years ago, was to give them night shelter and a kindly word. Out of his own small resources he rented a house in a poor district, that could boast of no more than four bare walls and a roof. Thus the beginning was very small. His first great difficulty was to find work for the boys; so few people were inclined to trust or take them in. Pushed on by his desire to teach them self-help, he organized a shoe-black brigade. He determined to make it self-supporting, and he succeeded. Thus begun, the work slowly grew to his hand, so that he was compelled to take a new departure.

Ten years ago he established the Orphan Homes of Scotland. It was a very quiet, modest beginning: only a large room in a back lane, with a kitchen partitioned off, and the bare brick walls brightened with a few

Scripture texts. That was a cold, wet November night when the first boy peeped in at the door. He was jacketless and shoeless, and all dripping with the rain. With a suspicious look round he asked if there were any more boys going to sleep there that night, for if not, he wasn't coming in. Still, the genial warmth of the fire was very enticing and he slowly slid inside the door. Then the kindly word was spoken; and when he felt somewhat at home the sodden rags were stripped from off him and he was cleaned and clothed and fed. This was the beginning of the Orphan Homes of Scotland ten years ago by William Quarrier.

In that period he has rescued and set in the way of well-doing upwards of 2,000 children; while as many more have been casually helped. In the City Home, a building which cost £8,000, he shelters 120 children; at Bridge of Weir, in Renfrewshire, he has ten Cottage Homes where, when fully equipped, 350 boys and girls can be taught and cared for; and in the Govan Road Homes there are 130 children being trained for emigration to Canada. Thus, when fully equipped, with the Invalid and other Homes which are at present being erected, he will be able to accommodate upwards of 600 little ones. During ten years the money placed at Mr. Quarrier's disposal by voluntary givers has been £73,519; and the Homes he has erected have cost about £40,000.

This is good work, and the spirit in which it was begun is characteristic of the man who has accomplished it. He resolved that no one should be called on for subscriptions; that no donors, while alive, should have their names published; that the accounts, examined by a qualified accountant, would be laid annually before the public; that no gift as an endowment of the work would be accepted; and that he would give his whole time and energy to the extension and maintenance of this his proper work. That these resolutions have been kept with unswerving faithfulness may be seen in the success attained, and also by the fact that he refused £8,000 last year because it was offered in endowment of the work. Although we do not sympathize with him for this view of endowments, yet we can see that it required faith and courage to refuse this offer; especially when one considers that the increasing expenditure will soon demand a yearly income of £10,000.

These then are some of the solid, outstanding facts and figures regarding the Orphan



Homes of Scotland: worthy enough to be set down, but giving no more than a hint of the daily difficulty and loving-kindness which underlies the bare statement of them. At the City Home in James Morrison Street, the little ones are brought in day by day. Here is the raw material out of which good citizens are to be made. Very unpromising to look at—unkempt, ragged, dirty; with a quick, suspicious look in the wild eyes, and the raw, red marks of cold and cruelty set deeply upon them. Theirs is the same old tale—father and mother drunken or dead, and nothing but a life of misery and crime before and behind them. Children picked up on the street are the most difficult to deal with. They regard the Homes as a kind of private prison; they resent being cleaned or curbed; and not infrequently break away into the old roving, unrestrained life. This only happens in the first few weeks of admittance. Very quickly they learn to know and appreciate the kindly individual interest taken in them. This City Home serves as a preliminary training and testing place. When they have taken on a little civilisation they are drafted into the Cottage Homes in the country.

We had no ordinary pleasure in examining this branch of the work. A run of thirteen

miles by rail brought us to a quiet pastoral country. It was a still, November morning, with a touch of white rime under the hedges and a slant of red sunlight stirring among the almost leafless trees. We drove through the sleepy village of Bridge of Weir out into the open country. Over the winding hillocky road we went; until at length we came to a cluster of ten fine handsome villas with a central mansion capped by its two massy towers. Even under a low grey sky it was a pleasant sight. Here were 40 acres of pasture land being slowly brought into a trim beauty of flower and shrub, with a gay central fountain. The clear stream of the Gryffe skirts the meadows; with wealth of speckled trout to tempt a little angler, and a still reach of water to be the haunt of merry bathers on a summer afternoon. Here there are Homes for 350 orphan children; quiet beautiful Homes folded up in the green hollow of the hills.

At the door of the large central building we were received by the schoolmaster in kindly welcome. And first we look into the store-room, where a bright fire blazes behind the counter. Here are the food-staples for feeding the little folk—meal, flour, barley, peas—set up in clean fresh bins. Three times a week the Homes are supplied from this central store, not in exact allowance, but with just what they can use. There is no stint in the necessaries, but a wise thrift in all extras. Here also is a row of "sweetie" jars; tempting to any boy or girl with a taste for

sugared delight—and a penny withal. And the children in these Homes are not without their pennies, to save or to spend. In last year's balance-sheet you will find the items of Premium and Reward Pennies ranging up above £100. Large as this sum may seem it is well bestowed. It gives the boys an interest in their work—they earned £838 last year;—and it serves to take the edge off what might look like a hard official benevolence. And it is to be noted that in these Homes, inside and outside, there is given to the visitor a feeling of homely ampleness and comfort. In the central building there is every convenience. The floors are of stained

wood and the staircases lined with bright white and blue tiles. There is a Hall, beautiful in tint and proportion, that will hold 400 children; where on Sabbath they worship in sober quiet, each household with its father and mother; where also on New Year's Day and Halloween, and many a tide between, there is high frolic and festivity. Then there is the schoolroom, large and well lighted, where the boys and girls gather "with satchel and shining morning face." It is not found possible, just now, to give them other than a careful grounding in the elements of learning, and this is done under the schoolmaster—a Scotchman of a fine old type.



We did not see the children gathered together; for the day was Saturday and they were all in the play-rooms of their separate Homes, or busy on the swings outside. The great storm of wind that had prevailed throughout the week was lulled to-day. It had strewn our shores with wreck and made many a hearthside desolate; but here were these children, children of social wreck and desolate homes, making merry in the bracing November air. The sound of their laughter came very pleasant to us; the more pleasant as we thought of whence they had come, each one of them with a tale of hunger and hardship. Then there was no foolish uni-

formity of dress nor any dull servility of demeanour to lessen the pleasure of meeting them. The boys touched their caps with a frank air: and when, on looking through the "Washington Home," we took a peep into the play-room, we were greeted with, "Good morning, sir, good morning," by a score of happy voices. The loud romp was hushed for a little as we looked round on the bright faces, but resumed as we went our way. There in the shining kitchen were busy housewife hands preparing dinner; and it was no small pudding that we saw tossed out steaming and spreading a rich savour; and no little toil has this mother with her 30 chil-

dren to care for. Up-stairs are 3 dormitories with their 30 small beds, each with its tiny wardrobe for Sunday clothes and all little sacred possessions of book or doll. It is a delight to peep into these small wardrobes, for you can see a child's character in every one of them. Here also is the bathroom, with an abundance of pure water and an array of 30 little bags, each with its comb and brush. Looking at all these things we felt that this was indeed a true home; where all the individual needs and possessions were cared for and conserved.

Most of these fine buildings are the large gift of individuals. Here as an instance are the offices, built, as this carved stone tells us, by "T. C.;" no gift, small or great, being acknowledged here by fuller designation than that. These offices contain engine house, printing shop, joiner's shop, laundry, stables, &c. For it is in the purpose of Mr. Quarrier to give his boys an opportunity of learning a trade under skilled direction. It is also his intention to have a ship set upon the meadow by the riverside, where boys who have a strong desire for the sailor life may be enabled to learn a little of their profession before going to sea. In all things here there is a spirit of forethought and enterprise; so that when we drove homeward over the old bridge, it was with a feeling of pleased surprise at the greatness of the work and the silent, dream-like way in which it had all arisen.

But there is another side of this noble work which we must note. It was very soon found out by Mr. Quarrier, that to give these children a few years' training, and then turn them back into the temptations of the city, was simply to undo all the good that had been done. So he bethought him that a scheme of emigration would be the best, as it seemed the only way to solve this difficulty. The wisdom of this scheme has been proved by its splendid success. Of the 856 children who have found a home in Canada, 95 per cent. have turned out well. So well trained and such good children have they proved themselves in Ontario, that there is no difficulty in finding comfortable homes for them. The farmers are very anxious to adopt them into their family circle, so that of the 156 children sent to Ontario in the spring of 1881, the most have been provided for. Thus they are started in life far away from the old evil associations and temptations, and amid healthy and encouraging circumstances.

The children to be thus dealt with are set apart and specially trained. This is done in

the Cessnock and Elmpark Homes, situated in the suburbs of Glasgow. These two roomy country houses, with open ground round about them, make good training homes for the little emigrants. Here we found 130 boys and girls, in separate houses, gleeful with the prospect of going "out West" next year. The boys in their workshop and the girls in laundry and kitchen were busy as they well could be. In the schoolroom the smaller girls—and some of them were very wee—bent over slate or seam, but when we entered there was greeting of blythe voice and happy face on every side. Then they sang us a hymn, entitled, "The Children's jubilee." Every smallest voice was eager to join in when the elder girls took up the melody; every face was radiant with joy. The level morning sunlight came in through the wide window in a great flood and dazzled the room, and every little child there was touched by it. Still they sung of "Jubilee, jubilee;" and with such a stir of gladness in the chorus, and such a pathos of appropriateness in the words, that we had to stay our own singing, for our eyes were wet with tears when we thought of these little ones as they once were, and as now they were here to-day singing "Jubilee." They take great pleasure in the prospect of a home in that far country, for many are the cheery letters sent here by those who have already gone forth.

Yet the work of getting them equipped for the journey is an arduous one. For many months beforehand, busy needles all over the country are preparing their outfit. Every child has its own store of dresses. Then there comes a day in the spring-time when all the small boxes are packed, and the band of little emigrants ready to go. There is a parting service, when hymns are sung, and God's blessing asked to be with the children. The carriages stand ready at the door, and there is laughter and scrambling as to who shall be up first. So with flag flying and shouting they drive to the quay. A great crowd lines the way, and there is a kind of triumphal procession, with much cheering. When the children are gathered on the ship's deck, the boys in dapper jackets, and the girls in red hoods, they make a pretty and pleasant sight. The many friends and on-lookers who crowd the wharf toss fruit and sweeties on board, to the great delight of the little ones. Then the big ship swings slowly out into the river, and the people cheer and the children send it back in earnest, led by Mr. Quarrier, who usually goes with them; and thus these rescued ones go forth to a

new life with many a "Good speed," and "God bless you," sent after them.

This then is the noble answer William Quarrier has given to the question, "What can we do with the city waif?" It is a reply of hard work and solid good accomplished. He has placed it in the power of Scotch people to find a home for any orphan child, and given undoubted evidence that it will be well trained and cared for. We have seen the children as he takes them in—wild, hungry, miserable; we have seen them as they are sent to Canada—clean, bright, joyous; and the contrast is so great, the change so good, that we cannot find words strong enough to express our appreciation of it. He has done much in self-sacrifice and devotedness during the last eighteen years. Yet his ambition is to do more. He would like to take in 365 children every year, and send forth as many. Money he requires for this, yet he asks from no man, but trusts to God

and goes forward. There is never more than a week's supply in the treasury, still his faith fails not, and the fountain of his trust never runs dry. For there have been many who have seen God's work prospering in his hands and have given as they could; and he welcomes the widow's mite as well as the merchant's thousand. For the work still to be done is great. The poor little ones we have always with us. Yea, is not the pathetic "cry of the children" forced upon us in street and highway, until we have sorrowfully to say with Mrs. Browning—

"Do ye hear the children weeping, O my-brothers,
Ere the sorrow come with years?
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers,
And that cannot stop their tears.
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;
The young birds are chirping in their nest;
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;
The young flowers are blowing toward the west—
But the young, young children, O my brothers,
They are weeping bitterly!
They are weeping in the playtime of the others
In the country of the free."

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

WHAT that something was to be Mrs. Musgrave had no definite idea. She was too weak to assume the rôle of the stern and uncompromising parent. She could be obstinate in the refusal of her consent and suffer dreadfully in being so—she knew that she would suffer and so she cast vainly about for some means by which she could frustrate the obvious intention of Ellie and the Fiscal without standing entirely on her maternal right to interfere. She would of course appeal to her daughter's sense of duty, and under other circumstances that would have been sufficient; but in the present instance she could not expect that Ellie would subordinate to it her own feelings, approved as they were by her father.

Still she was to do something.

From the first moment when she suspected the possibility of Armour entertaining the preposterous idea of marrying her daughter, she had shown how disagreeable it was to her.

She had not then imagined that Ellie would hesitate to respect her wishes; and it was certainly far from her thoughts that the Fiscal could be by any process of persuasion brought to sanction a marriage which she pronounced unsuitable and altogether dis-

tasteful to her. She had not interfered with the education of her daughter; she had left the management and direction of it almost entirely to her husband. Therefore she had the more reason to expect that in a matter of this kind her experience of society, not to mention her relationship to the girl, should have been taken into full account and have endowed her with special powers of authority.

Poor Mrs. Musgrave had had no experience of the deeper feelings of passion which bring about so many marriages in spite of experience and discretion. To her marriage was a social arrangement in which the convenience and comfort of the lady was to be considered above all things. The lady's own wishes were to be consulted only so far as her judicious elders might think well for her happiness: because her wishes were generally inspired by the whim of a moment often involving a life-long regret.

This privilege it seemed was to be denied to her. A son-in-law had been chosen without the slightest reference to her feelings or respect for her position as the daughter of a late Lord of Session. She would not permit it. She felt sure that Ellie would be grateful hereafter for her interference. See how blithe and contented the girl had been during this visit to the Dinwuddies; and see how agreeable she was with young Fenwick.

Mrs. Musgrave was honest enough to question herself—Why should she object to Armour? With the exception of this miserable story about his father there was not a breath even that was not in his favour. He was prosperous and it was predicted that he would be one of the most successful men of the day if he went on as he had been doing. She did not think much of his looks; but he was not an ogre, and in this respect he evidently satisfied Ellie. Why then should she have such a rooted objection to him?

She could find no definite answer to her own question, and indeed felt somewhat confused and embarrassed by it; for she did not like to own even to herself that she disliked him because she liked Fenwick and believed that on every account he would be the most suitable match for her daughter. And yet that was a very good reason for objecting to Armour, were it not that he happened to have obtained the good will of father and daughter.

But he had not obtained her good will and she knew that she was right. There was this horrible scandal: there was no getting over that. It would cling to him and to all belonging to him for a generation at least, and she would not have her daughter married to the son of a man who had murdered his friend in cold blood. (She had of course got hold of the story in one of its worst forms, and was content to abide by it as she had pieced it together from the various rumours which had reached her.) She would never consent to that: but she was aware that the refusal of her consent could not prevent the marriage if the Fiscal and Ellie were determined upon it; and she wanted to prevent it.

She did not know how it was to be done: still she was to do something, and that before they returned to Torthorl.

The man whose assistance she would have most desired in this emergency came to offer it.

Under circumstances which precluded the probability of it ever being repeated to him, even his friends admitted that he was not a bad sort of fellow. On that head Fenwick had a very decided opinion himself. So although he had admitted that Armour was not a bad sort either and saw that he had found some favour in Ellie's eyes, he had not the least doubt of his own victory if he chose to enter the lists against him.

He had chosen and so far his self-confidence had been justified. His vanity did not allow him to perceive that Armour had

voluntarily given place to him the other evening; and that Ellie's attention was secured by his persistence, which gave her no option but to listen or openly express displeasure. Her courtesy was translated into special favour and he was delighted by the success he imagined had been so quickly obtained.

There was, to be sure, a certain tantalising way she had of always eluding any serious suggestion on his part. Everything he said which another girl would have understood and taken at its true value, she turned into jest. He had no notion of being serious when making love: only fools were so. There would be time enough and reason enough to be serious after marriage. But it was desirable and necessary to bring about a proper understanding, that some of the lover's words should be regarded as earnest. This he had not yet succeeded in getting Ellie to do, and after her disappearance with Armour at the bowling green he had made up his mind to call for the help of her mother.

It was in the kirk that he came to this decision. There was a sunbeam slanting in through the principal window and down to the side of the Dinwuddies' pew, tinging Ellie's dainty black bonnet with gold as it passed over her. Fenwick was in the seat behind and could study her profile without being observed. He never did pay much attention to sermons; but he heard nothing at all of this one. So far as the kirk was concerned, without reflecting upon the subject, he took it for granted that his whole duty was performed if he were there in the body, and he found the soothing influence of the monotonous hum of an ordinary preacher's voice highly conducive to the consideration of his private affairs—seeing how he might amend some things, and repenting the neglect of others.

On the present occasion the calm beauty of Ellie's face directed his thoughts, and somehow he felt that he had never been before so well pleased to be in the kirk. He even fancied that the sermon had been short and was quite prepared to return to the afternoon service if she should be there.

It was on the way back to the house that he found his opportunity of speaking to Mrs. Musgrave. He had no difficulty in broaching the subject to his good friend, for he was assured of her ready assent beforehand.

"The better day, the better deed, they say, Mrs. Musgrave," he commenced as he walked by her side, smiling. "You once

asked me for my advice and I couldn't give you any worth having. Now I am going to ask you for yours, and I am sure you will not be such a helpless counsellor as you found me."

"That will depend on the subject, Mr. Fenwick," she answered, graciously; "but I shall be glad if you find me equal to your expectations."

"Oh, I have no doubt of that. To begin with, I have to tell you a secret."

"I will respect your confidence. What is it?"

"I am meditating a step which will make or mar my future. Can you guess what it is?"

"You don't mean that you are going to be married?" she inquired, with a curious mixture of pleasing anticipation and doubt.

"Well, I want to get married," he replied jauntily; "but I can't get the lady to believe that I am in earnest, and I want you to help me in trying to convince her that I am."

"Really, Mr. Fenwick, if you have failed to convince her of that, I do not see how any one can help you."

"Well, I know that most girls are ready enough to understand a fellow on that subject—sometimes a deal too ready. But she isn't one of them. I do believe that if I were to go down on my bended knees and declare that there was no fun in it, she would only think it was the climax of the joke and laugh the more. Now what do you think I should do?"

"You have not yet told me who the lady is. If I know her that will enable me to advise, perhaps."

"Can't you guess? You guessed what my secret was at once: now can't you make out who this wilful young person is?"

"I should not like to venture on such delicate ground even with such a close friend as you, for you know every gentleman in love thinks the object of his attachment so superior to every one else that his choice must be obvious to all."

Fenwick smiled: she was a droll creature, this future mother-in-law of his. She knew quite well who he meant.

"Well, she is here and it isn't Miss Dinwuddie."

"No!"

"And it isn't her sister."

"No!"

"Very well then, you know now who it is."

She did not know whether to pretend to be surprised, or frankly to express her pleasure in thus finding her expectations realised.

So she walked on with her stately step and slow for a little while in silence.

However lightly Ellie might have treated his advances, the mother regarded them seriously enough.

"She looks as if it was a funeral and not a wedding I was talking about," thought Fenwick, glancing askance at Mrs. Musgrave.

Presently he became a little restless as he observed indications on the part of Ensign George of an intention to interrupt them.

"You cannot have misunderstood me, Mrs. Musgrave. You must be aware that I am referring to your daughter, and I would expect from the kindness you have always shown me that you are not displeased."

His self-confidence was a little hurt and he could not help showing it. He had entered upon the subject so jauntily in the expectation that she would immediately rejoice at his proposal, that even this brief silence was like a slight.

"Dear me, no, Mr. Fenwick," she replied blandly, "so far from being displeased there is no one I would so gladly welcome as a son. But——"

She looked at him as if he ought to be able to complete the sentence. She was smiling graciously, and yet there was a shade of uneasiness in her expression. Now that matters had gone so far according to her wishes, she was trying to discover how she might best help them forward still more, and at the same time she was afraid that if Fenwick spoke too resolutely at present he might receive such an answer from Ellie as would drive him away. She could see far enough into his character to understand that he might be easily turned away and easily caught by the next pretty face he saw. She did not see far enough to discover to what lengths his vanity could goad him.

"There is that dreadful 'but' in everything," he said a little impatiently. "What does it mean in the present case?"

"I am to regard what you have been saying as a formal proposal for my daughter's hand, I presume," she said, with the majestic solemnity befitting the occasion and the daughter of a late Lord of Session.

"Why, of course," he answered lightly, "I am not a good hand at formalities; and it does not matter so long as you know what I mean."

"And I may announce the fact to my husband?"

"Certainly, I'll be much obliged if you will do it. I don't altogether like the idea of having to speak to the Fiscal about it myself."

"I will inform him of it by letter—no, I will wait until we return to Torthorl in order that I may present the matter in its most favourable light. You are aware that he doats on his daughter and will not be easily induced to part with her."

"I know that, but she must marry some time, and I suppose it is as well that she should marry somebody you all know. As for prospects and all that sort of thing, I dare say you are both pretty well satisfied regarding them."

"I am not mercenary, Mr. Fenwick, but of course these are matters which ought very properly to enter into the consideration of parents when they are deciding such an important question as the future position in life of a daughter. So far as means and position are concerned I think I may speak for my husband as well as myself—we are satisfied."

She looked as if this expression of satisfaction had conferred the highest honour upon him. He was not in the least impressed by her magnanimity.

"Thank you. Now about that 'But'?"

"Ah!" and the uneasiness appeared in her expression again. "I was thinking that if Ellie does not believe you to be in earnest it is because she does not wish to believe it."

"She will not be able to help herself when you tell her what I have said to you, and that is the favour I would ask from you."

Mrs. Musgrave did not answer immediately. She felt kinder than ever towards Fenwick. He had gratified her not only by his proposal, but also by supplying substantial grounds for her objections to Armour. Here was the scion of one of the oldest border families desirous of making her daughter the future mistress of Cluden Peel. He had been known to them for a long time; whatever spiteful rumour might have to say about him, his backslidings had been no worse than those of every young gentleman of means and leisure; and—there was more weight in this argument than she was conscious of—he had always been most attentive to her and she liked him.

"Do you think you can consent to be guided by me?" she said at length.

"I will be your most obedient and obliged servant."

"Then I think you should just go on as you are doing with Ellie. You must not attempt to force her to say or do anything; for that would only turn her against you.

You may trust me to take care of your interests with her, and when I find the suitable occasion I will tell her how much happiness it would give me to learn that she had accepted you."

"All right—thank you again: and I'll try to show her somehow that I am in downright earnest."

They were at the house now and parted at the door; Fenwick and Ensign George proceeding for a stroll and a smoke. The young soldier had the satisfaction of proving to his companion how easily Sedan might have been held against the Germans if he had only been there, for Fenwick said yes to every proposition he advanced.

Mrs. Musgrave was busy with her problem—how to induce Ellie to say to her father that she wished to break off the match with the paper-maker.

CHAPTER XXV.—VALUABLE INFORMATION.

"NOTHING yet about the man Thorburn," was the chief constable's daily report to the Fiscal.

The latter would give a slow nod, emitting a sound like "um," and proceed with the other matters before him.

But on the Saturday afternoon, as he was preparing to leave the office, Captain Brown arrived, and laid on the table a one-pound note of the City Bank.

"Something at last," he said in his stolid, jerky way.

"What is that?"

The Fiscal had been putting on his overcoat, but he hung it up again, and took his seat at the table.

"It is one of the notes Thorburn had in his possession."

"How do you make that out?"

"Armour's clerk paid it to him about a month ago, and to-day it was passed at the Queen's Arms by Greer, a ploughman at Campbell's farm. He says it must have been paid to him as part of his wages, but I don't believe him."

"Why not?"

"Because he has not received any wages during the last month. There is no doubt that he either stole it from Thorburn or got it from him for some service. But if he came by it honestly, why does he repeat that he knows nothing about the man we are seeking? Had we been after him for anything more than the satisfaction of his friends and to protect himself, I could have understood the fellow keeping dark. As it is I can make nothing of it except that we had better collar

Greer, and so maybe bring him to his senses."

The Fiscal considered the case for a little while, and then he surprised the chief constable.

"As you say, this is a matter we have taken up chiefly for the satisfaction of Thorburn's friends. You think there has been robbery, and maybe murder. I do not think there has been either one or the other."

As he spoke he took from his private drawer a document, which he regarded with much interest.

Captain Brown surveyed the Fiscal with amazement, and then spoke somewhat irritably.

"If that is your opinion you must possess other information than that which I have given you."

"Exactly. I do possess other information; but be good enough to understand, Captain, that I have been favoured by special circumstances, and that my knowledge does not in the least reflect upon your capacity as a detective of evil-doers."

"Will you be good enough to explain?"

"Ay, I mean to do that. My special information gives me these facts. Thorburn, as you said from the first, was in the shed at Campbell's farm on the night he left Armour's house. When there, a man rode up on a horse and saw him hiding. That man had some words with him—angry words. You see they had been old friends—and for real downright angry words give me two old friends. Well, the words ended in what might have been murder, but wasn't, for this man who found Thorburn in the shed had sense enough, at the minute when he gripped him by the throat to strangle him, to mind that there were a heap of other folk that would suffer for such a deed more than the poor creature that was the victim of it. So, instead of throttling our man as he had thought of doing, he just flung him away, mounted his horse, and rode off as fast as he could for fear the devil should tempt him to go back and finish his work."

"Who told you this?" inquired the chief constable, not only amazed but somewhat chagrined that the Fiscal should have been able to secure more information than he could give him.

"Never you heed that at present, you shall learn all in good time. In the meanwhile I want you to find the man Thorburn, and not the person that gave me information. Now for your guidance I will tell you what

my conclusions are upon considering this information, if you care to listen."

"You know that I am always grateful for any suggestion of yours, Mr. Musgrave," replied Captain Brown, but there was very little gratitude in his tone, and no feeling could be surmised from his expression, for that never altered—it was always cold, white, and rigid.

"Very well, Captain, I'll explain to the best of my ability. Do you remember that when we examined the shed at Campbell's farm, the harrow which was leaning against the wall had its teeth outwards?"

"Certainly."

"Good. Then my notion is, that when these two men came to close quarters and Thorburn was flung down, he fell against the harrow and got cut. Maybe he was stupefied for a time; anyway he lay there long enough to let out all you blood we saw. When he came to himself he tried to crawl away into any hole in which he might hide himself, for he was badly hurt by the words that had been spoken to him—more hurt by them than by his fall."

The Fiscal's eyes brightened and his cheeks became pale as he gave this account of the accident; but his words were uttered in his ordinary quiet deliberate way. Whatever emotion he felt, the only outward indications of it were in the eyes and the cheeks.

"Well?" queried Brown, observing Musgrave steadily, and expecting further information.

"Well, I have now led you to that point where the man got his wound: follow it up yourself and see what you would make of it."

"You are assured that everything you have told me is a correct report of what occurred?"

"Absolutely correct. You can act upon the information as if you knew that I had seen the whole thing myself."

Captain Brown and the Fiscal were looking at each other steadily. The small glittering eyes of the former were full of strange inquiry. After a pause he said—

"This is all the information you have on the subject?"

"All that you need know at present. What think you about it?"

"In that case I should say that we have got to discover who came up after the Old Friend left him; whether the person or persons who came up robbed him as he lay insensible, or finished him, and robbed him

and stowed away the body; or whether the person was bribed by Thorburn to hide him somewhere till he regained strength enough to get away. I imagine that he would not be strong enough to get away without help."

"That is my own notion precisely."

"There is another thing to consider."

"Ay, what may that be?"

"Thorburn was in a weak state, and the fall on the harrow may have killed him outright."

"That is true," commented the Fiscal very slowly, his elbows resting on the table as he balanced the paper containing his information on his fingers.

"In that case we should want the man who flung him down. I suppose you can find him?"

"I have no doubt that with the information contained in this paper you could easily lay hands on him, Captain."

The two men were again looking at each other steadily. The Captain, briskly—

"Good. Then the first thing we have to do is to collar the ploughman Greer, and the next is to find Thorburn alive or dead."

"You still have the notion that he is dead?"

"That is my decided impression—whether it be that the fall did for him, or, as I say, that he was done for by the robbers. A dead body is more easily put out of the way than a living one."

Once more the Fiscal surprised the chief constable by his curious method of procedure in this case.

"I think we will let Greer be in the meanwhile, and see if he passes any more of the notes. Keep your eye upon him, so that you can stop him if he tries to get away from the district. I'll take another daunder over to the farm and see if there is anything more to be picked up by the help of the new light we have got."

"Shall I go with you?"

The Fiscal hesitated. Presently—

"No; I doubt that would scare the birds. I believe we will get more out of it if I go alone."

"Very well. I won't be out of the way. I am going home for an hour now, and after that you will find me at the office till eight o'clock. Should anything take me away I will leave a message."

"Then I will either come to you myself or send a note of my discoveries."

The Captain went away. He had a pretty cottage on the outskirts of the town, where he devoted most of his leisure to the cultiva-

tion of geraniums and "fancy" hens. There was not the least suggestion of the constable's business about the place; and in all the arrangements of the house a remarkable confidence in the honesty of mankind was displayed. The doors were never locked except at night, there were no shutters to the windows, and the henroost was only protected by a door with a latch. Yet he was never troubled by thieves.

On this afternoon he neglected his geraniums and hens. He scarcely spoke to his pretty little wife, and he sent his children out to the garden.

The chief constable was much perplexed by an extraordinary idea which had occurred to him; and he did not like to be perplexed. But the idea was so extraordinary!

CHAPTER XXVI.—"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT?"

THE Fiscal in his calm deliberate way locked up the document to which he appeared to attach so much importance. Then he put on his coat and hat, took up his umbrella and walked slowly out into the street. The shadow of the grim walls of the county gaol lay across the road, but he passed through it quietly, unconscious of it.

He had a mechanical way of observing and responding to the nods and greetings of acquaintances out of doors without permitting them to interrupt the train of thought which occupied his mind. As he passed down the High Street towards the Town Hall three councillors and two bailies saluted him from their shop-doors and were evidently desirous of detaining him. He escaped them, but he met the Provost (by courtesy called Lord Provost) himself, and there was no avoiding him.

The Provost was a burly, good-natured man, upon whose broad paunch the chain of office was displayed to the utmost advantage. He had been an East India merchant, he had been, by some mysterious arrangement, made a knight of Nova Scotia, and was proud of the title. Ignorant or mischievous reporters of the local press often omitted the "Sir Peter" in their note of those present at the council and other meetings, and set him down with no higher dignity than Provost McVitie, which obtained for the blameless editors, as well as the real culprits, a degree of coolness on the part of the chief magistrate. But he was too genial to bear malice, and all was forgiven on the publication of the next paper with the full title, Sir Peter McVitie, Provost.

The Fiscal had to endure ten minutes of very earnest discourse about the proposed new arrangements for the feeing market, and the general improvement of the police regulations on all the market days in order to check the drunkenness and brawling which the Provost and council believed to be largely on the increase.

Mr. Musgrave was aware of the Provost's hobby; he had returned to his native town having made money abroad and married a wealthy widow, and he was bent upon reforming the old customs of the place. Hitherto his efforts had not met with general approval amongst the country people, who regarded market day as one intended for merry-making as well as for business. But douce burghers who relished peace and order were his staunch supporters, and the Provost was enthusiastic.

The Fiscal knew that once started on this topic the worthy man would go on for an hour at least.

"It's very true, Sir Peter," he said gravely, "there's a heap of reform needed in the ways of the folk on market and fair days, and I have no doubt that if you live long enough—which, of course, we all hope you will—there is no doubt that you will bring it about. You ought to have a word with Captain Brown anent Monday next; I hear there's to be a big market."

"Yes, I should like to see him. There are a lot of Irishmen in the town already, and the Sands will be covered with their droves."

"You'll overtake him if you haste; he left me a minute ago, and was making his way to his house."

"I'll catch him up; but, as I was saying——"

"We'll have a long crack about it another time, Sir Peter. I am obliged to be at Thorniehowe in half an hour. Good day."

The Fiscal went on his way with quickened steps until he had turned out of the High Street and reached the Sands—a large open space by the river, where the markets were held. It was bordered by old-fashioned inns and other houses; and on fair days especially it was the scene of much mirth and rough wooing as well as of cattle dealing.

The Fiscal's steps became very slow as he entered Thorniehowe. As he walked up to the door of Armour's house, his hands were clasped behind him on the umbrella which swung pendulum fashion whilst he waited for his knock to be answered.

Yes, Mrs. Armour was at home, and he was shown into Armour's room.

"Wad you please to take a seat for a minute and the mistress will be wi' you?"

He did not sit down; he stood at the window looking out, yet seeing nothing of the pleasant garden or the clear sky overhead. But for the steady movement of the umbrella he might have been a statue, he stood so still and his features were so fixed.

The door opened and he did not observe it. Grannie paused, doubtful for a moment whether or not he was there. But "she could see with her ears," as she said sometimes, and her doubt was brief. She closed the door, and he turned from the window.

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Armour?" he said, approaching and taking her hand. "I have no news for you, but I thought as an old acquaintance I would come in and speir for you. It's a long while since we met."

"Ay, it's a long while," answered Grannie in her calm gentle way; "and I'm rael pleased to see you. I was meaning to see you before long though, for I wanted to tell you that I'm awin you and your Ellie a pleasure that makes up for a hantle sorrow."

"I'm glad we have been able to be your creditors in that way, for you have had your share of the bitter cup. You bear up wonderfully."

"Ou, ay, folk only ken how muckle they can thole when they are obliged to put up wi' it. There's a heap of confusion whiles wi' the guid and the bad, but there's aye a wee thing of the one to sizzon the other. That's our case enow."

He was observing her closely, and as she spoke thus frankly to him a shade as of disappointment for some reason gradually overspread his countenance.

"Are you not lonely here without your braw young man?"

"Me? I never was lonely, and canna understand what for folk should be sae. There's plenty o' work for them that's willing, and laneliness is just laziness. Besides, when I'm resting I can see John and Ellie together, and kenning them to be happy makes me as cheery as a body like me can be."

"Are you not anxious about—Thorburn?"

He put the question in a low voice as cautiously as he could, and it seemed as if the light faded from her face. Her answer, however, was in her usual calm tone.

"I think I hae got used to being anxious about him, puir lad. John bid me no be feared for him, because if he did do himself

any mischief we would hear about it, and there is nothing I can do but wait."

So, she knew nothing of what had been found in the shed and the suspicions it had aroused.

"We are doing what we can to find him, Mrs. Armour, and I believe we are likely to learn something soon. I suppose he has sent no word of any kind to you?"

"No—did you think I wouldna hae let your folk ken?"

"He would very probably ask you not to let us ken. You mind that he does not like me, and he fancies that I keep up old scores against him."

"Ay, you were good friends once upon a time," she said sadly.

"Well, be that as it may, I would be glad to see him again safe and sound. I would like him to understand that there is no desire on my part to meddle with him."

"You hae proved that, but the puir cr'ature canna be persuaded out of the notion he has that you mean ill by him."

"That's a pity, and we can only do what is in our power to satisfy him. Now will you promise that if you should get any news of him you'll send for me?"

Grannie hesitated to give that promise.

"You see, there's this in the way; the sight of you or the mention of your name puts him clean out of his judgment, and it might be the death of him if you was to come upon him."

"I need not see him until we know that there is no danger of upsetting him too much. But I must see him."

"Aweel, if John says it's to be done, I'll do your bidding."

"Thank you; and I may give you some comfort by telling you that if we do meet I believe it will be to his advantage. Now, Mrs. Armour, whatever he may think of me there is no reason why you and I should not be friends as we were in the old time."

"I aye had a great respect for you, Mr. Musgrave," said Grannie simply, "and when you and Jock fell out I had no doubt that the greater part of the blame was on his side, though he was my ain bairn."

As the Fiscal took the blind woman's hand he felt a cold chill pass over him, for the horrible thought flashed through his mind that she might be grasping in friendship the hand of her son's murderer. It was horrible! He was tempted to tell her at once all that had happened. . . . No, for Ellie's sake, for Armour's, and even for Grannie's it was best to remain silent yet awhile.

But during that brief pause his spirit was carried far back into the old time. He saw himself, a tall raw-boned gawky youth, with nothing whatever to recommend him in women's eyes, and only his dogged industry to win favour from men. True, the youths of his own age were pleased by the local satires, composed by himself, which he sang at the soirées of mutual improvement societies; and the essays which he read at the ordinary meetings of these institutions were acknowledged to be wonderful displays of research, but decidedly heavy.

Then he saw beside him the handsome, clever Jack-of-all-trades who was now called Thorburn. He could do anything, and every one expected that he was to be a great man some day—he was certain to "make a spoon or spoil a horn." Richard Musgrave had thought so too, and gave him a place in his friendship next to that of Edward Graham.

Prominent amongst those sad shadows of the past was the figure of a girl, pretty, impulsive, and, he could now understand, thoughtless. She had roused in him noble thoughts and worthy ambitions. He had been silent, desiring that when he did speak he should be sure, as mortal might be, of a comfortable future for her. The handsome Jack-of-all-trades spoke and won her, too hopeful to study the future at all. What a future it proved to be—so brief, so terrible in the legacy it left to others!

The dead youth rose up and spoke to him.

"You loved her. It was true love—that most sacred of all the sentiments and passions of human nature. You suffered, you submitted. You regretted, you were angry, but you loved. You would have done anything to make her happy then, and you held back, not because you were angry, but because you knew that you were powerless. Now the power is in your hands to make her son happy. Do what you can to that end. Disappointment made you turn away for a little while from the direction of your own generous instincts; but although you have never again been inspired by a woman to live rightly for her sake, and to attempt to do nobly the work that fell to your hand, so that your deeds might bring honour to her, you have never faltered in the performance of whatever duties you have undertaken. Do not falter now."

"It's hard for you to have to say that, Mrs. Armour," said the Fiscal, "but let me be generous too. I daresay if I had not

been so ready to cast out with your Jock I might have prevented the mistake he made that has set his whole life wrong. Maybe the blame of the whole trouble lies on my shoulders and not his. He knew as little what ill he was doing to me as what ill he was doing to himself. That is all bygones, and as we cannot forget we must try to make the best of the present."

"That's just my way of it, and gin we could only get some word of where he is I think I would be satisfied to let him gang his ain gate."

"If he is able to do so I decidedly think he should be allowed to go."

So they parted as good friends, and his head seemed to be bowed a little lower than usual in consequence.

The Fiscal's strange conduct on this afternoon was still more marked by the fact that, instead of sending to Torthorl for his own horse or gig, he hired a machine at the Thorniehowe Inn.

He drove himself to Campbell's farm, but he did not go up to the house at once. He stopped in the middle of the road and surveyed the steading.

There was the shed, behind it the byre and the hay loft; beyond that the cattle court, the farther side of which was formed by the stable. Above the stable was the bothy in which the men slept.

As there was no one about he tethered his horse and went into the stable. He ascended the ladder leading to the men's sleeping-places. The men's blue painted "kists" and the empty bunkers were all he saw.

He examined the place closely, and was satisfied that no man, dead or alive, could be hidden there.

He retraced his steps and again surveyed the hay loft from the outside. The evening was singularly calm, and only the cattle and pigs suggested the neighbourhood of living things. The square, cosy-looking white farmhouse was only about four hundred yards distant on the rising ground back from the road. There was a gravel path in front broad enough to permit a gig to be turned, and then a shrubbery screening the hen-house and other outbuildings which it was desirable to have close to the farmer's dwelling. Everybody was engaged indoors, doubtless at early supper. A strapping lass rushed across the path after a presumptuous young pig which had found its way up to the front door. The pig and the lass disappeared in the shrubbery and the place looked again deserted.

The Fiscal proceeded with his inspection of the byre. An addition had been made to it at one time, and he observed that there was a square door in the gable of this addition facing the road. A series of large square staples in the wall formed a ladder up to the door. The new part of the loft was used as a bothy for the Irish workers in the busiest period of harvest, and, when required, as a granary. What had been the outer wall of the original building now formed a division between it and the new part.

He went into the byre and up to the loft. The place was packed to the roof with straw; and apparently any one who wished to enter the new part would have to go to the door in the gable at the other end.

On closer inspection he found a pathway had been tramped through the straw. Gropping his way cautiously through the passage, he came to an old door in what was now the dividing wall. There were numerous chinks in it through which one could see the greater part of the granary.

He placed his hand on the door; it was fast and he paused, listening. A light seemed gradually to shine on his face, and he restrained his breathing. By-and-by he peeped through the chinks one after the other until he came to one at which he kept his eye fixed for some minutes. When he withdrew from it the light on his face became an expression of satisfaction, of relief and joy.

He lifted his hand as if about to knock, but checked himself and remained a long time hesitating. Then he made his way back through the straw, moving with greater caution than before, and descended to the ground.

There was a transformation in his whole manner; every movement was lighter and brisker than it had been for days past. The dull look and heavy step with which he had walked through Thorniehowe were gone, and youth seemed to be restored.

Sitting down on the edge of a barrow at the door of the byre, he wiped the perspiration from his face, breathing as one does when resting after a hard walk up a steep hill. One phrase was humming in his brain like one of those musical catches which always appear to be leading to something and never do. There was this difference in his catch, it was the glad Hallelujah of a heart relieved of much care.

"Thank God—he lives yet. . . . Thank God, he lives yet."

For the moment that was sufficient. He

had been preparing to meet the worst: earnestly striving to find the way in which it might be met so as to cause least pain to others. The worst was spared them: the next worst could be borne with more grace, if it could not be hidden altogether.

Hidden?

He turned away from that possibility with a sensation of contempt for himself for allowing it to find an instant's rest in his calculations.

"If he dies we will have to find the man who flung him down, as Brown says; if he lives he will have his vengeance and proclaim it all. . . . Maybe no. . . . He has some heed for others, or he would not have been trying so hard to get away. Whether or no, my work is to help him to live, and to spare the bairns as much as may be of the shame of his wrong-doing and mine."

A man was coming down the road from the direction of the town. He was a stalwart-looking fellow, with a ruddy good-natured face, whose twinkling eyes suggested considerable quickness of apprehension and waggishness. And indeed he was known all over the country side as a wag, and "a terrible clever chiel wi' a snare and a salmon net."

This was Wull Greer, the ploughman. His dress was a round cap with a peak, a double-breasted moleskin jacket, the back of which was white, the front a deep brown ornamented with two rows of large white bone buttons; moleskin trousers, and thick "tacketty" iron-heeled boots. He was smoking a short clay pipe and carrying a brown-paper parcel under his arm.

He saw the Fiscal sitting on the barrow, and halted as if desirous of turning off the road into the field; but noting that he had already been observed, he advanced boldly as if going to the stable.

"I was waiting for you, Wull," said the Fiscal, rising as the man was about to pass him with a nod of recognition.

He stopped, took the pipe out of his mouth, and looking straight into the face of the terror of evil-doers answered innocently:

"Was you?"

"Ay, I am wanting to have a bit crack with you about that friend of mine you have been kind to. He was sair hurt, poor chap. How is he getting on?"

Wull Greer was seldom taken off his guard; this time he was completely. The Fiscal spoke so naturally—as if he knew all about

the secret; the place where he had been sitting suggested that he did, and Wull was unconscious of having been involved in any scrape lately which could bring him under the hand of the law. Therefore he at once fell into the trap cleverly laid for him. He made one feeble effort to assure himself that it was not a trap.

"Whatna frien' do you mean?"

"Do you mean to say that he has not told you his name? Surely you ken it. I mean Daft Jock Thorburn, and I am very much concerned about him. I did not like to go in upon him, as he might be feared at the sight of me, for he has got a foolish notion that we are wanting to do him some ill. So I was waiting for you to come home."

There was no resisting this evidence of knowledge and the assurance of kindly intention afforded by the explanation of the desire not to disturb the invalid.

"How did you ken?" inquired Wull in some amazement. "I'm sure there's no a sowl about the place but mysel' that has any notion that he's in the granary."

"It's of no consequence how I ken. What I want you to do is to tell me about him so that his folk may be set at their ease on his account. Do you think he is well enough to see me?"

"Eh, keeps a'! no—that would kill him off-hand. He hauds on beggin' an' prayin' me to throttle him rather than let you find him alive. He's in sic fear too about his friends, because they want to put him in the madhouse, that I couldna help takin' pity on him and keepin' him quiet in the loft. He hasna dune onybody ony harm as he tells me, an' as I believe, for he was aye a free-handed sowl at the inn, wi' never a bad word for a single cr'ature. I hope there was nae harm in giein' him shelter."

"You might have done better if you had let his friends know that he was safe."

"But I'm tellin' you that was just what he was in mortal dread o'. He's sensible enough, and I would take pity on onybody that was gaun to be put into a madhouse. I'm no ashamed o' what I hae dune, an' I would hae stuck till't if you hadna found it out some way."

The man was bold in his self-defence even before the Fiscal, for it was an unusual privilege to be able to speak to that gentleman with the feeling that the action in question was a right one.

"I have no doubt you would, Wull, for you have a kindly nature—to say nothing about that note you got in your last wages,"

said the Fiscal with a touch of his usual jocosity of manner.

"He gied it to me, an' I had to get a lot o' things for him," was the answer.

"I don't question that; but you must tell me everything about him now. What was he like when you found him in the shed?"

"Awfu' forfough'en and bluidy, wi' a nasty cut on the side o' the head."

"Were you alone?"

"Ay, I was the first out o' the bothy that mornin'."

"Maybe you were not in it all night," said the Fiscal, nodding his head.

Wull stared and grinned.

"Atweel, sir, that's true. You see I hae a frien' that bides ower near St. Mary's Loch, and it's a long road there and back. I hadna been there for a week or twa—that's how it cam' that I was just getting hame at daylight, and I saw him in the shed. He was getting up aff the ground, an' staggering as though he'd been fou. I ken'd him at ance and speired how he cam' there at that hour. Syne he tauld me about rinnin' awa frae his frien' and cried on me to hide him for twa or three days till he could get clear awa. As I said there was naething daft-like about him and I thought there was nae harm in helpin' him."

"Did he explain how he was hurt?" The Fiscal was grave again as he put this question.

"Ou, ay. I speired if ony body had been meddlin' wi' him, and he tauld me that he was waek wi' lang sickness, and that couping ower a stane he cam' down on the teeth o' the harrow, and sae got the nasty clour on the side o' the head. It was a lang cut but no sae deep as I thought at first. He said there maun hae been an airtry cut and that it was a won'er he didna bleed to death afore I cam' up."

"Was that *all* he told you about it?" asked the Fiscal slowly, searching Wull's face.

"That was every word on that head. I wanted to get the doctor, but he said he ken'd as weel as ony doctor what to do, and kept on cryin' to me for the Lord's sake no' to betray him or he would just let the bluid rin till he died. He bade me tie a naipkin round his head, and when that was done I got him up to the laft. He's been there ever since, sleeping maist o' the time, and whiles that soun' that I hae feared he was gane."

"Has he never mentioned me?"

Wull Greer shifted his cap as if to air his wits and looked uncomfortable.

"Weel, sir, he did come ower your name ance."

"Ay, and what did he say about me? Nothing complimentary, I'll be bound."

"I couldna say that it was a'thegither what you would like to hear."

"Never heed that. Say on."

"He just mentioned that aboon a' folk in the world he wouldna like you to ken that he was livin' and that he would rather see the deil himsel' than you."

"Ah, I daresay you have whiles said as much as that yourself, Wull. It is a compliment. But we'll let that be. You say he is getting on fairly well under your care."

"He's getting on bravely, but he dreams whiles and havers about some fine lass that he murdered and some lad that he hanged, a' through his ain blind fury an' her telling a lee. I canna mak' head or tail o' the story for he never speaks o't when he's waukin' . . . I suppose it's just his havers?"

"You needna fash yourself about that, Wull. I am obliged to you for this information and his friends will be grateful to you for taking care of him."

"As to that there was naething to do except get him his bite and sup, and quiet him whenever he thought there was onybody comin' to take him awa."

The Fiscal remained silent for a few minutes. Then:

"Are you sure that no one except yourself knows about his living here?"

"I canna be sure now, seeing that you ken a' about it—but you hae an awfu' way o' puttin' twa and twa thegither!"

"Just that, Wull," was the Fiscal's comment, acknowledging the man's admiration with a nod; "and you have something of the same skill. So, I am going to tell you what to do. You must not give a cheep about me having been here. Say nothing to any one; go on with my friend as you have been doing and watch over him in every way till he is able to get about. Every day you will report progress to me; and you are to understand that I hold you responsible for his safe keeping. If you allow him to get away without giving me timely warning, I may have a word to say to you anent certain snares that were found in the Duke's grounds last week—you understand?"

"Ou, but you can lippen to me, Fiscal," protested Greer, alert to the disagreeable consequences of disobedience. "I would never hae cheeped a word about him onyway. But are you sure that naebody else kens?"

"Captain Brown has suspicions, but he

will not give you any fash. You come to me at Torthorl to-morrow morning at ten o'clock, and we will act according to what you have to tell me then. Now, I want to see his face without him seeing me."

"How can that be done?"

"The loft is dark. You can leave the granary door open a bit when you go in, and you must find some excuse to hold a light up so that it will shine on him."

"I hae an auld stable lantern, but I canna keep it alight long for fear the maister should see't, and there would be an unco steer then. He's no hame yet, though."

"Stop a minute. You need not come out to me again unless you hear me whistling 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

"Very weel—but I hae your word that there's nae harm meant to him?"

"You have. Go first."

Greer led the way up to the loft and through the straw to the old door of the granary. He passed in, and the Fiscal stood in the darkness, holding his breath and waiting for the light.

"Is that you, Greer?" queried a feeble, startled voice.

"It's just me. Keep your mind easy, man, there's naebody wantin' to harm you. What like do you feel yoursel' noo?"

"Better. I've had another good sleep. Death is dainty in his choice of guests, and won't hae me. Every kind of sickness, fire and water have got me invitations to the feast of worms, but he won't let me in. Hanging is my only chance."

As the weak, quavering voice spoke the ghastly jest, Greer, having lit the candle in the lantern, held it up.

A thick bed of straw on the floor; a figure well covered with coarse blankets; a head in white bandages, on which were several red stains—the features of a skeleton. When the lantern was held up, the eyes closed as if the light were too much for them.

Surely those long shadows on the wall were the arms of Death, reaching out to welcome the new-comer. Surely that was the face of a dying man the Fiscal saw.

The figure moved, and a hand was reached towards the lantern.

"Put out the light, Greer. I can't stand it. Have you anything to drink there?"

Greer blew out the light.

Through the straw again and down to the ground.

Richard Musgrave was a strong man, mentally and physically. He had encountered the worries of life calmly, with the

wisdom born of strength, always postponing lamentation till the evil which was the cause for it was overcome or disposed of somehow, and then there was no need to lament. In like manner he dealt with the problems of duty: he made as certain as mortal could that his motive was to do right; and then he proceeded with his task unswervingly, whether it brought pain or pleasure to himself or to others. In consequence his way had been hitherto a comparatively smooth one.

But here was a problem for which he could find no solution that would harmonize with his wishes and his sense of duty.

As the ploughman Greer had stated, Thorburn appeared to be sensible enough. Yet he had given no hint of what had occurred in the shed. This was strange, especially as he had declared his dread of the Fiscal freely. He had done the same at Thorniehow before he knew the strongest of the reasons why he should avoid him. But, now, it was in his power to be spiteful, why was he silent? He had been vengeful towards Graham, he could not be expected to be otherwise towards Musgrave, to whose reticence, at a time when speech had been much needed, he might with some show of justice trace all his misfortunes.

"Shall I take this evidence as a sign for my guidance?—for *their* sakes? God knows I want to spare them before anything else—before truth and honour—almost before fidelity to my office."

At that thought he bowed his head in shame, although he had his resignation duly signed in his pocket.

The chief constable had said that if Thorburn were found dead it would be necessary to find the man who had flung him down on the harrow.

Here, he, the Fiscal, had discovered Thorburn in a dying state. His duty was to make the fact known; to see that his deposition was properly taken, and in that he would, no doubt, denounce him. . . . Poor Ellie! Poor Armour! it would be a bad time for them. His duty was to have the man removed, even at the risk of frightening him to death, to some place where he could have proper care and nursing: then he might live.

But he might die without naming his assailant! Who then dare say that the father of Ellie Musgrave was a murderer?

Half an hour after Greer had extinguished his lantern, he heard some one whistling "Auld Lang Syne."

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE MINISTER'S GARDEN.

"I'll alloo, minister, that ye ken Greek and Laetan roots better nor me; but you maun admit in your ain conscience that you canna even yoursel' to me in the matter o' dung for the roots o' plants."

"I mean to have guano, Matthey Kirkpatrick, and I have no more to say."

The minister was delving vigorously in his garden and the dispute between him and his man was in regard to the important question of natural or artificial manure.

Mr. Moffat called himself a young old-fashioned minister, but Matthey was the most uncompromising of old-fashioned minister's men. He had been with the minister ever since he had had a kirk and in his patronage of his master he was "ten times waur nor a wife," as Mr. Moffat often told him with a threat of introducing that useful officer of the household in the place of the submissive Jean Morrison, the housekeeper. Matthey was not frightened: he only said that he couldna' be fashed wi' sic nonsense and went on his own way in spite of the minister's threats.

In a town Matthey's interference would have been regarded as insolence: in the country it was accepted as the personal interest of the servant in the affairs of the master.

But Matthey knew that when the minister addressed him by his full name the limit of his patience had been reached. So he proceeded to the business which had brought him to the place where the minister was delving.

"Aweel, hae your ain way, minister, but you'll be sorry for't gin this time next year. The Fiscal's wife wants to see you."

"I thought somebody had come," said the minister dryly, "or you would not have been here when I told you to clear away thae weeds. Eh, Matthey, Matthey, how can you expect me to heed what you say about the dung when you winna pay attention to what I say about the weeds!"

"Oh, but I'm gaun to have a day at them soon."

"Very well, begin wi' the weeds in your ain head and announce Mrs. Musgrave properly. Look at me; make a bow like that and say 'If you please, sir, Mrs. Musgrave.' Syne hand me her card on a salver."

"Noo, minister, there's nae use flytin' at me about thae things," replied Matthey dourly. "I hae tauld ye afore I canna do them. She gi'ed me a caert an' I put it on the table. What need had I to fetch it to you

when I kent well enough what it was? Get Jean to answer the door if you're no pleased."

"Any way you might say—just to oblige me—Mrs. Musgrave, instead of the Fiscal's wife, as though she was naebody."

"Weel, to obleege you—here's Mrs. Musgrave."

The lady herself was coming down the path from the house at the moment, and the minister had no time to give his man the admonition he had intended. So Matthey moved away as the minister placed a garden chair for his visitor.

"I hope I see you well, Mrs. Musgrave. I was just about to go in to red myself up in proper array to see you, but that villain Matthey has only this instant told me you were here."

"Thank you, Mr. Moffat, but I would rather be out here; and please do not let me interrupt your work."

"There's no fear of interruption, Mrs. Musgrave. One of the greatest blessings of Adam's work is that a man can chat or think, and delve or prune, or plant all the same. I am at the simplest of all the grades, only delving, and well-pleased to have a crack with a sensible being like yourself, after being worried by that gowk Matthey."

"I will not detain you long, I hope, for this is only a flying call, as one might say. I have just returned with Ellie from the Dinwuddies, and circumstances have arisen which compel me to seek the unbiassed opinion of some close friend of the family. I could not think of a better or truer friend than you, Mr. Moffat, and so I am here."

The minister bowed, dropping his hat on the gravel, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow. He observed that Mrs. Musgrave, although looking gracious and stately as usual, was somewhat agitated. He ceased digging.

"I'll be delighted to serve you in any way, and if it's only a matter of opinion, you know how easily everybody gives that."

"Yes, but this is a serious matter, and you, above all men, are qualified to answer me. I ask in a spirit of earnestness, being desirous of doing my duty to one who is dear to me."

She was still smiling, but he could see that tears were not far off. Placing one foot on his spade, he rested his elbow on the hand which grasped it and looked gravely at her.

"In that case I will answer as earnestly as you ask."

"Then will you tell me, Mr. Moffat," she inquired with a dignified inclination of the

head, "what is the limit of a mother's authority?"

"Unlimited for good, and it should have no place at all for evil."

"I thought so," she exclaimed, as if much relieved. "Then, as it is entirely for Ellie's good I am acting, I want you to tell me what I can do to prevent her marrying John Armour."

The minister was astounded by the request; but at the same time his sense of humour was tickled by the notion that he should be asked to mar the union he had in some degree helped to promote. So, he rested his cheek on the knuckles of his hand as he replied thoughtfully:

"I would just like to know why that should be, Mrs. Musgrave."

"Why!—there are most serious reasons why, Mr. Moffat, and you must be aware of some of them."

"So far, Mrs. Musgrave, I will admit that it is within my knowledge the young folk have agreed to cleek thegither, and I know of no reason why they should not. This, however, I will undertake to say, that if you can show me serious reasons to the contrary, I will show you how to prevent the match being struck. But we had better go indoors."

He dropped the spade, picked up his hat, and with an old-fashioned courtesy conducted his visitor into what he considered the best room in the manse, namely—the one in which all his books and his papers were stowed, and where he not only lived the greater part of his time, but the truest and noblest part of his life.

He closed the door carefully, placed a large easy-chair for her, and somehow, as she sank into it, the grey-headed little minister seemed to grow bigger and grander there amongst his books than the plain, commonplace looking man she had found digging in the garden.

His manner seemed to change, too.

"Now, Mrs. Musgrave, I am waiting for you to show me why John Armour should not marry your daughter."

He did not sit down; he stood on the hearth-rug, his hands under his coat and wagging it as if it were a bantam's tail as he paused for her reply.

Much to her amazement she found a difficulty in giving a definite reply. Brought at once to strict account, she was conscious that the answer which had satisfied herself would not satisfy anybody who did not share her prejudices and predilections.

But she could be honest with herself, and failing any other argument she confessed the real position.

"You see, Mr. Moffat, the spheres in which my daughter and Mr. Armour have moved are quite distinct; and I believe that although she may incline to the man at present, she would soon repent and be miserable herself and make him miserable. My experience of the world enabling me to see that, I consider it a most serious reason why I should for my daughter's sake protest against such a union."

"Quite right, my dear madam, and there is no reason why you should not protest. At this moment I am not prepared with authorities, but I have no doubt that Eve protested when her bairns were about to wed. At any rate it has been the privilege of mothers to protest ever since her time; and it has been the deplorable habit of children to mate with the folk they like best in spite of the protest. You have not made out your case, I am afraid."

"But you said that a mother's control was unlimited."

"Exactly—for good. But how can you say that your opposition to her settlement with the man of her choice is for her good? Is he a blackguard? Is he a beggar? I know John Armour and I know that he is neither one nor the other. You must find a better reason than that before I can keep my promise and show you how to break off the match."

"I want her to marry a gentleman of position,—the scion of an ancient family, who has been long courting her and has asked for her hand in marriage."

There was a short pause and then the minister gravely:

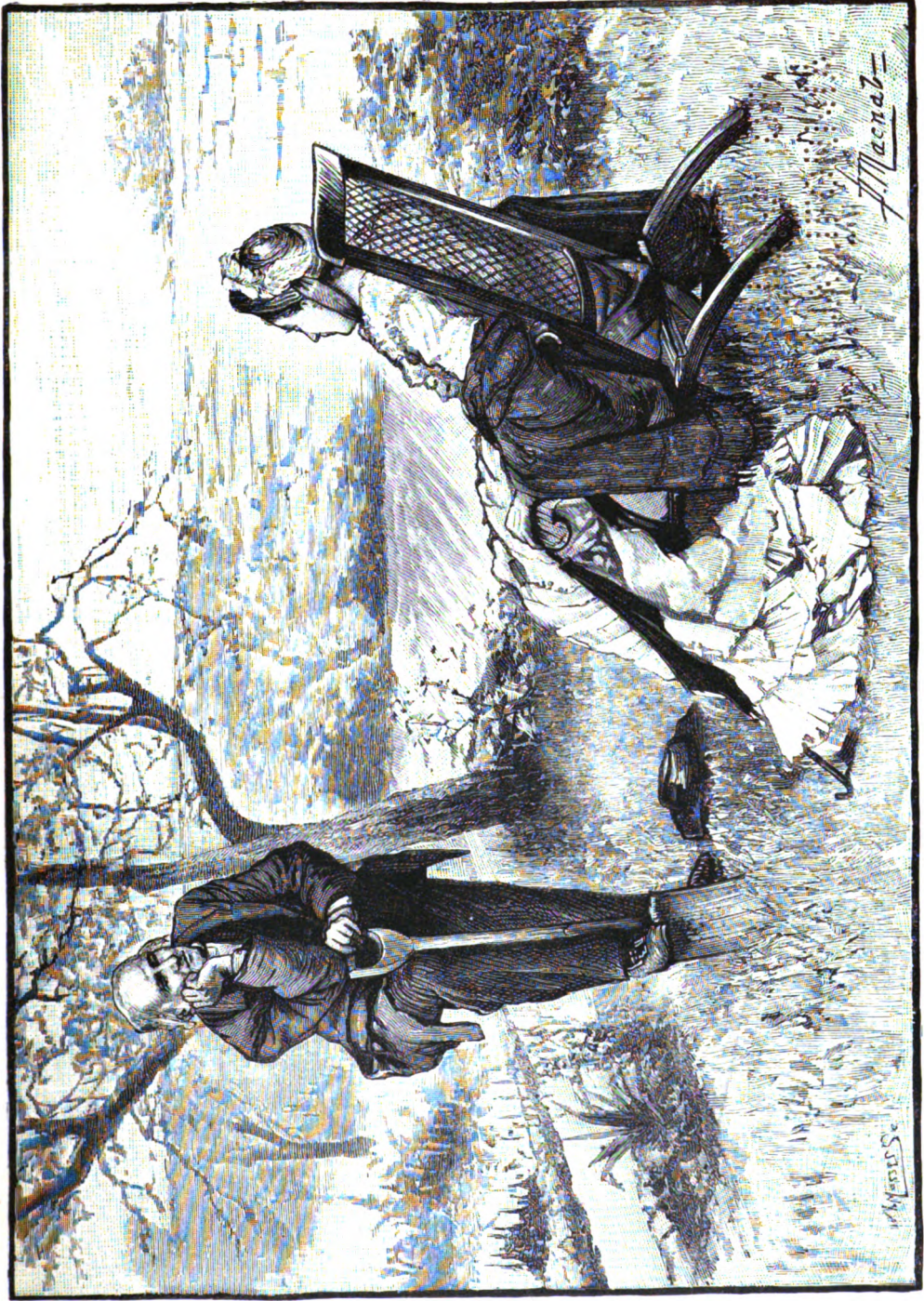
"Now, that is a real sensible and, therefore, understandable reason, and I can show you how to put all things right at once."

"How?" she inquired eagerly.

"Go to Armour himself, and I will pledge my faith in human nature that if you satisfy him your daughter will be happier with another man than with him, he will not only withdraw from the list of competitors for her hand, but will help you with all his power to make her happy."

Mrs. Musgrave rose. Not the minister's argument, but a fancy of her own made her approve the course he now proposed.

"I will see Mr. Armour," she said condescendingly; "Thank you."



"I would just like to know why that should be," said the minister.

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THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—MANŒUVRING.

THE minister conducted the stately dame to her carriage, and she was particularly gracious as she chatted about the weather. "Did Mr. Moffat think it would rain to-day?" "The evenings are becoming very cold now, are they not?" "We shall soon be into winter again. Dear me, what a short summer this seems to have been." Then she reiterated her thanks effusively and drove away, leaving the minister standing at his gate looking after her with an amused yet puzzled expression.

There was the long yellow-grey road stretching down to the village through its channel of larch, and hawthorn hedges, and loose stone dykes, through the houses and winding over the billowy fields beyond, now disappearing altogether behind some dark plantation and again flashing out like a streak of sunshine across the deep green pastures.

The picture was familiar to him; but he was always discovering new graces in it—new combinations of light and shade, when the trees were bare, waving skeleton arms and fingers over the white ground or over the fields bespeckled with flowers of snow and diamonds of frost; through the periods of bud and blossom to the full foliage; or when, as now, the fallen leaves danced and trembled like narrow brown streamlets along the roadsides with many splutterings across the open way, whilst overhead was a glory of many colours in the sunlight.

But at this moment the minister's vision was fixed upon that one object now fast disappearing: the carriage conveying Mrs. Musgrave straight to Armour's mill—from the tall chimney of which the smoke rose darkly in the clear air, swaying towards the approaching visitor one moment as if to welcome her, and the next swirling back as if shrinking from her.

"Now is that silly woman going to make mischief between two sensible young folk? She is a giddy old body; but nevertheless it is one of the most wonderful mysteries of human life how it comes about that wee things have been endowed with such great powers of doing harm."

"Am I to yoke Dawnie the-noo, or are you gaun to wait till after dinner?"

Matthey Kirkpatrick was the speaker and Dawnie was the minister's pony.

"Meat and mass hinder no man, Matthey, as you are well aware, and therefore I think we'll bide till after dinner. The more readily as, if my nostrils do not deceive me, there is a sweet sheep's head in Jean Morrison's pot. Meanwhile I want you to read me a riddle."

"Hoots, I hae nae time for bairns' play. I want to get a heap o' thae plants potted afore nicht."

"Ay, but bide a wee, Matthey, bide a wee. This is no bairns' play, but matter for most serious consideration. It is a subject which has occupied the mind of the wisest and the simplest since the days of Adam; and it still remains like the philosopher's stone—an unsettled problem, still attracting all men to the endeavour to solve it, and still compelling wise men in their age to own that their endeavours have been vain. Firstly, Solomon was——"

"Oh, skip the heads, minister, and come to lastly, an' in conclusion first, or I'll never get through my wark."

"Just so, just so," continued the minister placidly and smiling at his hearer's impatience; "you are like the rest: in everything except life we all want the lastly first. In our fortunes, which we always expect to increase, we strive for the lastly, and in our misfortunes we cry for it. But in this particular matter, as we e'en must end where we began, I will unfold to you at once the trouble of my mind—I am vastly exercised to comprehend what a woman means."

Matthey looked at his master with a slight frown as if suspecting that he was trying to make fun of him; but seeing that the minister was perfectly serious, his expression became one of lofty wonderment and pity.

"Eh, minister, has it come to that! You wantin' to ken what a woman means! Eh, minister, minister, wi' a' your learnin' hae you come to that?"

"It's true, Matthey, with humiliation be it spoken."

"To think that you would fash your head seeking to ken what a woman means! She never kens hersel' and how can onybody else ken. You might as weel try to find out what airt the wind will be blawin' this time a hunner years hence."

"I believe that would be the easier task of the two. Thank you, Matthey. I daily learn to appreciate your wisdom more and more, and will not waste time in the futile

pursuit of the psychological key to the female intellect, but will presently convey your words of comfort to one who will be as much puzzled as myself and a great deal more bothered by the question which I propounded to you."

Matthey took up his barrow and wheeled it away towards the other end of the garden, whilst the minister with hands clasped behind him sauntered in the same direction. Notwithstanding his acceptance of Matthey's theory of the utter inutility of trying to find out what a woman means, Mr. Moffat could not help repeating to himself—

"What is it she is going to do? Does she think that flying will make John Armour give up his dearie? or does she think she can frighten him with her dignity, or reason him into the belief that he is no fit mate for her daughter? . . . No, no, Mrs. Musgrave, you will never do that, and why you canna let them be, passes my understanding."

Why she could not let them be was because she wanted the arrangements to be otherwise. That was substantial enough reason for her.

She had accepted promptly the minister's suggestion that she should speak to Armour herself because she had previously thought of it and was at that moment inspired by one of her clever ideas—as clever an idea as that of the visit to her friends the Dinwuddies. True, she was obliged to acknowledge that in some respects the visit had failed in its main design to keep Ellie away from Armour. But it had been successful in this: it had brought about an understanding between Fenwick and herself, and that was something accomplished. True, also, she had expected to accomplish much more before the return to Torthorl: there had been a momentary fancy that she might have succeeded in taking some definite step towards the breaking off of the match; but she did not feel that she had yet done so.

She could no longer affect to treat the idea as one of the Fiscal's preposterous jokes, for Ellie had said to her almost as soon as they got into the house—

"Mamma, when you have had a rest, I want to speak to you about something very particular."

"What is it, child?" Mrs. Musgrave had inquired, although she knew quite well what it was.

And then Ellie blushed a little as she made answer—

"It is about Mr. Armour. I want you to understand our position. I thought my

father would have explained everything to you—"

"I wish you would not speak to me about him to-day. Do give me this one day of rest—the subject agitates and vexes me so much," the mother had pleaded.

"Very well, mamma—to-morrow."

Mrs. Musgrave saw that there was no longer any escape from a full understanding of the position; and if that were brought about, of course Fenwick would be obliged to cease all pretensions to Ellie's hand. That would never do. Somehow the public announcement of the engagement must be delayed: and in the delay she might find the coveted opportunity to break off the match altogether. The Fiscal had declared he would not take back his word unless one of the lovers asked him; and such a thing might happen, unlikely as it seemed now.

The obstinacy of her weak nature imparted unusual energy to her actions; and she started off immediately to take counsel with the minister. But he was as resolute an advocate for the paper-maker as the others. Mrs. Musgrave could not understand it. What was it they all found in this man that she could not find? She was irritated, and became the more obstinately opposed to him the more they praised him.

Then had flashed upon her the clever idea with which she drove off to Armour's mill, and she smiled with much approval of her own genius and prospect of success.

"At any rate it will be a proof whether he is the noble, generous person they all wish me to believe him. Should he refuse to do what I want, then I can speak my mind, and they will not have the power to contradict me. If he consents—well, we will have time, and there is no saying what may happen."

She was charmed with the idea. She was not going to "flyte," or to try to frighten Armour. She was about to adopt with him the same tactics which had always hitherto proved so effective with Ellie.

She was not going to the house: she was going to the mill; there she fancied he could not help being more considerate to her than he would be even in his own house, for he would be surrounded by all the coarse machinery of his trade. Not that she expected him to fail in courtesy anywhere: he had proved at the Dinwuddies that he could be agreeable. But she fancied that her appeal would be the more effective when he felt the contrast between her own dignified, refined person and the things which surrounded him.

Armour was busy in his private office over some papers of a portentous and disagreeable business character. They were large sheets of figures ranged in long orderly columns and squares with straight and diagonal red lines, like uncovered veins leading up to the great heart of every man's business—the balance. As he turned over sheet after sheet his countenance expressed increasing dissatisfaction.

He was surprised by the announcement made by a clerk that Mrs. Musgrave desired the favour of a few moments' conversation. He laid aside the sheets of accounts and instantly went out himself.

Mrs. Musgrave was stepping out of her carriage.

"I hope you will not think it is too great an intrusion, Mr. Armour, but I would prefer speaking to you here, thank you, rather than trouble to take you away from your office. I know you must be very busy at this hour and your time is so much more valuable than mine."

He led her through the busy, but quiet outer office into his own room. There was a loud hum of machinery about the place which to her sensitive ears was quite deafening; but there was nothing coarse or uncleanly in his office any more than in that of the late Lord of Session—indeed, she was obliged to own with secret chagrin that it looked much smarter than the great lawyer's had ever done. She felt spiteful at this disappointment. He had no business to be better in any respect than her people—at least he had no business to have things so arranged that he should for a moment make her think that he thought himself as good as her people had been, for presently she detected vulgarity in the very neatness of the place. A man of intellectual occupation could not afford time for such details as the removal of dust. That was the province of tradesmen who wished to attract customers. The discovery of this distinction restored her self-possession, and she regarded with what she would herself have called a pitying respect, the efforts of this poor tradesman to keep his place tidy. A gentleman did not require such adventitious aids.

So, she was again gracious and dignified when she took the chair Armour offered her.

"I see you are surprised, Mr. Armour, and indeed you could not help being so at my presence here. I assure you I would not have disturbed you for any less reason than the one which brings me here."

She used her smelling-bottle ostentatiously, as if she would indicate that the smell of the place would have been enough to keep her away under ordinary circumstances.

Armour, sitting on his high stool, his elbow resting on the high desk, looked at her, smiling with a respectful but amused curiosity.

"I am pleased to see you, Mrs. Musgrave, and thank whatever may have been the motive-power of your coming here for the pleasure of seeing you. If you have any interest in the process of the manufacture of paper I shall be delighted to go over the works with you."

"Motive-power"—"process of manufacture"—how truly vulgar the man was! As if a lady could take any interest in motive-power or process of manufacture!

She smiled with condescending forgiveness for his ignorance.

"No, thank you, Mr. Armour, it was no sudden interest in manufactures which brought me here. It is an affair of quite another kind."

"I shall be happy to attend to you," said Armour, beginning to surmise what was coming.

"Happy to attend to you!" the very words of a butcher or baker or any other shopkeeper. What could Ellie see in such a man to give him an instant's precedence over such a gentleman as Hugh Fenwick of Cluden Peel? Mrs. Musgrave was aware that there was no accounting for tastes, but she intended her daughter to learn what was correct taste in the judgment and selection of a husband.

Still she was a little awkward in the presence of this good-natured, self-possessed man, who seemed to be eager to do anything to please her and yet was so very frankly independent.

"The subject is an embarrassing one and I imagine you can guess something of its nature," she said with a smile, as if inviting him to come to her assistance.

Of course he knew that it was about Ellie she wanted to speak, and for a moment there was a malicious inclination to leave her entirely to herself and enjoy her throes of awkwardness, of assumed meekness and of vain diplomacy. But he cast that idea aside, the subject was too serious to him to permit of any playing with it.

"I understand what you refer to, Mrs. Musgrave: you desire to speak to me about your daughter Ellie."

"Yes," she said a little nervously, the man

was so clear and resolute. Most certainly the day of serfs was over. "And about the sort of understanding there was between you."

"The understanding is perfectly clear, Mrs. Musgrave, to the Fiscal, Ellie, and myself. I intended to speak to you to-day or to-morrow. Your visit has forestalled me only by a few hours. The understanding is this—that as soon as arrangements can be properly made, Ellie and I are going to be married."

And he stood there and told her that to her face and there was not an earthquake! That horrid machinery went on with its dull din as if nothing implying a social revolution had been spoken. It was incomprehensible how the world could go on in such a state of things.

"That is the subject, Mr. Armour; and I regret to say that you cannot have *my* consent to any such foolish step."

"I don't see anything foolish about it and neither does she," exclaimed the lover, contentedly.

"But, Mr. Armour, it cannot be," she said with piteous earnestness.

"Why not, Mrs. Musgrave?"

The man's obtuseness was dreadful.

"I have told you that you cannot have my consent, and Ellie will not marry anyone without it."

Thereat Armour was silent; for he could well understand that Ellie's sense of duty might even carry her so far as to submit to the unreasonable command of her mother that she should not marry him—he knew that nothing would induce her to accept another. Then he had somehow imbibed a little of the old-world superstitious respect for parental authority, and he did not like to enter into single combat with her on this subject. If he had to defend himself, he would rather do it in the presence of the whole family.

Mrs. Musgrave misunderstood his silence and took courage.

"I know, Mr. Armour, that it must be difficult—perhaps impossible for you to comprehend why I should refuse to consent; and I can quite fancy you may even doubt my word when I tell you that I refuse because I love my child and because I believe that her future happiness would be marred by the union you propose."

She rose and there were tears in her eyes. There was no mistaking that sign of genuine feeling, however stiff her words might be, and Armour was troubled.

"Are you quite sure that you are a better judge than herself and her father as to her prospect of happiness with me?" he asked huskily and looking down.

"I am perfectly sure of it. I am a woman and have had experience of the world. I have had more time than you or my husband can have had to think of these matters, and to observe their progress in the case of others; and I am satisfied that, cruel as it may seem to you both now, I am acting with the truest kindness towards you in doing all in my power to prevent your marriage with my daughter."

"But, why, Mrs. Musgrave, why?" he asked, a little bewildered.

"There are so many . . . so many delicate points in all such matters that I cannot easily explain myself. But there is no disrespect to you, Mr. Armour. Far from it. I prove my high respect for you in coming to you to ask you to help me to secure the happiness of my child."

He looked up astounded by this extraordinary appeal. But for her tears and her earnestness he would have laughed at the absurdity of it.

"But, Mrs. Musgrave, how can you expect me to help you to do what would make me miserable and what I believe to be wrong?"

"I do not expect you to take my view of it at once—that would be more than any one could expect. What I ask is very simple, and if you are the gentleman I take you to be you will not refuse to grant it."

"I will gladly do anything except give up Ellie."

"No, you cannot do that at my request—I never thought you could. All I ask is, that you will make no public announcement of an engagement for a little while, until you have had time to study her character more intimately and she has had time to—time to—in fact time to make up her mind."

"We can wait," he exclaimed, with intense relief, "if that is all you require and it will give you any satisfaction."

"Ah, that is so kind of you—so very good of you, Mr. Armour; but it is not the waiting which is of importance. The *very* important point is to leave her quite free to alter her mind."

"She is always free to do that," he ejaculated cheerfully. He could afford to smile at the idea of Ellie changing her mind.

"That is as it should be, and you would not blame her if she should discover that in what has passed between you she had made a mistake?"

"If any such thing should occur I would be the first to cry off."

"That is sensible—so very kind. You don't know how much good it has done me to have this chat with you—how I wish that I had come to you at the first. But now, Mr. Armour, you understand that the most important thing of all is to prevent folk talking. Should the least hint of an engagement be given, it would become the talk of the town in a few hours. You know how people *will* talk, and if you could only think how many well-meaning couples are forced into miserable marriages because they are afraid of the scandal a breach would make! It is wrong—it is wicked."

"You may be quite sure Ellie and I will not commit that wickedness."

"Yes, but we must avoid gossip, we must avoid scandal. And if you would—oh, Mr. Armour, if you only would tell the Fiscal that you do not want the matter to be made public yet awhile, you would make me so happy."

"I will mention your wish and tell him that I can see no objection to it. Ellie would like everything to be arranged as privately as possible. We have both a dislike to have matters which are sacred to us turned into the gossip and foolish jest of the place. It is hateful, and yet I dare say some folk like it. We don't, however."

How persistently he would speak of "we" or "Ellie and I." And here was a dreadful misapprehension of Mrs. Musgrave's meaning! The man was talking as if she were discussing the arrangements for his marriage with her daughter, not how the possibility of such an event was to be kept out of sight altogether.

"But, Mr. Armour, you must not tell Mr. Musgrave that it is my wish: you must tell him as if it was your own, that there should be no public declaration until everything is *quite* settled. I am anxious not to say anything that might cause you the least pain, but you can understand that there are reasons—circumstances—which make me desire, very much desire, that for the present at least my daughter's name and yours should not be spoken of together."

She was a little awkward, but he understood her, and the blood tingled in his cheeks.

"Whatever I do, Mrs. Musgrave," he replied manfully, "will be done for the reason that I want to make her happy. You may command me to do anything with that object in view."

"No one could expect or wish more," she

said with a gracious smile as she held out her hand. "We have precisely the same object in view, and that is enough to make us good friends. I tell you it will tend very much to Ellie's happiness if we can avoid fuss and gossip at present; I depend entirely upon your skill and judgment to protect us from them."

"I will do my best."

Mrs. Musgrave was delighted: her clever idea was so far a complete success.

"Thank you again, and so many times. I cannot tell you what a load you have taken off my mind. Ah, Mr. Armour, men can never understand the anxieties which beset a mother who has a due sense of her responsibility in fostering and guarding the happiness of a daughter."

He accompanied her to the carriage, and as she was driven away she gave him a more gracious bow than she had ever given him before.

Armour was delighted too; for it seemed that he had completely won the good graces of Ellie's mother by simply agreeing to do what he would have done in any case—try to avoid gossip! She was a singular woman.

CHAPTER XXIX.—IN SAFE HANDS.

HE could not get into the humour of those figures again immediately after the departure of his unexpected visitor. He was to see Ellie that evening, and it would be such pleasant news for her that the fear which had oppressed them both of the difficulty they would have in dealing with her mother need no longer have a place in their thoughts.

Mrs. Musgrave was satisfied. She only preferred a reasonable request—amounting to no more than that before they shouted their joy from the housetops they should be assured of its constancy. What a laughing reel those figures danced; and how entirely their plain business purport was changed for the moment into that of symbols of mirth to the eyes of this confident lover. How unjust they had been to Mrs. Musgrave in their doubt of her readiness to sacrifice her own prejudices as soon as she should be convinced that in doing so she would be promoting her daughter's welfare.

He felt disposed to throw aside these papers and run away at once with the good news to Ellie. But that would never do; he could not afford to shirk the unpleasant task he had before him. They would find time somehow to talk it all over in the evening.

So he made another effort to pursue with clear vision the intricacies of those important

figures, and to decipher the proofs of past and prospective success or failure which lurk in every balance-sheet, although visible only to the eyes of the initiated. Somehow the items which had been suggestive of possible disasters did not appear to be half so threatening now as they did before Mrs. Musgrave called.

The result of his labour was not satisfactory and he was glad at length to pass the papers into the hands of his cashier.

"It will take me a couple of days to make a thorough examination," he said. "I don't like the look of some of the items."

"There are a lot of them that do not please me," said Mr. Oswald, taking a pinch of snuff after elaborate preparations with his snuff-box and silk handkerchief.

He was a white-haired man of sixty, thin, sharp-featured, and solemn. He had been cashier for the last thirty years to each successive tenant of the Thorniehowe Paper Mills. As one after the other had failed he had retired, only to take his place again as if he were an immovable part of the building itself. He had suffered a kind of stolid distress at each bankruptcy, and the one hope of his life now was to die whilst the mill was in full work and his master solvent. He believed that his hope was to be realised.

Armour went homeward by the Green. He had not for weeks experienced such a sense of peace as he did that afternoon; he was even indifferent to the east wind.

The aspect of two subjects of troublous thought had materially changed for the better. In the first place he was now able to see the way to overcome the dreaded opposition of Ellie's mother more rapidly than he had hoped. In the second place, he knew that Thorburn was under the care of trustworthy hands; and that had comforted Grannie as well as afforded another proof of the Fiscal's friendship—for it was he who had found him.

He came to the house on the Saturday night, and was pleased although surprised to find Armour just returned from Kirkcudbright.

The latter could not help observing that the Fiscal looked pale and fatigued. There was the same curious expression on his face as on the night when he arrived late at Torthorl, where Armour had been awaiting him to seek his aid in discovering Thorburn.

"I have found him," he said, "but he is not well. He got his head hurt, and may die."

The voice was low, steady, and cold as he gave this information.

"Let me gang to him this minute," said Grannie calmly, as she rose to her feet.

"No, Mrs. Armour, you cannot go yet. There is as much to fear from the state of his mind as from that of his body—probably more: he so dreads being found by any of us that the doctor bids me say he is convinced that the shock of seeing you, or Armour or myself would be instantly fatal."

"Puir bairn, puir bairn, to turn that way against his best frien's," murmured Grannie resignedly, as if she were speaking of a hopelessly refractory child.

"Now, I want you to trust me with the management of him for a few days."

"He canna be in better hands since he winna let us do anything for him," said Grannie. "It's something to ken he's in safe keeping."

Ellie had asked him to trust her father, and Armour simply added to Grannie's words—

"We will act in every way as you may direct us, Mr. Musgrave. Perhaps afterwards when he recovers and hears of your kindness to him at this time, he may be able to tell you himself that he is grateful."

The Fiscal went on as if he had not heard the latter speech.

"I have done what I could for his comfort at present and I hope to-morrow to get him removed to more suitable quarters than those he has been hiding in until now. I shall see that he wants for nothing. Daily reports will be brought to us of his progress, and as soon as it can be brought about, with as little danger to him as may be, you will be allowed to see him. But make your mind easy regarding him, Mrs. Armour. Nothing more can be done for him."

That was all the information he had to give; but the relief of knowing that the man was still alive and under proper care was enough.

Armour knew Campbell's farm, and thought it a good resting place for Thorburn. As it was rest that was chiefly required for him, and as the place was of his own choosing, there could be no doubt that the course pointed out by their friend was the right one, namely, to leave him for the present to his own whims, care being taken that he should not lack any of the comforts essential to his recovery. Since arrangements with that view had been made the kindest thing they could do for him was to remain quiet.

The only reference the Fiscal made to Kirkcudbright was to express his satisfaction that Armour had come home at the moment

when he was able to give him news of the fugitive. He did not mention Ellie or Mrs. Musgrave. This Armour attributed to his fatigue and did not thrust the subject upon him. On the following days brief messages were brought for Grannie's comfort to the effect that all was going well and there was no additional cause for uneasiness.

Grannie was satisfied, and Armour could not be otherwise. He made no attempt to analyze his own feelings, but he knew that what feeling he had was still for the man Thorburn, not for the parent.

He did not like that subject, but it forced its way into his mind at intervals. And always he seemed to see as in a faintly remembered dream the shadowy form of a woman. He never could see the form distinctly, but there were two sad pitiful eyes shining clearly upon him through the white mist as if pleading that he should think of her tenderly. And he did give gentle and kindly thoughts to that mother he had never known whose story, whatever might be the rights of it, must have been a sorrowful one. Sometimes, looking in Ellie's face, the shadow would flit across his mind, leaving a wondering question behind—was there any possible combination of circumstances which could make him doubt her truth! Could she by any ingenuity of blundering make him turn from her in mad rage and hate as his father had turned from that sad woman in the mist?

The answer was passionately prompt—No—No—his whole nature cried out against the possibility of such a monstrous inversion of his love.

Then he kissed her with such sudden vehemence that he almost frightened the blushing and smiling girl by his fervour.

The sunshine which she made in his life was too pure, too bright ever to be darkened by any cloud from within themselves. Worries and troubles they were already experiencing, and there would be more to come no doubt, but they would be borne calmly on the Atlas shoulders of their love.

With Grannie he had held scarcely any conversation on the subject. The instinctive shrinking from it which had kept him silent when he knew nothing had become intensified by what he had learned from his father. He did not wish to hear more about that miserable past unless it might be that he could learn his mother had been innocent and that there had been some extenuating circumstances in his father's conduct.

This latter possibility had been suggested to him by the strange ravings of poor Miss

Graham. She had said that she could take the curse off his shoulders; and vague as the words were, Armour timidly admitted to himself—timidly, because it seemed such folly to attach the slightest importance to them—that they set him thinking of how it might be that Thorburn was less guilty than any one believed him to be.

But he did not question Grannie. He knew that if there had been anything to clear his mother of blame she would have told it in spite of any prejudices she might have in her son's favour. But the most she had ever said was—

"Puir lass, he was aye ill to do wi', and she didna tak' the right way wi' him. Puir lass, she was sair fashed."

There was comfort in thinking that his mother had been much tried, and he did not wish to know more. And so he could answer with kindly thoughts those appealing eyes which shone on him through the mist.

He believed that it was best not to inquire too curiously into the past, since he could do no more than he was doing to redeem it.

"I think it is not selfish fear which makes me wish to let these matters be," he said to Mr. Moffat. "At any rate I have put my motives on trial again and again, and believe that I am honest to myself."

"Ay, most folk think that—every rogue thinks it," rejoined the minister; "and it's a great blessing. We would be miserable creatures if it were not for our unconscious self-conceit. Vanity is in our blood, and just as the blood may be spoiled by an excess of adipose tissue, so it may be spoiled by adipose vanity. The most vain often think themselves the most modest in accordance with their own estimate."

"When we are really trying in our secret thoughts to be honest to ourselves, surely we may be."

"It's clean impossible to be perfectly honest even to one's self about one's self. With every possible desire to grasp Self and comprehend him, there is always a shadowy Ego prompting us to tell a lie about the other fellow. When we have caught hold of this shadow the mere effort projects another shadowy Ego claiming honours for the endeavour and blinding us to our faults of judgment. And so we may go on without ever reaching the last atom of Self that we wish to find. The atomic theory in physics would be the equivalent of this in morals. That brings us back to the old saw which cuts so many Gordian knots—we must e'en do the best we can according to our lights."

He was doing the best according to his lights, and as with him muscle held nerve well in control he was not visited by any morbid nightmares of doubt and hesitation, although he would sometimes pause to question the wisdom of his course. So, he waited in readiness for the moment when he might be called to action on Thorburn's account; and he trusted to the Fiscal for the call to be made at the first sign that he could be of use.

Meanwhile he could be happy thinking about Ellie and rejoicing in the relief afforded by the visit of Mrs. Musgrave.

Grannie did not rejoice over that visit as he thought she ought to have done. He could not get her to see that what he had been requested to do was only what he wished to do—to avoid gossip; and to understand that there was an immense deal gained in having arrived at a thorough understanding with Ellie's mother. That would enable him to speak freely to her about the future, and would in any case enable him to understand her and she him. They could not expect her to be pleased with the match at the first. Ellie and he had known that and had been greatly troubled to discover how they were to act in regard to her. Even the Fiscal had been a little anxious on the subject, and now she came forward herself to relieve them of all trouble and to ask only a little consideration for her view of things. She was entitled to that and he thought it was exceedingly kind of her to deal with him in this straightforward way.

"I daresay it's a' right," said Grannie, shaking her head and smiling at his enthusiasm; "and I hope it may be."

The minister called expecting to find Armour in need of condolence and was amazed to hear his report of Mrs. Musgrave's friendliness.

"You know that she does not want Ellie to marry you," said Mr. Moffat, much perplexed.

"Of course. I knew that all along, and that is why I admire her frankness in coming straight to me and explaining the conditions which would enable her to set aside her prejudices. She only wants to be sure of Ellie's happiness; and as I want to be sure of the same thing I will do anything in reason that she may require."

"She is a curious woman," said the minister, thoughtfully. "Matthey is right, it's nonsense to seek her meaning. I must have misunderstood her, for my notion was that she would do anything rather than let you have her daughter."

Then when Armour was about to start for Torthorl, this note came from his future mother-in-law,—

"Dear Mr. Armour,

"I am obliged to ask you to postpone the visit you intended to pay us this evening. Family affairs render it most desirable for us to be alone.

"Remember, I quite look upon our conversation to-day as forming a compact between us for Ellie's happiness, and I count upon your kind assistance.

"Ever yours most faithfully,
"E. MUSGRAVE."

Armour was greatly puzzled and disappointed, but of course he obeyed.

CHAPTER XXX.—ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

SUCH a thing had never been heard of before. Indeed it used to be one of Mrs. Musgrave's principles of marital duty that she would never disturb her husband at his office except on a matter of life or death. And she had never done so.

But there was Mrs. Musgrave's carriage at the door of the Fiscal's office, and there was Mrs. Musgrave herself stepping out of it.

This was her second visit in one day to a place of business, and she marched in with an air of proprietorship in the whole establishment.

Although she had never before honoured the office with a visit she was known to the clerks, and they looked as if they thought that a matter of life or death were involved in the event of her coming. One hastened to inform the Fiscal of the strange arrival, and another, advancing, timidly inquired if he might offer her a chair—he dare not go through the usual formula of saying with supercilious indifference—

"Have you an appointment? What is your business?"

There were six clerks in this outer office, two of them apprentices. The six were unanimous in treating ordinary visitors with that discourtesy which by some mental twist the underlings in office imagine enhances their own importance and upholds the greatness of their master. They were equally unanimous in subservience to an extraordinary visitor.

The second clerk had scarcely accomplished his feeble proffer of a chair and received the stately bow declining it, when the first returned, and Mrs. Musgrave was shown the way into her husband's private office.

The Fiscal also treated her as an extraordinary visitor. If she had been the Lord President of the Court of Session himself who had unexpectedly appeared in the office he could not have received her with more profound courtesy.

He rose from his place, took her hand and conducted her to a seat, bowed, and stood as if waiting for the commands of some high dignitary. But she was used to his ways, and all this only made her feel nervous and irritable in the presence of the confidential clerk, who sat like a piece of the furniture.

"Praise undeserved, is satire in disguise," was her feeling, and if she had only had the phrase handy she would have used it. As it was she said sweetly—she was still full of the glory of her complete victory over Armour—

"You know that only a matter of the very gravest importance would have brought me here. I shall not detain you many minutes, but we must be alone, if you please."

"Adamson."

The confidential clerk glided silently out of the room, as a shadow moves away when the position of a lamp is changed.

"I trust you do not come to consult me in my professional capacity, madam," continued the Fiscal, maintaining the attitude and manner of one who is addressing some distinguished personage.

"I come to speak to you in your position as a father and a husband, and I beg of you to be serious," she said earnestly.

"The position is a very serious one," he replied gravely, but there was a glimmer of his wicked smile in the corners of the eyes indicative of his enjoyment of the surprise which her reception excited. "I heard that you had both reached home safely or I might have thought that something had befallen Ellie when I saw you here."

Mrs. Musgrave got up and laid her hand on his arm. There were tears in her eyes—real tears, for she was very much in earnest. He felt that they were real and he became slightly uneasy.

"You know that something has happened to Ellie, and it is not too much to ask that my views may be considered in the matter. You cannot desire her happiness more than I do, and it is impossible for you to know her ways so well as I do—I who am constantly with her."

The Fiscal was not prepared for either the tears or the simple earnestness with which she spoke.

"You had better tell me at once what all this is leading up to," he said good-naturedly.

"It leads to this, Richard—that you and I are almost separated because we seek to secure her future in different ways: you think it will be safest in Mr. Armour's keeping; I think it will be safest in Mr. Fenwick's. Can we not join hands as we ought to do in this matter and try between us to find out what is best for her?"

"We ought to do so, and I will try," he said. "But, you see, Armour has proposed and I have accepted him, subject to her approval."

"Mr. Fenwick has proposed and I have accepted him, subject to her approval. You may differ with me regarding him, but you cannot deny that he has family and position."

"Both very excellent things in their way, I am bound to admit; but they do not overcome the important fact that Ellie prefers Armour, and so do I."

"I do not intend to question your preference or your grounds for it—although I do not believe her preference to be so firmly established as yours. Let us take all reasonable measures to prevent her making a mistake—that cannot be more than it is right for me to desire."

"Of course not, guidwife," he said, resuming his customary easy manner; "but you puzzle me to make out what you want. They have my consent; you know the only conditions on which I will withdraw it—one of them must ask me."

"Perhaps they may both ask you; but, whether or not, there can be no harm in a little delay. Will you agree not to hasten the marriage?"

"I am not likely to do that."

"And not to speak of it out of doors?"

"I am not likely to do that either."

"Then that is all I want. I do not believe this will ever be a match, and I am anxious that Ellie should not be talked about. Mr. Armour himself does not wish to have the subject talked about more than can be helped. He is indeed as anxious as myself that it should be kept quiet."

"Eh?"

Conviction inspires the feeblest declaration with a degree of force, and so Mrs. Musgrave's reference to Armour elicited that long-drawn, questioning exclamation. She had touched unwittingly a hidden spring of his thought, and for an instant the heavy eyebrows were lowered.

Could Armour suspect anything, and was he shying?

"How do you know what Armour wishes?" he inquired calmly.

"I have just come from him."

"And it is his wish that the engagement should not be spoken about?"

"He said so."

"Well, it is easy to gratify him and you too, for I had no intention of sending the bellman round with the news. It is better for other reasons than you are aware of that we should all be silent regarding this matter for the present."

"I am glad, Richard, that we both see it in the same light at last—I have been so miserable. You must speak to Ellie this evening, and try to convince her that we are all studying her happiness and nothing else."

Mrs. Musgrave was a proud woman as she drove home that afternoon. She had made a triumphal progress and laurels seemed to be sprouting all over her bonnet. To Ellie she did not speak a great deal, but she gave her the impression that something of vital importance had occurred.

"Mr. Armour will not be here this evening," she said with much significance; "but your father will speak to you when he comes home. You need not be alarmed, Ellie. We are only thinking of your welfare."

The well-meaning counsel—"don't be alarmed," generally produces the opposite effect to that intended, and it always suggests the presence of danger even when there is no suspicion of any impending.

Ellie could not help being alarmed and perplexed. To begin with, it was a disappointment not to be permitted to see Armour that evening, and there was no clear reason why he should be kept away. Then her mother's conduct was so mysterious, and the intimation that her father was to speak to her when he came home combined to suggest that something very unusual had occurred.

And, above all, there was that announcement which from her earliest recollection had been always associated with disagreeable affairs—that was the announcement that something or other was being specially done "for her good." Anything resembling that phrase used to frighten her in childhood, and this evening somehow she experienced the same feeling she remembered so well. She was frightened and did not know why.

She wearied for her father's coming so that she might learn what it all meant; but, as things will happen contrariwise as if to distress the more those who are already troubled enough, he was unexpectedly detained until a late hour.

In her own room there was a cheerful fire, and for a little while she sat before it, a book

in her hand which she did not open. She was seeing strange phantoms in the sparkling coal; and by-and-by, as she slowly undressed, those phantoms haunted her.

She had not been able to make anything of her mother's strange ways that day; but now, piecing her fragmentary observations together, she found in them such bewildering indications of determined opposition to her lover, that she could see no way of pleasing her. Yet she was a kind mother and she wanted to please her, but—

"It's no use trying," sobbed Ellie, as if she abandoned hope.

For it seemed plain enough that the only way to please her was to sacrifice her love. Surely that was more than a mother ought to expect.

A hand touched her head softly.

"What are you so downcast for, Ellie?" said her father.

With a little hysterical cry of pleasure she sprang into his arms and clung to him, as one drowning clings to a rescuer. They remained so for a few moments. Then he—

"Come and sit down and let us see what all this coil is about."

He took an easy-chair by the fire, she drew a hassock close to him, clasped her hands over his knee, and looked up anxiously in his face, whilst he passed his hand gently over her head and through the long fair hair which fell like a cape about her.

"You ought to have been fast asleep by this time, and not spoiling your face with greetin'. What do you mean by it?"

"Mamma——"

She stopped, and he completed the sentence.

"Has been worrying you and has kept Armour away. Ah, well, never heed; your mother means kindly, and maybe it is better that he should not come here at present."

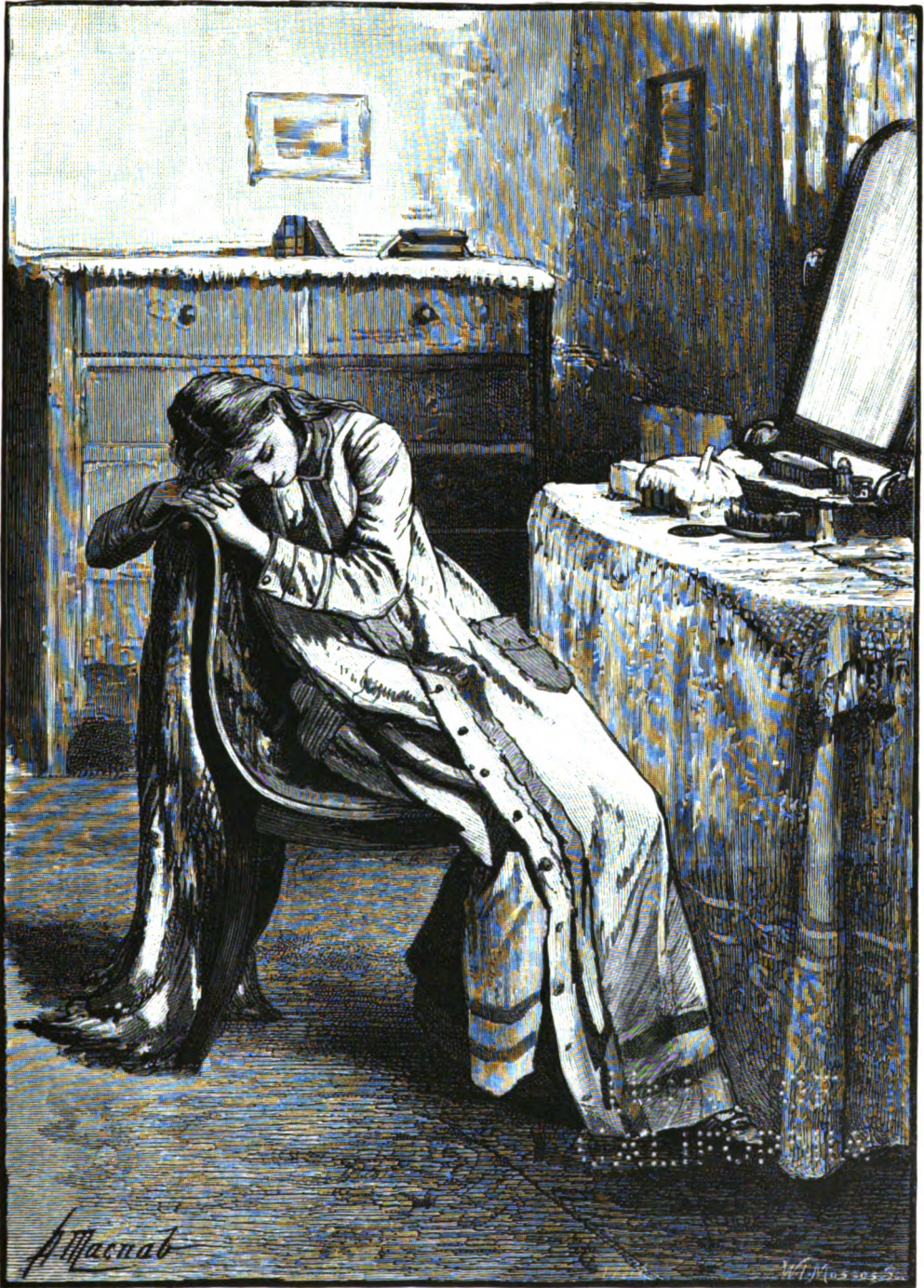
"But she wants me to give him up altogether, and I can never do that. You do not want me to do that?"

"No, and I hope there will be no need to think of it. But you have the hard lesson to learn like other folk, my lass, that the things we most want are often the very things we cannot have."

There was a note of hesitation in his voice which startled her.

"But you are not going to draw back, papa—you are satisfied with him!"

"Oo ay, perfectly satisfied with him; but wonderful as it may sound to you and to your mother, it *is* possible that he might not be perfectly satisfied with me."



"It's no use trying," sobbed Ellie, as if she quite abandoned hope.

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At this absurdity the smile came back to her face, and it was like the first flash of sunlight after a shower.

"I will be his surety on that score, so long as you do not take me from him," she rejoined archly.

He held up his finger in jocose admonition.

"Never be caution for any man: the best may fail."

Although this was spoken in the old pleasant manner, she had a vague feeling that there was something more serious in it than she could understand or he cared to explain. But she became somewhat reassured as he continued, and explained to her how they were to be very secretive about her engagement, as it would please the mother and do them no harm.

But as he was going away there was that note of hesitation in his voice again.

"You see we never can tell what queer things may happen."

Her hands were now clasped round his neck and she was looking earnestly in his face—he gazing down fondly into hers. Under the reassuring smile with which he regarded her there was apparent an expression of sorrow.

He kissed her as he said "Good night," and this was the second time since these troubles began that he had thus manifested his affection. Her distress had brought the underlying gentleness of his nature to the surface. As a rule he "couldna be fashed wi' thae palavers"—but it was because he covered what was really shyness by a pretence of indifference.

Ellie was comforted, she was not going to abandon hope yet; but she was haunted by that strange look of sadness on her father's face.

CHAPTER XXXI.—"A SENTENCE; COME, PREPARE."

As the door of her room closed behind him the smile faded from his countenance altogether. Every step he took away from her door became heavier; and when he entered the library his head was bowed, his shoulders bent, and there was an expression as of settled gloom upon his face.

Here as at his office there was an atmosphere of scrupulous order: it was a cold and uncomfortable atmosphere. Every straight-backed chair occupied its fixed place with a self-assertive air of rectitude; the clean grey and yellow backs of the law-books which lined the walls were like the keen faces of lawyers watching a case, the gold letterings

being their glittering eyes. On the top of each book-case and exactly in the centre was a full-sized bust of some eminent judge or advocate.

As he moved slowly to the table and sat down, he was like a man taking his place at the bar for trial. His heavy brows were knit, and for some time he sat staring hard at an unopened letter which he had placed on the table before him. Then when he lifted his eyes, the lawyers and judges seemed to be looking down upon him frowning.

"Ay," he muttered, as if addressing them, "it would be hard for her to give him up. *Must* she do it? . . . My poor bairn."

There was a sound in the room as of a heavy sigh, and the gloom on his face seemed to deepen. With mechanical precision of movement he opened the letter which he had placed on the desk, cutting the envelope with a paper-knife so that the large official seal was left unbroken. He held the letter in his hand without seeing a word of its contents, and speculated upon what they might be. He looked up again at those cold-faced judges and advocates and they were still frowning.

Then with lips closed tightly he read:

"The case you submit to me is rendered peculiar rather by your way of putting it than by anything I see in the case itself.

"You ask me to decide upon it as I should do 'in the ordinary course as Lord Advocate,' and at the same time to speak as one friend to another. Business and friendship never mix well; but I will see what can be done for you.

"You do not say whether or not the case is purely hypothetical; but the impression your letter gives me is that you have some poor fellow in your mind's eye whom you want to help out of a difficulty. You must, however, in advising him—and I am surprised to be obliged to give *you* this warning—be careful not to forget that what may be a crime according to moral law might be none at all in the eyes of the Court of Session.

"As I understand it from your statement A. meets B. accidentally. There is an old grudge between them. A. frankly admits that he so thoroughly hates B. that he would feel no compunction whatever in murdering him. They quarrel. A. has a momentary impulse to throttle B., but instantly regains his wits and simply flings him from him and runs away.

"B., however, has fallen upon a sharp instrument and is so injured that he dies from the effects.

"Supposing it could be proved that A. had committed the assault *with intent* to murder, and the result—death—followed, although A. in the course of the assault altered his mind and wished to avoid the crime, it would be difficult for a jury to bring in any other verdict than guilty. Granting the intent and the result, it would be impossible for any one except the man himself to decide where the element of accident came in to clear the incident of crime.

"It would be a pretty point for an advocate.

"You tell me there were no witnesses whatever. In that case I do not see how you could bring any charge home to the man except on his own confession and the statement of the person assailed. If B. denounced him you are bound to put the man on his trial.

"But the case is altogether a delicate one, and a most disagreeable one, if, as you say, A. is a man who has led a reputable life. I hope it is wholly hypothetical. If it is not you must give me a more detailed statement of all the circumstances involved in it."

The Fiscal leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes.

A mist gradually filled the room, and through the mist he saw a court of justice. There were the judges in their ermine and portentous wigs; here were the rows of eager-faced advocates, and behind them a crowd of spectators. He himself was the panel on trial.

There was great sensation in the court; for the panel was a man who had been widely respected for his probity; who had long held a responsible legal position; and who had been regarded by many who believed they knew him intimately as one of such calm and even-balanced temperament that he was above the common passions of ordinary natures. His judgment was so cool and clear that functionaries of high position had often said that he might have been one of the most distinguished judges of his time.

Yet here was this man now standing in the position of a common criminal—shown to be one subject to the commonest passions of uncultivated nature, whose outward bearing had been nothing more than a mask of exceptionally cunning manufacture.

This big, strong man had assailed and murdered a poor, weak, half-witted creature for an offence committed so many years ago that only themselves remembered it.

The whole crowd seemed to rise in horror

at the crime, and a low murmur of execration filled the court.

The respect which he had received in the course of his career rendered his guilt the more shameful and unpardonable. The panel stood there so calm that, to the crowd, he seemed insensible to the horror of his position; but the Fiscal could see into his heart and could feel its agony. He knew that the man was looking through the mists of the court at the stricken child whose whole life was destroyed by his act. It was the spectacle of her misery which made the position terrible to him.

Then in his anguish he pleaded for himself.

"He has said nothing yet—I need not speak and condemn myself. Why should I speak and murder her as well as him? For it would kill her. Is it punishment for my guilt that is required? No sentence that the court can pronounce can inflict upon me the thousandth part of the torture I am enduring."

"Be silent, then," said the advocate who was at his elbow. "There is no one to accuse you, except yourself. Without your own confession it would be impossible to convict you. Be silent—live—they will marry and be happy."

"Ay," said the principal judge, looking down blackly, "they will be happy; they will have children; they will gather around them many friends; and one day the truth will become known and their added shame will make your guilt the deeper. It will not be one crime you have committed, but many. Speak at once, and let the court decide the question—guilty or not guilty."

He could not answer that, but the advocate spoke again—

"You know that you are not guilty. You are allowing the sentiment of the past to prey upon your mind and induce it to take a morbid view of the case. You know that if it were not so, and if it were another man who stood on his trial before you, you would at once acquit him. Come, take a plain practical view of the affair. Your meeting with the man was accidental; you avoided him for months; you did try to control your passion—the result was a pure accident. Think of Ellie—you can see that the dearest hopes of her life are grafted on the lover from whom your confession must separate her. Why should you bring this unnecessary misery upon her, and upon her lover too, because of this mischance between you and the man who has been a curse to everybody

connected with him? He was in such a condition that he was not likely to live long, at any rate. Come, be practical Richard Musgrave, whose judgment has never yet been questioned in the case of other men, and acquit yourself."

Then there was a long silence, and the figures which surrounded him melted in the mist; but that of the frowning judge above him had not yet gone, and to him the culprit made answer—

"Ay, I would have acquitted another man. I cannot acquit myself. . . . I am guilty."

As that verdict was pronounced there fell a great silence on the place. The man's heart missed a beat, and that halt of the machinery of life, which was only a breath's space, seemed to represent a long lapse of time.

Then the strange, cold silence was succeeded by a loud murmuring of voices which rapidly swelled into the loud roaring of an angry sea that was rushing in upon him to overwhelm him and all that was his with its resistless fury.

Again there was a pause—such a pause as that before a mighty whirlwind swoops like a destroying angel over the earth. Then he seemed to be walking a long distance through the midst of ruin, his footsteps faltering, his heart heavy with despair, and not a living creature to make a sign of comfort to him, or even of pity.

Out of that desolation voices spoke—and he knew that they were those of his advocate and the judge, although he could not see them now.

One said—

"Wake, man, wake out of this trance—the happiness of your child is more than life, is more than honour to you; you alone can

mar her happiness. Be dumb, then, and let her be happy; you alone will suffer."

But the other voice—the stern, unseen judge's—called:

"Be dumb, and he will speak before he dies. He will denounce you to the people as his assassin, and the period of grace will have passed—even those who love you will be unable to pity you. Speak at once and save yourself from the disgrace of falsehood."

The first voice, with a scornful laugh—

"Let him denounce you, if he will! You and he alone on earth know the truth. Answer you that he is a liar. Appeal you to your past against his wasted life, and the people will scorn him as one who, with his dying breath, would have wrought evil. All that you have done will plead for you: all that he has done will condemn him."

"And the curse that has marred his life will fall upon you—the curse of a lie," said the solemn voice of the judge.

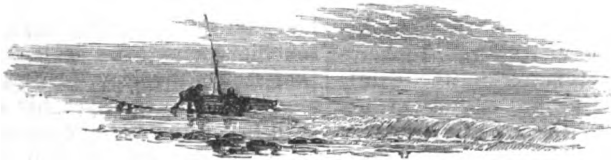
The place cleared again.

The Fiscal arranged paper before him and took pen in hand. His brows were knit, and there was a stern resolve in his expression.

"I know that he will speak as soon as he has strength—maybe it will be some satisfaction to him to denounce me. I will arrange everything for him. His people will be there and I shall be ready to meet my fate."

Then he began to write with his usual calm deliberation of manner. His pen continued to move steadily over the paper until early morning.

When he finished, he placed two documents in separate official envelopes. The one was his statement regarding the accident at Campbell's farm. The other was his resignation of his office of Procurator Fiscal.



SICKNESS AND RECOVERY.

BY PROFESSOR J. S. BLACKIE.

I.—SICKNESS.

AS when a sea-gull, custom'd long to sweep
 With breezy range from shimmering sea to sea,
 In revelry of wafture fair and free,
 O'er the broad bosom of the boundless deep ;
 Him now an idle boy, after a storm,
 Hath caught, and pruned his wing, and closely barred
 All outlet from the farmer's narrow yard,
 Where he must hop about from worm to worm,
 A sorry sight to see. So me, once king
 Of thoughts far-stretching, and far-wandering ways,
 Mischance hath caught, and clipt my venturous wing,
 And chained me to a round of deedless days,
 With all life's organ-hymns of high desire
 Sunk to the creakings of a broken lyre !

II.—RECOVERY.

THERE now, thou faithless heart, learn once again
 To doubt thyself, and put thy trust in God,
 Whose virtue breathes live breath into the clod,
 And with a touch lures forth a golden vein
 Of joy from sadness ! When one dismal blot
 Mars the blue sky, and wraps the day in night,
 Is the sun dead, for that thy little spot
 Gooms for an hour, uncheered by kindly light ?
 O fool ! fool ! fool ! as soon may craft of man
 Dry up the swelling founts that richly pour
 From the broad flanks of Nevis Ben, as span
 The breadth of blessing God doth keep in store
 For whom He loves. His nature is to give,
 Thine to receive ; this truth believe, and live !

DR. JOHN BROWN.

BY WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

A FINE stock of Scottish preachers, beginning with a Perthshire shepherd-boy, found its perfect flower in the dainty and delicate humorist who, on the 11th of May last, passed into the world where their sun goes no more down. The first of the race, John Brown of Haddington, taught himself Latin and Greek when watching his flock among the green hills that look down on the Firth of Tay, and afterwards fought his way—first as a packman, then a village schoolmaster—to be at last a minister and professor of theology. He was never exactly a popular preacher, yet his earnestness was such that it impressed even so cool a sceptic as David Hume. In him, too, we seem to find a trace of the quiet humour which distinguished his great-grandson, if the story be true, that he used to tell the students in his parting counsels to them, “If ye want grace,

ye may get it by praying for it; and if ye want learning, ye may get that, too, by working for it; but if ye want common sense, I dinna ken where ye are to get it." His son, John Brown, of Whitburn, was a divine highly esteemed in his day, author of several books of theology, but without the fresh pith which marked the writer of "The Self-Interpreting Bible." Still continuing the tradition of John Browns, the Whitburn John was followed by another who was first minister at Biggar in the upper ward of Lanarkshire, and afterwards in Edinburgh, where he attracted many of the more thoughtful and educated classes by his honest efforts rather to explain the Scriptures than to preach dogmas. A comparatively liberal-minded man, as liberal as, in those years, it was possible for a "secession minister" to be, and still retain his pulpit, he did a good deal to break down hard doctrines of "limited atonement," and such-like extreme outworks of Calvinism, and was altogether a man of some mark in his day.

It was while he was minister of sleepy little Biggar that to him was born another John, our John, on the 22nd of September, 1810, by his first wife, Jane Nimmo. She died early, and his father married again, yet not till many years after, and his experience of stepmothers led him to have a kindly feeling for those who had to fill that delicate post. His father's second wife, a Miss Crum of Thornliebank, shared her love equally between him and her own children, and they, in their turn, were not less fond of their wise and witty elder brother. I remember, one day last summer, that some girls were talking to him in a girlish way against stepmothers, when he gently stopped them, saying, "You must not speak so, my dears. For if I had not had a stepmother, I should never have had Alexander" (his brother), "and what would I have done without *him*?" It was in Edinburgh, whither he went when he was ten years old, that he received all his education. Dr. Carson, then at the head of the High School, was something of a pedant, hardly a fit successor for Dr. Adam, yet a good Latin scholar, and no bad Grecian for a Scotchman of those years. John Brown learned there, at least, to have a real love for classical literature, and a sufficient perception of its excellence, if he was not familiar with its niceties. There, too, he had for companions such men as Lords Inglis and Moncrieff, besides that "Bob Ainslie" of whom he speaks in "Rab and his Friends," and Sir Theodore Martin, who

was somewhat younger, and to the last looked up to him with a kind of reverent affection "as an upper-form boy." Departing from the clerical tradition of the family, this fourth John Brown took to medicine, and was apprenticed to Syme, of whom, alike as teacher and friend, he has given so pleasant a notice in his last published volume. When he was some eighteen years old—for in those days university education began with boys of twelve or thirteen—he went up to Chatham as assistant to a surgeon or physician there, and remained a year, brightening, I daresay, many a sick-bed by his sweet boyish face and his gaiety and sympathy, and, it is to be hoped, without avenging Flodden by much administration of "calomy and lodamy." In 1833 he graduated M.D., and at once began to practise in Edinburgh, where his father's name and connection ere long secured him a fair practice. It was never large, for after all, his heart was not exactly in it. He was too sensitive for the surgical branch of the profession, and, like most thoughtful physicians, had not much faith in medicine, though he was recognised in the profession to be a great doctor too. Indeed, we have heard such accounts of his professional skill, and especially of his fine "diagnosis," that we can only explain his very moderate success on the assumption that his heart lay more to art and literature than to feeling pulses and drawing fees. Certain it is that at its best his practice did no more than provide him with a very modest living. But with that he was quite content, caring chiefly to lay up the better riches of thought and wisdom and the love of all men.

Among his earlier literary efforts were some papers on art, notices of the Academy's annual exhibition in the *Witness* newspaper. John Brown had a fine feeling for art, and, like Norman MacLeod too, was fond of making rapid pen-and-ink sketches which hit off a character almost as nicely as his words could. When he was in good trim, one hardly got a hasty note from him without some scratch of this kind, brimming over with fun. His reviews at once showed that a new kind of art-criticism was rising among us, and that Ruskin's "Modern Painters" was already bearing fruit. One noted that there was an eye here able to see the artist's thought, if he had one, and to discover the genius of a Noel Paton or a David Scott, even when it was still only struggling for expression which, alas! in the latter case it never fully attained. Brown soon became an authority among

painters, for he had a rare insight into what is true both in form and colour, and I doubt not that his influence helped not a little the progress which our Scottish art has made of late years. Harvey and Paton, and Duncan and D. O. Hill and Scott were close friends of his, and profited, all of them, by his appreciative criticism.

But, after all, this was not the field where his real honours were to be won. He was essentially an essayist of the type of Addison and Charles Lamb, blending humour and pathos and quiet thoughtfulness, not inferior to theirs, with a power of picturesque description which neither of them had. For though city-bred, like Lamb, his delight was not "in the habitable parts of the earth," but in its lonely glens and by its quiet lakes, on Minchmoor, or in the Enterkin, or where Queen Mary's "baby garden" shows its box-wood border grown into trees among the grand Spanish chestnuts in the Lake of Menteith. How it was that he came to find his right vein, I cannot tell; but its first "lode" produced the touching story of Rab and Ailie and Bob Ainslie, which at once gave him a foremost rank among our English humorists. One can hardly say whether it is more pathetic or humorous, for the smiles and the tears fight with each other all through; only in the end the cheerful feeling comes uppermost. Having opened such a vein, and opened so many hearts by means of it, whose purses also would have cheerfully opened for as much more of the same article as he chose to give them, one is rather astonished, in these days, to find that he did not work it to death. But Brown was afflicted with a profound self-distrust. He could not be persuaded that he was, in any sense, a great writer, or that he could do anything people would care to read. No amount of favourable reviews could change his idea permanently on that head. It might be pleasant for a moment to read them; it was kind, of course, in people to write them; but they gave him no encouragement to try his hand again. Not even Thackeray's letter, which he has published, or that of Wendell Holmes which appeared lately in the *Scotsman*, could make him at all believe that it was his clear duty to go on. Therefore his friends had very hard work to get him to take up his pen again. He would talk, and tell the most delightful stories, and make the gayest-hearted fun at pleasant social gatherings; and one longed to have a short-hand writer hid in some cupboard near by to take down the wise, quaint, odd, and tender words which

then so naturally flowed from him. But to sit down and write, and still more to correct proofs, the very thought of it seemed to freeze him.

When Dr. Hanna* became editor of the *North British Review*, he managed to get from his friend the article on Locke and Sydenham. The late Norman MacLeod also obtained for GOOD WORDS some popular lectures on Health, for he had more faith in hygiene than in medicine. But had not his publisher, Mr. David Douglas, kept most lovingly "pestering him," we should never have had even the very imperfect fragments that remain to tell what a rich and beautiful nature his was.

In a brief notice like this, we cannot, of course, attempt to do anything like critical justice to his work. That, we trust, will yet be done by some more fitting hand with ample time to do it. But "Rab and his Friends," "Pet Marjorie" and "Mystifications," "Jeemes" and "Our Dogs," "John Leech," and "William Makepeace Thackeray," "The Child Garden," and the "Enterkin," will never cease to delight and to profit those who read them, whether they understand, or do not understand, the subtle cause of the pleasure they feel. Jeemes the Beadle's family worship, when he himself was all the family, with its fixed tune for each day of the week, whatever the psalm happened to be; Pet Marjorie's struggling thoughts, wrestling with limited ideas of spelling, and of what was proper language for a little miss to use, and the tender hand that touches her weaknesses so lovingly; the various dogs who become almost human as this most human spirit draws out their several characters; the old Aberdeenshire Jacobite family, and Miss Grahame of Duntrune, and indeed every bright picture he has painted for us, will they not all hang in our mind's gallery among our choicest treasures of art, which the more familiar they are, the more we shall love to look on? There is one spirit in them all, and yet there is no sameness. Everywhere we find the same pathetic humour and humorous pathos, whether he is dealing with man or dog, and he seems to enter into the mind of both alike, with tender sympathy that gives him clear understanding. For he had that fine reverence which looks with a kind of awe both up to the Creator and down to all his creatures.

Religious he was in the truest sense of the word. If a good many of the formulas of the four pious John Browns who preceded him had

* Since this paper was written he also has followed his friend to the world of spirits. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they are not divided."



From a photograph]

DR. JOHN BROWN.

[by J. Fergus, Largs.

fallen away from, or, at least, sat loosely on him, yet was he the true heir of all their faith and virtues. A more beautiful soul never looked out from a more beautiful face, and saw God, and lived in the light of his countenance. Of course, his piety was the reverse of sour—was as sweet, and gentle, and loving as a pure spirit could be. It was not exactly the old Scottish piety, but it was still less the English kind; and, indeed, I know not that it belonged to any age, or to any Church, but just to John Brown; and to him it was perfectly natural and real. Always serious, he was often even sad; and yet what an amount of playful, tricky, wayward nonsense he would perpetrate, and even carry on for whole weeks on end! Some odd fancy would strike him, and being with those he could

trust, it was uttered with the utmost gravity, and the fun was kept up as long as they could toss the light shuttlecock back. Nor did it stop there. Little notes would come for days after—daily little notes, with illustrations of the joke, pen-and-ink illustrations of the quaint absurdity, enlarging and unfolding the original germ, till it grew to be really a part of one's life, which one talked of at breakfast, wondering what its next development would be. The fancy seemed to take hold of him, and grow from day to day, with fresh outcomes of fun and fresh lights of humour, almost as if he studied it, and yet it was only the veriest play of a spirit that tried to make its world as merry-hearted as it could. For underneath that crisp froth of gaiety there lay a great deep of solemn thought, which he

tried to sound, and often found no bottom to it; and in the midst of his "quips and cranks" there were many wistful sighs to know the hidden mystery. And over all there still rose, and abided steadfast in his faith, laugh and jest as he might, the face of the Crucified, the ever-beloved, ever-trusted Image and Glory of the Father.

Our somewhat formal and commonplace piety, therefore, did not find many points of contact with his mind, and rather held aloof from him, as he did also from it, not because he doubted its reality, but because it was narrow and strait-laced, which he could not be. Strait-laced folk never could comprehend him; thought him strangely loose, irreverent, unprofitable, though nothing would have profited them so much as to get really for once close to his mind. It would have done them no end of good to learn how much true divine reverence could be under forms of speech quite alien to theirs, and how much yearning Christian love could express itself in ways wildly foreign to their lips. I wish I could remember half the quaint touching stories I have heard from him in illustration of this. He was an exquisite storyteller, quiet, simple, with a look in his face half-pawky, half-pathetic, which never failed to catch and keep the interest of the hearer. Other *raconteurs*, like Sir Daniel Macnee, had no particular point in their stories, or rather they were prickly all over with points, "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," which in the end is all one as if they had no point at all. But John Brown's stories never failed to come to a distinct point, and leave a definite impression, so that, minus a great deal that belonged to him personally, they could still be tolerably well told by another. Those who could not pierce beneath the surface, and get at the deeper thought which they often oddly draped, were apt to be staggered by them, or, at any rate, they lost their real meaning. But most of his stories would bear twice thinking over; and the more you thought, the more you found in them, wondrous things often being wrapped up in their quaint dress. Consider, for instance, how much this implies. I forget now, for it is many years since I heard him tell it at Craigmook, what exactly were the circumstances giving rise to it—peril of a boat in a storm, or danger of a gig whose horse had madly run off, and become unmanageable: but whatever the risk was, it was enough to make one of the parties suggest to his neighbour that, if he had a prayer he could pray, it was high time to say it. And the answer was, "I don't remember anything but the

Lord's Prayer, and what is the good of that?" Was it that there was no express petition there suitable for their circumstances; or that he had been from childhood so accustomed to it that he had got to think of it as only a "bairn's prayer," of no use to grown men; or that our Scotch habits of thought have tended to evacuate that prayer of its meaning and power? You may ponder over it for a long while, and fail to get to the bottom of it; but rest assured there was strange deep import to John Brown in that question, "What's the good of that?" I remember, not many months ago now, and yet what has happened since makes it look to me like years, for I have to gaze across "the valley of the shadow of death," and its bleak silence feels ever so vast—I remember, as he paid me one of his frequent morning visits which broke with such a bright gleam of natural sunshine on the daily task of sermon-writing, that something led me to speak of the various motives which brought people to church, which were not always so noble as a desire to hear of the way of salvation, nor always so flattering to the preacher as he might fancy. And I adduced as an illustration a circumstance that had come under my notice long ago. One country clown was heard calling to his fellow on the Sunday morning: "Are ye gaun to the kirk to-day, Jock?" To which the reply was, "Na, I dinna think it. I hae naething to tak' me. I hev tobacco." He had been wont to get his weekly supply of that weed at "the kirk town" on Sunday, and as he was now provided for, he saw no occasion to go up to the house of the Lord. Brown enjoyed the story very much, but seemed to be set amusing by it on yet deeper matters, for after a little he said: "There is no connection exactly between them, but yet it reminds me of a story my old friend Coventry used to tell me. The minister was catechizing, one day, over in Kinross; and asked a raw ploughman lad, 'Who made you?' which he answered correctly enough. Then another question was put, 'How do you know that God made you?' to which, after some pause and head-scratching, the reply was, 'Weel, sir, it's the common clash o' the country.'" "Ay," Brown added, "I am afraid that a deal of our belief is just founded on the good 'common clash o' the country;" and therewith he wrung my hand and went his way, having thoughts clearly in his head that he could not then utter. Nearly all his stories—and you hardly ever met him at a street-corner but one at least would quietly drop from him

—had this pregnant character. They had a meaning beneath the surface ; they were not wit but humour ; and they were full of human kindness.

All the more are those who knew him and loved him, and no one knew him but loved him, filled this day with a great sadness that the sweetest, purest, brightest of Scotland's sons has passed away, and will gladden us with his presence no more. A truer, tenderer heart never beat ; and now it has ceased to beat for ever, and we are left to mourn. Yet there was and we willingly acknowledge it, not a little in his end to assuage our grief. In his latter years he was often subject to mysterious clouds, overshadowings of great darkness, when his self-depreciation became something almost like despair. It was unspeakably painful to hear him cry, as he did sometimes, out of the depths, and to feel how little even the warmest love could do to comfort him. For no words of good cheer seemed to reach his darkened soul,

as he felt like one forsaken, and had the bitter fellowship of his Lord's darkest hours. He understood Cowper and loved him, but I think he did not write about him for that very reason, because he understood him only too well. Happily during the whole of last winter these desponding fits never, almost, visited him, "Towards evening it was light." For the last dozen years, he had not spent on the whole so bright a time. Friends were made glad by frequent visits. He did not shrink from little dinner parties of choice old familiars, and was as happy at them as he made others. Nor were his last days burdened with long suffering or saddened with any disquietude of heart. The end came somewhat suddenly and very sweetly, surrounded by the fondest love, and endured in a patient hope, and perfect peace, and, like the morning star that shines out and disappears amid the light, he died away into the light that is inaccessible and full of glory.

"GOD IS LOVE."

BY THE VERY REV. J. J. STEWART PEROWNE, D.D., DEAN OF PETERBOROUGH.

THERE have been two very opposite philosophies of human life. The first is the optimist philosophy of a selfish Epicureanism. It takes life as it finds it, and finds it on the whole very pleasant and very full of enjoyment. Its single aim is to get pleasure, ease, happiness. If it cannot altogether deny ugly facts which clash with its theory—misery and sorrow, and the sense of guilt—it passes them by with averted eyes, as the Priest and the Levite passed by the wounded man in the parable, lest they should disturb its selfish dreams. "Come on," it says, "let us enjoy the good things that are present. Let us fill ourselves with costly wines and with ointments, and let no flower of the spring pass by us. Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered. Let none of us go without his part of our voluptuousness ; for this is our portion and our lot is this." (Wisdom of Solomon, ii. 6—9.) Let us crush down the busy, importunate thoughts which rise within us to trouble our peace ; let us bury our dead out of our sight. For this system the world of time and matter is all. It refuses to look beyond ; its hopes and its fears are here. It hates and abjures all religion, but most of all the religion of the Cross, because of its associations with pain, and its aspect of gloom and awe. It has

found expression in those lines in which a German poet writes of his grave :—

"Upon my grave place ye no cross
Of stone, of iron, or of wood ;
My soul hath ever loathed that tree
Of martyrdom, of pain, and blood.

"It ever pained me, that a world
Filled by a God with light and joy,
Should choose as symbol of its faith,
The rack on which a slave must die

"Let then no cross my head-stone be,
But plant ye fragrant roses there ;
Of a new manhood's glorious faith,
Be roses now the symbol fair."

At the opposite extreme is the pessimist theory of life. According to this system whatever is, is wrong. The whole world is like sweet bells jangled out of tune. If the first theory is the theory of irrational hope, this theory is the theory of irrational despair. It fastens on all the facts which make Nature herself awful and human life wretched, and arrays them with pitiless severity before our eyes. It gives us no religion unless it be the religion of a cynical resignation. Its motto and its creed are

"Thou art so full of misery :
Were it not better not to be ?"

It says with Job's wife, "Curse God (if there be a God) and die."

Of these two philosophies of life there can

be no question which deserves the more respectful consideration. The first will die against the hard facts of the world. The second derives its strength from these facts. The indictment which it brings against the constitution of things has its truth, and its truth makes it formidable. The world feels it, the Bible confesses it. All the great thinkers of the world, all the poets who have touched men's hearts, have had the garland of sadness on their brow. All have felt "the burden and the mystery of all this unintelligible world," and the weight, "heavy as lead and deep almost as life," pressing upon them as they fixed their gaze upon nature and upon life. And the founder of that religious system, which at this moment counts the largest number of adherents on the face of the globe, based his religion on misery, pain, and death; and it may be said with truth that the wretchedness of existence is the creed at this very hour of many millions of the human race.

Quite recently, both in Germany and amongst ourselves, this pessimist argument has been urged with great force against the belief in that sublime and consolatory truth, which St. John declares with such simple majesty, that God is Love.

Look, it is said, at that Nature which you tell us is the handiwork of God, and which manifests His goodness. Is it not terrible with its inexorable law? Is it not one vast laboratory of destruction? Are not its forces cruel? "Everything," says one writer, "which the worst men commit, either against life or property, is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents. Nature has *noyades* more fatal than those of Carrier, her explosions of fire-damp are as destructive as human artillery, her plagues and cholera far surpass the poison cups of the Borgias." And if we turn from the devastation wrought, apparently with complete indifference to the character of the sufferers, by the giant forces of nature and look at the world of man, our hearts find no relief. Labour, want, vexation, disappointment, pain of body, anguish of heart, are the lot of men from the cradle to the grave. "The saying quoted by Herodotus," says the pessimist philosopher, Schopenhauer, "that there never existed a man who did not more than once wish not to outlive the following day, has never yet been refuted. If all the terrible pains and sorrows to which his life is exposed could be brought before the eyes of each, he would be seized with horror; and if the most obstinate of optimists were led through the hospitals, lazarettos,

and surgical operation rooms; through the prisons, torture chambers, and slave holds; over the fields of battle and places of execution; if then those dark abodes of misery, where it creeps out of the view of cold curiosity, were opened to him; and finally a sight were afforded him of the starvation of some Ugolino, he would surely at last perceive what kind of *best of all possible worlds* this is." This is the picture painted, no doubt, with a pencil dipped in hell, and yet giving the shadow side of the world with awful truth. And this is God's world! Can you look at the facts and say without doubt and hesitation, knowing what you say, God is Love? You may say it with careless lips as part of a creed that you have been taught, but can you say it knowing what you say? Do you wonder that one of the writers already quoted, has come to the deliberate conclusion either that God is not a Being of boundless beneficence, or that He is a Being of limited power.

I confess I do not wonder at it. I do not forget how much may be said on the other side even from the ground of natural theology. Mr. Mill himself has admitted that there are abundant evidences of a provision in nature for the happiness of creatures, and no evidence of any design to make creatures unhappy or to cause pain; and it is impossible for any of us, unless we are wilfully blind, not to see joy in nature. I do not forget how much there is of beauty and glory in heaven and upon earth. I do not forget how much happiness God has shed abroad, how His creation rings with the melody of joy. The Hebrew poet, a true interpreter of nature, hears the corn-fields in the golden sunlight sing and shout for joy; the trees of the field clap their hands; the waves of the sea beat high with joy. The bounding of the lamb, the merry laugh of the child, the blessed sweetnesses of love and friendship have made this world luminous with the light of the smile of God. All this is true; the world is not a ghastly charnel-house, or the gloomy fortress of a tyrant. Still the terrible side of the picture remains, the awful facts are there, and our eyes see them. And if a large deduction must be made from the sum-total of suffering on the score of that which man brings upon himself by his own wilfulness and perversity, still innocent suffering remains a stumbling-block in our path. Still we must admit that the logic of the Theist is unanswerable who impales us on the horns of the dilemma, either God is not Almighty or God is not Love.

I confess I have never yet seen the argument drawn simply from the facts of the world which could confute that position. I believe John Stuart Mill is right when he concludes from his own premisses that all we have to do is to make the best of it in joining our forces with the God who is at war with an evil which He cannot wholly master.

But I maintain, nevertheless, that God is Almighty and that God is Love. I do so taking my stand upon the Revelation of God in Christ Jesus. The Bible admits all that has ever been said by any man as to the misery and evil of the world. The Bible casts a light upon the darkness for which you will look in vain elsewhere. I do not say it solves all our difficulties or frees us from all our doubts, but I do say it gives us enough to satisfy the reason and to stay the heart.

Two great words give us the key to the mystery of sorrow—Sin, and Redemption. Sin is the key to the misery; Redemption tells us that God is love. Look first at the fact of sin. I am not going to attempt to explain what no thinker has ever yet been able to explain, the existence of moral evil. Why it was permitted I do not know. Why God, who kept some of the angels from falling, did not shield all by his restraining grace I do not know. Why He so created man as to be liable to temptation, and so ordered the constitution of his nature that the whole race is enveloped in the consequences of the first transgression, I do not know, except so far as I can see that freedom is far nobler than an iron necessity, and that through the very solidarity of the race the redemption of the race is possible. But that having given man this freedom, his most glorious prerogative, and man having so abused it as to turn all God's gifts to base ends and to rise in base ingratitude against his Maker, that then God should manifest His truth and holiness in His righteous abhorrence of sin, this I can understand. A God who should regard sin with indifference is not a God before whom His creatures can bow in worship; for worship is reverence done to that which is worthy of reverence. Bow down before His footstool, for the Lord our God is holy—that is an appeal which commends itself to every unprejudiced conscience. Bow down before One who forgives sin that He may so touch and win back the transgressor, *that* I can understand; but bow down before One to whom sin is indifferent, that I cannot do. For what is sin? Sin is the will of the creature set against the Creator. Sin is moral disease and corruption and deadly plague.

Sin is disorder in the realm of order, rebellion in the kingdom of God. And you would make light of this violation of the moral law of the universe? You would have this disorder, this anarchy bring no consequences in their train?

But how is this possible? "In the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Is that merely an arbitrary sentence? Is it not rather a moral necessity? Is not suffering inseparable from sin? Either say that God is not the supreme good, or admit that the creature cannot break the bond that unites him to God without cutting himself off from life and happiness. Either say that the soul is not made for God, and degrade it to the level of the beasts that perish, or admit that it loses its higher life, that it suffers therefore and dies by its wilful separation of itself from God. Suffering, immeasurable suffering is the first-born of sin. You cannot change or abrogate that eternal law; and as long as rebellion exists, suffering will follow sin, as the shadow follows the substance, or, to speak more correctly, suffering must be the offspring of sin. To ask God that it might be otherwise is to ask Him to cease to be God, it is to ask Him to sacrifice every moral attribute, it is to ask Him to cease to be the supreme source of life, happiness, and glory. We pass too lightly over this awful fact of sin. Its heinousness does not make us afraid. If there is a disease in our modern theology and our modern philosophy of life more conspicuous than another, it is this indifference to sin. We lull it with anodynes. We call it anything but sin. We form our schemes of social improvement and material progress without any conviction of this deep plague-spot of our nature. We hide it from ourselves until it breaks out in some scandalous form and startles us with its intensity. We will drill men into morality; we will repress crime by education; we will empty our gaols by philanthropic legislation, but the sin that dwelleth in us is too strong for human remedies, too rampant for the social reformer's pruning-hook. Far truer is the novelist's sentiment when he puts into the mouth of one of his characters the awful but grand words, "How gladly would I endure the torments of hell if thereby I might escape from my sin!"

The easy, indulgent god whom the world has fashioned for itself is not our God. We say boldly that we believe in the God whose name is love, because we believe in the God who hates sin. A God who cannot punish, who cares neither for good

nor evil, is a God who does not trouble himself about us, and his goodness is simply a cold indifference. Such a distant and scornful majesty fills me with indescribable fear. It is a terrible thing doubtless to fall into the hands of the living God; but there is something more terrible still, to fall into the hands of a dead God, a phantom God, the gaping and empty void of a soulless universe which you would give me in the place of the person who lives and loves. What can I care for that mean and trivial love which can neither be offended nor wounded? The heart of a God who smiles at evil is of too little worth to be cared about. He who is indignant at sin and smites, He only can love. He does not dwell in an inaccessible region, a cold and dreary heaven, not to be reached by human sin, because it cannot be reached by human prayer. He is a father, and a father does not look calmly upon the degradation of his child. He is love, and love carries the fire of jealousy in its bosom.

But again, granted the moral freedom of man, I say that we have in the fact of this moral law, by which the separation of the creature from the Creator brings with it suffering in its train, a very striking evidence of the love of God. Mark the great blessedness of that first promise in Eden. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman." Mark the blessing in the curse pronounced not on man but upon the earth, "Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee: in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." There was to be the enmity put by God's own hand between the tempter and the tempted, that man might be armed against his enemy by a natural repulsion; there was to be conflict, and suffering inflicted in the conflict; there was to be the pain of travail for the woman, and labour in the sweat of his brow for man. Was it not merciful thus to set a hedge about the sinner's path and to curb the easiness and laxity of sensual indulgence, and to put a dam to the high tide of selfishness which else had overflowed the world? Was it not love which planted the thorns on the pillow of self-indulgence? Was it not love which gave man the stubbornness of nature to conquer, cheating him thereby of his sorrow? Was it not love which knit and braced his sinews by the life of trial and struggle? There is nothing more puny—do we not all feel it?—than the man of pleasure; nothing more contemptible than the life whose supreme end is selfish happiness. Terrible as has been the wasting and the plague of sin, with all its burden of pain and suffering, what would have been its horror if left to

revel in its triumph? If anything has made life beautiful and glorious it has been the contest with evil. If anything has restrained the floods of passion and the march of crime, it has been the effort and the pain of self-sacrifice. Yes, the aching head and the bleeding heart, the pain that makes life an agony, and the bitter sorrow which bows us to the dust, these are not a tyrant's racks and chains, they are the healing discipline and the crowning mercy of the God whose name is Love. Suffering, I say, is the necessary fruit of sin, and suffering is made in the hand of God the instrument not of man's destruction, but of his salvation.

But there is another word which yet more forcibly convinces us that God is love, and that word is REDEMPTION. When the pessimist philosopher of Germany said, with blasphemous audacity, "If God made the world I should not like to be in the place of God: its woes would break my heart," he knew not what he said. ITS WOES HAVE BROKEN THE HEART OF GOD manifest in the flesh. Like Caiaphas he uttered an unconscious prophecy. The woes of the world, I say, have broken the heart of God made man. Here is the explanation; here, rather let me say, is the light cast on the ways of God in His dealings with man. God, we have seen, is by the very fact of His righteousness at war with sin, must punish sin. He cannot be holy and look upon sin and goodness with the same supreme indifference. But how wonderful is that love which takes upon itself the burden and the shame and the suffering of sin that thereby it may take it away! This is the mystery and the greatness of the love of God. And you will observe that when St. John speaks of God as love, he immediately proceeds to remind us of the most convincing proof that this is the nature of God in the fact that He gave His son to die for us. "Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that He loved us and sent His Son to be the propitiation for our sins."

No doubt that God is love is true from all eternity. He is so in Himself, in His nature and essence, quite apart from any manifestation of Himself to His creatures. Surely it is an argument against any form of simple monotheism that it does not contain in it this truth that God is love in Himself. God never was solitary. Three persons in one Godhead there were from all eternity, and the relation of these three persons must have been a relation of perfect love before any created being moved along the path of existence. "The loving, the loved, and the

love," to borrow the illustration of St. Augustine, or, as a recent writer expresses himself, "The Everlasting I, and the Everlasting Thou, in the converse of holy love,"—this was God, before the wing of an angel swept the firmament, or a star shone out in the vast expanse. But still, as I have said, St. John is dwelling on the way in which that love has been *manifested* to us, on the wonderful proof which we ourselves have that God is love. And this proof is the gift of His Son. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, that God hath sent His only begotten Son into the world that we might live through Him. But St. John adds a further particular. God gave His Son not only to humiliation, but to death; and He did this not for friends, but for enemies; not for those who loved Him, but for those who had broken His laws and defied his threats and rejected His messengers. This is the record of God's love; this is the tale which we have heard so often that we cease to fix our thoughts on it; this is the proof of God's love which falls upon listless ears and cold and callous hearts. And in truth, as I have said, it is just because here is the greatest proof of God's love, that none but those who believe in Him can estimate it aright. For, if we are to understand this love aright, we must have felt our need of it, we must know something in our own experience of the condemning power and the guilt of sin. When we have felt within ourselves our own darkness and sinfulness and estrangement from God; when we have seen how our very nature is defiled; when we have found how hopeless are all our efforts to discover a remedy for the mortal disease which has fastened upon us; then we know what a gospel of glad tidings is the revelation which tells us that God gave His only begotten Son that He might by His precious blood-shedding put away our sin. Then, beneath the cross of Jesus, we believe with all our hearts that God is love.

We appeal also to those who have a right to speak, to those who have felt the sorrows and trials of life in the largest degree and yet whose confession is God is love. We summon, as our witnesses, a Paul and a John. We read the story of the life of the great missionary to the Gentiles as he sums it up for us in a few pathetic sentences—a life of hardship, of pain, of hunger, of nakedness, of obloquy and persecution, a living martyrdom, a living death. We hear his confession of the deep sorrow and unrest of creation. "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now. And not only

they, but ourselves also, which have the firstfruits of the Spirit, even we ourselves groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body." But does he doubt that God is love? More than all earthly ills he felt was the burden of sin. "Oh, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But does he doubt that God is love? No; from the *De Profundis* of sorrow he rises to the *Te Deum* of victory. "For Thy sake we are killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter." But "What shall separate us from the love of Christ? I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." We turn to the record of the Beloved Disciple. St. John could speak in words terrible in their simple severity of the devilish hate and malignity of man. St. John could write deliberately "the whole world lieth in wickedness," and yet St. John could write no less deliberately, and repeat the statement, "God is love." St. John, above all men, might have questioned it. He had seen the face of perfect love and purity buffeted and spit upon by miscreants, and the sacred head of love crowned with thorns, and the hands that were never lifted but to bless, and the feet which went only on errands of mercy, nailed to the tree, and the heart of love pierced by the soldier's spear. He had beheld that most awful tragedy; and for him there might have been some excuse, if he had thought that wrong and injustice sat upon the throne of the universe, or that the power of the Most High was limited. But it is he who, holding fast to the truth that the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth, tells us also that God is love.

Let these and such as these be heard, for they have a right to speak. Not those who have wrapped themselves in their hard misanthropy, and who, living and dying in peace and prosperity, themselves untroubled by the real calamities of life, look forth upon the world only to criticize it, and arraign in their impotent blasphemy the operation of Him who is loving unto every man, and whose tender mercies are over all His works; but those who have seen sin in the light of God, its deep defiance to the Most High, its awful guilt, its merited chastisement, and who have seen also and believed the love that God hath to them in His Son, they say, and they have a right to say, *God is love.*



OUT OF DOORS IN JULY

A Ramble in Rural By-ways.

NOT a breath of air is stirring, and under the influence of the July heat our little out-of-the-world hamlet—drowsy always—is now absolutely still. Even the cows on the trim little green are too lazily inclined to do more than lie about chewing the cud. Up on the hillside, where the foxgloves make such glorious display, the old donkey has ceased from his prickly repast, and sits calmly looking down upon the scattered cluster of cottages below. The birds have hushed their songs, the lambs refrain from play, and all things seem to be enjoying a siesta. As we pass the little red-tiled school-house, with its garden full of tempting currants and gooseberries, a drowsy hum denies that the children are *quite* asleep; but the only other definite sounds are the long drawn out “caw” of a languid rook floating over us and the crazy tinkle of a sheep-tankard in the meadow below.

Everything seems lazily inclined, and you seem to be no exception to the rule, but your protests against walking beneath such a sun are useless. Come with me over the moor, all dotted with white eyebright and nodding

lilac scabious. Now up the hillside by the donkey-path among the gorse and brambles, where luscious raspberries bashfully hide beneath the white downy under-surface of the pinnate leaves. On where the noble willow-herb flaunts its great mass of rosy blossoms, near to the spring that nourishes a colony of healthy lady-ferns protected by the endless clumps of bramble. Little do the hamlet-folk know of the treasures that abound up here upon the sandy platforms and recesses a little higher than their church steeple. Scarce ever does a villager essay these donkey-paths, except in autumn, when, the bramble-fruit is ripe and pies and preserves the order of the day. The botanical beauties of this moor are unknown to the natives; bramble, and gorse, and bracken are the only plants that come within their ken.

But here are fragrant bunches of sweet woodbine; here milkwort pink and white, and there the long white-bearded blooms of clematis, the traveller’s joy. Come, pluck you flowers of each, and soon we’ll sit on springy couch of heather, in grateful shade, and count our spoils. Here, spreading over acres of

high ground, the purple heath plants muffle every footfall, and by the sheepwalks and the gorse clumps, too, the azure harebells ever nod and

" Ring
Their wildering chimes to vagrant butterflies."

You are hot and tired, you say? Well, let us make for yonder clump of firs, where all the ground is covered with yard-long fronds of happily-named "hard-ferns." Do you seek out a soft, dry, shady spot whilst I obtain refreshment for you in the shape of juicy black blaeberreries with the delicate bloom upon them.

Well, here is fruit in plenty for you, and, whilst you eat and quench your thirst, let us see what is contained in our vasculum, or "sandwich-box," as the rustic called it. First, here is agrimony with its prettily cut pinnate leaves and its long spike of tiny golden flowers. A floral gem; surely this is a plant would well adorn a garden border, and probably obtain admittance were it not so provokingly common. Here, too, is bugloss, as prickly as an urchin, culled from the stony border of the corn-field by the spinny. Here is the solitary purple head of the dwarf



plume-thistle, nestling down into the heart of its spiny radicle-leaves; black knapweed and wild hop; the greater celandine and baleful hemlock. Here is the singular two-petalled pinky flower of enchanters' nightshade, a plant that entered, probably, into many mystic ceremonies, if there is anything in its name. This waxen cluster of pale rosy flowers is the centaury, and those much-divided leaves and long, tapering seed-vessels belong to the stork's-bill, a plant we must look out for a little later in the year, when the seeds are ripe, for it has a most remarkable method of burying them.

But here, among rock-rose, St. John's wort, mallow, vetch, and toadflax, and I know not what beside, are heather and harebell and cross-leaved heath, about which you asked me to tell you what I knew. Far

more satisfactory will it be to ask these flowers to tell about themselves. You do not understand quite what I mean? Well, here are plants and flowers, and we have but to examine them patiently and carefully to find out most of their history.

First let us take this sprig of common ling or heather, which botanists distinguish by the name of *Culluna*, which signifies to cleanse or to adorn, a term singularly appropriate; for it is often made into brooms which cleanse, whilst its beautiful flowers, it must be admitted, adorn spots which would otherwise be barren. This sandy hill, for instance, would support very little vegetation were it not for

the shelter afforded by the heather and the alteration it has effected in the surface soil. Great tracts of moor and mountain in the north are covered by this shrub almost entirely, and well the game-birds and the hares appreciate the cover it affords.

To thousands of persons this plant is the most familiar of all that grow, and yet how many, beyond botanists, have noticed what kind of leaves it has? Look at them through your pocket lens, and you will see that each leaf has two little spurs at its base. But if few persons have taken the trouble to notice the leaves, that is not so with the flowers, for you cannot help seeing them and noting the glorious effects of colour they produce on heath and moor and mountain. And their beauty is distinctly of the hard-wearing kind, like that of the grass, the moss, and the lichen. Men and cattle may trample the heather under foot, but its elasticity causes it to rise as bright and cheerful as before. The fierce sun of the torrid months may make the heathlands dry and dusty, but the heather is bright and fresh throughout the drought, and patiently awaits with smiling face the return of moisture-laden clouds. The equinoctials come and strip deciduous plants of every leaf: frosty nights succeed and rob the hedges and the gardens of their floral beauty, but on the heathlands, and the mountains too, the purple of heather still is seen—a little faded, perhaps, but beautiful still—when the first March snowdrop breaks the frozen earth.

But here are two other larger species I have found—the fine-leaved heath and the cross-leaved heath—plants which are more closely allied to the beautiful waxen Cape-heaths of our hothouses. This specimen of cross-leaved or bottle heath I found below there in the bottom, on the patch of bog where the marsh St. John's wort and crimson sundews grow among the pale green sphagnum. A single sprig of it, with its exquisite softly-tinted cluster of flowers, is one of the most beautiful objects in the British Flora.

Now I want you to look closely at and into these flowers with your glass. Each blossom is bell-shaped, and hangs in the position proper to bells, with its mouth downwards. Look within and you will see that the bell is also provided with a clapper. That is the pistil, and the knob at the end is the stigma. Now I need not tell you the value of this organ. You know already that the most important parts of a flower are the anthers and the stigma; that the anthers produce a yellow powder called "pollen,"

and that to enable the plant to mature its seeds, a portion of this pollen must be placed upon the stigma, which is usually sticky or hairy in order to retain it. You will find an exceedingly interesting study in merely examining the organs of every flower you come across, and by noticing the disposition of them you will be often enabled to make a tolerably shrewd guess as to the means by which any particular flower is fertilised—whether by wind, by moth, bee, or beetle, or without any interference from without.

Writers—clever botanists, some of them—used to tell us that this heath-bell hangs down thus that the pollen may fall from the anthers on the stigma. Had they carefully examined the flower, they could not have made that mistake, for they would have seen what I am showing you, that the stigmatic surface is below, can only be reached from below, and so if a perfect shower of pollen were falling around the pistil as it hangs, it could not possibly affect the stigma. As a fact, the flower seems to be so hung in order to *prevent* the pollen falling upon the stigma. The pistil is surrounded by the eight anthers, and these are so peculiarly shaped as to deserve a few words. Here is a single anther I have detached from the flower. It is forked at the end, and each fork is perforated on the outer side. At the base of the anther, where it is attached to the stalk, two long curved horns are given off. Now look again at the flower and ~~note~~ the way in which these anthers are arranged. The forked ends are all placed side by side in such a way as to close all the openings, and the curved horns spread out until they almost touch the sides of the bell.

And what is the meaning of this elaborate arrangement?

At the base of the pistil are honey-glands which secrete the sweet fluid, and as a natural consequence the flower is visited by bees. What follows we can easily find out by a little experiment. The bee would alight on the cluster of flowers, just as that one is doing yonder, and pushing its head into the bell would knock against the stigma—that is the end of the clapper. Then, see, its long tubular tongue is pushed inside—but that is as much as we can see actually taking place. Now let us suppose that this thin stem of grass is the bee's trunk. I push it in just as the bee has done, and lo! it touches against one of the long curved horns, which it pushes out of position, and so the whole set of anthers are parted. The openings are uncovered and the pollen falls in a shower on the bee's face—that is, my fingers.

But herein lies the beauty of the arrangement. The bee's face is hairy and a number of the pollen-grains stick to it, so that when she visits another heath-bell, which she will do directly, this pollen will be placed in contact with the sticky stigma and some will be detached by it. It will then exert its natural influence on that organ, and the embryo-seeds will become fertilised and will grow into good ripe seeds capable of giving rise to strong healthy plants.

From the most remote periods man has ever held the bee in high esteem, on account of her habits of exemplary industry, social economy, and good government. But there is at least one other point that we should notice, and that is the beneficial work she is unconsciously performing in her search for honey. Owing to the peculiar structure of many flowers it is impossible for them to become fertilised unless they are visited by bees; and it is thus easy to see that in the event of certain species of bees becoming extinct, the extinction of certain species of flowers would follow as a natural result.

Had we visited this hilltop a little earlier in the year we should have found no ripe blaeberrys, but instead a number of small roundish waxy-looking flowers of a greenish colour with a tinge of crimson. Now in this plant the arrangement of the floral organs is very similar, and as I was so fortunate as to come up here at the proper time I will show you the sketch I made of the flower. Here the chief difference lies in the anther. It consists of two tubular cells placed side by side, each with a curved process given off from about the middle. At the extreme end of each cell there is an opening for the discharge of the pollen, and the points of the cells are so pressed against the pistil that all the openings of the anthers are closed. But on a bee pushing one or more of these anthers out of position, or shaking the pistil with her head, the holes are opened and the pollen falls in a shower as in the heath.

But now you have rested long enough. I want to take you through the pine-wood, where the tall straight ruddy shafts are all aglow in the slanting rays. The paths are red with the fallen fir-needles and bordered by tall growths of "hurts," or blaeberrys, and our ever-present friend, the despised and common bracken. But does this claim kindred with the coarse-looking dark-green fern so abundant on all the heaths and hillsides? Yea, my friend, and here you can note the effects wrought in a species by the change of its environment. These arching fronds that have unrolled here

in the shade and moisture of the wood have taken on a soft and delicate appearance quite foreign to the heath-grown specimens. Here is the singular plant called cow-wheat, so-called on account of its pretty yellow flowers that look like tiny, elongated blooms of snapdragon. Beneath the trees the ground is thickly covered with the long-trailing stems and yellow stars of wood-loosestrife or yellow pimperl.

And now look around you. We have reached the brow of the hill, and to left and right and away in front the wood drops down; and from this spot we look sheer over the tops of the pines that grow on the steep precipitous flanks. Here is a cool retreat where the sun has small power; but what is engaging your attention? You are astonished that in a place where vegetable life seems to have been uninterfered with for many centuries there should be such strong marks of human handiwork.

From the summit several very regular paths wind round the sides and intersect the terraces below, and all these paths are edged at intervals with the mere bark-skeletons of ancient tree-stumps, now beautifully overgrown with bright fresh mosses and charming groups of polypody fern.

Old Dryasdust, the village antiquary, will tell you tale on tale about this mount; how ancient chroniclers, in musty, yellow-leaved, black-letter tomes, have told of battles dire fought on the common and meadows below. For this terraced wood-crowned height was once a fortress strong of Angle, Saxon, or Dane, perhaps of each in turn, and earlier still of Roman. The ascent or descent is most easy, and yet it must, from its position, have been almost impregnable from this southern side. We descend by the winding path and, passing through a coppice at the foot, are soon out again upon the common.

Hark! what was that? The scream of a harsh-voiced bird? A scream of terror evidently. Stand still, my friend, and wait. The scream continues and grows nearer. A poor terrified rabbit, squealing as you never thought it capable of squealing, rushes frantically from the wood, its long ears pressed flat upon its back and its limbs extended to their utmost length. And see, quickly gaining upon it, is the cause of all its terror and its starting eyeballs. A long, lithe, short-limbed animal, with a cruel-looking, snake-like head, seems absolutely flying after its prey, which rushes right across our feet and sinks, exhausted with fear, a few yards farther on, just as the deadly weasel has seized it by the neck. Another moment and the keen incisors would have pierced the rabbit's skull,

but we are to the rescue. The weasel is off into the wood as quickly as he left it, and the poor quaking puss soon finds sufficient strength and courage to get on her feet and make wistfully for her hole. Such an occurrence is very common, but most frequently the tragedy is completed, and much havoc is made, not only among hares and rabbits, but among game and poultry also, by this deadly fur-coated marauder.

And now let us return. The sun is losing its power and a slight breeze has sprung up from the west which, besides promising rain, will make the return journey bearable to you, who felt so lazily inclined when we set out. The haymakers, too, are expecting rain, for over in the meadow they are making every effort to carry the last load before the shower comes.

But what have we here? Aha! my ovine friends, "Thus conscience does make cowards of us all." A black-faced fleecy sestett of marauders have broken the meadow-hedge and are in the wood among the fern, and with them a wee long-tailed lambkin, who has evidently been led into wrong-doing by his elders. What a terrified rush and crowding up together as they hear the sharp, short bark of the sheep-dog, who has just missed them! Look at the comical expression of guilt in their faces as they huddle up close,

and each one tries to be in the very centre of the group. They know full well they should not have left the meadow, but the shade of the wood was so cool and inviting, and the crystal pool gleamed so seductively, that one weak ewe broke through, and, as a natural consequence, the rest followed. They couldn't help themselves. They simply conformed to an inviolable law of the genus *ovis*, which enacts that "whatever one may do, that shall the rest do also." There they go, helter-skelter, baaing and bleating with the colly at their heels. And now they are safe in the meadow again and we are out on the road, where the hedge is white with the great snowy masses of hog-weed bloom.

And here are your flowers. Take them, and if the rain should come and prevent an evening walk you may find full occupation in the house by examining them and finding out how they are fertilised: whether it is by bees, by other insects, by the wind or without extraneous help. Study that, and if you should be so constituted as to learn no lesson from it, it will at least have an influence upon your mind as healthy as that obtained by a perusal of the latest novel, which you would have dozed over all the afternoon had I not dragged you out of doors.

E. S. WALKER.

MY OWN FAMILIAR HILLS.

YOUR charm abideth ever,
My own familiar hills;
Let sun or storm unwrap you,
My heart with passion fills.

Though yours no Alpine grandeur
To thrill the sensuous eye,
A hand unseen, slow working,
Through ages long gone by,

In wavy lines hath shaped you,
Far-spreading, silent, free;
O'er an earth-ocean moveless
The eye goes ceaselessly.

Your uplands have a music
In the depth of summer calm;
Your noontday voices fusing
In one low heavenward psalm.

O' night, your broad brows shimmer
In the white and weird moontide;
In your glens far down and awesome,
Dim haunting shapes abide.

Oft on the morn of winter
I've seen your grey crags stand,

White-crowned in snowy radiance,
The joy of all the land.

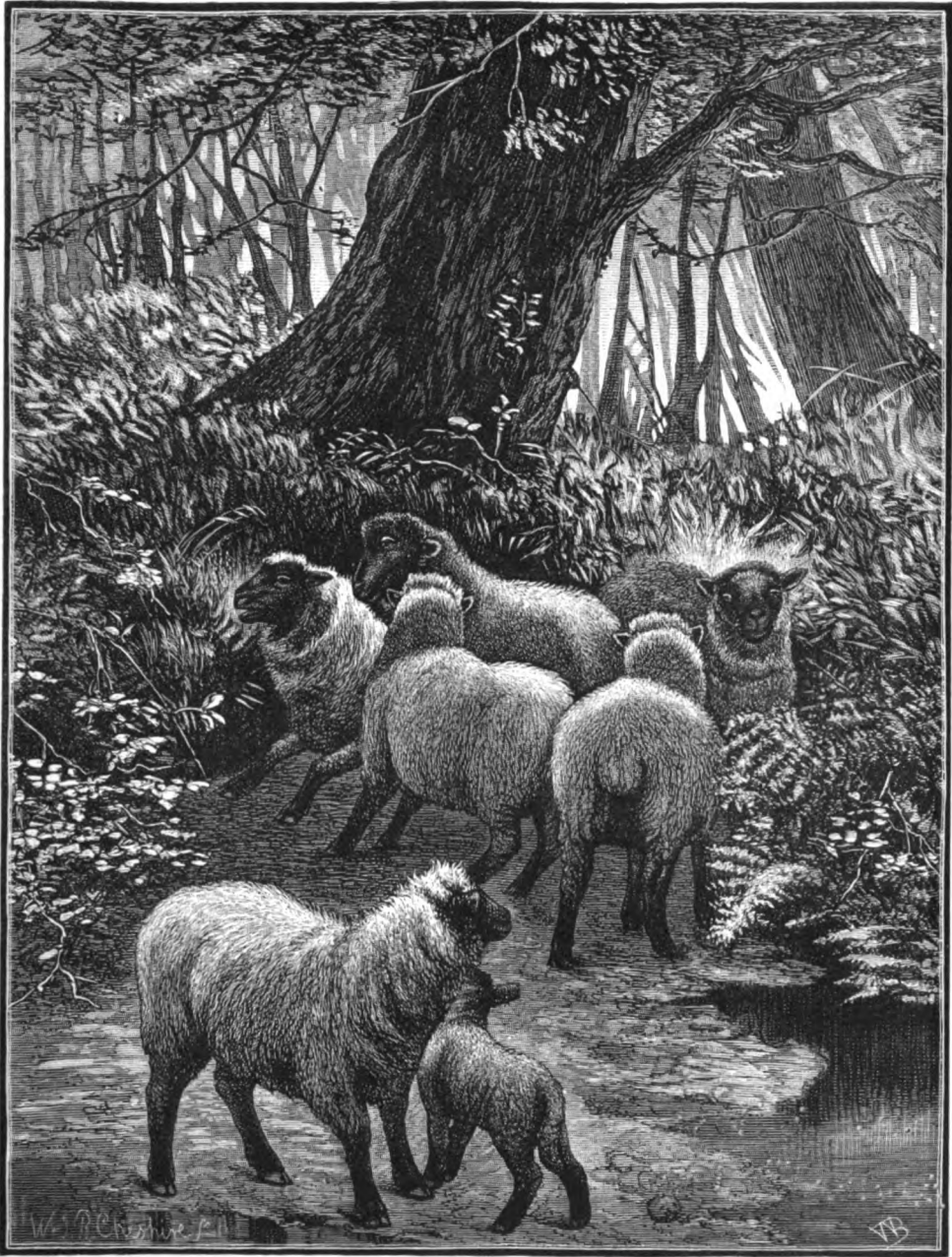
In June you gracious greet me,
With the rock-rose, meek and still;
The yellow violet smiles to me,
And the fairy tormentil.

In August glows the heather,
And gleams the bracken green;
The milk-wort lifts its gentle face,
The grassy tufts between.

October spreads its spaces,
High o'er the moorland free,
Of lint-white bent in ripples,
A breezy golden sea.

When o'er you clouds are rushing,
I'm borne on fancy's wing;
Pass high in air old riders,
I list their bridles ring.

And then the heavens will open,—
The free fair face of noon;
Awhile I rest in blest dreamland,
As I hear the burnheads croon.



" Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

2010

Ye bright and gladsome burnies,
That leap and flash and gleam,
Where the bonnie birk is drooping,
And the rowan shades the stream,—

Ye make the rarest music,
The rocks are earless, grey ;
In fulness of your own sweet heart
Aye singing by the way,—

The voice of one that heeds not
Our earthly sympathy ;
Still hymning to the Love Unseen,
A lyric true and free.

Ye solitary uplands,
Whom rarely foot hath trod,
Known but to one who loves you,
And the open eye of God,

In saddest mood ye've found me,
Thought dark as of the tomb,
The sun-glints glancing o'er you
Have scattered all my gloom.

I've seen in skyey spaces
Looks not of earth or time,
And forms of shadowy mountains,
In another far-off clime.

And then the mist would wrap me
In many a mazy fold,—
The spectre shapes around me,
From the dim dreamland of old :

They rise, they flit before me,
In silent airy tread ;
In the speeding forms and speechless,
I know historic dead.

A strange hushed life deep buried,
Ye keep within your breast,
The stain of ancient story,
The spirit of unrest ;

The grace of knightly presence,
The faith of lovers' vow ;
A tenderness of hearts long quenched,
Ye bear the memory now.

In that still sheen of moonlight,
I see their track, their tread :
Behind them in the valley
The seven brothers dead.

I see him stoop, drink faintly,
Beside the water wan ;
The purple stain ; the maiden,
She fears a dying man.

This old life gone for ever,
A void and airy dream ;
The forms of all the legends,
But shadows on the stream !

No ! not while heart can feel it,
Or bosom heave a sigh ;
There is a living presence
For every living eye.

Ye give me thoughts all holy,
Ye knit me to the strong ;
Ye nerve the will for duty,
And stir the heart to song.

Let fickle fame go by me,
Mean forms of earthly good,
If God my mountains leave me,
And my mountain solitude.

J. VEITCH.

RAINDROPS, HAILSTONES, AND SNOWFLAKES.

BY PROFESSOR OSBORNE REYNOLDS.

COMMONPLACE and important as are the small objects which descend from the clouds, it is only within the last few years that the manner of their formation has been made the subject of careful and accurate investigation ; imperfect explanations, which were little more than guesses, having been very generally accepted as sufficient.

The purpose of this article is to place before the readers a definite and rational history of the origin and growth of these objects, a scientific history founded upon observations and physical laws and further tested by experiment.

The origin of the author's special interest in the subject was an accidental observation

made six years ago as to the very definite and peculiar form of ordinary hailstones. This form, which appears very generally to have escaped observation, afforded the clue which led to what appears to be the true solution of the problem, and hence occupies a prominent position in this article. The order here followed, however, is not that in which the investigation was conducted, but the natural order of the growth of the objects to which it relates.

For the sake of clearness it is necessary to enter shortly upon the consideration of Air and Clouds. It requires no effort of the imagination to apprehend that cloud or fog is constituted of small distinct particles of water

distributed in the air, but when we come to inquire into the size, shape, and number of these particles and as to the manner of their suspension, there are certain difficulties before us.

We start with clear air such as that near the earth's surface on a clear day. In this, strictly speaking, there is no water present, *i.e.* in the form of water, but there is steam, clear steam, a gas as clear as air. The apprehension of this universal presence of steam in the lower strata of the atmosphere is the very foundation of a knowledge of meteorology. The atmosphere at the earth's surface consists of nitrogen, oxygen, and steam; these gases are all mixed, and the mixture is perfectly clear.

Another important point is that the amount of clear steam present depends almost entirely on the temperature. At the temperature of 60° there are about six grains of steam in each cubic foot of air, or one grain to the gallon. Taking a fair-sized room twenty-five feet long and seventeen broad, containing six thousand cubic feet, it would take about half a gallon or five pounds of water to make the steam in this room at 60°. If the temperature were only 40°, the steam would only be half a grain to the gallon of air, just half what it is at 60°. If, then, the air in the room were cooled from 60° to 40°, two pounds and a half of steam would cease to exist, *i.e.* it would cease to be pure steam gas and would become water. Where would this water be? The steam was distributed all through the room, and if the air were suddenly and equally cooled the water must be very nearly in the same position as the steam. It has not time to move far, but it does move a little. The clear steam consists of separate molecules, distributed amongst the molecules of air, and the change from steam to water implies an aggregation of these steam molecules. The molecules collect to centres in their immediate neighbourhood, forming numberless minute masses of water distributed throughout the entire air. The manœuvre is somewhat analogous to that of infantry if suddenly attacked by cavalry when in skirmishing order. There is no time to collect so as to form a single square, so they group themselves in small knots as best they can. The difficulty in such a case with the soldiers is their indecision in initiating groups, each individual seeking to join an existing group; the existence of trees or other objects marking centres is thus a very great assistance. In the case of the molecules of steam there seems to be

an analogous hesitation which in the absence of any determining objects prevents the groups forming on the first lowering of the temperature. The presence of particles of dust or smoke, however, entirely prevents this, as has recently been shown, and greatly enhances the rapidity with which the groups are formed. Such particles also influence the character of the groups as they ultimately arrange themselves, for where they exist each particle becomes the nucleus of a mass of water; the number of such masses therefore depends on the number of smoke particles; whereas in the absence of these particles, though the groups hesitate to form, when they do form they appear at more regular and greater intervals; the size of the groups being larger and more regular, so that they present the appearance of cloud or white fog instead of yellow mist. It is important to notice that there is a cause which determines the distance from which the steam molecules can collect to form the particles of water. This is the distance between the molecules as they exist in steam. The steam molecules are in a high state of agitation, moving to and fro, and they collect from as far as this motion carries them. When once collected into masses of water this internal motion ceases, as does all further aggregation except when some stray molecule joins the group.

The groups are extremely small, and they are not all of the same size; the largest group or particles may be visible under a microscope, but by no means can the smaller particles be rendered visible. Such, then, is the history of the water particles in a fog or cloud. They are numerous small masses of water ranging in size up to microscopic objects, and they are caused by the cooling of a mass of air. The production of cloud is thus seen to involve the cooling of a mass of air. This may take place in several ways, but principally in two—the mixing of warm with colder air. This generally occurs at night and in the autumn. The ground is colder than the air above, and the warmer air from above mixing with the air cooled by contact with the ground produces fog near the ground. The other means is by expansion. When air expands it is cooled according to definite laws, and this expansion is the principal origin of clouds. A mass of warm air rises like a column of smoke. As it rises the pressure of the surrounding air becomes less and less, so that it expands, and when it reaches a sufficient height it is so much cooled that it can no longer maintain its

steam as steam, which therefore forms a cloud.

This formation of cloud is very definitely seen on a clear summer evening over a large town. When the wind is in the west, from a position north of the town the smoky air from the town may be seen drifting away to the east, with its irregular outline, rising and falling in mountain-like undulations. And it frequently happens that the highest points of this outline are capped with dense clouds, which, illuminated by the light of the setting sun, are much more conspicuous than the smoky air beneath them, but to the outline of which they strictly conform."



Fig. 1.—The formation of clouds.

The bottoms of the clouds are all struck off at the same level as if by a line, showing that the change from steam to water takes place at a definite elevation.

These clouds generally resemble the detached woolly clouds so common towards mid-day in summer, and the certain inference is that, were the outline rendered visible by smoke, we should see that these summer clouds are but the higher prominences of the lower stratum rolled up by the motion of the air above.

The action, too, is the same in the case of summer storm clouds, particularly thunder clouds. A mass of the lower air ascends in a column, and as it passes a certain elevation it is converted into cloud, which increases in density as it rises. In this way the huge masses, so often seen in summer, are formed. These clouds often acquire a thickness to be measured in miles. In winter the clouds are not in general so thick, being the result of a general disturbance which covers the whole heavens instead of taking the form of a column at one place. But under all circumstances we are apt to take a very poor view

of the thickness and size of clouds owing to the great distances at which we see them.

Returning now to the particles which constitute a cloud, it has been said that in size these range from invisible smallness up to the size which may be seen through a microscope, or may be distinguished with the naked eye in a sufficiently strong sunlight. Now the next point to which attention should be directed is, why these particles do not settle down? We know that water will not float in air any more than lead will float in water. The question why these particles of water in the air do not descend is, as will presently appear, absurd; but it is a question which has exercised many minds, and which has led to the invention of at least one hypothesis, which has been very generally accepted. Almost all writers on this subject appear to have adopted the assumption, that because the only known objects which float in air are balloons and bubbles, therefore cloud particles must be hollow vehicles or bubbles full of light gas, like balloons. When looked at from a scientific point of view, this idea is preposterously absurd, as is also the assumption on which it is based, that cloud particles are

floating. Careful observation at once shows that they are all descending, although they descend very slowly. The dew on the grass in the morning shows this, for all that water has descended in the form of cloud particles during the night.

The cloud particles do not float, but are all descending through the air; and what we have to explain is not their suspension, but the slowness with which they descend.

The application of known causes is quite sufficient for this. Experience at once tells us that while large solid bodies descend rapidly with but little resistance from the air, small and feathery bodies descend slowly. The mind naturally attaches resistance to the feathery form, but the feathery form is but the result of a number of very small bodies linked together. The true reason for the slowness of descent is smallness of size, and this reason is now well understood. The weight of these particles of water is proportional to the cube of their diameters, or thickness. Thus if we double the thickness, we increase the weight eight-fold; whereas the surface exposed to the resistance of the

air is proportional to the square of the diameter, or would be increased four-fold. A small drop falling through the air increases its speed until the resistance encountered just balances its weight. A drop of half the thickness falling at the same speed would encounter one-fourth the resistance; but its weight would be only one-eighth, so that at that speed its resistance would be double its weight. It would therefore diminish its speed until its resistance equalled its weight; and if the drops were very small, this would be the case when the velocity of the smaller drop was one-half that of double its diameter. Although some explanation of this sort had long been surmised, it only became complete when it was shown by Professor Stokes, that at very small velocities the resistance which small bodies encounter on moving through the air is not, as had been supposed, proportional to the square of their velocity, but is simply proportional to the velocity. Thus, as small drops of water fall through the air, their velocities will be proportional to their diameters; and when the drops are very small their velocities are also very small.

Having now explained, not the suspension of the cloud particles, but their extreme slowness of descent, it remains to explain how these minute particles can aggregate together to form the very considerable rain-drops, for as compared with the size of cloud particles rain-drops are considerable.

It may, however, be pointed out that the size of rain-drops is apt to be overestimated. The drops that drip from a flat board, such as an eaves-board on a house, are about an eighth of an inch in diameter; such a drop falling on a sheet of smoked paper will clear a space about an inch across, whereas, after many trials, the largest rain-drops did not clear a space of more than half this extent.

But taking a rain-drop of one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, and such drops fall during heavy rain, it would take all the particles in at least a gallon of the densest fog we can conceive to exist to constitute such a drop. How, then, have the particles initially dispersed through the space of a gallon come together to form the drop? for that they have come together is beyond question.

Sometimes one hears it said that the cloud particles are continually jostling one another; but whence comes the motion that is to carry them across the spaces which initially separate them? We have seen how the air resists their motion even against the force of gravity; what lateral forces, then, can we

conceive which would bring them together? The answer must be, none at all; the particles do not aggregate laterally. How, then, do they aggregate? The answer to this will be found in the consideration of their vertical motion.

The cloud particles are all descending with velocity proportional to their size; if, then, they were all of the same size they would all move with the same velocity, and would descend like a regiment of soldiers, without collision. But why suppose them all of the same size? As far as examination can show, they are of all sizes up to the largest. In this difference of size lies the key to the whole mystery. The larger particles descend faster than the smaller, and consequently overtake those immediately beneath them; and assuming for the present that when a larger particle overtakes the smaller one beneath it they unite and form a still larger particle, then it follows that, so augmented, the particle will descend with an increased velocity, and, more quickly overtaking the particles beneath it, will add to its size at an increasing rate.

It does not appear to be possible to render the more rapid descent of the larger particles of fog visible; but a reverse phenomenon may be observed in any glass of effervescing liquid. Thus in a glass of fresh soda-water the larger bubbles will be seen to overtake those which are smaller. In this case, however, the bubbles do not generally combine, and it appears probable that the combining or non-combining of the cloud particles when they encounter plays a very important part in meteorological phenomena. Clouds very often exist without giving rise to rain. This fact must have some cause, and a condition of the particles in which they would not combine on encounter would constitute such a cause. That such a condition does sometimes exist there is evidence to show. It is a matter of common observation that while some fogs deposit moisture on all exposed objects, in other fogs quite as dense the trees and other objects will be perfectly dry; and we also know that under certain conditions small spheres may float on the surface of water without combining, while under other conditions this appears to be impossible.

There is another cause why at times there may be clouds overhead, while no rain reaches the earth. The clouds are raining, but the rain is dried up before it reaches the earth. The evidence of our eyes tells us that this is sometimes the case.

Admitting that the more rapid descent of the larger particles in a cloud does cause aggregation,* it is still a question how far such aggregation may be sufficient to account for the size of the drops. We may arrive at some idea of this. About the densest cloud we can conceive is one which would result from the cooling of air down from 65° to 32°. Such densities may be attained in summer. Imagining a particle to commence its descent in such a cloud, and assuming it to sweep up all the moisture before it, it is a simple mathematical question at what rate it would grow as it fell. We find that the diameter of the drop would grow in proportion to the distance fallen through. Thus, after falling through one thousand feet of such a cloud, a drop would have a diameter of the sixteenth of an inch; after two thousand feet the eighth, and so on. Now, although difficult to realise, it is well known that clouds are often several miles in thickness, particularly the heavy summer clouds which give rise to the larger drops. So that it would appear there is no difficulty in explaining the size of drops; the difficulty is to explain why they should not be sometimes larger than they are.

This raises the very important question as to what holds the drops together? what causes the particles in the first instance to take the form of spheres? These questions have attracted much attention, and are now completely answered. They are phenomena of what is called capillarity. And from these and other phenomena it has been found that the force of cohesion in liquids has the effect of holding the liquid in a bag; the surface of the liquid being like a tight membrane, which requires a certain force to stretch it, and always the same force for the same liquid:

In the drops which form on trees during a fog it will be seen that when the drop reaches a certain size it will break away from its attachments and fall. This is not because the forces holding it are smaller, but because the strength of the skin of the drop, which is sufficient to sustain its weight when small, becomes insufficient as the size increases. So when a drop is moving through the air the strength of the skin is sufficient to keep a small drop together, but not where the drop has more than a certain size; such a drop,

owing to the forces it encounters from the resistance of the air as it descends, breaks up into smaller pieces, as would a large ship if made of the same thickness as the small boats.

We are thus able to explain how it is that the drops are not larger than they are, however great may be the thickness of the cloud. And this completes the explanation of the manner in which raindrops are formed.

It is not, however, only on the simple explanation that they afford that the foregoing conclusions are based; there is not wanting direct proof of their truth.

It has already been mentioned that it was the peculiar shape of hailstones which gave the clue to the solution of the problem. Now it will at once be seen that hailstones possess an advantage over raindrops, inasmuch as they retain evidence of the manner in which they have been constructed; such evidence lies in their shape and texture—neither of which appears to have received much notice until about six years ago, when the author was surprised to find that the ordinary hailstones had a very regular shape, and this not a more or less imperfect sphere, but a definite cone with a rounded base, as shown in the annexed figures.

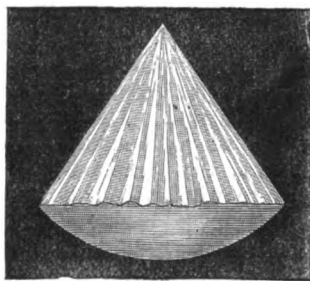
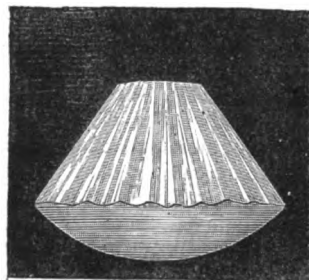


Fig. 2.—Perfect Hailstone.



Broken Hailstone.

The conical surface of the stone is covered with striæ radiating from the vertex. This form when seen the instant a fair-sized stone is caught on some soft substance, is very striking, but at the distance of the eye from the ground the form may well pass for that of a sphere, especially when the vertex is gone, and this is the part first to melt. This may explain why this form has attracted so little notice. It was in the effort to perceive a reason for this shape that the idea of the aggregation of the cloud particles being due to the more rapid descent of the larger particles first occurred. The shape and texture of the stone suggested with the force of certainty that a particle of ice, which ultimately

formed the vertex of the cone, started to descend from some point within a cloud, which cloud consisted of ice particles, that the falling particle in its descent swept up the particles in front of it, which, sticking to its lower face, added to its size and gave it the conical form.

In large hailstones the texture is much more solid than in the smaller ones, while careful examination shows that the same stone is much firmer towards the base than at the top of the cone, at which the texture is quite loose, so that the point is often broken off in the fall, or blown off in the descent. This increase of firmness towards the lower face is exactly what must result from the increased velocity as the stone increases in size; for as its speed increases the force of the collisions, as it overtakes the frozen cloud particles, must increase, and hence that portion of the stone which is last formed will be the firmest.

The question as to the union of the cloud particles when they encounter rises into great consequence in the case of hailstones. Under what circumstances will particles of ice unite when they encounter? Experience derived from the snowball is sufficient to answer this question. We know that squeezing the snow in the hand will cause it to stick together when at a temperature of 32° , but not when it is lower. The reason for this is well understood, but the fact is sufficient here. It is only at the temperature of 32° that the cloud particles can unite on encounter, so that hail is impossible when the temperature of a cloud is below this point; and this is in strict accordance with the circumstances under which hail is formed, for it never falls during a hard frost.

In order further to test the truth of these conclusions, efforts were made to produce hailstones artificially. It being impossible to experiment on a frozen cloud of sufficient thickness to produce a stone of sensible size, a current of frozen fog was forced through a nozzle so that it emerged into open air in a vertical stream. The fog was produced by an instrument similar to the spray distributor, in which a small jet of water and another of ether were introduced in a jet of air, which caught up and divided the water and ether into fine spray; the ether, by its evaporation, cooled the whole fog thus formed, until the water particles were converted into ice. This blast of cold fog was directed upwards in a vertical direction, and then a small splinter of wood, like the end of a match, was held end downwards in the fog. It was then

found that when the quantities of water and ether and the strength of the blast were nicely adjusted, the particles of ice would adhere to the end of the wood and accumulate into a mass, which, not only in the general shape, but in all minute particulars, resembled the actual hailstones. Thus they had the conical form, the rounded base, the striated sides.

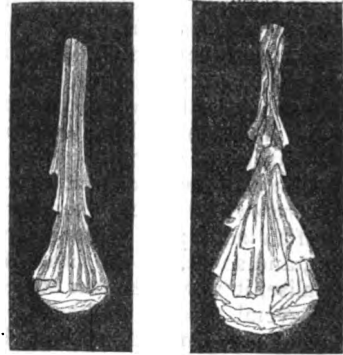


Fig. 3.—Artificial Hailstones, tall size.

The adjacent figures show two such stones full size. Hailstones do not usually attain a size of more than a pea or a small nut, but scarcely a year passes but storms occur in which stones as big as a walnut are observed. The occurrence of stones of this size is a proof that but for the want of cohesive strength rain-drops would sometimes also attain a large size.

The difference in the causes which result in hail and snowflakes is also a matter of great interest. The difference between these objects is not only in shape and solidity. The hailstone is an aggregation of small granules without crystalline form, while snow is constituted of beautiful lace-like crystals.

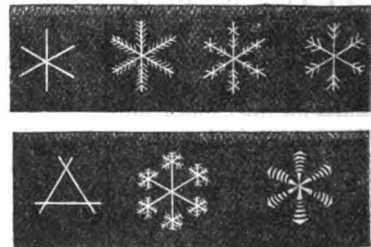


Fig. 4.—Snowflakes.

This difference, which is invariable, at once explains the difference in the shape and texture of the hailstone and snowflake. The snow cloud consisting of individual snow crystals, and the shape of these being such

as to offer the greatest possible resistance to their motion through the air, the descent of these crystals is therefore very slow, and if on encounter they entangle, the subsequent rate of descent is but little accelerated; and even when many crystals have combined to form a single flake their open order is the cause of so much resistance that the descent is very slow. The force of encounter between such flakes is quite a different thing from the encounter between two bodies like the solid particles of ice which constitute the hailstone. There is all the difference between encountering a wicker-basket and a cannon-ball. Nevertheless, although the result is somewhat different, the same process of aggregation goes on, and owing to the comparative slowness of the motion the action may be observed, for in watching a snow-storm the larger flakes may often be seen to overtake and combine with those which are smaller.

A cause may also be assigned for the difference between the solid ice granules which constitute the hailstone and the open lace-like snow crystal. When a cloud of water particles already formed is cooled by subsequent elevation to a temperature below 32° , the fog becomes frozen but the particles retain their spherical shape, and the downfall from such a cloud is hail. But when clear air, at a temperature below 32° , is further cooled, the steam condenses at once into ice, and, as is well known, it is by this mode of conden-

sation that crystals are formed. Both these actions may be seen on a window during a sharp frost. As the window cools its lower portion becomes covered with dew, deposited first in the form of water; as the cooling proceeds this dew becomes frozen into an opaque coating of ice, but without showing any crystalline forms, and thus corresponds to the hail granules. But the dew deposited, particularly on the upper portion of the window, after freezing has commenced, takes the beautiful crystalline shapes so well known, and which correspond in all particulars to the crystals in the snowflake.

This cause for the difference which results in snow and hail fits perfectly to the conditions under which snow and hail are observed to occur. Snow occurs during frosty weather when the general temperature of the air is below 32° . But hail hardly ever falls when the temperature of the lower air is low, and generally when it is high. It is the suddenly formed dense cloud of higher temperature which sends down hail. When a body of heavily saturated air, at a temperature of 60° or 70° , ascends, as it rises it forms into a cloud, three-fourths of its steam being condensed before its temperature falls to 32° . If then no further elevation of the cloud takes place the downfall will be rain; but if the temperature is further lowered, the water particles are frozen into ice particles of the same shape, and it is these frozen spheres which aggregate to constitute hailstones.

SICILIAN DAYS.

BY AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE, AUTHOR OF "WALKS IN ROME," ETC.

IV.—PALERMO AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

IT is a most uninteresting railway journey from Girgenti to Palermo, traversing the vast central corn-fields of the sulphur country, where Goethe wished for the winged car of Triptolemus to escape from the uniformity of the scene. From the station of Cerda a diligence runs to Messina, and affords the best means of communication with Cefalu, which is well worth visiting, for the sake of its glorious cathedral, founded (1131) by King Roger, who, when in danger of perishing by shipwreck whilst returning from Calabria to Sicily, vowed that he would build a church wherever he was permitted to land. He came safely to shore at Cefalu, and began the cathedral in the following year. It is a Latin cross of pointed architecture, with a

mixture of Greek, Roman, Byzantine, and Norman details. At the east end are three apses, singularly ornamented with arcades of slender pillars under the cornice. The west front is very plain, with a pillared portico between heavy projecting square towers, and a richly ornamented portal. The interior of the apse and the walls of the sanctuary are covered with mosaics, an army of saints, angels, apostles, prophets, kings, judges, and warriors, with the Saviour in the centre, in glory and benediction. Two white marble thrones at the entrance of the choir are also encrusted with mosaics, that on the right being inscribed "Sedes Episcopalis," that on the left "Sedes Regia." An exquisitely beautiful cloister, with elaborately sculptured

columns and ever-varied capitals, connects the cathedral with the Bishop's Palace. Immediately above rises the cliff, crowned by a Saracenic castle, which occupies the site of the Greek fortress Cephaloedium.

The road to Cefalu passes close to the site of the famous Greek city Himera, where Theron of Agrigentum and Gelon of Syracuse defeated (480 B.C.) the army of Hamilcar, in a victory which was scarcely less celebrated amongst Sicilian Greeks than the contemporary victory of Salamis amongst their brethren on the mainland. But the defeat of his countrymen was cruelly avenged by Hannibal, who captured the town when it was deserted by its Syracusan allies, and sacrificed three thousand of its citizens in cold blood to the memory of his grandfather Hamilcar. The country near this abounds in the manna or Amolleo tree (*Fraxinus ornus*), from which the gum is extracted in summer, a gash being made in the bark in the beginning of July, and renewed daily, as long as it exudes, each tree yielding about half a pound of gum yearly.

The railway reaches the sea at Termini "la splendidissima"—a large town, with several good Renaissance churches and a castle on a height. It derives its name from the Thermae (Himerenses), the warm springs of "potent Himera" which were celebrated by Pindar, and still exist as Bagni di S. Calogero. Hence the line runs near the sea and through gardens to Palermo.

Yet the first approach will give no idea of the wonderfully beautiful situation of the Sicilian capital—"ager non Siciliae modo sed Italiae pulcherrimus," for the town is surrounded by a vast garden of orange and olive trees, which fill the Conca d'Oro, the lovely shell-like plain bounded by the red crags of Monte Pellegrino on the west, and the wooded Capo Zafferana on the east, and backed by Monte Griffone and other dark mountains of rugged outline. The early name of the town, given to it by its Phœnician founders, was Panormus; for the city, even as late as the fourteenth century, presented an entirely different aspect from that which we now see; it was "all harbour." The sea, which penetrated the town in two gulfs divided by a peninsula, reached almost to the cathedral, now far inland, and the city was divided into three wards, each with walls of its own. Gradually the harbours became filled up by deposits from the rivers Oreto and Papireto, and the modern Palermo, for the most part, occupies what

was once the bed of the sea. Such are the geographical changes, that though Panormus was important both in Carthaginian and Roman times, no memorials of them remain, except the statues and inscriptions in the Museum. In A.D. 835, the town was made the Saracenic capital under the name of Bulirma, and it still retains some traces of Arabian palaces (though of later date than that of the Saracens in Sicily), and commemorates the Saracenic rule in their names, and in that of its little harbour—La Cala. But its greatest prosperity was due to its brief line of Norman rulers, the great Count Roger, and the Kings Roger, and William the First and Second, and to these sovereigns it owes its finest buildings. The town is still divided into its four ancient quarters—Loggia, Albergaria, Kalsa, and Capo.

The Hotel Trinacria, which is well known to all Sicilian travellers, but which is fast losing the good reputation of many years, looks down upon the promenade of La Marina, extending along the sea-shore, with noble views of Monte Pellegrino on one side, and Capo Zafferana on the other. Desolate and gloomy in winter, it resounds with music late into the summer nights, when its walk is crowded by the lower orders, and its drive by carriages filled with the Sicilian ladies, whose beauty is so greatly extolled—

"Gli occhi stellanti, e le serene ciglia,
La bella bocca angelica, di perle
Piena, e di rose, e di dolce parole."

From the Marina, the Porta Felice leads into the town, always left open at the top, that the high-towered car of Santa Rosalia may pass through at her festival. This gate opens upon the main street of Palermo, which, like the chief thoroughfare of every other large South Italian town, has received the name of Corso Vittorio Emmanuele since the Sardinian occupation, yet will always be remembered by its historic Saracenic name of Cassaro, from Cassr, or Alcazar, the Moorish palace to which it led. This, and its cross street of Macqueda, intercept a labyrinth of featureless alleys, but are themselves lined by stately houses, with bold cornices and innumerable iron balconies, recalling the Toledo of Naples. The ground floors are almost always used for the mean-looking shops, of which the fronts, Eastern-fashion, are generally an open arch. The first floor is the "piano nobile," or family residence; the second and third floors are usually let in lodgings; and, above all, wooden lattices

are often seen, belonging to convents frequently far in the background, but arranged to allow the nuns, themselves unseen, to look down on all that is going on. Here and there a church breaks the line of houses, plain enough externally, but covered internally with Sicilian jaspers, of which there are fifty-four varieties—rich to a fault. The Cassaro is the only street in Palermo which is at all crowded. Travellers who have visited the eastern and southern coasts of Sicily have plenty of opportunity of observing here the change to an inferior race—from the frank, free-spoken, honest peasantry of the other side of the island, to a grovelling, idle, begging, vicious population like that of Naples.

On the right, where a street opens towards the pretty little harbour of La Cala (from the Arabic word *Kalah*—a hollow), is the charming brown Renaissance portico of S. Maria della Catena, built in the end of the sixteenth century by the sons of Antonio Gagini, the great sculptor of Palermo. The name is derived from the fact that the chain which secured the mouth of the harbour in former times was attached to the building; but tradition ascribes it to the story that three criminals, being sheltered in the porch on their way to execution, were miraculously delivered here from their chains in answer to prayer, and that King Martin (1392), recognising the power of the Madonna, granted them a free pardon. On the other side of the street is the pretty public garden of Piazza Marina, with the Palazzo dei Tribunali frowning down upon it—a grand building, half Saracenic, half Norman—founded in the beginning of the fourteenth century upon the site of the Moorish palace of Khalesa, and long used as a residence for the Viceroy.

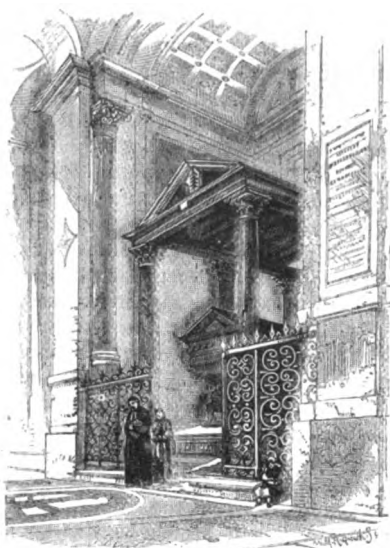
Farther down the Cassaro we see the sun streaming into a small piazza on the left, and lighting up the immense Fontana Pretoriana, nearly filling up the narrow space, and adorned with a crowd of statues of almost too delicate workmanship, executed for Don Pedro di Toledo by the best Florentine sculptors of the sixteenth century. Just behind is the curious church of La Martorana, or S. Maria dell' Ammiraglio, built, 1143, by Georgios Antiochenus, emir or admiral to King Roger, and first noble in Sicily—"protonobilissimus"—but afterwards united to a convent endowed by Aloisia Martorana, whence the name. The church exhibits the mixed style of Greek, Saracenic, and Gothic architecture which existed under the early

Norman kings, though the Greek in this case predominates. The original plan was a square with apses at the east end, covered with a cupola supported by pillars, but additions have since been made at each extremity, and the church has been united to an ancient belfry belonging to another building, of which the lower story is a porch with pointed arches; the second story Saracenic, with windows surrounded by the Saracenic billet; the upper story French Norman. The original square of the interior is exactly marked out by the ancient pavement: its pillars are of marble taken from earlier buildings. The upper part of the walls is covered with mosaics; the lower, as at St. Mark's at Venice, depends for its decoration upon the slabs of marble and porphyry with which it is clothed. Two of the mosaics, of the date of the church, are very curious. One represents Georgios Antiochenus at the feet of the Virgin, who holds a scroll recommending the founder to mercy, enumerating his claims, and inscribed at the bottom, "The Prayer of George the Admiral." In the other, the Saviour is Himself crowning King Roger, who is represented in the Byzantine costume, and wears the Dalmatian tunic, a strictly ecclesiastical garment, to show that the kings of Sicily were, what Urban II. made them, hereditary apostolical legates, and therefore at the head of the Church in the island. The inscription, "Rogerius Rex," is in Greek letters. This inestimable church was given up in 1880 to "restorers," who have since worked carefully, though with great destruction of picturesqueness and interest, as well as of the ancient "patina" upon its marbles. The neighbouring church of S. Cataldo, built only eighteen years later, retains its original form—a Greek square and cupola, and its ancient pillars and inlaid pavement.

Passing the Piazza Quattro Cantoni, decorated by four fountains, where the Via Macqueda, a relic of Spanish rule, crosses the Cassaro, we soon reach the Piazza del Duomo. A crowd of statues of holy or distinguished natives—bishops, popes, and sainted virgins—surrounds the enclosure in front of the cathedral, which, though it wants dignity of outline, is beautiful in the golden colour of its stone, and splendid in the richness of its Saracenic-Norman-Sicilian decoration, the apse especially being quite barbaric in its magnificence.

The older parts of the cathedral (of S. Rosalia) were built in 1169 by an English archbishop—Walter of the Mill (Gualterius

Offamilius), who pulled down an earlier church which had been used for a mosque. But only the crypt and a portion of the



Tomb of Frederick II.

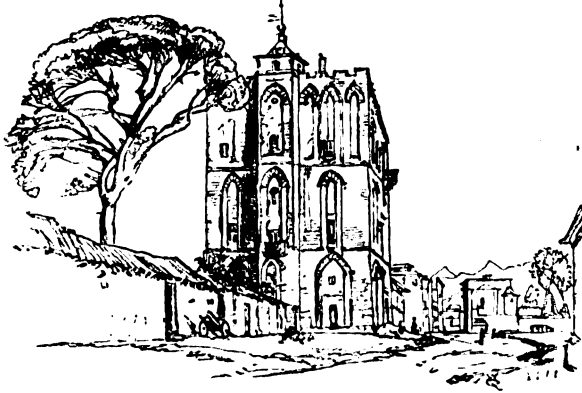
south and east walls are of Walter's time, the rest has been rebuilt at different dates. The pillars of the beautiful fifteenth-century porch are relics of the mosque, and bear Cuphic texts from the Koran. Within is the proud inscription, "Prima sedes, corona regis, et regni caput," bearing witness to the choice of Palermo as the capital of the island. The interior was modernised by Ferdinando Fuga in the eighteenth century, and contains little of interest except the tombs of the Norman kings, which are one of the most interesting groups of royal sepulchres in the world. At the back of the second chapel is the monument of King Roger—"mighty duke and first king of Sicily"—the wisest monarch of his time, the poet-philosopher, who "did more sleeping than any other man waking," and whose beneficent rule was the golden age in the history of the island. His porphyry sarcophagus, supported by kneeling Saracens, was brought from the cathedral of Cefalu (where Roger had intended to be buried) by Frederick II. In the first chapel, on a line with her father's tomb, is that of his daughter Constantia, mother of Frederick II., who brought Sicily by marriage to the house of Hohenstaufen. In front of Constantia rests her husband, the Emperor Henry VI., the cruel and hated "King of Sicily," who died at Messina under

a sentence of excommunication from Celestine III., which was removed to allow of his burial. In front of King Roger stands the sarcophagus (also brought from Cefalu) of his grandson, the great Frederick II., who died at Castel Fiorentino, in Apulia, Dec. 12, 1250. It was opened in 1342, when the body of the Emperor was found wrapped in the robe which had been given by the Saracens to the Emperor Otho IV., when they wanted him to assist them. On the right is an ancient sarcophagus containing the remains of Constantia II. of Aragon, the unhappy first wife of the Emperor Frederick II. On the left, against the wall, is the white marble sarcophagus of William, Duke of Athens, son of Frederick II. of Aragon: his figure is represented in a Dominican robe, and his epitaph asks the prayers of the faithful.

Beyond the Duomo is the great sun-burnt Piazza Vittoria, one side of which is occupied by the Palazzo Reale, filling the site of the Saracenic palace, but possessing nothing older than Norman times. Its first floor contains the unique and beautiful Cappella Palatina of King Roger, finished in 1142 in the mixed style of the early Norman kings, both Greek and Saracen architects being employed in the work. Though only measuring eighty-six feet by forty, this loveliest of chapels has all the features of a large church—nave, side aisles, and three apses. It is of Latin form, with a Greek cupola. The pillars are of granite or marble from other buildings. The roof, after the Saracenic manner, is of wood, the central roses or stars being divided by inscriptions in Cuphic characters, being a repetition of the inscription on the royal robe wrought for King Roger by the Saracens of Sicily, which was carried off by Henry VI., and afterwards used as the coronation-robe ("the Nuremberg robe") of the German emperors. The mosaics, so splendid in their general effect, are inferior in detail to those of Cefalu, and have been more injured by injudicious "restorations;" yet the glorious peacock colour of the walls, the subdued light falling through the dome into the dark church, with clouds of incense and rich vestments of priests, produce an ecclesiastical *coup-d'œil* unequalled in Italy. An inscription outside the door, recording the erection of a clock by King Roger (at a time when clocks were great rarities), is interesting, because the three languages in equal use at that time—Greek, Arabic, and Latin—are employed. On the second floor of the palace is the Sala Normanna (also of the time of King Roger), of which

the angles are decorated by small marble pillars, while the coved ceiling and walls blaze with mosaics representing wild animals and hunting scenes.

The quaint little domes, which rise in the



La Zisa.

hollow below the palace, belong to the church of S. Giovanni degli Eremiti, also built by King Roger, who wrote to ask for monks for its monastery from William, superior of the Hermits of Monte Vergine, whence the name. In his diploma of 1148, he grants the buildings to the monastery (Sancti Johannis) "for the love of God, and the salvation of our mother; and our father, the great Count Roger; of the most serene Duke Robert Guiscard, our uncle of most revered memory; and also for the welfare of our consort, the Queen Elvira, of most blessed remembrance." Though erected for Christian worship as late as 1132, this building, constructed by Arabian workmen, is as much a mosque as any in Africa. The church is nearly intact. Its form is a Latin cross. Four of its five cupolas remain. There are three apses, of which the northernmost is united to the quadrangular tower, which has a tiny cupola of its own.

We have now visited the principal curiosities of Palermo, but those who stay long will find much to interest them in remains of Gothic palaces in the smaller streets, and in churches which frequently have pictures by the native artists Ainemolo and Pietro Novelli. But the best works by these artists are collected in the Museum, which also contains the highly curious metopes from Selinunto; many grand fragments from Tyndaris, Himera, and Solunto; and one of the celebrated bronze rams from Syracuse, which were brought thither from Constantinople,

and turning on pivots, served to show the direction of the wind, which, pouring through their mouths, produced a sound like bleating.

The semi-Saracenic remains of palaces are all outside the town. About a quarter of a mile to the right from the Porta Nuova at the end of the Cassaro is La Zisa, a lofty tower built of large ashlar stones, with an inscription in Cuphic characters round its parapet, proclaiming that "Europe is the glory of the world, Italy of Europe, Sicily of Italy, and the adjacent garden the pride of Sicily." On the ground-floor is a little open hall, having three recesses covered with honeycomb decorations like those of the Alhambra, with mosaics of huntsmen and peacocks on the walls, and in the central recess a fountain whose waters stream through a channel across the floor. The name La Zisa

is an Italianized version of the Arabic name of "El Aziz," or "Glory," given to the palace by its founder, William the Bad, whose habits and manners were those of an Arabian emir, and whose love of everything Moorish so endeared him to his Saracenic subjects, that when he died the streets were filled with Saracenic women clothed in sackcloth and with dishevelled hair, lamenting him in loud cries and funeral songs, which they accompanied with their tambourines.

The straight road from the Porta Nuova leads in a few minutes to La Cuba, a Saracenic palace, erected by the Norman king William II. in 1182. It is an oblong building decorated with pointed panels, and, like La Zisa, it has a parapet surrounded by a Cuphic inscription. Its little court has a recess with Moorish honeycomb work. It was here that Gianni di Procida found his lost love in the palace of Frederick II., as is picturesquely narrated by Boccaccio. La Cuba is now a barrack, and the greater portion of its gardens, whose glories are described by Fazellus, has disappeared. The part which remains on the other side of the road contains the small vaulted pavilion called La Cubola, perhaps the most perfect Saracenic remnant in Sicily. Four pointed arches of ashlar-work support a small cupola over what was once a fountain.

If we continue to follow the high-road from hence, we shall soon come to the winding way constructed by the philanthropic Archbishop Testa, bordered by aloes, with foun-

tains and seats at intervals, which leads up from the Conca d'Oro to the little town of



La Cubola.

Monreale, crowned by its cathedral, the latest work of the Norman kings, which, built in obedience to a vision, as that of Cefalu to a vow, is the noblest ecclesiastical building in Sicily, and in many respects unrivalled in the world.

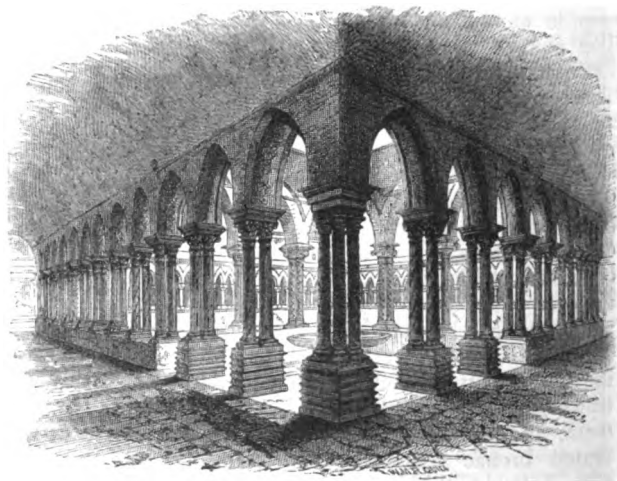
King William II., whilst hunting here in the forest, fell asleep under a tree, and the Virgin, appearing to him, bade him build a church to her honour on the spot. He obeyed, and erected the glorious church and the Benedictine monastery of Monte Reale—the "Royal Mount." In 1182 Monreale was made a cathedral by Pope Lucius III., who said, "the like of this church hath not been constructed by any being even from ancient times, and it is such as must compel all men to admiration." The see of Monreale was raised to an archbishopric at the instance of the kaid, or chancellor, Matteo d'Ajello, who was anxious thus to indulge his spite against his political rival, Walter of the Mill, Archbishop of Palermo.

This cathedral, as Gally Knight observes, is perhaps the most remarkable example of the mixture of styles which existed in Sicily under the Norman kings. It is of Latin form, with a Roman colonnade, Byzantine mosaics, Greek sculpture, and Saracenic and Norman details. The exterior is exceedingly plain, except the eastern apses, which are covered with small pillars and interlacing arches; the north porch, which has grand bronze doors of the twelfth century

by the same Barisano di Trani who made the doors of Trani and Ravello; and the west porch, which has bronze doors decorated in 1586 with subjects from Old Testament history by Bonanno da Pisa.

Truly glorious is the interior. Single pillars support long lines of arches, and the walls are covered by golden-grounded mosaics, the general effect of which is subdued by time into a purple haze. The central point in these pictured walls is the colossal figure of the Saviour in the apse. His right hand is raised in blessing, in His left he holds an open book, on which "I am the Light of the world" is written in Greek and Latin. Thus His divine attributes are represented: below His humanity is recalled by the Child on the knees of His mother. St. Peter and St. Paul guard the sides of the apse. The corners of the choir are occupied by patriarchs and prophets, with scenes from the New Testament below relating to the life of our Saviour: the transepts and aisles are covered by Old Testament history. Between the arches of the nave are medallions of saints. The royal and episcopal thrones in the choir are of porphyry and marble, with bands of rich mosaic. Over the king's seat is the figure of the Redeemer laying His hand upon the head of the royal founder, William II., who is attired in the same dalmatica in which King Roger is portrayed at the Martorana. Above the bishop's throne the founder offers his church to the Virgin.

In the right transept are the tombs of William I. (the "Bad") and William II. (the "Good"). Originally William I. was buried with his family in S. Maria Maddalena in



The Cloister, Monreale.

Palermo, but he was removed hither by his son to the new foundation. His porphyry sarcophagus had once a canopy like that of his father Roger in Palermo, but it was destroyed in a fire of 1811. William II., the founder, who died in 1189, aged thirty-six, had only a miserable tomb of brick till 1575, when Archbishop Lodovico Torres removed his remains, at his own expense, to the white marble sarcophagus which they now occupy. In the opposite transept is a sarcophagus containing the entrails of St. Louis, who died of the plague at Tunis, erected by the Viceroy Duca di Alcalá—"affinitate conjunctus, conjunior religione." Another sarcophagus contains the remains of Queen Margaret of Navarre, wife of William the Bad, and regent during the infancy of William the Good.

It is well worth while to ascend Monte Pellegrino, which closes in the western side of the bay of Palermo. The ascent, impracticable for carriages, is by steep paved zig-zags, supported on arches. The path through the grand red precipices is generally most desolate, only a few goats are looking for cytusus amongst the rocks, and gendarmes are often sent from the foot of the hill to follow strangers for their protection. After passing a gate in the rock, the view beyond the promontory becomes visible, with the western sea framed in mountains. At 1474 feet above the sea, jammed amongst the rocks under the shoulder of the hill, is the shrine of S. Rosalia and the hermitage where

"Far from the youth of Sicily
St. Rosalie retired to God."

Beyond a church is the sacred grotto, hewn out of the rock, where the noble maiden Rosalia, niece of King Roger, is said to have passed many years of her life in devotion, and to have died in 1166. Here, surrounded by a host of lamps, is a beautiful figure of the sainted girl by the Florentine sculptor Gregorio Tedeschi. An angel fans her with a lily; all around are votive offerings of jewels and other valuables. Water trickles out of the rock on all sides, and the network of bluish green tubes arranged to catch it gives, as Goethe observes, the appearance of being overgrown by cactus to this wonderfully picturesque cavern. The festival of the



Palermo from S. Maria di Gesu.

The magnificent cloister of the convent is surrounded by pointed arches, resting on coupled columns, often encrusted with mosaics in varying patterns, with ever-different classical capitals of marvellous beauty condensing the religion and poetry of their age. At one corner is a fountain in a little arcaded court, thoroughly Saracenic in character—"as of a monastic Alhambra."

A winding path of several miles leads from Monreale to the desolate unfinished Benedictine convent of S. Martino delle Scale, founded, amid barren mountains, by Gregory the Great, but with no buildings older than the last century. On this excursion women with killed petticoats and white mantas may often be met coming down from Piano dei Greci, an Albanian settlement, where Greek is still the language.

saint lasts from July 11 to 15, when the whole population of Palermo swarm up the mountain to visit her grotto. At the time of the festa the streets of Palermo have all the appearance of a pagan saturnalia, for the Sicilians, careless about religion in other respects, carry the worship of their especial saints to the wildest excess.

The remains of a beacon tower stand on the highest point of Monte Pellegrino, the ancient Ercte, where, in the First Punic War, Hamilcar Barca established a camp which he was able to hold for three years in spite of all the efforts of the Romans to dislodge him. Polybius has left an accurate description of the mountain, with its rough and craggy precipices, its three possible means of approach, and its wide-spreading view. In the distance the volcanic island of Ustica is visible.

If we leave Palermo on the other side, the south-east, we shall come, not half a mile from the walls, to the now dry bridge of many arches, called Ponte dell' Ammiraglio from its builder, the great emir or admiral, George Antiochenus, in 1113. It crosses the ancient bed of the Oreto (of which the course is now changed), in which Goethe hunted for pebbles with his artist companion Kniep. It was between the river and the city that Caecilius Metellus gained that decisive battle over the army of Hasdrubal, which gave the Metelli an elephant for their arms. A little farther is the church of S. Giovanni dei Leprosi, built by Robert Guiscard on the spot where his afterwards victorious army first encamped before Palermo. Its external walls and its little cupola are original. The name is derived from a hospital for lepers once attached to the church, but now pulled down. In this neighbourhood are the remains of the Moorish palace of La Favara, sometimes called Mare Dolce, from the freshwater lake, which has now almost disappeared, but from which it once rose in an island covered with orange-trees. The Moorish palace was probably used by King Roger II., and a tiny chapel with a cupola is of his time: the Emperor Henry VI. also made it his residence. The chief existing remains are the three arches of the vaults for steam baths, in which the ancient water-channels and the chimneys for letting off smoke and steam still exist. Nothing is left of the lovely surroundings of La Favara, of which many poetic descriptions are handed down to us, especially that of the Sicilian Arab Abderrahman, who extols "the lakelet of the twin palms, the island where the spacious palace stands, the transparent waters in which the great fishes are swimming, the ripe oranges burning like fire," &c.

A little farther in this direction is the village of S. Maria di Gesu, where a modern cemetery occupies the terraces near an ancient church founded by the Blessed Matteo di Girgenti, whose embalmed body reposes within, and, according to an inscription, has been known to rise and adore the host during mass. The ancient cypress avenue of the Minorite Convent, which winds up the lower slope of the mountain, has exquisite views of Palermo and Monte Pellegrino, and with its broken balustrades and remnants of monastic statues, should on no account be neglected by artists. One may return from hence to Palermo by the Torre de' Diavoli, a

picturesque building of the Aragonese kings in the glen of the Oreto, and the Church of S. Spirito, founded by the English archbishop, Walter of the Mill. As the church bell was ringing here for vespers on Easter Tuesday, 1282, an insult offered to a Sicilian maiden during the popular festa by one Drouet, a Frenchman, led to the general massacre of the French, called the "Sicilian Vespers." The foreigners, if there was any doubt about them; were detected by observing their pronunciation of the word "*cicri*," "vetches," a test similar to that of "Shibboleth," instituted by Jephthah on the slaughter of the Ephraimites.

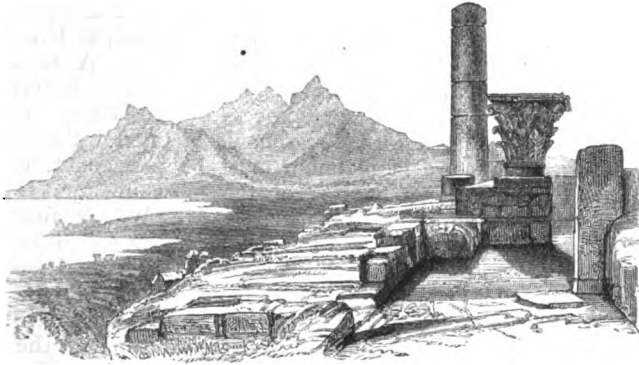
A longer excursion must be made to Bagheria and Solunto, easily accomplished in the day either by carriage or rail. Bagheria, the Richmond of Palermo, presents the most curious mixture of grandeur and misery, the most lavish ornament having been expended on buildings, afterwards left to utter decay. Grand arched gateways lead to neglected cypress avenues with roads scarcely practicable for a cart. The palaces of the nobility, with few exceptions, have moss-grown courts, dry fountains, barred-up windows, and falling roofs, and this dilapidation is now greatly on the increase, owing to the equal division of property. Perhaps the most characteristic villa is that of Prince Palagonia Gravina, a climax of architectural absurdity, having a garden filled with hundreds of caricatures in sculpture, which have been described in verse by Giovanni Meli, and to which Goethe, furious as he was at them, has devoted one of his longest letters from Sicily.

Just beyond the great church and the railway station of S. Flavia, a gate in a wall admits travellers to a private road leading up the heights to the remains of Solunto or Solus, a Phœnician colony which afterwards became a dependency of Carthage. The great excavations which have been made here have opened to view whole streets of small houses like those of Pompeii, a gymnasium rather like the Temple of Castor and Pollux at Girgenti in miniature, and various other ruins. The situation is exquisitely beautiful, and the views across the broad terraced streets of ruined buildings to the wild heights of Monte Griffone, and the varied windings of the coast, are scarcely surpassed by anything in Sicily. Delightful walks through the prickly pears and palmetto lead to the crest of the hill, below which the farthest promontory of Capo Zafferana juts out boldly seawards.

Ere this article appears, another and more

important excursion from Palermo will have been rendered easy by the railway to

wild in the extreme, and long before reaching it the yellow majestic and desolate ruins of the temple are seen rising on a barren eminence surrounded by loftier mountains. It is a temple in a wilderness. At the foot of the hill on which it stands runs the Gaggera, originally called the Scamander, in recollection of the famous stream near Troy, for the city of Segesta, originally Egesta, is said to have been founded by Trojan fugitives. The ruins of a theatre have been excavated, but nothing remains of the town, whose relief, in its quarrels with Selinus, was the original object of the great Athenian expedition



Solunto.

Trapani, that to the great Temple of Segeste, which is within little more than an hour's ride of Calatafimi. The country is

to Sicily, though it was almost forgotten in the still more important struggle with Syracuse.

RECENT ADVANCES IN PHOTOGRAPHY.

FEW people know how great a change the last two years have wrought in the practice of photography. The whole method of taking negatives has been completely altered by the advent of a new process, of which the key word is "gelatine."

This gelatine is the medium for holding in suspension the sensitive salts, and it gives very valuable qualities to the image. Objects, hitherto completely beyond the grasp of photography, have now been brought within its reach by the wonderful rapidity of exposure, rendered possible by this most marvellous process. We read with amazement of the photographs of the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, taken instantaneously by Messrs. Wratten & Wainwright, of London, showing the rival boats rowing at full speed; again of the wonderful feat of Mr. Gale in his catching the image of the swallow on the wing; we are astonished at a series of views lately taken by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, depicting some military athletic sports—these photographs representing flat and hurdle races, horse vaulting, and horizontal bar exercise; one of the last of these, in which a performer is actually in the act of dropping from the bar to the ground, his photograph having been taken while he was in mid-air, and in so short a space of time as to re-

present him as motionless, being perhaps one of the most interesting; and now our very breath is taken away, when we see in the papers that the train known as the "Flying Dutchman" has been successfully photographed while tearing along at sixty miles an hour. What will be the next surprise, it is hard to guess; perhaps we shall see photographs of the eighty-one ton gun being discharged, with the cannon ball in the act of leaving its mouth; who can tell?

But to resume, it must be obvious to any one, that in order to take rapidly moving objects, the exposure of the photographic plate in the camera must be very brief indeed. Even for comparatively slowly moving objects, such as pedestrians and shipping scenes, the exposure must not, as a rule, exceed one-twentieth of a second, and such things as express trains require exposures of as short duration as one-five-hundredth part of a second, or even less. A few years ago it would have been impossible to produce any image at all on plates so very briefly exposed, and it is only the advent of the "gelantino-bromide emulsion" process that has rendered it possible. Very rapid gelatine plates are now a marketable commodity, and can be procured of a comparative sensitive-

ness to light, ranging from one to fifty times the rapidity of the old wet collodion method. That is, in a light where a wet plate would require fifty seconds exposure in the camera, a rapid gelatine plate would require only one second's exposure.

This wonderful advance in the chemistry of photography has put quite a new power in the hands of photographers, both amateur and professional, and thanks to it, and to the excellent instantaneous shutters now to be bought, instantaneous photographs of moving objects have become quite easy to take.

It is not, however, only in instantaneous photography that gelatine has left its mark. It is equally applicable to all branches of the art, both to portraiture and to landscape photography. Most professional photographers now use it to take infants and animals, and for ordinary portraits on dull days, and some have even gone the length of entirely abandoning in its favour the older process of wet collodion. Colonel Stuart Wortley, whose marine photographs are well known, in a recent photographic tour, round the world, took with him nothing but gelatine plates, and has reported most favourably of the process, both in different climates and as applied to different kinds of subjects.

To tourists and amateurs the process especially recommends itself, for as the prepared plates will keep without deterioration for months before and after exposure, the photographer need not carry with him any chemicals at all, but only his box of plates, his camera, lens, and tripod.

The great rapidity of gelatine has also rendered it possible to take portraits in ordinary sitting-rooms, and even by artificial light. The London Stereoscopic Company have fitted up their studio with the electric light, and with it take excellent photographs. Mr. Laws, of Newcastle, employs gas for the same purpose, and numerous photographers throughout the country employ these and other kinds of artificial light, as an aid to, or a substitute for, daylight during the dark winter months. People going to fancy dress balls can thereby be photographed on their way to the place of entertainment, and thus be saved the trouble of again dressing on purpose to be taken; and more than one enterprising photographer has even established himself in the same building as the ball-room, and taken portraits and groups of the dancers in the intervals between the dances.

Another recent photographic discovery is the platinotype method of printing. Most, if

not all people have bitter remembrances of what were once beautiful photographs, but which now, alas! are but sickly, yellow, and faded phantoms of their former selves. The instability of ordinary silver prints on albumenized paper is well known, and is a defect unhappily inherent to the process, at least experience seems to prove it so. A new method of printing is, however, to be found in the platinotype process of Mr. Willis. It is based on the reasonable assumption that a picture in platinum must be permanent, as platinum is one of the most unalterable and stable of metals. Mr. Willis's first care was to find some ready agent to reduce the metal, which he wished to form the base of his pictures. After many experiments, he discovered that a solution of ferrous oxalate in neutral potassic oxalate, precipitated the metal from ordinary platinum chloride. The platinum being thus reduced to its metallic condition, the next step was to coat paper with platinum chloride and ferric oxalate. When exposed to light under a negative, and subsequently immersed in a hot solution of potassic oxalate, the metal is reduced in proportion corresponding to the action of the light. The picture now only requires to be washed in slightly acidulated water, and it is finished.

The prints produced by this process are exceedingly beautiful, and have, moreover, been found to resist destructive tests under which silver prints would have completely disappeared. From their cold tone and flat surface they have somewhat the appearance of finely executed steel engravings, and are therefore considered by artists and other critics superior to the glossy surface of ordinary prints on albumenized paper. The public, however, who have become accustomed to the brown tones and gloss of the latter, do not as yet seem to favour the new process, at any rate in any great degree. Public taste, however, is an article of very plastic mould, and we shall neither be surprised nor sorry to find that in a few years the platinotype process has not only worked its way into popular favour, but has nearly superseded every other kind of silver and carbon printing, except for subjects whose special nature may still be favourable to the employment of one or other of the older processes.

Photography will then be completely revolutionized, and instead of with silver and collodion, the proofs and negatives of the day will be printed and taken with platinum and gelatine.

A. A. CAMPBELL SWINTON.

SOCIAL PLAGUES.

CORRESPONDENTS.

STEALTHILY, as a conspirator, in the first watch of the night, I return to what is, by a bitter mockery, called an Englishman's castle—his house; unknown to creditor or friend, in the dull season, confiding only, under pledge of secrecy, in one blood-relation and an indispensable cook, with another illusory hope of a month's peace. Like a spent swimmer tossed ashore on a bed of nettles, I find my table littered with letters thick as the Vallambrosa leaves. I recoil with a shudder, like Coupeau from his bottle in the last act of *L'Assommoir*; but they clamour for audience, and one may announce an unexpected inheritance. Alas! thus run the opening sentences of a half handful:—"We request your attention to our account as rendered." "I rely on your candour to give me a frank opinion of the enclosed verses, and on your kindness, if you think they have merit, to get them inserted in *Good Words* or the *Cornhill*." "I am an applicant." "Accompanying this is a copy of a little book," &c. "The unfortunate circumstances in which I am placed will, no doubt, lead you to overlook this intrusion on your valuable time." "You may remember me as a former unsuccessful candidate, and could you again, on this occasion, exert your influential influence on my behalf?" "We are building a new mission-house under difficulties, and getting up a series of gratis lectures." "Referring to our communications of the 7th June and 17th July unanswered, we desire to inform you that further delay of MS. will be prejudicial to your interests as well as ours." "We beg to remind you of your over-due subscription to our Association for the Extension of the Franchise to Imbeciles. On the question of your joining us, we have taken your silence for consent." "Our club having agreed to make you a referee on the disputed point as regards the reading of the line in Lyndesay's 'Squire Meldrum,'" &c. "We request your attendance at a meeting of the Society for the Suppression of Vice." "Take notice, you have rendered yourself liable"—here follow the "sweet amenities" of the tax-gatherer.

The wisest remark I recall is, that half the business of the wise is to undo the mischief done by the good. Unfortunately it is often irremediable. Rowland Hill was, like Ro-

bespierre, a well-meaning and kind-hearted man; but of the two he has proved to be the greater malefactor and enemy of his race. The French philanthropist only cut off the heads of a few thousands of people—many of whom probably did not deserve to live—in one age and country, and, aided by another philanthropist—who made his bed and lay in it—he did this in a peculiarly merciful way. The English philanthropist, by his practices and example, will continue to be the source of untold torment to generations to come, in all the regions of the habitable earth. His work has not followed him; it follows us, it haunts us everywhere, and spreads over the world like the American weed.

Doubtless Gutenberg began the evil course. There were books enough in the days of Solomon; but we are not bound to read books. Not to read letters requires a genius like that of a great writer and great visitor, who, being reminded by his host of a neglected heap, replied, "I need not open these, it would only hurt my feelings; they are from my daughters, and it is always the same story; they are starving!" It even implies some strength of purpose, or the nerve, now mine, inspired by desperation, not to answer letters.

The gravamen of the charge against Sir Rowland—the sin for the suspected capacity of which he would have been in the Platonic state, at his birth, suppressed—is, that he has not merely invented a new iniquity, like the railroad or the telephone, but that he has abused and distorted one of the past pleasures into one of the prime pests of our existence. The communication of thought or fact by postage may, when attended by some degree of difficulty, be amusing, or even instructive. In old days people only wrote letters when they had something to say, or to gain, worth a little enterprise; they gave a fair amount of attention to express themselves when they had to risk outlay for the chance of being read. The letters of France are the most lively and interesting records extant of certain phases of continental, especially of feminine history, habits, and social life. In our own country, we have, from those of the Paston family to the masterpieces of Byron, many volumes of vigorous English,

the best of which are invaluable. Sir Rowland and his accomplices have, at one swoop, destroyed this whole branch of our literature. The art of letter-writing, no longer cultivated, is being rapidly lost; already, by haste and thrift, it has become utterly vulgarised. Ten centimes and ten minutes of his worthless time are all that the most absurd creature who can dip his pen in ink requires to inflict himself on any one unprotected by a secretary; and, as if this were not enough, he is "by the card" invited publicly to insult the most eminent persons in the kingdom, for a cent. It is not in nature to resist such inducements to vice; consequently the worse half of the world goes writing to the better half—the bulk from stupidity or conceit, the baser sort for aggrandisement. Drunkards and paupers apart, give any one a penny and he or she—most certainly she—will put it on a letter. Nor age, nor rank, nor sex, nor misfortune, nor infirmity protects, and to have attained the humblest known position is to be the butt of every scribbler who can by any possibility ascertain your past, present, or future address. 'Tis a motive more powerful than George Warrington's to remain utterly obscure. At the risk of being accused of an analytic mania, we must point out that correspondents belong to two great classes.

I. The first are, in a sense, **DISINTERESTED**; they write, as great talkers talk, not so much to be admired for their much speaking, as to relieve a mental restlessness, proceeding, according to Burton, from "some imposthume of the brain," and most of what they have to say is, save for wasted time, mere harmless chatter. Representative letters of this sort are those of school-girls, who

"Sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,"

have contracted an unalterable and everlasting friendship, to break up suddenly when Lysander comes between Helena and Hermia, or fade, through years, into non-recognition when Agatha keeps her carriage and Agnes rides in an omnibus. Other varieties are:—many-paged discussions of religion, metaphysical twaddle, or literary platitude, by students who have no power of speech,—in reading which we constantly exclaim, "Who would have thought the dull fellow had so much gush in him?" descriptions of scenery on return from the Coolans or the Campsies, by people who cannot drink the fresh air and hold their tongues; sketches of character that no magazine will print; political ideas to which no Daily will commit itself. Their authors

write letters, as poetasters write verses, because they have nothing better to do. Their correspondence is a mere vent for the incontinence that sees on the table of every acquaintance the sign, "rubbish shot here." Between equals it must be endured, or rebutted by silence or the envious reputation of an unsympathetic character. From the molestation of the class of secretaries to "Lecture associations," &c., who write ten notes where, on a simple matter of business, one would suffice, there is no release save in the resolve to have, in future, nothing to do with them.

II. **INTERESTED**, or self-seeking, correspondents may be at once distinguished by the fact of their letters categorically requiring an answer, many of them adding the impudence of an enclosed postage-stamp, which sensitive consciences are unwilling to retain. They, in turn, are of four distinct kinds, united only in their common aim to push themselves by pestering their neighbours.

(a.) Those who write for *Direct Gain*, and demand hard cash; the epistolary beggars, including the tribe of Joseph Adie, who live by obtaining money on false pretences. The arena of their depredations is wide, their appeals being addressed to all persons supposed—often, *me teste*, most erroneously—to have a few pounds or pence to spare. Some already fall under the law; the rest should be dealt with according to the straight rules of Anti-Mendicity—professing to be also anti-mendacity—Societies. Generally the dupes of imposture deserve to pay. But there are cases hard to handle, the chief being those of the *Poor Relation*, of the accomplished exile, and of the honest woman temporarily destitute. The first has been limned by the gentlest and subtlest humorist of our century, and "in that circle none dare walk but he." Who has not bled beneath the lance of the *Begging Foreigner*, and ended by handing him over to some of his friends, or to the police? He flatters by writing to you, as to a *Mezzofanti*, in a language you imperfectly understand; humours your politics, for which—whatever they may be—he has suffered martyrdom; and touches you by the pathetic situation of a learned man, "like yourself," reduced to search for the means of a dinner or a coat. The *Begging-Woman*, when an adept at her art, is the most dangerous of all; you are amazed at her English style, and wonder how her graphic powers have been retained amid her grinding toils. Her profession, in fact, is letter-writing, in which, inspired by the genius of theft, as Jessie MacLauchlan

by the instinct of self-preservation, she rivals the vividness of Defoe. You have, at some time or other, unfortunately employed her: circumstances having led to a change of residence, she addresses you from a distance, the extremity of distress alone constraining her to take advantage of your former kindness. She has, till now, at least, kept a respectable roof over her head, and over a sick child, left behind by the brutal husband who abandoned her; but during the last three months everything has gone wrong. In the recess, her patrons are out of town; her debtors have become insolvent; day after day she has been putting off the bailiffs, they will wait no longer, and if her last resource, "your generous heart," fails to send £5 to-morrow, her "poor sticks" must go. She will receive your remittance, of course, only as a loan. Would it not be well, by way of a show without reality of work, to attach to the Chiltern Hundreds the secretaryship of an Office for the Registration of Returned Loans? Other monetary drains are the duns for "*subscriptions*" or "*donations*" to churches or "*causes*." As to these, if you are so minded, give what you can afford at the time, but, as you know not what a day may bring forth, never saddle yourself with an annual blister.

(b.) Those who want *Promotion*, and expect you to devote your whole life indirectly to their advancement. The subtler forms of epistolary aggression are, in many respects, the more obnoxious, because there is in our yet imperfect civilisation no statutory remedy against them. Under this head Patrons must have much to say; my lines have fallen on humbler, if not more pleasant, places; but a full third of my correspondents expect me to assist them to impose upon Patrons, to testify to qualities which they have never exhibited, to vouch for deeds which they have never done, and to exercise on their behalf an "influence" which I do not possess. A draft on imaginary "influence" is worse than tugging at the strings of an imaginary purse, for you may refer to your deficit at the banker's; but shriek till you are hoarse that you have no "influence," that you are so unpopular that your support can only do harm, it is put down to mock-modesty. I am in my own eyes degraded by amateur authors appealing for my "influence" to get their MS. accepted in quarters to which I myself have never had, and never expect to have access, till the very word has become the most hateful in the dictionary. One of the worst vices of the age is the practice of applying for "special certificates,"

which, in the face of a surplusage of authentic records of examination *results*, are either fraudulent or superfluous. The TESTIMONIAL NUISANCE has grown so extensive and inveterate that it requires consideration apart. Here it must suffice to refer to an ingenious article by a *Saturday Reviewer*, some ten years ago, who pointed out that their only value was in their negative evidence. "Observe," he remarked, "the points omitted." I can corroborate him. A vacancy in the floor-sweeping department of a public institution having been advertised, the testimonials to the intellectual and moral eminence of one old woman were overwhelming: but after the election, it appeared that she had only one arm. The broom should be applied to the whole system, and a reference to the names of a few responsible persons accepted instead. Meanwhile, whenever I receive a letter beginning, "I am an applicant," "There is a vacancy," "Could you exert," I feel inclined to go to the colonies or commit a crime. It is a delusion to suppose that a single struggle with one's wit, or one violation of conscience, in each case is enough. Some people are always demanding testimonials. They are either restive in their situations, the claim of discontent—or out of them, the plea of incompetence. They are as thoroughly professional candidates as Jack Shepherd was a professional thief.

(c.) *Those who want Praise*, for which some men, and women, have as fierce a thirst as the dypsomaniac has for brandy. These are the literary beggars, who insist on sending you MSS. or books, and, as it were, pistol in hand, call for "your candid opinion" or your life. As regards this form of extortion, all but the merest novices will observe the rule never to read MS. unless it is their paid profession to do so. MS. is often badly written on pink or yellow or transparent paper, and—not to speak of your time (which no one but yourself considers worth anything)—you may fairly say that your eyes cannot stand it. Be callous to the most heart-rending appeals—"Only this once make an exception in favour of my drama, which has been discarded by all the managers." The chances are that the managers, being unanimous, were right; in any case an exception entails upon you the fatal notoriety of a squeezable man. The more pains you take, the less thanks you will get. "Should I publish this?" inquires the aspirant, always at first deferential, on his way to be indignant, and ultimately venomous. If you say "yes,"

you lure him on to destruction, and make yourself an accomplice in his guilt. If "no," he twits you with Zoilus on Homer, Gabriel Harvey on the "Faery Queen," Johnson on "Lycidas," Jeffrey on Wordsworth, Brougham on Byron. Boldly declare you cannot read his MS., sent back by return of post; tell him—*what is true*—that the literary market is glutted, as never was that of iron, or theology, or wool; that he had better break stones than write books; add—*what is most true*—that he has not the ghost of a chance of justice, unless he belongs to a London clique. Waste of words on him, the fairy Prince who will succeed where the many fail, the born Genius who will burst out into sudden blaze; but you are saved. Examine his MS., you are undone. The man who not only sends it, but comes and reads it, is, generally speaking, beyond the pale of humanity; but there are pathetic cases. Not long since a worthy middle-aged man read to me in a faltering voice several pages of very fair verse—but neither unintelligible nor disgusting, and without the power required to compensate for the lack of those popular qualities. Warned not to expect a fortune from Poetry, "I don't want money," he muttered, "but fame, fame, FAME." "Poor creature, poor creature!" cries Thackeray, as Mrs. Deuce-ace is struck down by the ruthless hand. The "short method" with obtruders of MS. must be slightly modified with obtruders of books, either worthless or to you uninteresting. These you cannot profess not to read; but you need not read them. When they come simply "from the author," acknowledge them *at once*; "anticipating much pleasure," &c., and you may escape. But, in nine cases out of ten, there is a comment appended, as to the articles of the Catechism; you are implored to "say a good word for the volume" in a review, or to give "a candid opinion" by which the author "will benefit in a second edition." In any case it is "frank criticism, not praise," that your correspondent hungers for. Lives there the man who ever believed the shameless asseveration? The alarming development of female talent and brain activity, fostered by our cactus-house "Higher Education," competition and morbid emulation, has complicated matters in our own to a degree unprecedented in any other age. Few men can bear "candid criticism"—no woman; at least, in my sad experience, making a shoal of enemies, I have never found her. In these times of her triumphant Rights, the terrors of the "spretæ injuria formæ" are eclipsed by those of the "spreti

injuria ingenii." The frankly criticized is a grossly outraged woman, and she communicates to her belongings the inheritance of avenging her wrongs. Some fifteen years ago my "green, unknowing youth" yielded to the urgency of an infatuated husband, some carefully sugared, but occasionally critical, remarks on his wife's indifferent verses. I shall never do the like again. But to give no reply to such a request seems rude; to refuse to grant it is to offend, to comply with it is to enrage.

"Quidquid melius, leviusque putaris
Præbenda est gladio pulcra hæc et candida cervix."

Whether I read Mrs. Pepper or no, Mr. Pepper is my mortal foe.

(d.) *Those who demand Advice or Information.*—This last class, without meaning it, are perhaps the most troublesome of all, and none the less that their intrusion comes in the guise of a compliment. In the initial chapter of this series we referred to those who write offering advice, and added ours, "Don't take it." To those who are asked for it we would say, as a rule, "Don't give it." To legislate for another's life, by directing his choice of a profession or a wife, is a responsibility too horrible to be contemplated; and yet I knew a man who, for half a decade, came regularly once a year to ask whether he should join the bar, or enlist in the army, or "take to literature." Happily he is now an ornament of the Church. Many regard you as a living catalogue, who will tell them what books to buy and what to read. Shall we take the notes of Poppo or of Häack? Shall we get up Freeman, or Froude, or Stubbs, or Green? To whom, generally, the answer is—"Get, get, get them all. ('Bind a library to your back,' said Burns), but with all thy getting, get understanding."

Finally, requests for information on matters of which you are profoundly ignorant—as on remote quotations, disputed texts, the authenticity of doubtful passages—are, to say the least, humiliating, especially as, nowadays, such questions are most frequently put by ladies. It would exceed our space to dilate on the remedies for this persecution. Acquire, perhaps easily, a name for ill-nature and a reputation for negligence, advertise in some "influential" periodical that you are the worst, the dullest, slowest, and most unreliable correspondent in the world; or you will live out your life as a reviewing, criticizing, scribbling, corresponding machine, and never either solve a problem or climb an Alp.

J. NICHOL



DESERTED.

BRIGHT sea, far-flooding all the pebbled sand,
Flinging thy foamy pearls from stone to stone;
Thy lullaby, low-murmured to the strand,
Sounds like a lover's tone;
And yet I know, elsewhere,
Some other shore, as fair,
Thy waves have kissed, and left it dry and lone.

Bright sunshine, gleaming on my cottage wall,
Tracing the shadow of an ivy-spray,
How tenderly thy golden touches fall
On common things to-day I
Yet, beneath other skies
Some land benighted lies,
Deserted by thy glory, cold and grey.

Blithe bird, loud-warbling underneath the eaves
An eager love-song passionate and shrill,
My heart is trembling amid summer leaves
With sweet responsive thrill;
Yet far away, dear guest,
There is an empty nest
Which thou hast left forsaken,
void and still.

Fair sea, bright sunshine, bird of song divine,
 I too may lose the tide, the light, the lay;
 Others may win the kisses that were mine,
 My night may be their day;
 Yet though the soul may sigh
 For precious things gone by,
 I shall have had my rapture, come what may!

SARAH DOUDNEY.

HOW CHRISTIANS WAIT.

By MRS. L. B. WALFORD, AUTHOR OF "DICK NETHERBY," ETC.

WAIT we must perforce upon the will of God. All our fretting and fuming, our hurrying and worrying will not advance one step the thing we would press on until the Hand at the helm gives it a turn in the desired direction; all our ardour and activity will not drive forward the actions of One with whom "a thousand years are as one day," and who can therefore afford to deliberate; and we may wonder, and sigh, and exclaim, "How I have toiled for this! How I have spoken about it, written about it, prayed about it!" and yet the coveted good is withheld—it may be ours in time, but not just yet,—do what we will, strive as we may, we *can not* force the decrees of Providence.

The thing for Christian people to consider then is, not whether or no they will fulfil this law of their existence, not how often nor for how long they will have to submit to seeing their plans delayed, their favourite projects hindered—but *how*, that is in what spirit and in what fashion they will "wait," while God above holds down the curtain before their eyes.

Some Christians wait *clamorously*. Confident that the object they pursue is worthy, they give themselves and Heaven no peace in their urgency to obtain it. Seldom is it far from their thoughts, night and morning it enters into their prayers; no opportunity is lost of furthering it in season and out of season; and friends and relations are taxed to join in the pursuit, and pious acquaintances are confided in and besought to remember it before the Throne of Grace, and it seems as if everything must give way beneath such resolute and accumulated pressure. It signifies not a jot that the required answer is long in coming; the one thing to which it appears the mind is made up is that it will not endure a refusal, it will not take "No," even from the lips of Omnipotence.

Now, a curious fact is this, that such determined and vociferous petitioners do not infrequently achieve their end. The boon they seek is granted—a little to their own

surprise perhaps, though this, of course, they would not own for the world—and greatly do they now rejoice and exult in consequence. Everybody hears of it; the wonderful "answer to prayer" is vaunted, if we may so speak, right and left; the successful suppliant is raised many degrees in the estimation of his or her circle who are in the secret, and will, we cannot but suspect, inwardly coincide in the general applause, and plume him or herself thenceforth on being so specially favoured and honoured in the sight of the world.

But is it really so? Is our God really akin in spirit to that unjust judge who yielded, worn out by a woman's importunity, and does He really like to be beset by tears and entreaties when He sees fit to withhold—and that, it may be only for a season—a blessing? We are indeed instructed to "make our requests known unto Him," but we are also bidden to "be careful"—that is over-anxious—about nothing; and it seemeth to us with regard to such a besieging of Heaven as we have above suggested, that the key to its success may, with reverence be it spoken, lie in this. Some Christians need to be *humoured*; they are not wise enough nor strong enough to con the deep things of God; they are sincere, earnest, loving and true men and women, but their understandings are weak and their passions vehement; they are like very young and very wayward children—children of the kingdom all the same, honest, and in the main obedient, but foolish and fractious as the little feeble things we train often are. These big children, these clamourers, must be borne with, and given way to when occasion permits,—and so our Heavenly Father, in His infinite forbearance and compassion, just grants their desire because it is not worth while to try the poor souls more severely, and because they could not perceive the value of a refusal which would involve an infinitely higher and purer blessing than a concession.

Again, Christians will fly to the opposite

extreme. They will await the development of the future *doggedly* and *sullenly*, with a sort of passiveness which shows well enough on the surface, but which, if analyzed, would throw up some curious and little-suspected elements. Consciously the heart only dictates submission to the Eternal Will, ordaining that further desires be checked and further efforts be desisted from—but, true to its nature, the deceitful voice is double-tongued, and its undertones mutter, "It is of no use to dash one's head against a stone. The Divine decree is arbitrary and unassailable, and our poor little wills are such gossamer webs in comparison that it is nothing but folly to attempt to carry out their designs in opposition. It is our place to obey—and indeed we shall *have* to obey, whether we choose or not." This is, sad to say, the spirit in which not a few real Christians wait for the turning of the next leaf in the book of fate. A sort of feeble, stupid acquiescence takes the place of an active, ready, cheerful resignation, and the noble feeling of duty is smothered in a sense of abject helplessness.

There are Christians, again, who "wait" *by fits and starts*. One day they are all up in the air, quite sure that what they wish for will come to pass presently, and quite willing to hold on for a time, praying and watching. Expectation makes everything easy. It has been good for them, they tell you, to have had to undergo disappointment and discipline hitherto. Looking back on the past they own that had God bestowed on them their heart's desire, that very heart had itself been broken; that had he given to their affections that whereon they had been set, those affections had been wrung to agony. But now, now all is changed. In the plenitude of their present satisfaction, and in the comfortable conviction that events are shaping as desired, they discern no need of further trial, and they aver—in truth, so far as they know it—that they are ready to give up the cherished hope or scheme (so long as there seems no prospect of their being called upon to do so).

But observe this latter reservation; note that while the good folks thus think and speak, they inwardly *feel* that they will not be called upon to make the sacrifice. A placid certainty that their wishes are about to be accomplished and their plans carried out, enables them easily to contemplate imaginary defeat and disaster, even as a blue sky and shining sun overhead nerves the most timid to speak lightly of possible storms. But wait a little; the devoutly desired consummation seems no nearer at hand than it did a while

before; a little hitch arises; there is an uneasy undefined dread—the merest chance that all may yet get out of gear, and how soon is the temper ruffled and the pleasant mood departed. The spirit sinks, the hands fall down, the head droops. At once the woe-begone aspect of the dejected one betrays the hidden secrets of the heart, since, no longer buoyed up by outward prosperity, it gives way to the bitterness of disappointment or humiliation. Instead of simply "waiting," quietly, patiently waiting to see what will happen next—and who can tell but that the very next bend in the path may show a change of scene?—they, these volatile Christians, so to speak, give up the ghost of hope then and there, and prepare for the worst with all the speed they can muster. This *they* call submitting to the will of Providence;—this *we* are disposed to call anticipating, and impatiently and unreasonably anticipating it.

And again some Christians will "wait" well enough *in the abstract*, if they have nothing to "wait" for *in particular*.

These, as a rule, are cheerfully anxious to walk in the ways of righteousness, and to be taught day by day the work that God Almighty would have them do: they are not headstrong, self-willed, opinionative people; they are not set on any chosen course, pursuing it in the teeth of opposition and discouragement, against the wishes of parents, guardians, or family—no, they are very sober, steady-going, reliable men or women, leading a useful happy life, and asking little or nothing beyond a daily round of duties and pleasures to fill up the measure of their contentment with the lot appointed them. Surely of these, you say, surely of these and such as these we may safely affirm that they will "wait" in the true spirit of waiting, for the finger of God to direct their goings-out and their comings in. It seemeth so, as the years roll gently on, and time brings only little tender griefs, and easily smoothed cares, and soon-forgotten troubles—but mark, this is mere child's play while all is thus calm and easy, while no depths of emotion stir the soul, and no great thundering waves of anxiety and misery break in upon the heart, and there are no burning passionate longings to be dealt with, no absorbing aims to be perchance frustrated, no hands to be wrung in anguish over impotence and utter inability. Oh, it is easy, very easy and simple and sweet, to look lovingly upwards for the kind Hand which draws us along, when the way below is straight and smooth—but it is not so easy, it is often a hard and terrible thing to stand still, motionless, perforce petrified, in the

midst of a howling wilderness of doubt and perplexity, while the pillar of cloud and of fire hangs overhead, and *will not* move a pace to right or to left. Then, and then only, can it be made manifest of what virtue is the patience we profess. Then, and only then, when, compelled to inaction, tantalised by what would appear to be the vagaries of fate, torn this way and that, blinded by unforeseen complications, tormented by officious comforters, distracted by opposing counsels—our hands tied and bound, our veins throbbing and our pulses beating—nothing to be done, yet everything to be feared or desired—then, and then alone, is it seen whether or no we can indeed “wait patiently,” wait as God would have us wait “for Him.”

We have touched on but a few heads; but divers, indeed, and curious are the ways in which Christians evade the unpalatable command. They will not, and cannot, as a rule, endure it. For one who will *wait*, dozens will *work*. For one who can steadfastly and loyally cast his eye upwards, exclaiming, “Do *Thou* Thy holy will,” there are hundreds ready and eager to cry, “Let *me* do it.”

It is so much easier, pleasanter, more congenial to our nature to be up and doing than to be bearing and suffering. It is little less than maddening—to some of us at least—to sit down and see things going wrong (as we call it) before our very eyes. Why may we not pull out the tangled skein—which we could so easily do if we were permitted—push into shape business that has gone awry, reduce to order a mess of circumstances? Often it seems as if a very touch would do it. Why may we not give the touch? A word, a whisper, would amend a misunderstanding which has wrought grievous mischief; but as Christians we are debarred from giving that dishonourable whisper. Is not this a hard case? A letter has been delayed, and arrives too late. Only an hour

sooner and it would have been in time to alter a whole course of untoward events. Is not this enough to force a groan of vexation, a stamp of the foot? It is, alas! it is. No one wonders, no one thinks anything amiss if we give way to complaint and chagrin under trial so pungent. It is natural, we say, it is but natural, it is what any one of us would do. Nobody can be expected to put up meekly with provocation of such a kind. Knowing our own frailty, we are disposed to be lenient judges when our fellow-Christians fail at such a moment.

But, dear friends, let us not mistake. This may be all very well, very comprehensible, very true to life, but it is not resting in the Lord, and waiting patiently for Him. You aspire to this? You realise its blessedness? You long for the peace and holy calm which you perceive must fill the souls of those found waiting, watching, and following? Then look inwards, and see what you find there, when, bidden to “halt,” you would fain go forward; when, obliged to remain motionless, you are thirsting for action; when, a cloud descending upon your path, you may not even attempt to pierce it. How are you “waiting,” then? Beating against the prison-bars, as some do? Sourly and gloomily despondent, as others are? Now in one mood, now in another, according to the ways of others again? Try yourselves, test yourselves. “Study to be *quiet*,” learn to “be *still*.” Let your dearest hopes and noblest aspirations be laid humbly at His feet, to be dealt with in His own time and after His own fashion. This done, what remains? Your soul will have returned unto its rest; what needs it more? You may have, indeed, to “wait,” perhaps at times to wait long, to wait in sorrow, to wait in fear and trembling; but once you have learned to “wait patiently,” the Holy Spirit of God Himself can teach you no greater lesson.

MORE ABOUT PLANTS WITHOUT EARTH.

THE inventor of the new method of raising plants without earth has, in consequence of Mr. Heath's article on the subject in the May part of GOOD WORDS, received such a large number of letters inquiring for further information, that he finds it impossible to reply to them individually. He has, however, kindly sent us, through Mr. Heath, the following short statement of directions as to the method of proceeding, with some further particulars of his extended experiences,

which we have great pleasure in giving to our readers, as a general reply to their inquiries. We may further premise that since the article appeared, two or three of our readers have visited M. Dumesnil at Vascœuil, and have been astonished to see the results obtained by the fertilising moss; while at the Horticultural Exhibition in Paris a week or two ago, M. Chaté, the horticulturist who sells the moss in Paris, had a Roman gate festooned with flowers growing in the moss. We have

no doubt that very soon depôts for its sale will be opened in this country. In the meantime it can be obtained, as stated in our May part, from MM. Langer, Havre. From them prospectuses and price lists, with the cost of carriage to different parts of this country, can be obtained post free on application.—Ed.

“DEAR MR. HEATH,
“Permit me to use the publicity that I owe to your excellent article on *Plants without Earth*, in order to thank the numerous readers of GOOD WORDS, who have shown by their letters the great interest they take in the subject. I cannot better express my gratitude than by offering first of all to them, the following communication.

“Practical instruction concerning the use of Fertilising Moss and the results that can be obtained from it in the decoration of apartments with plants at their highest stage of beauty, and under conditions of mobilization hitherto unknown.”

“In order to replace by a clod of moss the clod of earth adhering to the roots of every plant, take a turf of natural moss a little larger than the root of the plant from which the earth has been removed (it is unnecessary to refer again to the manner of doing this, as it is minutely described in the prospectus, which can be obtained from MM. Langer, Havre). Spread out the turf of moss, and fertilise it with a small quantity of the fertilising moss, more or less according to the force and vigour of the plant, the fertilising moss having been previously opened, pulled to pieces, crushed and broken, so that the nutritive matter to be incorporated with the turf can be well scattered in the same degree over every part. Then extend over the turf thus fertilised a very slight bed of natural moss, damped, on which the roots of the plant should be carefully spread out and covered with another light bed of the damp natural moss. Then raise the edges of the turf to the level of the collar of the plant, fastening them and consolidating the clod of moss above, below, and on sides, with some sort of bandage, e.g., a thread of cotton.

“It is important to use only turfs of moss which are very velvety, and not broken, but form a single lump. They abound in woods at the foot of oaks and beeches.

“The minimum quantity of moss necessary to form a clod is soon discovered, and thus one has a plant of the least possible volume and weight, manageable and transportable at will; a plant which, without soiling any-

thing, adapts itself with complete elasticity to every kind of vase and all imaginable groupings. Nothing is more easy than to give it necessary water. It has only to be dipped in a pail of water and left to drain on an earthenware plate. With light and warmth the plant is thus provided with all that is needful to its life and development.

“Every one who will exactly follow these instructions will obtain results the spectacle of which astonishes me every day, but most of all in the case of plants which have commenced to bloom. If after the earth has been removed from a plant in bloom, it is put for two or three days under a glass and protected from the sun, a development will take place in which, to use the words of an American, who has tried *Plants without Earth*, ‘One can almost see the buds springing;’ the flowers already open wear an extraordinary splendour, those which are in bud expand, while the leaves become intensely green without losing the least accident of their colouring or variegation, and in two or three days after the removal of the earth, one has plants as fine as could possibly be wished for the decoration of apartments. It need hardly be said that their beauty or freshness will not be maintained if they are exposed to too much dust or not allowed to receive a due amount of air and light.

“In the same turf different kinds of plants can be assorted, flourishing together, some erect, others in tufts, or drooping plants, and thus by contrast and harmony living bouquets are composed in which nature undertakes to produce combinations as charming as they are unforeseen, if only the way has, in the least degree, been prepared with taste.

“I use the same process to serve at table strawberry plants laden with ripe fruit.

“In order to facilitate the result and to take up the plants from the earth without hurting the roots, I prepare them in moss, that is to say, I plant out the runners in the earth under a little fertilising moss. The result is an abundant development of roots, which, entangling themselves in the moss, form a flexible and adherent sod that can be taken up the following year with the greatest facility, at the moment that suits best, either on the appearance of the first blossoms, or after the fruit is formed and on the point of colouring. The strawberry plants thus prepared are put in turfs of moss which have been fertilised in the manner explained above, and are kept in frames until complete maturity. Nothing can be seen more agreeable to the eye than clusters of this fine and

splendidly coloured fruit, springing from or sheltering themselves under leaves of a luxuriant vegetation.

"As it sometimes happens that turfs of natural moss are studded with woodland plants such as oxalids, lycopods, small ferns, lichens and grasses, one may have in the midst of glass and porcelain a little bit of vegetation from the underwood, vigorous as in the depths of a forest, relieving the richest productions of horticultural art.

"I have treated in like manner, for two years past, currant bushes which have given me the finest fruit. But the culture, in fertilising moss, of fruit trees cut as dwarfs in order to appear on table, although most easy, would exceed the bounds of this short notice, and I stop so as not to abuse the indulgence of my readers.

"Yours affectionately,

"ALFRED DUMESNIL.

"VASCÉUIL, June 1, 1882."

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER VII.—MISS ALTIFIORLA'S ARRIVAL.

YES;—Sir Francis Geraldine was a beast for mischief! Thinking the matter over he resolved that Mr. Western should not be left in the dark as to his wife's episode. And he determined that Mr. Western would think more of the matter if it were represented to him that his wife had been jilted, and had been jilted unmistakably before they two had met each other on the Continent. He was right in this. According to the usages of the world the lady would have less to say for herself if that were the case and would have more difficulty in saying it. Therefore the husband would be the more bound to hear it. Sir Francis was a beast for mischief, but he knew what he was about.

But so did not Mrs. Western when she allowed those opportunities to pass by her which came to her for telling her story before her marriage. In very truth she had had no reason for concealing it but that his story had been so nearly the same. On this account she had put it off, and put it off;—and then the fitting time had passed by. When she was with him alone after their marriage she could not do it,—without confessing her fault in that she had not done it before. She could not bring herself to do so. Standing so high in his esteem as she did and conscious that he was thoroughly happy in his appreciation of her feminine merit, she could not make him miserable by descending from her pedestal to the telling of a story, which was disgraceful in that it had not been told before.

And there was a peculiarity of manner in him of which she became day by day more conscious. He could be very generous for good conduct to those dependent on him, but seemed to be one who could with difficulty

forgive an injury. He wished to have everything about him perfect, and then life should go as soft as a summer's day. He was almost idolatrous to her in these first days of their marriage, but then he had found nothing out. Cecilia knowing his character asked herself after all what there was to be found out. How often that question must occur to the girl just married! But there was nothing. He was pleased with her person; pleased with her wit; pleased that money should have been offered to him, and pleased that for the present he should have declined it. He liked her dress and her willingness to change any portion of it at his slightest hint. He liked her activity and power of walking and her general adaptability to himself. He was pleased with everything. But she had the secret at her heart.

"I wonder that you should have lived so long, and never have been in love before," he said to her one day as they were coming home.

"How do you know?" She blushed as she answered him, but it was a matter as to which any girl might blush.

"I am sure you were not. I should have heard it." And yet she was silent. She felt at the moment that the time had come,—the only possible time. But she let the moment pass by. Though she was ever thinking of her secret, and ever wishing that she could tell it, longing that it had been told, she could not bear that it should be surprised from her in this way. "I think it nicer as it is," he added as he left the room.

Then she got up and stood alone on the floor, thinking of it all. There she stood for ten minutes thinking of it. She would follow him and, not throwing herself on her knees—but standing boldly before him, tell him all. There was no disgrace in it,—to have loved

that other man. Of her own conduct she was confident before all the world. There had been so little secrecy about it that she almost had a right to suppose that it had been known to all men. The more she tried to bring herself to follow him and tell him, the more she assured herself that there should be no necessity. How ought she to have told him, and when? At every point of his story should she have made known to him the same point in hers? "It was exactly the same with me." "I wouldn't have my young man because he was indifferent." "With yours there was another lover ready. That has yet to come with me." "You have come abroad for consolation. So have I." It would have been impossible;—was impossible. "I think it nicer as it is," he had said, and she could not do it.

There was some security while they were travelling, and she wished that they might travel for ever. She was happy while with him alone;—and so too was he. But for her secret she was completely happy. Let him only be kept in the dark and he would be happy always. She idolised him as her own. She loved him the better for thinking that "it was nicer as it is,"—or would have done, had it been so. Why should they go where some sudden tidings might mar his joy;—where some sudden tidings certainly would do so sooner or later? Still they went on and on till in May they reached their house in Berkshire,—he with infinite joy at his heart, and she with the load upon hers.

Early in May they reached Durton Lodge, in Berkshire, and there they stayed during the summer. Mr. Western had his house in London, and there was a question whether they would not go there for the season. But Cecilia had begged to be taken to her house in the country, and there she remained. Durton Lodge was little more than a cottage, but it was very pretty and prettily situated. When the Ascot week came he offered to take her there, but offered it with a smile which she understood to mean that his proposal should not be accepted. Indeed she had no wish for Ascot or for any place in which he or she must meet their old friends. Might it not be possible if they both could be happy at Durton that there they might remain with some minimum of intercourse with the world? Six months had now passed by since they had become engaged and no good-natured friend had as yet told him the truth. Might it not be possible that the same silence should be yet preserved? If

years could be made to run on, then he would have become used to her and the telling of the secret would not be so severe.

But there came to her a great trouble in regard to her letters from Exeter. Miss Altifiorla would fill hers with long statements about Sir Francis which had no interest whatsoever, but which required to be at once destroyed. She soon learnt in her married life that her husband had no wish to see her letters. She would so willingly have shown them to him, would have taken such a joy in asking for his sympathy, such a delight in exposing Miss Altifiorla's peculiar views of life, that she lost much by her constrained reticence. But this necessity of destroying papers was very grievous to her. Though she knew that he would not read the letters without her permission still she must destroy them. In every possible way she endeavoured to silence her correspondent, not answering her at first, and then giving her such answers as were certainly not affectionate. But in no way would Miss Altifiorla "be snubbed." Then after a while she proposed to come and stay a week at Durton Lodge. This was not to be endured. The very thought of it filled poor Mrs. Western's heart with despair. And yet she did not like to refuse without telling her husband. Of Miss Altifiorla she had already made mention, and Mr. Western had been taught to laugh at the peculiarities of the old maid. "Pray do not have her," she said to him. "She will make you very uncomfortable, and my life will be a burden to me."

"But what can you say to her?"

"No room," suggested Cecilia.

"But there are two rooms."

"I know there are. But is one to be driven by a strict regard for literal truth to entertain an unwelcome friend? Miss Altifiorla thought that I ought not to have married you, and as I thought I ought we had some words about it."

"Whom did she want you to marry?" asked Mr. Western, with a laugh.

"Nobody. She is averse to marriage altogether."

"Unless she was the advocate of some other suitor, I do not see that I need quarrel with her. But she is your friend and not mine, and if you choose to put her off of course you can do so. I would advise you to find something more probable than the want of a bedroom in a house in which one is only occupied."

There was truth in this. What reason could she find? Knowing her husband's

regard to truth she did not dare to suggest any reason to her friend more plausible than the want of a room, but still essentially false. She was driven about thinking that she would get her husband to take her away from home for awhile—for two or three days. The letter remained unanswered, when her husband suggested to her that she had better write. "Could we not go somewhere?" she replied with a look of trouble on her brow.

"Run away from home on account of Miss Altifiorla?" said he. She was beginning to be afraid of him and knew that it was so. She did not dare to declare to him her thoughts and was afraid at every moment that he should read them.

"Then I must just tell her that we can't have her."

"That will be best,—if you have made up your mind. As far as I am concerned she is welcome. Any friend of yours would be welcome."

"Oh, George, she would bore you out of your life!"

"I am not so easily bored. I am sure that any intimate friend of yours would have something to say for herself."

"Oh, plenty."

"And as for her having been an advocate for single life, she had not seen me and therefore her reasons could not have been personal. There are a great many young women, thirty years old and upwards, who take up the idea. They do not wish to subject themselves,—perhaps because they have not been asked by the right person."

"I don't think there have been any persons here. Not that she is bad-looking."

"Perhaps you think I shall fall in love with her."

"I'd have her directly. But she is the last person in the world I should think of."

"I can get on very well with any one who has an idea. There is at any rate something to strike at. The young lady who agrees with everything and suggests nothing, is to me the most intolerable. At any rate you had better make up your mind at once or you'll have her here before you know where you are."

It was this which did, indeed, happen. On the day after the last conversation Mrs. Western wrote her letter. In it she expressed her sorrow that engagements for the present prevented her from having the power to entertain her friend. No doubt the letter was cold and unfriendly. As she read it over to herself she declared that she would have been much hurt to have received such a letter from

her friend. But she declared again that under no circumstances could she have offered herself as Miss Altifiorla had done. Nevertheless she felt ashamed of the letter. All of which, however, became quite unnecessary when, in the course of the afternoon, Miss Altifiorla appeared at Durton Lodge. She arrived with a torrent of reasons. She had come up to London on business which admitted of no excuse. She was sure that her friend's letter must have gone astray,—that letter which for the last three days she had been expecting. To return from London to Exeter without seeing her dear friend would be so unfeeling and unnatural! She must have come to Durton Lodge or must have returned to Exeter. In fact, she so put it as to make it appear impossible that she should not have come.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," said Mr. Western, "I am sure that Cecilia is delighted to see you. And as for me, you are quite welcome." But, as a fact, there was no sending her away again;—no getting her out of the house without a sojourn of some days. Whatever mischief she might do might be done at once. There could be no doubt that she would begin to talk of Sir Francis Geraldine and declare the secret which it was now the one care of Cecilia's mind to keep away from her husband. It mattered not that her presence there showed her to be vulgar, impertinent, and obtrusive. There she was, and must be dealt with as a friend,—or as an enemy. Again Cecilia almost made up her mind as to the better course. Let her go to her husband and tell him all, and tell him also why it was that she told him now. Let her endure his anger, and then there would be an end of it. There was nothing else as to which she had need to dread him.

But again, when she found herself with him, he was happy, and jocund, and jested with her about her friend. She could not get him into the humour in which it was proper that he should be told. She did not tell him, and went down to dinner with the terrible load about her heart. Three or four times during the evening the conversation was on the point of turning to matters in which the name of Sir Francis Geraldine would surely be mentioned. With infinite care, but without showing her care, she contrived to master the subject, and to force her friend and her husband to talk of other things. But the struggle was very great, and she was aware that it could not be repeated. The reader will remember, perhaps, the stern thoughts which Miss Holt had entertained as

to her friend when her friend had thought proper to give her some idea of what her duty ought to be in regard to her present husband. She remembered well that Miss Altifiorla had written to her, asking whether Mr. Western had forgiven "that episode." And her mother, too, had in writing dropped some word,—some word intended to be only half intelligible as to the question which Miss Altifiorla had asked after the wedding breakfast. She knew well what had been in the woman's mind, and knew also what had been in her own! She remembered how proudly she had disdained the advice of this woman when it had been given to her. And yet now she must go to her and ask for mercy. She saw no other way out of her immediate trouble. She did not believe but that her friend would be silent when told to be silent; but yet how painfully disgraceful to her, the bride, would be the telling.

She went up to Miss Altifiorla's room after she had gone for the night, and found her friend getting into bed, happy with the assistance of a strange maid. "Oh my dear," said Miss Altifiorla, "my hair is not half done yet; are you in a hurry for Mary?"

"I will go to my own room," said Mrs. Western, "and when Mary will tell me that you are ready I will come to you. There is something I have to tell you." She had not been five minutes in her own room before Mary summoned her. The "something to be told" took immediate hold of Miss Altifiorla's imagination, and induced her to be ready for bed with her hair, we may suppose, half "done."

"Francesca," said Mrs. Western, as soon as she entered the room, "I have a favour to ask you."

"A favour?"

"Yes, a favour." She had come prepared with her request down to the very words in which it should be uttered. "I do not wish you, while you remain here, to make any allusion to Sir Francis Geraldine." Miss Altifiorla almost whistled as she heard the words spoken. "You understand me, do you not? I do not wish any word to be said which may by chance lead to the mention of Sir Francis Geraldine's name. If you will understand that, you will be able to comply with my wishes." Her request she made almost in the stern words of an absolute order. There was nothing humble in her demeanour, nothing which seemed to tell of a suppliant. And having given her command she remained quiet, waiting for an answer.

"Then this was the reason why you didn't

answer me. You did not want to see me, and therefore remained silent."

"I did not want to see you. But it was not on that account that I remained silent. I should have written to you. Indeed I have written to you, and the letter would have gone to-day. I wrote to you putting you off. But as you are here I have to tell you my wishes. I am sure that you will do as I would have you."

"I have to think of my duty," said Miss Altifiorla.

Then there came a black frown on Mrs. Western's brow. Duty! What duty could she have in such a matter, except to her? She suspected the woman of a desire to make mischief. She felt confident that the woman would do so unless repressed by the extraction from her of a promise to the contrary. She did believe that the woman would keep her word,—that she would feel herself bound to preserve herself from the accusation of direct falsehood; but from her good feeling, from her kindness, from her affection, from that feminine bond which ought to have made her silent, she expected nothing. "Your duty, Francesca, in this matter is to me," said Mrs. Western, assuming a wonderful severity of manner. "You have known me many years and are bound to me by many ties. I tell you what my wishes are. I cannot quite explain my reasons, but I do not doubt that you will guess them."

"You have kept the secret?" said Miss Altifiorla with a devilish mixture of malice, fun, and cunning.

"It does not matter what I have done. There are reasons, which made me wish to avoid your immediate coming. At the present moment it would interfere gravely with his happiness and with mine were he to learn the circumstances of Sir Francis Geraldine's courtship. Of course it is painful to me to have to say this to you. It is so painful that to avoid it I have absolutely written to you telling you not to come. This I have done not to avoid your coming, which would otherwise have been a pleasure to me, but to save myself from this great pain. Now you know it all, and know also what it is that I expect from you."

Miss Altifiorla listened to this in silence. She was seated in an easy bedroom chair, clothed from head to foot in a pale pink dressing-gown, from which the colour was nearly washed out; and her hair as I have said was "half done." But in her trouble to collect her thoughts she became quite unaware of all accessories. Her dear friend

Cecilia had put the matter to her so strongly that she did not quite dare to refuse. But yet what a fund of gratification might there not be in telling such a story under such circumstances to the husband! She sat silent for a while meditating on it, till Mrs. Western roughly forced a reply from her lips. "I desire to have your promise," said Mrs. Western.

"Oh, yes, of course."

"You will carefully avoid all allusion to the subject."

"Since you wish it, I will do so."

"That is sufficient. And now good night."

"I know that I am doing wrong," said Miss Altifiorla.

"You would indeed be doing wrong," said Mrs. Western, "if you were to take upon yourself to destroy my happiness on such a matter after having been duly warned."

CHAPTER VIII.—LADY GRANT.

It is literally true that the tongue will itch with a desire to tell a secret. Miss Altifiorla's tongue did itch. But upon the whole she endured her suffering, and kept her promise. She did not say a word in Mr. Western's hearing which led to Sir Francis Geraldine as a topic of conversation. But in reward for this she exacted from Mrs. Western an undertaking to keep her at Durton Lodge for a fortnight. The bargain was not exactly struck in those words, but it was so made that Mrs. Western understood how great was the price she paid, and how valuable the article which she received in return. "A fortnight!" Mr. Western said, when his wife told him of the promise she had made. "I thought that three days would have been too much for you."

"Three hours are too much,—as interrupting our happiness. But as she is here, and as we have been very intimate for many years, and as she herself has named the time, I have not liked to contradict her."

"So be it. She will interfere much more with you than with me, and I suppose that the coming will not be frequently repeated."

Two days after this another guest proposed to visit them. But this was only for two nights, and her coming had in fact been expected from a period before the marriage. Lady Grant was Mr. Western's younger sister, and the person of whom in all the world he seemed to think the most. Indeed he had assured his wife that next to herself she was the nearest and the dearest to him. She was a widow, and went but little into society. According to his account she was clever,

agreeable and beautiful. She lived altogether in Scotland, where her time was devoted to her children, and was now coming up to England chiefly with the purpose of seeing her brother's wife. She was to be at Durton Lodge now only for a couple of nights, and then to return and remain with the understood purpose of taking them with her back to Scotland. Of Lady Grant Cecilia had become much afraid, as thinking it more than probable that her secret might be known to her. But it seemed that as yet Lady Grant knew nothing of it. She corresponded frequently with her brother, and as far as Cecilia could tell, the subject had not yet been mentioned between them. Could it be possible that all this time the secret was known to her husband and to her husband's sister? If so his silence to her was almost cruel.

Up to the morning of her coming Miss Altifiorla had certainly kept her promise. She had kept her promise, though there had been twenty little openings in which it would have been so easy for her to lead the way to the matter as to which her tongue longed to be speaking. When any mention was made of Baronets either married or unmarried, of former lovers, of broken vows, or of second engagements, Miss Altifiorla would look with a meaning glance at her hostess. But of these glances Cecilia would apparently take no heed. She had soon got to know that Miss Altifiorla's promise would be kept unless she were led by some other person into an indirect breach of it. Cecilia's life during the period was one of great agony. But still she endured it without allowing her husband to perceive that it was so.

Now, on the coming of Lady Grant, what steps should she take? Should she ask her friend to be silent also to this second person, or should she presume the promise to be so extended? She could not bring herself to make a second request. The task of doing so was too ponderous. Miss Altifiorla's manner of receiving the request made it such a burden that she could not submit herself to it. The woman looked at her and spoke to her in a manner which she was obliged to endure without seeming to endure aught that was unnatural. She thought of her own struggles during that evening in the bedroom, and could see the woman as she sat struggling, in her pale pink dressing-gown, to escape from the necessity of promising. She could not have another such scene as that. But she thought that perhaps with one added word the promise might be made to suffice.

When they were alone together Miss Altifiorla would constantly refer to the Geraldine affair. This was to be expected and to be endured. There would come an end to the fortnight and the woman would be gone. "Do you think that Lady Grant knows?" she said, in the whisper that had become usual to her on such occasions.

"I am sure she knows nothing about it," said Cecilia.

"How can you be sure? You do not know her and have never seen her. It will be very odd if she has not heard."

"At any rate nothing need be said to her in this house. No hint need be made to her either by you or me."

"I think she must have heard it. I happen to know that she has a great correspondence. Laws! when you think of who Sir Francis is and of the manner in which he lives, it is almost impossible to conceive that a person should not have heard of it."

"We need not tell her."

"You are quite safe with me. I have given you my word, and that ought to be enough. Nobody could have been more studious to avoid the matter;—though, indeed, it has sometimes been difficult. And then there has been my feeling of doubt whether my duty ought not to make me divulge it." There was something in this which was peculiarly painful to Cecilia. The duty of this woman to her husband, to him whom she loved so truly, to him with whom it was in the very core of her heart to have everything in common! Francesca Altifiorla to speak of her duty to him! But even this had to be borne. "Indeed, I feel every day that I am staying here that I am sacrificing duty to friendship." Oh, into what trouble had she fallen without any sin of her own,—as she told herself;—without, at least, any great sin. When was the moment at which she ought to have told the story? She thought that she could remember the exact moment; when he had come back to her for her answer at the end of that week. And then she had not told him, simply from her dislike to repeat back to him the story which she had heard from himself!

Lady Grant came, and nothing could be sweeter or more gracious than the meeting. Miss Altifiorla was not there, and the two ladies, in the presence of the husband and brother, received each other with that quick intimacy and immediate loving friendship which it is given only to women to entertain. Lady Grant was ten years the senior and a widow, and had that air of living through the

evening of her life instead of still enjoying the morning, which is peculiar to widows who have loved their husbands. She was very lovely, even in her mitigated widow's weeds, with a tall figure, and oval pale face, rather thin, but not meagre or attenuated. And Cecilia thought that she saw in her a determination to love her, and she on her side at once determined that she would return Lady Grant's affection. But not for that reason was her secret to be known. She looked on Lady Grant as one whom she would so willingly have made her friend in all things, but still as one whom, as to that single matter, she could not but regard as her enemy.

They sat together for a couple of hours before dinner, and then at night there was another sitting from which Miss Altifiorla was again banished. And there were some joking questions asked and answers given as to Miss Altifiorla's presence. There was a something in the manner and gait of Lady Grant which made Cecilia almost ashamed of her Exeter friend. It was not that Miss Altifiorla was ignorant, or unladylike, or ill-dressed; but that she knew her friend too well. Miss Altifiorla was little and mean, whereas Cecilia was ready to accept her sister-in-law as great and noble. Miss Altifiorla was not therefore spoken of in the highest terms, and the mode of her coming to Durton Lodge without an invitation was subjected to some little ridicule.

But Mrs. Western when she went to her room was comforted at any rate in thinking that Lady Grant did not know her secret. How poor must have been her state of comfort may be judged from the fact that this could add to it. On the following morning they met at breakfast, and all went well. But Lady Grant could not but notice that the young lady from Devonshire seemed to exercise an authority incommensurate with the tone in which she had been described. The day passed by happily enough, and Cecilia was strong in hope that Lady Grant might take her departure without a reference to her one subject of sorrow.

That night, however, her comfort, such as it was, was brought to an end. As they were sitting together in Lady Grant's bedroom Cecilia's ears were suddenly wounded by the mention of the name of Sir Francis Geraldine. In her immediate agony she could hardly tell how it occurred, but she was rapidly asked a question as to her former engagement. In the asking of it there was nothing rough, nothing unkind, nothing intended to wound, nothing to show a feeling

that it should not be so;—but the question had been asked. There was the fact that Lady Grant knew the whole story.

But there was the fact also that her husband did not know it, or else that other fact which she would have given the world to know to be a fact,—that he knew it, and had willingly held his peace respecting it, even to his sister. If that could be so, then she would be happy; if that could be so,—if she could know that it was so,—then might she afford to despise Miss Altifiorla and her tyranny. But though the word had been not yet a moment uttered, she could not at first remember how it had been said. There was simply the knowledge that the name of Sir Francis Geraldine had been used, and that it had been declared that she had been engaged to him. Up to this moment she had been very brave, and very powerful, too, over herself. Up to this she had never betrayed herself. But now her courage gave way, the colour came to her cheeks and forehead and neck, and then passed rapidly away,—and she betrayed herself. “Does not he know it?” asked Lady Grant. As she said the words she put out her hand and pressed Cecilia’s in her own; and the tone of her voice was loving, and friendly, and sisterly. Though there was reproach in it, it was not half so bitter as that which Cecilia was constantly addressing to herself. The reproach was in her ears and not in Lady Grant’s voice. But the words were repeated before Cecilia could answer them. “Does not he know it?”

All her hope was thus abolished. Almost from the moment of Lady Grant’s coming into the house she had taught herself to think that he must know it. It was impossible that the two should be ignorant, and impossible also, as she thought, that the sister should know it and that he should not. But all that was now at an end. It was necessary that she should answer her sister’s question, and yet so difficult to find words in which to do so. She attempted to speak but the word would not come. Even the one word, “No,” would not form itself on her lips. She fell upon her knees and burying her face in Lady Grant’s lap, thus told her secret.

“He has never heard of it?” again asked Lady Grant. “Oh, my dear. That should not have been so;—must not be so.”

“If I could tell you! If I could tell you!”

“Tell me what? I am sure there is nothing for you to tell which you need blush to speak.”

“No, no. Nothing, nothing.”

“Then why should he not know? Why should he not have known? Cecilia, you will tell him to-night before he goes to his rest?”

“No,—no. Not to-night. It is impossible. I must wait till that woman has gone.”

“Miss Altifiorla knows it?”

“Oh, yes.”

“She knows, too, that he does not know it?” This question Cecilia answered only by some sign. “I fancied that it might be so. I thought that there was something between you which had been kept from him. Why, why have you been,—shall I say so foolish?”

“Yes. Yes. Yes; foolish;—oh yes! But it has been only that. There is nothing, nothing that is not known to all the world. The marvel is that he should not have known it. It was in all the newspapers. But he never thinks of trifles such as that.”

“But why did you keep it from him?”

“Shall I tell you? You know the story of his own engagement.”

“To Miss Tremehere? Oh yes, I know the story.”

“And how badly she behaved to him, receiving the attention of another man, absolutely while she was engaged to him.”

“She was very pretty;—but a flighty inconstant little girl. I felt that George had had a great escape.”

“But such was the story. Well;—he told it me. He told it before he had thought of me. We were together and had become intimate; and out of the full heart the mouth speaks.”

“I can understand that he should have told it you.”

“He did not think of loving me then. Well;—he told me his story, but I kept mine to myself.”

“That was natural,—then.”

“But, when he came to me with the other story and asked me to love him, was I to give him back his own tale and tell him the same thing of myself? I too have had a lover, and I have—jilted him, if you please to call it so. Was I to tell him that?”

“It would hardly have been true, I think.”

“It would have been true,—true to the letter,” said Cecilia, determined that Sir Francis Geraldine’s lie should not prevail at this moment. “I had done to Sir Francis just what the girl had done to your brother. I was guided by other motives and had I think behaved properly. Was I to tell it to him then?”

"Why not?"

"His own story, back again? I could not do it, and then, after that, from time to time the occasions have gone by. Words have been said by him which have made it impossible. Twenty times I have determined to do it, and twenty times the opportunity has been lost. I was obliged to tell this woman not to mention it in his presence."

"He must know it."

"I wish he did."

"He is a man who will not bear to be kept in the dark on such a question."

"I know it. I have read his character and I know it."

"You cannot know him as I do," said Lady Grant. "Though you are his wife you have not been so long enough to know him; how true he is, how affectionate, how honest;—but yet how jealous. Were I to say that he is unforgiving I should belie him. Without many thoughts he could forgive the man who had robbed him of his fortune, or his health. But it is hard for him to forgive that which he considers to be an offence against his self-love."

"I know it all."

"The longer he is kept in the dark the deeper will be the wound. Of such a man it is impossible to say what he suspects. He will not think that you have loved him the less, or that you are less true to him; but there will be something that will rankle, and which he will not endeavour to define. He is the noblest man on earth, and the most generous—till he be offended. But then he is the most bitter."

"You describe his character just as I have read it."

"If it be so you must be careful that he learn this from yourself, and not from others. If it come from you he will be angry, that it has come so late. But his anger will pass by and he will forgive you. But if he hears it from the world at large, if it be told of you, and not by you, then I can understand, that his wrath should be very great."

"Why has he not heard it already?" asked Mrs. Western after a pause. "Why has he not been like all the world who have read it in the newspapers? It was talked of so much, that it was hardly necessary that I should tell it myself."

"You yourself have said that he does not think of trifles. Paragraphs about the loves and marriages of other people he would never read. You may be sure at any rate of this,—that your engagement with Sir Francis Geraldine he has never read."

"I have sometimes hoped," said Mrs. Western, "that he knew it all." Lady Grant shook her head. "I have sometimes thought that he knew it all, and regarded it as a matter on which nothing need be said between us. Should I have been angry with him had he not told me of Miss Tremehere?"

"Do you measure the one thing by the other," said Lady Grant; "a man's desires by a woman's, a man's sense of honour by what a woman is supposed to feel? Though a man keep such secrets deep in his bosom through long years of married life, the woman is not supposed to be injured. She may know, or may not know, and may hear the tale at any period of her married life, and no harm will follow. But a man expects to see every thought in the breast of the woman to whose love he trusts, as though it were all written there for him in the clear light, but written in letters which no one else shall read."

"I have nothing that he may not read," said Mrs. Western.

"But there is something that he has not read, something that he has not been invited to read. Let it not remain so. Tell it to him all even though you may have to support his anger, and for a time to pine in the shadow of his displeasure."

Mrs. Western as she went away to her own room felt some relief at any rate in the conviction that with Lady Grant her secret would be safe. Strong as was the bond which bound her to her brother there would be on her tongue no itching desire to tell the secret simply because it was there to be told. She had not threatened, or spoken of her duty, or boasted of her friendship, but had simply given her advice in the strongest language which it was within her power to use. On the next morning she took her leave, and started on her journey without showing even by a glance that she was possessed of any secret.

"Does she know?" asked Miss Altifiorla as soon as the two were in the drawing-room together, using a kind of whisper which had now become habitual to her.

It may almost be said that Mrs. Western had come to hate her friend. She looked forward to the time of her going as a liberation from misery. Miss Altifiorla's intrusion at Durton Lodge was altogether unpalatable to her. She certainly no longer loved her friend, and knew well that her friend knew that it was so. But still she could not risk the open enmity of one who knew her secret.

And she was bound to answer the question that was asked her. "Yes, she does know it."

"And what does she say?"

"It matters not what she says. My request to you is that you should not speak of it."

"But to yourself!"

"No, not to myself or to any other person here." Then she was silent and Miss Altifirola, pursing up her lips, bethought herself whether the demands made upon her friendship were not too heavy. But there still remained five days of the visit.

CHAPTER IX.—MISS ALTIFIROLA'S DEPARTURE.

THE fortnight was nearly gone and Miss Altifirola was to start early on the following morning. Cecilia had resolved that she would tell her story to her husband as soon as they were alone together, and make a clean breast. She would tell him everything down, as far as she could, to the little feelings which had prevented her from speaking before, to Miss Altifirola's abominable interference, and to Lady Grant's kind advice. She would do this as soon as Miss Altifirola was out of the house. But she could not quite bring herself to determine on the words she would use. She was resolved, however, that in owning her fault she would endeavour to disarm his wrath by special tenderness. If he were tender;—oh, yes, then she would be tender in return. If he took it kindly then she would worship him. All the agony she endured should be explained to him. Of her own folly she would speak very severely,—if he treated it lightly. But she would do nothing to seem to deprecate his wrath. As to all this she was resolved. But she had not yet settled on the words with which she would commence her narrative.

The last day wore itself away very tediously. Miss Altifirola was in her manner more objectionable than ever. Mr. Western had evidently disliked her though he had hardly said so. During the days he had left the two women much together, and had remained in his study or had wandered forth alone. In this way he had increased his wife's feeling of anger against her visitor, and had made her look forward to her departure with increasing impatience. But an event happened which had at once disturbed all her plans. She was sitting in the drawing-room with Miss Altifirola at about five in the evening, discussing in a most disagreeable manner the secrecy attending her first engagement.

That is to say Miss Altifirola was persisting in the discussion, whereas Mrs. Western was positively refusing to make it a subject of conversation. "I think you are demanding too much from me," said Miss Altifirola. "I have given way, I am afraid wrongly, as to your husband. But I should not do my duty by you were I not to insist on giving you my advice with my last breath. Let me tell it. I shall know how to break the subject to him in a becoming manner." At this moment the door was opened, and the servant announced Sir Francis Geraldine.

The disturbance of the two women was complete. Had the dead ancestor of either of them been ushered in, they could not have received him with more trepidation. Miss Altifirola rose with a look of awe, Mrs. Western with a feeling of anger that was almost dominated by fear. But neither of them for a moment spoke a word, nor gave any sign of making welcome the new guest. "As I am living so close to you," said the baronet, putting on that smile which Mrs. Western remembered so well, "I thought that I was in honour bound to come and renew our acquaintance."

Mrs. Western was utterly unable to speak. "I don't think that we knew that you were living in the neighbourhood," said Miss Altifirola.

"Oh, yes; I have the prettiest, funniest, smallest little cottage in the world just about two miles off. The Criterion it is called."

"What a very odd name," said Miss Altifirola.

"Yes, it is rather odd. I won the race once and bought the place with the money. The horse was called Scratch'em, and I couldn't call my house Scratch'em. I have built a second cottage, so that it is not so very small, and as it is only two miles off I hope that you and Mr. Western will come and see it."

This was addressed exclusively to Cecilia, and made an answer of some kind absolutely necessary. "I fear that we are going to Scotland very shortly," she said; "and my husband is not much in the habit of visiting."

This was uncivil enough, but Sir Francis did not take it amiss. He sat there for twenty minutes and even made allusion to their former intimacy at Exeter.

"I am quite well aware how happily all that has ended," he said;—"at any rate on your side of the question. You have done very well and very wisely. And I,"—he laughed

as he said this,—“have succeeded in getting over it better than might have been expected. At any rate I hope that there will be no ill-will. I shall do myself the honour of asking you and Mr. Western to come and dine with me at the Criterion. It is the little place that Lord Tomahawk had last year.” Then he departed without another word from Cecilia Western.

“Now he must be told,” whispered Miss Altifiorla the moment the door was closed. “My dear, if you will think of it all round you will perceive that this can be done by no one so well as by myself. I will go to Mr. Western the moment he comes in, and get through it all in half an hour.”

“You will do nothing of the kind,” said Mrs. Western.

“Let me pray you. Let me implore you. Let me beseech you.”

“You will do nothing of the kind. I will admit of no interference in the matter.”

“Interference! You cannot call it interference.”

“I will not have you speak to my husband on the subject.”

“But what will you do?”

“Whatever I do shall be done by myself alone.”

“But you must tell him instantly. You cannot allow this man to come and call and yet say nothing about it. And he would not have called without some previous acquaintance. This you will have to describe, and if you say that you merely knew him at Exeter, there will be in that case an additional fib.” The use of such words applied to herself by this woman was intolerable. But she could only answer them by an involuntary frown upon her brow. “And then,” continued Miss Altifiorla, “of course he will refer to me. He will conclude that as you knew Sir Francis at Exeter I must have known him. I cannot tell a fib.”

She could not tell a fib! And that was uttered in such a way as to declare that Mrs. Western had been fibbing. I cannot tell a fib! “You will leave me at any rate to mind my own business,” said Cecilia in an indignant tone as she left the room.

But Mr. Western was at the hall door, and the coming of Sir Francis had to be explained at once. That could not be left to be told when Miss Altifiorla should have gone,—not even though she were going to-morrow. “Sir Francis Geraldine has been here,” she said almost before he had entered the room. She was immediately aware that she had been too sudden, and

had given by her voice too great an importance to her idea of the visit.

But he was not surprised at that and did not notice it. “Sir Francis Geraldine! A man whom I particularly do not wish to know! And what has brought him here?”

“He came to call. He is a Devonshire man, and he knew us at Exeter.”

“He is the Dean’s brother-in-law. I remember. And when he came what did he say? Unless you and he were very intimate I think he might as well have remained away. There are some stories here not altogether to his credit. I do not know much about his business, but he is not a delectable acquaintance.”

“We were intimate,” said Cecilia. “Maude Hippley, his niece, was my dearest friend.” The words were no sooner out of her mouth than she was aware that she had fibbed. Miss Altifiorla was justified. Why had she not stopped at the assurance of her intimacy with Sir Francis, and have left unexplained the nature of it? Every step which she took made further steps terribly difficult!

After dinner, Mr. Western, as a matter of course, brought up the subject of Sir Francis Geraldine. “Did you know him, Miss Altifiorla?”

“Oh yes!” said that lady, looking at Cecilia with peculiar eyes. Only that Mr. Western was a man and not a woman, and among men the least suspicious till his suspicion were aroused, he would have discovered at once from Miss Altifiorla’s manner that there was a secret.

“He seems to have lived in very good clerical society down in Exeter,—a very different class from those with whom he has been intimate here.”

“Of course he was staying at the deanery,” said Cecilia.

“And he, I know, is a very pearl of Church propriety. It is odd what different colours men show at different places. Down here, where he is well known, a great many even of the racing men fight shy of him. But I beg your pardon if he be a particular friend of yours, Miss Altifiorla.”

“Oh dear no, not of mine at all. I should never have known him to speak to but for Cecilia.” Her words no doubt were true; but again she looked as though endeavouring to tell all she could without breaking her promise.

“He is one of our Devonshire baronets,” said Cecilia, “and of course we like to stand by our own. At any rate he is going to ask us to dinner.”

"We cannot dine with him."

"That's as you please. I don't want to dine with him."

"I look upon it as very impertinent. He knows that I should not dine with him. There has never been any actual quarrel, but there has been no acquaintance."

"The acquaintance has been on my part," said Cecilia, who felt that at every word she uttered she made the case worse for herself hereafter.

"When a woman marries, she has to put up with her husband's friends," said Mr. Western gravely.

"He is nothing on earth to me. I never wish to see him again as long as I live."

"It is unfortunate that he should have turned out to be so near a neighbour," said Miss Altifiorla. Then for the moment Sir Francis Geraldine was allowed to be forgotten.

"I did not like to say it before her," he said afterwards in their own room;—and now Cecilia was able to observe that his manner was altogether altered,—“but to tell the truth that man behaved very badly to me myself. I know nothing about racing, but my cousin, poor Jack Western, did. When he died, there was some money due to him by Sir Francis, and I, as his executor, applied for it. Sir Francis answered that debts won by dead men were not payable. But Jack had been alive when he won this, and it should have been paid before. I know nothing about debts of honour as they are called, but I found out that the money should have been paid.”

"What was the end of it?" asked Cecilia.

"I said no more about it. The money would have come into my pocket and I could afford to lose it. But Sir Francis must know what I think of the transaction, and knowing it ought not to talk of asking me to dinner."

"But that was swindling."

"For the matter of that it's all swindling as far as I can see. One strives to get the money out of another man's pocket by some juggling arrangement. For myself I cannot understand how a gentleman can condescend to wish to gain another man's money. But I leave that all alone. It is so; and when I meet a man who is on the turf as they call it, I keep my own feelings to myself. He has his own laws of conduct and I have mine. But here is a man who does not obey his own laws; and puts money in his pocket by breaking them. He can do as he pleases. It is nothing to me. But he ought not to

come and call upon my wife." In this way he talked himself into a passion; but the passion was now against Sir Francis Geraldine and not against his wife.

On the next morning Miss Altifiorla was dispatched by an early train so that she might be able to get down to Exeter, via London, early in the day. It behoved her to go to London on the route. She had things to buy and people to see, and to London she went. "Good bye, my dear," she said, seeming to include the husband as well as the wife in the address. "I have spent a most pleasant fortnight, and have been most delighted to become acquainted with your husband. You are Cecilia Holt no longer. But it would have been sad indeed not to know him who has made you Cecilia Western." Then she put out her hand, and getting hold of that of the gentleman squeezed it with the warmest affection. But her farewell address made to Mrs. Western in her own room was quite different in its tone. "Now I am going, Cecilia," she said, "and am leaving you in the midst of terrible danger."

"I hope not," said Cecilia.

"But I am. It would have been over now and passed if you would have allowed me to obey my reason, and to tell him the whole story of your former love."

"Why you?"

"Because I am your most intimate friend. And I think I should have told it in such a manner as to disarm his wrath."

"It is out of the question. I will tell him."

"Do so. Do so. But I doubt your courage. Do so this very morning. And remember that at any rate Francesca Altifiorla has been true to her promise."

That such a promise should have been needed and should have been boasted of with such violent vulgarity was almost more than Mrs. Western could stand. She came down-stairs and then underwent the additional purgatory of listening to the silver-tongued farewell. That she, she with her high ideas of a woman's duty and a woman's dignity, should have put herself into such a condition was a marvel to herself. Had some one a year since told her that she should become thus afraid of a fellow-creature and of one that she loved best in all the world she would have repelled him who had told her with disdain. But so it was. How was she to tell her husband that she had been engaged to one whom he had described to her as a gambler and a swindler?

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII.—AT COCK CROW.

DOES anybody know how it is that the birds are never late in awakening of a morning, and how the cock never fails to crow at the turn of the night, whether there is light or darkness? Here was a dull grey mist which would have deceived anybody who did not look at a clock with the notion that it was still midnight: you could feel the cold damp atmosphere cling about you and the eyes discovered only vague dark lines which might be the branches of trees or the outlines of skeleton buildings. Yet here were the chanticleers of Campbell's farm proclaiming the morning as resolutely and resonantly as if they had telegraphic communication with the sun and knew that, however poor ordinary mortals might be deceived by the mist, it was their duty to sing out that he had risen and would presently appear.

A cart was standing near the byre; in it there was a cosy arrangement of straw and rugs, such as country folk prepare when they are going out for a holiday. A cart with some bundles of straw and rugs, and some half dozen merry lads and lassies going for a picnic is one of the most luxurious conveyances yet invented—granted the merry hearts. No one ever discovers that it jolts for lack of springs, the straw being an admirable substitute.

It was Wull Greer who brought the cart to the place. No one who knew him would have been surprised to find him out at that early hour, although the cart might have puzzled them. His early habits and the results of them were known to most of the cottars round about—and to the keepers and water bailies, too, although they had not been often able to catch him redhanded.

At present he made his way up to the old granary, and there he struck a light. His movements were cautious, but they were devoid of that sense of dread which affects the boldest when engaged on some work they do not wish to be detected in.

"I'm sayin'—I hae the cart ready and the sooner we're awa' the better," he said, advancing to the rough couch on which Thorburn lay.

"Ay," muttered the wounded man, "but what is the use of it? What does the man who dies care about the place? I can die here as well as anywhere else. What does it matter where?"

"Just that; but you see, it might matter to me. There's thae confounded constables after me and if they found me wi' a dead man they might do mair than fine me. Do you no see that? And you maun mind that you promised me you wouldna get me into ony harm."

"Ay, that's true, and if I can manage it you shall not be sorry for your kindness to me."

"Let me see that. Here are your breeks; if you canna put them on, I'll help you. . . . That's the way. Ods my life, I think you are a guid sowl yet, and I'll do what I can to help you. But you maun mind that I can do naething unless you are ready to do a' that you can for yoursel'."

"I want to do that, Greer," almost moaned the man.

"Aweel, just try it. Come awa' wi' me. Our folk are ready for you, and they'll do ony mortal thing to please you. There's my sister Leezie to nurse you, and there's me to let you ken how things are gaun on at Thorniehowe—there's just naething that you want that will no be dune for you."

"Ay, you are a good friend."

"Then you should do your best to prevent a good friend frae getting into mischief. I tell you that Captain Brown has got word o' where you are, and he will be here the-day. I hae everything ready for you at hame and Leezie is waitin' for us."

"I don't feel up to much. I don't feel able to make an effort, although I know the bother you may have on my account and wish to save you from it. Standing is not easy when a fellow's legs have forgotten the way. . . . Now, Greer, if you wanted to put spunk into me to serve our turn you would give me a stiff glass of the Enemy."

"I was thinking about that mysel', and hae a drap here for you."

He drew from his breast-pocket a lemonade bottle and Thorburn eagerly extended a trembling hand. He held it up against the light and saw that it was more than half full.

"It's a cold morning," he said, shivering.

"It is that, but tak' a dram—there's naething like it for warmin' a body—"

"And damnin' a body," interrupted Thorburn grimly.

"O, that's just as you tak' it," continued Greer, insensible to the bitter earnestness with which Thorburn's words were spoken and re-

garding them as containing some joke hidden beyond his ken; he was also unconscious of the philosophy in his own comment. "We aye ca'it chlorodyne, because a neebour loon cam' to the house ae night late, as fou as he could haud, wi' a bottle stickin' out o' his pouch. Mither speirt what was that and the lad in a confushioned way says, 'Oh, it's Chlorodyne. I hae just come frae the doctor's.' We a'gied a sraich and he made his way out o' the house as quick's he could, drappin' the bottle in his hurry—for ye ken he was courtin' Leezie. Sae my father takes up the bottle and took a waft and says he—'Ay, that's rael fine chlorodyne.' And since that time we hae aye gi'en it that name."

Wull Greer chuckled with much enjoyment of this simple joke. Thorburn stood all the time with the bottle in his hand, a stupid expression on his face, and shivering occasionally as if he still felt the cold intensely.

"I have made a toss up with myself, Greer, whilst you have been speaking. The head is, I win, the tail I lose. The head is myself: the tail is this bottle . . . All right, the bottle has it, give us the cup."

Greer handed him a dilapidated-looking teacup with a diamond-shaped breach on the edge. Thorburn drank and smacked his lips.

"I am stronger now, man; I am in the right spirit to give you a fine lecture on teotalism. Here was I a poor helpless creature, not able to lift my head, and you just put a spark of the Enemy into me and up I get. But, losh, man, the fire burns only a wee while, and already I am dropping back. Give me your arm. We will manage as far as the cart, at any rate."

As Greer helped him along he continued to speak.

"It's a notion I've had for a long while that Next Time is the biggest devil in the whole army of Hades. Everybody says Next Time I'll do this or that, and Next Time is eternally skulking in the corner, chuckling at the poor wretches who call for his help, and never coming to it unless he is caught by the ear and held fast by Now."

Greer lifted him into the cart and tucked the rugs round him; then mounted the front board himself, resting his feet on the right shaft and drove gently away from the steading.

The road was a good one, and although the journey occupied some hours Thorburn apparently experienced no inconvenience. At intervals he spoke, inquiring how long it

might be now till they reached their destination, or making some observation on the gradual clearing of the mist and the promise afforded of a fine day.

At length they came to a steep hill up which the horse toiled slowly. The road was made on the edge of a deep glen, the sides of which were green and grey with firs, whins and brambles and boulders of rock: the latter had apparently halted in their headlong course from the hill-top towards the rushing stream below.

Greer drew rein, the horse panting with a sense of relief. On one side of the road was a thatched cottage with a patch of ground in front well stocked with cabbages, potatoes, gooseberry and currant bushes; on the other was a small meal-mill. This was the home of Greer's parents, where his father combined the occupations of miller and farmer in a small way. Although the mill had only two pairs of stones, as most of the farms on the same estate were "thirled" to it—that is, the farmers were bound to send their grain to be ground there—the miller, Greer, made a comfortable living, and was accounted a thriving man. He had eleven children; three worked at home; the youngest son was studying in Glasgow for the kirk; another was a farmer in Canada, and six were out at service.

Nobody ever thought that the miller's dignity was in any way lessened by the fact that his children were "out at service;" and there was nothing in it to call for special admiration either. It was simply the natural order of things. The bairns had to make their way in the world as he had done; they were set to healthy work as soon as they were fitted for it, and they took their lot cheerfully.

Wull had always been the most unmanageable of the family, and consequently had always obtained the most attention. He was the chief amongst his brothers and sisters; even his learned brother who was soon to be a minister had to play a secondary part at Dalwheattie Mill when Wull was at home.

Wull's unmanageableness was due to a distressing mixture of good and evil in his nature: he was one of those most troublesome of all characters who are "ower guid to ban and ower bad to bless."

When the cart stopped at Dalwheattie Mill Leezie was waiting for them, as her brother had said she would be. Thorburn was fatigued by the journey, leisurely as it had been made; he had not spoken during the last hour of it. He was scarcely able to do anything for himself now.

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"What is he like to-day?" was the Fiscal's question.

"Just put your arm ower my shouter," said Wull cheerfully, "an' I'll lift you in. Man, you're no the weight o' a sookin' pig. . . . There, that's the way."

And he carried him into a cosy little room which, although known as the parlour of the cottage, had a box-bed. A comfortable bed it was, too, spread with fine homespun linen, fragrant with "apple-ringgy," indicating that it had just been taken from the drawers where all the best blankets and sheets were carefully hoarded, only to be used on such an occasion as the present in honour of a distinguished guest.

The furniture was plain, and comprised a small sofa and three chairs covered with black horsehair; a table covered with brown oilcloth; and a chest of drawers on which lay a huge family Bible that had been taken out in shilling parts, and then bound in dark morocco leather. On the mantelpiece were some china ornaments, and on the walls were a few small engravings, two coloured prints given away with the *Illustrated News*, and sundry photographs of the family—those of the father and mother belonging to the smudgy glass species, and so faded that they demanded close inspection before they revealed their subjects.

It was a room which at once conveyed the impression that it was always on its best behaviour: the bare floor was so clean that the absence of a carpet scarcely attracted attention.

Thorburn was too tired to take note of these things, or to question why such comfortable quarters were provided for him, or why so much trouble was taken on his account. Wull helped him into bed and he breathed with a sense of relief and restfulness.

Wull did everything with never failing good humour, and his sister gave him cheerful assistance.

"I'm thinkin' he'll be pleased noo."

"Nae doubt," said Leezie, "for he was feart for naething but the difficulty o' getting him this length. The next thing he says is getting him to see the doctor and I'll contrive that."

The *he* referred to was the Fiscal. Wull was acting under his directions: it was he who suggested the argument by which Thorburn was persuaded to quit the old granary: it was he who arranged with Miller Greer to take an invalid lodger, and it was he who provided for all expenses.

One condition was imposed upon all who were taken into his confidence, namely, that

Thorburn should never know who was looking after him, or hear his name mentioned.

Daily the Fiscal came for tidings of the invalid's progress. He did not enter the house. Leezie always saw him coming and went to the door.

"What is he like to-day?" was the Fiscal's question.

"Just getting on fine," was Leezie's answer.

And then the Fiscal turned away relieved and made his report to Armour. There was no sign on his face of the quivering anxiety of his heart.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—BY THE PLANTING.

THERE is no sensation more delightful than that which results from the consciousness of having got one's own way. Mrs. Musgrave was very happy. She had persuaded Armour, and, what was much more important, she had persuaded her husband, that it was really imperative to delay the arrangements for Ellie's marriage. Delay was everything in her opinion; because she was convinced that with a little time her daughter would feel the advantages of becoming Mrs. Fenwick, the mistress of an ancestral home, and the representative of a "county family."

It had certainly been rather painful to bear the evident distress of Ellie, although she had behaved submissively enough. But all things considered, she had every reason to be satisfied with the result of her day's diplomatic exertions; and, being sustained by the consciousness that she was doing her duty, she went to bed with an easy mind.

Mrs. Musgrave, however, was not an early bird, and had no suspicion that her plans might be interfered with in consequence.

Armour was well contented with matters as they stood. He had come, as he believed, to a complete understanding with his future mother-in-law; and that he counted a great gain. At the expense of much self-sacrifice he had obeyed her behest and had remained away from the house on the evening on which he had expected to see Ellie. But the request did not apply to the following morning; and, knowing Ellie's habit of generally accompanying her father part of the way towards his office, he was out betimes and waiting by the planting in the expectation of meeting her.

Presently he saw them come forth from the side gate of Torthorl, and he advanced joyously towards them.

Think of a beautiful landscape, dull under mist which is suddenly cleared away by the sun: think of the heavy drops of dew in an instant transformed into diamonds by the light suddenly flashed upon them—that was Ellie's face when she saw her lover.

She drew her arm from her father's and almost ran towards him.

The father noted this, and although his pace had been slow before, it became slower now as he purposely hung back. Presently he found something the matter with one of the young trees which compelled him to stop. But his inspection was brief; he decided that there was nothing particular the matter with the plant, and he might leave it to the care of nature. So he could go on.

"I am rather in a hurry this morning," he said as he approached the two, before their hands which had clasped in greeting were parted. There was something unusually grave in his voice and manner, which was rendered the more marked by the attempt to assume his jocose smile. "And I dare say you young folk will not be very sorry.

. . . . I hope you don't mean to try to make me believe that you are. . . . That's right. I aye keep in mind that two are company and a third party is always in the way. I'll see you later, Armour, probably."

Then he passed on with long, hurried steps.

Armour grasped her hand again and would have kissed her, but that he was checked by the strange expression of anxiety with which she looked after her father.

"What is the matter with him?" she said as if speaking to herself, and yet turning to Armour.

"Only some case which is worrying him," was the gleeful reply; "some vagabond has escaped his clutches and he is annoyed about it. Never you heed, he will get hold of the vagabond soon, and then he'll be as merry as ever."

"No," said Ellie slowly and thoughtfully; "it is something about us that is troubling him. I cannot make out what it is, but he said to me last night that—"

She was puzzled how to explain the strange words which haunted her; but she felt that having gone so far she must complete the sentence in order to satisfy Armour. So she went on hesitatingly—

"He said that perhaps it would be as well that you did not come here at present."

She felt awkward in saying this, but she was astounded by the manner in which it was received. Armour for an instant looked abashed; then he laughed.

"I know what is the matter," he cried confidently.

"Tell me," was her eager exclamation.

"The grey mare," he replied with great solemnity.

"What!"

"The grey mare," he repeated, trying to look more solemn than before, and holding up his hand with the forefinger extended as if about to deliver some admonition. "Now I am going to look into the future, and what do you think I see there?"

"I don't know," she answered, half amused and still perplexed about her father.

"I see a man they call John Armour, with a grey pow and a portly person, who is supposed to be a man who has a will of his own—that is outside his house. Then I see inside the house a bonnie, gentle-looking lady they call Ellie Armour, and who is supposed to be so sweet that she has no will of her own. But I see that same John Armour a perfect slave to her wishes, just because she is so sweet and so dear to him. Do you understand yet?"

"Not quite."

"Well, the whole matter is this: your father wants to please your mother, and he wants to please you too. At this minute he does not see how he is to manage it, because it is her wish that you should not marry me. But he does not know that your mother and I have entered into a solemn league and covenant, and we are perfectly agreed upon all its conditions."

"My mother and you agreed!" exclaimed Ellie, bewildered.

"Yes, and the conditions are perfectly fair. They involve everything that I desire—your happiness."

"Did she say so?"

"Of course she did, and I mean to help her with all my might to that end. What she wants is fair and reasonable, and it comes to nothing more than this, that you yourself are to decide whether you are to find happiness with me or no."

"But I have decided, and she says I'm wrong."

"No, no; she only says that your present conviction may be a mistake, and that you must have time to make quite sure that it is not so. I say, grant the time—do you think it will make any difference?"

His face was beaming with confidence; he was smiling with the satisfaction of one who knows he is granting a concession which costs him nothing. Her face brightened too, and the disengaged hand was placed on his arm.

"No time can make any difference in me," she said simply.

And then—

Well, they were by the planting; there was a calm sough among the trees, and there were no eyes of people or houses upon them.

They walked to and fro along the side of the planting; and they were happy although they did not speak very much. Perhaps they were happiest in those moments of perfect silence when they walked side by side full of the sense of each other's presence, and so, quite content. These are the moments in which love is fullest of sweet imaginings: the brain is active with tender thoughts, and the mental eye is full of pleasant visions of a long and happy future.

What a pity these are only moments!

But fortunately in these moments there is concentrated the life of years; and it is worth living to realise them. So Armour and Ellie would have thought, had they not been too blessed in the present to reflect about it at all. One enjoys the perfume of a rose without pausing to speculate upon its source. Love grants brief spans of perfect happiness and the lovers do not stay to inquire too curiously into the reason why.

He was there: that was enough for her. She was there: that was enough for him. Father and mother and all the world were forgotten by them: they only knew that they were together and believed that they might be thus walking through life with the bright morning sun upon them and the pleasant aroma of the green trees about them.

What did they care about the calculations of Mrs. Musgrave, founded upon her narrow experience of ordinary men and women? Maybe she was right so far as concerned *them*. Undoubtedly she meant well, and was actuated by a pure motive. But they did not belong to the ordinary category. They were lovers and all the commonplace ordinances of the world must yield to their love.

Listen to those birds: did ever birds sing so sweetly! Look at those trees: how fresh and fragrant they were! Look at this green field stretching down to the river; and look at the cows leisurely browsing or stolidly gazing at nothing. Was there ever a field so green—were there ever cows so contented—was there ever water gleamed so beautifully as the field and the cows and the river which appeared through the halo of their love?

They were very happy that morning and the memory of it was a treasure to them afterwards.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—SOMEBODY WRONG.

NOTWITHSTANDING Armour's assurance that her mother was willing enough to consent to their union under conditions which she thought desirable, and the natural repugnance of the girl to think that she could have attempted to deceive him, Ellie was not satisfied. This was, however, due more to her uneasiness about the conduct of her father than to any serious doubt as to her mother's truth. Indeed her thoughts were almost entirely occupied with the former.

What *was* the matter with him? At first he had been so pleasant in talking about the engagement; and now he seemed to hesitate so much; and he had even said that it might be better that Armour should not come to her at present.

What was his meaning—no unkindliness to herself or to Armour, of that she felt sure. It was something about them both which was vexing him: of that she also felt sure. But what was it? It could not be the scandal about Armour's father; for he had known all about it and had said that no man was responsible for the conduct of his parents. He had given his consent at once to their union; he had raised no objection except that they would have some difficulty in overcoming the dislike of her mother to the match. Then had come this curious change. He seemed to be distressed and half desirous that the marriage should not take place.

Two things he had said to her which remained vividly in her memory. The first was spoken before the visit to Kirkcudbright—"Whatever happens, Ellie, I'll do the best I can for you." There was comfort in that assurance; it was a charm against all fear. But the second—spoken on the night when she was made so unhappy by her mother's determined opposition to Armour—inspired the misgivings which were only soothed by a constant use of the charm. "You see," he had said, "we never can tell what queer things may happen;" and that commonplace phrase, combined with the sadness of his expression, still haunted her.

In her growing anxiety she spoke to her mother.

"Do you think papa is quite well, just now?" she said thoughtfully.

Mrs. Musgrave was astounded at the idea of the Fiscal ever being anything but well. In all her experience of him, he had never been afflicted by any ailment more serious than a slight cold; and she could not imagine him on the sick list.

"He has not given me the least hint of there being anything the matter with him," she replied. "Why do you ask?"

"Because I have been watching him and I see that he looks sad and weary. His voice is so weak and he moves about in such a slow way that I am sure he is not well."

The mother hesitated for a minute; she was not in any degree alarmed about her husband, and she saw here an opportunity of influencing her child to the advantage of her own designs.

"It will be some of those tiresome things in his office that are affecting him. Perhaps also his anxiety about you may have something to do with his present state."

"That is just what I would like to understand, mamma," cried the girl eagerly. "Why should he be anxious on my account?"

"I think you should be able to understand without asking me," rejoined Mrs. Musgrave significantly.

Ellie understood her mother, and particularly wished to avoid any further discussion about Armour at present. So with a touch of impatience in her voice, she only said—

"I do not think it can be *that*. He is satisfied."

Then Mrs. Musgrave looked unhappy. She did not like to feel the reproach that was conveyed by her daughter's tone and look.

"Now, Ellie, what else could it be?" she exclaimed, partly pleading and a little irritable. "You know quite well that although he may be worried by his office affairs, he is never sad about them. He sees that we are—not pleased with each other; and he knows that there is nothing unreasonable in my desire that you should not involve yourself too far in this hasty engagement with Mr. Armour. He is satisfied that I am right—so is Mr. Armour, and so would anybody be who understood the circumstances. But you are obstinate and your father, who, I believe really cares more for you than he does for me, is depressed in consequence. I am sure, Ellie, if you would try to think of it calmly, you would admit that I am right."

There was such a blending in these statements of what Ellie knew to be fact with what was only supposition that she was much more deeply impressed by them than her mother could have expected. Here was such a wild suggestion that her father might have been persuaded to take her mother's view of the case. Was it possible that he was sad because he did not like to tell her so? Besides, it was true that Armour, who was as

deeply interested in the matter as herself, had assured her that there was nothing unreasonable in what her mother required.

Then was it possible that she had been all this time playing the part of a disobedient child and causing both father and mother unnecessary trouble?

"I would like to do whatever you want, mamma, . . . I do wish to please you."

"I knew that, Ellie, or I could never have borne half the worry this affair has caused me," cried the delighted mother. "I knew that you would soon come to see that my only desire was to do what seemed to me best for you."

"I never doubted that."

Then she kissed her mother and went out, leaving the good lady full of joy, for everything was coming about just as she had foreseen it would, and her daughter would yet be mistress of Cluden Peel. It was certainly unfortunate that Fenwick had no title; but he was young, he was clever, he belonged to an ancient family, and he might win some distinction for himself yet. So with childish glee she continued to build her house of cards.

Ellie went down by the terraces which overlooked the river. She wanted somebody with clear vision to help her to make out what she ought to do; and she was thinking about Grannie when she heard steps behind her.

She had chosen this walk because she was least likely to be interrupted by any one; and now here was Fenwick at her elbow.

"You had just gone out when I called, and your mother told me which way you had gone," he said in his jaunty way and without the remotest suspicion that his presence could be otherwise than agreeable.

"I would rather you had not come, Mr. Fenwick," she said awkwardly.

He halted, bowed, and looked as if he intended to wheel about, right face, and march away.

"I am sorry to hear that, Miss Musgrave; but perhaps you may consent to endure my society for a few minutes when I tell you that I came to say good-bye."

That did alter the case, and she exclaimed with an air of very frank but what he considered very ungracious relief—

"Oh, you are going away!"

He smiled with a comically malicious anticipation of her disappointment.

"Yes, but only for a few weeks; and my going depends a little upon you."

"Upon me! I do not understand how any of your movements can be influenced by anything I may do."

"Oh, but they can be very greatly influenced. You will permit me to explain, will you not?"

She had turned towards the house, knowing that there she could most easily escape from him. Her cheeks were tingling, and she felt altogether uncomfortable.

"I will take your silence for consent," he said, again at ease and confident; "and tell you all about it. A wonderful thing has occurred—I have decided upon doing something!"

"Indeed!"

This with an expression which would have convinced any one but Fenwick that whilst she congratulated him on this noble resolution, she cordially wished he had chosen some other friend to be the hearer of the wonderful news.

"Yes, I have decided to go into Parliament, and I have also decided to make a hit there somehow, if it would please you."

He laid emphasis on the last words, but she affected not to observe it.

"I wish you every success—no one can do so more sincerely."

"Thank you: to have your good wishes is something. You know that we are not millionaires, but my father thinks we can afford to stand an election or two with the highly commendable object of getting me started on a useful career in which my energy, et-cetera, will find scope for development. The sudden retirement of old Balfour, the member for Gartburn, gives me an immediate opening. The borough is not a large one and I am going to try my fortune at once. I begin the campaign to-morrow."

"That is very prompt," she said, trying to show some interest in his project, and hoping that in his enthusiasm he would forget the other matter at which he had hinted.

"Prompt's the word. We must let no grass grow under our feet, and I don't think we have done it yet. Balfour's retirement was made known yesterday; we decided last night; my address was ready this morning; it will be printed in all the local papers to-morrow; and I will be on the spot to stump the place, to spout beautiful platitudes about land laws, game laws, hypothec and poor laws. I have one grand card to play, which will go straight to the heart of every true Briton! (You see I am getting into the style already.) Would you like to know what that particularly grand card is?"

"If it's not a secret."

"Secret—it will be known through the

length and breadth of the land in twenty-four hours."

"It must be a very bright idea."

"The brightest possible for helping a man into Parliament. Are you getting impatient? Well, here it is. I mean to show every man how he can live without paying taxes, rent, or debts of any kind! . . . There, is not that a magnificent idea? It is the realisation of a Utopian state, in which every man is to be as good as another. But you do not seem to be deeply impressed with the Napoleonic grandeur of my notion."

"I do not understand how it is to be carried out," she said, laughing at his burlesque.

"The understanding is not of the slightest consequence," was his reply, as he too laughed merrily. "It is a catching idea and that is enough. But what I want to understand very much is, will you be greatly pleased if I win the day?"

"Of course we shall be pleased."

"Ay, but what I want to know is, will it give you any particular satisfaction to learn that I, rather than any other friend of yours, is returned at the head of the poll for Gartburn? . . . I think if I could take that knowledge with me, there would be no doubt of the result. Shall I have it?"

In Fenwick's woings, boldness had always been a stronger characteristic than tenderness; but now, touched with a real passion, his words, his manner, his expression, and even the form of his features seemed to obtain a mysterious refinement. For a few minutes he received no reply, and he watched her downcast face eagerly. He saw that the expression was very serious, but there was no indication of emotion.

Presently she turned her clear, frank eyes full upon his face and said quietly—

"I have told you, Mr. Fenwick, that none of your friends will be more pleased than I shall be if you are successful, and none will sympathize more if you fail. But that is all. Now I am going to ask you to prove your friendship for me."

The calm kindness with which this was spoken added to the feeling of disappointment with which Fenwick heard it, for it increased his admiration of the woman. What a splendid creature she was!

"Well, if that is all, I must be content with it for the present," he said cheerfully; "and you know that you have only to tell me in what way I can prove my friendship."

"By accepting the answer I have given you now as the only answer I can ever

give you, and so sparing me the pain of repeating it."

"That is too much to ask," he said impulsively; "I can never give up the hope of winning you until I know that you have given yourself to some one else."

"Then you do not wish to be my friend?"

"You know I am your friend and will be always."

"In that case you can only prove it by granting the favour I ask without conditions."

Then she bowed and went into the house. She did not know that Fenwick was somewhat justified in his persistence by the assurances he had received from her mother that all was going in his favour.

"A fellow might do anything with such a woman for his wife," was Fenwick's mental exclamation, "and I know women too well to give up the chase yet."

The refinement with which his sense of real love had endowed him for a little while, had disappeared.

CHAPTER XXXV.—BAD NEWS.

WHEN the Fiscal arrived at his office he dispatched Adamson in search of Captain Brown, and then proceeded methodically to examine the correspondence which lay on his desk. This was probably the last time he would have it to do; for the end was near.

The chief constable came promptly. The Fiscal handed him a piece of paper.

"That is where the man Thorburn is lying. I think you should be there to-morrow forenoon at eleven o'clock. I believe he will have something to say to you. I expect him to point out the man who caused his injury."

"Very good. Do you go with me?"

"I shall be there at the same hour; but as I am not able to fix the time at which I shall start, you had better not trouble to call for me."

"I suppose you have got full information now about the case?"

"Yes, but I would like you to hear what the man says himself. I dare say you think it queer that I should take so much interest in this case. You will understand why to-morrow."

Captain Brown's sallow face did not display a shadow of curiosity, but his keen eyes were gazing steadily at the Fiscal.

"I was puzzled to make out why you were so eager at first and then so suddenly stopped."

"My interest did not cease. As I explained to you I had found him, and for the

time there was no necessity for you to make further inquiry. However, to-morrow everything will be explained. I have news for you."

"Another case?"

"No, not that. The news is only that you will soon have a new Fiscal. I have resigned."

"Tired of work?"

The question was put without any intonation of surprise.

"Not exactly. It would have pleased me very well to have gone on for some years longer; but an event which occurred recently has made me think it incumbent upon me to resign."

"Sorry to hear it. Who will get the appointment?"

"There's no saying; but if it had been in my power to recommend any one I should have given Adamson my best word. He knows the whole routine of the work. Put in a word for him if you can."

"I will."

The chief constable retired, much occupied with speculations as to the probable cause of Musgrave's resignation.

At noon the Fiscal's horse was brought to the door of the office. Its owner mounted and rode to Campbell's farm. There he gave some instructions to Wull Greer and obtained for him leave of absence for a couple of days.

Next he rode to Thorniehowe and found Armour at home. His arrival was not a surprise now, as his first two or three visits had been, although this one was made earlier than usual.

But the tidings he brought did give them a surprise. One of Grannie's first questions had always been—

"When are we to see him noo?"

"Not yet," had hitherto been the invariable answer.

This time, however, the answer was, "To-morrow."

"Then he's better," said Grannie quietly, although she was full of joy. "The Lord be thanked. And when did he come to himself—when did he ask to see us?"

"He has not asked to see you," replied the Fiscal slowly; "he does not yet know that you are going to him. I have taken upon myself the responsibility of making the appointment because I think it important that you should see him now."

The light which had suddenly flashed in Grannie's face passed away as quickly as it had come.

"Then he's deein' . . . ;" then, standing erect, her sightless eyes turned towards Musgrave, whilst Armour took her hand in his, her lips moved, but they did not hear the words, "Thy will be done."

"The case is not yet hopeless," said the Fiscal gently; "he may mend."

"Ay, he'll mend," she said in a low steady voice, and both men understood the significance of the words. After a pause she went on: "What for can we no gang to him enoo?"

"Because it is necessary first to persuade him to let you come. He is still under the impression that none of us know where he is hiding."

"Sae be it," she said softly. "I would fain see him, but I'll no do onything that might hasten his hour. I ken that he's no keepin' us awa' frae him out o' ill will to us, but because he thinks it best for us."

Then she bowed her head and quitted the room, Armour going with her. But he stopped at the door of her room: he knew that she wished to be alone, and he knew why.

He returned quickly to the Fiscal who was standing in precisely the same attitude as when he left him.

"Is it death?" inquired Armour. "You can tell me the worst."

"I fear it is; but the doctor does not think it will be immediate—he even thinks recovery possible. I hope he may recover."

This was spoken with so much earnestness that Armour could not help looking at him inquiringly.

"You will not be surprised that I am anxious about him when you learn that should he die you may find it necessary to break off your engagement with Ellie."

"What!" ejaculated Armour, scarcely able to believe his ears.

The words were repeated coldly enough, but with an undercurrent of agitation.

"Oh, impossible!" said the lover.

"Any kind of misfortune is possible," rejoined the Fiscal bitterly. "Let us hope he may recover."

"But what is it you mean?" was the bewildered question. "Nothing can ever make me break off my engagement unless she tells me what I know she cannot."

"We shall see to-morrow," was the strange reply.

"If it were not that I know you are incapable of jesting at such a time as this, I should regard your suggestion as one of the

biggest jokes you have ever made. As it is I wish you would explain."

"I ought not to have spoken. I would like you to have the explanation from his lips, not mine. But as——"

The Fiscal stopped: he had been about to say, "as I have startled you by my remark, I must tell you the whole circumstances myself. I am not so thoroughly the master of my tongue lately as I used to be, and without my leave it uttered the thought which has been uppermost in my mind for some time."

But he could not do it then; and it was best to leave the explanation to come to-morrow, as he had arranged. So he said—

"I must ask you, Armour, not to worry yourself by my careless words. Rest assured of this, I am more resolved than ever that nothing but your wish or hers shall keep you two apart."

"In that case, I can forget your curious suspicion that it was possible for me to wish for any change. But you did startle me; for only this morning we were talking about the possibility of your having changed your mind."

"Then it is well that the opportunity occurred for me to repeat my assurance of the only conditions on which I will retract my consent."

Armour was satisfied; at any other time he would have laughed loudly at that wildest of all wild imaginings—the possibility of his wishing to give up Ellie. He was happy in smiling at it now; still when the Fiscal had gone away he had uncomfortable thoughts about what was to happen to-morrow.

It seemed somehow as if a shadow had fallen across the path which had been so bright that morning.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ON THE EDGE OF THE STORM.

A BLITHE man was Wull Greer with his unexpected holiday before him and an unexpected pound note in his pouch. The first was still long, and although there was a brisk north-east wind blowing, it was bracing and the sun was shining. The second was short, for it was soon changed; and Wull's experience had taught him that although a note was a respectable sum whilst it remained whole, it was just like a nest of new-fledged sparrows as soon as it was transformed into small coin, and each piece took to itself wings, "fleeing awa' in unkenked airts" with incomprehensible and mysterious velocity.

"There's nae accounting for it," was his resigned answer whenever his father had at-

tempted to remonstrate with him on his extravagance; "there maun hae been bad tailorin' about my pouches."

"It's nae use speakin'," would be the father's melancholy comment: "ye are a sare hair in my neck an' I maun just thole."

"Just that," Wull would say cheerfully, "an' be thanfu' it's nae waur. You ken there was——"

And then Wull would give a list of ne'er-do-weels who had been transported or hanged, and felt quite satisfied that his father ought to be comparatively proud of him. It is one of the anomalies of human nature and a reproach to its judgment that the ne'er-do-weels awaken so much pity that they always cause more pain than they suffer.

Wull had to pass through Thorniehowe because he had to go to Deacon Simpson's for some delicacies which had been ordered for the invalid at Dalwheattie Mill. So he had a chat with Eppie Lawson, who was always about her door seeing that the bairns who were too young for school did not fall into mischief; or on the way to or from the well with her water stoups swung out from her sides by means of a large hoop.

Then he encountered Tawtie Pate and had something to say to him which involved a dram. Gow, the smith, came into the inn whilst they were at it, and that involved another dram. Next came the Souter and that meant one more dram, whilst the return treats had to be counted in between.

But they all kept their heads steadily, considering, and even then Wull did not betray the secret about Thorburn.

"I'm just gaun to see a frien' that's no weel at hame," was the explanation he gave of his holiday.

At last he got his parcel from the deacon's shop and strode out sturdily to make up for lost time. He was proud of his position as an assistant of the Fiscal; the novelty of being on the side of law was still fresh upon him.

"You are clever in the up-tak', Greer, and I expect you to manage this business as well as you have done the rest," the Fiscal had said; "and if you do—well, there's a small farm somewhere that might suit you."

And, consequently, Wull was determined to manage the business intrusted to him. Knowing what prospects he had before him, he was merry at the spectacle of his father's dismay at his appearance at that time of day.

"Back again!" exclaimed the miller, frowning as he thought that this wastrel son was once more thrown on his hands.

"Never you heed, father; it's a' right this time. You'll maybe be proud o' me yet."

"Proud!—whan?"

"Sooner than you think. You just never heed me the-noo, and in a whilie you'll no be sorry. I'm come to see my frien' and to bring some things he needed."

So Wull went into the cottage. He saw Leezie first. She had been baking, scouring, and milking—she was now washing—and in the intervals she had been nursing Thorburn.

"He's just the same as far as I can tell," she said in answer to her brother; "at ae minute you would think there was naething wrang wi' him an' the next you would think he was at the last gasp. The doctor thinks he's a wee better."

"Was he speiring for onybody?"

"No, but Maister Musgrave was speiring for you and says he is coming back to hear what you hae done."

"I'll be ready for him."

Wull went into the little room where Thorburn lay staring at the shelf near the ceiling and at the foot of his bed, which formed a kind of general receptacle for Sunday bonnets and other articles not frequently required.

At first he did not appear to notice Wull's arrival, in spite of the latter's repeated inquiry—

"Hoo do you find yoursel' the-day, Mr. Thorburn?"

By and by, however, he turned his face slowly towards him and eyed him absently.

"I suppose you think you are going to keep me here for ever," he said, huskily; "but that is not so. I mean to get out of your clutches soon."

"I dare say you will," answered Greer, consolingly, "but it will depend on yoursel' whether you walk out o' our clutches or are carried out o' them."

Intelligence dawned on the invalid's face and he spoke more clearly.

"That's you, Greer."

"Just me."

"I am glad to see you. How many years is it since I saw you last?"

"That depends on how many hours you count to a year. I would say that it was only a wee while since I brought you here."

The man was silent, looking dreamily at his visitor's face, and then—

"Ah, you count time by the hours of the clock. You do not know what suffering is."

"I hae had my head smashed wi' a horse; my hand nearly ta'en off wi' a chaff-cutter;

my arm broken in twa places wi' a tum'le frae a cart, and a heap o' things forbye."

"I wish I could swop with you," said Thorburn, a grim humour on his ghastly face. "Man, if you only knew what it was to lie here for, say two of your hours, with all these ghosts passing and repassing before you; every one looking at you with sad, weary, reproachful face, filling your soul with remorse and dread that you had done them wrong—then you would know what it was to be living through ages of torture."

"I never saw ony ghosts," said Wull simply, but moving uneasily a pace back from the bed.

"Then break your bones and be happy: you do not know what pain is yet."

He laughed faintly but contemptuously at the commonplace woes which his friend had recounted.

"Do you want to skear me awa' frae you?" said Wull, a little hurt by what seemed to be the ingratitude of the man he had aided at the cost of so much trouble to himself before he knew what rewards his action was to bring him.

"No, no, I don't want to skear you, man," replied Thorburn in a hopeless tone as he moved his head from side to side. "I was only telling you how the time goes with me. How long must I wait now?"

There was a kind of impatience of despair in the tone of that question.

"There's nae sayin'—maybe it'll be a long while yet; an', if I was you, I'd try to find out some kind o' thochts that wouldna fash ye sae muckle."

"That's true, Greer. You are becoming as good as a parson."

"Havers!" exclaimed Wull, as if he did not like the satire.

"You may complete the character by telling me what I ought to think about."

Wull was quick in the uptak', as the Fiscal had said, and he saw a good opportunity here for effecting his purpose.

"Maybe I can do that too, if you would listen wi' reason."

"I'll try."

"Weel then, you said that you would like to do me a good turn."

"Ay, but I cannot."

"Onyway you needna do me an ill turn if it's in your power to prevent it."

"How's that?"

"Weel, it's just this, an' it's the chief reason for my bein' here the-day. You see, as long as you was likely to get on your ain feet soon it was a' right for me. But you're no

like to do that; and by your ain way o' thinking you'll never do it. Noo, what'll happen to me?"

Thorburn was silent, and his faithful friend went on.

"You ken there's been a heap o' seekin' for you—an' though I dinna want to say onything to hurt you while you're down, I canna say that you seem to me to hae done the right thing by your friends, judgin' frae what I hae heard about them and ken about them."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to let your folk come and see you. I'll gie you my word that they'll no touch you, or try to tak' you awa' unless it be your ain pleasure."

Wull gave that assurance with the air of one who knows that his guarantee is enough.

"You have seen them."

"True enough, I hae seen ane o' them, an' I ken that they mean to do naething but what will please yoursel'. I ken mair—that your keepin' awa' frae them is like to prevent a marriage that was to hae come aff if you had bided at hame, and would come aff yet if you were just to let your folk ken where you are."

"I did not know that."

"Oh, but it's true, though I'm no gaun to tell you hoo I came to ken it. You see it's in your power to do me a good turn, and your folk tae."

Thorburn did not speak. He closed his eyes and remained quite still. At length—

"I have been thinking about that, Greer, but I doubt if it can do them any good to see me. I always made mischief amongst them, and it seems to me still that the best thing for them is never to hear another word about me."

"Oo, but you're clean wrang; you hae done them the worst mischief in rinnin' awa'; and there's nae sayin' what mischief you may dae to me if you hide frae them muckle langer."

There was a long pause, during which the invalid again closed his eyes.

"Very well, you can go to Thorniehowe and tell Mrs. Armour I would like to see her."

"I'll dae that, man, right gladly; and I'll fetch Maister Armour at the same time."

"Fetch anybody you like," said Thorburn wearily.

"I'll no fash you ony mair the-noo then, but you can lippen to me to dae everything needfu'."

Wull went out with a contented mind. He

had accomplished the object of his mission with much more ease than he had expected. Of course he had no need to go to Thorniehowe, and when the Fiscal came again he had his answer ready for him.

So the night went by; it was one of the quietest Thorburn had experienced for some time. Wull Greer remained in the room with him throughout the night, but his assistance was scarcely required, and for the most part he was allowed to snore peacefully on the little sofa.

Thorburn slept fairly well, but he lay awake at intervals listening to the rising wind which was moaning through the glen; and then to the heavy rain which began to beat violently against the little window.

"It's an even downpour," said Wull, as he looked out in the early morning. "I haena seen rain like that for mony a lang day."

The cottage might have been a diving-bell at the bottom of rapid moving water and the view from its window would have represented what was visible outside. Dull grey water through which the trees on the other side of the road could not be seen. It had subdued the wind and its own continuous splashing on the ground was the chief sound that reached their ears.

"It's a fine morning," said Thorburn, slightly raising his head.

"A what?" exclaimed Wull, turning quickly to stare at him.

"A fine morning, I say."

"You're no gaun wud again surely?"

"Oh no, I'm better this morning than I have been since the night you picked me up. I begin to think that bloodletting did me good, for my head is so clear."

"Then I wouldna say that this is a fine mornin'."

Although he spoke lightly, Wull was not altogether at his ease: he had been imbued with the superstition that during the few hours which immediately precede death, the intellect is supernaturally keen.

"That is just why I say it; because in this weather the folk will not come and I shall be glad of a respite."

"I'm doubtin' you're mista'en: they'll be here. This rain is ower heavy to keep on lang. I hear the wind beginning to rise doon there already."

"I want to get up then."

"That's clean ridic'lous on sic a day as this. You're far mair cosy in your bed."

"If the folk are coming I want to get up. I want to see them at my best and

so give Grannie the least fright that may be."

"Bide a wee then or I get you something warm."

As Wull had prognosticated, the rain had abated by breakfast-time, although it still fell heavily. It had made deep channels of the cart ruts on the steep red road, and the streams were rushing down angrily, gathering strength as they approached the foot of the hill, and uniting their forces into a considerable burn as they reached the level ground. There they swelled the ditches to overflowing, and a couple of inches of water spread over the level road.

Whins and brambles and all low-lying bushes were beaten down, and the branches of the trees moved heavily in the wind. The burn in the bed of the glen had become a stormy river, dark and drumly, and with a few hours more of this rain would attain the dimensions of a spate. No glint of sunlight relieved the dull, sulky face of nature.

Through it all came Grannie and Armour to keep the appointment that the Fiscal had made for them. They were in a gig, and a strong horse took them along the road at a good pace in spite of the elements. But they had to go at a walking pace when they came to the brae leading up to Dalweattie Mill. The streamlets rushing down washed the horse's feet and the wheels as the slow progress was made upward.

Armour remembered with a kind of shudder that he had attended a country funeral on such a day as this; and it seemed to him as if this was only one stage in another funeral. Grannie had spoken little to him since they started. She answered his inquiries about her "haps" and general comfort in monosyllables; and on the brae they did not speak at all.

Leezie was at the door and led Grannie into the kitchen whilst Armour went with the miller to the stable to attend to the horse. The miller would gladly have done this service himself, for he knew Armour as a thriving manufacturer and was proud to see him at his place.

When they returned to the cottage, Grannie had been relieved from her wet outer garments and was asking Leezie about the strange guest. At the same time Wull came from the parlour.

"He scarcely thocht you'd come, but you can gang in noo. He is sitting in the chair."

The fact that he was able to be out of bed gave them some relief; and Armour led Grannie quietly into the little room.

1947



AUGUST.
AN AUTUMN PICTURE.
BY G. MONTBARD.

G. MONTBARD

The man was sitting bolt upright with his back towards the bed. His white face resembled that of a corpse with its bandages. He stretched out his long thin hand, which Armour took and pressed kindly, then without speaking placed it in Grannie's.

"I'm glad to see you again, Jock," was what she said in her calm quiet voice, but her fingers trembled a little as they passed gently over his face and head. "Are you better noo?"

A pause; then—"Ay, I am better now."

And then there was another long pause. He had been always sickly-looking, but Armour was glad Grannie could not see him as he appeared now. In his own breast the intensity of pity for the man's misfortunes was forging those tender links between them which should have been made there long ago. There was something, too, in Thorburn's expression which suggested that he understood what was going on in his son's mind.

"I was feared that we would find you past speaking to us," Grannie went on; "I'm rael glad you haena got that length yet."

"I will speak better presently."

"Dinna waste your breath. I hae nae doubt that if we can get you safe hame you'll hae mony a blithe day afore you yet. . . . You are gaun to come hame, of course."

He looked towards Armour, who promptly answered—

"You know that I have always wished it."

"You do not know how my presence will interfere with you."

"I say, come whether or not."

For an instant a grim smile flitted across Thorburn's face.

"You do not know the curse you have brought upon yourself in pursuing me—what ruin you seek in taking me home. Your life would have been happier if you had never seen me again."

"That's just a' your ain fancies," interposed Grannie. "You canna do ony harm to us, and we are thankfu' to Mr. Musgrave——"

"Musgrave!"

"Ay, it was him that found you out and that's been daein' everything for you."

The man's face had been anxious, but not displeased or ill-humoured. Now it became dull and gloomy as the day.

The Fiscal was riding slowly up the steep brae through the rain, his head instinctively bowed low against it. He was insensible to wind and rain, although they seemed to crush him down on his saddle as they crushed the plants down to the ground.

There were voices in his ears speaking louder than the elements.

"That dying man will charge you with murder, and murder was in your thoughts at the time. You are going to your own execution."

"Then let it come," was the answer; "I am ready."

MY OWN GIRL.

FIFTEEN shillings—no more, sir—

The wages I weekly touch.
For labour steady and sore, sir,
It isn't a deal too much;
Your money has wings in the city,
And vanishes left and right,
But I hand a crown to Kitty
As sure as Saturday night.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

She lives in a reeking court, sir,
With roguery, drink, and woe;
But Kitty has never a thought, sir,
That isn't as white as snow—
She hasn't a thought or feeling
An angel would blush to meet;
I love to think of her kneeling
And praying for me so sweet.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

I must be honest and simple,
I must be manly and true,
Or how could I pinch her dimple,
Or gaze in her frank eyes' blue?
I feel, not anger, but pity,
When workmates go to the bad;
I say, "They've never a Kitty—
They'd all keep square if they had."
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

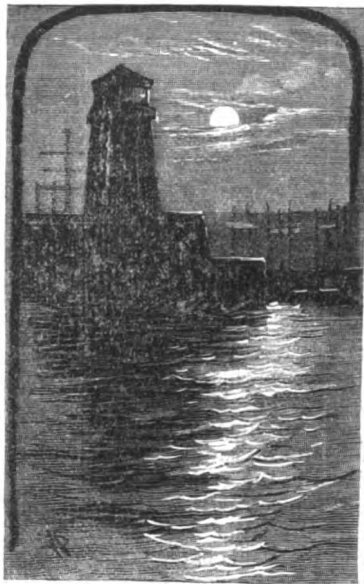
One day she will stand at the altar,
Modest, and white, and still,
And forth from her lips will falter
The beautiful, low, "I will."
Our home shall be bright and pretty
As ever a poor man's may,
And my soft little dove, my Kitty,
Shall nest in my heart for aye.
Bless her, my own, my wee,
She's better than gold to me!

FREDERICK LANGBRIDGE.

THE SCOTTISH HERRING FISHERY.

BY J. G. BERTRAM, AUTHOR OF "HARVEST OF THE SEA."

FIRST PAPER.



Wick Harbour.

a gang of industrious herring-gutters, that never till that moment had the true significance of the saying, "one half of the world knows not how the other half lives," come properly home to him. He had been witnessing for the first time, a portion of the work incidental to an important branch of industry—herring fishing—the details of which were new to him; an industry that, in Scotland during certain seasons of the year, yields remunerative employment to about seventy thousand persons, and upon the proper equipment of which, during these latter years, a sum of probably not less than two millions sterling has been expended. Although fishing for herrings is successfully carried on in other countries, it may safely be asserted that it is in Scotland the seat of the "great fishery" (once an appanage of Holland) is now to be found, the Dutch being no longer masters of the situation; those whom they had taught to fish having wrested from them the secret of the herring cure, discovered by Joseph Benkelsen, of Bielvliet. Yes, Holland the teacher has long since been outdone by Scotland, the industrious and painstaking pupil! Amsterdam is reputed to have been founded on herring bones, and

A Distinguished English clergyman passing several years ago through the town of Wick (the capital of herringdom in Scotland, as Yarmouth is in England) confessed while observing the movements of the Dutch centuries ago derived millions per annum from the fish; but the well-appointed "busses" of the Netherlands have almost disappeared from our seas, chased away by the simply built clinker boats of the Scottish fishermen. For these two hundred and more years, hardy Scots have been drawing from the fish-teeming waters which surround their island homes, without fee or price of any description, save the wages expended in labour, annual supplies of herrings which, in round figures, may be estimated as worth the sum total at present invested in the machinery of capture.

The herring, which has become a source of so much wealth to so many countries, and to our kingdom in particular, is one of the most beautiful of our fishes. Some few out of the tens of thousands who peruse GOOD WORDS may have had the fortune to pass a night in herring fishing, and to see a "herrin' new drawn frae the sea" in all its pristine glory, in its beautifully blended colours of "gleaming gold and silver, and glancing purple," as thousands upon thousands of these fish are rained into the boat from well-filled nets all aglow in the sparkle of the rising sun, is a sight that is slow to fade from the memory. The herring, although a wonderfully abundant fish, and playing an important part in our national commissariat (being in some degree the daily food of thousands, who seldom, or indeed never taste any other fish), is an animal the natural history of which I am ashamed to say we know very little about; in particular, we are all grossly ignorant of the cardinal points which mark its birth and growth. Ichthyologists, it is true, have written much "about" the herring, and have frequently indulged in most learned disquisitions on its anatomy and general structure, have told us the number of its vertebræ, have counted for us its fin rays, but they cannot tell us, or at any rate have not told us, how long a period elapses from the time the spawn is exuded from the parent fish till it becomes nursed into a living thing by the ravening waters; nor can they tell us how old the herring must be before it is able to repeat the story of its birth. Once upon a time this fish, which were it less abundant would be more esteemed as

a delicacy of the table, was supposed by naturalists and fishery economists to be migratory in its habits, and to come at recurring periods to our warmer waters, from the colder seas of high northern latitudes, in a shoal so vast as to occupy more than a hundred miles of the sea way. It was Pennant who concocted the story of the herrings' annually recurring migrations from and to the Arctic seas; he interviewed the fishermen during his grand tour, and by collecting and collating their somewhat imaginative stories framed a narrative that was largely circulated,

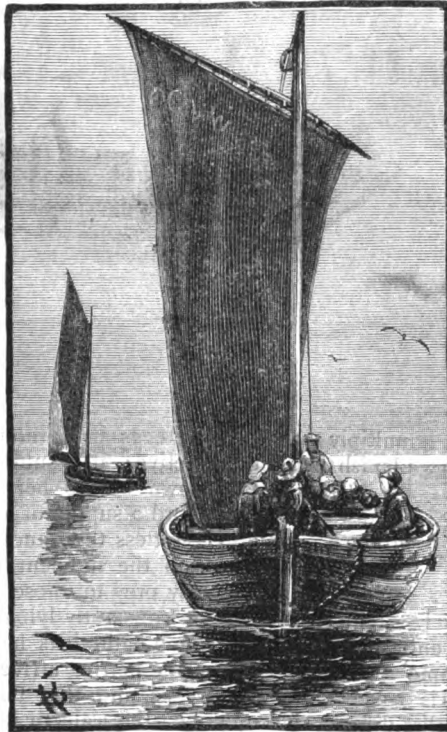
and which for a number of years obtained almost universal credence; it was moreover improved upon by other writers, who assigned to the Almighty the great generals and leaders of columns who guided the various brigades of the vast piscine army to the seas and bays to which they had been destined by nature, and where for a time they found a home. The words of Pennant may be here repeated; he says, "In these inaccessible seas, that are covered with ice during a greater part of the year, the herring finds a quiet and sure retreat from all its numerous enemies; there neither man nor its still more destructive enemy the fin fish, or

the cachelot, the most voracious of the whale kind, dares to pursue it. . . . Were we inclined to consider this partial migration of the herring in a moral light, we might reflect with veneration and awe on the mighty power which originally impressed on this useful body of His creatures the instinct that directs and points out the course that blesses and enriches these islands, which causes them [the herrings] at certain and invariable times to quit the vast polar depths, and offer them to our expecting fleets. This impression was given them, that they might

remove for the sake of depositing their spawn in warmer seas, that would mature and vivify it more assuredly than those of the frigid zone."

However ignorant they may be of the more minute details of its history, naturalists now know very well that the herring is not a migratory fish, but on the contrary, "native here and to the manner born." Those who trade in these fish can tell with precision the localities to which different herrings belong; a dealer or other expert can at a glance distinguish a Loch Fyne or Ayrshire fish from

either a Firth of Forth or a Moray Firth one. Each sort has different characteristics and private marks, just in the same way as there are certain differences between a salmon of the river Tay and a fish of that species which has been taken in Tweed's once "silvery streams;" persons dealing in fish have no difficulty whatever in pointing out which is which, and are able to do so even in the case of the sprat! A London costermonger told the writer on one occasion that for his part, of the sprats that came from Scotland, he far preferred those from the Firth of Forth to those which came from the Beaulieu Firth, "as



Clinkie-built Boat.

you see, sir, they're fatter, and have more ile in 'em, which so helps the cookin' of 'em, sir." The one great fact which has been made manifest with regard to the common herring (*Clupea harengus*) is its wonderful abundance; it is ever and always, at all seasons, somewhere "miraculously abundant," notwithstanding the enormous draughts which are annually made on its shoals alike by man and beast. Buffon, the French naturalist, took the trouble to calculate that, if the descendants of a single pair of these prolific fish were allowed without molestation to



Herring-gutters at work.

multiply and replenish their kind for a period of twenty years, the produce would then bulk as large as the globe on which we are living! Knowing that every female herring is endowed with the power of depositing some twenty-five or thirty thousand eggs, it is easy to believe that the calculating naturalist did not in any way exaggerate the multiplying power of the fish during the time specified. As a matter of fact, however, an enormous discount must be allowed on its powers of production. In the case of the salmon, a fish which, so to speak, enjoys the protection of man (at any rate, of the law) during its breeding season, it has been calculated that barely two per cent. of the ova deposited by the female fish survive to revisit the procreant cradle of their parents. How then can it be expected that the herring, which has the wide and storm-ridden sea as a place for the deposit of its spawn, can fare otherwise than is hinted? It would not perhaps be very wide of the mark if it were to be affirmed that not more than

five eggs in a thousand ever become reproductive; it would seem, indeed, as if the spawn of the herring was only required to afford a supply of food to other fishes, whilst countless thousands of the young of that fish from the moment they are hatched fall an easy prey to those hordes of enemies which are constantly lying in wait to devour them. Some naturalists have asserted that the egg of the herring arrives at maturity in about six weeks, and that the tiny fish is then able to burst the walls of its fragile prison and begin its experience of life in the great deep, but no really reliable evidence has so far been offered on this point of its natural history; nor so far as is known to the writer has it been satisfactorily proved that a herring becomes reproductive till it is more than twelve months old. These, however, are just the problems which all who take an intelligent interest in the prosperity of our fisheries are anxious to have solved; nor does the desire to obtain such obvious particulars apply only to the herring, similar information, such knowledge as would settle these points, would be welcomed about all our food fishes. In the case of the salmon—about the natural history of which there are many curious circumstances—we

know that its eggs require from ninety to one hundred and thirty days to hatch, according to temperature; we know also that at least from two to three years elapse before it becomes reproductive, and that is more than we know about almost any other fish.

The "Whitebait," or to put the case more correctly, the fish sold under that name, is now known to be the young of the herring, or of the sprat—which fish is by some reputed to be also the young of the herring! London Whitebait, it should, however, be explained, has hitherto been the young or *fry* of all sorts of fish so dressed by the arts of the cook as to be rendered pala-

table. It was asserted of old by several naturalists of fame that the Whitebait was a distinct member of the herring family breeding on its own account; upon which assertion afterwards arose a great controversy which has only recently been terminated by a decision given by an eminent zoologist, in fact by Dr. Gunther, of the British Museum, who stated that the fish upon which he was asked to decide—so-called "Whitebait"—were the young of the herring. The controversy as to Whitebait forms an interesting chapter in the natural history of British fishes, too long, however, to be transferred to the pages of GOOD WORDS. Much that is interesting has



Packers and Coopers at work.

also been elicited by controversy regarding the natural history of the sprat. Whether or not the fish commonly known as the sprat (*Clupea sprattus*) is, or is not, the young of the herring has often been debated, and as usual a good deal has been said for both sides of the question. Some of the disputants maintain that sprats are rarely found containing milt or roe; I must myself admit that I have personally examined hundreds, and have never once found one with any show of spawn in it. Curiously enough, too, when fishing for sprats, young herring are caught at the same time in nearly equal proportions. I have seen at Newhaven, near Edinburgh, a boatload of these small fish which were thoroughly *mixed*. It may be

asked, if the sprat be assumed to be the young of the herring, how can the two fish be distinguished when they are *mixed*? but the sprat having a strong saw-like projection from its abdomen can at once be pointed out, the young of the common herring being without this very pronounced mark. There are other differences apparent to the eye of the careful observer in the shape and colour of the sprat—its paler and more oily appearance—and also in its size and weight. Besides these outward distinctions, the sprat has a smaller number of vertebrae than the herring, which has been accepted by some naturalists as settling the question, and determining the fact that the sprat is a distinct member of the Clupea family breeding on its own ac-

count. But the circumstances of the two fishes being so frequently taken in quantity at the same time, and the sprat, when it comes into season, being without spawn, have never been properly explained, whilst many curious suggestions have been thrown out on the matter, such as that the one fish is the male and the other the female, as also that the sprat is the young of the pilchard!

It is happily an easy task to give a tolerably correct idea of the wonderful abundance of the herring. By

means of the Scottish Fishery Board, an account is kept and annually published of the quantities of these fish which are cured for sale. It may be set down here, for the purpose of easy calculation, that one million barrels of herring are being cured every year in Scotland for the home and foreign markets, and that each barrel contains eight hundred fish, which gives a total of eight hundred millions of herrings from the Scottish curing stations. But in addition to the number cured, it has been calculated that quite as many are in the course of the season sold as what are called "fresh herrings;" the wholesale buyers being now enabled by means of the railways to dispatch large supplies to the great seats of population the moment they are caught, and to have them in the market almost before their sea bloom has begun to fade. If these fish be estimated as being of the value of only one half-penny each, they would yield a total sum of over three millions sterling! In reality they yield a far larger amount, the barrels of cured fish in some seasons bringing as much as from twenty-eight to fifty shillings, and a charge of three-halfpence, and sometimes of two-pence, for a single fresh herring in our large cities, as all householders know, is not at all uncommon. But it has also been estimated that the number of herrings taken from the sea by the fishermen, miraculous as the draughts sometimes prove to be—and I myself have personally assisted in drawing

a trail of nets that brought at one haul to the boat over sixty barrels—are but as a drop in the ocean compared to the destruction caused by other agencies. The dog-fish prey extensively upon the shoals, and the chief food of the cod-fish is also the herring. Aquatic birds of many kinds likewise feed upon these fish, and interesting estimates have been made of the quantities annually supposed to be devoured. If it be taken for granted that every cod-fish having access to

the herring shoal eats only five of these fish per diem, it will at once be obvious that the number which is consumed will be something enormous. Taking it for granted that only five millions of cod, ling, and hake, in all are to be found in our northern seas, they will consume twenty-five millions of herrings every day. The aquatic birds, and some of the fishes which inhabit the deep seas other than those of the *Gadida* family, will require for their food as many more; so that in reality the hand of man should scarcely be felt upon the shoals, and yet it has been ably argued, and indeed proved, that in some districts the supply of these fish has fallen off because man has "overfished" them! The grounds of this argument are plain enough when it



The Captured Codfish.

is stated that although the net power now employed in the herring fishery is about triple, or even quadruple, and the number of boats double, what they were some sixty years since, the take of herrings has not been proportionately increased.

The facts and figures of the netting, as showing its enormous increase, are suggestive; twenty years ago each boat carried twenty-four nets made of hemp, each net being forty yards long, with twenty-eight meshes to the yard, and ten or twelve score of meshes deep. Now, the boats of the period carry each from fifty to sixty nets made of fine cotton, each net sixty yards long with thirty-five meshes to the yard, and eighteen score meshes deep. To put the case still more plainly, a boat

used to carry about a thousand yards of netting, it now carries more than three times that quantity—the catching surface of the train of nets used to be three thousand square yards, it is now thirty-three thousand; each boat has in reality increased its catching power fivefold. At present there are more

than seven thousand boats engaged in the Scottish herring fishery, and the suites of netting which they carry would reach in a continuous line for nearly twelve thousand miles; they would go more than three times across the Atlantic Ocean, and would cover more than one-half of London.

CALLER OU!

A Song of the Dreadful 14th of October.

ANY fish, ye say, the day, ma'am?
Aye, an' bonnie—just new in;
Silver haddies, silver whities,
Skate and gurnet, cod and ling,
Whelks and mussels, clams and cockles.
Are they fresh, ma'am? In ee' noo—
Think ye'll no have o'cht the day, ma'am?
Then gude mornin'. Caller Ou!

Would you help me wi' ma creel, ma'am?
It is heavy, d'ye say?
Weel, it aye gets licht and lichter,
As I toil my weary way.
A' for bairnies, orphan bairnies,
For to fill their wee bit mou,
Playing fishwives, while their mither
Is out cryin' Caller Ou!

Whaur's ma man? Oh, dinna ask, ma'am.
He is wi' ma laddies twa.
They went out and ne'er cam' hame, ma'am,
For the boat was lost wi' a'.

But there's cases waur than mine, ma'am,—
Whaur they'll hae to battle through;
For my suldest baits a line, ma'am,
And the youngest cries Ca-oo!

On the pier that fearfu' day, ma'am,
As the spray did ower me lift,
Did I hear them eerie say, ma'am,
"Lead the puir thing oot the drift."
Then I kent what had befa'en me;
And cauld, cauld my heart it grew,
Cauld the hoose, and cauld the bairnies—
Cauld days crying Caller Ou!

But, thank you, ma'am,—gude mornin'.
The sun glints on Inchkeith;
Say e'en I must be daun'erin'
Up the weary brae o' Leith—
Silver haddies, silver whities,
Clams and cockles,—in ee' noo;
Soles and flounder, cod and gurnet.
None the day, ma'am? Caller Ou
NEUHAUVEN, *May*, 1882. T. DYKES.

THE PLACE OF THE OLD TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

By W. ROBERTSON SMITH, M.A., LL.D.

SECOND PAPER.

EVERY historian who is worthy of that name, and rises above the level of a mere chronicler, is tacitly guided by the conviction that the sequence of human affairs is not determined by the blind play of mechanical causes, but follows a principle, and works towards an end which the Creator himself has appointed to His intelligent creatures. The history of mankind is also the education and moulding of the race of man according to a fixed scheme of divine wisdom. The scheme is worked out partly by the operation of what we call natural causes, and partly by that special divine guidance which we call supernatural revelation, and which has for its characteristic mark that in revelation the direct interest of the Creator in His creatures is manifested by unmistakable and personal tokens. The reality of such personal revelation, which all nations have fancied themselves to possess,

must in the last resort be tested by its historical efficacy. A true message from God is one which helps men forward to the divinely appointed goal, which vindicates its claim to be regarded as undying truth by outliving the conditions in which it had its birth, and becoming part of the permanent heritage of our race.

It is from this point of view that the history of Israel has such unique importance to every thoughtful mind. We have seen in last paper that the spiritual inheritance of the Jewish race has a twofold character, and has operated in history in two opposite directions. In the hands of the Scribes, who at the beginning of our era claimed to be the only legitimate exponents of the meaning of God's word to Israel, it produced the isolation of the Jewish race from the rest of mankind, and led directly to the fall of the nation by prescribing a form of national existence which

the political conditions of the Roman world could not possibly tolerate. In this sense, Judaism proved itself a failure, though the failure was qualified by the extraordinary success of the spiritual leaders of the nation in perpetuating under the form of a religious community the type of society to which continued political existence was denied. To the members of the new Jewish community thus formed the survival of the religion of the Scribes in the fall of the nation naturally appears as an evidence of its indestructible truth, and a pledge of the future restoration to national existence which forms a necessary part of their creed. But those who are not of Jewish blood, and whose views of the course of history have been formed in a larger and less artificial atmosphere than that of the synagogue, must necessarily pass a different judgment on the wonderful survival of Judaism, and refuse the claims of a religion which can never become a religion for all mankind. If the influence of Israel's religion survived only in modern Judaism it would be impossible to claim for it a permanent and universal importance, or to regard the Old Testament as the record of a veritable revelation of God which has still meaning and value for us.

But the rise of Christianity in the midst of the Jewish nation, and on the very eve of the destruction of the political existence of Israel, proves that the system of the Scribes did not exhaust all that lay in the ancient religion of Israel, and that the Old Testament contains truths which were fit to become the inheritance of all nations. The religion of Israel combined two characters : on the one hand a particularism and national limitation which, when thrust into the foreground, and made the object of exclusive attention, as was done by the Scribes, resulted in a lifeless system which has no claim to be regarded as more than an historical curiosity ; and on the other hand a universality of scope, a world-wide spirituality of purpose, which, when set free from the bonds of mere nationalism, and filled up by the teaching and work of Christ, have become the life and light of the modern world, and have transformed the whole face of human society.

In the conflict of Jesus with the Scribes and Pharisees the inner antagonism between the particular and universal aspects of the religion of Israel developed into an open battle for mastery over the mind and heart of the nation. The apparent victory lay with the Scribes, who gained the support of the priestly aristocracy, and by a sudden and successful

stroke procured the condemnation of Jesus as a conspirator against public order. It appears, indeed, that the rulers seriously believed that the supremacy of the official conception of Israel's religion, which Jesus so rudely attacked in the persons of its advocates, the Scribes, was necessary to the maintenance of the political *status quo*, and that the progress of the doctrines of Jesus would involve the nation in a fatal conflict with Rome. The actual issue was far from what they expected. The political maxims of the Pharisees, who looked for the liberation of Israel by supernatural intervention, and refused to allow premature schemes of patriotism to interfere with their labours in establishing that general observance of the whole law, which they held to be the necessary condition of the Messianic deliverance, enjoined submission to the Roman yoke, but fostered a hatred of the foreign power which could not fail, sooner or later, to burst into active flame. The rejection of Jesus, but still more his resurrection, with the formation of a new community with new hopes that withdrew them from active co-operation with any of the political parties of Palestine, left the whole nation pledged to the programme of the Pharisees, and so made active rebellion, with the necessary consequence of defeat and destruction, inevitable, as soon as the Romans happened to exasperate the national feeling beyond a certain point. In the meantime Christianity had passed from the Jews to the Gentiles, and so had stripped off the last vestiges of national restrictions, while it carried with it the Old Testament, no longer to be read as the charter of national exclusiveness, but as a message to the spiritual Israel of all nations.

By this strange vicissitude the sacred books of a doomed nation passed into the hands of foreigners, who had no familiarity with the life and habits of thought amidst which they had been composed, and of which they bore the impress on every page. But for the fact that the first teachers of the Gentiles were themselves Jews, and had left in the books afterwards collected in the New Testament canon an example of the way in which the followers of Christ could use the Old Testament, the Gentile Church would have felt itself all but helpless in dealing with a foreign literature, which moreover they were compelled to use in a very defective Greek translation. Even with the aid of the New Testament, the Greek and Latin Christians made little real progress in the study of the records of the old covenant, and after a period of wild speculation and turbid controversy

settled down to accept a most imperfect theory of the relation of the old and new dispensations and the proper use of the old Hebrew Scriptures. It was agreed on the one hand that Christianity was a new law promulgated by Christ and taking the place of the old law of Moses, and on the other hand it was supposed that the histories, ordinances, and prophecies of the Old Testament had a double sense, and that the hidden sense, which was also the true sense, principally designed by the Holy Spirit, referred to the new dispensation, and was that really valuable for Christians. The hidden or Christian sense of the Old Testament was to be elicited by allegorical interpretation, which was not subject to any laws of strict exegesis, but might range at will through all the realms of fancy so long as it conformed its results to the rule of faith or received doctrinal standard of the apostolic Churches.

There are two ways in which one may conveniently realise for one's self in a concrete way what the Old Testament was to the Mediæval Church. One of these is to take up any of the received commentaries of these ages—say the *Glossa Ordinaria*, a sort of catena of Patristic exegesis, which was very largely used throughout the Western Church. It would take too much space to give illustrations in detail from this collection. The expositions are often ingenious, and sometimes display a vein of not unattractive fancy, but the general effect is one of hopeless confusion. There is no attempt to find any clear consecutive line of thought in the Old Testament books. Everything is fragmentary, and the expositor is habitually content to attach to each text some lesson coinciding with received theological doctrine, without asking himself whether he could have got the doctrine out of the text had he not known it before. This kind of exegesis is necessarily bound up with the prevalence of the speculative theology of the schoolmen, who went on spinning more and more complete webs of dogmatical metaphysic, and simply fell back on Scripture, as interpreted by the Fathers, in order to prove each proposition in a system which was originally elaborated by quite different arguments. It was this treatment of Scripture which ultimately made Bible study seem the lowest part of theological learning. Scripture, in fact, was the handmaid, not the mother, of theology. A more impressive view of the place of the Old Testament in the Mediæval Church may, however, be got in another way, by studying the choice of Old Testa-

ment lessons in the Service Books of the West. From them we can see that if the Old Testament held a very false place in theology, it never ceased to exercise a powerful influence on devotional thought. And it did so not merely through those perfect utterances of true faith, couched in a form that no change of dispensation can render obsolete, which fill so large a part of the Psalter and other Old Testament books. The devotion of the Middle Ages was largely dominated by the typical use of the Old Testament. Under the theory of the gospel as a new law the Church, in its visible organization, appeared as the successor of the Old Theocracy—a new City of God, in which every Old Testament institute and every significant event in Old Testament history found its true and spiritual antitype. The allegorical interpretation, which in the exegetical works of the Patristic and Mediæval doctors so constantly repels us by its unreality and manifest want of scientific value, produces a very different impression when we meet it in the service of the Mass or the hymns of the Latin Church. If it is difficult to understand how it could ever have satisfied a sober intellect, it is easy to sympathize with the profound influence which it exerted on the devotional imagination, lifting the whole realm of religious contemplation far above the world of common reality into a magic wonderland, where the heavenly temple rose like some vast cathedral in whose darkened aisles and shadowy chapels every stone was carved with symbols full of meaning, and every window shone with pictures of divine beauty. And to the Mediæval Christian this strange realm of fancy was no mere dreamland. It was the veritable image of the Catholic Church in which the signs and wonders of the Old Dispensation were daily renewed in the mystic operation of the sacraments. All this, however, brought men no nearer to the true understanding of the Old Testament religion, which was in fact the very opposite of the fantastic thing which Mediæval imagination painted it, not a system of mysterious and half-comprehended types, but a plain and practical religion of daily life addressed to one of the most matter-of-fact nations that ever existed; it left no room for substantial progress in Biblical study, and so the Church went on, not approaching a better understanding of the pre-Christian dispensation as a whole, still using the Old Testament, as a symbol or poetical picture of the Church in its Mediæval organization, with its hierarchy and

its magical sacraments, and so basing practical theories upon it, especially in the sphere of Church office and Church government, yet never, down to the time of the Reformation, getting rid of the two great fallacies of the allegorical interpretation and the doctrine of the new law.

The Reformation broke through both of these fallacies, as well as through the magical theory of the Church so closely bound up with them, and threw men back to study the Hebrew Scriptures in the original text, providentially preserved in the synagogue. But it was not the work of a day to undo all that had been mislearned through well-nigh fifteen hundred years. The introduction of sounder theological principles did not in itself secure the immediate solution of problems that demanded a whole course of exegetical and historical study; and indeed the scholarship of Protestantism, which necessarily took the doctors of the synagogue as its first guide in the study of the Hebrew originals, had to emancipate itself from this tutelage before it could reach a really independent and satisfactory view of the Old Testament. Long before this was accomplished the Protestant Churches had taken formal shape, and the conservatism of thought which is natural to organized communities began to rest content with the first results of Reformation thought and to discourage fresh inquiry in directions which might involve a serious readjustment of current opinions.

The stagnation of thought which followed on the political establishment of the Protestant Churches, and the disastrous rivalries of the Lutheran and Reformed communions, were specially fatal to progress in the study of the Old Testament; and though Hebrew learning continued to make advances, and at length combined with new methods of historical research in a way that has cast a flood of light on the history of the old dispensation, the Churches as a whole have not kept pace with the progress of scholarly criticism, and continue for the most part to handle the Old Testament for practical purposes just as

it was handled in the sixteenth, or even in the second century. The fruits of this supineness are on the one hand that uncertainty in the whole use of Scripture which makes it impossible for the divided Churches of Protestantism to get to the bottom of their distinctive principles and plan effective schemes of union, and on the other hand a strong suspicion of modern biblical learning and a well-marked tendency to confine the study of Scripture within the limits of ecclesiastical tradition. These are sources of grave and immediate danger to the Churches, and in view of them it is imperatively necessary that biblical study and Church life should be brought into closer and more cordial relations.

The point at which efforts in this direction can most profitably begin is plainly indicated by the historical facts that have come before us. A right understanding of the historical genesis of Christianity is at once the problem of Biblical scholarship and the necessary presupposition for the effective use of Scripture in the Church. To know what Christianity is, not merely in its power for the individual soul, which, God be thanked, requires no scientific study, but as a power in history still stored with all the principles that are needful for the regeneration of society, we must study it in its birth from the old dispensation. In this sense the Old Testament is the key to the New, and no Church which loses sight of this fact, and is content merely to read the law and the prophets by the aid of the Gospel, without also reading the Gospel by the aid of independent historical study of the old dispensation, can hope to attain that thorough comprehension of the fundamental significance of Christianity which is the first condition for successful dealing with the religious problems of our day. It is this necessity which is the practical justification for those labours of modern historical students of the Old Testament which are so often slighted as if they had no value for actual religious life.

GARIBALDI.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES, M.A.

OF all the notices of Garibaldi's life and work, a small number only will be written by persons who were in the midst of that stirring Revolution of 1860, which followed his entrance into Naples. Twenty-

three years have made a good many gaps in the list of eye-witnesses. As one therefore who was present at the siege of Capua, who witnessed the entrance of Victor Emmanuel and Garibaldi into Naples, and had daily

opportunities of marking the behaviour of the great Dictator of the Two Sicilies when at the summit of his fame and popularity, I feel that what I may have to say about Garibaldi may not be without interest, even for those who may have been deluged with Garibaldi literature for a couple of months.

I.

Garibaldi was a representative man, he stood for the noblest patriotism, the most unselfish ambition.

He used to say with the utmost simplicity, "I am a principle,"—it was the only thought which made the adulation lavished upon him bearable; devotion to him meant devotion to liberty; love of him meant love of Italy. He was the truest of all Italians, the blood of all Italy seemed to beat in his veins, and he could time its pulses to a second.

What do we mean by a representative man? "Great men," says Emerson, "are not less like—they are more like—all other men, for there is more of what belongs to all men in them." It is ever this fulness of humanity which *tells*. "The sunshine of sunshine and the gloom of gloom," the human essentials raised to their highest power, and given their freest play upon the widest attainable field.

Garibaldi was cast in this large representative—this heroic mould.

Whilst ordinary men concentrate their affections on family, or on business, at most on social or political life, men of this stamp embrace nations, peoples, continents, in their hearts. They are the world's saviours and lovers, the regenerators of humanity, the founders of religions and dynasties, the apostles of liberty and progress.

This wideness of vision, this freedom of soul, this sense of the oneness of the race, the universal brotherhood of man, is seen in St. Paul. It was more natural to him to love five hundred than five. His personal ties were strong, but he was happiest in the wider life of his missions. He had personal griefs, but what came upon him daily was "the care of all the churches."

Paul belonged to every soul that had to be saved, just as Howard the philanthropist belonged to every oppressed captive in jail, and as Garibaldi belonged to every nation deprived of freedom and the inalienable rights of man.

In the most chivalrous sense he was a citizen of the world, his sword was offered to every

crushed nationality; nor did he ever allow a private pique to stand between him and the sacred cause of liberty in the old world or in the new.

II.

What was the state of Italy during the first half of the nineteenth century?

From Palermo to Venice, from Venice to Savoy, from Rome to Naples, all was tyranny and misrule. Austria weighed on the north, the Pope corrupted the Romagna, an effete monarchy pressed on the south. The insecurity of life and property throughout Sicily betrayed a slovenly government, the brutal ignorance of the low-browed and filthy Neapolitan told of long poverty and a spirit hardly free enough to feel its own fetters.

As a boy Garibaldi had heard the patriot Emile Barrault speak of "our country!" The seed was then sown. Mazzini watered it. Young Italy was ready to be born, and soon the throes of the infant Hercules began to convulse the mother country. And was there not a cause?

Those who do not know what the Papal Government meant when the Pope was a real temporal prince can have no idea how bad that government was; neither Austrian nor Neapolitan could be worse—though in different ways.

The chief grievance against Austria was that, being of alien and quite unsympathetic race, she yet ruled a portion of Italy.

Mr. Gladstone told us some years ago what was the state of the Neapolitan dungeons, and what the griefs of political prisoners in the south, and many writers have told us what was the condition of Sicily under the Neapolitan government. When your police officers enter the houses of peaceable citizens to rob and commit outrage in the name of the law; when your judges can be bribed, your vineyards pillaged, your wives and daughters seized, and your property confiscated; when you are imprisoned without trial and condemned without appeal; when your religious teachers prevent children from learning to read in order to keep power in their own hands which is used to crush and degrade the people—then is the time for some national saviour to arise, and no one can estimate the work of the men called Victor Emmanuel, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and Cavour, how salutary and religious it was, who do not realise to the bottom of their hearts how deeply and wholly cursed and irreligious a thing is bad government.

III.

A great many people ask who chiefly created Italy, who made it one nation. Some say Mazzini, some Victor Emmanuel, others Cavour, others Garibaldi. The dispute is idle and irrelevant. All four were necessary to Italy. All worked together provisionally for her emancipation. Mazzini, the great political writer and enthusiast, was no doubt first in time and first in influence. He dreamed of an ideal republic which is perhaps never to be realised on the face of this earth. He provided the ideal which excited the popular imagination and defined the objects to be striven for. He set rolling the ball of liberty and above all influenced deeply the susceptible mind of Garibaldi. *Mazzini provided the Ideal.*

Victor Emmanuel provided the *constitutional form* which that ideal purpose was destined to assume in Italy.

Cavour, the great statesman, provided the political machinery. He played off Napoleon against Austria. He held with the grip of a master-mind all the threads of the tangled political skein, and wove them together into one golden cord which was too strong for any tyranny—south, north, east or west—to snap. Cavour provided the *political machinery*.

But then what is a machine if it won't go? What good is a steam-engine if it stands there without motive power? Garibaldi provided the motive force. He was the *steam power of the Revolution*.

In the popular prints of the day the four men often divided in politics, co-operators in spite of themselves and frequently ranged in opposite factions, are with the justest perception and the truest popular instinct represented together as the Saviours of Italy: Mazzini, the Ideal; Victor Emmanuel, the constitutional form; Cavour, the political machinery; Garibaldi, the motive force.

IV.

Now the first thing I note is the great and spiritual conception of a free and united country.

A nation so welded together by the highest human instincts, and so conscious of brotherhood, with all its internal and mutual responsibilities, that mere private interests and concerns shall be subordinated to the public weal. This public spirit is required of all faithful and free citizens. You are free to express, while bound to suppress your dif-

ferences of opinion; you are able to claim whilst willing to forego your personal pleasures and interests in view of the common good; whilst working at self-development you live for others, and on occasion merge your own individuality in the larger life of the State.

This is the great spiritual conception which Garibaldi taught by his life and practised in his person, and he exacted it with inexorable firmness, and patient, pathetic logic, for forty or fifty years, from every one of his followers.

How was this great conception met by Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia and Piedmont? He was afraid of the movement; he rejected it. Piedmont is the most living and visible part of Northern Italy; it breathes the spirit of the Alps, the freedom of the mountains. Garibaldi, and all sagacious men, felt, if ever their country was to become free, the regenerating influence must come from the north, and not from the south. Their eyes were fixed upon the hills of Piedmont. But the Piedmontese ruler of that day saw in Mazzini and Garibaldi nothing but revolutionary fanatics. It is quite true that Mazzini's ideal was a republic, and not a monarchy. Garibaldi's ideal was also a republic. But he could grasp the reality behind the shadow, he always said for instance to the English people, "You are a monarchy in name, but in reality you are a great republic under your king," and he had the wit to accept a similar arrangement in Italy.

People speak of his want of political sagacity. In the main his political instinct was unerring, and in one respect he showed a practical sagacity above that of Mazzini, for he had the courage to accept the king, when he saw that Italy could be free and united under a monarchy, but not at that time under a republic.

Charles Albert rejected the patriots; a price was set upon Mazzini's head, and Garibaldi sailed for South America.

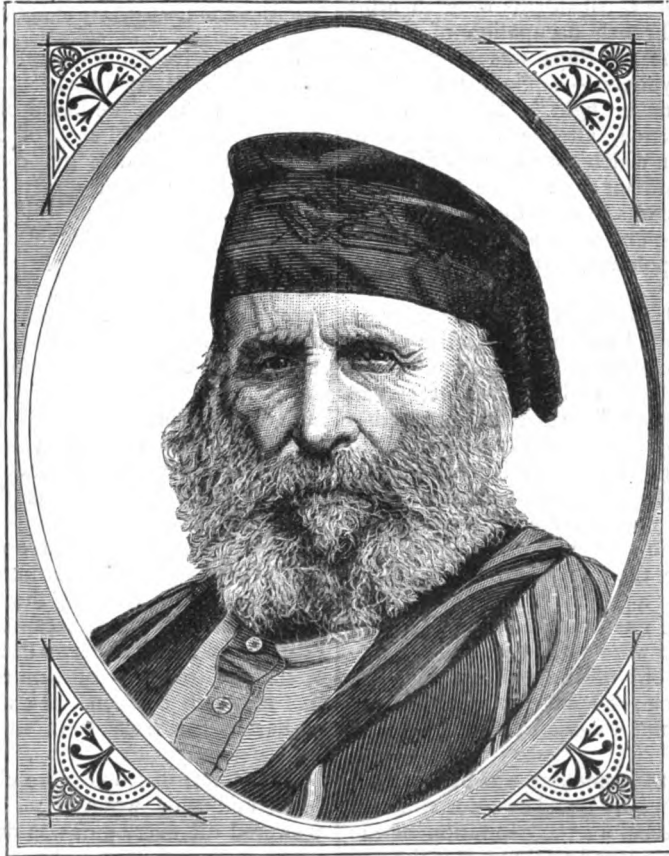
On the small arena of those restless republics he acquired that skill in guerilla warfare on sea and land which made the Italian Legion famous throughout the world. In Brazil he went through great sufferings, being on one occasion taken prisoner and inhumanly tortured by Millau, head of the police, who hung him up by the thumbs and had him almost beaten to death. His iron constitution enabled him to survive injuries the effects of which he felt down to the last day of his life. Through the chances

of war the tyrant Millau fell into the hands of his victim, but when brought before him Garibaldi contented himself with fixing upon him a look which the monster might carry to his dying day, that was all his revenge. "Magnanimous," or "great-souled," is a word which oftener than any other rises to my mind in thinking of Garibaldi.

Some persons when they think of the life

of this great guerilla warrior, and of people shooting and stabbing each other, see in all this violence nothing but a vulgar manifestation of physical force, and suppose that such deeds have little connection with religion or Christianity.

In all this bloody struggle for Freedom I see nothing but the angelic presence of spiritual forces striving with evil.



Garibaldi.

These fightings and wars, these bullets and swords, are as naught—the mere accidents of time and chance that pass; the spiritual forces—which make the strength of every political, social, and religious revolution—are all in all. It is the old story. Half-a-dozen fishermen by the Lake of Galilee and a few women, on one side, and the might of the Roman Empire on the other—Luther, the monk, and his open Bible in the vernacular, against the Pope, the cardinals, and the Catholic princes—a handful of

red shirts pitted against Austria in the North, France and Naples and Sicily in the South! No doubt there were other powerful elements outside the Garibaldian movement contributing to the ultimate liberation of Italy. The rise of Napoleon III. helped the North—his fall liberated Rome; but Garibaldi's prodigious and romantic successes (and chiefly because of the irregularity and physical inadequacy of the means) illustrate conspicuously the triumph of the spiritual over all merely physical forces. Faith that removed mountains;

Hope that could not be paralyzed; Patience that endured for ever; Love that was stronger than death—these were the real watchwords and standards of the Revolution.

v.

In 1847 the Pope, on hearing of Garibaldi's advance, sent an order to throw "that bandit into the sea;" in a few more weeks the Pope himself was a fugitive at Gaeta.

The French general, Oudinot, when he was told that the Garibaldians were in arms to oppose the French occupation of Rome, for at that time the Pope was propped up by foreign bayonets—replied, "Bah! the Italians will never fight." But in a few weeks the French, after several days of hard fighting, in which they entirely failed to oust the Garibaldians from Rome, had to beg for a truce. It was at this time, when Garibaldi left Rome and went south to meet the advancing Neapolitans, that his legendary life began.

If you had been in Italy then, you would have smiled to hear the stories which were gravely circulated about him. That figure on horseback in his red shirt spread terror and dismay wherever it appeared—swords blest by the Pope were shattered to pieces against him; silver bullets fired point-blank would not wound him—it was said that after a fight he would shake them out of his shirt and poncho by the dozen.

At one time the invulnerability of Garibaldi was almost a gospel amongst the people. The fact is he was wounded several times, but his escapes were certainly most miraculous—he came out of the thickest slaughter without a scratch; he sat for hours directing the siege and exposed to the open fire of the French.

He returned to Rome and was beaten after a glorious defence by treachery, not strategy.

Twelve hours before the expiration of the truce the French pushed a column into the city by night, and from that moment all was lost. Garibaldi and his followers resolved to die gloriously in prolonging a hopeless struggle. At any rate they would give the lie to Oudinot's insulting "Bah! the Italians will never fight."

As Garibaldi's moral courage reached a climax on the occasion of his unarmed entry into Naples, so did his physical courage culminate at the siege of Rome.

We can catch glimpses of that heart-breaking time, when the best sons of Italy went into the trenches deliberately to shed their blood in a forlorn hope. We have the

account of Vecchi, an eye-witness. I have myself heard details from the lips of Signor Rondi, one of Garibaldi's aides-de-camp at Naples, who was through the whole siege, and we have Garibaldi's own words:—

"I was aroused at three o'clock," he writes, "by the sound of cannon. I found everything on fire. When I arrived at the San Pancrazio Gate the Villas Pamphili, Corsini, and Valentini were all taken; the Corsini was retaken, but lost again. I have seen very terrible fights—I saw the fight of Rio Grande and the Bayada, but I never saw anything comparable to the butchery of the Villa Corsini."

Still the struggle was carried on. As the blood of the martyrs was said to be the seed of the Church, so the blood of these patriots was the most fruitful seed of Italian liberty. They held out day by day, and every day beheld deeds of unparalleled heroism. Colonel Medici was as ubiquitous as Garibaldi. Between the onslaughts Cicero Vacchio, a brave man of the people and fiery orator, in ragged shirt and sword reeking with gore, poured forth a torrent of eloquence, whilst Ugo Bassi, unarmed, in his monk's dress, held the crucifix before the eyes of the dying, and, careless of the bullets that rained about him, pointed to the freedom of the skies. He was taken by the French, but his devotion and courage gained their admiration, and their general restored him to Garibaldi.

On May 13 the French opened the final and overpowering bombardment. How the treasures of the Vatican, the Borghese, and other palazzi museums escaped is a mystery. Little harm seems to have been done to any of the art treasures of Rome. One round shot may still be seen lying where it fell, on a shattered marble step, in the Colonna picture gallery.

The streets of Rome were choked with the dead and the wounded: The batteries answered till every gun was dismantled and every gunner killed. Night brought no cessation of hostilities. A violent storm had been gathering unheeded, and burst at sunset in all its fury over the city. "Ah!" writes Garibaldi, "it was a terrible night. The artillery and fury of the skies mingled with that of the earth; the thunder answered, responding to the cannon; the lightning ran its livid lines across the path of the bombs!" The last struggle was at hand. Then was seen a thing unheard of in the annals of war. A reserve of the wounded volunteered to take their turn in the trenches, and men were seen with blood streaming from their heads and breasts, bandaged, with

broken limbs and arms in slings, spending themselves in a last struggle for freedom.

Garibaldi now resolved himself to die in a hand-to-hand conflict. About midnight he unsheathed his good sword, as he firmly believed for the last time, and went into the Aurelian trench to lead a final charge.

"On that terrible night," writes his friend Vecchi, an eye-witness, "Garibaldi was great indeed; greater than even we had ever known him. His sword flew like lightning, he was like a man inspired, every one he smote fell dead before him, the blood of one washed from his steel the blood of another. We trembled for him, but he was unwounded, he stood firm as destiny."

Signor Rondi, now an Italian artist in London, who fought with him side by side in the trenches that night, told me that at one time Garibaldi was missing for two hours, and all thought that he lay dead beneath the heaps of slain and wounded.

At two o'clock Garibaldi was recalled by the Deliberative Assembly under Mazzini, then sitting in the Capitol.

"When I appeared at the door of the council hall," he writes, "all the deputies rose and applauded. I looked about me and upon myself to see what had awakened their enthusiasm. I then perceived, for the first time, that I was steeped in blood—my clothes were pierced with balls and bayonet thrusts—my sword was jagged and stood half-way out of the scabbard, but I had not a scratch about me. It was a miracle."

In all the great crises of Garibaldi's stormy life there was a deep undertone of religious feeling: "God first and the country next," he would often say to his men. He believed that he was raised up for a special purpose, and often protected by divine interposition. He thought he saw his mother praying for him in the thick of the fight—she had taught him noble lessons of religion and patriotism in his childhood. He believed his life was given to her intercessory prayers.

VI.

It has often been said that Garibaldi hated religion and the Church—the Pope and the priests. Garibaldi hated the Pope and the priests as a class, he abhorred the system of the Catholic Church as seen at Rome, because he believed it to be opposed to true religion—true patriotism and liberty. He hated the priests because they kept the people in ignorance and did not teach them to be good citizens. When they were true followers of Jesus he loved them.

He constantly had a priest with him—Ugo Bassi, Gavazzi, Brother John, were all

priests—and priests were often to be found at Caprera. What he hated was the filth and misgovernment of the Pope, the idle, effeminate, narrow-minded, debased-looking processions of young men, who to this day are seen issuing from the papal seminaries and perambulating the streets with pale faces and eyes askance. Symbols of an effete system which did nothing but corrupt and degrade Italy. "Better," thought Garibaldi, "to fight for her than to mumble prayers and curses against her liberators!" In return for which the priests denounced him as an American filibuster and the Pope called him a bandit.

"A bandit, forsooth!" exclaimed to me Major Rondi. "That man would allow no smallest theft. On one occasion an officer of his took a poor woman's horse from her and gave her a receipt, which of course was quite worthless. She came in tears to Garibaldi; she had lost all she had. Garibaldi took the paper, had the officer summoned before him, and in the presence of his whole staff, whilst the weeping woman stood by, said: 'Did you take this horse?' 'Yes, General, I was forced to; I had lost mine.' 'Did you write this paper, which you know is worthless?' 'Yes, General.' Then, turning to his aide-de-camp, he said, 'Restore the horse to this poor woman,' and, tearing up the paper with a withering look at the offending officer, he added, 'Is this the way that Italians fight for the freedom of their country? Be no more soldier of mine!' and he sent him back to Rome."

"Ah!" added my friend, "when Garibaldi came into Rome first, and was gathering his followers together, a sight of him was enough. I shall never forget him as he sat on his beautiful white horse in the market-place, with his noble aspect, his calm, kind face, his tall, smooth forehead, his light hair and reddish beard; every one said the same—he reminded us of nothing so much as the pictures of our Saviour's head in the galleries. I could not resist him. I left my studio, I went after him, I would have followed him anywhere. I was a young man then, but thousands of others were the same. He only had to show himself; we all worshipped him, we could not help it!"

"Courage!" he said to a young man I knew at Naples who had fought all through the Sicilian campaign; "nous allons combattre pour la patrie!" Those were the words on which the poor young fellow lived. They were enough to carry him through weeks of privation, wounds, cold and hunger.

I shall not dwell on that masterly retreat

from Rome, nor can we pause over the sad northern disaster. Beaten in the south he made for the north, unchanged in purpose—nothing could dishearten him, no failure stop him. It was the faith that removed mountains. He was surprised by the enemy when landing near Venice; Ugo Bassi and Cicero Vacchio were captured and shot by the Austrians; his devoted wife, Anita, struggled on to the woods and there died in childbirth and was hastily buried; Garibaldi went on alone, a hunted fugitive.

VII.

There was nothing more to be done, and Garibaldi sailed for America and kept a small shop in New York for some years. But in 1854 he saw the time was again growing ripe and "rotten ripe for change." A new day for Italian freedom was already dawning. He came back, offered his services to Victor Emmanuel, and for a short time took service in the King's army. But he soon, with the King's consent, took his old independent line, and devoted himself to the volunteers who gained such brilliant successes up to the fatal peace of Villafranca, which for the time finished the War of Independence in North Italy.

I have an unpublished letter, lent me by Major Rondi, addressed to Marochetti (cousin of the Baron), in which we can see with what prescience he felt and acted at these great crises of the revolution. He did not speculate and risk things as much as some people seemed to think. *He knew* better than any man—he *knew* what Italy *willed* and what she *could*—and this letter shows how he foresaw the coming triumphs over Austria cut short by Villafranca in the north, and how perfectly he controlled the secret springs of the Garibaldian movement:—

"Nice, 4th Dec., 1858.

"DEAR MAROCCHETTI,

"Be joyful, prepare yourself, we shall fight the enemies of our country next spring. You, the veterans of Italian freedom, will doubtless bear a glorious part in the struggle. Prepare yourself, and if you have friends, bid them prepare themselves also; spread abroad the good news, but give no details. Italy is about to strike such a blow against her foes, as will find a parallel only in the glorious days of ancient Rome! Farewell!

"From my heart, yours,

"G. GARIBALDI."

Venetia seemed on the point of being restored, when to suit the politics of Napoleon III., peace with Austria was suddenly signed, and Nice, the birthplace of Garibaldi, was given up to Napoleon in payment for his services to Italy against Austria.

All true patriots, including Cavour, the King, and Garibaldi, were in despair.

Then it was that Garibaldi, feeling that all was over in the north for the moment, turned his eyes again towards the south. He could hope now for no co-operation from King Victor Emmanuel, who dared not offend France by attacking either Bomba or the Pope.

He determined to attack Sicily and Naples single-handed; and in the teeth of Italian and French diplomacy, steamed out of Genoa in 1860 with the famous 1,000 of Marsala, the remnants of his Italian legion, on board.

Every one said he was mad, but the next news was that he had landed at Marsala. From that moment the war in Sicily was like—indeed it was—a religious crusade. Some very hard fighting took place but no serious disaster.

On one occasion Garibaldi was cut off and surrounded by three Neapolitan dragoons. "Surrender!" shouted one of them. "Surrender yourself!" cried the hero. "I am Garibaldi!" and in another moment his assailants were cut down by some of his own men.

The wave of revolutionary enthusiasm spread rapidly throughout the island. Whenever they came to a church, Brother John used to take the sacrament from the high altar and offer it to Garibaldi, and the General would kneel down with uncovered head in the presence of the people, and then Brother John lifted up his voice and said, "Behold the victor humbling himself before Him who alone giveth the victory!"

Throughout his troops reigned an excellent spirit of order, humanity, and discipline—no theft, no outrage.

These were the stern commands of Garibaldi, and they were seldom disregarded. Garibaldi's words were, "The cause of liberty is sacred, her children must be brave and pure." At this juncture the King of Italy begs him to stop.

But Garibaldi replies, "My mission is too great to be abandoned. I have sworn to my country. My programme is unchangeable. I will never sheathe my sword till Victor Emmanuel is King of Italy."

All the world knows what followed. Between the telegrams one had hardly time to breathe. Palermo fell. Missori landed on the mainland with 4,000 men not far from Aspromonte. They spread themselves over the hills and raised the country. Garibaldi followed with his staff and immediately announced his intention of entering Naples.

The King of Naples offered him fifty million francs and the whole of his navy, if he would consent to stop the invasion. An attempt to arrest the earth's motion might have been about as successful.

At this time I came within the radius of Garibaldi's influence, and like every one else I was touched by his great spirit. I landed at Naples a few days after the poor little King had fled. I heard from the lips of the people who had witnessed the scene, how Garibaldi took Naples.

Four railway carriages conveyed him and his staff to the city. The people turned out *en masse* all along the lines, they clambered up on the engine, they clustered like bees all over the carriages, the train could hardly go slow enough; an immense crowd advanced at a snail's pace and met the whole population of Naples streaming out to salute the liberator. His hour was come. The General, with Cozenz, entered a carriage and pair, and his staff followed in three other carriages.

The King was still in Naples. The Neapolitan police looked on sullen and inactive. The fortress of St. Elmo, commanding the approach, bristled with armed men, and the gunners were all at their posts.

As soon as the Garibaldians came well within range they had orders to fire and clear the streets with grape-shot.

Slowly the carriages moved through the crowded streets amid the deafening roar of "Vivas."

As they came under the guns of the Castello Nuovo, the artillerymen were seen to point them and stand ready with the lighted match.

At that supreme moment the General's voice was heard above the din. "Slower! slower! drive slower!" And again, as the agitated coachman hardly seemed to hear, with that voice unaccustomed to command twice, "Slower!"

The officers could be heard calling upon their men to fire. Then, full in sight, and under the very muzzle of those guns, the General stood upright in his carriage with one hand on his breast and looked steadfastly at the artillerymen. Those who saw it said it was like magnetism. A silence seemed to fall upon the excited crowd. The fate of Italy trembled in the balance.

Three times the order to fire was repeated; at the third the gunners threw down their matches, flung their caps wildly in the air, and shouted, "Viva Garibaldi!"

That picture will last when the works of all the old masters have faded out, for it is

painted upon the imperishable canvas of the national soul. It represents for ever, in the glowing tints of unselfish patriotism and stainless honour, the triumph of moral over physical might, the victory of the spiritual forces.

VIII.

The battle of the Volturno, the flight of the King, and the siege of Capua followed in rapid succession.

During the whole of that stirring time I was at Naples. I saw the Dictator of the Two Sicilies at the summit of his power and popularity, and I saw how he used both.

It was commonly said that for a fortnight after he entered Naples no crimes were committed. I stayed long enough to see the place become a sink of iniquity once more.

After the battle of the Volturno there was little to do, except to get into mischief, and plenty of mischief there was—duels, assassinations, gambling, and worse.

But what a spell seemed to fall upon the city whenever Garibaldi was in it! The nights were as a rule noisy and uproarious. One night he sent out word that he could not sleep, and you might have heard a pin drop on the pavement all through that night.

The women brought him their children to bless, he stroked their heads—he rebuked their superstition—but he could never say an unkind word to them.

His care for the wounded was unwearied. He went daily through the military hospitals at Caserta. The doctors said his visits did more for the men than all the physic. They declared his touch and very look were full of healing: the dying heads were lifted to see him pass, and wounded men leaped from their couches to seize his hand.

He was just the same on the battle-field—he always went over it himself to be sure that all the living had been taken up, and all the wounded cared for. This is how he won the great and simple love of his soldiers. His own soul was great and simple!

I remember his life at Naples—the talk of the town. He would live in no palace—he would not even be called your Excellency, although supreme ruler of both Sicilies. He was lodged up in a little attic at the top of the Toledo. He said he liked to be high up to breathe the air.

At Palermo, the costliest wines and viands were prepared for him—he lived on beans, potatoes, and the common wine of the country; he spent on an average eight francs a day, and never had anything in his pocket; any

one who asked him for money got it. He had a simple method. He borrowed of whoever happened to be near him, and gave it away. The people whom he borrowed from generally got paid; but he never spent anything upon, or asked anything for, himself.

One week he was the irresponsible controller of millions, and the next he set sail for Caprera with half a sack of potatoes—his only wealth! I often saw him in the streets when Dictator of the Sicilies. He happened to come to the hotel next to my own on Sunday to dine. It was on the Chiaja. There from his balcony I first heard him address the people of Naples. Imagine a dense throng shouting for two hours, "Viva, Garibaldi!" till at last he came out.

I was close under the balcony in the street—I retained his words; they did not amount to much, but I believe that nobody but myself has recorded them, for I took them down at the time.

Garibaldi said—

"In the midst of such a people I need make no long speeches to excite your patriotism. Let 'United Italy and Victor Emmanuel' be still your motto. I do not need these demonstrations to assure me of your fidelity. We must all act. The people must arise. They must fight for liberty!"

I can see him now as he said, "They must fight for liberty." He pointed with his finger to the skies for a moment, then he quickly stepped in and I saw him no more that day.

I saw him on another occasion when the people came and shouted under his window with carts full of flags and torches. But the King, Victor Emmanuel, was then in Naples. At first he refused to show himself, at last he came out—he was evidently displeased; he said, "Go to the palace, do not come here any more—salute the King. This pains me, you are unfaithful to Italy when you salute me thus, and the King is in Naples."

Indeed it was hard upon the people; every one cared for Garibaldi, and nobody cared much or knew much about the King. Yet the instant Garibaldi said "Go to the King!" they went over to the King's palace and shouted with such feeble hearts and lungs as they had—for obedience more than for love.

IX.

The first meeting of the King and Garibaldi at Naples was striking indeed. The King with the Piedmontese troops came down to finish the campaign; it was understood that Capua was not to fall until he arrived to put the finishing constitutional touch to the conquest.

I was present at the bombardment, and often took the poor Garibaldians in their ragged shirts home to Naples with me at night and gave them a dinner; my own scanty provisions were daily exhausted in the camp by the poor fellows who latterly lacked the common necessaries of life, whilst the King's troops were well fed and covered.

As the King approached, he rode forward in front of his troops, and Garibaldi rode forward in front of his men to meet him.

His head was bare; and in a voice hoarse with emotion, he saluted his sovereign with these words: "Ré d'Italia!" Garibaldi had made those words possible. The King, raising himself in his stirrups, slightly bowed, and lifting his hat, laid his hand upon his heart saying, "General, I thank you!" The Dictator and the King then grasped each other's hands warmly. It was almost the last time they did so; the most bitter jealousies soon developed themselves between the Garibaldians and the King's troops.

I was soon to be witness of a very different meeting between Garibaldi and the King. The morning Victor Emmanuel was to make his triumphant entry into Naples, he had agreed to review the Garibaldian troops. He kept them waiting two hours in the rain. It was a mere caprice; he offered no apology; but the insult was soon known over the whole of Naples, and Garibaldi was so indignant that he refused to accompany the King on his entry into Naples.

Then the King, fully aware of the gravity of the situation, sent to implore the Dictator to sit by his side in the procession, and Garibaldi, putting aside his personal feeling, uttered those sublime and memorable words, "The cause of Italy is greater than the King," and he went.

It was pouring with rain, there was hardly a Garibaldian in the streets, but the Toledo was crowded. I had climbed up on a lamp-post, and looked down on a sea of umbrellas.

Slowly came the procession down the Toledo.

The King and Garibaldi sat in the same carriage; most of the people were shouting for Garibaldi—few for the King.

Garibaldi sat stiff, motionless, angry, his noble heart full of indignation and scorn; he never bowed.

The King bowed stiffly, but looked as angry as Garibaldi. It was a sad ending to so glorious a triumph. But insults seemed now to be heaped upon the hero. His grants

were ignored; his recommendations set aside; even his debts were repudiated. There was no room for him in Naples. "This world," he says, in an unpublished letter, written about this time, "was not meant for honest men!"

x.

On the 8th of November, 1860, Garibaldi formally resigned all his powers into the hands of Victor Emmanuel. On the 9th he sent to the King's stable for a carriage to take him to the place of embarkation. He was told to take a cab. He had to borrow £20 to pay his private debts, and left Naples on board an American ship for the island of Caprera with 14s. in his pocket!

That was the proudest day of his life. He was never greater than at that hour. Italy felt it. It was her misfortune and disgrace to shoot him down afterwards at Aspromonte. The world looked upon Mentana, as it looked afterwards upon the Vosges campaign, with leniency, but without sympathy. But no failures or blunders, or mishaps later on, could ever dethrone him in the hearts of the people, or mar the beauty of a life so wholly sincere, so nobly self-forgetful! A man that could not be bought nor bribed, nor frightened, nor cajoled, who lived for others, who loved his country better than his life, who

was tried by both extremes of fortune, and tempted by neither, Italians had never seen the like.

I love to think of him as I saw him when he left Naples that cold foggy morning and went on board Admiral Mundy's flag-ship *Hannibal* to say good-bye to his English friends. His head was already bowed with age and hardships, and he bore the fatigue-marks of the late exciting campaign upon his visage. He left Naples a poor, lonely man, shattered in health, wounded in spirit, insulted by the Prince at whose feet the day before he had laid down the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, and leaving behind him a heart-broken population.

But Italy never forgot that day. Remember it, if you are inclined to feel surprise that on receiving the news of Garibaldi's death the Italian Chambers rose, most of the deputies being in tears, the French Chamber suspended its sittings, whilst all the theatres in Italy and all the shops were closed, and one cry of sorrow went up throughout the length and breadth of the land. Remember that it was for this man, so utterly sincere, so unselfish, so true to his country, so faithful to the highest that was in him, and lay your tribute of memory and love, like one more wreath of "immortelles," upon the grave of Joseph Garibaldi.

SOME NOTES ON ANCIENT EGYPTIAN HISTORY.

BY THE REV. HARRY JONES, M.A.

PART II.

IT is very difficult for the modern tourist in Egypt—who has been accustomed to measure antiquity by the records of his own land, and when he has looked beyond them to see the Phœnicians and the Hebrews occupying the remotest places in the past—to realise that he is in the midst of monuments testifying to a long-drawn period of architectural art, by the side of which the building of Tyre and Sidon, Jerusalem and Samaria, was the business, so to speak, of yesterday.

History was like a cul-de-sac before Champollion found the key to the interpretation of the ancient Egyptian records. When that was discovered the wall which stood across the end of the road into the past was thrown down, and long vistas of unapprehended civilisation were opened out, and, as I have said, the most astonishing fact then revealed was that the oldest existing monuments were

so perfectly finished as to indicate long preceding ages of art-culture and science.

The modern visitor, with his red guide-book and voluble dragoman, can hardly be expected to realise that he sees and touches tokens of a past which was in its grandeur before Moses wrote or Homer sang, and that, moreover, this was, in its way, the most religious nation known in the whole earth.

Let us turn back to its gods. To do this is to meet an incalculable multitude. Any one who has paid even a short visit to the country is impressed, if not bewildered, with the importunate insistence of its manifold and complicated ancient worship. It is not that we find here and there in subterranean tombs an exceptional deposit of idolatrous ages, like the relics of prehistoric man discovered in forgotten caves; but the places which

have been opened and explored reveal an astonishing original atmosphere of intense devotion which covered the whole land.

No wonder Herodotus remarked the religious character of the Egyptians. "Priests," he says, "are held in great honour amongst them. For, indeed, there is no nation in the whole world that is more careful to pay reverence to the gods, and to all holy things." But the father of history has small taste for the niceties and pedigree of theological beliefs. He rambles pleasantly off into the customs and dress of the priests in his time, noting how "they shaved their bodies every third day," and wore only "a garment of linen, and sandals of reeds from the river." In telling us something more about their ritual he remarks that they bathed twice every day and night. "Nevertheless," he adds naively, "they are by no means in evil case," since they had abundant flesh of oxen and geese for food, and were not obliged to drink beer like many other Egyptians, but had "provision of wine." As to the religion of Egypt, though he recognises its antiquity, and says that the "Egyptians were the first people who affirmed the immortality of the soul," he really looks no farther back than to one of the later stages in its course, and misses the great characteristic feature of its origin. According to him, "the Egyptians say that there were in the beginning eight gods, and that of these eight were born other twelve, and that it is seventeen thousand years, reckoned to the days of King Amasis, since these twelve were born." This, indeed, gives us a daring leap into the past, but it has been reserved for the investigators of these latter days to realise that originally the doctrine of the unity of the Godhead was held in Egypt, and that some belief in it was retained, at least by the initiated, even in comparatively recent periods of Egyptian history. The sources from which the proofs of this are deduced were indeed hidden from Greek and Roman travellers and historians; but they are now, since the modern discoveries and translations of inscriptions, found to be numerous. I will refer only to the following. Among the stores of the British Museum are two papyri, containing a hymn in which these sentences are found:—

"He is not graven in marble!
As an image bearing the double crown.
He is not beheld:
He hath no ministrants nor offerings;
He is not adored in sanctuaries:
His abode is not known.
No shrine is found with painted figures (of him).

Unknown is his name in heaven,
He doth not manifest his forms.
Vain are all representations of him."

Canon Cook, the Editor of the "Speaker's Commentary," says, "The whole of this passage is of extreme importance, showing that, apart from all objects of idolatrous worship, the old Egyptian recognised the existence of the supreme God, unknown and inconceivable, the source of all true power and goodness."

As the hymn is referred to the date of the Exodus, may we not ask whether it can in some measure help us to realise the unquestionable dread which Pharaoh is recorded to have had of Moses, who was charged to go to the Israelites with the message, "I Am hath sent me unto you"? A stronger light is, indeed, thrown upon the possible answer to this question when we are further told that the Egyptians themselves never spoke the unknown Name, but used a "phrase" which the late Mr. Deutsch rendered "I am he who I am." At any rate it is conceivable that Pharaoh might well shrink at the august nature of the demands made by one who was "learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

It is true that in time the forms of the Egyptian pantheon were almost incalculable, and the claims to sacredness ran through the whole natural creation. Symbols came to be counted as deities. The pressure of popular demand for visible objects of worship grew too importunate for any pure-minded seer who may have lived in the dim Egyptian past to resist. The people are ever ready to drag down the prophet to their wants. "Make us gods" is a religious cry, ancient and modern. Though a form of sound words was not wholly cast out of the Egyptians' formulæ of faith, it lay like a mummy of truth in the tomb of his belief, while a rank growth of idolatry spread itself over the national mind like weeds in Nile mud, till, in respect to the most vulgar creed, St. Paul's words expressed its state with literal and minute retrospective exactness, "They changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts and creeping things."

It must be admitted, however, that some salt was a long time losing its savour in the religion of the Egyptians. In their symbolism was much beautiful allegory which is represented in surviving sculptures, and preserved in odes, hymns, and tales. It must be noted, too, that their religion involved belief in a life to come, and a future judgment in righteousness, which strangely affects the Christian visitor who looks at the many representations

of Osiris now to be seen especially in tombs. But the appreciation of these streaks of light is well-nigh choked by a consciousness that at the same time the adoration of the meanest animals was elaborated with grotesque devotion. Indeed, however pure it may once have been, the belief in a hereafter with which the Egyptians were eventually saturated, would seem to have become so tainted with degrading accompaniment that it was necessary for the Hebrews, who had in some measure shared it, to be brought back to the original foundations of morality and faith when the one God was revealed to them, and they received the law after the Exodus. Moses is then charged with no message concerning another state. Neither the moral nor the ceremonial law appeals to the prospect of preternatural rewards and punishment. The Hebrews were recalled from those visions of a hereafter by which they had been surrounded in Egypt, but which had failed to affect their conversation aright, to the perception of that conduct of life which is due here. It would seem, indeed, as if the memory and use of the Egyptian belief in a future existence was to be clean wiped off their minds before the chosen people could at last be prepared to hear and apprehend the truth about the "Resurrection and the Life."

Some phases of Egyptian religious belief are, however, as they present themselves to us now, deeply interesting, and leave us conscious of an ineffectual attempt to determine the limits of the relationship which might be found between faiths which had at any time involved a belief in the One God. There are gleams of "light shining in a dark place" to be discovered in existing records of the ancient Egyptian religion. One especially appears in a formula, continually repeated in sepulchral engravings and inscriptions, which recalls to our minds other divine words concerning the grounds of final judgment. It is this: "I have given bread to the hungry, water to the thirsty, clothes to the naked, shelter to the stranger." A familiar funeral chant of the Egyptians touches the same association in similar terms. They were wont to sing in their prayers for the dead, "He succoured the afflicted, he gave bread to the hungry, drink to the thirsty, clothes to the naked. He sheltered the outcast, his doors were open to the stranger, he was a father to the fatherless."

We have the whole procedure of the final judgment set forth in a roll which might be called an Egyptian Bible, of which many

examples survive, and which goes by the name of "The Book of the Dead." It describes the course of the departed into the inner Hall of Heaven, where the Judge Osiris sat upon his throne. This book, or a portion of it, used to be buried with the mummy, and, with touching evidence of the catholicity of meanness, some specimens of these sacred texts betray the prevalence of sheer greediness of overcharge among the old Egyptian "undertakers" in respect to the costly items of bereavement and sepulture. Divers rolls, lately taken from mummy cases and unfolded, are seen to have been "scamped" by the furnisher of funerals, who, no doubt, charged in his bill for a perfect copy. Anyhow, he either connived at the fraud, or was cheated by his servile scribe. The first few sentences, at which a keen executor might have glanced, are written "fair." The rest are illegible or imperfect. The writer would have been well content with the thought of his cunning being undetected for three thousand years, even if a prophet could have told him that it would be discovered by an expert in the British Museum. In what unexpected ways may we not find a fulfilment of the words, "Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil!" There was, indeed, something odiously unfeeling in such a fraud, as the roll formed part of the equipment of the departed, with which he should, according to Egyptian belief, find himself provided in the day of resurrection, and the imperfection of which might, it was supposed, cause him irretrievable embarrassment.

The sepulchral ritual of the Egyptians was elaborate and costly. In some instances the dead body was wrapped in as much as 700 yards of very fine linen before it was placed in the mummy case. The national regard for interment, indeed, finds its fullest and richest expression in royal burials. No other kings on the face of the earth have had such stupendous mausoleums as the Pyramids, or such excavations made for the reception of their corpses as are found in the Libyan range of mountains which fringe the necropolis of Thebes. These tombs in some instances extend upwards of 400 feet into the solid rock, and as they contain divers great halls, the labour of cutting them out indicates the profusion of expense attending a royal burial, to say nothing of the finished sculptures and paintings which covered every portion of their walls. Many of these remain to this day nearly as perfect and bright

as when they were last touched with the tool or brush of the artist. Though religion was closely woven into the ordinary routine of their life, the devotion of the ancient Egyptians appears to have been most conspicuous in that which related to the burial of the dead. The temples, indeed, were enormous, one at Karnak being about 1,100 feet long; but their use was seen in priestly or regal ritual rather than in popular worship. We have in the "Records of the Past" an account of a visit of King Pianchi Mer-Amon to the Temple of Ra, or the Sun. After ablutions "he proceeded to the sandy height of Heliopolis, making a great sacrifice before the face of Ra at his rising with cow's milk, gum, frankincense, and all precious woods delightful for scent. He went in procession to the temple of Ra . . . then the chief priest offered supplications to ward off calamity for the King, girded with the sacred vestments. . . . The King ascended the flight of steps to the great shrine to behold Ra in the Temple of Obelisks." One, unmoved, stands there now, alone; another has travelled to the Thames Embankment. "The King stood by himself, the great one alone; he drew the bolt, he opened the folding doors, he saw his father Ra in the Temple of Obelisks. Then he closed the doors, and set sealing clay with the King's own signet, and enjoined the priests, saying, 'I have set my seal, let no other King whatsoever enter therein.' Then he stood, and they prostrated themselves before his Majesty."

But though the temples would seem to have been used for priestly or regal ceremonial rather than for popular worship, even the sacred procession in this case not being permitted to enter the temple gates, the routine of every day was intimately mingled with religious ritual among the Egyptians. They had a table of forty-two commandments concerning the conduct of life, and there was a formal catalogue of virtues which they were bidden so to observe that they might repeat it in the day of judgment. It contains these items: "I have not privily done evil to my neighbour. I have not told lies. I have not done what is hateful to the gods. I have not committed murder. I have not committed adultery. I have not stolen. I have not calumniated the slave to his master. I have not been idle." Moreover many quotations might be made from the tombs showing respect to parents. The following is a frequent monumental inscription, "I honoured my father and my mother."

Thus, at least, some professed morality of

the Egyptians was excellent, and it was enforced by the prospect of future rewards and punishments. I have already referred to the remarkable silence of the Pentateuch concerning these, and ventured to suggest that what might be called a dry, stern statement of laws was associated with the utterance of the One God, in order that the Hebrews might be called off from the contemplation of the machinery of judgment which revolved around Osiris, whose worship became popularly degraded, and was mixed up with impure rites paid to other deities. Indeed, there is a vein of sensuality running through the ritual of ancient Egypt, of which no one who has visited the country and explored its monuments needs to be told. Many of the Egyptian laws were good, but the aspect of futurity with which they were connected was spiritually demoralising, and gross blots on some temple walls remain to indicate a significant phase of national shamelessness. The Egyptian code contained much truth, which was held in unrighteousness and set in degrading superstition. Thus the Hebrews had the bare law given to them as the will of God, being left to have eternal life made known unto them afterwards in a more excellent way, and to hear, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A word on the literature of ancient Egypt. It is difficult to look at it apart from its religious associations, and much so viewed is very bald. Many a record, however full of interesting information, is as dry as a will. Blue Books were dull four thousand years ago. There is, indeed, regal wisdom tersely put in "The Instructions of King Amenemhat to his Son Userateseni," believed to have been written 3,064 B.C. He advises him not to isolate himself from his subjects, nor "let the landed lords and noblemen only fill his heart." And there are occasional bits of description, utterances of vigour, and passages of pathos which do not lose their vividness even in a severely literal translation. Here is a royal ultimatum to the inhabitants of a besieged city: "Two ways are before you. Choose as ye will. Open and live. Shut up and die. His Majesty does not pass by any closed fort." Again, the excitement of an army is graphically related when the soldiers found Memphis closed, garrisoned, and provisioned. But they make the assault, and the city is "captured as by a storm of rain." Then, too, for gossipy narration, we have, in a papyrus in the British Museum, the Syrian travels of an Egyptian fourteen centuries before Christ, in which his troubles with thieves, breakage of harness,

and other mishaps are told with as true a tourist tone of minuteness and complaint as might be found in Mr. Mudie's library.

For an example of sheer stories, too, there is that of the "Doomed Prince and his Dog." "When the Hathors" (Fates) "came to greet him at his birth, they said he would either die by a crocodile, a serpent, or by a dog." Thereupon the king, his father, shut him up in "a house in the country, provided with attendants and all kinds of good things . . . that the child should not go abroad." After some time, "when the child grew big, he ascended to the roof of the house, and he saw a dog, which was following a person who was going along the road. He said to his attendant, who was beside him, 'What is that?' He said, 'That is a dog.' The child said to him, 'Let one be brought to me like it.'" In the end he gets his dog and permission to travel. After an adventurous courtship he wins a wife, who dreads the fulfilment of his doom, and wants him to do away with his faithful dog, who must have been getting into years by this time. "He replied, 'I will not cause my dog to be killed.' How should he do it?" After escaping death by a serpent, which his wife kills while he is asleep, he goes out for a walk; but unfortunately the story breaks off at a crisis when the dog, seeing him in danger from a crocodile, leads him to a protecting giant. The date of the story is put at about 1500 B.C., *i.e.* it may have been a favourite nursery tale in the time of Moses.

Another, with larger aim and much more complicated plot, that of the two brothers, Ampu and Bata, is complete. There is much pathos and a vein of poetic imagination in this legend. It rises out of a false accusation, like that which made Potiphar throw Joseph into prison. During its course the beautiful wife of Bata, who had been given to him by Horus when he fled out of the country from his brother Ampu, walks under a cedar by the sea. "And the sea beheld her and dashed its waters in pursuit of her, and she betook herself to flight—and the sea cried to the cedar, saying, O that I could seize upon her! And the cedar carried off one of her fragrant locks, and the sea carried it to Egypt and deposited it in a place where the king's washers were. And the odour of the lock grew into the clothes of the king."

The plot of the story is too long to explain. It turns on the faithlessness of woman, and the brotherly love, which, though estranged thereby, is finally triumphant.

The papyrus containing this complicated legend, which, however, vividly illustrates both domestic and regal life, as well as divers supernatural beliefs of the ancient Egyptians, is now in the British Museum, and has been translated into French and German as well as English.

Beside tales, there are some relics of ancient legal procedure, as in an "Abstract of Criminal Proceedings in a Case of Conspiracy," in the time of Rameses III., which is translated by M. Renouf. We do not learn the precise nature of the crime inquired into, but there is perplexing reference to treacherous language which seems to have tainted the whole court, some of the members of the judicial commission themselves coming to be implicated as the trial proceeds. In the end none seem to have been acquitted, as in the case of each the formula recurs, "The magistrates who judged him caused his punishment to be inflicted upon him." The ladies of the bedchamber play a conspicuous part in the whole business, and a frequent count against the accused is that "he heard words and did not report them." All the criminals sentenced to death appear to have been made their own executioners.

Most of the written remains of ancient Egypt are religious. Many consist of hymns to the gods, and have a pathos of their own. Others are lists of oblations, or of spoils-taken in war. These have no more literary pretensions than an auctioneer's catalogue or an inventory of furniture. They give us, however, a vivid idea of Egyptian belongings. The manifold productions and riches of ancient Egypt are nowhere set forth in more detail than in what is known as the "Great Harris Papyrus," which contains divers of these summaries. It was found in a tomb, and measures 133 feet long by 16½ inches broad. Here we read of the barge of cedar with rivets of gold-plated brass, and cabins adorned with precious stones; of houses with doors and lintels of gold, surrounded by gardens planted with all kinds of fruits, and tanks for waterfowl and fish.

Beside these are granaries of corn, and treasuries filled, or temples presented, with a surprising amount of miscellaneous property, paint, spirits of wine, honey, oil, linen overcoats, embroidered caps, incense, silver dishes and ladles, rings, onions, cedar harps, bundles of writing reeds, w x, leather sandals, turquoises, perfumes, images, necklaces, wine, coloured bed-clothes, &c., &c. The most careful inventory was made of the several items, and in every case the exact

amount of the articles in store seems to be set down. For instance, in one place we find a record of 825,840 crystal beads; in another of 23,008 pots of frankincense, while one "cedar rule" figures by itself. Beside these dead or dry goods we have astonishing lists of cattle and birds, especially pigeons, ducks, and geese.

Here we are struck by evidence of much that was eminently businesslike and prosaic among the old Egyptians. It is true that their religion especially, at least so far as the offerings made by the king represented the generosity of the people, was marked by marvellous and abundant devotion; the adornments of the temples not being brought to a focus in some inner shrine, but shown in the capping of sacred obelisks with solid gold, and the covering of huge holy walls inside and out with costly sculpture. But though this indicates a certain profuseness of expenditure, nothing is more striking than the minute economy and attention to details exhibited in what may be called the sacred rent rolls, summaries of oblations, and the like. The chronicler carefully distinguishes between the "ducks" and the "ducklings," offered to Ra, the sliced, salted, and prepared fish, the crowns, nosegays, chains, and handfuls of flowers, and the exact amounts of these several items are set down. In the "Great Harris Papyrus," now in the British Museum, and translated in the "Records of the Past," there are many of these entries, and in every case the totals of the goods in question are precisely recorded. There are, e.g., 1,975,800 nosegays of vegetables—it does not say what proportion of these were onions—as against 11,000 nosegays of corn, and 3,410 of lotus. Thus in these chronicles we have evidence of both extreme profusion and precise economy, of the nicest reckoning and the most liberal abundance.

The Egyptians indeed always combined a large way of doing things with attention to the smallest features of the deed. This appears not merely in their written records, but in the construction of their biggest fabrics, such as the Pyramids, where the size of the structure did not tempt them to disregard the most careful and elaborate precision. They were not satisfied with piling up great stones so as to secure a gigantic result, but the blocks were so flattened and smoothed as to insure the perfect contact of their surfaces. The pyramid was as minutely finished as a bracelet. Everything was done as well as possible.

Here we have one secret of Egyptian per-

manence, and, may it not be added, of a form of righteousness or right-doing which raises a nation? In their fabrics, economy, and administration, the old Egyptians may thus be said to have approached closest to a Divine fashion, which sees to the leaf of every tree while it provides a forest, and forms the crystal of each flake of snow throughout the whole of a polar winter. There was nothing coarse, carelessly profuse, or unfinished; their art was the nearest approach to nature of anything that has been known in the works of men.

At the same time their art was imperfect in many respects. Their pictures often exhibit a childishness of delineation which contrasts strongly with the perfection of their workmanship. While carefully observant of the laws of geometry and anatomically exact, they are grotesquely defiant of perspective. When, moreover, the Egyptian artist wanted to portray a great personage, such as a god, king, or hero, he drew him twenty times as big as the ordinary men by whom he is surrounded, and his ships, with their crews and cargoes, are drawn with total disregard to the laws of statics. However heavy the load, however unequally distributed, the boat is always level and buoyant.

There is, though, remarkable proportion and adjustment shown in another phase of Egyptian art; I mean decoration. They had no "pictures," as we understand the word. In their coloured representations, which were surprisingly brilliant and numerous, there is no more shading than perspective. But Egyptian artists understood the harmony of colours, and decorated their buildings with admirable skill, the balance of contrasts being perfectly kept. The best modern decorator might learn of the ancient Egyptians. Their portrait painters, too, are very true. The Egyptian who represented a face in terra-cotta or stone does not seem to have flattered his "sitter," if we may judge by his works in the Boulak Museum, but he hits off the countenance and character of the man in a way which speaks much for a love of honesty in those old days. The modern visitor is entertained in perceiving how conscientiously the work was done, and feels sure that he looks upon likeness after likeness which perhaps was less appreciated by the personage thus celebrated than by his friends. And yet they are not caricatures, but only unfeelingly just. When the thing was finished there was nothing more to be said, though the critics smiled while they approved.

In looking back, from home, after a few

months, on the impressions received, though not perhaps immediately realised, during a visit to Egypt, one of the most vivid is that of the little radical difference between the men of the ancient past and those of to-day. The graphic minuteness of old Egyptian sculpture sets forth the main features of modern domestic and social life, especially country life. There is the same patient industry to fill the basket and the store, as is seen in the market-gardener and farmer of to-day. There are the same sluggish cattle to drive, the same cackling ducks and hissing geese to feed as in Herefordshire or Norfolk. The fish are caught in the net, the goods are weighed in the scales. The pain and terror of those wounded in battle, the attitudes of the suppliant captive, are not curiously historical, but pathetically fresh. There is nothing really antique in the oldest representations of man himself, though his surroundings vary. Even in these there are close touches between the past and the present. M. Renouf, in writing on "Egyptian Civilisation," remarks, "Beerhouses, if we may judge of the frequency with which they are inveighed against in the papyri, must have been as serious a pest in the time of the great Rameses as they are in the England of the nineteenth century."

The chief question, however, which frequently presents itself in seeing relics so old and yet so clean cut as the Egyptian, I have already noticed. It concerns the antiquity, not merely of man, but of what we understand by civilisation. Why may not co-existent but widely diverse conditions have found place in the incalculable past; and the Egyptian have inherited the luxury of generations, while the "drift" and "cave" men barely held their own elsewhere against the beasts of the field? There are now in the United States of America, New York millionaires, and Indian tribes sheltering themselves in bark huts, ignorant of coinage and cultivation, and living on acorns, vermin, and worms. There the white man will exterminate the red in a few generations, but when the means of intercommunication were unused, why may not as great contrasts have existed through enormous periods of time? The Egyptian, who had all that he needed in his isolated strip of watered sunny land, could make it into an oasis of civilised humanity, while others, less happily placed, unnamed, unregarded, and unknown, were long tied down to the rudest conditions of existence; but the unanswered question remains, and carries us peering back into the dim past, When did he begin to rise?

THE BAIRNS A' AT REST.

By JAMES M. NEILSON.

THERE was din, as ye ne'er heard the like,
'Mang our bairns the nicht roun' the fire-en';
A' were busy as bees in a bibe;
A' were blithe as the birds in the glen.
What wi' castles and kirks built wi' stools,
What wi' rhyming at spellings a' roun',
What wi' playing at ball and at bools,—
But there's a' peace now, they're a' cuddled down.

Now, the bairns are asleep, and a calm
Has fa'n roun' like a soft gloaming shade,
And a kind Hand unseen sheds a balm
O'er their wee limbs in weariness laid.
O'er their fair chubby faces we see
Sic an evenly sweetness o' rest,
That ye'd doubt but they'd borrow'd a wee
Frae the far-awa' realms o' the blest.

Like wee birds in a nest do they cow'r,
By ilk other so cozy and kin';
O, their bed's like a rose-bed in flow'r,
And our glances o' love on it shine.
O, awa' wi' your glairy gowd crown,
Frae the cunning cauld fingers o' Art!
But, hurrah for the bairns that hae grown
Like a living love-wreath roun' the heart!

• Marbles.

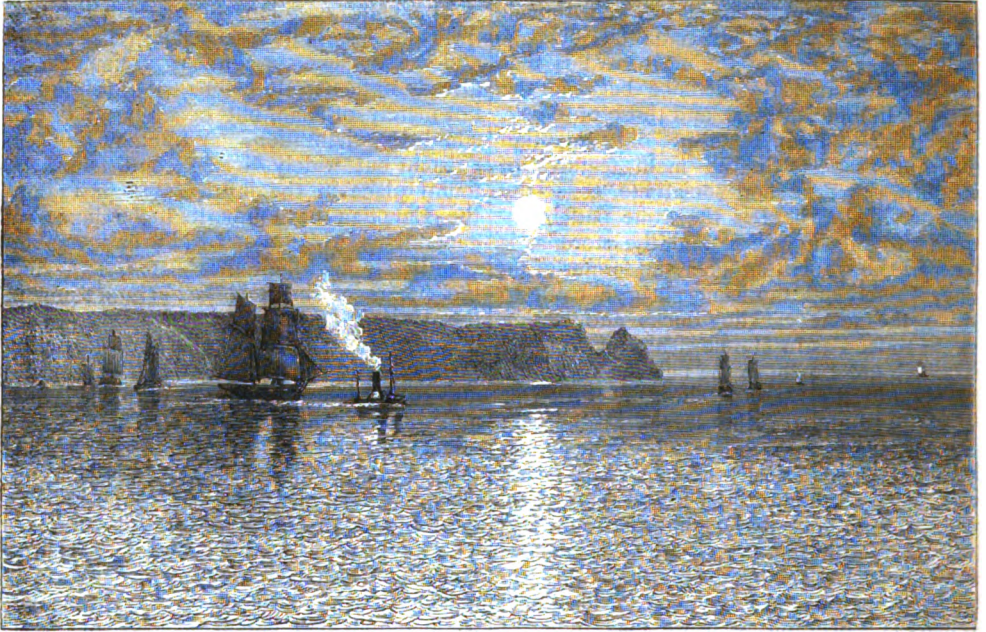
Ha, let's wheesht.* As we warm in their praise,
We micht waken some flaxen-hair'd loon:
See, already shot out frae the claes
Just as lithe a wee limb's in the toon!
Hap it o'er, hap it o'er. Bonnie bairn,
Whaur awa' may that wee footie pace?
The richt gait o' the world's ill to learn,
And fair Fortune is fickle to chase.

There are hid 'neath these lashes so long,
The full cen that are stars o' the day;
There lies silent the nursery song,
On these lips fresh as mornings in May;
And there beats in these bosoms a life
More o' promise than spring-buds are giv'n,
That must meet the world's favour or strife,
And shall make them or mar them for heav'n.

Will ye guard them, ye angels o' Peace,
In this haven, in the curtains o' nicht?
Will ye guide them when dangers increase,
Heaving out in their day-ocean fight?
For O, whaur, frae the bairnie so wee
To the bairmie the biggest of a',
Is the ane we'd first part wi', and see
To a bed in the mools † taen awa'?

• Whisper.

† The grave.



Sunrise at the Land's End.

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees.

PART I.

MY old friend Mr. James is a man of keen sympathies, and the youthful ardour he displays in taking up and carrying out any new idea or project is positively refreshing.

His memory is marvellous. Horace and Burns he knows by heart, embellishing his table talk with epigrams from the one or tender bits from the other with enviable adroitness. A charming companion—*when the wind is not in the east*. When it is, lo! his Horace forthwith becomes ironical and his Burns maledictory.

Now last spring old Eurus certainly gave us a deal of his company. You met him everywhere. Laden with cold and dust he persistently rushed down every street—careered through open spaces, crept into your house, into your throat, into your bones, and some ill-natured people said, into your temper. Well, perhaps they were right! It was certainly tantalising to be tempted day after day by the lovely pink promise of the spring, and know that if you attempted to sketch you would get a slap in the face that might put you *hors de combat* for the whole summer; perhaps, too, the rheumatic twinges and wheezings we had already contracted made us unusually combative; at all events, at a certain

visit I paid to my friend at the end of last spring, we could agree upon no single point—everything went wrong; and, to crown it all, somebody put Worcester sauce into the salad, and the claret was corked! At last up starts Mr. James. "This won't do at all!" he cried. "Here we've been at loggerheads all the evening, and the wine, for once, has utterly failed to be an 'efficax eluere amara curarum.'" This snell east wind has done it all. It has kept me a prisoner for six weeks, and put everything out of joint. Mr. Kingsley sings its praises, and tells us that the old Vikings throve upon it. Perhaps they did, but we don't. We get hoarse, rheumatic, and cross. Now, being thus confronted with this overwhelming and persistent enemy, the best thing we can do is to make a strategic movement to the rear, or, in other words, to fly hence and seek warmer climes."

"All very well," I replied; "but where would you go to?"

"I'll tell you," he said, resuming his seat with great deliberation. "There are two warm nooks in the Pyrenees, Eaux Bonnes and Eaux Chaudes. They are but three or four miles apart, and are not only warm and genial,

but famous for the curative powers of their natural springs. Let us go! Let us emulate John Gilpin—you shall dine at Eaux Chaudes and get quit of your rheumatism, while I shall dine at Eaux Bonnes and get quit of my croaking."

"I should like it well enough, but——"

"But, now no buts! I'm sick of this imprisonment. Just think of your brush, my boy! Would you not seek fresh pastures for your genius? Why, the purple Pyrenees will immortalise you! The thing is settled."

And so it was. A week or so later we were steaming out of Liverpool Basin, on board the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's steamer *Galicja*, for Bordeaux.

It is a capital route, not only on the score of economy, but by it is avoided the stoppage in Paris and subsequent tedious railway journey south. No boats could be better kept, and as a great bulk of their passengers embark from Spanish ports there is always plenty of room for those outward bound for Bordeaux. There is plenty to eat and drink—perhaps the cook has a weakness for onions, but what of that? Is it not right that those bound for Spain should have an initiatory probation for the national garlic? Did not the great Henry of Navarre, immediately he was born, have a clove of garlic put into his baby mouth to make him strong and wholesome? If illustrious people have thus set this tasty example, what right have obscure individuals like ourselves to make a noise about a bit of onion? No, we must not quarrel with the cooking; on the whole it was good, and the general comfort and attention would even satisfy invalids.

As for us, we were invalids no longer; for, marvellous to relate, as we got out to sea the wind began to relent, and by the time we had left old England on the lee we were enjoying a balmy sou'-wester on the deck. At the Land's End the sun rose over a perfectly calm sea, and here we began to scrape acquaintance with our fellow-travellers. Some, like ourselves, were in quest of sun and warmth. Mrs. Quilter and her daughter—a quiet, pale-faced girl—were going to Eaux Bonnes. The elder lady looked the picture of health, yet nothing pleased her so much as to be confiding her physical sufferings to some sympathetic ear. She also kept a strict eye on her daughter, who was perpetually turning pale and threatening to be ill. On those occasions the mother would make a rush, and march her quickly up and down the deck till some returning colour came to her cheeks. After a time a certain polite

young gentleman—Mr. Robb, bound for Bordeaux—took the cue, and officiated in the march. So did Mr. James—and so did I.

The quantity of exercise that young lady got would have satisfied Weston or any other professional walker—but it didn't prevent the inevitable catastrophe. It became a little rougher as we approached Pauillac. We were enjoying a siesta in the saloon, when Miss Quilter's pale green face appeared at the door, and broke the silence by saying, rather Hibernically, "Stewardess! If you please, a lady wishes to be ill!" Mr. Robb politely rushed forward. He was too late—the lady disappeared, not to be seen again till we anchored at Pauillac. Here he busied himself with their luggage, and took a tender interest in little Master Quilter, who was perpetually coming to grief with his buttons. Mrs. Quilter did not altogether approve of these attentions.

"Who is he?" she asked us.

"I think he is in the wine trade," replied Mr. James. (He always knew who everybody was.)

"Exactly!" exclaimed the lady; "a commercial traveller!—I thought so. Upon my word, you can never tell what sort of persons you may meet on board these steamers!"

In spite of her animadversions, to us he proved most useful and entertaining. He had crossed the Bay of Biscay fifty or sixty times—was half a Spaniard—played and sang—was a bit of an artist—wrote for the papers—and was up to every possible dodge about wine. He pointed out to us the celebrated vineyards and châteaux as we steamed up the river in the little tug. Close to Pauillac was the renowned Château Lafitte, and as we went on several others peeped out picturesquely between vineyards and poplars. The district is named Medoc. The soil (probably washings from the big hills, deposited by the rivers) is a sort of white crumbly gravel. There is a good deal of quartz in it, and the poorest soil sometimes produces the richest wine. The object is to have a soil that will allow the long trailing roots to take firm hold, and at the same time to be of such a consistency that the sun's rays will be retained both day and night.

"Just," said Mr. Robb, "as our countrymen speak with more terseness and deliberation after dividing their coat tails before the fire, so our vine produces better wine if it has an equable and placid warmth at its roots."

We were sorry to part with him at Bordeaux. Not so Mrs. Quilter. Notwithstanding one offer personally to superintend the replacement of an important button for Master

Quilter, and another to escort her and her luggage safely to the Hôtel de Nantes, she would have nothing whatever to say to him. His overtures were received with great hauteur, and she finally drove off in a grand sort of huff.

We took his advice, and found the Hôtel de Nantes very comfortable. Mr. James, who is an authority in these matters, pronounced the cuisine to be admirable.

A remarkably handsome town is Bordeaux—clean streets with plenty of open breathing places, public buildings on a palatial scale, and then the broad river, expansive quay, and beautiful bridge, give it quite a character of its own.

What could we do, when the brightest of moons rose over all this, but gaze and gaze, and quote Longfellow, while the clocks were tolling the hour from Les Tours de la Grosse Cloche? This clock-tower is grand in its fine proportions and solidity. The two-spired cathedral is rather disappointing. It is rich enough in external stone chasing, amid which the morning sun makes fantastic shadows, but the interior is poor. Artistically it is far behind a quaint old structure called the Tour de Peyberland, which rears its solemn old head close by.



I believe there are considerably more than 100,000 inhabitants in Bordeaux, but the

most important personage in our eyes was this ancient vendor of lucifer matches. What



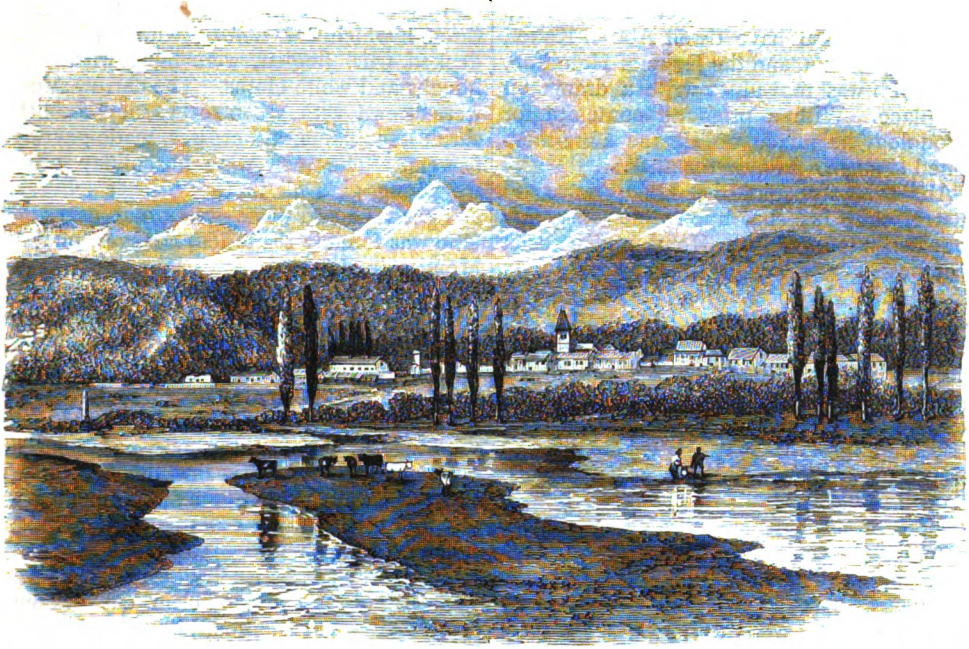
on earth the old fellow meant by his placard with "Le Bon Dieu" on it we never could discover. In our choicest French (and Mr. James is very proud of his proficiency in the language) we endeavoured to elucidate the mystery, but without avail.

Whether our language was faulty, or the meaning too solemn to be intrusted to foreigners, I don't know, but our inquiries invariably ended in the purchase of lucifers. In other words, they ended in smoke.

Notwithstanding the blandishments of our Chef, who tempted us at breakfast with a wonderful little fish called a rogan (a sort of pilchard), and at dinner with cunningly cooked dishes, splendid asparagus and strawberries, after two or three days we remembered our duty, and forthwith started for Pau, our next and last stage towards our destination of the two waters.

En route we just caught sight of Dax, recently made famous by a celebrated Scotch divine, and farther on of the little tower on the terrible bridge of Orthez, where the Calvinists threw down the Roman Catholics in 1560. We reached Pau in the afternoon, and at once had an unclouded view from the far-famed terrace.

It is superb. The Gave flows in twisted channels at your feet; then the wooded uplands fold and re-fold on each other, till they finally get lost in the grand range of the



View near Pau.

Pyrenees. As usual, the town was full of English. At the table d'hôte, conspicuous by his politeness and general urbanity, was our friend Mr. Robb. He greeted us with effusion, and subsequently sang Spanish songs in the salon to an admiring audience. He was quite at home here, and good-naturedly showed us the lions. The position of Pau is unrivalled, but the old Counts of Bearn could have had little idea when they commenced to build their manor here, that it was destined to become a grand town of some 26,000 inhabitants, and the Chef-lieu of the Basses Pyrénées. The savants tell us that it is built on the detritus, débris, and what not, which has been hurled down in prehistoric times from the Pic du Midi. Be this as it may, there is no doubt whatever that the town itself is now being built



Beggars head.

of materials from the same source. Day after day you may see gangs of labourers busily lifting the big boulders from the bed of the Gave, and transporting them in wagons and carts up to the town for building purposes. The Gave itself jumps into life at a wild place called Gavarni, some fifty miles up the mountains, with a single fall of more than a thousand feet. There are but few objects of interest in the town. The park is dull, and the view from it nothing after that from the terrace. The old Château, however, is both picturesque and interesting. What a history its walls could tell. It is five hundred years old. Here, in cold blood, after a sacred promise that their lives should be spared, were murdered the Roman Catholics who had surrendered at Montgomerie at Orthez. This happened in 1570. Here.

too, in 1553 was born Henri IV. "Our Henri," as the Bearnais affectionately called him. Here also have dwelt Abd-el-Kader, Isabella of Spain, and the Duke of Hamilton. Mr. Robb was moved to write a drama on the place. With a profound contempt for chronology he mixed up all the afore-mentioned *dramatis personæ* together.

Abd-el-Kader and the Duke were to quarrel over Isabella, upon which they are both beheaded by Notre Henri, and Isabella becomes a saint, with a shrine at Eaux Chaudes. The hospitality of Pau is unbounded. The English club, where we met some kind friends, was open to us, and Mr. Church, the courteous ex-consul, also entertained us at his pretty place

just out of the town, where he now employs his leisure by growing exquisite roses, and making occasional sketching excursions up to the mountains. Pau is unrivalled as a point from which to make excursions. If you wish to devote half a day, or a day, or two or three days, there are objects of interest that will exactly fit in with your prescribed time.

Lourdes, with its far-famed shrine and grotto, must of course be visited. It can be done by rail, and there you will hear repeated the true version of Miss Bernadette and her vision. It is curious to remember how recent it all is. Perpignan and Pietat are both within ten miles of Pau, and amply repay the visit. We drove to the former underneath ripe cherry-trees, the driver breaking off branches of the luscious fruit for us, which Mr. James devoured with great gusto. Here we saw a tame crow perched in a melancholy pose on a vine pole. He looked like the evil spirit of drink. There is also a charming drive to Coarraza, where "Our Henri" was brought up hardily with the village children.

Of our many excursions, however, that to Bettarham will perhaps remain longest in our memories. The bright splendour of the day may have had something to do with it, but

the world certainly seemed unusually happy. It was Corpus Christi day, and the villages through which our *voiture*, with its bell-becked pair, jingled, were hung with green boughs and white cloths. The narrow streets were strewn with green rushes, and the little shrines, fountains, and crosses, made gay with flowers. The men were in holiday attire, the young girls all in the "Virgin's livery," of light blue and white—a regular gala day. One was forcibly reminded, however, of Whit Monday in England.

Mr. Robb, who accompanied us, was in unusually high spirits. Mr. James took an opportunity of privately informing me this exuberance might be traced to a certain little scented note which had been received from Eaux Bonnes

the previous evening. But the drive was exhilarating. The Pyrenean range, with its assertive Pic du Midi and clear-cut valleys, got bigger and higher every mile. So ineffably clear was it that one could almost trace the mountain roads.

The beauty culminated at Igon, where we crossed the Gave. Here the grey old bridge and buildings with their moss-eaten

buttresses, the broad green Gave and nodding poplars, made a fitting foreground for the purple and white distance. I cut a notch in my memory to bid me return here and work, but as yet it is all unaccomplished.

A quaint old place is Bettarham, nestled at the very foot of the mountains. It is famous for processions and pilgrimages—to us it was famous for the excellent trout we got for breakfast. While discussing these and a most excellent *omelette aux herbes*, a distant chanting warned us of the approaching procession. It was an imposing affair. The Jesuits have a large missionary college here, "Calvaire," and their numbers were added to others. The chanting was discordant, but impressive on account of its solemnity. The solemnity, however, was somewhat broken by the sudden appearance of a donkey amongst the nuns, and subsequently by the relighting of one of the huge wax candles (which had been



blown out by the wind) by one of the boys. He effected this by producing an ordinary lucifer match, which he lit by lifting up the next boy's surplice, and striking it on his trousers. After the procession we had a delightful stroll, finding out a curiously picturesque old ivy-covered bridge. We visited St. Calvaire, duly admiring a wonderful relic called the marriage veil of the Countess Chambord, bought many rosaries, and finally climbed the hill and feasted on wild strawberries. Here were several little girls wandering about in a listless sort of manner, all dressed in blue and white, like so many little Bernadettes seeking visions. Here, too, under the influence of the surroundings, Mr. Robb informed us he was, like ourselves, going to Eaux Bonnes.

"Why?" we both exclaimed. "You are not ill!"

"No!" he replied gaily, and producing a franc piece, "but I *must* have a little ailment. Here goes, heads for throat, and tails for rheumatism! Ah, it is heads, so you see I go to Eaux Bonnes."

"I expect," said Mr. James slyly, "that it is an affection of the heart you are suffering from, and you wish to go to Eaux Bonnes to consult a certain Dr. Quilter."

He coloured a little, but soon recovered himself with a laugh.

"Well! and suppose it is so, Mr. James?"

"If it is so," pursued my friend, calmly puffing his cigar, "there will be no need for you to simulate illness. What says Horace: 'In amore hæc sunt mala—bellum, pax rursum.' No, Mr. Robb, don't take upon yourself fresh maladies, and I have no doubt you will speedily get rid of your present one. Let us take you with us to Les Eaux tomorrow, and by-and-by, when you are back in England with Mrs. Robb, you must both come and pay me a visit."

The young gentleman was quite overcome by this combination of a beatific vision and hospitality. At length he grasped Mr. James's hand and said: "Well, sir, if ever such good fortune happens to me, I will present you with a case of the best Lafitte you ever tasted, just in memory of this happy day!"

C. BLATHERWICK.



The Bridge at Bettarham.

SOWING AND REAPING.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

IT is not safe to assume that "whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." Righteousness and sin always yield their harvests; the moral results of all our actions—of the least as well as of the greatest—are determined by definite and irresistible laws. But as soon as we descend into the lower

provinces of human life the steadfastness of the divine order seems to fail us, and nothing is certain. There is a great deal of sowing which is followed by no reaping. The seed rots in the ground; the young wheat is blighted; the harvest, just when it is touched by the autumn sun, is destroyed by storms.

We can make sure of nothing except the supreme ends of life, and this should be taken for granted in all our plans and expectations. A young merchant may resolve to build up a great fortune. He may have all the capital he needs and a perfect mastery of his business: he may be honest, diligent, alert, prudent. And after he has worked hard for twenty years a great commercial catastrophe may ruin in a month the results of all his industry and skill. Or a young politician may resolve to win high political office. He may be animated—not by personal ambition—but by a genuine patriotism, and an unselfish desire to render service to the State. Everything may seem to be in his favour. He may have an ample fortune and adequate intellectual power. He may be laborious, fearless, and upright. Year by year his knowledge of public affairs may become more varied and more exact; and year by year he may win increasing public confidence. But success is not certain. Some physical infirmity, which was unsuspected in early manhood, may begin to show itself, just as he is reaching the maturity of his strength; or some fatal defect of temper; or in the vicissitudes of public affairs a grave difference of opinion emerges between himself and his party; or he has a serious illness from which he never quite recovers; or he meets with an accident, slight in itself, which disqualifies him for the public service; and as far as the great object is concerned, on which he has concentrated all his energy, he is baffled and defeated.

The same uncertainty menaces men in every pursuit. A surgeon acquires a unique knowledge of some special form of disease and a skill as an operator which seems almost supernatural. For fifteen or twenty years he has sacrificed everything to his noble profession. He has been distrusted, and has endured distrust with unflinching courage. He has been thwarted by professional jealousy, and has kept his temper sweet and generous. He has lived a hard and anxious life, but has never stooped to mean and ignoble methods of improving his fortunes. At last his loyal devotion to science, and his generous passion for the relief of suffering, seem on the point of reaping a splendid harvest. His magnificent skill is acknowledged. He has secured the public confidence, which he always deserved. A great position has been fairly won—a position which gives him wealth, reputation, and, what he values more than either, the opportunity of immense usefulness. And just then he happens to be in a

railway accident, or is thrown out of a hansom, and he receives a nervous shock, which makes his hand unsteady and his eye untrue. He has been sowing for years, but he never reaps.

Human life has still sadder experiences than these. You may try to get a harvest of affection from your children and friends; but your seed is sown on the "way-side," and those whose love you most long for, and try most earnestly to win, forget your kindest words as soon as they are spoken, your kindest services as soon as they are done. Or your seed is sown on "rocky places;" there is a prompt and cordial response to your affection, but there is no "deepness of earth"—no capacity for strong and enduring love; the love is a passing impulse, and its strength is soon spent. Or your seed is sown "among thorns;" the cares of life or its pleasures so fill the heart and mind that in the crowd of less gentle and less noble interests you and your love are forgotten. All these things happen to God in his endeavours to win *our* love and confidence; they happen to *us* in our endeavours to win the love and confidence of others. In those provinces of life which lie below the eternal and the divine we cannot be sure that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

There are times when we say hard words about the uncertainty and confusion of human affairs. We turn cynical. What is the use of working hard if we cannot make sure of the reward of our labour? Why practise self-denial if we are not certain that anything will come of it? Why qualify ourselves for positions which we may never fill? What practical wisdom is there in laying down plans of life which cover many years, when we are at the mercy of innumerable accidents which in a moment may bring all our schemes to nothing? Why should we take trouble to serve others who, for anything we know, will be ungrateful for all our love and service?

But the disorder which God permits in the lower provinces of human life is a part of that wise and kindly severity by which he disciplines the race for eternal righteousness and eternal joy. The confusion and the uncertainty warn us against spending our strength for objects which are below the true height of our nature and destiny. The low levels of life are swept by destructive floods, are smitten with fatal blight; they are unfenced and unprotected, and are open to the incursions of marauding tribes. What we sow *there* we are never certain of reaping.

But the eternal fields are within our reach ; in these we are sure of golden harvests.

God is the only Master who always gives His servants the wages they work for. Work for wealth ; it may slip from your hands just when you think that you have achieved the most splendid success. Discipline yourself for professional eminence, and when you are just reaching the height of your hopes you may have a ruinous fall. Resolve to serve the State, and after years of honest preparation the opportunity of service may never come. Try to win the affection of those dearest to your heart, and you may be cruelly disappointed. But serve God and you cannot fail. Serve Him in your business, and every hour you spend in your counting-house or in your works—whether you make money or lose it—will increase your treasure in Heaven. Serve God in your profession, and whether you are successful or not in your professional life, every year of labour will discipline you for the higher activities on the other side of death. In your schemes for serving the public, let it be your supreme object to serve Him, and though you may never be appointed to the obscurest administrative duties, and may never exert any appreciable influence on the course of public affairs, you will make sure of honourable distinctions and honourable functions in the kingdom of God. Serve your children and your friends for the sake of serving Him, and though you may win from them no affection and gratitude, you will hear from the lips of Christ the surprising words : " Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these . . . ye did it unto Me. Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

In a world like this, how is it that men who believe in the living God and whose thoughts wander through eternity, can be indifferent to the glorious ages which are their inheritance in Christ and to the will which is their supreme law? Even where emotion is touched and imagination kindled by the solemnities and grandeurs of the invisible and eternal world conduct is often withdrawn from its control. A life of faultless morality, as well as a life of degrading vice, may be uninspired by reverence for God's eternal righteousness and by gratitude for God's eternal love. Deeds good in themselves may be done without regard to Him who has the right to our perfect trust and our unreserved obedience. It may be only by accident that they coincide with the divine will. They may be done to discharge claims arising out of the transient relationships of this life, and

to fulfil laws which we should recognise as authoritative if we had never caught sight of the throne of God and had no prevision of the world beyond death. There may be practical Atheism where there is theoretical faith in the divine existence and authority. The disappearance of God from the creed would have no practical effect on life and character. But if there is nothing of the eternal and the divine in our earthly conduct we are sowing no seed from which we have a right to expect a divine and eternal harvest. The connection between sowing and happy reaping is uncertain and precarious, except for those who have passed into the kingdom of God and who have received the life of God, who have made the divine thought and purpose the law of all their actions and the ground of all their hopes.

The harvest they are sowing to-day may not be ready to-morrow or the day after, but " in due season " they will reap if they faint not. I will not press the words so far as to say that there is no harvest to be expected before the " season " comes for reaping that eternal harvest which is absolutely certain. Many Christian people can say with Oliver Cromwell, " I have had plentiful wages beforehand, and I am sure I shall never earn the least mite."

" How can they reckon up the grace
Each hour, each moment brings?
How store Thy gifts? how find a place
For all their precious things?"

" O boundless treasure, all unearned!
O wages given for nought!
Bestowed ere once their hearts have yearned,
Ere once their hands have wrought!"

But it may sustain the courage and constancy of others to be reminded that the great harvest which they are sowing is to be reaped in the sunlit fields of immortality. There are good men to whom in this world the calm and golden autumn never comes. For them the tree of life does not yield its fruit every month. They seem to labour in vain and to spend their strength for nought. Their life is one prolonged winter, or at best an ungenial spring. They have hardly any sunshine, and instead of the kindly heat of summer in which they might ripen to a beautiful righteousness, they are exposed to keen and cruel winds. One dreary season follows another; there is nothing to break the depressing monotony of the cloudy, cheerless years. They plough the same fields over and over again, and the soil is heavy and the ploughing is hard work. They try to clean the ground, but the roots of the

weeds refuse to be torn out, and after all their labour the stones seem to be as thick as when they began. They sow good seed, but sow in tears, and they wonder whether the tender green will ever show itself above the bare brown earth.

Let them not despair. The sure promise of God will not be broken. The law of the eternal kingdom will not fail. Let them not grow "weary in well-doing." Let them not become impatient. Impatient! why should they be? Suppose that they have to live a life of sixty or seventy years, ploughing and sowing, in dreary, dismal weather, with dark days and cold nights—what are their labours compared with the everlasting harvest? Let one good deed follow another; let every brave triumph over temptation give heart and courage for the conflict which follows it; let the ascent of one mountain height of moral and spiritual achievement be accepted as little more than the discovery of a loftier height beyond; they have need of endurance, but the end will crown all. In far-off worlds, in far-off ages, among triumphant saints, in the presence of an approving God, they will reap at last the golden harvest of their well-doing.

When we take sides with God, God takes sides with us. Work done for God is never wasted. This truth has very wide applications. With some qualifications it holds good in reference to other harvests than those which are to be reaped in our own personal righteousness and joy. Work of every kind that God cares for is done in alliance with God's eternal wisdom and strength. No doubt God Himself is baffled by the waywardness, the folly, and the sin of men. He sows seed in rocky hearts, in hearts trodden hard by the passing feet of this world's business and custom and pleasure, in hearts infested with the thorns of care and of wealth; and no harvest comes. *Our* endeavours to do good to men are certain to be hindered and defeated by the same causes; but it is a great thing to have God on our side.

And whenever men work for the fulfilment of a divine law—even though they may not recognise it as divine, and may therefore miss the personal rewards which would follow their service if they had meant to serve God—it is wonderful how their unconscious alliance with the divine righteousness and love augments their strength and contributes to their success. I find in this a certain consolation for much of the unfaithfulness of the Christian Church. Those who mean to serve

God neglect very much of the work which God wants to have done, and their neglected tasks are taken up by those who never meant to serve Him. Fragments of God's thought come to men who have no knowledge of God Himself. Isolated precepts of His law constrain the obedience of men who have never made His will the universal law of life. They sow the good seed not knowing to whom it belongs; not knowing for whom they are working; and the seed yields glorious harvests.

This is specially true in the province of social and political reform. We are most certain to succeed if we are consciously endeavouring to get the divine will done on earth as it is done in heaven; but those who, without intending that this should be the result of their labours, are working on the lines of the divine thought, achieve large success.

I am clear that the desponding tone in which some men are in the habit of speaking of all schemes for the improvement of the morality and the material condition of the nation is altogether unjustifiable. The law holds that, if we are not weary in well-doing, we reap if we faint not. To tell us that all generous effort is worthless, that things get no better, is to quench the fires of a noble enthusiasm, to paralyze conscientious labour for the public good, and it is to do dishonour to that beneficent alliance of the divine love with common philanthropy which has actually lessened the evils which were the curse of earlier generations.

In due season we reap if we faint not. Read the accounts of the flagrant injustice which disgraced the administration of the law in this country two or three centuries ago, and then say whether the patriots and statesmen who resolved that the injustice should cease have not been successful. Read the descriptions of the prisons of England a hundred years ago, and then say whether John Howard has not reaped the harvest which he laboured for. Read the horrible story of the tortures and agonies inflicted by the slave trade at the close of the last century and the beginning of this, and then say whether it was for nothing that Wilberforce and Clarkson appealed to the humanity and justice of the English people to put a stop to it for ever.

Within the memory of living men, what great and happy changes have passed on the condition of the large masses of people in the manufacturing districts of the country! Their condition is still bad enough. During

the last three winters many of them have suffered severely. Many are still suffering from the prolonged depression of trade. There are many honest and industrious families, whose permanent condition is terribly unsatisfactory, and who, in the best times, are barely able to free themselves from the burdens which they have incurred in times of stagnation and disaster. There is still a great deal of roughness, coarseness, and violence among some classes of our population, and among others a great deal of selfishness, extravagance, ostentation, and profligacy.

But the wide wastes of misery and despair have been largely reclaimed. The appalling growth of hereditary pauperism which fifty years ago threatened an early exhaustion of our national resources and the destruction of all manly self-reliance and independence has been checked. Periods of extreme distress recur less frequently, and the area of suffering is narrowed. The turbulence and the savagery of the early part of the century have almost disappeared; the mutual hatred which separated different classes from each other, the fierce jealousy with which a starving population regarded the wealthy, the inhuman scorn and contempt, not unmingled with fear, with which the wealthy regarded their miserable fellow-countrymen, have passed away.

On matters of detail I cannot speak with any great confidence except for my own town. But what is true there must be true elsewhere. The houses in which large numbers of the people are living now are bad enough, and the shops in which large numbers of them are working now are bad enough. But when I compare the sanitary condition of the town to-day with the disgraceful negligence of thirty or forty years ago, which left whole districts to be the nests of foul and destructive diseases; when I compare the abundant supplies of wholesome water which are now generally within the reach of the people with the filthy wells, with sewage filtering into them, which were common in those times; when I compare the large, airy, light work-rooms in which thousands of the people are now working, with the close, poisonous atmosphere in which their fathers and mothers worked, and which I used to visit when my ministry began,—I can never say that the reformers have laboured in vain and spent their strength for nought.

Read the preface which Charles Kingsley prefixes to one of the later editions of "Alton Locke." He says that very much that was

contained in that vehement and noble appeal for justice and mercy to the poor had become obsolete. The battle was largely won. The worst evils against which he fought had passed away.

It is hardly possible to run by railway through the poorer districts of any of the great towns in the kingdom without seeing the conspicuous monuments and illustrations of the success of a still more recent movement for the public welfare. Every Board School rising above the humbler roofs which shelter our great working-class population should rebuke the despondency and renew the courage of those who are labouring for any Social Reform. About the merits of the School Board system, and about its administration, there are still divisions of opinion which cannot be discussed, and which should hardly be suggested, in these pages. But those to whom the system is most hateful may learn from it the lesson I am anxious to enforce. Fourteen years ago more than half the children in most of our great towns were in no school at all. Many of the schools at which the rest attended were worthless. Religious zeal, sustained and guided by the State, had accomplished great results; but for half-a-century there had been a demand for large measures of educational reform. About the year 1866 or 1867 a few men, inspired with a genuine zeal for popular education, combined together, and, taking up the work of their predecessors, they resolved to make a passionate assault on the indifference and despair of the public mind. They were men without any great public position and without the resources which are commonly supposed to be necessary to produce any great and immediate impression on national policy. They encountered fierce opposition, but they met it with a light heart, seeing before them the harvest which would come if they were not weary in well-doing. And already there is hardly a child in the kingdom for whom there is not a place in a fairly good school; and that compulsory law which, a little more than ten years ago, was denounced in every part of the country as foreign to the temper and traditions of the English people, and certain, if put in force, to provoke popular resistance and tumult, is working quietly and peacefully; and, while inflicting some hardship on individual families, is bringing the whole of our children under civilising and elevating influences.

It is in the highest work of all that there seems to be the gravest reason for despondency. Many weary centuries have gone by,

and the vessel of the Church is still in mid-ocean, labouring heavily and beaten with storms. The happy shores for which she is sailing seem as far off as ever. In the work which lies nearest to every one of us there is very much to chasten the exultation of hope with which, perhaps, most of us began it. To measure the harvest which we have already reaped against the zeal, and energy, and thoughtfulness, and solicitude with which we have laboured, is, indeed, a perilous business. It may be that those of us who have been least successful have no great occasion for surprise. In work of this kind it is the quality, not the amount, of work that tells. And if we have been successful at all—successful, I mean, in winning the trust of a few men for Christ, in persuading them to accept His will as their highest law, in enriching their knowledge of God, in ennobling their conception of Christian righteousness ;

if we have been successful, here and there, in finding some solitary sheep that had been lost, and successful in keeping a very little flock from going astray—the results of our work are of infinite value. There is no proportion between the worth of our labour and what, through God's infinite goodness, we have been permitted to accomplish.

And however bitter may be our disappointments, we are in the presence of a divine sorrow which silences our complaints. He who laid aside His eternal glory and died on the cross at the impulse of His love for mankind and His love of righteousness, has not forsaken the world which He died to save. Our work is His rather than ours; our successes are His, and His are our defeats. "He that soweth the good seed is the Son of man," and if no harvest comes, or seems to come, we should think of His grief rather than our own.

THINKING OF MICHAEL.

BY ALEXANDER ANDERSON.

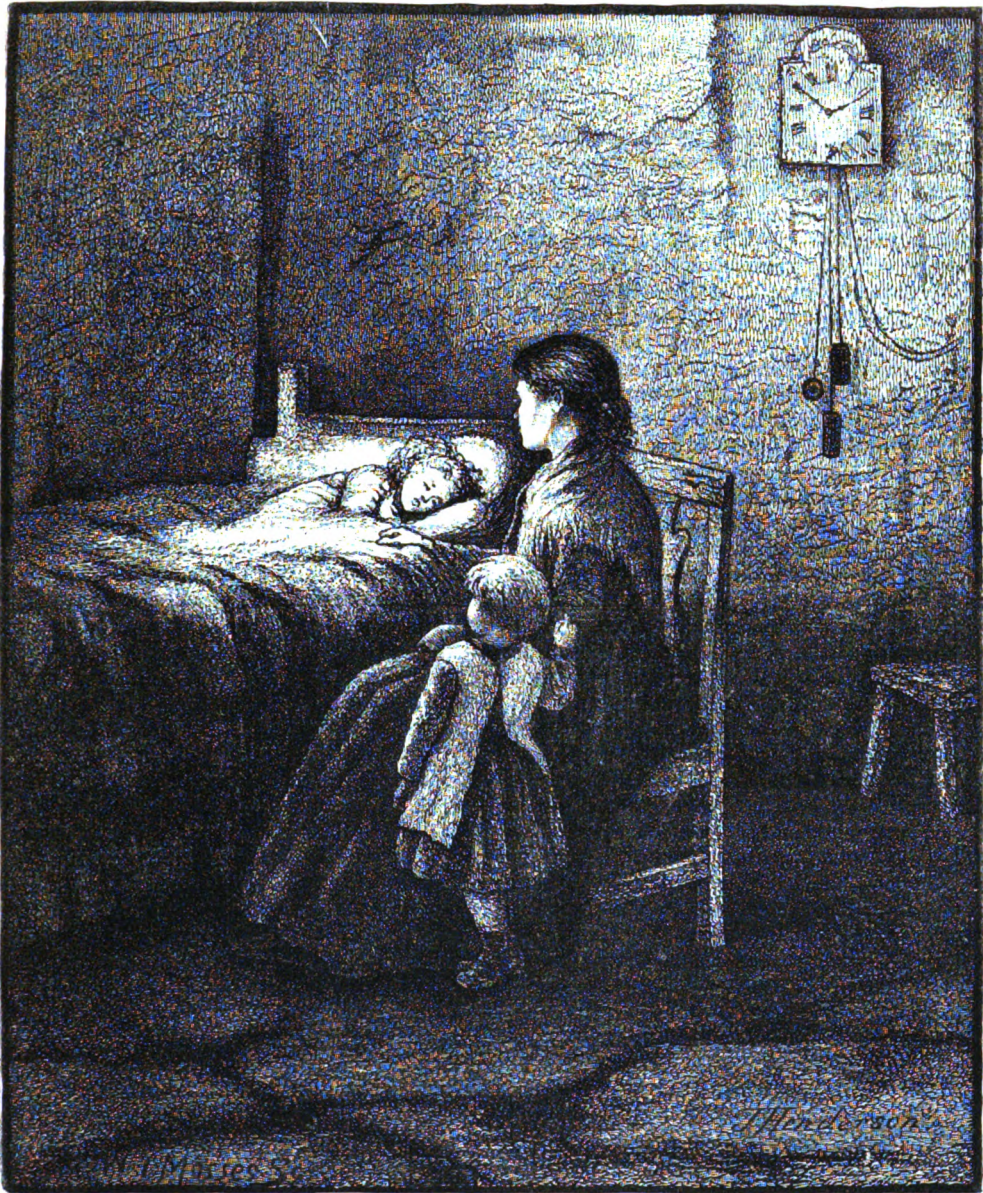
[A LETTER FROM THE "DEAD."—Upon the tin water-bottle of one of the dead men brought out of the Seaham Pit, Michael Smith, there was scratched, evidently with a nail, the following letter to his wife:—"Dear Margaret,—There was forty of us altogether at 7 A.M., some was singing hymns, but my thought was on my little Michael. I thought that him and I would meet in heaven at the same time. Oh, dear wife, God save you and the children, and pray for myself. Dear wife, farewell. My last thoughts are about you and the children. Be sure and learn the children to pray for me. Oh, what a terrible position we are in.—Michael Smith, 54, Henry Street." The little Michael he refers to was his child whom he had left at home ill. The lad died on the day of the explosion.]

IN the chamber of death underground,
Came these words to touch men to the heart,
Bring tears to the eyes, and a sound
Of a sorrow that strikes like a dart.
Hear ye not that low wail coming through
The death-gloom of that chamber so grim?
"I was thinking of Michael and you
When the rest were singing a hymn.

"I thought—not of death that would come—
It was nothing, dear wife, unto me ;
I was thinking of you and our home,
And how little Michael would be.
My God, what a fate we can view
In this deep vault that drips like our tears!
But still I was thinking of Michael and you,
With the sound of a hymn in my ears.

"Then I thought I would meet him above,
Both at once enter in at the gate,
Clasp his hand, hear his whisper of love,
With no hint of the earth and my fate,
Lead him into the light of that land,
Where no shadow may enter to dim—
All this in the midst of a band
Of my mates who were singing a hymn.

"Oh, pray for me, wife, when at night
Our children climb up on your knee ;
When the hearth is still dark from the blight,
Oh, teach them a prayer for me !
Let their voices go up to our God,
Who through this dark shadow can see ;
He will hear from the heights of His sinless
abode
Their prayers for you and for me.



"Farewell! and afar in the years
 That will deaden thy sorrow's deep smart,
 And thine eyes only soften with tears
 When my name stirs and leaps at thy heart,
 You will say, when you think upon me
 And this death-cavern, rugged and grim,
 'He was thinking how Michael would be
 When the rest were singing a hymn.'"
 XXIII—38

Oh, fathers and mothers that peer
 Down into that terrible mine,
 See ye not, far too deep for a tear,
 A love that was almost divine?
 That father, waiting for death to come,
 But still, in the midst of his fears,
 Thinking of poor little Michael at home,
 With the sound of a hymn in his ears.

FAREWELL TO FUINARY.

BY THE EDITOR.

IT may not be uninteresting to those readers of GOOD WORDS who remember the "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish," by Norman Macleod, whether as they first appeared in these pages or in their subsequent form,* to hear something more of the old home, although in this case it is the closing chapter in the history of the family of the Manse.

My chief difficulty in writing on such a subject arises from the natural delicacy experienced in speaking of near relatives. But this is in a measure overruled by knowing that the interest springs not wholly from what was personal to them, and that it may not be without use for us who walk in the conventionalisms of modern life to have our thoughts for a while directed to other times and simpler ways.

It is now an open secret that the Highland parish of the Reminiscences was Morven, in Argyllshire. For the long period of one hundred and eight years this parish was under the pastoral care of two men, father and son, respectively named Norman Macleod and John Macleod. Norman Macleod, the grandfather of him who wrote the Reminiscences, was minister there for nearly fifty years. Sixteen children were born to him and to his calm, courageous wife, Jean Morrison, in the Manse of Fuinary. Of these only two sons survived manhood. The eldest, named after his father, became distinguished elsewhere;† and the youngest, John, succeeded him, when the old man—having become so blind with age that he had to be placed in the pulpit with his face to the people when he addressed them—retired from active duty. This son, the late Dr. John Macleod, of Morven, continued to minister in the same place for fifty-eight years, till he entered into his rest last May.

Running parallel to the story of the Manse was that of the little cottage by the shore, where "Ruari Beag"—best of boatmen and most faithful "minister's man"—and his son Alastair lived. A hundred and eight years ago Ruari (*Anglicè*, Roderick, or "Rory")

had come with the minister from Skye to be his servant, and, by a species of apostolic succession, not without its own sanctities, Ruari's son Alastair succeeded his father in the cottage, with its relative duties, just as the son at the Manse succeeded the old minister. Now, as Alastair predeceased his master by little more than a twelvemonth, we have the rare picture of a service faithfully and continuously rendered for more than a century.

Dr. John Macleod, better known in the Highlands by the *sobriquet* of "the High Priest of Morven," was in many respects a remarkable man, and his life, from its nobility and simplicity, is instructive as it was picturesque. He was a giant in stature—measuring six feet nine inches—and of an iron frame. No one could meet him, however cursorily, without experiencing a certain wonder at the vision of this notable figure, with its grand head of snow-white hair, towering above the crowd. Many of the freshest pictures of that open-air training of the boys of the Manse, which give a charm to the "Reminiscences of the Highland Parish," are borrowed as much from the life of John Macleod as from that of his elder brother.

He had been trained in seamanship by Ruari Beag, taught by him to hold the helm when the weather was fair, or to obey orders when the little boat was steered in the teeth of the gale by the old boatman, with the one eye that glittered in the hour of danger with wakeful anxiety as it took in the force of the coming squall or the "set" of the tide. Trained in such a school he himself became an accomplished steersman, and was possessed of a thorough knowledge of every rock and tide-way for many a league round the stormy Western Isles. He had a passion for the sea, and gave vent to his love in more than one fine boat-song—in Gaelic as well as English*—breathing the very spirit of the waves and of the scenery of the lochs and breezy headlands. In his youth he had been a keen sportsman, and not a few of the best stories he related in his old age were taken from his hunting adventures after wild cats on the hill, or from the feats of favourite terriers dragging out huge

* "Reminiscences of a Highland Parish." By Norman Macleod, D.D. London: Wm. Isbister, Limited.

† I do not dwell here on the career and character of our revered father, Norman Macleod, D.D., of St. Columba, Glasgow, as I have had an opportunity of doing so, however briefly, in the Memoir of my brother, Norman Macleod, D.D.

* An English boat-song imitating the effect of the Gaelic rhythm was published in GOOD WORDS for February, 1875.

otters from their haunts at the Clachorain (Otter-rock) on the lonely shore.

At a very early age he was ordained successor to his father, and the cure of such a parish entailed such toils as are little dreamt of in the rural districts of the Lowlands of Scotland or in the rich English counties. The Highlands had not then undergone the transition which has depopulated the glens and effaced so many of its best traditions. Morven was then—and is even yet in its desolation—intensely Highland. The stream of tourists passes its shores, but few ever care to land there, and the consequence is that, to the present day, little English is heard among the people, while not a few of the older inhabitants scarcely understand it. The parish is enormous, containing 130 square miles, and having something approaching 100 miles of seaboard. At the commencement of his ministry there were in it 2,000 inhabitants (now there are about 600) scattered in hamlets and in lonely cottages. There are two parish churches, nine miles apart, where services have to be maintained. Yet, for many a day, every person in this wide region was regularly examined once a year; a book was kept in which the state of the religious knowledge of each individual was carefully entered, and the subjects noted which had been recommended for preparation before the next "visitation." The labour which these duties implied, in addition to those of visiting the sick, marrying and baptizing, and holding prayer-meetings in distant parts, was very great. Often had the young minister, like his father before him, to be away for days and nights in his open boat, sometimes, when benighted or storm-stayed, being compelled to take shelter behind a wall or rock till the day dawned or the weather moderated. Often had he to stride across mountain and moor to visit some dying parishioner, not completing his thirty or forty miles' march till "late in the gloamin'," when followed by the terriers, his unflinching companions, he returned to Fuinary.

Once a brother minister from the Lowlands was on a visit at the Manse and insisted on accompanying him on one of these long ministerial walks. This Lowlander was a big, soft man, not a little conceited nor indisposed to sneer at the "imaginary" difficulties of a Highland parish. Nothing would now dissuade him from braving the hills and seeing "the worst of it." A cottage here and a hamlet there were visited in passing, and at last the far-off sick-bed having been reached, and the chief

object of the day being accomplished, a different and shorter route was taken for home. Hitherto the Lowland brother had greatly enjoyed his outing, for the scenery had been wild and romantic. But as evening began to fall his increasing silence betrayed increasing fatigue. At last a point was reached where there was in front a broad tarn and beyond it a dark mountain wall. The terriers plunged into the water and swam straight off. "Where is the road?" anxiously inquired the Southerner. "That which the dogs have taken," was the reply. "What, through that loch?" "There is none other," said Macleod. This was too much for the critical visitor, who then and there declined to budge a foot. There was no help for it, so stooping down and getting the weary Presbyterian on his back, the giant minister strode through the loch and deposited his burden on the farther shore. Nor were his adventures then over, for as night fell on the long slope leading down to Fuinary, the strength of the good Lowlander fairly deserted him, and the Manse had to be reached by the parish minister undertaking once more the burden with which he had crossed the tarn. The life indeed of the minister of this Highland parish was more like that of such missionary bishops as Selwyn or Pattison, making a large demand on physical energy as well as on pastoral zeal.

A fine feature in his life was his love of the old home and of his parishioners. The living—never valuable—was long a miserably poor one. Yet although frequently offered promotion to some of the best parishes and offices to which a clergyman of the Church of Scotland could aspire, he never could summon courage to bid farewell to the familiar scenes of his youth or to the flock, every member of which he reckoned a personal friend. There was something of the grotesque in the manner in which, after being at first tempted for the sake of his family to entertain these proposals, he inevitably experienced the rebound of feeling which as inevitably ended in the sudden declinature. Once when he went to see an eligible parish the presentation to which had been put within his power, he overtook an old woman on the moorland road leading to it. "They tell me," said she, seeing he was a clergyman, "that we canna be forced noo to tak' ony minister a patron may present." "That is true—but there is also another law." "And what may that be?" inquired the old body, peering curiously up to the countenance

that towered above her. "Only this, that neither can any minister be forced to take a parish!"

This is not the place, nor is it my object, to speak of his personal or ministerial gifts, nor of the good work he did for his Church and for the Highlands. His power as a preacher, great as it was, was not equal to his gifts as a debater and pleader. "I am thankful that that big uncle of yours was not a barrister," an eminent counsel said to me after an ecclesiastical "case" in which the minister of Morven had gained his point over a strong opposing bar, "for few of us would have had a chance with him." The Church he served bestowed upon him the highest honour in her gift, and the Queen showed her appreciation of his useful and consistent life by conferring on him the offices of Dean of the Thistle, and Dean of the Chapel Royal.

His later years were spent in pathetic loneliness. He had seen his parish almost emptied of its people. Glen after glen had been turned into sheep-walks, and the cottages in which generations of gallant Highlanders had lived and died were unroofed, their torn walls and gables left standing like mourners beside the grave, and the little plots of garden or of cultivated enclosure allowed to merge into the moorland pasture. He had seen every property in the parish change hands, and though, on the whole, kindly and pleasant proprietors came in the place of the old families, yet they were strangers to the people, neither understanding their language nor their ways. The consequence was that they perhaps scarcely realised the havoc produced by the changes they inaugurated. "At one stroke of a pen," he said to me, with a look of sadness and indignation, "two hundred of the people were ordered off —. There was not one of these whom I did not know and their fathers before them; and finer men and women never left the Highlands." He thus found himself the sole remaining link between the past and present—the one man above the rank of a peasant who remembered the old days and the traditions of the people. The sense of change was intensely saddened as he went through his parish and passed ruined houses here, there, and everywhere. "There is not a smoke there now," he used to say with pathos of the glens which he had known tenanted by a manly and loyal peasantry, among whom lived song and story and the elevating influences of brave traditions. His domestic

solitude for twenty years was even more touching. Bereaved of wife and daughters, and with his sons gone from him into life, he was left alone in the old home which had once been so full of happy voices. But those who visited him will not easily forget the patriarchal dignity of his bearing and the courtly manners of this Highlander of the old school, nor those quiet strolls by Fingal's Hill or down to the favourite seat overlooking the Sound of Mull—Rory's cottage nestling on the shore beneath, the white-winged sea-birds screaming over the tide-way, and the grand mountains of Mull beyond flooded with the splendour of the western sky. It was then that the old man delighted to pour forth his stores of anecdote and legend. Sometimes he would point out the blackened ruins of a distant homestead, and recount the annals of the family who had dwelt there. Sometimes he would tell of phases of Highland life and character long passed away—of the old woman, for example, who lived in a far-off glen, and who seemed to be filled more with half-heathen legends than Christian ideas. "Often have I gone to see her, determined to press religion home on her heart, but no sooner had I talked a little than she would break out—'Very true, minister, and what you say puts me in mind of the Black Knight and the Waterfall, and how he was freed from his doom,' and then would she give in graphic Gaelic some legend so remarkable in its mythic teaching that my interest became absorbed, and, to my great discontent, I found when I came away that I had been more of a listener than an instructor. Once to our astonishment the poor body appeared at the Manse. How she came so far I know not, but nothing could exceed her weird look as she addressed the house—'Oh, Fuinary, Fuinary! you are smiling to-day, but well do I remember when you and many another house in Morven was smoking to heaven,' alluding to the suppression of the rebellion in 1745."

The solitude and silence of the place in those later times were quite "eerie," and yet for twenty years he abode there alone without a murmur, doing good work for his Church and country. In his loneliness he made friends with the birds, and it was something to see this gigantic man as he paced down the gravel walk followed by the robins and chaffinches he had tamed, or to notice how they would perch upon his feet or flutter on his shoulder as he sat at the door. The cawing rookery in the trees was a continual study. There was not a crow there whose

character he did not know. "There goes that old scoundrel again," he would say with a ripple of appreciative mirth; "his one object in life is to avoid labour and to steal the sticks the others have carried. Look at the rogue!"

The rest of his life was in sweet keeping with its previous course. He was able, almost to the last hour, to go out and gaze on the scenes he loved so well; but an accidental fall so hurried the close that his sons, who had been constant in their attentions, were unable to reach home before the end came. As he had lived, so he died. Calling his household round his bed, he offered up, with a strong calm voice, prayer in Gaelic for them and all he loved—and soon afterwards, and without speaking another word, he fell asleep in Christ.

His funeral was most impressive. I went with the others to Morven in a day of glory, and there are few grander scenes in Europe than that which meets the eye between Oban and Loch Aline: Linnhe Loch with the massive ranges of Glen Coe and Ben Nevis; Loch Etive with its guardian "Shepherds" and the giant Cruachan; the coast of Lorne and its frontier of scattered islands reaching into the shimmering haze of the Atlantic; and then Mull with Duart; and on to the precipices of Morven, by lonely Unnimore and the grey Ardtornish, till Loch Aline (Loch of Beauty) is reached. The drive to Fuinary was through a portion of the Highland Parish which had become, like so many other districts of the Highlands, sadly depopulated. Even a stranger must be struck by the marks of change; but to those who knew something of "what once had been," all appeared intensely melancholy. A tree and some grassy mounds marked the spot where stood the house of the good Samuel Cameron, the schoolmaster described in the Highland Parish and with whom Norman Macleod lived as a boy and gained most of the little Gaelic he had and an insight into much healthy Highland life. And then came some roofless walls marking the home of the old tacksman of Auchenaha, where the first minister found the best of wives, the good mother of the sixteen children; and then the mill of Savary, where had lived "Donald of the Mill," of whose blood came David Livingstone. Donald had been out with the Prince in "the forty-five," and had secured at Culloden the colours of his chief by running off with them wrapped round his body. Many a story had our father told us of the old Cateran—of how he used to gather secretly his brother Jacobites

once a year to drink "a health to Charlie," and after quaffing the whisky, how he would crush the pewter stoup in his hand and fling it away, lest any other name than that of the Prince should be associated with it. When he was old, "Donald of the Mill" was crossing Savary when the stream was in flood. Donald, in his kilt, had got astride between two stepping stones, and, stiff from age, found that he could not lift either foot without falling into the torrent that raged between, and so there and then our father, who was then a boy, found the old savage in a towering passion and pouring out curses in Gaelic on the evils of old age! All are gone, and the place that once knew them knows them no more! The hillside, which had once borne a happy people, and echoed the voices of joyous children, is now a silent sheep-walk. The supposed necessities of Political Economy have effected the exchange, but the day may come when the country may feel the loss of the loyal and brave race which has been driven away, and find a new meaning perhaps in the old question, "Is not a man better than a sheep?" They who "would have shed their blood like water" for Queen and country, are in other lands, Highland still, but expatriated for ever—

"From the dim shieling on the misty island,
Mountains divide us and a world of seas,
But still our hearts are true, our hearts are Highland,
And in our dreams we behold the Hebrides.
Tall are these mountains and these woods are grand,
But we are exiled from our fathers' land."

The funeral was next day, and nearly the whole male population of the parish, rich and poor, were there, with others from a distance, and the Roman Catholic priest of the district among them. Old men were there with wrinkled faces and weather-bleached hair, and home-spun garments redolent of peat-reek, and young fisher-lads and strong shepherds with their plaids and *cromachs*. In Highland fashion the huge coffin was carried all the way for five miles to the grave, now shoulder high and again upon stretchers, and borne along by eighteen stalwart men at a time, almost every parishioner taking his turn. As the dark procession left the empty house and wound down the familiar path to the shore, there seemed to be more than the living present there. The forms of the dead and gone, and the happy voices of old times seemed the nearer because of the very solitude of the land through which we moved. The tones of my father's song, written more than seventy years ago, and which every

West Highlander knows so well, were ringing in my heart :—

*"Eirich agus tiugain, O,
Eirich agus tiugain, O,
Eirich agus tiugain, O,
Farewell, farewell to Fuinary.
A thousand, thousand tender ties
Awake this day my plaintive sighs;
My heart within me almost dies
At thought of leaving Fuinary."*

And so amid the sunshine and shower which

mingled their light and shadow as in sympathy with thoughts at once bright and sorrowful, was the good minister of Morven carried to the church-yard of Kiel, past the green hill crowned with the ancient Iona Cross—standing in relief against the distant landscape of sea and mountain—and there by the reverent hands of those who loved him, his ashes were laid among those of his own dear ones.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER X.—SIR FRANCIS TRAVELS WITH MISS ALTIFIORLA.

MISS ALTIFIORLA was at the station of course before her time. It is the privilege of unmarried ladies when they travel alone to spend a good deal of time at stations. But as she walked up and down the platform she had an opportunity for settling her thoughts. She was angry with three persons, with Mrs. Western, Mr. Western, and with herself. She was very angry with Cecilia. Had Cecilia trusted to her properly she could have sympathized with her thoroughly in all her troubles. She was not angry with her friend in that her friend was afraid of her husband. Would she have reposed herself and her fears on her friend's bosom it might have been very well. But it was because her friend had not been afraid of her that she was wroth. Mrs. Western had misbehaved egregiously and had come to her in her trouble solely because it was necessary. So far she had done naturally. But though she had come, she had not come in any of the spirit of humility. She had been bold as brass to her in the midst of her cowardice towards her husband,—imperious to herself and unbending. She had declined her advice with scorn. And yet one word spoken by herself would have been destructive. Seeing that she had been so treated had she not been wrong to abstain from the word?

Her anger against Mr. Western was less hot in its nature but was still constant. He had not liked her, and though he had been formally civil his dislike had been apparent. He was a man proud of himself, who ought to be punished for his pride. It was quite proper that he should learn that his wife had been engaged to the man whom he had so

violently despised. It would be no more than a fitting reverse of fortune. Mr. Western was she thought no better than other men and ought to be made so to understand. She had not quite arranged in her mind what she could now do in the matter, but for "dear Cecilia's" sake she was sure that something must be done.

And she was angry with herself at allowing herself to be turned out of the house before the crisis had come. She felt that she ought to have been present at the crisis and that by the exercise of her own powers she might have hurried on the crisis. In this respect she was by no means satisfied with herself.

She was walking up and down the platform of the little country station thinking of all this when on a sudden she saw Sir Francis Geraldine get out of a brougham. It cannot be explained why her heart throbbed when she saw Sir Francis get out of his brougham. It was not that she thought that she could ask his advice on the matters which filled her mind, but there probably did come to her vague ideas of the possibility of some joint action. At any rate she received him when he came upon the platform with her blandest smile, and immediately entered into conversation with him respecting the household of the Westerns. What a stiff man he was, so learned, so proper, and so distant! It was impossible to get on with him. No doubt he was very good and all that. But what was their poor dear Cecilia to do with a man so silent, and one who hated all amusements? Before the train came up she and Sir Francis were quite on good terms together; and as they were both going to London they got into the same carriage.

"Of course he's a prig," said Sir Francis, as they seated themselves opposite to one another. "But then his wife is a prig too,

and I do not see why they should not suit each other."

"You did not use to think her a prig, Sir Francis."

"No; like other men I made a mistake and was nearly having to pay for it. But I discovered in time,—luckily for both of us."

"You know," said Miss Altifiorla, "that Cecilia Holt was my dearest friend, and I cannot endure to hear her abused."

"Abused! You do not think I wish to abuse her. I am awfully fond of her still. But I do not see why she and Western should not get on very well together. I suppose they've no secrets from each other," he added after a pause. Upon this Miss Altifiorla remained silent. "They tell each other everything I should think." Still Miss Altifiorla said nothing. "I should imagine that she would tell him everything."

"Upon my word I can't say."

"I suppose she does. About her former engagement for instance. He knows the whole story, eh?"

"I declare you put it to me in such a way that one doesn't know how to answer you."

"Different people have such different opinions about these kind of things. Some people think that because a girl has been engaged to a man she never ought to speak to him again when the engagement is broken. For my part I do not see why they should not be as intimate as any other people. She looked at me the other day as though she thought that I ought not to put myself into the same room with her again. I suppose she did it in obedience to him."

What was Miss Altifiorla to say in answer to such a question? She did remember her promise, and her promise was in a way binding upon her. She wished so to keep it as to be able to boast that she had kept it. But still she was most anxious to break it in the spirit. She did understand that she had bound herself not to divulge aught about Mrs. Western's secret, and that were she to do so now to Sir Francis she would be untrue to her friend. But the provocation was strong; and she felt that Sir Francis was a man with whom it would be pleasant to form an alliance.

"You must know," said Sir Francis.

"I don't see that I need know at all. Of course Cecilia does tell me everything; but I do not see that for that reason I am bound to tell any one else."

"Then you do know."

"Know what?"

"Has she told him that she was engaged

to me? Or does he not know it without her telling him?" By this time they had become very intimate and were whispering backwards and forwards with each other at their end of the carriage. All this was very pleasant to Miss Altifiorla. She felt that she was becoming the recipient of an amount of confidential friendship which had altogether been refused to her during the last two weeks. Sir Francis was a baronet, and a man of fashion, and a gentleman very well thought of in Devonshire, let Mr. Western say what he might about his conduct. Mr. Western was evidently a stiff stern man who did not like the amusements of other gentlemen. Miss Altifiorla felt that she liked being the friend of a man of fashion, and she despised Mr. Western. She threw herself back on the seat and closed her eyes and laughed. But he pressed her with the same question in another form. "Does he know that she was engaged to me?"

"If you will ask me, I do not think that he does."

"You really mean to say that he had never heard of it before his marriage?"

"What am I to do when you press me in this way? Remember that I do not tell you anything of my own knowledge. It is only what I think."

"You just now said that she told you everything."

"But perhaps she doesn't know herself."

"At any rate there is a mystery about it."

"I think there is, Sir Francis." After that it was not very long before Miss Altifiorla was induced to talk with great openness of the whole affair, and before they had reached London she had divulged to Sir Francis the fact that Mrs. Western had as yet told her husband nothing of her previous engagement, and lived at the present moment in awe at the idea of having to do so. "I had no conception that Cecilia would have been such a coward," she said, as Sir Francis was putting her into a cab, "but such is the sad fact. She has never mentioned your name."

"And was therefore dreadfully frightened when I called."

"Oh dreadfully! But I shouldn't wonder if she has told him all about it now."

"Already, you think." He was standing at the door of the cab, detaining it, and thereby showing in a very pleasant manner the importance of the interview.

"Well;—I cannot say. Perhaps not yet. She had certainly not made the communication when I left this morning, but was only

waiting for my departure to do so. So she said at least. But she is terribly afraid of him and perhaps has not plucked up her courage. But I must be off now."

"When do you leave town?"

"This afternoon. You are delaying me terribly at this moment. Don't, Sir Francis!" This she said in a whisper because he had got hold of her hand through the window, as though to say good-bye to her, and did not at once let it go.

"When do you go? I'll see you off by the other train. When do you go, and from where?"

"Will you though? That will be very kind. Waterloo;—at 4.30. Remember the 4.30."

"Sans adieu!" Then she kissed her hand to him and was driven off.

This to her was all very pleasant. It gave an instant rose colour to her life. She had achieved such a character down at Exeter for maidenly reserve, and had lived so sternly, that it was hardly in her memory that a man had squeezed her hand before. She did remember one young clergyman who had sinned in this direction, twelve years since, but he was now a Bishop. When she heard the other day that he had been made a Bishop some misgivings as to her great philosophy touched her mind. Had she done right in repudiating mankind? Would it not have been better now to have been driving about the streets of the episcopal city, or perhaps even those of the metropolis, in an episcopal carriage? But as she had then said she had chosen her line and must now abide by it. But the pressing of her hand by Sir Francis had opened up new ideas to her. And they were the pleasanter because a special arrangement had been made for their meeting once again before they left London. As to one point she was quite determined. Mrs. Western and her secret must be altogether discarded. As for her promise she had not really broken it. He had been clever enough to extract from her all that she knew without, as she thought, any positive statement on her own part. At any rate he did know the truth, and no concealment could any longer be of service to Cecilia. It was evident that the way was open to her now and that she could tell all that she knew without any breach of confidence.

Sir Francis, when he left her, was quite determined to carry his project through. Cecilia had thrown him over with most abominable unconcern and self-sufficiency. He had intended to honour her and she had

non-stressfully dishonoured him. He had endeavoured to escape this by taking upon himself falsely the fault of having been the first to break their engagement. But there was a doubt as to this point, and people said that he had been jilted—much to his disgust. He was determined to be revenged,—or as he said to himself, "he had made up his mind that the broad truth should be known." It certainly would be the "broad truth" if he could make Mr. Western understand the relations on which he, Sir Francis, had but a few months before stood in regard to his wife. "Honesty," he said to himself, "demanded it."

Miss Altifiorla, he thought, was by no means an unpleasant young woman with whom to have an intrigue. She had good looks of her own, though they were thin and a little pinched. She was in truth thirty-five years old, but she did not quite look it. She had a certain brightness of eye when she was awakened to enthusiasm, and she knew how to make the best of herself. She could whisper and be—or pretend to be secret. She had about her, at her command to assume, a great air of special friendship. She had not practised it much with men as yet, but there was no reason why she should not do so with advantage. She felt herself already quite on intimate terms with Sir Francis; and of Sir Francis it may be said, that he was sufficiently charmed with Miss Altifiorla to find it expedient to go and see her off from the Waterloo Station.

He found Dick Ross at his club and lunched with him. "You're just up from the Criterion," said Dick.

"Yes; I went down for the sake of renewing an old acquaintance, and I renewed it."

"You've been persecuting that unfortunate young woman."

"Why a young woman should be thought unfortunate because she marries such a pink of perfection as Mr. Western, and avoids such a scapegrace as I am, I cannot conceive."

"She's unfortunate because you mean to bully her. Why can't you leave her alone? She has had her chance of war, and you have had yours, and he has had his. As far as I can see you have had the best of it. She is married to a stiff prig of a fellow, who no doubt will make her miserable. Surely that ought to be enough for you."

"Not quite," said Sir Francis. "There is nothing recommends itself to my mind so much as even-handed justice. He played me a trick once, and I'll play him another. She too played me a trick, and now I can

play her one. My good fortune consists in this, that I can kill the two birds with one stone."

"You mean to kill them."

"Certainly I do. Why on earth should I let them off? He did not let me off. Nor did she. They think because I carry things in an easy manner that I take them easily. I suffer as much as they do. But they shall suffer as well as I."

"The most pernicious doctrine I ever heard in my life," said Dick Ross as he filled his mouth with cold chicken pie.

"When you say pernicious, have you any idea what you mean?"

"Well, yes; awfully savage, and all that kind of thing. Just utter cruelty, and a bad spirit."

"Those are your ideas because you don't take the trouble to return evil for evil. But then you never take the trouble to return good for good. In fact, you have no idea of duty, only you don't like to burden your conscience with doing what seems to be ill-natured. Now, if a man does me good, I return it,—which I deem to be a great duty, and if he does me evil, I generally return that sooner or later. There is some idea of justice in my conduct, but there is none in yours."

"Do you mean to punish them both?"

"Well, yes; as far as it is in my power, both."

"Don't," said Dick Ross, looking up with something like real sorrow depicted on his face. But still he called for some greengage pie.

"I like to get the better of my enemies," said the Baronet. "You like fruit pie. I doubt if you'd even give up fruit pie to save this woman."

"I will," said Dick, pushing the pie away from him.

"The sacrifice would be all in vain. I must write the letter to-day, and as it has to be thought about I must begin it at once. Whatever happens, do not let your good nature quarrel with your appetite."

"He's a fiend, a perfect fiend," said Dick Ross, as he sate dawdling over his cheese. "I wouldn't have his ill-nature for all his money." But he turned that sentiment over in his mind, endeavouring to ascertain what he would do if the offer of the exchange were made to him. For Dick was very poor, and at this moment was in great want of money. Sir Francis went into the smoking-room, and sitting there alone with a cigar in his mouth, meditated the letter which he would have to write. The letter should be addressed to Mr. Western, and was one which could not be written without much

forethought. He not only must tell his story, but must give some reason more or less plausible for the telling of it. He did not think that he could at once make his idea of justice plain to Mr. Western. He could not put forth his case so clearly as to make the husband understand that all was done in fair honour and honesty. But as he thought of it, he came to the conclusion that he did not much care what impression he might leave on the mind of Mr. Western;—and still less what impression he might leave on hers. He might probably succeed in creating a quarrel, and he was of opinion that Mr. Western was a man who would not quarrel lightly, but, when he did, would quarrel very earnestly. Having thought it all over with great deliberation, he went up-stairs, and in twenty minutes had his letter written. At a quarter past four he was at the Waterloo Station to see the departure of Miss Altifiorla. Even he could perceive that she was somewhat brighter in her attire than when he had met her early in the morning. He could not say what had been done, but something had been added to please his eyes. The gloves were not the same, nor the ribbons; and he thought that he perceived that even the bonnet had been altered. Her manner too was changed. There was a careless ease and freedom about her which he rather liked; and he took it in good part that Miss Altifiorla had prepared herself for the interview, though he were to be with her but for a few minutes, and that she should be different from the Miss Altifiorla, as she had come away from the Western breakfast table. "Now there is one thing I want you to promise me," she said as she gave him her hand.

"Anything on earth."

"Don't let Mr. Western or Cecilia know what you know about that." He laughed and merely shook his head. "Pray don't. What's the good? You'll only create a disturbance and misery. Poor dear Cecilia has been uncommonly silly. But I don't think that she deserves to be punished quite so severely."

"I'm afraid I must differ from you there," he said, shaking his head.

"Is it absolutely necessary?"

"Absolutely."

"Poor Cecilia! How can she have been so foolish! He is of such a singular temperament that I do not know what the effect may be. I wish you would think better of it, Sir Francis."

"And leave myself to stand in my present

very uncomfortable position ! And that after such treatment as hers. I have thought it all over, and have found myself bound in honour to inform him. And it is for the sake of letting you know that I have come here. Perhaps you may be called upon to say or do something in the matter."

"I suppose it cannot be helped," said Miss Altifiorla with a sigh.

"It cannot," he replied.

"Poor dear Cecilia. She has brought it on her own head. I must get into my train now, as we are just off. I am so much obliged to you for coming to see me start."

"We shall meet each other before long," he said, as she again kissed her hand and took her departure. Miss Altifiorla could not but think what a happy chance it was that prevented his marriage with Cecilia Holt.

CHAPTER XI.—MR. WESTERN HEARS THE STORY.

It was the custom for Mr. Western to come down into the library before breakfast, and there to receive his letters. On the morning after Miss Altifiorla's departure he got one by which it may be said that he was indeed astonished. It can seldom be the case that a man shall receive a letter by which he is so absolutely lifted out of his own world of ordinary contentment into another absolutely different. And the world into which he was lifted was one black with unintelligible storms and clouds. It was as though everything were suddenly changed for him. The change was of a nature which altogether unmanned him. Had he been ruined that would have been as nothing in comparison. The death of no friend,—so he told himself in the first moment of his misery,—could have so afflicted him. He read the letter through twice and thrice, and then sat silent with it in his hand thinking of it. There could be but one relief, but that relief must surely be forthcoming. The letter could not be true. How to account for its falsehood, how to explain to himself that such a letter should have been written to him without any foundation for it, without any basis on which such a story could be constructed, he could not imagine to himself. But he resolved not to believe it. He saw that were he to believe it, and to have believed it wrongly, the offence given would be ineffable. He should never dare to look his wife in the face again. It was at any rate infinitely safer for him to disbelieve it. He sat there mute, immovable, without a change of

countenance, without even a frown on his brow, for a quarter of an hour; and at the end of that time he got up and shook himself. It was not true. Whatever might be the explanation, it could not be true. There was some foul plot against his happiness; but whatever the nature of the plot might be, he was sure that the story as told to him in that letter was not true. And yet it was with a very heavy heart that he rose and walked off to his wife's room.

The letter ran as follows :—

"MY DEAR MR. WESTERN,—I think it is necessary that I should allude to a former little incident in my past life,—one that took place in the course of the last year only,—to account for the visit which I made to your house the other day, and which was not, I think, very well taken. I have no reason to doubt but that you are acquainted with all the circumstances. Indeed I look upon it as impossible that you should not be so. But, taking that for granted, I have to explain my own conduct.

"It seems but the other day that Cecilia Holt and I were engaged to be married." Mr. Western, when he came to this passage, felt for a moment as though he had received a bullet in his heart. "All Exeter knew of the engagement, and all Exeter seemed to be well pleased. I was staying with my brother-in-law, the Dean, and had found Miss Holt very intimate at the Deanery. It is not for me now to explain the way in which our engagement was broken through, but your wife, I do not doubt, in telling you of the affair, will have stated that she did not consider herself to have been ill-used. I am quite certain that she can never have said so even to herself. I do not wish to go into the matter in all its details, but I am confident that she cannot have complained of me."

"Under these circumstances, when I found myself living close to you, and to her also, I thought it better to call and to offer such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighbourhood. It would, I thought, be much pleasanter to meet in that frank way than to go on cutting each other, especially as there was no ground for a quarrel on either side. I have, however, learned since that something has been taken amiss. What is it? If it be that I was before you, that is too late to be mended. You, at any rate, have won the prize, and ought to be contented. You also were engaged about the same time, and my cousin

has got your young lady. It is I that was left out in the cold, and I really do not see that you have any reason to be angry. I have no wish to force myself upon you, and if you do not wish to be gracious down at Ascot, then let there be an end of it.

"Yours truly,
"FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He arose and went slowly up-stairs to his wife's bedroom. It was just the time when she would come down to breakfast and as his hand was on the lock of the door she opened it to come out. The moment she saw him she knew that her secret had been divulged. She knew that he knew it, and yet he had endeavoured to eradicate all show of anger from his face, as all reality of it from his heart. He was sure,—was sure,—that the story was an infamous falsehood! His wife, his chosen one, his Cecilia to have been engaged, a year ago, to such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine,—to so base, so mean a creature,—and then to have married him without telling a word of it all! To have kept him wilfully, carefully, in the dark, with studied premeditation so as to be sure of effecting her own marriage before he should learn it, and that too when he had told her everything as to himself! It certainly could not be, and was not true!

She stood still holding the door open when she saw him there with the letter in his hand. There was an instant certainty that the blow had come and must be borne even should it kill her. It was as though she were already crushed by the weight of it. Her own conduct appeared to her black with all its enormity. Though there had been so little done by her which was really amiss, yet she felt that she had been guilty beyond the reach of pardon. Twelve months since she could have declared that she knew herself so well as to be sure that she could never tremble before any one. But all that was changed with her. Her very nature was changed. She felt as though she were a guilty, discovered, and disgraced criminal. She stood perfectly still, looking him in the face, but without a word.

And he! His perceptions were not quick as hers, and he still was determined to disbelieve. "Cecilia!" he said, "I have got a letter." And he passed on into the room. She followed him and stood with her hand resting on the shoulder of the sofa. "I have got a letter from Sir Francis Geraldine."

"What does Sir Francis Geraldine say of me?" she replied.

Had he been a man possessed of quick wit, he would have perceived now that the letter was true. There was confession in the very tone of her voice. But he had come there determined that it was not true, determined at any rate to act as though it were not true; and it was necessary that he should go through the game as he had arranged to play it. "It is a base letter," he said. "A foul lying letter. But there is some plot in it of which I know nothing. You can perhaps explain the plot."

"Maybe the letter is true," she said standing there, not submissive before him, but still utterly miserable in her guilt.

"It is untrue. It cannot possibly be true. It contains a wicked lie. He says that twelve months since you were engaged to him as his wife. Why does he lie like that?" She stood before him quite quiet without the change of a muscle of her face. "Do you understand the meaning of it all?"

"Oh, yes."

"What is the meaning? Speak to me and explain it."

"I was engaged to marry Sir Francis Geraldine just before I knew you. It was broken off and then we went upon the Continent. There I met you. Oh, George, I have loved you so well. I do love you so truly." As she spoke she endeavoured to take his hand in hers. She made that one effort to be tender in obedience to her conscience, but as she made it she knew that it would be in vain.

He rejected her hand, without violence indeed but still with an assured purpose, and walked away from her to the further side of the chamber. "It is true then?"

"Yes; it is true. Why should it not be true?"

"Heaven help us! And I to hear about it for the first time in such a fashion as this! He comes to see you, and because something does not go as he would have it, he turns round and tells me his story. But that he has quarrelled with you now, I should never have heard a syllable." He had come up to her room determined not to believe a word of it. And now, suddenly, there was no fault of which in his mind he was not ready to accuse her. He had been deceived, and she was to him a thing altogether different from that which he had believed her.

But she, too, was stung to wrath by the insinuation which his words contained. She knew herself to be absolutely innocent in every respect, except that of reticence to her husband. Though she was prepared to bear

the weight of the punishment to which her silence had condemned her, yet she was sure of the purity of her own conduct. Knowing his disposition, she did not care to make light of her great fault, but now something was added, she hardly knew what, of which she knew herself to be innocent. Something was hinted as to the friendship remaining between her and this man, of which her husband, in his pride, should not have accused her. What! Did he think that she had willingly received her late lover as her friend in his house and without his knowledge? If he thought that, then, indeed, must all be over between them. "I do not know what it is that you suspect. You had better say it out at once."

"Is this letter true?" and he held the letter up in his hand.

"I suppose it to be true. I do not know what it contains, but I presume it to be true."

"You can read it," and he threw the letter on the table before her.

She took it up and slowly passed her eyes over the words, endeavouring, as she did, to come to some determination as to what her conduct should be. The purport of the words she did not fully comprehend, so fully was her mind occupied with thinking of the condition of her husband's mind; but they left upon her an impression that in the main Sir Francis Geraldine had told his story truly. "Yes," she said, "it is true. Before I had met you I was engaged to marry this other man. Our engagement was broken off, and then mamma and I travelled abroad together. We there met you, and then you know the rest."

"And you thought it proper that I should be kept in the dark!" She remained silent. She could not apologise to him after hearing the accusation which rankled in his bosom. She could not go on to explain that the moment fittest for an explanation had never come. She could not endeavour even to make him understand that because her story was so like his own, hers had not been told. She knew the comparative insignificance of her own fault, and yet circumstances had brought it about that she must stand oppressed with this weight of guilt in her eyes. As he should be just or unjust, or rather merciful or unmerciful, so must she endure or be unable to endure her doom. "I do not understand it," he said, with affected calm. "It is the case, then, that you have brought me into this position with premeditated falsehood, and have wilfully deceived me as to your previous engagement?"

"No!"

"How then?"

"There has been no wilful deceit,—no cause for deceit whatsoever. You were engaged to marry the lady who is now Mrs. Geraldine. I was engaged to marry Sir Francis."

"But I told you all."

"You did."

"It would have been impossible that I should have asked you to be mine without telling you the whole story." She could not answer him. She knew it to be true,—that he had told her and must have told her. But for herself it had been so improbable that he had not known of her engagement! And then there had been no opportunity,—no fitting opportunity. She knew that she had been wrong, foolish, ill-judging; but there had been nothing of that premeditated secrecy,—that secrecy with a cause, of which he had hinted that she was guilty. "I suppose that I may take it as proved that I have been altogether mistaken?" This he said in the severest tone which he knew how to assume.

"How mistaken?"

"I have believed you to be sweet, and pure, and innocent, and true;—one in whom my spirit might refresh itself as a man bathes his heated limbs in the cool water. You were to have been to me the joy of my life,—my great treasure kept at home, open to no eyes but my own; a thing perfect in beauty, to think of when absent and to be conscious of when present, without even the need of expression. 'Let the wind come and the storm,' I said to myself, 'I cannot be unhappy, because my wife is my own.' There is an external grace about you which was to my thinking only the culture of the woman within."

"Well;—well."

"It was a dream. I had better have married that little girl. She was silly, and soon loved some one better. But she did not deceive me."

"And I,—have I deceived you?"

He paused before he answered her, and then spoke as though with much thought, "Yes," he said; "yes."

"Where? How?"

"I do not know. I cannot pretend even to guess. I shall probably never know. I shall not strive to know. But I do know that you have deceived me. There has been, nay, there is, a secret between you and one whom I regard as among the basest of men, of which I have been kept purposely in ignorance."

"There is no such secret."

"You were engaged to be his wife. That at any rate has been kept from me. He has been here as your friend, and when he came, —into my house,—the purport of his visit was kept from me. He asked for something, which was refused, and consequently he has written to me. For what did he ask?"

"Ask! For nothing! What was there for him to ask?"

"I do not know. I cannot even pretend to guess. As I read his letter there must have been something. But it does not matter. While you have seemed to me to be one thing, you have been another. You have been acting a part from the first moment in which we met, and have kept it up all through with admirable consistency. You are not that sweetly innocent creature which I have believed you to be."

She knew that she was all that he had fancied her, but she could not say so. She had understood him thoroughly when he had told her that she had been to him the cool water in which the heated man had bathed his limbs; that she was the treasure to be kept at home. Even in her misery something of delight had come to her senses as she heard him say that. The position described to her had been exactly that which it had been her ambition to fill. She knew that in spite of all that had come and gone she was still fit to fill it. There had been nothing, —not a thought to mar her innocence, her purity, her woman's tenderness. She was all his, and he was certain to know every thought of her mind and every throb of her heart. She did believe that if he could read them all, he would be perfectly satisfied. But she could not tell him that it was so. Words so spoken will be the sweetest that can fall into a man's ear,—if they be believed. But let there come but the shadow of a doubt over the man's mind, let him question the sincerity of a tone, and the words will become untrue, mawkish and distasteful. A thing perfect in beauty! How was she to say that she would be that to him? And yet, understanding her error as she had done with a full intelligence, she could have sworn that it should be so. The beauty he had spoken of was not simply the sheen of her loveliness, nor the grace of her form. It was the entirety of her feminine attraction, including the purity of her soul, which was in truth still there in all its perfection. But she could not tell him that he was mistaken in doubting her. Now he had told her that she was not that innocent creature which he had believed

her to be. What was she to do? How was she to restore herself to his favour? But through it all there was present to her an idea that she would not humble herself too far. To the extent of the sin which she had committed she would humble herself if she knew how to do that without going beyond it. But further than that in justice both to him and to herself she would not go. "If you have condemned me," she said, "there must be an end of it,—for the present."

"Condemned you! Do you not condemn yourself? Have you attempted any word of excuse? Have you given any reason why I should have been kept in the dark? Your friend Miss Altifiorla knew it all I presume?"

"Yes, she knew it all."

"And you would not have had her here if you could have avoided it lest she should tell me?"

"That is true. I wished to be the first to tell you myself."

"And yet you had never whispered a word of it. Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis it seems are friends." Cecilia only shook her head. "I heard yesterday at the station that they had gone to London together. I presume they are friends."

Quickly the idea passed through Mrs. Western's mind that Miss Altifiorla had been untrue to her. She had kept her word to the letter in not having told the secret to her husband but she had discussed the whole matter with Sir Francis, and the letter which Sir Francis had written was the result. "I do not know," she said. "If they be more to each other than chance acquaintance I do not know it. From week to week and from day to day before our marriage the thing went on and the opportunity never came. Something would always fall from you which made me afraid to speak at that moment. Then we were married, and I found how wrong I had been. I still resolved to tell you, but put it off like a coward from day to day. Your sister had heard of my first engagement."

"Did Bertha know it?"

"Yes; and like myself she was surprised that you should be so ignorant."

"She might well be surprised."

"Then I resolved to tell you. I would not do it till that other woman had left the house. I would not have her by to see your anger."

"And now this is the way in which the history of your former life has reached my ears!" As he said this he held out in his

hand the fatal letter. "This is the manner in which you have left me to be informed of a subject so interesting! I first hear from Sir Francis Geraldine that he and you a twelvemonth since were engaged together as man and wife." Here she stood quite silent. She did not care to tell him that it was more than twelve months since. "That you think to be becoming."

"I do not think so."

"That you feel to be compatible with my happiness!" Here, again, there was a pause, during which she looked full into his face. "Such is not my idea. My happiness is wrecked. It is gone." Here he made a motion with his hand, as though to show that all his bliss had flown away from him.

"Oh, George, if you love me, do not speak like that."

"Love you! Yes I love you. I do not suppose that love can be made to go at once, as I find that esteem may do, and respect, and veneration."

"Oh, George, those are hard words."

"Is it not so? This morning you were to me of all God's creatures the brightest and the best. When I entered your room just now it was so that I regarded you. Can you now be the brightest and the best? Has not all that romance been changed at a moment's notice? But alas! love does not go after the same fashion." Then he turned shortly round and left the room.

She remained confounded and awestricken. There had been that about him which seemed to declare a settled purpose—as though he had intended to leave her for ever. She sat perfectly still thinking of it, thinking of the injustice of the sentence that had been pronounced upon her. Though she had deserved much she had not deserved this. Though she had expected punishment she had not expected punishment so severe. In about twenty minutes her maid came up to her, and with a grave face asked whether she would wish that breakfast should be sent to her in her own room. Mr. Western had sent to ask the question. "Yes," said she,—"if he pleases." There could be no good in attempting to conceal from the servants a misery so deep and so lasting as this.

CHAPTER XII.—MR. WESTERN'S DECISION.

WHAT should she do with herself? Her breakfast was brought to her. At noon she was told that Mr. Western had gone out for the day and would not return till the evening. She was asked whether she would have her pony carriage, and on refusing it, was per-

sueded by her maid to walk in the grounds. "I think I will go out," she said, and went and walked for an hour. Her maid had been peculiarly her own and had come to her from Exeter; but she would not talk to her maid about her quarrel with her husband, though she was sure that the girl knew of the quarrel. Those messages had certainly come direct from her husband, and could not, she thought, have been sent without some explanation of the facts. She could see on the faces of all the household that every one knew that there was a quarrel. Twenty times during the day would she have had her husband's name on her tongue had there been no quarrel. It had been with her as though she had had a pride in declaring herself to be his wife. But now she was silent respecting him altogether. She would not bring herself to ask the gardener whether Mr. Western wished this thing or the other. The answer had always been that the master wished the paths and the shrubs and the flowers to be just as she wished them. But now not a word was spoken. For an hour she walked among the paths, and then returned to her own room. Would she have her dinner in the dining-room? If so, the master would have his in the library. Then she could restrain herself no longer, but burst into tears. No; she would have no dinner. Let them bring her a cup of tea in her own room.

There she sat thinking of her condition, wondering from hour to hour what was to be the end of it. From hour to hour she sat, and can hardly have been said to think. She lost herself in pondering first over her own folly and then upon his gross injustice. She could not but marvel at her own folly. She had in truth known from the first moment in which she had resolved to accept his offer, that it was her duty to tell him the story of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine. It should have been told indeed before she had accepted his offer, and she could not now forgive herself in that she had been silent. "You must know my story," she should have said, "before there can be a word more spoken between us." And then with a clear brow and without a tremor in her voice she could have told it. But she had allowed herself to be silent, simply because he had told the same story, and then the moment had never come. She could not forgive herself. She could never entirely forgive herself, even though the day should come in which he might pardon her.

But would he ever pardon her? Then her

mind would fly away to the injustice of his condemnation. He had spoken to her darkly, as though he had intended to accuse her of some secret understanding with Sir Francis. He had believed her to be guilty of some underhand plot against his happiness carried on with the man to whom she had been engaged! Of what was it that he had imagined her to be guilty? What was the plot of which in his heart he accused her? Then her imagination looked out and seemed to tell her that there could be but one. Her husband suspected her of having married him while her heart was still the property of that other man! And as she thought of this, indignation for the time almost choked her grief. Could it be possible that he, to whom she had given everything with such utter unreserve, whom she had made the god of her idolatry, to whom she had been exactly that which he had known so well how to describe,—could it be that he should have had every thought concerning her changed in a moment, and that from believing her to be all pure and all innocent, he should have come to regard her as a thing so vile as that? She almost tore her hair in her agony as she said that it must be so. He had told her that his respect, his esteem, and his veneration, had all passed away. She could never consent to live with him trusting solely to his love without esteem.

But as the evening passed away and the night came, and as the duration of the long hours of the day seemed to grow upon her, and as no tidings came to her from her lord, she began to tell herself that it was unbecoming that she should remain without knowing her fate. The whole length of the tedious day had passed since he had left her and had condemned her to breakfast in solitude. Then she accused herself of having been hard with him during that interview, of having failed to submit herself in repentance, and she told herself that if she could see him once more, she might still whisper to him the truth and soften his wrath. But something she must do. She had dismissed her maid for the last time, and sat miserably in her room till midnight. But still she could not go to bed till she had made some effort. She would at any rate write to him one word. She got up therefore and seated herself at the table with pen and ink before her. She would write the whole story, she thought, simply the whole story, and would send it to him, leaving it to him to believe or to disbelieve it as he pleased. But as she bent over the table she felt that she could not write such a letter as that without devot-

ing an entire day to it. Then she rapidly scrawled a few words:—

“DEAREST GEORGE,—Come to me and let me tell you everything.—Your own CECILIA.”

Then she addressed it to him and put it under her pillow that she might send it to him as soon as she should wake in the morning. Having done so she got into her bed and wept herself asleep.

When the girl came into her room in the morning she at once asked after her husband. “Is Mr. Western up yet?” The maid informed her with an air of grave distress that Mr. Western had risen early and had been driven away from the house to catch a morning train. More than that the girl could not say. But she believed that a letter had been left on the library table. She had heard John say that there was such a letter. But John had gone with his master to the station. Then she sent down for the letter, and within a few minutes held it in her hand.

We will now go back to Mr. Western. He, as soon as he had left his wife’s room in the morning went down-stairs, and began to consider within himself what was the cause of this evil thing which had been done to him. A very evil thing had been done. He did feel that the absolute happiness which had been his for the last few days had perished and gone from him. He was a man undemonstrative, and silent in expressing his own feelings, but one who revelled inwardly in his own feelings of contentment when he was content. His wife had been to him all that he had dreamt that a woman should be. She had filled up his cup with infinite bliss, though he had never told even to her how full his cup had been. But in everything he had striven to gratify her, and had been altogether successful. To go on from day to day with his books, with his garden, with his exercise, and above all with his wife, had been enough to secure absolute happiness. He had suspected no misfortune, and had anticipated no drawback. Then on a sudden there had come this wicked letter, which had made him wretched for the time, even though he were sure that it was not true. But he had known that it was only for the time, for he had been sure that it was untrue. Then the blow had fallen, and all his contentment was banished. There was some terrible mystery,—some mystery of which he could not gauge the depth. Though he was gracious and confiding and honest when left at peace, still

he was painfully suspicious when something arose of which the circumstances were kept back from him. There was a secret here,—there was certainly a secret; and it was shared between his wife, whom of all human beings he had loved the best, and the man whom he most thoroughly despised. As long as it was possible that the whole tale might be an invention he would not believe a word against his wife; but, when it appeared that there was certainly some truth in it, then it seemed that there was nothing too monstrous for him to believe.

After his solitary breakfast he walked abroad, and turned it all over in his mind. He had given her the opportunity of telling him everything, and she had told him nothing. So he declared to himself. That one condemning fact was there,—clear as daylight, that she had willingly bestowed herself upon this baronet, this creature who to his thinking was vile as a man could be. As to that there was no doubt. That was declared. How different must she have been from that creature whom he had fancied that he had loved, when she would have willingly consented to be the wife of such a man? And this had been done within a year,—as he said. And then she had married him, telling him nothing of it, though she must have known that he would discover it as soon as she was his wife. It suited her to be his wife,—for some reason which he could not perceive. She had achieved her object;—but not on that account need he live with her. It had been an affair of money, and his money she might have.

He came back and got his horse, as the motion of walking was not fast enough for him in his passion. It was grievous to be borne,—the fact that he had been so mistaken in choosing for himself a special woman as a companion of his life. He had desired her to be all honour, all truth, all simplicity, and all innocence. And instead of these things he had encountered fraud and premeditated deceit. She was his wife indeed;—but not on that account need he live with her.

And then his curiosity was raised. What was the secret between them? There must have been some question of money, as to which at the last moment they had disagreed. To his thinking it was vile that a young woman should soil her mind with such thoughts and marry or reject a man at the last moment because of his money. All that should be arranged for her by her friends, so that she might go to her husband without having been mixed in any question of a sordid matter. But these two had probably

found at the last moment that their income was insufficient for their wants, and therefore his purse had been thought convenient. As all these things, with a thousand others, passed through his mind he came to the determination that at any rate they must part.

He came home, and before he ate his dinner he wrote to her that letter, of which the contents shall now be given. It was a most unreasonable letter. But to him in his sorrow, in his passion, it seemed that every word was based upon reason.

“DEAR CECILIA,” the letter ran,

“I need hardly tell you that I was surprised by the facts which you at last told me this morning. I should have been less pained, perhaps, had they come to me in the first instance from yourself instead of from Sir Francis Geraldine. But I do not know that the conclusion to which I have been forced would have been in any way altered had such been the case. I can hardly, I fear, make you understand the shock with which I have received the intelligence, that a month or two before I proposed to you you had been the promised wife of that man. I need hardly tell you that had I known that it was so I should not have offered you my hand. To say the least of it, I was led into my marriage by a mistake. But a marriage commenced with such a mistake as that cannot be happy.

“As to your object I cannot surmise. But I suppose that you were satisfied, thinking me to be of a nature especially soft and gentle. But I fear I am not so. After what has passed I cannot bring myself to live with you again. Pray believe it. We have now parted for ever.

“As to your future welfare, and as to the honour which will be due to my name, which you must continue to bear, I am quite willing to make any arrangements which friends of yours shall think to be due to you. Half my income you shall have, and you shall live here in this house if it be thought well for you. In reference to these things your lawyers had better see my lawyers. In the meantime my bankers will cash your cheques. But believe me that I am gone, not to return.

“Your affectionate husband,
“GEORGE WESTERN.”

These words he wrote, struggling to be cool and rational while he wrote them, and then he departed, leaving the letter upon the table.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIII.—MRS. WESTERN PREPARES TO LEAVE.

CECILIA, when she first read her husband's letter, did not clearly understand it. It could not be that he intended to leave her for ever! They had been married but a few months,—a few months of inexpressible love and confidence; and it was impossible that he should intend that they should be thus parted. But when she had read it again and again, she began to perceive that it was so; "Pray believe it. We have now parted for ever." Had he stopped there her belief would have only been half-hearted. She would not in truth have thought that he had been in earnest in dooming her to eternal separation. But he had gone on with shocking coolness to tell her how he had arranged his plans for the future. "Half my income you shall have." "You shall live here in this house, if it be thought well for you." "Your lawyer had better see my lawyer." It was, in truth, his intention that it should be so. And she had already begun to have some knowledge of the persistency of his character. She was already aware that he was a man not likely to be moved from his word. He had gone, and it was his intention to go. And he had declared with a magnanimity which she now felt to be odious, and almost mean, what liberal arrangements he had made for her maintenance. She was in no want of income. She told herself that she would rather starve in the street than eat his bread, unless she might eat it from the same loaf with him; that she would rather perish in the cold than enjoy the shelter of his roof, unless she might enjoy it with him.

There she remained the whole day by herself, thinking that something must occur to mitigate the severity of the sentence which he had pronounced against her. It could not be that he should leave her thus,—he whose every word, whose every tone, whose every look, whose every touch had hitherto been so full of tenderness. If he had loved as she had loved how could he live without her? He had explained his idea of a wife, and though he had spoken the words in his anger, still she had been proud. But now it seemed as though he would have her believe that she was wholly unnecessary to him. It could not be so. He could not so have deceived her. It must be that he would

want her as she wanted him, and that he must return to her to satisfy the cravings of his own heart.

But as time went on her tenderness gradually turned to anger. He had pronounced the sentence, the heaviest sentence which his mind could invent against her whom he had made his own. Was that sentence just? She told herself again and again that it was most unjust. The fault which she had committed deserved no such punishment. She confessed to herself that she had promised to become the wife of a man unworthy of her; but when she had done so she had not known her present husband. He at least had no cause of anger with her in regard to that. And she, as soon as she had found out her mistake and the man's character had become in part revealed to her, had with a terrible courage taken the bull by the horns and broken away from the engagement which outward circumstances had made attractive. Then with her mother she had gone abroad, and there she had met with Mr. Western. At the moment of their meeting she had been at any rate innocent in regard to him. From that moment she had performed her duty to him, and had been sincere in her love, even as such a man as Mr. Western could desire,—with the one exception of her silence. It was true that she should have told him of Sir Francis Geraldine;—of her folly in accepting him and her courage in repudiating him. Day by day the days had gone by, and there had been some cause for fresh delay, that cause having ever reference to his immediate comfort. Did she not know that had she told him, his offer, his love, his marriage would have been the same? And now, was she to be turned adrift and thrown aside, rejected and got rid of at an instant's notice, because, for his comfort, the telling of her story had been delayed? The injustice, the cruelty, the inhumanity of such a punishment were very plain to her.

Could he do it? As her husband had he a right so to dismiss her from his bosom? And his money? Perish his money! And his house! The remembrance of the offers which he made to her aggravated her wrath bitterly. As his wife she had a right to his care, to his presence, and to his tenderness. She had not married him simply to be maintained and housed. Nor was that the meaning of their marriage contract. Before God

he had no right to send her away from him, and to bid her live and die alone.

But though he had no right he had the power. She could not force him to be her companion. The law would give her only those things which she did not care to claim. He already offered more than the law would exact, and she despised his generosity. As long as he supported her the law could not bring him back and force him to give her to eat of his own loaf, and to drink of his own cup. The law would not oblige him to encircle her in his arms. The law would not compel him to let her rest upon his bosom. None of those privileges which were undoubtedly her own could the law obtain for her. He had said that he had gone, and would not return, and the law could not bring him back again. Then she sat and wept, and told herself how much better would have been that single life of which Miss Altifiorla had preached to her the advantages.

The second day since his departure had passed and she had taken no step. Alone she had given way to sorrow and to indignation, but as yet had decided on nothing. She had waited, still thinking that something would be done to soften her sorrow; but nothing had been done. The servants around her moved slowly, solemnly, and as though struck with awe. Her own maid had tried to say a word once and again, but had been silenced by the manner of her mistress. Cecilia, though she felt the weight of the silence, could not bring herself to tell the girl that her husband had left her for ever. The servants no doubt knew it all, but she could not bring herself to tell them that it was so. He had told her that her cheques on his bankers would be paid, but she had declared that on no account should any such cheque be drawn by her. If he had made up his mind to desert her and had already left her without intending further communication, she must provide for herself. She must go back to her mother, where the eyes of all Exeter would see her. But she must in the first instance write to her mother; and how could she explain to her mother all that had happened? Would even her own mother believe her when she said that she was already deserted by her husband for ever and ever because she had not told him the story respecting Sir Francis Geraldine?

On the third morning she resolved that she would write to her husband. It was not fit, so she told herself, that she should leave his house without some further word of instruction from him. But how to address

him she was ignorant. He was gone, but she did not know whither. The servants, no doubt, knew where, but she could not bring herself to ask them. On the third day she wrote as follows. The reader will remember that that short scrawl which she addressed to him from her bedroom had not been sent.

"DEAR GEORGE,—This is the first letter I have written to you as your wife, and it will be very sad. I do not think that you can have remembered that yours would be the first which I had ever received from my husband. Your order has crushed me altogether. It shall, nevertheless, be obeyed as far as I am able to obey it. You say something as to your means, and something also as to your house. In that you cannot be obeyed. It is not possible that I should take your money or live in your house unless I am allowed to do so as your wife. The law, I think, says that I may do so. But the law, of course, cannot compel a man to be a loving, tender husband, or even to accept the tenderness of a loving wife. I know what you owe me, but I know also that I cannot exact it unless you can give it with all your heart. Your money and your house I will not have unless I can have them together with yourself. Your bread would choke me. Your roof would not shelter me. Your good things would be poison to me,—unless you were here to make me feel that they were yours also as well as mine. If you mean to insist on the severity of your order, you will have to get rid of me altogether. I shall then have come across two men of which I do not know whether to wonder most at the baseness of the one or the cruelty of the other. In that case I can only return to my mother. In that case you will not, I think, care much what may become of me; but as I shall still bear your name, it is, I suppose, proper that you should know where I purpose living.

"But, dear George, dearest George,—I wish you could know how much dearer to me in spite of your cruelty than all the world besides,—I cannot even yet bring myself to believe that we can for ever be separated. Dear George, endeavour to think how small has been my offence and how tremendous is the punishment which you propose. The offence is so small that I will not let myself down by asking your pardon. Had you said a word sitting beside me, even a word of anger, then I could have done so. I think I could have made you believe how altogether accidental it had been. But I will not do so now. I should aggravate my own fault till it would appear to you that I had done some-

thing of which I ought to be ashamed, and which perhaps you ought not to forgive. I have done nothing of which I am ashamed, and nothing certainly which you ought even to think it necessary to pardon."

When she had got so far she sat for a while thinking whether she would or would not tell him of the cause and the manner of her silence. Should she refer him to his sister, who understood so well how that silence had been produced? Should she explain to him that she had in the first case hesitated to tell him her story because her story had been so like to his own? But as she thought of it all, she declared to herself that were she to do so she would in truth condescend to ask his pardon. What she required of him was that he should acknowledge her nature, her character, her truth to be such that he had made a grievous mistake in attributing to her aught that was a just cause of anger. "You stupid girl, you foolish girl, to have given yourself and me such cause for discomfort! That he should have said to her, with his arm round her waist;—that and nothing more. Thinking of all this she resolved not to go into that subject. Should she ever do so it must be when he had come back to her, and was sitting with his arm around her waist. She ended her letter, therefore, very shortly.

"As I must wait here till I hear from you, and cannot even write to my mother till I do so, I must beg you to answer my letter quickly. I shall endeavour to go on without drawing any cheques. If I find it necessary I shall have to write to my mother for money.

"Your most affectionate wife,

"CECILIA WESTERN."

"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!"

Then, as she did not like to send the letter out among the servants without any address, and thus to confess to them that she did not know where her husband had gone, she directed the letter to his club in London.

During the next day or two the pity of her servants, the silent, unexpressed pity, was very hard to bear. As each morning came her punishment seemed to become more and more intolerable to her. She could not read. There were none among her friends, not even her mother, to whom she could write. It was still her hope,—her faintest hope, that she need confess to none of them the fact that her husband had quarrelled with her. She could only sit and ponder over the tyranny of the man who by his mere suspicions could subject a woman to so cruel

a fate. But on the evening of the third day she was told that a gentleman had called to see her. Mr. Graham sent his card in to her, and she at once recognised Mr. Graham as her husband's attorney. She was sitting at the open window of her own bedroom, looking into the garden, and she was aware that she had been weeping! "I will be down at once," she said to the maid, "if Mr. Graham will wait." "Oh, ma'am, you do take on so dreadfully," said the girl. "Never mind, Mary. I will come down and see Mr. Graham if you will leave me." "Oh, ma'am, oh, Miss Holt, I have known you so long, may I not say a word to you?"

"I am not Miss Holt. I am still entitled to bear my husband's name." Then the girl, feeling herself to have been rebuked, was leaving the room, when her mistress jumped up from her seat, took her in her arms, and kissed her. "Oh, Mary," she said, "I am unhappy, so unhappy! But pray do not tell them. It is true that you have known me long, and I can trust you." Then the girl, crying much more bitterly than her mistress, left the room.

In a few minutes Cecilia followed her, and entered the parlour into which Mr. Graham had been shown, without a sign of tears upon her cheeks. She had been able to assume a look of injured feminine dignity, of almost magnificent innocence, by which the lawyer was much startled. She was resolved at any rate to confess no injury done by herself to her husband, and to say nothing to Mr. Graham of any injury done by him to her. Mr. Graham, too, was a gentleman, a man over fifty years of age, who had been solicitor to Mr. Western's father. He knew the husband in this case well, but he had as yet known nothing of the wife. He had been simply told by Mr. Western to understand that he, Mr. Western, had no fault to find with the lady; that he had not a word to say against her; but that unfortunately circumstances had so turned out that all married happiness was impossible for him. Mr. Graham had endeavoured to learn the facts; but he had been aware that Mr. Western was a man who would not bear to be cross-examined. A question or two he had asked, and had represented to his client how dreadful was the condition to which he was condemning both the lady and himself. But his observations were received with that peculiar cold civility which the man's manner assumed when he felt that interference was taken in matters which were essentially private to himself. "It is so, Mr. Graham, that in this case

it cannot be avoided. I wish you to understand that all pecuniary arrangements are to be made for Mrs. Western which she herself may desire. Were she to ask for everything I possess she must have it,—down to the barest pittance.” But at this moment he had not received his wife’s letter.

There was a majesty of beauty about Mrs. Western by which Mr. Graham was startled, but which he came to recognise before the interview was over. I cannot say that he understood the cause of the quarrel, but he had become aware that there was much in the lady very much on a par with her husband’s character. And she, when she found out, as she did instinctively, that she had to deal with a gentleman, dropped something of the hauteur of her silence. But she said not a word as to the cause of their disagreement. Mr. Graham asked the question in the simplest language. “Can you not tell me why you two have quarrelled so quickly after your marriage?” But she simply referred him to her husband. “I think you must ask Mr. Western about that.” Mr. Graham renewed the question, feeling how important it was that he should know. But she only smiled, and again referred him to her husband. But when he came to speak to her about money arrangements she smiled no longer. “It will not be necessary,” she said.

“But it is Mr. Western’s wish.”

“It will not be necessary. Mr. Western has decided that we must—part. On that matter I have not a word to say. But there will be nothing for any lawyer to do on my behalf. If Mr. Western has made up his mind, I will return to my mother. I can assure you that no steps need be taken as to money.” “No steps will be possible,” she added, with all that feminine majesty which was peculiar to her. “I understand from you that Mr. Western’s mind is made up. You can tell him that I shall be ready to leave this house for my mother’s, in—let me say a week.” Mr. Graham went back to town having been able to make no other arrangement. He might pay the servants’ wages,—when they were due; and the tradesmen’s bills; but for herself and her own peculiar wants Mrs. Western would take no money. “You may tell Mr. Western,” she said, “that I shall not have to encroach on his liberality.” So Mr. Graham went back to town; and Mrs. Western carried herself through the interview without the shedding of a tear, without the utterance of a word of tenderness,—so that the lawyer on leaving her hardly knew what her wishes were.

“Nevertheless I think it is his doing,” he said to himself. “I think she loves him.”

CHAPTER XIV.—TO WHAT A PUNISHMENT!

MR. WESTERN, when he received his wife’s letter, after having given his instructions to the lawyer, was miserable enough. But not on that account did he think of changing his purpose. He had made up his mind,—as men say,—and having made it up he assured himself that he had done it with ample cause. He could not quite explain to himself the reasons for his anger. He did not quite know what were the faults of which he accused his wife. But he was sure that his wrath was just, and had come from sins on her part which it would be unbecoming as a man and a husband that he should condone. And his anger was the hotter because he did not know what those sins were. There had been some understanding,—so he thought,—between his wife and Sir Francis Geraldine which was derogatory to his honour. There had been an understanding and a subsequent quarrel, and Sir Francis Geraldine had been base enough to inform him of the understanding because of the quarrel. Sir Francis no doubt had been very base, but not on that account had his wife been less a sinner. What was it to him that Sir Francis should be base? No vice, no lies, no cruelty on the part of Sir Francis were anything to him. But his wife;—that she whom he had taken to his bosom as his own, that she in whom he had believed, she who was to be the future depository of all his secrets, his very second self, that she, in the very moment in which he had exposed to her the tenderness of his heart, that she should then have entertained a confidential intercourse with such a one as Sir Francis Geraldine, an intercourse of which she had intended that he should know nothing,—that, that was more than he could endure. It was this—this feeling that he was to know nothing of it, which was too much for him. It seemed to him that he had been selected to be a stalking-horse for them in their intercourse. It was not that he ever accused his wife of illicit love. He was not base enough to think her so base as that. But there had been some cause for a mysterious alliance as to which he had been kept in the dark. To be kept in the dark, and by his own wife, was the one thing that was unendurable. And then the light had been let in upon him by that letter from Sir Francis, in which Sir Francis had offered “such courtesies as are generally held to be pleasant in a neighbourhood”! The intention had been that this

old friendship should be renewed under his roof, and be renewed without any information being given to him that it had ever previously existed. This was the feeling that had made it incumbent on him to repudiate a wife who had so treated him. This was the feeling which forbade him to retire from his suicidal purpose. His wife had had a secret, a secret which it was not intended that he should share, and her partner in the secret had been that man whom of all men he had despised the most, and who as he now learnt had been only the other day engaged to marry her. In fostering his wrath he had declared to himself that it was but only the other day; and he had come to think that at the very moment in which he had told Cecilia Holt of all his own troubles she had then, even then, been engaged to this abominable baronet. "I have got another man to offer to marry me, and therefore our engagement, which is a trouble to us both, may now be over." Some such communication as this had been made, and he had been the victim of it.

And yet as he thought of all this, and nursed his rage, and told himself how impossible it was that he should even pretend to live with such a woman with continued confidence, even then he was at moments almost overcome by the tenderness of his recollections. He had loved her so entirely; and she to his outward eyes and outward ears had been so fit to be loved! He had thanked his stars that after running into so great a peril with that other lady it had at last been given to him to settle his heart where it might dwell securely. She had required from him no compliments, none of the little weaknesses of love-making, no pretences, had demanded from him the taking of no trouble which would have grated against his feeling. She had been everything that his very soul desired. And she had played her part so well! She had been to him as though it had been a fresh thing to her to love a man with all her heart, and to be able to talk to him of her love. And yet she, the while, was in secret and most intimate communication with a man to whom he had been in the habit of applying within his own breast all the vilest epithets which the language could afford. "Swindler, thief, scoundrel," were the terms he had thought of. In his dislike to the ways of the world in general he had declared to himself that the world admitted such as Sir Francis within its high places without disgust. This was the man who had coolly demanded to be intimate with him, and had

done so in order that he might maintain his acquaintance with his wife!

We know how wrong he was in these thoughts;—how grievously he wronged her of whom he was thinking. Of the worst of all these sins she was absolutely innocent;—of so much the worst that the fault of which she had not been innocent was not worth regarding when thought of in reference to that other crime. But still it was thus that he believed, and though he was aware that he was about to submit himself to absolute misery in decreeing their separation, yet there was to his thinking no other remedy. He had been kept in the dark. To the secrets of others around him he was, he declared to himself, absolutely indifferent. They might have their mysteries and it would be nothing to him. He had desired to have one whose mysteries should be his mysteries; who should share every thought of his heart, and of whose secret thoughts he desired to keep the only key. He had flattered himself that it was so, and this had been the result! It may be doubted whether his misery were not altogether as bitter as hers. "Of course she shall live with her mother if she pleases it," he said to Mr. Graham on the following morning. "As to money, if she will name no sum that she requires I must leave it to you to say what in justice ought to be allowed to her. You know all the circumstances of my property."

"But I know none of the circumstances of your marriage," replied Mr. Graham.

"They were altogether of the usual kind."

"None of the circumstances of your separation, I should have said."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Western, gloomily.

"It will be very difficult to give her any advice."

"You may take it if you will that the fault is all mine. I would provide for her as I should be bound to do if by my own cruelty or my own misconduct I had driven her from me!" He had no idea as he said this that by his own cruelty and his own misconduct he was driving her from him.

"My conviction is that she will take nothing," said Mr. Graham.

"In a matter of business she must take it. The money must be paid to her, let her do what she will with it. Even though it should be thrown into the sea, I must pay it."

"I think you will find that she has a will of her own." "And she will find that I have," said Mr. Western with a frown. It was exactly on this point that the husband and wife were

being separated. He had thought that she had calculated that when once they were married she had carried her purpose in spite of his will. But he would let her understand that it was not so. She had so far succeeded that she was entitled to bear his name, but she had not mastered him in the matter, and should not do so.

"It is a thousand pities, Mr. Western. You will allow me to say so, but it is a thousand pities. A most handsome lady;—with a fine lady-like air! One in a thousand!"

Mr. Western could not endure to hear the catalogue of his wife's charms set forth to him. He did not want to be told by his lawyer that she was "handsome" and "one in a thousand!" In that respect their quarrel made no difference. No gentleman wishes another to assure him that his wife is one in a thousand. An old mother might say so, or an old aunt; hardly any one less near and less intimate could be allowed to do so. Mr. Western was aware that no man in the ordinary course of events would be less likely to offend in that way than Mr. Graham. But in this case Mr. Graham should not, he thought, have done it. He had come to Mr. Graham about money and not about his wife's beauty. "I hardly think we need discuss that," he said, still with a heavy frown on his brow. "Perhaps you will think over what I have said to you, and name a sum to-morrow."

"At the risk of making you angry I have to speak," continued Mr. Graham. "I knew your father, and have known you all your life. If this is to make her miserable, and if, as I gather, she has committed no great fault, will it not be—wicked?" Mr. Graham sat silent for a few moments, looking him in the face. "Have you consulted your own conscience, and what it will say to you after a time? She has given all that she has to you, though there has not been a shilling,—and no money can repay her. One fault is not pardonable,—one only fault."

"No, no. I do not accuse her."

"Nor dream that she is guilty,—if I understand the matter rightly."

"No, I do not. But I did not come here to be interrogated about her after this fashion,—nor to be told that I am wicked. For what sins I commit I must be myself responsible. I am unable,—at any rate unwilling,—to tell you the circumstances, and must leave you to draw your own conclusions. If you will think over the matter, and will name a sum, I shall be obliged to you." Then he was about to leave, but Mr. Graham interposed himself between his client and the door.

"Pray excuse me, Mr. Western. I know that you are angry, but pray excuse me. I should ill do my duty to an old client whom I respect did I not dare, as being older than he is, to give the advice which as a bystander I think that he requires." Mr. Western stood perfectly silent before him but clearly showing his wrath by the frown upon his brow. "I venture to say that you are taking upon yourself as a husband to do that which the world will not pardon."

"I care nothing for the world."

"Pardon me. You will care for it when you come to consider that its decision has been just. When you have to reflect that you have ruined for ever the happiness of a woman whom you have sworn to love and protect, and that you have cast her from you for some reason which you cannot declare and which is not held to justify such usage, then you will regard what the world says. You will regard it because your own conscience will say the same. If I mistake not you still love her."

"I am not here to discuss such points," said Mr. Western angrily.

"Think of the severity of the punishment which you are inflicting upon one whom you love; and of the effect it must have on her feelings. I tell you that you have no right to do this,—unless she have been guilty, as you confess she has not." Then he seated himself in his arm-chair and Mr. Western left the chamber without saying another word.

He went out into Lincoln's Inn, and walked westward towards his Club, hardly knowing in his confusion whither he was going. At first his breast was hot with anger against Mr. Graham. The man had called him wicked and cruel, and had known nothing of the circumstances. Could it be wicked, could it be cruel for him to resent such treachery as that of which he had been the victim? All his holiest hopes had been used against him for the vilest purposes and with the most fell effect! He at any rate had been ruined for ever. And the man had told him about the world! What did he in his misery care for the world's judgment? Cecilia had married him,—and in marrying him had torn his heart asunder. This man had accused him of cruelty in leaving her. But how could he have continued to live with her without hypocrisy? Cruel indeed! What were her sufferings to his—hers, who had condescended to the level of Sir Francis Geraldine, and had trafficked with such a one as that as to the affairs of their joint happiness! To such a woman it was not given to suffer.

Yes; she was beautiful and she looked as a lady should look. Mr. Graham had been right enough in that. But he had not known how looks may deceive, how noble to the eye may be the face of a woman while her heart within is ignoble, paltry, and mean. But as he went on with his walk by degrees he came to forget Mr. Graham, and to think of the misery which was in store for himself. And though at the moment he despised Mr. Graham, his thoughts did occupy themselves exactly with those perils of which Mr. Graham had spoken. The woman had trusted herself to his care and had given him her beauty and her solicitude. He did in his heart believe that she loved him. He remembered the last words of her letter—"Oh, George, if you knew how I loved you!" He did not doubt but that those words were true. He did not suppose that she had ever given her heart to Sir Francis Geraldine,—that she had truly and sincerely devoted herself to one so mean as that! Such heart as she had to give had been given to himself. But there had been traffic of marriage with this man, and even continued correspondence and an understanding as to things which had put her with all her loveliness on a level with him rather than with her existing husband. What this understanding was he did not he said care to inquire. It had existed and still did exist. That was enough to make him know that she was untrue to him as his wife,—untrue in spirit if not in body. But in truth he did care to know. It was, indeed, because he had not known, because he had been allowed only to guess and search and think about it, that all this misery had come. He had been kept in the dark, and to be kept in the dark was to him, of all troubles, the most grievous. When he had first received the letter from Sir Francis he had not believed it to be true. From first to last it had been a fiction. But when once his wife had told him that the engagement had existed, he believed all. It was as though she had owned to him the circumstance of a still existing intimate friendship. He had been kept in the dark, but he did not know how far.

But still there loomed to him as to the future, vaguely, the idea that by the deed he was doing now, at this present moment, he was sacrificing her happiness and his own for ever,—as regarded this world. And the people would say that he had done so,—the people whose voices he could not but regard. She would say so, and her mother,—and he must acknowledge it. And Lady Grant would know that it had been so, and Mr.

Graham would always think so to the end. And his heart became tender even towards her. What would be her fate,—as his wife and therefore debarred from the prospects of any other future? She would live with her mother as any widow would live,—with much less of hope, with less chance of enjoying her life, than would any other widow. And when her mother should die she would be all alone. To what a punishment was he not dooming her!

If he could die himself it would be well for all parties. He had taken his great step in life and had failed. Why should he doom her who was differently constituted, to similar failure? It had been a great mistake. He had made it and now there was no escape. But then again his pity for himself welled up in his heart. Why had he been so allured, so deceived, so cozened? He had intended to have given all good things. The very essence of his own being he had bestowed upon her,—while she, the moment that his back was turned, was corresponding with Sir Francis Geraldine! That thought he could not stand. She, in truth, had been greatly in error in her first view of the character of Sir Francis Geraldine; but it must be a question whether he was not so also. The baronet was a poor creature, but not probably so utterly vile as he thought him. As he turned it all over in his mind, while wandering to and fro, he came to the conclusion that Mr. Graham was wrong, and that it was impossible that she, who had been the sharer of the thoughts of Sir Francis Geraldine, should now remain to share his.

CHAPTER XV.—ONCE MORE AT EXETER.

THREE weeks had passed and much had been done for Mrs. Western to fix her fate in life. It was now August, and she was already living at Exeter as a wife separated from her husband. Of much she had had to think and much to determine before she had found that haven of rest. Twice during the time she had received letters from her husband, but each letter had been short, and, though not absolutely without affection in its language, each letter had been absolutely obdurate. He had been made quite sure that it was not for the benefit of either of them that they should attempt to live together. Having come to that decision, which he represented as unchangeable, he was willing, he said, to do anything which she might demand for her future satisfaction and comfort. "There is nothing you can do," she had said when she had written last, "as you

have refused to do your duty." This had made him again angry. "What right has she to talk to me of my duty, seeing that she has so grossly neglected her own?" he said to himself. Then he had suddenly gone from England, leaving no address even with his sister or with his lawyer. But during this time his mind was not quiet for one instant. How could she have treated him so, him, who had been so absolutely devoted to her, who had so entirely given himself up to her happiness?

Lady Grant, when she had heard what was to be done, had hurried up to London but had not found them. She had gone to Exeter and there she had in vain endeavoured to comfort Cecilia. She had declared that her brother would in time forgive. But Cecilia's whole nature had by this time apparently been changed. "Forgive!" she had said. "What will he forgive? There is nothing that he can forgive; nothing that can be spoken of in the same breath with his perfidy and cruelty. Can I forgive? Ask yourself that, Lady Grant. Is it possible that I should forgive?" After two days spent in conversations such as these Lady Grant went back to town and discussed the matter with Mr. Graham. They did not at present know her brother's address; but still there was a hope that she might induce him to hear reason and again to consent to live with his wife. "Of all men," she said to the lawyer, "he is the most honest and the most affectionate; but of all men the most self-willed and obstinate. An injustice is with him like a running sore; and, alas, it is not always an injustice, but a something that he has believed to be unjust."

Cecilia had written at great length to her mother, telling her with all details the story as it was to be told, and sparing herself in nothing. "That wicked man has contrived it all. But, oh, that such a one as my husband should have been weak enough to have fallen into a pit so prepared!" Then Mrs. Holt had come up to town and taken her daughter back with her to Exeter. Now, at last, on this occasion, the old woman was both energetic and passionate. There had been much discussion before they had both decided, that they would again venture to live together among their old friends in their old home. But here Cecilia had shown herself to be once again stronger than her mother. "Why not?" she said. "What have I done to make it necessary that you should be torn away from your house? I am not at all ashamed of what I have done." In this she had blazoned forth her courage with

almost a false conviction. She knew that she had done wrong;—that she had done that of which among wives she ought to be ashamed. But her sin had been so small in comparison with the punishment inflicted upon her that it sunk to nothing even in her own eyes. She felt that she had been barbarously used. The people of Exeter, or the people of the world at large, might sympathise with her or not as they pleased. But under such a mountain of wrong as she had endured, she would not show by any conduct of her own that she could have in the least deserved it. "No, mamma," she said; "let them stay away or let them come, I shall be ready for either. I am a poor wretched woman, whom to crush utterly has been within the power of the man she has loved. He has chosen to exercise it, and I must suffer. But he shall not make me ashamed. I have done nothing to deserve his cruelty."

And then when she had been at Exeter but a few days there came another source of trouble,—though not of unmitigated trouble. She told her mother that in due course of time her cruel husband would become the father of a child. She would not write to him. He had not chosen to let her know his address; nor was it fitting to her feelings to communicate such a fact in a letter which she must address secretly to his banker or to his club. Yet the fact was of such a nature that it was imperative that he should know it. At last it was told by Mrs. Holt to Lady Grant. Cecilia had herself attempted it, but had found that she could not do it. She could not write the letter without some word of tenderness, and she was resolved that no word of tenderness should go from her to him. It would seem as though she were asking for money, and were putting forward the coming of the little stranger as a plea for it. She would ask for no money. She had appealed to his love, and had appealed in vain. If he were hard, she would be so too. In her heart of hearts she probably entertained the idea of some possible future in which she might yet put the child into its father's arms;—but it should be done not at her request. It should be at his prayer. At least there was this comfort to her,—that she no longer dreaded his power. He had so contrived that to her thinking the fault was altogether on his side. Forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive! Oh yes; she would forgive, so readily, so sweetly, with the full determination that it should all be like a black nightmare that had come between them and troubled their joys. But in the

bottom of the heart of each it must be understood that it had been hers to pardon and his to be pardoned. Or if not so, then she must continue to live her widowed life at Exeter.

Mrs. Holt was energetic and passionate rather than discreet. She would not admit that her child had done any wrong, and could not be got to understand but that the law should make a husband live with his wife in the proper way. It was monstrous to her thinking that her daughter should be married and taken away, and then sent back, without any offence on her part. In the resentment which she felt against Mr. Western she filled quite a new part among the people of Exeter. "Oh, mamma; you are so loving, so good," said her daughter; "but do not let us talk about it. Cannot you understand that, angry as I am, I cannot endure to have him abused?" "Abused!" said Mrs. Holt, kindling in her wrath. "I cannot hold myself without abusing him." But it very soon did come to pass that Mr. Western's name was not mentioned between them. Mrs. Holt would now and again clench her fist and shake her head, and Cecilia knew that in her thoughts she was executing some vengeance against Mr. Western; but there was a truce to spoken words. Cecilia indeed often executed her vengeance against her husband after some fashion of her own, but her mother did not perceive it.

Among their Exeter friends there soon came to be an actual breach with Miss Altifiorla. Miss Altifiorla, as soon as it was known that Mrs. Western had reappeared in Exeter, had rushed down to greet her friend. There she had been received coldly by Cecilia, and more than coldly by Cecilia's mother. "My dear Cecilia," she had said, attempting to take hold of her friend's hand, "I told you what would come of it."

"There need be nothing said about it," said Mrs. Western.

"Not after the first occasion," said Miss Altifiorla. "A few words between us to show that each understands the other will be expedient."

"I do not see that any words can be of service," said Mrs. Western. "Not in the least," said Mrs. Holt. "Why need anything be said? You know that she has been cruelly ill-used, and that is all you need know."

"I do know the whole history of it," said Miss Altifiorla, who had taken great pride to herself among the people of Exeter in being the best informed person there as to Mrs. Western's sad affairs. "I was present up to the moment, and I must say that if Cecilia

had then taken my advice things would have been very different. I am not blaming her."

"I should hope not," said Mrs. Holt.

"But things would have been very different. Cecilia was a little timid at telling her husband the truth. And Mr. Western was like other gentlemen. He did not like to be kept in the dark by his wife. You see that Cecilia has given mortal cause for offence to two gentlemen."

This was not to be endured. Cecilia did not exactly know all the facts as they had occurred,—between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis,—and certainly knew none of those which were now in process of occurring; but she strongly suspected that something had taken place, that some conversation had been held, between her friend and Sir Francis Geraldine. She had been allowed to read the letter from Sir Francis to her husband, and she remembered well the meaning of it. But she could not remember the terms which he had used. She had, however, thought that something which had passed between himself and Miss Altifiorla had been the immediate cause of the writing of that letter. She did think that Miss Altifiorla had, as it were, gone over to the enemy. That she had been prepared to pardon. The enemy had, in fact, told no falsehood in his letter. It had been her misfortune that the story which he had told had been true;—and her further misfortune that her husband should have believed so much more than the truth. For all that she did not hold Miss Altifiorla to be responsible. But when she was told that she had given cause for mortal offence to two gentlemen, there was something in the phrase which greatly aggravated her anger. It was as though this would-be friend was turning against her for her conduct towards Sir Francis. And she was just as angry that the friend should turn against her for her conduct to her husband. "Miss Altifiorla," she said, "I must request that there be no further conversation between us in reference to the difference between me and my husband."

"Miss Altifiorla! Is it to come to that, Cecilia—between you and me who have enjoyed so much sweet friendship?"

"Certainly; if you make yourself so offensive," said Mrs. Holt.

"It is the only mode by which I can show that I am in earnest," said Cecilia. "If it does not succeed, I must declare that I shall be unwilling to meet you at all. I told you to be silent, and you would not."

"Oh, very well! If you like to quarrel it

will quite suit me. But in your present condition I hardly think that you are wise in throwing off your old friends. It is just the time when you ought to cling to those who would be true to you."

This was more than Cecilia could bear. "I shall cling to those who are true to me," she said, leaving the room.

"Oh, very well! Then I shall know how to conduct myself." This was addressed to Mrs. Holt. "I hope you will conduct yourself, as you call it, somewhere away from here. You're very fond of meddling, that's the truth; and Cecilia in her present condition does not want to be meddled with. Oh, yes, you can go away as soon as ever you please!" Thereupon Miss Altifiorla left the room and withdrew. It must be explained that this lady, since she was last upon the scene, had learned to entertain new hopes, very exalted in their nature. It had first occurred to her during those ten minutes at the Paddington railway station, that it might possibly be so if she played her cards well. And then how glorious would be the result! Sir Francis Geraldine had squeezed her hand. If he might be made to go on squeezing her hand sufficiently, how great might be the effect produced! Lady Geraldine! How beautiful was the sound! She thought that within all the bounds of the English peerage,—and she knew that those bounds included the baronets,—there was no sweeter, no more glorious, no more aristocratic appellation. Lady Geraldine! What a change, what a blissful change would that be! When she thought of the chill of her present life, of its want of interest, of its insipid loneliness, and then told herself what might be in store for her should she live to become Lady Geraldine, she declared to herself that even though the chance might be very small, the greatness of the reward if gained would justify the effort. Lady Geraldine! And she saw no reason why her chance should be so very small. She had a cousin with a pedigree longer than even that of Sir Francis, Count Altifiorla,—who, indeed, had no money, but was a genuine Count. She herself had a nice little sum of money, quite enough to be agreeable to a gentleman who might be somewhat out of elbows from the effects of Newmarket. And she did not think too little of her own personal appearance. She knew that she had a good wearing complexion and that her features were of that sort which did not yield very readily to the hand of time. There were none of the endearing dimples of early youth, none of

the special brightness of English feminine loveliness, none of the fresh tints of sweet girlhood; but Miss Altifiorla boasted to herself that she would look the British aristocratic matron very well. She certainly had not that Juno beauty which Cecilia Holt could boast, that beauty which could be so severe to all chance comers but which could melt at once and become soft and sweet and easy to one favoured individual. Miss Altifiorla acknowledged to herself that it was her nature always to remain outwardly the same to all men. But then dress and diamonds, and all the applied paraphernalia of aristocracy would, she felt, go far with her. If Sir Francis could be once got to admire her, she was sure that Sir Francis would never be driven to repent of his bargain from any falling off on her part. She thought that she would know how to be the master; but this would be an after consideration, and one as to which she need not at present pay especial attention. Sir Francis had squeezed her hand most affectionately, and there had been a subsequent meeting at Exeter, where he had stayed a couple of hours as he went through to his own property. And she was sure that he had stayed for the purpose of meeting her. Since that affair with Cecilia Holt he had not been made warmly welcome at the deanery. Yet he had stayed and had absolutely called upon Miss Altifiorla. He had found her and had discussed Mr. and Mrs. Western with much sarcastic humour.

"Now you haven't!" Miss Altifiorla had said, when he told her of the letter he had written. "How could you be so hard upon the poor man?" "Perhaps the lady may think that I have been hard upon her," Sir Francis had replied. "Perhaps she will know the meaning of tit for tat. Perhaps she will understand now that one good turn deserves another. It was not that I cared so much for her," he said. "I'd got to feel that she was far too virtuous for me,—too stuck up, you'll understand. I wasn't at all disappointed when she played me that trick. She didn't turn out the sort of girl that I had taken her for. I knew that I had had an escape. But, nevertheless, tit for tat is fair on both sides. She played me a trick, and now I've played her one, and we are even. We can each go to work again. She began a little too soon, perhaps, for her own comfort; but that's her affair, not mine."

In answer to all this, Miss Altifiorla had only laughed and smiled and declared that Cecilia had been served right, though she thought,—she said that she thought,—that

Sir Francis had been almost too hard. "That's my way of doing business," he had added. "If any one wants me to run straight, they must begin by running straight themselves. I can be as sweet as new milk if I'm well treated." Then there had been a moment in which Miss Altifiorla had almost expected that he was going to do something

preparatory to declaring himself. She was convinced that he was about to kiss her ; but at the very moment at which the event had been expected, Mrs. Green had been announced and the kiss did not, alas ! come off. She could hardly bring herself to be civil to Mrs. Green when Sir Francis declared that he must go to the station.

WORK AND OVERWORK.

By J. MILNER FOTHERGILL, M.D.

WORK, fairly proportioned to the powers, is good and healthy for the organism ; no matter whether it be brain-work or body-work.

The full exercise of the powers, mental and bodily, is desirable and improves them ; so long as the demand is not excessive. But when the powers are called upon too freely, then danger looms ahead. Bodily fatigue manifests itself in lassitude, in unfitness for exertion, compelling rest until the sense of vigour is once more experienced. Certainly, so far so good. But these sensations are not always attended to, and too frequently are fought off by determination ; and sometimes by resort to stimulants. Baron Justus von Liebig wrote thirty years ago about the workman who resorts to spirits in order to enable him to complete his task—"He draws, so to speak, a bill on his health, which must be always renewed, because for want of means he cannot take it up ; he consumes his capital instead of his interest ; and the result is the inevitable bankruptcy of his body." The system contains a reserve fund of energy upon which we can draw in emergencies ; and this is known by the term "physiological capital." The body-income is paid in daily from the food we eat ; the body expenditure is the daily out-goings. The excess of income over expenditure is the body-capital. When the outgoings are less than the incomings an accumulation of capital takes place in the body-bank ; just as is the case in the money-bank, when more is paid in than is taken out an accumulation follows. The excess is termed the balance. Now when business firms reduce their balance too far they are in danger of failure if any sudden and unforeseen demand be made upon them. In fact if their balance be unequal to the demand, they may become bankrupt. They usually meet the demand by drawing a bill payable at a certain date. In the meantime they set to work to provide the means to meet the bill when it falls due.

If they succeed all is well. If their outgoings just equal their incomings such accumulation of means is impossible, and they become bankrupt unless they succeed in practically staving off payment by meeting the bill coming due by drawing another. Yet the debt remains ; and bill-drawing is a costly device which means absolute ruin at no very distant period. But during all this time there is the grave danger of some new demand, for which no similar scheme will or can provide ; for their credit is already mortgaged up to the hilt. Smash then they must. Bankruptcy is the natural end of trading upon fictitious capital.

Now this illustration will make clear to the reader what is here meant about physiological bankruptcy. It means the exhaustion of the body-capital, and collapse before some new demand. Daily we pay into the body-bank so much ; and every day we draw out so much. Some days the paying in is far in excess of the withdrawal ; then we feel energetic. Many persons so circumstanced feel a craving for something to do. A walk, a row in a boat, a game of tennis ; anything that will safely take away the surplus energy is acceptable. Animals are just the same. After a day or two in the kennel the dog delights in a long day's hunting. So with the horse ; after a day or two in the stable he is "fresh," as it is termed, and quite frolicsome when first taken out. The cup is brimming over ! On the other hand, man and animal alike enjoy a rest after severe and prolonged exertion. But when the horse must work every day, his owner feeds him up ; gives him more stimulant food. This, however, cannot go on for ever. The horse is at last found unequal to his work ; the veterinary surgeon is called in, who pronounces him "used up," and prescribes a course of "grass." That is, the horse has to have a long holiday, a rest in the country until he is strong again.

Plenty to eat and nothing to do enables the horse to reaccumulate a store of body-capital; which once more fits him for work. He is then taken into the stable, put on hay and corn, *i.e.* a more liberal dietary to increase the body-income, and soon is at work again—a good serviceable horse.

Just the same occurs with man! Why do we hear so much nowadays about holidays? Some little time ago, not more than a generation, holidays were associated with school children. Rarely did any one of adult years talk of a holiday. Such person was looked upon as quite luxurious; a holiday was a species of extravagance. Nowadays the autumn holiday is the rule with all who can afford it. The necessity for such holiday is now becoming quite imperative. Nay, longer periods of rest are becoming actually necessary. We inquire after an enterprising acquaintance. "How is Mr. Vigor?" we ask. "Oh, he is abroad. His doctor has ordered him away for a voyage to Australia." "How was that?" we inquire. "The old story—overwork. Beginning to tell here!" And the speaker taps his forehead significantly. "Could not sleep. Began to find business too much for him." Pondering the matter over, it seems at first odd, inexplicable, that Mr. Vigor, of all persons, should have had to seek rest. Always at work, fond of toil, never sparing himself, pushing, energetic, industrious, thrifty; whatever could have brought this about? The smile of the over-worked horse flashes upon the mental processes—Mr. Vigor is turned out to grass! That is what it is. After a good rest, plenty to eat, plenty of fresh air, and little to do on shipboard, with plenty of sleep, Mr. Vigor will come back with a new store of body-capital; and go to business again with the same sense of energy as of yore. A new man, indeed!

Now what has Mr. Vigor being doing to get into this condition of physiological bankruptcy, or an approach thereto? He has been working until he has reached the point of overwork. He has drawn upon his physiological capital until he can no longer accomplish his daily tale of work; and feels exhausted by the small amount he actually accomplishes. He is approaching a breakdown, in other words, becoming a body-bankrupt. If any sudden demand were to come he has no funds with which to meet it. So his medical man has ordered him away from business altogether for a protracted period. Probably small rests, short intervals of absence from business have been already

tried, with good effect; but still are inadequate to complete restoration of the health; just as a few days' rest in the stable are tried for the overworked horse, till the device is no longer sufficient. A prolonged rest then becomes essential and imperative.

Some time ago, when talking with Mr. Duguid at the Brown Institution for Animals, at Vauxhall, he informed me that horses which had already had a number of years of work in London showed much less resistive power to disease than was manifested by other horses recently come from the country. The latter could fight successfully with the disease while the overworked town-horse soon succumbed. Mr. Duguid's observation fell like seed on ground prepared to receive it, for just then I had been studying the subjects of "Physiological Bankruptcy," and "Overwork," for two chapters thereupon in a work, "The Maintenance of Health;" and these identical effects upon the horse that were exhibited by man, were most suggestive and interesting to me.

Since then I have watched with heightened interest, yet with saddened feelings, how frequently this sudden collapse occurs in overworked men before the impact of acute disease. Many men in the prime of life, in the midst of the greatest intellectual activity, are dead before their friends realise that they are seriously ill. It is rumoured that Mr. So-and-so is ill; next, that there has been a consultation of several medical men, and that little hope is held out for recovery; then, before the sense of shock is almost realised, that the fatal event has occurred. This is very terrible, and creates intense interest on the part of his friends, who are stunned by the intelligence, and cannot comprehend how the disaster has happened. It turns out that early in the case asthenic symptoms showed themselves, and that the poor gentleman sank swiftly despite everything that could be done for him. Nor is such a history unknown among the medical profession. Several rude shocks of this kind have occurred within recent years. Two especially suggest themselves in conspicuous men, hospital physicians, and writers of eminence. First they were ill, but nothing sinister was apprehended. Then an asthenic type of disease was recognised of an erysipelatous character; a sense of apprehension was suddenly experienced, not without good and valid reason; and soon it was whispered that they were sinking, and the fears were quickly realised. Both had been systematically overworking themselves, trusting no

sudden demand would come. It did come in each case in the form of blood-poisoning; and then the real condition was revealed, and the sufferers quickly sank. These medical men both succumbed to the onslaught of an acute condition against which they would, in all probability, have successfully struggled, had not both been physiologically bankrupt. Overwork, systematic and persistent, for good and praiseworthy objects, had sapped the powers in each case.

"Nature knows nothing of extenuating circumstances." Physiological bankruptcy is a physical fact which is in no way a matter of ethics. Whether a man is exhausted by labour of the most laudable character, or by a persistent course of drunkenness and debauchery, matters nothing as regards the conditions of physiological bankruptcy with its train of dangers. Indeed such conditions are commonly associated with most praiseworthy efforts. But Nature is pitiless! It is a sad and sorrowful reflection that motives can exercise no influence, put in no plea of extenuating circumstances, when disease has laid its fell hand upon the organism; and the scythe of death is including in its merciless sweep the hard-working husband, the self-denying widow's son, the loving father struggling hard to win a competency, and provide for his growing offspring.

Work then is healthful; but overwork is destructive. It now remains to describe the effects of overwork: first, physical overwork; then mental overwork.

Physical overwork is common, and met in a variety of forms. It may be the result of toil, in order to make a living, to provide for wife and children; or it may be the result of self-imposed exertion, as in amateur rowers or runners and athletics of all sorts. It matters not what the motive for exertion; if sufficiently severe and long sustained it will work its effects in time. Stealthily, unperceived, nay, unsuspected, the ruin is being accomplished. But not always in the same way, nor by identical means. In one case there is a general impairment of the health, a diminution of the physiological capital, only revealed by the collapse of the powers before the impact of some acute disease, as congestion of the lungs, pneumonia; or it may be bronchitis, especially in elderly persons. Disease of the respiratory organs always tests the powers very severely. Bronchitis is comparatively free from danger, except at the extremes of life (when it is always serious), or in the invalid, or in persons with impaired powers. The embarrassed respira-

tion requires extensive and sustained efforts to maintain life, and any cessation of the breathing for a few minutes is followed by death. It is a hard, cruel way of torturing a healthy man to artificially embarrass his breathing, as the pitiless Spanish Inquisitor well knew; but when the constitution is broken or undermined then the effort soon exhausts the powers. I have been told by eminent medical men from the United States that pneumonia (inflammation of the lungs) is especially dreaded among their overworked population living continuously at high pressure. It is also a common cause of death amidst the worn-out inmates of infirmaries and sick-asylums. The decayed organisms which drift into these refuges are the social failures, the waste products of our social workshop; and their decadence is quickly manifested when disease of the respiratory organs fastens upon them. Decay has been instituted before death. They are literally worn out, while still alive!

Overwork may manifest itself in a totally different manner. It is a notorious fact that severe effort is liable to produce inflammation of the valves of the heart. Strain, as a cause of much disease of the circulatory apparatus, is now universally recognised. Some years ago a discussion took place in the public press as to the amount of heart disease among the crews of the University eights, past and present. The outcome of this discussion was such as rather to encourage rowing; for the crews seemed as a body to be very hale individuals. But then it must be remembered that these crews consist of picked men, very carefully selected; men who are as sound as any men in the world. It is when strain is thrown upon men chosen promiscuously as workmen are that the results are so different. Workmen choose an occupation because of some attraction for them, or because they must work at something, to make a livelihood, without regard to special fitness. See the bargeman labouring with his sweeps to propel or guide his lumbering, awkward craft on the Thames. For a time, during the ebb or flow of the tide, as the case may be, his efforts are veritable strains; from his feet which are fixed, to his shoulders from which the arms pull on the oars. For six hours at a spell this general strain is maintained. A certain form of valvular disease of the heart, well recognised as constantly linked with strain, is notoriously common with these men. Go into a foundry and see the men wielding the "big" hammer; "strikers" as they are called in the trade. During the time the red-hot

iron is upon the anvil, the efforts of these men are most violent. Examine them at the end of a "heat," as it is technically termed, and they are found to be bedewed with perspiration, blowing like a greyhound after a course, their hearts beating violently. They are very liable to the same form of inflammation of the heart's valves (aortic) as are the bargemen. It occurs in men given to violent effort in other occupations. Even one of these aortic valves may be actually torn down by violent effort. Overwork is, then, a common cause of grave organic disease of the heart. All men who work at occupations entailing violent effort, certainly do not perish from such disease of the heart. But that a very large proportion unfortunately do so perish is a well-recognised fact in medicine.

Before the introduction of the Half-time Act the growing population of our industrial hives was notoriously deformed. Things are somewhat better now; but still the manufacturing population, along the back-bone of England, is seriously deteriorated as compared with the rural population of the English agricultural counties. In the black country and in the potteries the same degeneracy can be seen. True it is that improper food in infancy, the vices of manhood before growth is complete, are not without effect in the production of these deplorable results. Still, early toil beyond the powers has a great deal to answer for in the production of this degeneracy.

The consumption of ardent alcoholic drinks by such populations is notorious. The monotony of their labour is answerable to some extent for the craving after alcoholic stimulants; that must not be overlooked. But it is not the complete or full answer to the question—Why do these town-populations crave after spirits? Beer is the drink *par excellence* of rustics, of the inhabitants of small towns, and even of the Cockney who follows light pursuits. Liebig has something to say on this subject well worthy of deep consideration. "The use of spirits is not the cause but an effect of poverty. It is an exception from the rule when a well-fed man becomes a spirit drinker. On the other hand, when the labourer earns by his work less than is required to provide the amount of food which is indispensable in order to restore fully his working power, an unyielding, inexorable law or necessity compels him to have recourse to spirits. He must work; but in consequence of insufficient food, a certain portion of his working power is daily wanting. Spirits, by their action on the nerves, enable him to make up the deficient

power *at the expense of his body*, to consume to-day that quantity which ought naturally to have been employed a day later." His physiological capital is clearly being exhausted; and it is no wonder that, under such circumstances, he dies comparatively early, and certainly prematurely. Not only is such a plan essentially and radically bad, but alcohol is a terribly dear form of food. Alcohol in such concentrated form is a potent aid to the already existing tendency to tissue-degeneration. When overwork calls in alcohol to its help the unholy alliance quickly works the most disastrous results, and brings the organism swiftly to general decay. Even when the evil results of the deadly combination are not so marked, general deterioration is manifest in impaired power of labour, in inferior work, in lessened hours of toil. The tendency is to saunter away working hours in the ale-house; partly because work is found so irksome that it is pleasant to do nothing—perhaps worse than nothing; partly because the capacity to labour has been undermined. Of course here again there is not uniformity; one organism yields more readily than another. Toil and alcohol, and sometimes the alcohol with very little toil, soon reduce one man to the condition of a social pariah; while in another case a hale old man will be found who works hard every day—"never misses any time," his fellow-workmen say—yet who drinks daily an amount of spirits which would soon tell sorely on an average person. But such a case does not militate against the general soundness of the statement that overwork, combined with alcohol, is a sure and certain road to body-ruin.

Now, it is time to consider mental overwork, a matter manifesting a rapid growth at the present time. Already the subject of holidays and of more prolonged periods of rest has been spoken of in relation to the high-pressure existence in recent times. In the present eager struggle for existence, still more in the ambitious race for pre-eminence, overwork is manifesting itself on all sides, and in all positions in life. Overstudy is telling upon our students in this crazy age of examinations, when every young person has to be a perambulating encyclopædia; no matter what the state of the physique when the educational course has terminated. The number of cases of self-destruction from anxiety and nervousness among young men preparing for modern examinations is appalling. Of old the young man who had "overstudied" was a weak-minded youth, whose brain broke down before an ordinary com-

monplace educational course, easily surmounted by an average intellect. Now it is no uncommon thing to know young men who complain that they no longer feel an interest in their work, and that they cannot remember what they read; that their sleep is broken, and that they no longer possess the power of self-control they once enjoyed. When such loss of self-control is found along with periods of deep depression, then the temptation to suicide may become irresistible. Such breakdowns after a more or less brilliant scholastic career are unfortunately now no uncommon event. Indeed it may be laid down as a broad rule for the guidance of youthful students that so soon as the interest in their studies flags, or the memory is becoming less retentive, they are distinctly overworking. In athletics the terms used are to "train on," and to "train off." To "train on" indicates growing power and increasing fitness for exertion; in other words, "improvement." To "train off" signifies waning power, or "falling off" in capacity. So long then as study carries with it waxing capacity, it is "work;" when, on the other hand, the student feels "training off," then the boundary has been passed and the domain of "overwork" entered. Still more urgent does the case become when, along with a sense of waning power, the sleep is broken and unrefreshing, or the digestion is upset. The danger-signals have, indeed, been run through, in railway phraseology, when these things are experienced. Such are the usual phenomena of overwork, manifested along with symptoms peculiar to each case.

Very frequently great irritability of temper is exhibited, which is merely a form of the loss of self-control just spoken of. It is very trying to the individual who is quite aware of it. This and the consciousness of impaired brain power are commonly found together. Da Costa, the eminent physician of Philadelphia, thus describes this condition at an early stage—"Its manifestations are a slight deterioration of memory and an inability to read or write, save for a very short period, although the power of thought and judgment is by no means perverted. Nor is the power of attention more than enfeebled; the sick man is fully capable of giving heed to any subject, but he soon tires of it, and is obliged from very fatigue to desist." This is brief and succinct. The condition is one of failing power, and is often surmised to be the commencement of the condition commonly spoken of as "softening of the brain." Betwixt the symptoms of

brain-exhaustion and those of the early stages of the actual organic change there is little to discriminate; and possibly the one, if neglected, may run on into the other.

Failure of the intellectual powers, when accompanied by a condition of sleeplessness, is a sufficiently serious matter to cause the sufferer therefrom to consult his medical man; and this he always certainly should do before resorting to the deadly chloral. When chloral hydrate was announced with a flourish of trumpets as a perfectly innocuous narcotic, the sleepless folk hailed its advent with eager acclamation. But a little experience soon demonstrated that the innocuous, harmless drug was far from the boon it was proclaimed! In fact, the impression of its harmlessness was the outcome of ignorance, and not of knowledge of its properties. That it brings sleep with it, is true, especially at first. But the poisoned chalice carries with it a whole train of evil consequences. The mind is further enfeebled by its use; the condition of sleeplessness becomes more pronounced, as a part of the increased irritability; the individual feels worse and weaker, further and further emasculated by resort to the enervating drug, to which he is fast becoming a slave. Death after death among medical men themselves, as well as non-professional persons, have already resulted from the use, or rather misuse, of this narcotic agent; which is a valuable and potent medicine when used in its appropriate place and with proper precautions. Nor are these remarks on chloral hydrate out of place here. Sleeplessness is so marked a symptom of brain exhaustion and is now so common; and resort to chloral for its relief so universal, that these words of warning are absolutely called for at the present time.

Over and beyond this exhaustion of the nervous system induced by overwork, there is the failure of the digestive and assimilative organs so often found accompanying it. The effects of mental toil or anxiety upon the digestion have long been known to physiologists and physicians, especially from the writings of Prof. W. B. Carpenter, F.R.S.; but there is not as yet any general familiarity therewith on the part of the public, who are liable to suffer therefrom. The consequence of this is that the mental condition is further aggravated. The brain is ill-fed, from impaired assimilation and a deficiency in the normal products of digestion. Beyond this, it is positively poisoned by the abnormal products formed by the deteriorated digestive organs. Between the two a condition of intense misery is established, until the patient is weary of life.

The spectre of brain-softening is ever at hand ready to present itself whenever the sense of depression is keen. The consciousness of present disablement is deepened by apprehension of coming evil. Between the two the patient is weary of life; and not rarely voluntarily puts an end to it.

It is not merely the effect of overwork telling upon the physique which we at present have to dread. A more serious and widespread evil is the impairment of the mental powers induced by overwork, or worry, which is even more destructive; especially when it is associated with the loss of sleep, "nature's sweet restorer," and with deterioration and perversion of the digestive organs,

in consequence of which the body is at once ill-fed and poisoned. Such a complex condition is now becoming established, with every prospect of further spread, unless the public themselves can be induced to take the matter in hand in good earnest. To conceal the condition from one's self even, and to seek relief by secret resort to chloral, are the means at present largely pursued; and disasters overhang them, like vultures over a retreating army. Some acquaintance with the reality of the condition is essential to the adoption of wiser measures. The reader must know that what is written here is no alarmist or sensational picture of "overwork" as it actually exists among us.

IN THE FOREST.



THE wind had gone with the day,
And the moon was in the sky,
As I walked last night, by a lonely way,
To a lonely path in the forest grey,
That we loved, my love and I.

They said, "She had gone to her home
In a land that I did not know."
And the winds were still, and the woods were dumb,
But I knew that she could not choose but come
To a soul that loved her so.

I had longed for her return,
And she came and met me there,
And I felt once more the swift blood burn
Through my heart, as a foot-fall rustled the fern
And a whisper stir'd the air.

And through where the moonlight streamed
She passed, and never a trace,
Yet sweet in the shadow the glad eyes gleamed,
And the shade more bright than the moonshine seemed
For the brightness of her face.

And I stretched my empty hands,
And I cried in my weary pain,
"Is there—away in the unknown lands,
A heaven, where Time reverts his sands
And the past returns again?"

S. REID.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

I.—LAMENNAIS.

"SOCIALISM," said a writer in GOOD WORDS in 1875, "is a word which, to many persons, has an alarming sound, and which has undoubtedly been associated at different times with some ugly practices. Yet in itself the term would seem to imply only

a laudable desire for an improved organization of society; it is necessary to remember that there is a healthy as well as an unhealthy way in which the object may be sought."

It is in this better sense of giving expression, either in theory or in practice, to social

ideals, that "Christian Socialists," past and present, have endeavoured to improve society on religious principles. Readily recognising existing social grievances, they try to find a remedy for them in the adjustment of social relations on a Christian basis. Whilst admitting that the existing state of things is not all that it ought to be, they differ widely from other socialists as to the methods to be adopted with a view to improve society. Their type of social union is not a "Society of Equals," which simply secures to each member an equal amount of material enjoyment, but the social idea of the New Testament, where "Christ's Kingdom" is represented as "a true brotherhood founded on devotion and self-sacrifice." Christian Socialists take note of the *duties* as well as the *rights* of individuals. Accordingly, in their endeavour to realise a higher social ideal, their chief aim is to reconcile, by means of mutual concessions, existing class-differences, rather than forcibly to remove them; to reform social abuses in reforming individual character, rather than to reconstruct society on an entirely new basis; to reunite the scattered social units, each pursuing its own selfish ends, by a common faith and hope in a common effort, rather than by a new social mechanism—a new "organization of labour." In short, they trust more to the effects of internal change of character and the moral influences of the Christian idea, than the external pressure of social institutions, limiting the voluntary action of individuals. Their methods, therefore, are constructive rather than destructive, guiding rather than governmental, and in most cases theoretical rather than experimental.

In these papers we are only concerned with Modern Christian Socialists in the three foremost countries of Western Europe, and among these France occupies the first place, as to time, in the history of the movement. Here we naturally turn to Lamennais as the principal figure in that small band, of whom Buchez, Périn, Lamartine, and, for a short time, Lacordaire and Montalembert, were the most prominent representatives.

Hugues Félicité Robert de Lamennais, afterwards known as le père Lamennais, was the son of a well-connected shipbuilder of St. Malo. Brought up chiefly in the library of an eccentric uncle of rather sceptical tendencies, he became acquainted, early in life, with Voltairian views on religious subjects, and Rousseau's theories of society. Having lost his mother when he was seven, those who influenced him most for good

were his aunt and elder brother, both of whom were noted devotees. Born with the religious instinct of the Breton, and inclined by natural disposition to contemplative and retiring habits, the young Féli, as Lamennais was called in the home circle, bethought himself early to embrace the religious life. Still, for a long time, from over-conscientious doubts and scruples as to his faith and fitness for the office, he delayed taking Orders.

An early incident in his child-life appears to have given a peculiar bent to his character, and to have powerfully influenced his conduct in the successive phases of his eventful career. In 1793, when he was eleven years old, a scene was transacted before his eyes which must have been a by no means uncommon occurrence, during that period of revolutionary frenzy, when the churches were closed, the clergy a proscribed order, and the assembling of the faithful for Divine worship attended by imminent danger. One evening a priest, the venerable Abbé Viel, entered the paternal mansion in disguise, to celebrate private mass at midnight, whilst an aged servant watched without to prevent surprise and discovery. A table, with two lighted candles, served as an altar. The priest, assisted by Lamennais' brother, performed the ceremony. All prayed fervently, and, after pronouncing the blessing, before daybreak, the worthy man took his departure. This scene was so deeply impressed on Lamennais' mind, that he could never allude to it without deep emotion. It, no doubt, from an early age, coloured his views of men and things, and, to some extent, accounts for that exaggerated dread of persecution and oppression which haunted him throughout life, and often made him see dangers and enemies to freedom which only existed in his fertile imagination. The misfortunes and ruin of his house, caused by revolutionary tyranny, stimulated an innate tendency to moroseness and misanthropy, and produced in his writings what has been aptly called an eloquent hatred—*haine éloquente*—against all governments resting on force. With a highly sensitive organism and the restless excitability of a melancholy temperament, Lamennais combined in his character a haughty obstinacy, and polemical aggressiveness, which made him the earnest and eager advocate of any cause he took up; it also produced those sudden transitions from one mode of thought to another, which arose not from weakness or fickleness of character, but from the very intensity of his new convictions. The stirring times in which he lived, moreover, had a disturbing effect on

a naturally impetuous temperament, and each of the revolutionary waves which passed over France during his lifetime, left their impression on his susceptible nature. In their reflex action they, in turn, became the cause of social agitation in Lamennais, as the impatient leader of public opinion in a restless age.

Perhaps no better key to Lamennais' character could be given, than the picture of the man himself as drawn by one of his contemporary admirers, a lady famous for her power of delineating human character. George Sand speaks of the "austere and terrible face of the great La Mennais," with his brow like that of an unbroken wall, "a brass tablet—the seal of indomitable vigour" upon it. She compares the stiff and rigid inclination of his profile and the angular narrowness of his face with his inflexible probity, hermit-like austerity and incessant toil of thought, ardent and vast as heaven. But, she adds, "the smile which comes suddenly to humanise this countenance changes my terror into confidence, my respect into admiration."

We note three distinct epochs in Lamennais' personal development and public career, which may be called the Reactionary, the Reformatory, and the Revolutionary periods. They correspond to three contemporary events in the history of modern France. Lamennais became successively the warm defender of the Restoration, and of the Reactionary Government in Church and State; the champion of Church liberty under Louis Philippe; and lastly the advocate of the popular sovereignty, when he had become an irreconcilable republican in politics, and a radical, as we should say now, in social philosophy and religion.

Like his celebrated neighbour Chateaubriand, Lamennais shared the religious enthusiasm of young Frenchmen of the period, and became a Royalist and Ultramontanist, the uncompromising opponent of the Napoleonic idea and of the fervid atheism of the Revolutionary era. One of his earliest literary efforts is a tract on the relation of Church and State, conceived in this spirit (1811). Three or four years later a pamphlet written in the seminary of St. Malo against Napoleon sent him into exile to England, where he found shelter under the hospitable roof of his friend and tutor, the Abbé Carron. Here he remained till 1816.

On his return to France, and after a short stay in the seminary of St. Sulpice, apparently engaged in tuition and self-culture, he gave to the world the out-

come of his reflections in the famous Essay on Indifference in Religious Matters, the first volume of which appeared in 1817. It created an immense sensation. In it the reactionary tendency of the Restoration period appears to the greatest advantage. The authority of Throne and Altar are maintained in opposition to the growth of excessive individualism; and here, too, Lamennais struck the keynote, so to speak, to most of his subsequent writings on the regeneration of society by the power of Christianity and the Christian Church. Here Lamennais condemns the growing indifference to moral distinctions and religious beliefs of men engaged in the selfish struggle for existence, and the practical denial of rights and duties in the race for wealth as a means of sensuous self-indulgence. Running to the opposite extreme, and confounding Christianity with the Papacy, Lamennais proceeds to make the Roman Pontiff the keystone of society. His principle is as concise as it is comprehensive: "Without Pope there can be no Church, without Church no Christianity, without Christianity no religion, without religion no society." But then, like De Maistre, Lamennais tried to present Christian dogma as the Divine expression of the general laws of the universe. In his view the voice of the Pope is the voice of the people, which is the voice of God. Hence the Church must become a more vigorous organizing power in society, and "rise up strong enough to renew the face of society, to breathe life into the old corpse of the world."

In thus claiming for the Church the right of social reconstruction on the ground that her infallible voice only re-echoes the common reason of the race, Lamennais unconsciously became the advocate of an alliance between Papal supremacy and the sovereignty of the people. He thus became the inaugurator of a policy for which the timid though astute ecclesiastics of that day were not yet quite prepared, for it amounted to a concordat between Rome and Democracy, and is tantamount to the clerical conservative radicalism of our own day.

The claims put forward in this work with much brilliancy and force gained at first for Lamennais the distinguished title of the "New Bossuet." Soon, however, it aroused the suspicions of the orthodox clerical mind in France and the jealousy of the Jesuits at the Roman Court. Lamennais, alarmed at the effect certain misrepresentations might produce on the Holy Father, hastened to Rome in 1824. He was received with open

arms at the Vatican. Leo XII., it was said at the time, even offered him the Cardinal's hat. There can be no doubt, however, that Lamennais left Rome not only reassured, but encouraged to devote the remainder of his life to the cause he had taken in hand. Neither the flattering friendship of the Pope nor the prospect of a distinguished ecclesiastical career could detain him in Italy. Lamennais returned to the sombre woods of his Breton retreat, watching with interest the social and political movements which were preparing for the Revolution of July 1830. He was engaged at the same time in a translation of Thomas à Kempis and in controversial writing against the Gallican clergy.

The Revolution came as Lamennais had predicted, and with the rise of the "Bourgeoisie" into power under the Citizen King growls of discontent rose from the masses, who demanded a larger share in the distribution of national wealth as well as the extension of civil rights in the government of the country. It was the age of Utopias, the golden age of French Socialism, and no wonder that the popular ferment and the unbounded hopes of social amelioration among all classes reacted on the minds of religious philanthropists like Lamennais. He thought that now at last the hour had struck for social regeneration through the power of the Divine word. The enthusiasm of the young men who had with him joined the religious reaction of former days was now to be diverted into a different channel. Then, rising poets like Victor Hugo and Alfred de Musset had sung the praises of the restoration. Under the new régime all this was changed. Something like the modern *Culturkampf* in Germany threatened to destroy the amicable relations between Church and State. A small group of men, with Lamennais for their leader, rose up to defend the liberties of the Church against the encroachments of an ostensibly anti-clerical government. They established *L'Avenir*, as the organ of their party and announced their work to be at once "catholic and national." Their aim was to liberalise the Church in order to catholicise the liberal State. They were determined to fight liberalism with its own weapons. Hence they demand: Non-intervention of the civil authority in religious matters with the suppression of State salaries paid to the clergy; freedom of education; the right of association and popular elections; an unfettered press, and liberty of conscience. They formed "*L'Agence Générale pour la Défense de la*

Liberté Religieuse," a society having the same objects in view which the English Church Union, the Church Defence Society, and the Christian Socialists following Maurice, all taken together, represent in this country.

Henceforth Lamennais occupied the position mainly of a social reformer, similar to that taken up formerly by Dr. Chalmers in Scotland, as claimant for Church liberty and the "rights of labour" from a Christian point of view. Montalembert, Lacordaire, and Ozenam, together with Lamennais and a small but select band of volunteers, endeavoured to give effect to these principles. But the opposition was too strong for them. Lamennais found himself in the same predicament as Fénelon had done in the previous century, though for dissimilar reasons. The attitude of the Pope in both cases was antagonistic for State reasons; their doctrines were pronounced dangerous, because Rome wished to be at peace with the ruling powers in France. Lamennais, however, had not Fénelon's gentle spirit of patient acquiescence. When his clients in the Holy City, frightened by his too vehement defence of Ultramontanism, stood aloof, leaving him to fight their battles against the Government unassisted, Lamennais, enraged at the fear and feebleness of the rulers in the Church, who, as he thought, bargained away faith and freedom for pomp and power, exclaims, "I will show you what a priest can do." But he could do very little, because he was *only* a priest, and as such utterly powerless.

Leo XII., Lamennais' protector, was now dead, and the new pope, Gregory XVI., was less eager than his predecessor to shield the non-accredited champion of the Papacy. The publication of *L'Avenir* was suspended, after thirteen months' existence, and the fact is announced in the following words:—

"If we retire for a moment, it is not through weariness, still less through failing of heart; it is to go, as formerly did the soldiers of Israel, to consult the Lord in Shiloh. Doubts have been thrown on our faith, and even our intentions, for in these times what is not attacked? We leave for a moment the battle-field to fulfil another duty equally urgent. The traveller's staff in our hand, we take our way towards the Eternal City."

The reception at Rome was very different from that which he had met with eight years before. Diplomatic notes from several European courts had warned the Pope against the pernicious revolutionary theories of the pilgrims. They were scarcely admitted into the presence of the Holy Father, and only on condition that no allusion should be made to the business which brought them

to Rome. Lamennais' ardent and fearless nature was repelled by the temporising, circuitous, back-stair policy of the Curia, its wordliness, and its cowardice. Week after week he waited in vain for a decision, and at last, wearied with endless delays, he left the city of the Tiber—a disappointed man. Montalembert accompanied his friend, and they met Lacordaire at München. It was there, at a repast provided by distinguished writers and artists of the city for the three distinguished friends, that a messenger of the Nuncio presented Lamennais with the Pope's Encyclical letter, dated August 15th, 1832. A glance told him that it was unfavourable. Without further examination he said in a low voice "I have just received an Encyclical of the Pope against us; we must not hesitate, but submit." On his return home he drew up the act of submission, which satisfied the Pope. Another and more stringent form of declaration was extorted from Lamennais in the course of the following year. He agreed to it, with some reservations, for the sake of peace; but its effect on his own mind was damaging to the cause of Rome. He arrived at the sad conviction that he had mistaken the principles of the Catholic Church, that his attempt to reconcile the cause of humanity with that of Rome had proved a complete failure. With the knowledge and at the suggestion of the Archbishop of Paris he gives in a simple, unconditioned adhesion to the Pope's Encyclical in all matters spiritual, but reserves to himself the right of doing his duty to his country and humanity. Henceforth the full vigour of Lamennais' mind is given to the popular cause.

The renewal of society was still to be accomplished by religious agency. Speaking of the abject egotism and excessive individualism of the time, and of the duty of self-denial for the common good, in a letter dated 1836, he says truly enough what F. D. Maurice said independently twelve years later, "Be very sure of this, that no human creature will be found saying sincerely our *brothers* who are on earth, unless they have said previously 'our *Father* which art in heaven.'" But Rome no longer satisfied his spiritual cravings, and in anger and in sorrow he bade farewell to the religious system he had defended so warmly and so ably.

This brings us to the third and last stage of Lamennais' mental development, marked by the appearance of his most popular work, "Les Paroles d'un Croyant" (1834). It is the product of the age as well as of the man, and is impregnated with the political aspira-

tions and socialistic ideas of the time. In it for the first time Lamennais appears as the exponent of militant Christian socialism. In his solitary walks under the Druidical oaks of La Chenaié he feels, so to speak, the palpitations of the human heart all over the civilised world. He cannot refrain from uttering his prophetic warnings and exhortations. An English Quarterly reviewer of the time remarks that the work in question exhibits a "monstrous alliance between a false Christianity and a real Jacobinism," and calls Lamennais "a priest in a bonnet rouge." The work itself he styles "a silly and profane rhapsody;" but we are not told why the "infamous volume" passed rapidly through fifteen editions, and was received all over the Continent in various translations with universal rapture.

The fact is, the volume enjoyed this unprecedented popularity because it expressed a wide-spread feeling of the times; that the world was out of joint; that a new order of things had become necessary; that the professed principles of Christian morality would have to replace the all-prevailing rule of selfishness in the industrial world, so as to avert a social revolution as the result of class-antagonisms provoking civil war.

To organize labour on the principle of fraternal association was now the dream of philanthropists; to substitute self-sacrifice for self-seeking as the ruling motive of human activity, and to remove the evils of competition by encouraging friendly co-operation, became now the aim of all. Like Carlyle, in the Essay on Chartism, and in his Latter-day Pamphlets, social reformers in France watched with pain and sorrow the "living chaos of ignorance and hunger" in the lower strata of society. For this reason Buchez, President of the National Assembly and a disciple of St. Simon, made attempts to establish associations with a common fund from 1828 to 1848, and apparently with some success. Socialists like St. Simon in his "Nouveau Christianisme," and philosophers like Comte, the friend both of St. Simon and Lamennais (for a time at least), humanitarians and orthodox Churchmen, all felt that some form of religious self-forgetfulness could alone save society. For this the frigid systems of the economic theorists had no prescription, and the philanthropist at best could but offer paltry palliatives. It was felt, in short, that in the feverish condition of the social organism, the calming and soothing influences of Divine remedies were needed. According to Lamennais it is the absence of faith and

love, and of the love of justice which causes the suffering and deprivations of the many to satisfy the extravagant demands of the few. If the weak will only unite in brotherly love, this feeling of solidarity will be the safeguard against the tyranny of the strong. On the other hand, "if you separate," he says, "each only considering himself, you have nothing to expect but suffering, misfortune, and oppression."

It has been said that in the name of religion Lamennais became almost the prophet of social rebellion. It would be more correct to say that what he aimed at was to spiritualise democracy as he had previously tried to Christianise liberalism and to Romanise the society of the Restoration period. The Pope called "Les Paroles" "a work of immense perversity," but the people of Europe received it with joy. The fiery language of the book, its "poetical pictures in Biblical prose," rendered it extremely popular in form. The relief it afforded Lamennais in thus unburdening his soul, and its unexpected success, produced a feeling of joyous placidity such as Lamennais had rarely enjoyed. At this season he speaks calmly of his enforced solitude and the sweet monotony of his retreat, far away from great iniquities, turpitudes, and crimes, breathing at ease, walking, reading, and working to fill up vacant hours. "The song of birds, the hum of insects, the noise of the wind passing through the foliage, the moon peeping through the branches of ancient oaks, the passing clouds at even, all this has a wonderful restorative power for the troubles of the mind. Thus I have never been able to understand why so few people like to live with nature alone."

But this temporary lull did not last very long. His mind was too eager, and the march of events too rapid, for Lamennais to enjoy a restful, contemplative life in communion with nature. As his brother said of him, "repose is impossible to him, God has made him a soldier." This pugnacious temperament, now that he had become the people's advocate, makes him attack society, and chiefly that section of it for which St. Simon had lately coined a new name, the "Bourgeoisie," or moneyed middle-class, regarded ever since by all socialists with mingled aversion and contempt. "Le Livre du Peuple," published in 1837, and "L'Ésclavage Moderne," published three years later, are all full of it. "In passing through the earth," Lamennais begins the opening chapter of the former work, "as we all do, transitory passengers of the hour, I heard awful groanings: I opened mine

eyes and saw unheard-of sufferings without number. Pale, sick, failing, covered with the garments of mourning, stained here and there with blood, Humanity rose before me, and I asked myself: 'Is that man as God has made him?' And my heart was deeply moved, and this doubt filled me with anguish." His doubts are allayed, and he shows how human ignorance and passion are the main causes of suffering. Unlike some other "true demagogues," Lamennais speaks not only of rights, but also of duties. He reminds the poor that they must be up and doing to remove the weight of evils under which they are groaning; that they have themselves to blame if the burden is to be borne by their children through their own ignorance, neglect, egotism, and cowardice. After the manner of most socialists, he attributes all the evils to a vicious arrangement of the social order, brought about by the selfishness of the ruling classes.

The new era which he pictures is to be brought about by the spiritual forces of the Christian Religion, as "l'énergie organisatrice" in the harmonious development of society. "When you shall have succeeded in giving to your organization the Christian equality of rights, the regeneration (of society) intended by you, and which God commands you to aspire after, will be accomplished of its own accord in those three inseparable branches, the mental, moral, and material order of things."

Like most enthusiasts who have written on social life, Lamennais has been more successful in describing social evils and laying down general principles of social improvement than in the way of giving hints for practical experiment. In social politics Lamennais was a failure. Often allied by force of circumstances to men of inferior mark he wasted much of his genius and power in journalism and pamphleteering, a task for which he was but imperfectly equipped by previous habits and training. But what he did he did with energy and to the best of his abilities, though at times even in the face of humiliating defeats. Thus in the same year which saw the publication of "Le Livre du Peuple," he also takes the editorship of the "Monde," which he conducted for three months. Some of the articles which appeared then were published in a separate form under the heading "Le Pays et le Gouvernement," which led to a lawsuit, condemnation, and a year's imprisonment in St. Pelagie. Here another little volume was written conceived in the same spirit, "Une Voix de Prison," giving expres-

sion to the complaints and aspirations of the Proletariat.

In 1848 Lamennais' long-cherished wish to represent "the people" in the council of the nation was fulfilled at last: he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly. Here his peculiar deficiencies which had stood in the way of success before, impeded his movements once more. An admirable poet, following the inspiration of his severe and irritated muse, Lamennais could rouse the passions and set a popular movement going, but he did not possess the calm and cautious *savoir faire* of the practical politician, nor the circumspect deliberation of the discriminating philosopher to guide and direct men and events. As M. Rénan remarks, referring to this grave fault in his character, Lamennais is inexplicable unless it be acknowledged that a man may be at the same time a superior artist, a mediocre philosopher, and an incensed politician.

The quick irritability of genius is little calculated to fit a man for co-operation with ordinary men of the world, dealing with public measures on common-sense principles in a calculating spirit. With the quickness of an eager mind Lamennais detected too readily motives and gave utterance too rashly to harsh criticisms, which offended and estranged the men with whom he worked. He is too much like one of the knights of the Middle Ages, or like one of those austere anchorites of an earlier period, who imagined themselves constantly assailed by lurking enemies and Satanic powers which they are sent to combat, and thus he strikes right and left without fear and without mercy, and still more often without discrimination. If he roused profound sympathies he also provoked implacable hatreds, and thus injured the cause he advocated in losing one after another of his supporters. He failed as soon as he descended from the rostrum to enter the arena of constructive legislation. Even the mob found it hard to recognise in this modern John the Baptist, with his haughty airs of spiritual exclusiveness, their true leader. When his proposals did not meet with that complete acquiescence which he demanded as a right, he turned away from his democratic coadjutors as before he had done from the ecclesiastical superiors, dissatisfied and disappointed.

The *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. silenced Lamennais' voice as a popular agitator. Henceforth in the solitude of his retirement he sought the consolations of philosophy and religious contemplation. He endeavoured to

drown the bitter recollections of those stormy and sterile Parliamentary discussions in speculative inquiries. The result of these labours is the unfinished work of his latter days, "L'Esquisse d'une Philosophie." As old age crept upon him the soothing effects of time softened the asperities of his irritable temperament. A serene calm succeeded, during which Lamennais turned to more congenial studies, the translation of the New Testament, portions of which had appeared already in 1846, and the study of Dante's Divine Comedy. It was whilst engaged on an introduction to the latter that he was struck with the fatal disease from which he never recovered.

The principles which helped him to bear the burden of life, and to deliver himself of the task assigned him, may be gathered from the following letter to a young man, who had confided to him, the story of his own sufferings:

"And you, too," he writes, "mingle your own voice with the solemn voice of nature which is heard across the centuries like one long funeral lamentation. You have suffered much, you still suffer much, as all human beings suffer in body and in soul, not only sufferings which bear a name of their own, but also that unknown something which all of us carry about us within ourselves; and this is life, and the beauty and grandeur, the ineffable grandeur of life. For are we to be satisfied with that hungering after something which seems to devour us daily and yet without being able to be satisfied, that which fills the short space between the cradle and the grave? Oh, no, no! A beneficent power compels us to soar higher. Sometimes, however, seduced by airy illusions and the inexperience of youth, we persuade ourselves that this good so much desired is close by our side, that we can take hold of it, that we have seized it already; then, all of a sudden, as Pascal says, it escapes our grasp, and sadly we acknowledge that it was only a shadow. Then the deceived heart is troubled, and worn out with the bitterness of its grief. Because the image of the trembling star has disappeared in the flood beneath, which for a moment reflected it, we cease to believe the existence of the star itself. Lift up your eyes, my dear child, you will find it risen a little higher. It would be reasonable, all the same, to inquire whether there be some object in our existence, and what it is. This end certainly is not the individual self in each case, as the centre of all things; for each individuality cannot be that. But every one of us to be what he ought to be must propose to himself, in everything he does or desires, another object outside himself: and thus at once *duty* presents itself rising above life and illuminating it with a new light, it fills it with joys, severe undoubtedly, but profound, too, and inexhaustible."

The malady which first compelled Lamennais to take his bed on the 16th January, 1854, had now made rapid progress. The end was at hand, and found Lamennais ready, calm, collected, and consistent. To the last he repelled firmly some friendly, but injudicious attempts, to reconcile him to the Church. This was

the only irritant disturbing the quiet ebbing away of life. After forty-three days of suffering, supported with stoical resignation, and mostly spent in cheerful conversation with the few friends who gathered round his bedside, Lamennais expired in full possession of his intellectual powers, and unswerving in his convictions to the last moment.

His whole mind, we are told, during his illness, was absorbed in thoughts on God. The night before his death he had, as it were, a vision of beatitude, of which he speaks to Barbet: "These were happy moments!" The instructions of his will were: "I wish to be buried among the poor, and like the poor; nothing shall be placed on my grave, not even a simple stone; my body shall be carried direct to the cemetery, without being presented in a church previous to burial." His injunctions were strictly obeyed. On the last day of February his funeral passed through the streets of Paris. Crowds of people, whom the Imperial police were sent to disperse, if necessary, watched the mournful procession. They showed their profound respect by uncovering their heads as the last remains of the tribune of the people were carried to their resting-place.

What has been the result of Lamennais' work as a Christian Socialist, in his efforts to ameliorate the condition of the people of France? Of direct results of a positive kind there are none. His was rather the imperious and aggressive temper of the iconoclast, who lays bare the faults and falsities of existing systems, than the calm, constructive energy of the practical reformer. The vehement thoroughness of the man, however, produced a powerful and lasting effect on others, especially the young men of his own time, and since, in stirring them up to activity in the cause of social reform. Lamennais, moreover, succeeded in popularising the ideas of the Neo-catholic Socialists in France, as Charles Kingsley was instrumental in disseminating the theories of Maurice and the Christian Socialists in this country.

Thus Lamennais may be said to have

brought about, indirectly, a *rapprochement* between the Church and the working classes, as indeed the principles of the "Agence Catholique" have virtually, if not always officially, been adopted since by the Romish Church. At all events it is Lamennais' merit to have emphasised, with all the fervid earnestness of his strong nature, the important truth that religious convictions and enthusiasms are the most powerful elements of social progress. Others have taken up the work where Lamennais left it, though not always in Lamennais' spirit. Still, the guiding principle of his life, of making religion the great regenerating power in society, has been adopted, in one form or another, by a considerable number of young and able writers, whose works must ultimately influence the course of social reform.

Whatever may be the faults of Lamennais' style, declamatory as the occasion required, and vehement because the writer felt so intensely, and endeavoured to excite passion and pity in an age indifferent to the sorrows and suffering of the masses; whatever may be the errors of judgment in the course of his public career, arising from his limited knowledge of human nature and the principles which govern conduct in average men, we cannot help admiring the sustained force of his disinterested zeal, his masculine courage and candour, added to the charm of almost childlike simplicity and feminine sensitiveness, his high moral tone, and persistent piety throughout the various phases of his development as a man and a social reformer.

If the outlook was dark and the retrospect not reassuring, as the dark shadows gathered round the death-bed of the aged warrior, one gleam of sunlight, at least, might brighten up the darkness without and within, the consciousness of having done his duty, as far as he had understood it, and giving utterance to the sad convictions of a bewildered soul, very much in the spirit of one of the characters in *King Lear*:

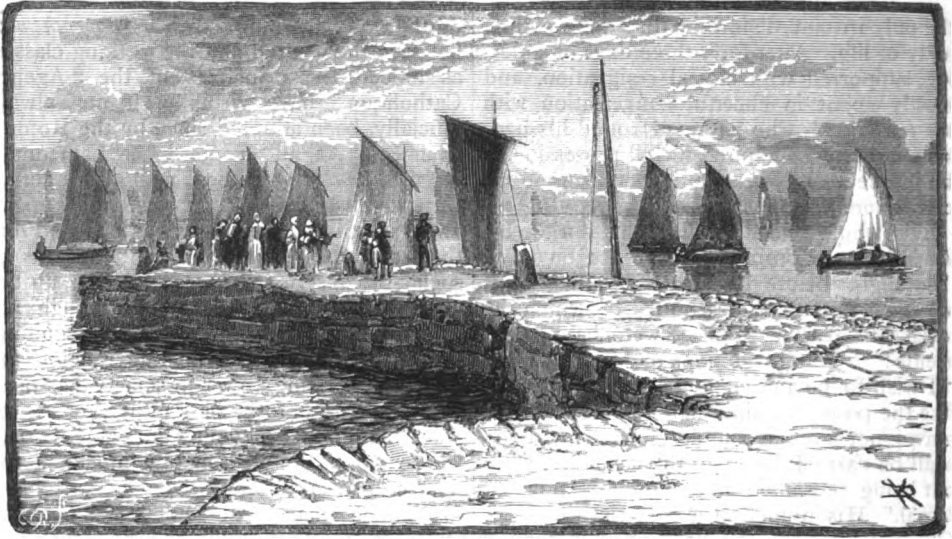
'The weight of this sad time we must obey
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.'

THE SCOTTISH HERRING FISHERY.

SECOND PAPER.

THE fishery for herrings in Scotland may be described as being in the main a shore fishery. There are a number of boats, I believe, which capture the fish and proceed with the cure on board, but the greater number leave port in the evening and return

with their catch—obtained during the night—in the early hours of the morning, when "the cure" at once commences, it being a rule of the fishery that all herrings brought in must be cured the same day. The grand moving power of the whole industry is "the



The Boats going out.

curer;" he is the person who may be said to set in motion the machinery which is constantly at work, rifting the seas to provide food for mankind. As a rule, owners of fishing boats are largely under his thumb, fishing for him at a prescribed rate per *cran* or barrel. One curer, or half-a-dozen, or twenty for the matter of that, will squat down at some little fishing village and in time "grow the place" into a town and port of some importance, having a fleet of from probably seventy to three hundred and fifty boats fishing for them. At one time the conjoined towns of Wick and Pulteneytown sent out a fleet of twelve hundred boats on some nights during the six or seven weeks of the season, and there are two or three ports at the present time that have a fishing fleet of from six hundred to a thousand boats. As may be supposed, these are very busy places during the short season of herring fishing. "All of a sudden" they awake from the winter's torpor to a new life; the curers and their assistants begin to prepare for the great work of the season; ships with materials for the making of barrels have been for some time

arriving at the little port; cargoes of *sak* have also come to hand, as well as "cutch" for the dyeing of the herring nets, in order to keep them from rotting. Half a score of new herring boats which have been on the stocks for a month or two are launched and numerous stranger crews arrive to fish for the various curers; hundreds of men too come upon the scene from distant parts of the country to secure engagements during the fishing, some as sailors, some as labourers. The coopers, who perform a chief part in the cure, start into a wondrous state of activity, and work with avidity at the

making of many barrels; the gutting troughs are cleared out and prepared for action; and in due season scores of women find employment in gutting, salting, and packing the fish. "Buyers" at length come upon the scene ready to purchase either fresh or cured fish in large or small quantities; cadgers, too, with their "cuddy carts," are at the place waiting on fortune, ready to hawk the herrings round the country; old women as well assemble with their baskets to do a share of the trading; even the children can speak of

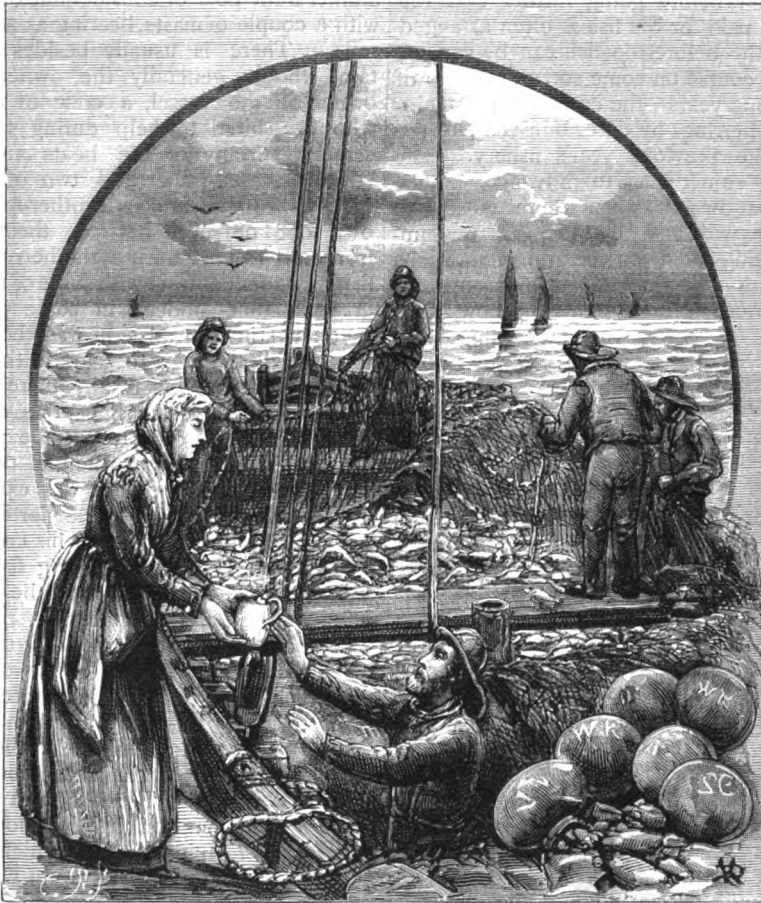


A Curer.

little else than "the fishing," and as for their parents they are bound up in its success. A successful fishing indeed means a comfortable winter to thousands, and to some it means fortune, just as to others an unsuccessful season spells ruin. Yonder lively girls who stand nightly on the braehead to see the boats depart in the early evening

are deeply interested, for should there be a great catch on one or two evenings they will be married women when next year's fishery begins.

As already stated the curer is the chief moving power in the business of the herring fishery. He is usually a "man of means," or a person who possesses a considerable



The First Boat.

amount of capital or bank credit. He sets up a curing yard and straightway proceeds to business, providing, of course, all the means and appliances of the cure, so far as he thinks will be judicious. He contracts with a certain number of boat-owners to fish for him exclusively, the bargain being usually made for a supply of two hundred crans (or barrels) at so much per cran, to be delivered at his yard, morning by morning, as soon as the boats come home. A curer may have from ten to a hundred boats

fishing for him, according to the extent of his business, so that on some days of the season when there is (as there usually is twice or thrice a year) a "big fishing," the scene is a busy one, for all herrings which are destined to be *branded* must be dealt with at once. Although the bargain is generally arranged for each boat to deliver two hundred crans in the course of the season, it is not often on the average that so many are obtained, but that is a fact which all curers take into account while making the

requisite arrangements. The best laid schemes of captains and curers sometimes, however, come to grief; in some years there occur such enormous captures that the supplies of salt become exhausted, or barrels run short, and the work in consequence is for a time quite paralyzed; while, to add to the grief, prices fall and profits fade away to a fraction of what had been calculated upon. It must be explained before going further that the price to be paid for the fish is often arranged many months before the fish can be caught, founded of course on some sort of average of the preceding years—the curer often bargaining for the herrings he cures one year, at the close of the previous year's fishery. The curer has sometimes to advance money to the boat-owners when there is a bad season; he will also build boats for ambitious young men on certain conditions—one being that these boats must fish for him at a price. New systems are now, how-

ever, coming into use. Many boat-owners will not "contract" as they used to do, but prefer to take the chance of the daily market; and at many of the ports there are active

buyers, who purchase as the boats come to port, so that the skippers of free boats can frequently make an advantageous deal for their cargoes, especially if they have been fortunate on a night when the take all over the general run of boats has been scanty.

Our artist has provided an admirable illustration of the boat which is still in general use in the herring fishery; it is an open clinker-built boat of considerable dimensions, with a couple of masts, bearing as a rule three sails. There is usually besides the captain, who is generally the owner or part owner of the vessel, a crew of four men, who are hired to help during the fishing season. Many of the boats are "family concerns." A father and two of his sons, or two brothers and a brother-in-law, may own one or more between them, and go from port to port during the herring season, fishing under contract with some of the curers. At one time—indeed in some places the practice still prevails—it was the common plan for all the crew to share in the venture, taking payment by result, there being of course a share, or perhaps two shares, for the boat. So rigorously in some places was the money divided, that when an odd copper or two remained, the sum was expended in gooseberries or apples to be partaken of in common by the captain and his crew.

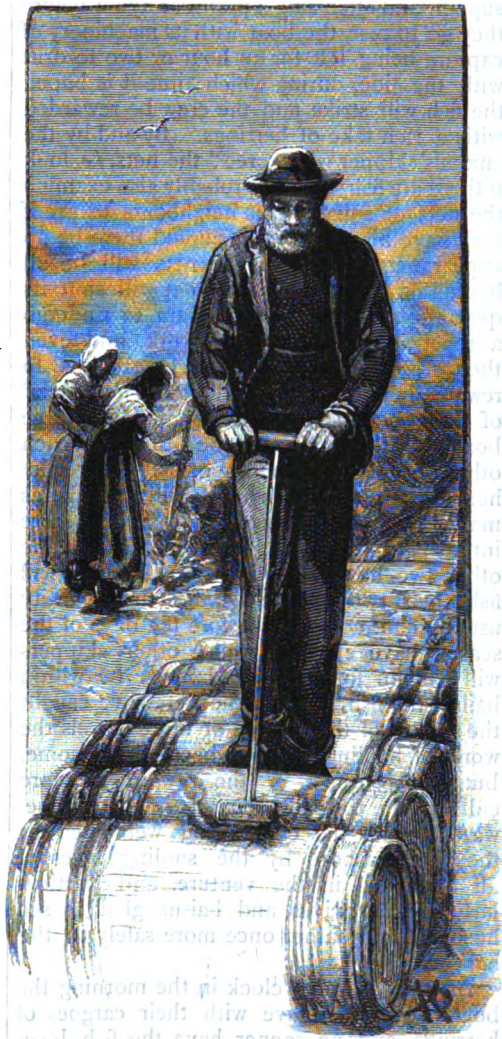
The most prominent herring fishery ports are as a rule near to where the fish have been in the habit of appearing, but herring boats have sometimes to sail a long distance in search of the shoals, the fish being on occasions exceedingly ill to find. Nor have the fishermen any rule to guide them in their search. If the herrings are thought to be near the shore, the sea birds will be found sitting low down on the precipitous cliffs, which in some places girdle the waters. If there is an oily gleam on the heavy rolling waves, the men feel assured they are just on the shoal, but all such appearances are more or less deceptive, and men have been known to sail about, tacking and wearing, and not find a single fin during their long and weary voyage. On occasions a prodigious shoal has been worked upon for a few nights and then it has all at once disappeared, per-



Barometer on the Coast.

haps never to return, much to the amazement of the fishermen! Many curious reasons have from time to time been advanced for the disappearance of the shoals; it is said, for instance, that herrings were driven from the Baltic by the battle of Copenhagen, and that in other localities they were frightened away by the fires used in burning kelp; it is also affirmed by the superstitious that they at once leave a coast where blood has been needlessly spilt. One of the quaintest reasons ever given for the non-appearance of these fish in their wonted haunt was given by a Member of Parliament in a debate on a little bill: the story was that a clergyman having obtained a living on the coast of Ireland, at once signified his intention of taking his tithe of fish, and since that declaration was made not a single herring has ever visited that part of the coast!

Heaped up with their fleets of nets, and the big bladders which serve to keep them in position after they have been paid into the water, the herring-boats commence to leave for their night's work about four o'clock in the afternoon; those boats which have not been at the herring-ground on the previous evening being usually the first to leave. There is always a large concourse of spectators taking stock of the interesting spectacle; wives, and mothers, and children as well, who have a deep interest in the venture, besides a crowd of idlers very glad of an excuse for a chat, or to pass an hour in the open air. Good wishes follow the venturesome mariners, and silent prayers for their success and safety are offered up by more than one well-wisher. Many in the crowd will doubtless have memories of sad misfortunes, and should calamity ensue it would not be the first time on which a fair departure had resulted in a bitter ending. The public barometers, which are now conspicuous in every fishing port, offer such warnings to the fishermen as often compels them to stay at home rather than face the threatened storm, but on such evenings as it is safe to seek the shoals the work goes on apace. As I have stated, the men have only a very crude idea as to where the fish may be found. Some skippers as they gain the open sea will turn to the right, or the left, just as the whim seizes them. For twenty-five or thirty miles, if there is a brisk breeze, the boats will proceed before sail is slackened and the



Branding.

nets are thrown overboard. The sun will have gone down and the shades of evening will have gathered over the waters ere the great work of the fishing can be begun. At last the nets are paid over the boat, breadth by breadth, by two of the hands, whilst other two laboriously propel the vessel, the skipper being at his post, which is the helm. An hour or two elapses before the great perforated wall is "standing perpendicular" in the water waiting the enmeshing of the fish. The fabric floats by means of a series of bladders affixed to each joining of nets, whilst it is kept taut by means of lead sinkers, and is fixed to the boat by a back-ropes. The nets being got into the water, the crew take

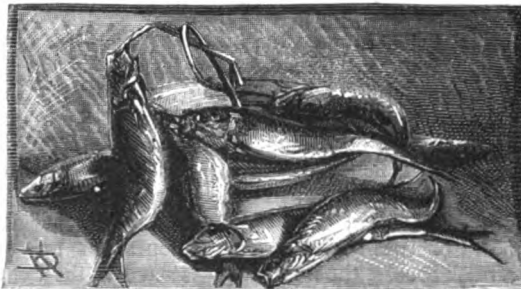
supper, and often sing a psalm or hymn before they go to rest, the boat with its machinery of capture being left for an hour or two to drift with the tide, during which time it is hoped the fish will strike and the crew be rewarded with a rich take of herrings. By-and-by the anxious skipper will "pree" the nets, *i.e.* look if there are fish; he will probably also examine the nets of some of his neighbours to see if they have hit the shoal. Should there be no appearance of a *take* the nets will be all hauled on board, and the boat will shift its quarters, the crew having again to undergo a repetition of their hard work, and even then a score of fish may not be obtained to reward them for their assiduity. The "luck" of the fishery is often astounding; of three boats fishing within a stone's throw of each other one may obtain fifty or sixty barrels of herrings whilst the other two will not take as many fish! The nets of the one will have intercepted the shoal, while the nets of the other two have missed it. Some boats will fish their two hundred crans (the quantity usually contracted for) before ten days of the season have elapsed, whilst other skippers will toil on for weeks and never be within hail of the fish. When the nets have caught the matter of three score or more barrels the work of hauling them in becomes toilsome, but the prospect of the reward in store enlivens the toil, and soon the boat is homeward bound, the crew being welcomed as they step ashore by the smiling faces of all interested in the venture, and particularly by the wives and bairns glad to see husband and father once more safely in the harbour.

As early as four o'clock in the morning the boats begin to arrive with their cargoes of herrings, and no sooner have the fish been delivered than the work of the cure begins. Our illustrations in this and the preceding paper will give the reader a good idea of the busy scene presented at a herring-fishing port on the morning of a big take. Countless basketfuls of glistening herrings are poured into the gutting vats, where brawny men dash them about with wooden spades, and fling over them great handfuls of salt. As the boats keep coming in the excitement becomes

more and more intense; men rush wildly about with note-books making entries, bands of fishermen come from the boats with still more bountiful supplies of fish, while carts and waggons are being loaded with dripping nets carrying them to the drying-ground. Rushing to and fro, from gutting-trough to packing place, may be seen the anxious gutters. In their working-clothes some of them look so withered and wild in their attire, that they might be taken for Macbeth's weird sisters, but when their work is over and they have washed away the blood and slime which encrust them in their time of labour they look like what they are, comely Scotch lasses many of them, glad to earn a pound or two in the herring season. They usually work by results, and a gang of four or five will eviscerate and pack a barrel containing from seven to eight hundred fish with wonderful dexterity and rapidity. The "cure" is carefully superintended by the officers of the Fishery Board, and must be carried out according to the rules prescribed, otherwise the "brand" will be refused. This "hall-mark," as I may call it, is a certificate of merit, which is unhesitatingly accepted by foreign buyers as a proof of quality. A fee of four pence has to be paid on each barrel so certified, and as these fees bring in an annual revenue of from five to seven thousand pounds it will be seen that the brand is thought to be of some value. The business of the herring fishery, especially on the north-east coast of Scotland is annually becoming less stereotyped; better and larger boats are coming into use, even steam-vessels are now being tried, and, wonderful to relate, pigeons are in use to carry quick intelligence of big takes from the boats to the curer's office.

It would be easy to extend these details of the Scottish herring fishery, but I fancy enough has been said to convey to readers unacquainted with that particular branch of industry an idea of its leading features

as a source of labour and food supply. It may be added that our fisher folk, although somewhat superstitious and not very intellectual, are an industrious and God-fearing people.



FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

NO. IV.

BY THE LATE ARCHIBALD WATSON, D.D., ONE OF HER MAJESTY'S CHAPLAINS.

IT is refreshing in times when men are perplexing themselves about questions which lie at the foundation of all religion, to withdraw into the inner life of a man whose heart was at rest in regard to all that shakes and tries the faith.

When St. Paul says "For I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord;" it does us good to listen to such words which come from a man who feels all he says, and who has arrived at these strong convictions through many difficulties and in spite of many doubts. In reading words which are so real one feels as if they served for argument enough. A conviction so deep in the heart of a man like St. Paul, whose life was in itself so noble and self-denying, counts for much. It recalls us to a sense of the intense reality of the life of faith; it makes us ashamed of our halting and our wavering; it rebukes our fears, and by the very power of sympathy it raises us above ourselves into the higher life in which he lived and moved.

There are times and ways in which we seem to be separated from the love of God, and when it requires often more faith than we possess to believe that His love is unchanged. There are great sorrows which overtake men in life, and which all men would fain escape and from which they pray to be delivered: and these sorrows come so heavily and last so long that it is very hard indeed to hold fast by one's confidence in the unerring love of God.

Love measures its dealings somewhat by the wishes of its object. When the father loves his child, and the friend his friend, he studies what the child or friend likes. In the case of a child indeed the father seeks, above the mere gratification of its desires, to *guide* the desires of his child and to train them; and the training of the child is of far more importance than his momentary enjoyment.

No man would lay upon his child burdens or sorrows merely to give him pain; each task has its purpose, each correction or restraint is connected with a special object in life, which can be easily seen, and which is afterwards fully understood. That is true of

our human life and of our earthly homes, where there is the spirit of affection and wisdom. But there are thousands of cases, where it is impossible to see the same love and wisdom and purpose in our own training under the Hand of God. Take with you even such a portion of the Bible as that quoted above, and enter some house where a human creature lies crushed under some painful illness which has lasted long, and which is incapable of alleviation. Carry with you in your heart a deep conviction of the love of God, Who afflicts none willingly, and with this conviction full in view try to explain how it is that a helpless patient should be subjected night and day to a degree of suffering from which the strongest man might well shrink. What purpose, you may well ask, does this serve? who is the better for it, and in what is the sufferer improved? Indeed the suffering is in thousands of cases wholly unconnected with any sin; it is often the fault of some one else, it has arisen from neglect, from the wickedness or carelessness of a parent, from many other causes, nay, from the very desire to do what was right. Where, you may ask, is the Love, of which we speak and read so much, in a case like this?

And that is but a solitary case. I take this text, or the truth it contains of God's deep and unerring love, and I turn it like a torch of light upon the thousands of poor creatures who, after a few years of a miserable existence, pass out into the wilderness and darkness of the unknown and unseen world; and I inquire whether this truth has helped to clear up any of those difficulties which gather around the providence of God. I can partially understand how, after the rough training of life, men should openly confess that it was good for themselves to be tried; but can we, in any remote degree, apprehend how it should be, that without an effort of their own will to do right or wrong, human beings born in the image of God, and under His dominion, should be so unconscious of His presence, and so unhappy in His world?

But even this difficulty is far lighter and less perplexing to the conscience than the moral evil which exists in the world. We may call in the aid of a great future world to counterbalance the misery of the few years which human life suffers here, and, by degrees,

we feel that light begins to rise upon the universe, as we consider that all sorrow has an end, and that a period is coming when the sufferings of this state shall be found not worthy to be compared with the glory that is revealed. We may also take comfort from the sorrows of life, that they are inevitable if the human race is to exist under its present conditions, where the welfare of one part of it is essentially bound up in the welfare of the whole. But are there not aspects of our human life which refuse to be made more cheering by such arguments? What of all the enmity to God's divine will? What of the lawless and wild passions of men? What account are we to give of the awful abysses of human degradation into which our nature may sink, and into which it is sinking in countless instances at this moment? What do we think of a love which can bear to witness all this long history of evil, for age after age, without interfering to stop it and to cure it effectively? Is the existence of a divine and infinite love to continue side by side with sin and sinful men, and to leave this mass of wrong and impurity and crime, untouched?

God's love does not remain unmoved: God's love does not remain idle or inactive: the struggle of God's love *with ourselves*, which is *a fact of our experience*, may indicate to us the great truth that, everywhere, in one form or other, God's divine love has come into collision with human evil, and has been resisting it and conquering it. I cannot tell why the contest is not ended in the world: but neither can I tell why in my own heart the contest is not ended. We ask, and very naturally, for an explanation of the long continued battle between Good and Evil in the world, and we call it a religious or a theological difficulty which has yet to be solved. Perhaps it is; but it may as well be called a difficulty of human nature, a difficulty of the human will, and we may ask each individual why the great conflict between good and evil within his own soul rages yet—and why the heart and will have not finally surrendered to the might of the Spirit of God. This is the difficulty which St. Paul has put and overcome, and he falls back in it on the love of God. This is to St. Paul the anchor of life: if that fails all fails: and all may fail whilst that holds fast. The love of God underlies all human faith in the universe. Lose that and you lose everything. This love which has so many aspects is under all aspects the same. It is the same love which corrects us and which heals our troubles; the same love which darkens

our sky with clouds when the soul is impure, and which drives away the clouds when repentance is awakened in the soul.

And the measure of that love is the measure of it as seen and revealed in the person and life of Jesus Christ. What was seen there, in His goodness, His self-forgetfulness, and in His full and entire surrender of all that life had, for the good of man—that was the perfection of human and divine love. God has manifested His love “in that whilst we were sinners, Christ died for us.” “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.” The love of God as exhibited in *that one life* took hold of St. Paul, held him fast and filled his soul with conceptions of God which he had never formed before. All that he had seen and experienced hitherto in his own life, seemed to him an inadequate measure of God's love. The love which was seen in the gifts of nature and of providence, in light and the sense of enjoyment, was a love which was by comparison feeble; but the love which sought and found a channel for its outflow in the holy and stainless life of Jesus Christ, and in His works of mercy in the face of enmity, that seemed to him the only adequate measure of a love which was worthy of God. When God revealed His Son in the heart of the apostle, his eyes were opened to discern a power and a light he had never seen before.

In the presence of a love so great, the apostle has imagined to himself several events or forms of existence, which in the estimation of some might interfere with the continuance of this love of God.

Let me refer to two of them, the two first in order. “I am persuaded, that neither death nor life shall separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”

Death.—We know the power of death to *separate*. It divides the present from the past. It loosens every mortal tie, it breaks every contract, it dissolves the bonds of dearest and holiest relationships. Even in the case of friendships which were once thought eternal, there comes a time, after long years, when former memories grow dim. Faces which were once familiar are remembered vaguely, sorrows which were once keen are mellowed by the lapse of time, and a period comes in the history of our losses when they can be spoken about with calmness. It is marvellous how the best and greatest men cease to be missed, and how soon the world becomes accustomed to their absence. Death separates men from human interests and human affections, and by degrees the dead

are forgotten, or linger only in the recesses of a few affectionate and true hearts.

But even then, there is within us a witness to the fact that death cannot destroy all that is most precious in life. We cease to have a response to our love, but we do not cease to love; we are not conscious of any influence arising from their thoughts, we no more hear the voice that cheered us, no more find life lighted up by their presence, no more rejoice in their companionship, or return to their society to have our souls refreshed by their communion. But in the absence of all that gave our own hearts joy, we have not ceased to think of them, to follow them in thought, to dwell on their virtues, to go over again and again in our inward hearts the scenes of other days. Their memories are not shadows, their former life and conversations with us are not a dream. We spend many hours in recalling their words and acts, their counsels, their virtues, their faith, their influence with us; and we are conscious in our own hearts that if affection is a reality, that reality still exists, and their departure has not affected one whit our profound love for them, and for all that was noble in them; nay, their removal from us has only helped us to see more clearly many excellencies and graces to which in their lifetime we were blind. Thus we have a witness in our own hearts that there is a love to others from which death cannot separate. How much more must this be said of the love of God. What is life, what is death to Him, that they should change His mind? When we enter into this world, we come under His authority; when we quit it, we only proceed to a different part of His realm. Life and death, which to us express the widest opposites of thought and being, can be no more to God than two mansions in His own great house. To Him, past and future, here and hereafter, are not the mysteries they are to us. The dead who die to us live to God; His presence is everywhere; all are before Him; and they go no more out. Death does not touch His influence, His power of communion with them, or His love to them. Death can no more alter God's interest and care for us than the shadows of night change the loving heart of a mother for her child. If there can be any change it must be that the affection is more intense and more powerfully shown. As the boy thrusts his hand into his father's when he enters the thick forest or goes into the strange crowd, and feels it grasped more firmly, so does the soul cling more closely to God in childlike trust as it nears that un-

known shore, and finds in His Divine love a deeper response. This assurance has introduced a new life into the world. It has changed the whole conditions and relationships of human existence, and it has furnished hope and resignation where otherwise there would have been darkness.

Life.—It might seem at first sight as if there were nothing special in life to make it a matter of strong faith in St. Paul, that life would not separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus. But life is the cause of many bitter Sunderings. Many friendships are broken by life, more perhaps than by death: quarrels which were unthought of arise, and even when there is no quarrel, old sympathies fade, early friendships droop, and companions who in their youth spent days in each others' society without exhausting those subjects which they viewed in common, can meet in later years and find that after a few minutes' intercourse they have little more to say. Different pursuits, different sympathies, have engrossed the minds of each since they parted, and they find themselves widely sundered from each other's love.

Much more have we occasion to say this of ourselves and of our former lives. While it may be true that some have risen above the follies and vices of earlier years, many more have to confess that since they were children, or young, and little experienced in the world's ways, there has been less of heaven about them than there was. Long dealing with the cares and riches and pleasures of life has dulled and deadened the spirit; the finer edge of spiritual life has been worn off; the clearer light of heaven has been dimmed; we have grown too familiar with the baser and more earthly views of life, and the effect has been to separate us from all that was once reckoned good and divine. And all this while, if we had taken time to think of it, God's love has not changed towards us. All this while it has been shining on us, and speaking in reproof, that is yet affection. Our dulness, our want of true spirituality, our indifference to the highest truths, have sunk us lower, but they have not deprived us of that love which is unwearied and eternal.

Neither life nor death, says St. Paul, shall separate us from the love of God, and nothing else in heaven or in earth shall. It is on this faith that all human hopes rest. Higher than this we cannot go; short of this we may not stay. Apart from such a hope and faith, what is life worth?

With such a faith, on the other hand, what

may not a man do? He needs to fear nothing: he is in possession of that secret which soothes the trials and cares of life: he faces all tasks with more courage, he meets all labours more cheerfully, and he accepts the chastenings and disappointments of his lot in a spirit which is fuller of hope. To a man who lived in this faith of the apostle, or to a man who lives in it yet, the universe is not chaos, the past is not a mere chasing of shadow after shadow, each melting into air, and the future is not darkness and nothingness, but all things past and present, above us and around us, are distinct with meaning. The forms which have passed away have passed elsewhere, and we are to follow them and overtake them; the events of the pre-

sent, even when they seem most perplexing fall into shape and order, and appear but a part of that endless succession of events which are embraced under the all-shadowing love of the Eternal Father. Nothing is purposeless, nothing lost. Well is it for us if we can place ourselves under a love so pure, so righteous, so strong and unfailing. And why not? Nothing hinders us; nothing but that secret doubting and unbelief of heart, which measures everything by itself, and forgets that the love and power of God are measureless, and that the proof of this love has been before the world for ages, and has been confirmed to mankind in the life and death, in the gift and sacrifice of One in Whom we have eternal life.

LÉON LHERMITTE.

ALL the greatest painters the world has known have been splendid colourists, but the glamour of their example must not mislead young painters and students into the belief that, in a picture, colour is everything. A good colourist may be a greater artist by nature than one who is merely a good draughtsman, for appreciation of colour comes more by instinct than by education; but it is much easier for presumptuous ignorance to arrive by trick and haphazard processes at sufficiently striking effects in colour, than it is for it to conceal its shortcomings in drawing. Long training and faithful self-discipline alone can insure accuracy in draughtsmanship, and training and self-discipline lie at the very foundation of true excellence in Art. They make a man thorough and earnest; and only so far as he is thorough and earnest is he entitled to the noble name of artist.

Thanks not a little to an increasing acquaintance, on the part both of our students and of that portion of the public that takes an intelligent interest in Art, with the productions of French artists, whose power of drawing, as an outcome of their thorough training, is generally admirable, we are beginning to see that, in pure black and white, artistic effects can be secured which, while they may fall short of the *best* work in colour, are infinitely more wholesome and instructive than all crude attempts where colour is made the sole attraction. The improved "quality" and style of the illustrations in our books and magazines and the various Black and White Exhibitions that have been held in London, Glasgow, and Manchester—in themselves

among the results and evidences of a growing appreciation of what can be attained by draughtsmanship—have, in return, exercised a very healthy influence in promoting public taste and knowledge.

Among the materials used in the production of black-and-white drawings, charcoal, for the effective results obtained by it, deservedly takes first rank. Mr. Hamerton, in his latest book, points out that the "graphic arts contain three distinct languages"—the language of the line, the language of relative lightness and darkness in spaces, and the language of colour; and "that it has been found by experience that charcoal is one of the surest and most convenient means for shading spaces correctly." Mr. Hamerton dilates with great truth and detail on all the advantages the artist secures by the legitimate use of charcoal—the closeness with which textures can be imitated by it, the beauty of light and shade it can render, and the refinement and immateriality of its tones, which are a perfect luxury to the eye.

Charcoal-drawing as now practised is the development into an independent art of the rough and often hasty method that artists have employed, since the earliest times, of sketching the preliminary outlines of their pictures. It is really what Mr. Hamerton terms it: "a painter's art and the daughter of painting." To this special branch of Art the French have devoted particular attention, and, in consequence, it is they who have achieved in it the greatest success. For his landscapes in charcoal, Lalanne, the celebrated etcher, has a world-wide fame, and,

to quote Mr. Hamerton again, "Amongst painters of the figure who have made a separate reputation by their drawings in charcoal I do not know of one who excels Léon Lhermitte in every important quality." This is high praise, but not too high.

The story of Léon Augustin Lhermitte's career is the record of a life devoted to Art, and is full of instruction to all young painters, who are so possessed by the true artistic spirit as to feel that the production of a good picture is a task demanding the patient exercise of a man's best powers. He was born in the village of Mont St. Père, close to the vine-clad slopes of Champagne, on July 31st, 1844. Mont St. Père is a quaint, sleepy little village, full of old-world picturesqueness, where life moves leisurely, and men and women still retain primitive beliefs and manners. It is the very place for a reflective artistic soul to be nurtured in. Lhermitte's grandfather was a vine-dresser: his father, a schoolmaster, who, in his own line, has achieved honour, and is still alive, at a hale, hearty old age, to feel proud of the distinction his son has won. Lhermitte's early circumstances, resembling in some respects those that surrounded Millet, and fatal as they might have been to a weak nature, were the very conditions that entered as essential elements into the sustenance and growth of his powers. He was brought up in the country, he passed his youth among peasants, led their life, took part in their toil, understood their joys and their sorrows. This experience, healthy and bracing as it was, has influenced all the work of his riper years. Peasants and rural life, the gleaners in the fields, the labourers receiving their wages, the cottage matron busy over her household duties—these he delineates with a loving care begotten of sympathy and knowledge.

His artistic instincts declared themselves at an early age. While attending his father's school, he began to draw, and his attempts had always one object in view, the representation of things that actually lay before his eyes. Fortunately he met judicious encouragement. In 1863, a gentleman who lived at Mont St. Père, and was much interested in Art matters, discerned in these first essays of young Lhermitte a sincerity that gave promise of better things to come. This true friend overcame both the father's opposition and the mother's fears, and sent Lhermitte to Paris, in order that he might systematically study Art.

Chance guided him to the *atelier* of a master who has exercised a sound and far-

reaching influence over modern Art in France, Lecoq de Boisbaudran. Monsieur de Boisbaudran was no believer in those systems of teaching that smoothe down all angularities in the pupils, and end too frequently in producing only uniform mediocrity. His special aim was to discover and develop the personal and characteristic powers of each of his students. He succeeded in training up a group of artists of decided originality and of most diversified methods of expression. Among them are Legros, the well-known professor in the Slade School, London; Regamey, whose too early death cut short a most promising career; Fantin, appreciated almost as much in England as in his own country for his flower-pieces and portraits; Cazin, whose chaste and delicate style has placed him in the front rank of French painters. With the last named, Lhermitte, at his very first entry into de Boisbaudran's studio, formed a close and lasting friendship, which has not been without its effect on the work of both men.

While he was yet a student Lhermitte showed the special bent of his genius. Every year he sent to the Salon one or two charcoal drawings, and his contributions soon began to attract attention from both artists and critics. His first decided success, however, was in the Salon of 1872, when he exhibited "Le Lutrin d'Eglise de Paris" and "Le Lavage de Moutons," which have since been shown at the Dudley Gallery, London. The following year he was represented by a large drawing, "Une Veillée de Village," and in 1874 the jury of the Salon awarded him a medal of the third class for his picture, "La Moisson," and for a charcoal drawing, "Le Bénédicité." Since then he has been a regular and important contributor to every Salon. His large painting, which was in this year's Paris Exhibition, "La Paye des Moissonneurs," is generally considered to be the best work in oil he has yet produced. Several of his pictures have been bought by the State for provincial *Musées*, and "L'Aïeule," which brought him his second medal in 1880, is now in Ghent Public Gallery.

Lhermitte has visited England several times, and has contributed to all the Dudley Gallery Black and White Exhibitions since their institution in 1872. On the nomination of the well-known etcher, the late Edwin Edwards, he was, in 1875, elected a member of the selecting and hanging committee of the Dudley. To the first Black and White Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute in 1880 he sent several important works,

including his magnificent "Fish Market of St. Malo," and these at once received the hearty admiration of local artists and collectors. His contributions to the second Glasgow Exhibition in 1881 only confirmed the high opinion formed of his powers by all competent judges. He has exhibited also in Liverpool and Manchester.

Lhermitte has, of course, a studio in Paris, but during the summer most of his time is spent in his native village. He is one of the villagers himself, knowing every one and known to every one. There, far away from the distractions of the world of fashion and folly, he can think his own quiet thoughts, and work out, undisturbed and tranquilly, his artistic conceptions. Some of his best inspirations have been drawn from the rural scenes—the village street, the calvaire, the blacksmith's forge—that are endeared to him by early associations, and have been made familiar, in all their lights and shades, by the long intercourse of years. But he does not confine himself to rustic subjects. Groups in the Paris markets, fashionable assemblages, church interiors, the crowded lecture-room of the Sorbonne—such incidents as these have yielded abundant material for his skill to exercise itself upon. Like the true artist that he is, he finds his subjects close at hand and in the life of to-day. He works in the spirit of the old masters, earnestly, truthfully, patiently, and he uses his powers, not in a vain attempt to revive the *form* in which the old masters clothed their aspirations, but in a sincere endeavour to show us something of the poetry and the beauty that are to-day as abundant on the earth as when Phidias carved or Raphael painted. His drawing is admirable, always correct and in the direction of the whole truth, yet never hard or niggled. With a few broad touches of the charcoal and with his splendid light and shade, to which the *papier vergé* he employs lends additional quality, he succeeds in obtaining effects that are most truthful, and yet without a touch in them of the commonplace truthfulness that, as it gives us only the outside of things, is more than half a falsehood.

Lhermitte's oil work shows self-restraint and careful thought. He paints in a big style, and is improving year by year, especially in colour, which in several of his earlier pictures is dingy. Many of his small landscapes of Mont St. Père and its neighbourhood are charming in tone and feeling. He is also a skilful etcher, but his fame has been made by his figure drawings in charcoal. These in their own department of Art are

simply unsurpassed. They are complete pictures—so complete that we do not even note in them the absence of positive colour. The graduated tones of the charcoal seem to give all the colour we require.

Especially admirable in all Lhermitte's art are its thorough healthiness and sanity. He is no puling pessimist. Life, as represented by him, is not a dreary wilderness, where disappointment and bereavement and work without hope, are the sole elements in the lot of man. We must go out to our labour in the morning, it is true; we must bear the burden and heat of the day; we must face failure and sorrow and vanished dreams with as stout hearts as we can, but life for us all has its compensations, and the painter and the poet do loyalest service to their fellows when they dwell most on these compensations, and show us how love and cheerfulness and faith can make us more than victors over all the ills that flesh is heir to. Some painters, it is true, are drawn irresistibly by their nature, perhaps by their experience also, to depict only the gloomier side of life. They paint always, as Millet said of himself, "*dans l'ombre*," both spiritually and materially, but surely the greater and the healthier artist is he who has an eye for the sunshine as well as for the shade, and who is glad at heart as he listens to the lark's song or the merry voices of children. It is comparatively easy to win a cheap notoriety as a cynical misanthrope. It is a most difficult task to feel the burden of the mystery of this world's mingled good and evil, and yet be able to rejoice in the good and not be dismayed with the evil. As we look at Lhermitte's work we feel he has chosen the better part. A labourer with him is not a degraded dejected being with all hope and spirit crushed out of him. He is a man hard-working and rugged, but still with compensations that—

"Do a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And make him quite forget his labour and his toil."

The truth that Burns wrote, Lhermitte pictures for us. The truly artistic spirit recognises always the infinite possibilities that lie in humanity and nature.

Our illustration is a reproduction in wood-cut of a charcoal drawing—"The Flower Market of St. Sulpice." The scene will be familiar to all who know Paris. It is one of those bright picturesque passages in the ordinary every-day life of the city that arrest the attention of all who have been accustomed to only English skies and English manners. The wood-cut was executed by Clément Bellenger.

ROBERT WALKER.



“The Flower Market of St. Sulpice.”

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ADDITIONAL

TREACLE AND LAMP-POSTS.

The Evening's Work of a Young Naturalist.

By THEODORE WOOD, JOINT-AUTHOR OF "THE FIELD-NATURALIST'S HAND-BOOK."

THE reader will probably wonder, unless he be an entomologist, what two such apparently incongruous articles as treacle and lamp-posts can possibly have to do with each other; and they certainly do not seem to have much in common. But, in the career of a working entomologist, they play a very important part.

"Treacle," or "sugar," as it was formerly called, is a mixture of coarse treacle and rum, and is designed to attract the night-flying moths, for which purpose it is spread on the trunks of trees in a favourable locality. Attracted by the odour of the spirit, the moths come flying from all directions to the coveted dainty, and, settling on the painted trunks, speedily become engrossed in the occupation of sucking up the mixture. Meanwhile the collector, lantern in hand, makes his round of the prepared trees, and selects the specimens which he requires for his collection.

Such is a brief outline of the operation, and I shall now attempt to describe a successful evening's work.

We have chosen a warm, close evening in the beginning of June, with an ominous bank of thick black clouds on the horizon, and tolerably evident indications of an approaching thunderstorm. The moon is at her last quarter, and does not rise until very late. So much the better for our purpose, for, irresistibly as moths are attracted to artificial light, such as a candle or gas-lamp, moonlight seems to be actually repulsive to them, and on a bright evening scarcely one will stir from its hiding place. The state of the atmosphere, too, is just what moths delight in, and if only there were a slight drizzle, the evening would be perfection. Altogether we could hardly have a better opportunity for our excursion, and accordingly, half an hour or so before dusk, we pack up our apparatus and start for a neighbouring wood.

This wood has one great advantage to entomologists, namely, that it is strictly private, admission being only granted by special license of the owner. In consequence it is not infested with small boys, who form one of the greatest torments of the working entomologist, and who, if they do not plaster his treacle patches with mud, are certain to follow him closely in his wanderings, frightening the moths from his trees, and making themselves intolerable nuisances.

The apparatus mentioned consists of:—

First, an old mustard tin, provided with a handle of strong wire, and containing rather more than half-a-pint of "green" treacle, mixed with a little stale beer, in order to thin it. Formerly, instead of treacle, entomologists employed a compound made by boiling the coarsest brown sugar—"Jamaica foots," as it is technically termed—in beer for two or three hours, and keeping it bottled until required for use. However, by degrees it has been found that a simple mixture of green treacle and rum answers every purpose, and very few now adhere to the old plan.

Secondly, a large painter's brush, wherewith to apply the mixture to the tree-trunks.

Next, a small bottle holding about a tablespoonful of the coarsest and newest procurable rum, to be mixed with the treacle just before applying it to the trees. Then, there is a large satchel containing chip pill-boxes, such as are used for holding ointment, of four consecutive sizes, and "nested" into one another to economize space; these are for holding the expected captives. A "bull's-eye" lantern, a box of lucifer matches, and a butterfly-net complete the list.

After a short walk we arrive at the wood, and find that it is high time to commence operations, for the sun has already set, and the bats are busily engaged in hawking for the insects which constitute their prey. Round an adjacent bush a swarm of gnats are performing their aerial evolutions, a sure sign that the evening is a propitious one for the entomologist. We note the favourable omen, and then set to work.

Hiding the lantern in a bush near the commencement of the round, we proceed to mix the "treacle," handing the butterfly-net to our companion, who looks out for the thin-bodied *Geometer* moths, which always commence their evening flight before darkness fairly sets in, and which are now beginning to appear in considerable numbers.

Having poured in the rum, and mixed the compound to a proper consistency by the aid of the brush, we apply it to the trunk of a grand old oak in a long narrow streak, beginning at about the height of the shoulder, and continuing to about three feet from the ground, working it well into the interstices of the bark. Thence we proceed to a second, and a third, passing by all trees with smooth

bark, which, for some reason or other, moths always avoid.

Meanwhile our companion is by no means idle. Here is a pretty little Wave Moth, with its delicate white wings powdered with blackish spots. Among the bushes one of the small Emeralds is fluttering, while a Swift is dashing wildly about among the low herbage at the edge of the path. Here comes a thick-bodied *Noctua* flying head-long down the riding, and almost knocking against us before it discovers its dangerous proximity; another, attracted by the odour of the rum, is coming in hot haste to secure a share of the feast, while a third is absorbed in the flowers of a neighbouring bramble. A Dor-beetle flies lazily past, with its dull drone, and a Cockchafer is blundering amongst the foliage of the trees. Among all these his net is in constant use, and, to judge by his occasional exclamations, the rapid succession of insects rather bewilders him than otherwise. Nevertheless, before we have finished baiting the trees he has more than half-filled his collecting-box, and has certainly no reason to complain of the result of his labours.

Nor do we meet with insects alone, for on the path before us is sitting a huge toad, eyeing us in contemplative wonder, and we hear the rustle of a grass-snake among the bracken, as it retreats from the vicinity of the unwelcome intruders.

After twenty minutes' work or so, we have prepared a sufficient number of trees, selecting them as nearly as possible in a circle, in order to waste no time in retracing our steps between the rounds. Now, laying aside the tin, we get our hands as free as possible from the treacle which has splashed on to them, light the lantern, and, pill-box in hand, commence our circuit.

After a little practice it becomes perfectly easy, the lantern being held in the left hand, to work the pill-box with the right, a *sine quâ non* when working alone. Some books recommend the lantern being fastened in front of the body by a belt, or hung round the neck, and one sagacious work actually suggests that it should be strapped in front of the chimney-pot hat! However, even when the lamp is held by a companion, it is next to impossible to capture a moth on the treacle, and is even more difficult if it is hung on the belt.

The first tree we come to has only one visitor, viz. an earwig of an exploring turn of mind, who speedily retreats before the light of the lantern. On the next, however, there are several moths of different sorts, all busily

engaged in their feast, and elbowing each other right and left in their eagerness. Two of them feign death, and fall to the ground as soon as the lantern is turned upon them, intending to remain quiet until the impending danger has passed. A most irritating trick to the collector is this, which is one common to most of the moths which frequent the bait of treacle, for, once among the *débris* at the roots of the trees, which, from their sombre colours, they so much resemble, it is a matter of extreme difficulty to find them, and in most instances the search is mere waste of time. There is only one consolation, and that is, that after they have recovered from their fright, the fallen moths generally return to their interrupted meal, where they may perhaps be captured at the following round. In order to avoid the possibility of losing any insects in future, we direct our companion to place his net below the treacled patch before we turn on the lantern, that any moths adopting the above tactics may be arrested in their fall, and captured for examination.

Well is it for us, as it soon turns out, that we took this precaution, for, at the very next tree, a fine specimen of the rather scarce Light Brocade (*Hadena geyistæ*) falls into the net before the pill-box could be brought into use. As it is, however, he is speedily captured, and transferred to a capacious coat-pocket.

As we approach the next tree in our circuit, a shadowy form sweeps past us, hovers at the patch of treacle for a second, and departs as rapidly and noiselessly as it came. It was a bat, which had learned by experience the attraction of the baited trees to insects, and had snatched one from the trunk as it passed, scarcely pausing in its flight.

In a wood in which we "treacled" regularly for three or four years, the bats were a perfect nuisance in this way, sometimes making free with nearly half the moths which approached the treacle.

A friend tells me that for some time he was annoyed by an even greater pest, which took almost every insect that should by rights have fallen to his lot. This *bête noire* was found in the goat-suckers, or nightjars, which used to sit at the foot of the treacled trees and watch for an approaching moth. No sooner did an insect arrive within a foot or two of the patch than the bird darted into the air, seized and devoured it, and then returned to its post in readiness for another victim. To such a pitch did the birds carry this system of piracy, that he was obliged to lie in wait for the marauders, and shoot them, before he could secure a single insect.

A little farther on we come to another robber, in the shape of a large toad, which has taken up his position exactly beneath the baited spot, and is waiting with praiseworthy perseverance for the insects which are certain to fall to the ground as soon as the spirituous mixture has lulled them into unconsciousness. And a rich harvest must fall to his lot, for, besides the intoxicated insects from above, he has the opportunity of catching the earwigs, beetles, &c., as they ascend from the ground to the nearest "dribblet." Judging from the rotundity of his form, he has often occupied this post before, and seems in no wise eager to leave it, even when the lantern is placed in close proximity to him.

Fluttering daintily up and down the treacle above, as though unwilling to touch the sticky substance with its delicate feet, we find and quickly secure a very fine specimen of the exquisite Peach-Blossom Moth (*Thyatira batis*), with its five pale pink blotches on each upper wing, looking exactly like the fallen petals of the flower from which it takes its name. There can hardly be two opinions but that it is the most beautiful of all our British *Noctua*. Though by no means uncommon where it does occur, it is not very generally distributed, and a collector may work for years in a district without finding a specimen, while in another wood, perhaps only a mile or two distant, it can be taken in profusion. Here it seems fairly abundant, for on the next tree we find another specimen, and by the end of the evening have obtained nearly a dozen examples.

We now begin to find the slugs a decided nuisance, for three or four of these creatures will devour the whole of the treacle on a tree in a very short space of time. On one tree we find a gigantic specimen, a very Goliath among slugs, somewhere about six inches in length when fully stretched out. The usual mode of proceeding in such a case is to put up the foot and crush the marauder. On applying this remedy a perfect stream of treacle flows from the crushed body of the creature, and shows the amount of mischief he had done in a very short space of time.

All this time the moths have been very abundant, and we have added a considerable number to our collection, and filled the greater number of our boxes. However, we are at the end of our circuit, and it is a well-known fact that the first round of the trees is generally the most productive; so we must not expect to be as successful during the rest of the evening.

Nevertheless, the treacles are still very well attended by visitors, and moths, beetles, earwigs, slugs, woodlice, and spiders vie with each other in their attempts to secure a place. On one small patch we count no less than fifty-one moths, most of them common ones, however, besides the heterogeneous mixture just noticed.

On one tree there is a very strange and unaccustomed visitor, namely, a field-mouse, which has perched itself at the junction of a small branch with the trunk, and is apparently engaged in lapping up the treacle. When we turn on the light, it seems by no means disconcerted, but sits perfectly quiet, peering curiously at us with its large black eyes. A nearer approach, however, on our part, reminds it that "discretion is the better part of valour," and it disappears behind the tree, runs down the trunk, and is quickly lost to sight among the undergrowth.

While we are looking at it, a large Yellow Underwing (*Triphana pronuba*) comes down on the treacle with a plump, and begins rushing frantically about in search of the best place. Pushing another moth impatiently out of its way, it unrolls its long proboscis and sets to work, causing a large drop of the mixture to disappear with startling rapidity. What with slugs and what with Yellow Underwings the trees seem in a fair way to be entirely deprived of the luscious bait, and so we take the gourmand between the finger and thumb and fling him into the air, when he takes the warning and his flight together.

Sometimes a moth refuses to be ejected from his position, and will return to the same tree time after time, and night after night, no matter how often he be knocked off, until the time comes round for him to pay the debt of nature. A marked specimen of the beautiful Red Underwing (*Catocala nupta*) has been noticed regularly for more than a month, gradually getting more and more worn in appearance. Whether nourished to an unusual extent by the diet or not, I do not know, but it remained on the wing for long after the rest of its companions had disappeared.

Two trees farther on, the patch of treacle is half covered by a number of one of the wood-boring beetles, which does not possess a popular name, but is scientifically known as *Helops striatus*. It is of a dark, reddish-brown colour, rather more than half an inch in length, and has the elytra regularly grooved for the whole of their length. It has the peculiarity of never being out of season, so to speak, for it can be met with in every

month of the year, clinging to the tree-trunks at night during the summer, and buried in the ground or in rotten wood during the frosts of winter.

While engaged in our next round, we have the opportunity of witnessing a very curious and interesting scene on the bait. A large Yellow Underwing—by far the greediest of all moths at treacle—is fighting with two specimens of the Dark Arches (*Xylophasia polyodon*), a moth of about equal size, for the possession of a choice drop of the preparation. The light of the lantern does not deter them in the least degree, and they go on jostling and struggling with each other, now one and now another getting the advantage, until we end the dispute by knocking all three off the tree, to meditate in solitude on the frailty of worldly hopes.

All this time we have slowly but surely been increasing our list of captures, and after the fourth circuit of the trees find that we have barely half-a-dozen boxes left unoccupied. These we shall want on our return, and, finding it is verging close upon midnight, we determine to retrace our steps and accordingly set out on our homeward way.

Now for the lamp-posts.

As I mentioned near the beginning of this paper, moths and other insects are irresistibly attracted towards artificial light. Almost every one knows how moths will fly in at the open window on a warm summer's evening, dash violently about the room for a few minutes, and finish their manœuvres and their life together by flying through the flame of the lamp, and falling, maimed and scorched, on to the table below. Whether they are fascinated by the light, and so are unwillingly obliged to fly towards it, or whether they are simply impelled by motives of curiosity, has not as yet been discovered. Whichever may be the case, the habit proves a source of great profit to the collector, and he never passes a lamp-post without casting an upward glance at the framework, any more than he walks by the side of a fence or wall without instinctively keeping a look out for any moths that may be resting upon it. And this, not by night alone, but also by day; for many moths, settling on the glass of the lamp during the hours of darkness, still remain upon it after the break of day, and sometimes do not leave their situation until the following evening.

To-night insects are nearly as abundant on the gas-lamps by the side of the road as they were on our treacles, and after passing one or two, which were only visited by some of the common species, we come to a lamp on

which is resting a moth of which we are in want. So, laying the lantern and treacle-tin on the ground, and handing the net to our companion, we ascend the post, first taking the precaution of placing an empty pill-box in the coat-pocket, within easy reach of the hand. Once fairly up, the moth is quickly secured, and we slide down again, hopeful in the anticipation of further captures.

Some collectors, too lazy or otherwise unwilling to climb the posts, use a contrivance for catching an insect on a gas-lamp without exertion. This consists of a wide-mouthed glass bottle, charged with cyanide of potassium—the vapour of which is a deadly poison—fastened at right angles to the end of a long rod, and provided with a band of gutta-percha round the rim. When a moth is seen resting on the side of the lamp, the bottle is uncorked and placed under the insect, which is speedily stupefied by the poisonous fumes and falls senseless into it.

This seems at first sight to be a very useful contrivance, and calculated to save the collector a good deal of bodily labour. But there are one or two serious objections to it, not the least being that the poisonous element of the cyanide is very evanescent, and requires to be constantly renewed in order to keep it in a working condition.

Then when, as very often happens, a moth settles on the framework, or even inside the lamp, it is obvious that the bottle can be of very little use; and a collector relying entirely upon it would frequently be tantalized by the sight of a scarce insect which he was unable to obtain. And, moreover, it very often happens that a moth is quite invisible until the lamp-post is ascended, and would therefore only be accidentally found except by those collectors who climb every post on favourable evenings. Most entomologists, therefore, eschew this apparatus, and content themselves by climbing the lamp in the ordinary manner.

It is not to be expected, of course, that the spectacle of an individual ascending lamp after lamp, often for no apparent purpose, will long remain unchallenged, and in such cases the police usually consider that they "smell a rat!" I have myself been followed for upwards of a mile by a couple of zealous members of the force, who halted within forty or fifty yards of each lamp as I climbed it, and watched me with evident distrust. Nor were their doubts finally set at rest until I climbed a post and boxed a moth when they were standing only a few feet distant. This seemed to convince them that I intended no

harm, and they then left me to my own devices for the rest of the evening.

On our way home we pass very few lamps upon which one moth at least is not resting, while ichneumon flies and daddy-long-legs visit the light in some numbers, and an inquisitive cockchafer is occasionally to be seen. Among so many insects our remaining pill-boxes are rapidly filled, and we reach home with the pleasing knowledge that we have not room for a single additional capture.

Not, however, without one slight mishap.

As a rule, the descent of a lamp is by far the easiest part of the business; but one post

is provided about half-way up with a ring of metal, projecting some three-quarters of an inch from the "stalk," as our friend terms it. On this we are foolish enough to stand, and, occupied in the use of the pill-box, the natural result occurs, and we make a rapid descent, fraught with disastrous results to ankles and knees, and *minus* the expected insect.

However, this is but a slight penalty for our general success, and we seek our couch, some time after midnight, perfectly satisfied with the result of our evening's labours among the Treacles and Lamp-posts.

CORRESPONDENCE CLASSES.

IT is now about three years since there appeared in GOOD WORDS an article on "Education by Post," in which special reference was made to the Correspondence Classes organized by the Glasgow Association for the Higher Education of Women. That article did more than anything else to make known the existence, explain the nature, and commend the aim of these classes. It found its way into a thousand homes; was read on the banks of the Ganges and in the tea gardens of Assam, and excited curiosity in a Dutch colony at the Cape. A great help was given by that article to the modest little scheme which was then only about a year old, and in need of kindly fostering care to develop its powers and bring it to maturity. Hundreds of inquirers sought for further information, and many of these inquirers enrolled themselves as students. Since that time the classes have been growing in favour, and the addition of fresh members is mainly due to that best of all advertisements, the recommendation of old pupils.

The system of education by correspondence has found exponents and eulogists from time to time; but it may be well to explain briefly the method by which instruction in a great variety of subjects can be given equally well to pupils living in the next street and at the Antipodes, and that, too, with such regularity as would gladden the heart of the most anxiously conscientious member of any school board in the kingdom. Plans of study, in which the session's work is divided into fortnightly lessons, so that pupils may know precisely what they are to study, are first of all sent out. At the end of each fortnight carefully prepared questions on the prescribed lesson are forwarded to the pupils, who are required to send written answers to

the tutors within a specified time. These answers are carefully examined, corrections are made, and notes, criticisms, and explanations are added in the margin. The papers are then returned to the pupils with the next set of questions. In order to insure regularity the Honorary Secretary* undertakes the transmission of the papers, and both questions and answers pass through her hands. This arrangement gives unity to the scheme, and enables the Secretary to superintend the work of both pupils and tutors.

Teaching by post has other centres than Glasgow, but it is not too much to say that the Glasgow scheme embraces a wider curriculum than any other now existing. Its special plan of study is determined by the scheme sketched out by the Glasgow University for their local examinations and for that higher examination for women recently established as a sort of equivalent to an examination for a degree. The Association enlists the services of the very best tutors that can be got to take up the various subjects contained in the University scheme. There are about forty different classes, for there are three grades, junior, senior, and higher, in almost all the subjects, and these are divided among twenty tutors, to whose high excellence the success of the classes is mainly, if not altogether, due. A mere mechanist in teaching, who has no living enthusiasm for his subject, will certainly fail to stimulate his pupils to do their best, but the Association is to be congratulated on having obtained the co-operation of some of the most distinguished of the Glasgow University graduates, and of Oxford and Paris graduates who have taken high honours. With such

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men to guide the studies of earnest students really good work can be done and is done. As many correspondence pupils are readers of GOOD WORDS, it may interest them to know that this year, as usual, the largest class has been that for Common Subjects. Literature, History, Scripture history, Latin, French, German, and Theory of music, in all the three grades, are in great request. Among the physical sciences, physiology holds the first place. Physiography is studied with diligence, mathematics stands fairly well, but botany, chemistry, and astronomy are left in the background, although they are much valued by those who make choice of them. Political economy is rising in favour, but logic, metaphysics, and moral philosophy are confined to a select few.

Although these classes are intended to prepare candidates for University examination, students do not need to enter themselves for any test. In many cases it would be impossible, the distance of residence from any centre being too great, but whenever a sufficient number—not a large one—can be brought together, the University Examination Board is willing to establish a centre. It is hoped that in 1883 there may be one formed in Mauritius, where, fostered by a zealous coadjutor and much encouraged by the bishop, there is a growing demand for sound education, and a desire for the stimulus given by the prospect of authorized University examinations.

No account of these classes, however slight, would be complete without some notice of the cordial and grateful expression given by pupils to their appreciation of the benefits conferred by a system so flexible and ubiquitous as that of correspondence. By its help mothers are educating their children with much success. Some make use of it on their own account, the object of one of these being to take a more intelligent interest in the studies of her boys. Many governesses are making advance in various branches while teaching in schools and families, and young ladies are redeeming part of their time from amusements and ordinary engagements in order to cultivate their faculties and enrich their minds. One gentleman—the classes are not confined to one sex—who writes that his curriculum was ended more than thirty years ago, has been for two years a zealous and distinguished student. He finds in these classes “a stimulus and aid to methodical study in leisure hours, and a guard against that habit of desultoriness which is such a bane to healthy mental growth and

vigour.” A lady in the South of France writes: “I cannot tell how I have enjoyed this series of Scripture lessons, and how much I have profited by them. Mr. ——— deserves great praise and thanks for the able, comprehensive questions, and for his attention and kindness in fully correcting or approving the answers.” And to give but one more instance, a corporal in North India is working most diligently, so that he may rise in the scale of knowledge and intelligence and be saved from the temptations that beset idleness in a barrack-room.

There is no monotony in correspondence. Some of the subjects give rise to animated discussions carried on through several successive papers. An intelligent pupil has the means of bringing the questions which most interest him or her to a fair discussion, and of receiving light upon them by communication with a man of culture who has made some of them his special study; and experience shows that the pupil does not fail to make use of the opportunity. The merits of Cavaliers and Roundheads have brought out strong opinions; the strength or weakness of Ophelia's character has been warmly criticized; the superiority of Rosamond to Celia, or of Celia to Rosamond, has been laid in the balance of youthful opinion, and the powers of satire, as displayed by Swift, have been eloquently denounced and defended. In connection with the literature class, in which skirmishing is most frequent, a very thoughtful pupil writes: “As each paper comes in I feel increasingly glad that I ever joined these classes. They have been a source of untold pleasure and profit to me and to several of my friends.” With testimony such as this and much more that might be added, there can be no hesitation in recommending the Correspondence Classes. There is no doubt they have been the means of helping many a solitary student, and of inducing many a girl to resist the temptation of forgetting, amid the pleasures of society, the hard-won conquests of school. This is the highest criterion that can be applied. Judged, however, by a lower standard, that of tangible results, the Glasgow Correspondence Classes have, as may be seen by the report of the University local examinations, an equal claim to respect and consideration. The whole scheme is now thoroughly organized, and is capable of indefinite extension. If any one desires to have more detailed information regarding this work, the Hon. Secretary is always glad to answer any inquiries that are sent to her. JANE S. MACARTHUR.



"The Kingfisher's Haunt."

IN AND OUT THE DALES.

BY FRANCIS FRANCIS.

HOW many years ago it is since I first visited those lovely Derbyshire dales I cannot tell, for, sooth to say, I visited them in spirit long, long before 'I visited them in person. Let me consider; let me "perpend my rudiments." It is now somewhere about half a century ago, a trifle more or less, when I, a lad of nine or ten, was wending homewards after a heavy dose of Freemart fair—

a fair which was holden yearly in Portsmouth Town in those days, and which monopolized the whole of the High Street and Parade for fourteen days, to the delight of us boys and the despair of the burghers. I remember that I had been regaled with spice-nuts, spotted boys, pig-faced and white-haired ladies, giants, dwarfs, and peep-shows; and well do I remember *them*, for there was one representing that cruel murder of the Red Barn, or "the true voracious specter" (as per the showman) "of the 'orrid tragedy of Maria Martin, or the Red Barn murder," wherein her sweetheart, one Corder, inveigled Maria Martin to the solitary Red Barn, somewhere in Suffolk, I believe, and having got her there he did her to death with pistol and knife, and then with

pick and shovel dug a grave and buried her within the precinct. But murder will out in spite of all possibilities, human or otherwise, for ghosts walked in those days and formed a detective force of their own, being gifted with peculiar powers, as witness Giles Scroggins, Jacob Marley, and "the ghost of the grim scrag of mutton." So Maria appeared in a very ensanguined condition, and pointing to her various wounds as she arose from the open grave in terrific sulphureous clouds, from which it was clear where *she* was, went sliding along, with a hitch now and then owing to defective machinery, but which was more terrific than if she had kept straight on, and thus she appeared phantomically to her slumbering parents, and disclosed the secret of her fate, &c., &c., &c., all of which I remember woke me oftentimes afterwards at dead of night with dreams of shivering horror. It is fifty years ago, but I can see the Red Barn and Maria Martin's ghost now, and that quite-impossible knife which was like unto Sydney Smith's "Kime" which "the natives cut themselves with," and out of which he got such fun.

Pondering on this tremendous drama, I came across a bookstall in the fair—I always was a stall hunter—and poking about among old volumes I discovered an old edition of "Izaak Walton," by Moses Brown, the first fishing work I had ever come across. It required the whole of my remaining capital, "a splendid shilling," to purchase that delightful volume. The cuts with which Moses had adorned, *or otherwise*, his edition of the work, were too-too-too, and even now I roar with laughter at his Jemmy Jessamy and meditative anglers, with their spruce and spotless knee-breeches, hosen, and buckles. And here is a curious reflection *en passant*: "Walton" has never yet been suitably illustrated in the *correct* costume of the period; what has been done by artists is this—they have accurately depicted the costume of the period, but it is the full-dress costume from pictures, not the angling or sporting costume. Only conceive now if even Mr. Punch were to bring out a picture of a gentleman engaged in fishing in a tail coat, white tie, an acre of shirt front, paper cuffs, and patent leather pumps—what should we say of it? Yet that is exactly what has been done in the case of Walton, when costumes were even more inappropriate.

Then and there for the first time I visited the Dales. I will not touch upon the Waltonian portion of the book as it is foreign to this relation, but the Cottonian part I devoured with intense delight. How I revelled

in every bit of scenery described and noticed in Dove Dale! How every incident from the journey thither to the catching of each fish and the dressing of the flies burnt itself into my memory never after to be forgotten! That was my first acquaintance with the Dales, and it was long after that I became acquainted with quaint old Rowsley.

"Why, dear me, friend Crayon, dost remember the day when we first pulled up at the porch of this now familiar Peacock, and admired yon wondrous carving in stone, over the doorway, of a peacock evolved certainly out of the depths of the artist's inner consciousness—a peacock with his tail set in a gale of wind and blowing all manner of ways? Dost thou remember?"

"Truly do I. That was when poor old Cooper himself, the pleasant landlord, was alive; and well do I remember, too, how upon the third day he haled you off to look at the museum of one Bateman, and you objected thoroughly to be taken away from your fishing to look at three shark's teeth, a New Zealand club made in Manchester, and a stuffed monkey, as you said, while I went fishing—you thereafter returning much delighted with one of the finest collections of old English arms, &c., &c., &c., you had ever seen. Indeed, I remember it all exceedingly well; and now having seen our rooms and mounted our creels, let us take one sober glass of ale to the memory of old times and old friends. Now here are our tickets of permission to fish, so let's away up stream, for the August days grow shorter and we may as well make them as long as we can. So *en avant*, and here is Fillieford Bridge."

"I suppose you will feel it incumbent on you to sketch Haddon Hall," I say slyly. Now Crayon is an artist, but he is even more a fisherman, and you will not get him to leave rising fish for any sketching whatsoever.

"Haddon Hall!" he says, with profound contempt, "it's been done to death a hundred times and more. It is like Pecksniff's Salisbury Cathedral, and has been taken from the north and from the south, from the east and from the west, from the north-east and from the south-west. Haddon Hall from the north-east, Haddon Hall from the south-west. No, thank ye, the crowd is too big and the whole thing is on too large a scale. That old, old postern bridge though, half-hidden under broad spreading trees, and over which but one person could pass abreast at the same time, is fine. 'Tis a worthy fragment, and by my halidame, were it not that I have seen three trout rise beneath it and a

good one above, I would—I—I—ah!—Feaſily now—carefully. Faith, 'twas a neat caſt, too, for that fine fellow that roſe by the corner of the arch, and as good luck would have it, there he riſes again and is faſt. Hey day, what a pother, maſter trouty ! but no more wilt thou ſeek the friendly ſhade of yon ſheltering arch. Hither to me, my pretty ſpotted fellow, gently—ſo—into the landing-net, in with you ! A nice fiſh truly of a good three-quarters ; may his capture be auſpicious and but a precedent of ſport to come.” Thus we ſtray onwards paſt the grand old caſtelled manſion of the Manners, and before them of the Vernons (Kings of the Peak entitled) and yet farther back, poſſibly even unto Saxon times, of the Avenels. One could fancy that the trout and greyling pay particular worſhip to the magnificent old hall, for ſome of the beſt ſtreams are cloſe beſide. But the fiſh are comparatively wary, for perhaps no portion of the hotel water, which extends over five miles or ſo from Fillieford Bridge to Bake-well, gets ſo well fiſhed, for Haddon is a magnet that draws troops upon troops of viſitors all the ſummer long, and many of them carry their fiſhing-rods along with them. On we wend through the lovelieſt meads perhaps in Derbyſhire, which in their luſcious greenery ſeem made not only to produce fat cattle, but for man's delight alſo in many another way ; on paſt many a ſinuouſ wind and turning, and ſurely there be few rivers that do wind and turn like the Wye ; oft-times ſhall you be ſtanding on the bank of one bend and another bend will be within a few yards of you, and yet if you follow the winding bank you ſhall have to cover half-a-mile or more before you can reach from the one ſpot to the other, and theſe deep bends, with many a ripple and eddy, and many a high ſcarped bank, are where fiſh moſt do congregate, with—

“ Here and there a luſty trout,
And here and there a greyling, ”—

ſucking in the tender delicate duns which come floating adown the ſtream, like the thoughtleſs ones of the world, who float upon the ſtream of life too lightly, regardless of the doom that lurks below. Fresh is the air, and bright the ſun ; ſparkling the water, and heavenly the day. Why need they trouble themſelves about to-morrow, or the hopes and chances of exiſtence ? “ Poor inſect, what a little day of ſunny bliſs is thine ! ” Fate yawns for you beneath that crystal wave you ſit ſo lightly and cockily upon. Suddenly there is a ſmall whirlpool,

and a huge cavernous recess, ſet with a double row of horrid teeth, gapes above and below, the water ruſhes in to fill the fearful pit, the terrible jaws claſh together like the brazen gates to Tophet, and, “ poor inſect, ” indeed ! you are no longer a ſentient thing, but mere animal provant. In pitying theſe pretty, delicately-pencilled creatures, however, one is apt to forget that they themſelves, poſſibly but a brief hour ſince, were ſavage, devouring monſters in their ſphere, too, and juſt as terrible to the leſſer inſects of the waters as that all-devouring trout is now to them and theirs. For ſome of the larvæ of water-flies—and notably that of that delicate creature, the May-fly, or green drake—are, when in the larva ſtate, the moſt ſavage and blood-thiſtly little monſters poſſible, chopping up, with their ſharp-pointed forceps, ſmall fiſh and inſects fully of their own ſize ; and you can hardly, perhaps, get a worſe peſt into your hatching-boxes, amongſt your trout and ſalmon eggs, or alevins, than a dozen or ſo of May-fly larvæ. The only inſect peſts that can at all equal them in their deſtructive powers are the larvæ of the big dragon-fly, and the water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginalis*, both in its natural and its larva ſtate ; in the latter, ſo ſavage and deſtructive is it that it is called the water-devil. It is almoſt incredible what theſe inſects will attack and devour. Fortunately, they are ſmall creatures ; for if they were not their rapacity would be too terrible. Look at a drop of water in a mi-croſcope, and you will ſee a parallel there. I am afraid that, beneficial as is the whole ſcheme of creation, there is a great deal of what ſentimentaliſts regard as ſavagery and ſlaughter goes on amongſt even the moſt (reputedly) tender and placid creatures. Peep into that region of wonders, the Brighton Aquarium, with me ; regard that gorgeous tank, crammed with anemones of every form and hue, like a blooming bed of beauteous flowers—aſters, daiſies, chryſanthemums, anemones, ranunculuses, and fifty others. See that actinia, in roſe-leaf hues. How tender, how re-poſeful ! How innocently harmleſs ! But juſt let any wandering ſhrimp come half a fraction of barleycorn too cloſe to thoſe charming and inviting harmleſs arms, and ſee what a ſtrict attention is at once paid to buſineſs ! How promptly he is collared, and how arm after arm enfolds him, ſtruggle he never ſo madly and heroically ! How, finally, enwrapped in fifty filaments, he diſappears into what we may call the calyx of the anemone ! Horrible fate ! Ah, thoſe ſirens ! thoſe ſirens ! and all the ſo-called myths of antiquity. They

are only myths to those whose imperfect knowledge forbids them to understand the parable. What was the Lernean Hydra slain by Hercules, for example, but a huge octopus? If you doubt it, read your Victor Hugo, perpend the devil-fish, and doubt no longer. You will thus, at any rate, have gained one step upon the ladder of wisdom, if, as the modern poet says—

"For little fools trust all too much,
But great ones not at all."

But this is moralising and day-dreaming; not that it is altogether an unprofitable mood to walk the meads in. And thus we wander on, Crayon and I, till we reach the stream below the wilderness, or "kingfisher's haunt," a wild and charming bit of scenery, an island wilderness, surrounded by pretty streams more or less fishable. At the foot-bridge below the weir we make a pause, for Crayon is seized with a sketching fit and sits down resolutely to his work: but, unfortunately, at his feet runs one of the best greyling streams on the river, which is rarely without a moving fish, and he has not well got his outlines on paper when a fish begins to rise, which at once relegates the pencil to the pocket. For *that* fish *must* be caught, and the Academy loses a pretty, breezy "Bit on the Wye," with Mr. Piscator plying his art in the distance, and so I escape the Academy by the skin of my teeth, which is just like my luck.

From this, up to the iron foot-bridge, we pass stream after stream of lovely greyling water, and when the fish are on the rise here, it is a sight to see and to remember. In the pool below the bridge at Bakewell we pause to note some great big fellows rising far out and beyond the reach. A very pretty shallow this, of probably a hundred yards or so in length. On this bit I once killed eight-and-a-half brace of very nice trout, with not a greyling among them, and, though there are very large trout in places on this shallow, they do not come to hand every day. But now the evening is falling fast, the fish have ceased to rise, and, satisfied with our sport, we turn aside. A short walk through the clean little town, and the welcome portals of the Rutland Arms receive us. There is just time to wash our hands before the seven o'clock table d'hôte dinner, with its pleasant company of hungry anglers and tourists.

A pleasant drive of three or four miles the next morning, through the village of Ashford, lands us at the new bridge at the entrance to Monsal Dale. And here, again, while I am out-tackling, Crayon rubs in a few outlines;

but fish are seen to rise, and he soon forsakes the pencil for the rod. It is a curious thing to note how each of these Dales varies from, and is utterly unlike, the other. Monsal Dale is peculiar; though the hills that enclose it, often closely, are in places precipitous and wild enough, and often thickly wooded, there is a softness and sylvan beauty about the scenery peculiarly its own.

Here, too, is a singular pile of rocks, which bear a rude resemblance to a castle tower, and this is called "Hob's" Castle—Hob being supposed to be a certain goblin; manifestly, of course, a Hobgoblin, and a sort of Robin Goodfellow, since he did a rare good turn of work now and then for farmers or their wives when they were kind to him, and placed bowls of cream and cakes out for his delectation. As Milton says—

"When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had threshed the corn,
Which ten day-labourers could not end."

A very proper sort of goblin, a very estimable goblin, and it is a very great pity that all such things are now abolished by Act of Parliament. I suppose, however, if they were not they would be "comprehended as vagrom characters" by the rural police. But garrulousness, that vice of age, is getting hold upon us. The river here, though it does not wind about nearly so much as below Bakewell, has plenty of sharp bends and big deep pools to shelter any quantity of fish. The water, too, is heavier than it is higher up, and the fish less often found on the feed—at least at the fly. Crayon, I see, has contrived to bag a greyling or two while I have done the same kind offices for a leash of trout, and am engaged in trying to tempt a fine fellow of above a pound in weight out of the neck of a long, deep, round, swirling pool where the river makes a sudden turn in its course and goes off at right angles. The bank is fringed with alders, and the cast is not an easy one owing to the trees behind. Twice, however, have I covered the fish, and twice have I seen the rogue come up to the fly and drop back a yard or two with his nose almost touching it, so closely does he think it necessary to scan it. Both times, however, as he reaches the glide he leaves it and returns to his observatory at the neck. But the colour is right, though the sun is rather bright, and that makes him shy; no doubt his wonder is raised that a fly, otherwise so accurate in details, should have such a curly tail, to say nothing of that long shiny filamentous appendage extending from the mouth, and which

raises suspicion in his scaly bosom. But the sky is clouded now, the water ruffled with a little breeze, and once more the fly goes true to its mark and lights like a shadow two feet above the fish; once more he rises to it, this time he sees neither curly tail nor filament. There is a little dimple on the water as he gently raises his nose to the surface, a slight turn of my wrist and a prodigious plunge on the surface, and then a rush down into the depths and up and across—he actually takes out line like a little salmon and won't be denied, for if I check him hook, gut, or hold will give way. For they fight like Turks these Derbyshire fish, not being like Falstaff, "fat and scant o' breath," up and down trying for every sheltering weed or bank he goes, then back again, and "Here we go round (not the mulberry), but the alder bush," and it is no easy matter to steer him out of it. But his time is come at last, and after a grand fight Mr. Piscator's landing net scoops him out, as it has many an one of more than double his weight, a handsome fish of a pound and a quarter, the fish of the day I doubt not. Bravo! my little olive-quill offspring of my friend Marryat's* invention, and one of the most irresistible insects which can be put over a trout, from John o' Groat's to Land's End, and I blow out the feathers of the wee tempter lovingly. Thus we go on from stream to stream and pool to pool until we sit down to lunch and moralise in the middle of a breezy rabbit warren.

Just below us and on the other side are two wonderful ponds called the "Quaker's ponds," and I take it that they contain about the clearest water in England. They are fed from a little stream from the limestone and are marvellously bright and clear. They cover some three or four acres of ground, and are full of very fine trout, which are not easy to catch. Having finished our luncheon we once more get to our fishing. We now pass some lovely water, perhaps the cream of the Dale, and fish are both plentiful and large, and the baskets grow in weight, as hour by hour slips by. As the afternoon falls we come to a pretty waterfall which descends over the weir of a large pool about sixty yards wide and above a quarter of a mile long. The water here is almost still, there being a very slight current, but it abounds in very fine fish, some of them of two pounds weight and more. We can see them swimming to and fro as we walk onwards towards the lofty viaduct that spans

the valley at the neck of the pool; and we watch a train come thundering across it and disappear suddenly into the bowels of the earth in a tunnel as it reaches the hill on the other side. The effect is perfectly magical: now all roar and thunder, then a whiff of smoke and sudden silence. Passing under the viaduct, we saunter up the stream, cross a hand-bridge, and pursuing the bank of the stream, which is here dull and dubbish, we pick up a nice trout or two, until we reach the plank bridge just below the railway station. A farther saunter above this shows us still some very pretty water and fine trout therein, with an opening view of Cressford mill—a big factory most picturesquely placed amidst waterfalls, rocks, and greenery of all descriptions. The view is charming, but our time is up, so we make our way up to the station, with brimming baskets and tired limbs which have well earned a temporary rest.

The next station to Monsal Dale is Millers Dale, and here we land on the succeeding morning, and proceeding down a very steep road we reach the bridge which spans the river. Here we stop to tackle up, and the keeper comes to us from an adjoining cottage. It is a question whether we shall go up or down stream, but I decide upon "up." There is much more water and the scenery far more lovely. Below, it is not remarkable, and though there are fine trout and greyling, the mills often interfere with the water. We therefore, after trying some wary old trouts which are always rising just above the bridge, and being contemptuously declined by them, go through the gate, along the private road towards a small wood. Here there are large limestone quarries up above, as there are in so many places hereabouts, and they are constantly blasting them. So that it is not at all an uncommon thing to have a shower of stones and rocks descending about your ears in this wood, and the keeper tells us how, but a month or two since, a stone twice the size of his head plunged into the mud within two yards of him. We therefore did not dwell within that wood, pretty as the scenery is, but hurry on to the exit, where is another railway viaduct. Here we are safe, and there is some very fine water and very fine trout, too, of which one or two are coaxed into our creels; for, as luck will have it, there was a heavy thunder storm last night and much rain fell, and the water is coloured, and that is exactly what Millers Dale requires. You see quite a different and superior class of fish on the feed then, and you may make a capital

* A nephew of the great novelist, and the best fly-fisher in Hampshire, and that is a very big word.

bag of fish which will average a pound apiece or thereby, which you never can do when the water is clear. The fish soon learn their rudiments in these clear streams, but they seem to lose their caution in a coloured water. On yonder peaceful little island a foul murder was committed several years ago. The river here belongs to the Bagshawe family, who live in a fine old residence but a short distance away over the hill. Buxton has a sort of mixed population, with a dash of rowdies and miners who are desperate poachers, and who go a poaching in large gangs. Several years ago, (hard upon twenty) the news was brought one evening up to the Hall while the inmates were at table that a gang of poachers were netting the stream, and young Bagshawe, a very promising, plucky young fellow, joined the keepers and went down to stop the mischief. In the quarrel that ensued he was struck down by a heavy stake upon that island by one of the poachers and slaughtered like a bullock. The gang got off in the darkness, I believe, but five of them were afterwards arrested, but nothing could be proved, and the murderer got off his punishment by any human tribunal. But this is an every subject for so pleasant a prospect, and here, from this stout plank bridge upwards, is some very pretty water which holds very fine fish and plenty of them, when there is plenty of fly also to show them—from this the vales gathers rapidly in wildness, picturesqueness, and beauty. Presently we come upon quite a sizeable stream, which, when we attempt to cross some sixty yards or so up, we find suddenly springs from the ground in three or four most copious jets which, combined, pour out of the limestone a supply which would suffice for a considerable portion of London. It is beautifully clear and pure, and as Crayon remarked, "after a toilsome climb along the other bank" (which is very precipitous), "it mixes excellently with whisky and gives a strong temperance flavour to it."

"I only wish," said Crayon, as like the stranger—

"He stooped to the well of St. Keyne, and drank of its waters again,"—

"I only wish, my sparkling beauty, that I had you in my back garden at Twickenham—what a property you would be! While here you are not worth twopence a year. What a deal there is in locality!"

"Why don't you wish you had that five-acre plateau yonder in Lombard Street and Cheapside while you are about it?" I growled.

"No harm in wishing," said Crayon cheerily, as we turned and clambered up the steep

slippery path which merged Millers Dale into what is called Chee Dale. Now I have seen Killarney and Loch Lomond, the Trossachs and the west of Connemara, they are all lovely, but they cannot hold a candle to Chee Dale. The river here runs for some distance at the foot of a wall of stratified rock some hundreds of feet in height, which springs abruptly from the very bank, and is called Chee Tor. It is beautifully crowned with a broken outline of fine foliage, while on the other side a confusion of rock-bank ferns and foliage of all kinds trends precipitously away behind as you plunge on from beautiful pool to more beautiful pool, all filled with still more beautiful trout.

It is impossible to describe adequately the beauty of the next mile or so of the river. In some parts, notably at the "Lover's Leap," the river is not to be got near, but runs through a chasm in the rocks, which are clad with creepers and ferns hanging down to the dark river eddying below. Now Crayon could hardly fish, he was so affected, "and here's a cave, too," he said, pointing out a hole where two big stones had come together either by nature or art, and left a sort of hollow like an Egyptian tomb beneath. "Here some jolly old hermit, no doubt, in days of yore lived in the most beautiful scenes and had all the best of the fishing to himself, and deluded the public to come and consult him about their corns or their indigestions or their future prospects, or something, and who brought him venison pasties and apple turnovers and larded capons and bottles of consoling mixtures and runlets of ale, and so forth, and charming females sang—

'Turn, gentle hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way,'

and they did turn. He turned Edwin and she turned Angelina. Very pretty, upon my veracity! A nice little freehold, truly! 'Live in my heart and pay no rent,' as Paddy says. And this was the sort of place that they used to come to and pretended to practise Æstheticism in."

"Practised what, Crayon? Æstheticism!"

"No, no. I—I mean a—a—asceticism. But it's all the same, you know; all just alike to hermits and such folks, you know."

"Oh!" I rejoined, "it's all the same to hermits, doubtless, since the last one vanished with Vauxhall, and there are no Troglodytes hereabouts in these days."

But the mistake had discomposed Crayon, who rather prides himself on his accuracy, so he fell again to fishing and made his way slowly on up to the railway junction, and thence, after a delightful day, to the station

at Buxton; and so we got back again with famous creels to our starting point. And here I must leave the reader and get back myself to the great Babylon betimes, where much accumulated business awaits me; and as for Crayon, he has four publishers and three societies tugging at his vitals for "those blocks." So, with three boys' Christmas

books and four serial tales for magazines, with an illustrated paper or two thrown in to divide his attentions for the next fortnight or so, I leave him to his mill, while I return to mine, blessing the beneficent award which made work the wholesome lot of all living, since without it how on earth should we really enjoy play.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

BY FRANCIS GEORGE HEATH, AUTHOR OF "SYLVAN SPRING," &c.

THE attempt, in a recent volume,* to catch and, so to speak, stereotype by means of coloured *fac-simile* representations of foliage, some of the exquisitely beautiful, but transient, features of the season of autumn has suggested the subject of the present paper. Inexhaustible as the theme is—like all themes whose text is the loveliness of Nature—and impossible as it must obviously be, even in a large volume, to touch more than its fringe, my object will be attained if, in these brief pages, I can secure such attention to the subject as may induce my readers to study it for themselves.

Many poets have eloquently dwelt upon the splendours of autumn and upon the beauty of autumnal woods; but it is, almost invariably, general effects—deep tones and broad masses of colour—which have caught the poetic eye. A forest rolling away to its far horizon of continuing woods dyed red, or orange, or gold, giving impressions of the boundless grandeur of Nature, excites feelings of enthusiastic admiration which find fitting language in the graceful rhyme of flowing verse. The writer is standing upon the summit of a mountain, the crest of a hill, or other elevated point of view, and it is the dress and colour of the wide-reaching landscape that affect him. If he be in a country of forests he may look on all sides upon an unbroken expanse of wood just mellowing into the warm and tender hues which betoken the commencement of the earlier period of the season of change; or upon the irregular scenery where dense wood, open heath, moor, and sunny glade, form a whole of what, in spite of the popular notion, is genuine forest. Or it may be he is looking out from some high point of view upon the delightful mixture of half-wild, half-pastoral and agricultural country so dear to English people, whose love of nature in its virgin state is tempered

by homely tastes for the useful and the practical aspects of cultivation. From such points of view he will get, either in the earlier or in the later period of autumn, an unbroken mass of colour—where trees are crowded together over wide areas—or those picturesque contrasts which are afforded when the changing foliage of isolated woods is shown against the greenness of pasture.

But the exquisite loveliness of the detail which contributes to the imposing whole that is so enthusiastically admired is lost in the general effect, and has been strangely overlooked even by those who have a quick eye for beauty. A great wood at a distance may present in autumn a mass of such nearly uniform colour as to give a casual onlooker an impression of sameness. Yet, on close examination of individual trees, it will be found that a multitude of insensible gradations of hue combine to produce the general effect; and if a minute inspection of leaves be made it will be seen that the variations are countless. An ordinary hedgebank in the rank luxuriance of wild, unpruned vegetation may seem, looked at from afar, to have its drapery dyed purple, or scarlet, or yellow; but on a nearer view the general haze of colour will be shown to be only a composition of varying parts, and these, on still closer approach, to consist of an arrangement of shades which is not limited by the number—vast as these may be—of individual leaves, for each leaf within the small area bounded by its own outline, may include a marvellous diversity of shades and markings. Varied and beautiful as the surface of such a hedgebank may be, it is delightful to peer into the interior and note the forms of loveliness which lurk there, unseen and unappreciated by those who do not suspect that so much beauty lies hidden from the casual passer-by.

Let us take the bramble as one type, and perhaps the commonest of this hedgebank beauty. Gilpin, with all his love for nature,

* "Autumnal Leaves." London: Sampson Low, Marsden & Co.

said, in speaking of this trailer, "I know but one plant that is disagreeable, and that is the bramble . . . As a pendent plant it has

on one side, and green or golden on the other; they may be red and purple and yellow and green, or marked by blotches or



An English lane.

streaks or freckles of all these colours in a manner which is never uniform, often strikingly and surprisingly picturesque, and always charming and beautiful.

The delicate gradations of colour and the gentle contrasts in leafage constitute the especial charm of the early season of autumn, but are only noticed by the close observer. One of the prettiest sights in a country road

no beauty. . . nor has it any foliage to recommend it." He concludes that "it is the most insignificant of vegetable reptiles" — a strange opinion of a plant which is one of the most beautiful of all our wildings, and the charm of whose autumnal colouring is exceeded by no other, and equalled by very few trees, shrubs, or humbler plants. Blood-red, yellow merging into golden, purple, and rich brown are colours which are spread in endless variety of markings upon the leafy tissues of this picturesque and beautiful plant. No two shrubs of bramble, even at the same season of autumn, are alike in the colouring of their leafage; no two sprays are the same, and the contrasts presented by different leaves on the same spray, and by the varying hues on the same leaves, are singularly and strikingly lovely. On the same plant, too, there may be blossoms—pure white and white delicately or deeply flushed with pink—green, red, and black fruit, purple and green stems, and crimson, purple, yellow, dark green, light green, brown and golden green leaves. But this brief enumeration by no means exhausts the beauty and variety of the bramble foliage; for single leaves may be blood-red or purple

bordered, as our English roads so frequently are, by the familiar elm, is the falling of those golden leaves which first from the mass of still green foliage turn colour, loosen their hold and sail lightly down to the roadway. The falling elm-leaf is one of the earliest and gentlest reminders that autumn is coming. The hot flush of summer has scarcely gone. At noon the sun may yet scorch the face, but the cool delicious evenings betoken a change. Still, except in the dry atmosphere of our cities, there is not even mellowness in the hue of leaves, and the golden elm-leaf is an almost startling reminder of the approaching season. But, though unnoticed, autumn has been stealthily at work amid the elm boughs, and what appears a mass of undoubted green will give abundant evidence, if carefully examined, of the advance of the decay which is so picturesque and beautiful in its first manifestations. Around the prettily cut margin of some leaves will be noticed a delicate aureola of brighter colour. The same tinge will be advancing, in others, along the mid-stems, or straight across from edge to edge. Yellow freckles may bestrew a surface in others of unfaded verdancy; upon the whole

leaf may be shed an orange glow, or this hue may be confined to one side, contrasting with the opposite side of deep, dark green. Within the interior of a tree, apparently all green, a thousand changes in the arrangements of the shades may be found, some of which will be marvellously striking and beautiful. Once begun the progress of change is often rapid, and advancing from their early stage of beauty the elm heads are soon invested with the glory of their departing hues.

Before the first frosts have turned to fiery brown the forest foliage of the oak and beech, there is the tender stage of colouring when Nature gently turns the scale from the full deep green of summer. At this incipient stage of decay let those who appreciate the beauty of the early tinting stand under the branches of an oak or beech and look up into the mass of leaves. A thousand may be gathered, and no one will be at all like another in the colour markings. The picturesque disposition of golden yellow, brown, and reddish brown upon the normal green will be shown in an endless variety of ways. The oak has been prettily described as "a garden and a country," and so it is indeed to the insects and birds which delightedly seek its cool, green recesses during the heat of summer: and few gardens in variety of tinting could excel the oak-leaves of autumn.

Though not outvying in variety the colouring of the oak-leaves in early autumn, the foliage of the beech is more elegant by reason of the more regular and symmetrical contour of the leafy outlines and of the

framework upon which the glossy tissue is spread. The veins running in parallel lines from the "midrib" to the wavy but un-

indented margin present grooves or channels along which the autumn tinting advances, giving an appearance as of green and amber stripes alternating with each other. Sometimes the advancing colour first tips with red or amber, or it may be pale straw colour, the edges of the leaves. Continuing its progress inwards, it often leaves a round central spot of deep glossy green, which stands out in vivid contrast to the light invading colour. Or the autumn colouring may extend down one or two of the spaces between the parallel veins, leaving all the others in the depth of their dark green beauty. The final occupation of these spaces by amber or fiery brown, whilst the veins are still green, is one of the most striking phases of the changing hue.

Familiar enough is the autumn yellowing of the elegant horse-chestnut, and the light-brown richness of the foliage of its namesake producer of edible fruit; but the chief beauty of both lies in the early stage of tinting, when spots and freckles and stripes of amber and gold and bronze contrast with the summer green. The gloss in the foliage of the edible chestnut adds richness to the charm of the markings; and though the dark, dull



Autumn from Bramble Hill.

green of the other tree cannot vie with it in elegance, the greater effect of the contrasts of colour afforded by the whorled leaflets, which

on each leaf are so elegantly spread around the point of the foot-stalk, gives a counterpoise of beauty. Very similar in the character of their markings are the autumn leaves of the plane, but the contrasts of colour upon the same leaf are often greater, for broad splashes of orange, inclining to red, bring out in vivid relief the bright glossy green, whose depth of verdancy has not yet been dulled.

My readers may often have noticed the splendours of maple hedges, and may have remarked that sometimes they are orange, sometimes golden, and sometimes purplish red. But few of them probably have spent delightful hours as I have done in exploring their innermost recesses in early autumn, and noting their myriad forms of beauty when, side by side on the same leaves, are deep, rich, glossy green, purple, orange, bronze, and yellow, spread in patches of all sizes and in never-ending variety; a deep green glossy leaf being sometimes set off with a patch of bright orange, of orange and red, or it may be of purple and orange, in the centre, to the right or to the left of the midrib, or at the top of the leaf; or a green centre may set off a border of the colours enumerated; or these may occupy almost the entire surface, leaving deep blotches or small spots of green. Oftentimes may be found one little spray of maple bearing half-a-dozen elegant palmate leaves poised on green delicate stems; each leaf varying from another in the depth, variety, and arrangement of the colours. Not so noticeable in the variety, though equally striking in the contrasts of its autumn colouring, is the foliage of the dogwood and spindle-tree. Hedgebanks are sometimes densely clothed with the first named, and when autumn has fully come, are dyed purple by its profusion. For a mass of rich colour, too, few forest shrubs can equal the spindle-tree when in the full splendour of bright scarlet. But the green and orange and red and yellow of the one, and the yellow and the green and scarlet of the other, in the early autumn, often provide an exquisite charm of contrast which can be equalled by no mere blaze of rich colour, fascinating to the eye as such colour always is when Nature is the painter.

How beautifully our world is provided with the choicest gifts of the Creator! And nothing more fully proves to us the plenitude of the divine goodness than the loveliness with which even dying foliage is invested. The thoughtful student of Nature well knows too that it is the "commonest" plants whose

colours are the most beautiful and striking—another proof, if proof were needed, that the richest feasts are furnished for the meanest eyes; and another instance of that divine love and that magnificent justice which know no distinction of rank or condition. The contribution of the bramble to the loveliness of autumn has already been mentioned, but there is a "commoner" and even more plentiful shrub—the hawthorn—the splendours of whose autumn tinting no pen can adequately describe. All shades of glossy green, crimson and purple, and bronze and gold, mingled and blended and contrasted in ten thousand ways, may be found in many a hawthorn hedge by all who will take the trouble, early in the season of the fall, to peep into the leafy interstices of the matted twigs and thorny sprays which in the spring are redolent of the sweet perfume of the cream-coloured "may." "Common," too, but how beautiful, are the cranesbills which dye whole hedge sides with a blood red hue; the scarlet "haws" which gleam from afar in the richness of glossy beauty, and the wayside silver weed, whose feathery leaves are tinged with gold in autumn in contrast with the silvery lustre which, in the early summer, attracts our notice, before the deep golden blossoms rise on their long and graceful stems.

From autumn leaves let us turn to autumn landscapes, and few of these in our beautiful island can rival in loveliness the woods and glades of the New Forest. There, and in its neighbourhood, one can get the splendours of far-reaching autumnal woods and the quiet charm of those delightful "lanes" which form so especial a feature of rural England. A faithful picture of such a lane is here reproduced* (page 608) from one of the drawings made for me by Mr. Frederick Golden Short, a young artist of rare promise, who has produced sketches probably unequalled by anything of their kind since Walter Crane made an early reputation by his delicious drawings of New Forest scenery. I spent several delightful hours of an autumn day in this same Brockenhurst lane, represented by Mr. Short with so much fidelity, collecting scores of coloured gems from bramble and hawthorn, maple, dogrose, ivy and other shrubs, carefully transferring them to my folios of botanical drying paper, and preserving them for reproduction in fac-simile by the skill of artist and colour-printer.

For the pedestrian there is no season more delightful for a country ramble than the

* This and the other illustrations to this paper are from "Autumnal Leaves."

autumn. There is not then that delightful freshness of all growing things so character-



Pond at Bramshaw.

istic of the spring; nor is there the floral splendour of the summer; but there is a delicious sense of the repose of Nature. It is not sleep, for the season for sleep is only approaching, but a settling down to repose. The air is soft yet bracing; the roads, dry and hard, are half deserted by holiday seekers, and one may wander alone into many a lane and enjoy the absolute rest and quiet so grateful to the brain-weary man. Sun-rays, relieved of excessive heat, will stream down through the entanglement of overarching boughs, bringing up, where they fall aslant upon leafage, the glowing colours of the ivied hedgebanks. All the hues of spring and summer, withdrawn from the now departed blossoms, seem to be showing their beauty, as if to create a final and magnificent display through the transparent film of the leafy cellular tissue. The golden stars of the hawk-bits light up with brilliancy the wayside greensward; and though speedwell and forget-me-not have disappeared from the hedgebanks there is storage of delicious blue above, where fleecy clouds chequer the clearness of the autumn sky.

If from the lane with its loveliness of detail we turn into the forest we shall witness the glory of sylvan splendour spread on its largest scale over wide areas of woody landscape that stretch away into a far horizon. The same artist who so happily caught the inspiration of "An English Lane" has sketched "Autumn from Bramble Hill" (page 609), and with equal success has seized the beauty of the spot, and reproduced the lineaments of the far-reaching landscape. From vantage-ground enriched by the purple of the heather-blossoms high above the surrounding country,

one looks down upon a sweep of forest which rolls on in undulating grandeur for miles upon miles, letting the eye, which is directed southwards, see no country beyond, but only the faint blue line of the distant sea, where the thin streak of the Solent divides the Hampshire mainland from the "Island Hills." The leafy billows are glorious in green and orange, in red, purple, and gold, whilst the warm tints of the woodland are shown in pleasant relief against the bright green of forest glades and the flash of distant water.

The pedestrian who has climbed to the heights of Bramble Hill to see the finest forest view which, perhaps, our England can furnish, must watch an autumn sunset; for the clouds seem to catch the gorgeous colours of the woodland—crimson, and orange, and purple—and are tinged with the golden glory of the sun as they float under the great blue arch which, touching on three sides the horizons of wood, finds on the fourth its boundary in the sea.

"A forest bridge," and a "pond at Bramshaw" give two peeps of delicious landscape which the pedestrian should see for himself.

Space forbids enlargement on the splendours of the New Forest. Lyndhurst and Brockenhurst, the leafy depths of Boldrewood, the sylvan glory of Mark Ash, the charm of Bramshaw, Stoneycross, and Boldre, the almost primeval grandeur of Canterton Glen the lover of the country must explore and admire for himself. The object of my paper is not to describe in detail the lovely scenes of the Conqueror's hunting-ground, but to briefly point out the leafy beauties of its autumnal woods and its shady green



A forest bridge.

lanes, with the aim especially of showing, in the early time of the season of the fall, the exceeding charm of autumnal leaves.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN AULD FRIEN'.

WULL GREER entered the room in his pawkie way and with a sly grin on his face, as if he had some pleasing news to communicate and was proud to be the bearer of it.

The oppressive dulness of the day, and the uncomfortable mental atmosphere in the room did not harmonize with Wull's smile or cheery voice, but he was blissfully ignorant of that.

"Can you mind o' ony auld frien' that might want to see you though you maybe dinna care to see him, Mr. Thorburn?" he asked cautiously.

"No," answered Thorburn, looking straight at him and conscious of an uneasy thrill passing through his frame.

"Weel, there's ane come that says he wants to see you sae that you may settle in your ain way some matters that naeboddy but yoursel' can settle."

Thorburn understood, and yet mechanically put the question:

"Who is it?"

"'Deed it's just Mr. Musgrave himsel'—he had been warned not to say Fiscal.

Thorburn remained silent for a moment and quite still, his eyes fixed on Wull's face but not seeing him. Then, in a clear, thin voice:

"Bid him come."

Grannie's head was bent forward eagerly to catch every sound which might indicate how Thorburn regarded the prospect of this meeting with the man whose mere name had formerly excited and agitated him so much. Armour was watching his face anxiously, but he could not make anything out of that curious smile with which he looked towards the door.

The Fiscal entered, and close behind him was Captain Brown, who remained in the doorway whilst the former advanced only two paces across the threshold.

The two old friends gazed at each other in silence: the Fiscal was grave and calm, Thorburn quiet, but with a slight nervous movement of the lips at intervals. Both were mentally acting over again the scene in the shed at Campbell's farm.

"I did not wish to come until your friends were with you," said the Fiscal at length. "And I hope you will not be much disturbed by my visit."

"I am pleased to see you—old friends should always be pleased to meet."

The answer was so unexpected that the Fiscal's eyes quickened with suspicion that the words conveyed a sneer. But he found no corroboration in the speaker's face.

"Yes, old friends should be glad to meet again."

"Especially when one of them is so near the end of his journey that both have the satisfaction of knowing that they cannot meet often."

"I do not think there could be much pleasure in the meeting which arose from such a sentiment as that. But if it affords you satisfaction to feel that we cannot meet often, I hope you may find it rather in our mutual forbearance than because the end of either of us is so near."

Thorburn made a slight movement of his hand as if pointing to himself and there was a ghastly smile for an instant on his face.

"That's kind of you, but you hope in vain. It is mockery to think that such a wreck as this can hold together long. Therefore I say again I am pleased to see you."

The Fiscal was perplexed by this strange opening of their interview. He had expected Thorburn to denounce him at once; and, instead, he was received in this grotesque humour, behind which, however, there lurked something suggesting to his suspicious eyes that Thorburn was laying some trap for him. He knew the man; he would cajole him into some affectation of renewed friendship and then would suddenly turn upon him and make his charge. He determined to give him the opportunity as quickly as possible; and yet even at that moment, when he looked at Armour and thought of Ellie, his heart sickened with hesitation.

"My reason for disturbing you," he said quietly, "is the important one that Captain Brown, who is here with me, is anxious to bring to justice the person who assaulted you and who will be guilty of something very like murder should you die from the effects of your wounds. We wish to have the whole story from your own lips."

The calm, steady voice and the upright bearing of the speaker betrayed no more than an official interest in the case.

"Yes, we would like to know from yourself how it all happened," said the chief constable in his brisk way; and with a feeling of intense relief that his own wild suspicions

were as ridiculous as he had all along wished to believe them to be.

Thorburn paid no heed to him: his eyes were half-closed, peering at the Fiscal. Then he turned to Armour; looked back at the Fiscal and divined something of his meaning. That curious smile which the son had noted before returned to his face.

"What would happen, supposing I did tell you that somebody had done this—I mean what would happen to him?"

"If you could identify him," said Captain Brown, as the Fiscal did not speak, "I would catch him and the Fiscal would send him for trial."

"Ah, then he would be sent to prison. He would be disgraced—all who belonged to him would be shamed. If he were a proud man the degradation of being cast into a common jail would make him writhe with pain. If he had wife and children they would suffer torture on his account . . . and could my word do all that?"

There was a kind of fiendish pleasure in the voice and look of the man as he calculated all the pangs that he might make his enemy suffer. He seemed to be gloating over them as if they afforded compensation for his own pains.

Not a muscle of the Fiscal's face was disturbed.

Brown had seen many queer characters in the course of his business, but he had never before seen one who took positive pleasure in his own injuries because of the penalties to be paid for them by the aggressor. He did not like the spectacle; but he again answered:

"You can send him to prison, but the rest will depend upon who the man and his people are. I know plenty of wives and children who rather enjoy the father's being locked up."

"And he could be locked up whilst I am still alive—to-day, for instance—now, perhaps," Thorburn went on as if following the train of his own thoughts without reference to the presence of any one. "I would hear about it—I might even read the paragraphs in the newspapers; see his name drawn through the maudlin puddle of sentimental reporters. . . . That would be satisfaction, but I cannot have it."

His expression had changed before he uttered the last words and become sad and serious.

"I am glad of that," said Grannie, "for I wouldna like you at this time especially to take pleasure in ither folk's sorrow. You

need mercy yoursel', Jock, and you should hae nane but merciful thoughts for ithers."

"You have not told us anything about the affair yet," said Brown sharply.

Then, Thorburn very quietly and deliberately:

"There is nothing to tell. It was a pure accident. I fell upon the harrow and cut myself. I hid because I did not wish to trouble my people any longer with my useless life. You have found me—I think it is a pity; but I am content because I know that I can do no further harm to anyone. I have no more to say. A few weeks will square my account with this world."

His head sank on his breast as if he were tired. Brown, however, wished for more information.

"But I understood you to say that you had been attacked by some one."

"I say it was a pure accident; there is only one person to blame."

"Well, who is that?"

"Myself."

The Fiscal's lips were closed tightly and he had not once removed his eyes from Thorburn's face. He had grown paler as he listened, astounded, to the repeated assertion that there was no one to blame. He had not winced in the least degree whilst Thorburn was apparently gloating over the shame which was about to fall upon him. He had expected that and he had thought of it all himself. So he had been prepared.

But when he found this man, from whom he had expected nothing but the worst that his spite could accomplish, actually concealing his share of that night's work, he was moved. When he found him resolutely repeating the story as he had given it to Wull Greer in the first instance, he was moved with respect for this attempt to make some atonement for the past.

He understood that this was not done because Thorburn had any greater liking for him now than before; but for the sake of their children. Should he then break this generous silence and mar their happiness? It was hard to accept mercy from one for whom he had such contempt. In his pride he would have stepped forward with the declaration:

"He is like himself still. He does not speak the whole truth. It was I who flung him down in my fury."

But he restrained himself. The matter was not in his hands.

"I think we are taxing his strength too far, Brown," he said, and his voice was some-

what hoarse. "We need not wait any longer."

"Very well. He ought to know better than us, and it evidently has been merely an accident."

As they were going out Thorburn raised his head and called:

"Musgrave."

The Fiscal turned back but did not speak.

"I don't think we are likely to meet again—I dare say we won't care to meet. But for auld lang syne let us shake hands once more."

The Fiscal gave him his hand without any sign of hesitation.

"Good-bye, my auld frien'," he said quietly.

"I want you to carry this in your mind, Musgrave, that whatever may have passed between us I look upon you now as a good friend. Tell your daughter that I hope she may have a long and happy life with her man."

And he looked significantly at Armour.

"I will give your message."

The Fiscal left the room feeling that he had made a bargain with Thorburn.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—SUSPENSE.

It was settled that Thorburn should remain at Dalweattie Mill until the doctor said he was strong enough to be removed to Thorniehowe. Whatever extra inconvenience this involved to the household of the miller was cheerfully accepted.

"Just dae what you think best," said the miller, good-naturedly.

"Od, I'm thinking, father, that if Mistress Armour bides wi' the man it 'll be easy enuch," said Leezie, taking a plain common-sense view of domestic necessities. "You see she's gaun to bide in the room wi' him, and though she's blind she's just a miracle o' a body when ance she kens whar things are. An' I'll mak' up the soffie intil as guid a bed for her as onybody could wish to lie on."

Grannie was grateful for the services of these good friends, and they were glad to do anything for the blind old woman whose earnest and devoted nature exercised so strong an influence upon them that, although they did not know its meaning, any task seemed light if it pleased her.

Thorburn relapsed into his quiescent state as soon as that interview with the Fiscal was over. He had never been so obedient in his life before. Whatever Grannie said he was to do, he was ready to do. He submitted as if he had in truth become a child again,

and gave loving response to the loving commands laid upon him.

He went back to bed and after a few minutes' rest he drew a long breath—as one does after thinking out some sad problem and finding a satisfactory solution to it—and said calmly:

"I think it's all right now. The lad will have his lass and they will go on together hand in hand living happy ever after."

"What was you saying, Jock?" inquired Grannie, bending over the bed.

"I was only thinking about your laddie—for he is yours, not mine—John Armour, and amusing myself by anticipating in thought the future which I can never see."

"You are far ower gloomy. The Lord has his ain way o' doing things and there's nae use trying to do them for him. Maybe he means you to live a long while yet."

"I hope not. I got to the end of my tether long ago and I should not like to have it lengthened now."

"It's no for you to dictate."

"That's true—it's not for me to say I shall go this way when it is ordered I shall go that way. Why did Armour go away so soon? Was he angry with me?"

"What for should he be?"

"Because I am his father. . . . That's a pity for him."

"You are no to fash yoursel' about anything he does just now; because he is sair worried wi' things at the mill."

Thorburn remained quiet for a little while. Then:

"What can there be to worry him there? I think I know as much about it as he does himself. It was a sort of payment to him. I thought to use all the knowledge I had gained in my various speculations in America in directing his affairs here. I pried into everything, and I know that he had sufficient contracts on hand to keep his business flourishing for a couple of years. The people he was dealing with are all safe. What is the matter then?"

The invalid's strength seemed to revive in his anxiety about his son's affairs.

"He does not tell me what the fash is until it's a' bye and settled. But I ken'd frae what he does say mair than he thinks. I'm doubtin' that he's anxious about the bank that has all his siller in hand and about some shipping company that he trusted a great lot to."

"I wish I could be with him," Thorburn groaned. "But his bank has passed through storms before and must be safe. The ship-

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"That's no true, Babbie Hlowison."

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ping company I warned him about in a humble way, for he did not then know who I was or how much I knew. The manager of the company I met in New York. He is a wild speculator who has no regard for anybody's interests but his own—and he does not even regard his own in the right way. . . . I told him that he would lose every penny he put into that business. But the bank is safe."

"I canna tell; but he's been very anxious for weeks past. Onyway he had to haste him back."

"I wish I could be with him," muttered Thorburn between his teeth and with his eyes closed.

"I'm hoping that you will be soon if you'll no be thrawn and let Dr. Johnstone see you and tell us what to do. He's our ain doctor you ken, and wonderfully skilled."

"Have anybody you like to see me," said Thorburn. "I never thought that I could wish to be on my feet again. However, I did mean to go to the kirk and market before I died."

That was said with a certain bitterness, as if he had been impelled to the intention, not by his own will, but by the desire to serve a purpose.

"I would be rael pleased if you would gang to the kirk," said Grannie, catching at one point which appeared most to her notion of what was best for him. "And I'm sure there's naebody would be mair pleased to see you than Mr. Moffat."

"Well, I hope to give him that pleasure," was the reply in a cynical tone; "but in the meanwhile, I want to know what's going on at the mill."

"Oh, we'll get news o' that soon enough! but if it would please you, I think we could get Wull Greer to gang doon and speir at Johnnie."

"That's it—call him," was the eager comment.

Wull was close at hand ready to perform any service that might be required of him, for besides his readiness to do anything in his power for Thorburn, he was eager to please the Fiscal.

"I want you to go to the paper-mill at Thorniehowe," said Thorburn calmly, "and say to the master that he will make me easy in my mind if he will tell me how things are going—under his own hand."

"I'll do that," said Wull cheerfully. "Is there onything I can fetch for you, mem?"

Grannie gave him a few instructions for the servants at Thorniehowe, and then Wull went

into the kitchen to tell his sister Leezie that he was to be back in a few hours. Next he went over to the mill and procured a flour-sack. He stuck the one corner into the other and placed it on his head in such a way that it formed a sort of hood with a sharp point sticking up like the termination of a fool's-cap. Then he lit his short clay pipe, and marched down the road indifferent to the drizzling rain.

When he arrived at the village he had, of course, a word to say to Gow, the smith, and to other cronies, and he did not even note the important fact that the rain had ceased and the sun was shining through watery clouds.

As he passed the village well he gave the usual greetings to three women he saw there. Eppie Lawson was just dipping one of her stoups and chattering all the time to her companions who were waiting with their stoups to get water. Curiously enough the subject of their conversation was Thorburn. That was natural enough, for Eppie had looked after his cottage, and one of her present companions was Babbie Howison, who had been his nurse during the last few days before he made his escape; and they were discussing the important question as to whether or not he was a lunatic.

"I ken mair than you can do about him," said Babbie, "and he was just as daft as a March hare—if no dafter."

"That's no true, Babbie Howison," said Eppie Lawson indignantly, "for he was just as quiet as a lamb, and aye ready to do onything for onybody. You hae nae notion hoo he would play wi' the bairns, an' what funny toys he would mak' for them out o' naething but his ain head. Was it no me that sent you to him, and it's clean nonsense for you to say that you ken him better than me?"

"It may be as you say; but I hae experience," retorted Babbie proudly, "and the man was daft, there's nae doubtin'; or he wouldna hae rin awa' frae a guid name. He had everything that mortal cr'ature could possibly wish for, an' he rin awa'. If that doesna prove that he was daft, I'm daft mysel'!"

"Some folk might think you was," said Mistress Lawson satirically, and, flinging over her body a hoop, which was used, crinoline-fashion, to keep the stoups from interfering with the action of the legs, she lifted her stoups and marched away.

Wull Greer found Armour in his office and delivered his message. He was told to wait outside for a little time, and he would receive the answer.

Armour turned to Mr. Oswald again and resumed with him the task of examining the papers he held in his hand and comparing the figures in them with those in the ledgers. The master was frowning and his lips were tightly closed—John Armour did not look well with that expression. The cashier was pale and nervous, frequently applying to his snuff-box for consolation to help him through with the horrible task in which he was engaged. The dream of his life was not to be realised after all. That was hard to bear, for it had seemed so near, so sure at last that he had been perfectly happy until these accounts of the shipping company had come in, and with them the first rumours of the difficulties of the bank. The poor old man showed more agitation than his master.

When the last page was turned over and the last figures compared—the total amount of loss estimated, Armour folded the papers neatly and laid them down on the desk.

"That's a bad business, Oswald," he said, and, although his tone was low, there was an undercurrent of anger in his voice.

"It's a very bad business, sir, and if it should turn out to be true that there's anything wrong with the bank, I'm thinking it will be worse."

"If that should be the case!—but it is impossible. However, we may as well look at the worst side of things at once. I have read somewhere that the really clever general studies what ought to be done in the event of defeat more carefully than what ought to be done in the event of success. If the bank goes wrong we shall have to shut up."

Mr. Oswald took another pinch of snuff: he would have liked to have given vent to a groan; but that would have been unbusiness-like. So he took his snuff and stared at his ledger as if it had something to do with this woeful disaster which now threatened them.

"Shut up, sir?" he said, as if the event were too dreadful to contemplate and certainly too much for him to be able to realise all at once notwithstanding his experience in shutting up.

"There will be nothing else for it," replied Armour, rising with forced calmness and taking a drink of water.

"Surely that might be prevented, Mr. Armour," pleaded the old man as if the business were his own and he was pleading for its life. "You have made a good sound concern of the mill. You have your new inventions in working order and surely you could find some man of capital to help you over any temporary difficulty. I know what

to do, sir; I know it has been done in concerns not worth a tenth part of yours and I could name more than one firm that has won through to fortune by adopting the plan."

"What is it?"

"Take a partner, or turn the business into a company limited. I'm sure that it would do fine."

"Do you mean that I should ask a man who has money to put it into my business because it is on the brink of bankruptcy?"

"No, no, you do not understand, or you put a wrong construction on what I'm saying. You ask him to put his money in only for his own profit and yours."

"That is a little doubtful," said Armour, smiling in spite of himself at the old man's eagerness.

"It's done every day; and if maybe whiles it turns out bad, that is no fault of the man who enters into it, or of the man who asks him—always so be that he does so in an honest way."

"I suppose I should be honest in the matter."

"There is no doubt about it. That being the case, the man, whoever he may be, comes in with his eyes open—it's his chance of getting a place in a business that promises him a fortune for a few thousands of investment, and I believe they mostly get the most advantage out of the transaction."

"And mostly lose every farthing they have if the venture is unfortunate."

"But that could not be the way in this case," urged Mr. Oswald, taking a double pinch of snuff in order to emphasize his faith in the soundness of the house. "Do you not see, here's a good going business, only needing so much more capital to tide it over an unexpected difficulty and to keep it going? Well, it's a chance for somebody that has siller and maybe wants friends. Anyway, anything should be done, Mr. Armour, excepting shut up, for you have all those folk dependent on you."

Armour took another look at the papers, then at the ledger—poor Oswald watching him eagerly all the time.

"If the bank happened to be all right," he said, so quietly that any one would have thought he was talking of somebody else's business, "it would have been a fair and honest bargain to offer to any one. But, as I have my doubts of the bank, it would not be fair to induce another person to come into the business. However, we need not talk about that. No one having any common sense would risk his money with me after

examining these balance-sheets as we have done."

"There are plenty folk would be glad of the chance if things were effectively and perspicuously explained to them."

Armour laughed at the simplicity of the old man.

"The usual way when seeking a partner is to explain things most effectively—for yourself. However, there is doubtless something in what you say. We have a good many orders on hand; I know that we are producing a good article, and I have no doubt that even if we do get into deep water for a while, we shall reach the land somehow. The idea of a partner is a practicable one, and I will think about it. Thank you, Oswald."

The old cashier was comforted—so much so that in his joy he nearly spilled the contents of his snuff-box. He believed that they could bear the losses of this shipping speculation if these rumours about the bank proved to be false; and if proved to be true there was still the visionary partner or company to help them through. Mr. Oswald was blessed with few ideas; consequently, when he did get hold of one he stuck fast to it, and it took complete possession of him. At present his whole mind was occupied with that one thought—where to obtain a suitable partner, whose capital would help the mill through its present difficulties.

A telegram was handed in. Armour read it, and quietly laid it before the cashier.

"The bank has suspended payment, and shut its doors, but this can only be temporary."

Mr. Oswald became pallid and unable even to take snuff. Armour wrote quietly to Grannie in answer to Thorburn.

"We are in a mess, as the bank has stopped payment, but it will be all right by-and-by—don't be frightened. I shall see you to-night or to-morrow."

*"Your affectionate,
"J. A."*

He did not want to write more because he was afraid of alarming Grannie, and he knew that he could not write more without doing that or telling a lie. And he objected to lies.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—A GREAT FAILURE.

ALTHOUGH he wrote so quietly and tried to make the best of the worst to Grannie, Armour was perfectly conscious of all that this telegram implied if true. It implied ruin; and that implied the indefinite postponement

of his marriage, if not the absolute necessity to resign her altogether.

That thought made the future a blank. Fortune might be regained. There was in him that manful confidence which is not born of vanity but of faith in honest work—assuring him that he would succeed again. He was sure of it; for he had always believed that there was work enough for everybody who was willing to work without being too particular as to what was set before the hand to do. He had always found that what was wanted was real workers not work.

But this meant delay: perhaps the weary waiting of years, and that would be unkind to her as well as torture to him.

Would she wait?

He had no doubt of that. She was too brave, too true a woman to change because his fortune had changed. But there was her mother who opposed the match from the beginning: she would not be content to wait, and her constant influence must wear out the resolution of the most determined of daughters.

Well, frankly he owned to himself he had no right to insist upon Ellie waiting until he again stood in the position which should enable him to offer her a home, if not equal to Aladdin's palace, at least equal to that to which she had been accustomed. He could not, and he certainly would not blame her if she changed her mind some time after hearing the news of his ruin.

And yet there was in his secret heart a blissful conviction that she would not change her mind—that she never could do so any more than himself, and that he would find her in the worst extremity his comforter and faithful lover.

As he expected, the news of his imminent failure spread like wildfire—as soon, in fact, as the suspension of the bank was known the fate of the Thorniehowe papermills was also declared.

"Aye," said Tawtie Pate, wagging his head wisely, "I thought there was a downcome afore him. He gaed up ower fast an' he's come doon the same way. But I'm rael sorry for him. He was a fine chap, and ought to hae had better fortune."

"He was a wee upcettin', though," said Deacon Simpson with a smirk of self-congratulation; "you never found me tryin' grand experiments in this way and that way as if I was wiser than my father afore me. Na, na, I just followed in his shoon, and look at me noo—safe and sound."

"Ou, ay, sound enough," said Gow, the

smith and satirist, dryly. "I dinna ken anybody like you, Deacon, for takin' care o' himsel'. It's just wonderful."

"Naething particularly wonderful about it," said the Deacon, accepting the praise as a compliment. "I do nae mair than every honest man should do. I never gang ayont my tether. Ambeetion's an awfu' thing. I might hae ta'en the mills mysel'!"

"Ay, you see what blessin's we find in ither folks' doonfa'," said Gow dryly.

And so the gossip went on, every one professing and most of them feeling sympathy with Armour in his misfortune. But there was another matter which supplied ample material for talk at the same time. That was the return at the head of the poll of Hugh Fenwick of Cluden Peel as member of Parliament for Gartburn. Thus the man from whom everything had been expected had apparently made a failure, whilst the one from whom nothing had been expected had scored a distinct success.

There were to be great rejoicings at Cluden Peel in honour of the new M.P. There was to be a big dinner-party, and the Musgraves were, as a matter of course, amongst the guests invited. Proud as the mother and father might be of their son's newly acquired dignity their enthusiasm could not surpass that of Mrs. Musgrave.

She had the best of all reasons for being enthusiastic; she felt that she had some right to a share in the victory, for had she not always declared that he was a genius? Had she not always predicted his future glory? And had she not always urged him on in his career of ambition? Nobody rejoices so much in the success of a man as the person who can say with a smile of satisfaction to himself, "He has to thank *me* for that; he couldn't have done it without me." As a rule, people who say this have had little to do with the victory; but, all the same, they sun themselves in the honours of the hero.

Mrs. Musgrave was in that position. If she had been returned to Parliament herself she could not have been prouder; and although she was by no means a bad-hearted woman, her satisfaction was to a certain degree increased by the information which came to her about the same time of the misfortunes which had befallen the master of Thorniehowe mills.

She wrote a letter and a note. The letter was to Fenwick, expressing her enthusiastic congratulations, and her fond hope that she would live to see him Premier. She wrote the letters M.P. very large, as if by that means she could swell his dignity.

The note was to Armour; very polite, very kind, condoling with him in his adversity and desiring that he should call upon her at once for a little private chat.

Armour answered the note in person immediately.

Mrs. Musgrave was astonished to find that although he looked a little paler than usual he was perfectly calm, and showed no signs of the absolute humiliation she imagined should be displayed by a person in his position. She looked sympathetic, however, and retained his hand for an instant in her own as she looked anxiously in his face.

"You know why I have sent for you, Mr. Armour? This news—this dreadful news—you will excuse me, I am sure, for you are aware of the deep interest I *must* take in your affairs considering the relationship you wish to form with us. Is it true?"

Notwithstanding the kindness of her manner, there was something in it which made Armour feel uncomfortable. He could not explain it to himself, but it was the kind of feeling one has on discovering some petty meanness in another whom he is desirous to respect and like. It pained him, and he wished he had not seen it.

"It is quite true," he replied. "I have sustained some heavy losses, and the failure at the bank at this time may ruin me."

She was almost awed from her purpose by the singular calmness of the man. If he had prevaricated—if he had even attempted to make excuses, to smooth matters over, she would have had little or no compunction in what she was about to do. But his perfect honesty made her pause notwithstanding her fervour on Fenwick's account.

"But isn't it very dreadful, Mr. Armour?" she said with something like timidity.

"It is certainly very bad, Mrs. Musgrave," he answered, with the deliberation of one who has looked the worst in the face and prepared himself to encounter it; "but it is only dreadful to me because it may still further delay my marriage with your daughter."

"Ah, you have thought of that," she cried, delighted to have got her cue. She could speak freely now.

"I have thought of it, and I concluded that you sent for me to speak about it."

"You are very good, Mr. Armour, and I see you remember the agreement we came to about Ellie's happiness."

He bowed, but made no reply. She continued, a little awkwardly:

"It was about that—that matter I wanted to speak to you, and I did not know exactly

how to approach it; for of course I am most anxious to avoid giving you unnecessary pain. But thanks to you—you are so very frank and kind, Mr. Armour—I am able to tell you at once what I have been thinking.”

“I am glad to have been able to help you. You may be sure I shall listen with respect to anything you have to say.”

“You are so good!” (he did not relish the repetition of this flattery) “I know that this great failure must be very hard upon you, taking away as it must do everything you have gained by such—such energy and industry. And at this time, too, when you have other troubles to occupy your mind.”

“It is hard.”

“It must be very hard indeed; but I hope—I do hope with all my heart—that you will be able to recover yourself in time.”

“I have no doubt of it. With time I can regain everything.”

“I shall be the first to rejoice when you have done so. But in the meanwhile I think that you should consider the position of Ellie. Of course she will be deeply afflicted by your misfortune, and with her girlish ideas of life she will be ready to promise you anything. If you speak to her now I have no doubt she will be ready to pledge herself to wait for you as long as she lives, but . . .”

The last word was pronounced with peculiar emphasis, and Mrs. Musgrave made a grand pause, regarding him with a faint smile of expectancy as if she would say, “You must complete the sentence.”

“I know that we must wait,” said Armour, divining her meaning and yet unable to do as she wished.

Mrs. Musgrave saw that he knew what she meant and was irritated with him for compelling her to explain in words.

“You told me that you thought only of her happiness,” she said with some impatience; “and if I were in your position, having that desire—considering all the circumstances—I would see that I had but one course to pursue. Do you not understand?”

“I think your meaning is quite plain,” he replied with the utmost calmness, although his heart was quivering. “You wish me to release Ellie from her engagement, and I can say nothing more than I have already said, that if she should wish to change her mind, the mere wish would be enough for me. I should certainly not try to persuade her to keep her promise.”

The man was so stubborn, there was no doing with him at all. But she must not lose her temper; she must be quiet and

reason the thing out with him, and so by an effort she used the most persuasive tone and words at her command.

“Yes, yes, Mr. Armour, I am convinced that you would in no way try to force her wishes. But you must remember that Ellie is not an ordinary girl, and so long as you do not tell her deliberately that you leave her free, she will hold herself bound to you no matter what she may suffer. I ask you, is that fair?”

At another time Armour would have smiled at the question, he was so confident of Ellie's fidelity; at present he was too much distressed to smile at anything, and he answered gravely:

“If it is your wish that I should tell her so, I will do it; but she is quite aware of my views on this subject.”

“Then I do wish you to tell her, and I also wish you to tell her father.”

“That seems to be a little unnecessary.”

“Unless you do so you will not satisfy Ellie that you are in earnest.”

“To satisfy you that I am in earnest I will give her father the assurance that I consider her quite free of any engagement to me.”

“Oh, thank you, Mr. Armour—you have given me so much relief. I cannot tell you how this subject has weighed upon my mind. It has almost made me ill, although I was sure that you would be ready to do anything that ought to be done for her sake. I need not say that I expect you to make your statement as if it came entirely from yourself.”

Armour was a little put out at that, for he felt that making the statement at all might suggest the possibility that he himself wished to draw back. There was, however, no doubt that it was right to leave Ellie quite free under the circumstances; and he had so little fear of the result that he accepted Mrs. Musgrave's condition without hesitation.

She rang the bell and summoned Ellie, and he was too glad to have the opportunity of speaking to her to have demurred to any conditions.

“Mr. Armour has something very particular to say to you, Ellie,” said Mrs. Musgrave, as her daughter came into the room. “Good-bye, Mr. Armour, and I sincerely hope that you will soon overcome all your difficulties.”

She shook hands and retired in her most stately manner. She had no misgivings about what she had done; she was perfectly satisfied that she had discharged the duties of a mother with admirable tact. She had been considerate to the man who was leading her

child into a commonplace marriage, and she had cleared the way to her union with one who might be the future Premier of Great Britain. The most exemplary mother could not be expected to do more than that.

To be alone with her again, to feel her hand in his, to look into her clear eyes, and then to think what it was he had promised to do! He was about to tell this girl whose face was a bright reflector of her mind, revealing to him love and sympathy—he was about to tell her that he thought her capable of change! He was about to say in effect, "You are fond and faithful so long as we are in smooth water, but I cannot trust you on board when we get into the rough seas." What nonsense! He would not like to have her with him for her own sake when the ship was going down; but if she were, he knew that she would take his hand as quietly as she was doing now, and stand patiently beside him until the big waves closed over them both.

"My darling," he whispered, as he took her in his arms, feeling ashamed that he should have to say anything which might even suggest to her that he doubted how brave and true she was and would be always.

"Was that the important matter you had to speak to me about?" she asked, smiling softly as she rested a hand on each of his shoulders and looked anxiously into his face. "You are looking pale and wearied; but I am glad you have not lost heart."

"That has been lost and found again, Ellie. I am having a bad time in business affairs, I suppose that is why you find me showing signs of worry."

"It is true then what mamma told me—you have lost everything."

The voice and face were full of such sweet sympathy that a man might be content to lose a fortune for it.

"No, not quite everything . . . yet," he answered, and would have added, "I still have you;" but he was obliged to alter the phrase. "I think we can keep our feet and make up our losses in time. But as things stand we will have to be like other prudent young folk and put off our marriage until I have won back something."

"Very well," she said quietly, accepting his decision unquestioningly. If he had told her that the wedding day was fixed for next week she would have responded in the same way.

"Are you sorry?"

"I must be sorry for the cause of the delay, but the delay itself cannot matter much. You are not going away from

Thorniehowe and we can be often together."

"Yes, but . . . in the meanwhile you are to consider yourself free from any engagement to me."

She looked at him with wondering eyes. She did not mind his words, but his hesitation and unsteady voice suggested that they meant more than she could understand.

"How can I hold myself free, John, when I—am yours?"

"That is comfort and strength too." His heart bounded over all his trouble into joy. "But you know it may be a long time—a very long time, and I want you to understand—to believe—" here was the difficult part—"to believe that you are quite free and that I do not consider you bound by any promise you gave when circumstances were different. Do you see?"

"No, for the circumstances were never different to me. We can wait."

And he knew that she would wait no matter what might happen. He did not feel called upon to insist any further on her understanding that he absolved her from all pledges. Indeed without his formal renunciation of all claim upon her she might free herself at any time if she showed a preference for another. If she ceased to care for him, all bonds were worthless. Not from vanity, but from his entire faith in her truth he was unable to conceive that possible.

"Yes, we can wait," he said with a confident smile.

And they were as firmly bound to each other then, when he had set her free, as they had been before. They were perhaps more firmly bound to each other than before: for he had learned that she could not understand how she could be free whilst she loved him; and she had learned that it was only because she loved him that he could value their engagement at all.

Poor Mrs. Musgrave!—she was very proud of her diplomacy. She had actually succeeded in making Armour himself break off the match, and she had persuaded him that it was his duty to explain the necessity of the breach to the Fiscal. It was his duty: and she was honestly convinced that she was doing hers.

She was well pleased, and she had another little arrangement in prospect which would complete her triumph. She would soon be able to speak of "my son—that promising young statesman, Hugh Fenwick, M.P. for Gartburn." It would be almost as satisfactory as to refer to the late Lord of Session;

and the relationship to the two dignitaries would afford her joy for ever.

CHAPTER XL.—A SLEEPING PARTNER.

ARMOUR'S visit to Dalwheattie mill was of some consequence. He found Thorburn in such an excited state that it threatened to end in a fatal fit of nervous exhaustion. His presence soothed him at once, although he still remained eager and questioned him about every detail of the business misfortune.

Endeavouring to take his mind away from that subject Armour spoke about Miss Graham and told him of her longing to see him so that she might "take the curse off him" as she had said.

"Take the curse off," muttered Thorburn gloomily, "it's rather late in the day for that. But did she tell you how it was to be done?"

"No, she would not explain it to anybody but yourself; and I doubt if she will even tell you when you go to her; for she has lost all count of time and expects to see you as young as—as young as when you went away."

"Ah, that's a long time ago. But I can probe her memory as no one else can. You must take me to her."

"As soon as the doctor says you may risk the journey we will go. But you see at present you may not even go 'as far as Thorniehowe."

"I don't want to go there particularly, but I do want to see Miss Graham. She has some message for me. That's what she means, and if she has anything to say that can relieve me I should be a new man. You must take me there. You don't know what the weak frame can endure when the heart is in the work."

"I cannot very well get away for a day or two—"

"Yes, yes, I was forgetting, my poor lad. I will be patient. Send old Oswald to me; I want to speak to him. We were great friends whilst I was at the mill, for he soon found that I was as eager for its prosperity as himself, and I believe your failure would kill him."

"That would be a bad job, but I hope it will not happen."

"Then send him to me at once. I have something to say to him—something that may help you to weather the storm."

"What is it?"

"Better not ask. Let me see Oswald. I want him to do something."

"All right, I'll send him as soon as I get back. I daresay the outing will do him good."

Armour was glad to see how much these promises relieved his father, although he believed that the desire to see the old cashier was only the result of some whim born of his feverish condition.

"Do just as he tells you," said Grannie, as she parted with him at the door. "It will do him guid, an' it canna do you ony harm."

"I mean to do it, Grannie."

"That's right, Johnnie, and you'll hae your reward. He's far mair sensible than you would think."

Mr. Oswald went to Dalwheattie in his master's gig.

On the following morning, whilst Armour was engaged in the office in the bitter task of arranging in their order the numerous claims for immediate payment which were rushed upon him as soon as the news of his involvement with the bank and the shipping company became known, the Fiscal called to see him.

Armour could not help feeling that this was the cruellest blow of all, for of course Mr. Musgrave had come to announce that the engagement with his daughter was at an end.

With a sigh Armour passed the letters over to the cashier, who was curiously placid today, and went into the private room where the Fiscal was waiting.

"You have a stey brae to climb this time, Armour; have you got the stout heart for it?" was Mr. Musgrave's kindly salutation.

"I don't know. Sometimes I believe it is in me to get over it, sometimes it seems scarcely worth trying. Let me spare you the task of having to repeat what Mrs. Musgrave told me yesterday. I consider your daughter perfectly free from any engagement to me."

He turned for a moment and looked out at the window. He could not command his voice, and he was glad that he had been able to speak the words distinctly.

The Fiscal's eyebrows rose and fell as if he had been taken by surprise. It was not so much what had been said that astonished him as the utterly hopeless manner of saying it.

"Do you wish her to be free?"

"I wish her to be free."

There was a pause, and the Fiscal was frowning as he surveyed his young friend inquiringly.

"Do you wish to be free from her?"

"What is the use of asking that?—I have no choice. It will take years to regain even

a part of what I have lost. I cannot bind her to wait all that time, or expect you to sanction such an indefinite engagement."

The Fiscal's countenance cleared a little.

"I think you are right; she should not be bound to wait, and as you desire it we will consider the engagement at an end."

Armour felt as if the last straw had been laid on the camel's back. But he had faith in Ellie still to keep him up.

"I thought you would wish it to be settled in this way."

"It is as you desire. That, however, was not the subject on which I came to speak to you. It was about your business. There is a friend of mine who wants to invest some capital in a good going concern and it occurred to me that at this crisis you might be inclined to listen to his proposals."

Armour was amazed at the coincidence, but he was somewhat dull in the "up tak" at this moment, for his mind was full of Ellie. Her father had taken the renunciation so calmly and dismissed it so briefly that he felt for the first time as if a real barrier had been raised between him and the prize which had been so nearly won.

He wakened up however, and was pleased as well as grateful; for he saw that this proposal would enable him the sooner to claim her.

"It would be of much advantage to me just now to have some additional capital; but does your friend understand anything of the business, and who is he?"

"I am not at liberty to tell you anything about him. He desires to be in every respect a sleeping partner, and you must accept me as his responsible representative."

"Is not that a little unusual?"

"Not at all; you have simply to deal with me as if I were the man myself. I shall be answerable to my friend for everything that I may do on his account. He will trust me and I can trust you."

Armour sat down and leaned back on his chair, regarding the Fiscal with a puzzled expression; but he did not speak.

"Well, what do you think of it?" queried his friend.

"Oh, it is an excellent chance for me, of course—but I am thinking about you, Mr. Musgrave."

The latter smiled, amused by Armour's bewilderment.

"And what about me, if it's a fair question?"

"I was wondering how it is that you are

always such a staunch friend to me. Whenever I was in a mess you have always been ready to help me out of it. How is that?"

The direct question was almost too much for the man. Armour was touching the raw flesh. The one sad, and dearest experience of Musgrave's life had been his love for Armour's mother. Everything else that he had done or hoped to do had been a matter of cool calculating common-sense. In that one passion the man's strong nature had been loose: he loved the woman without reason; he loved her, because he loved her: he had no explanation for it. She had jilted him, and she had deceived him: and still he loved her, cherishing her memory as the most precious jewel he had found in all his life.

And her son asked him why he should be his friend.

Should he tell him? Would it be good for him to know? Would it be kindness or would it be cruelty to let him know the whole story? He did not know exactly what to do; but there was a curious thought passing through him that in making this man understand the link that bound them there would be something reaching her. So:

"I am going to tell you something that may pain you, Armour," he said, making a sudden movement forward and gripping him by the arm. It was the first sign of nervousness that the Fiscal had ever shown. But even as he spoke there came the hesitation again. "I don't know whether I should tell you or not—perhaps it is best you should understand me. . . . The thing is simple enough. . . ."

Simple as it was, the Fiscal stopped and clenched his teeth as if he were swallowing something.

Armour was looking at him with an expression of curiosity and amazement. He had always regarded him as a man who had no feeling whatever. The Fiscal had been to him what he was to outsiders—a calm, clever man, who never allowed feeling to have anything to do with his work. He did know that Musgrave could be kind: and he had good reason to be grateful to him. But when he came to him in this strange way with a proposal which made the difference between fortune and ruin, and with that curious tone and look, he could not help questioning himself and his friend—"Why was this?"

Simple it might be, but the man found it very hard to put it into words.

"The reason why I have tried to be your friend," he said coldly, "is that I have some remembrance of your mother."

"My mother?"

Armour started up. Here was the opportunity to find the answer to all those questions which had troubled him so.

"Yes, and it is for her sake that I have been and am ready to do whatever is in my power to serve you."

Armour clasped his hands, leaning over the table, and bowed his head upon them. The great cry of joy that was in his heart he did not speak, but it was this—"Thank God—she was innocent."

There was no need for explanations to lead him to that conclusion. It was clear to him the moment Mr. Musgrave spoke; and the latter understood that it was so.

Then he rose and advanced to the Fiscal, whose hand he grasped with that kind of fervour which only comes when one feels deeply grateful. Still holding the hand he looked straight into his eyes.

"I don't know what I am to say to you, Mr. Musgrave—you can't realise what I have suffered thinking about my mother. Of course it cannot be of any moment to me what she was as the world goes—but I have loved her memory and it was horrible to me to hear that she could be the false woman my father told me about."

There he struggled with himself: he wanted to say something more and he could not.

The Fiscal helped him out.—They were still looking each other straight in the eyes. Laying a hand upon Armour's shoulder, he said:

"It's not a nice thing to tell to a son, but you know so much already that the rest can be only pleasant to you. . . . It is queer, but even at this time of day, I find it difficult to speak about her quietly. There is not much in it to you or to any one except myself. . . . Your mother and I were great friends—so great that I believed at one time our lives were to be together. Your father came in between us—there was a slight quarrel—a separation—and we had to walk in different directions. She took her way—poor girl—and found death. I took my way, which was one of indifference to all human nature. I married a woman who had all that was necessary to help me forward in my business. It was a business affair altogether, and we are both satisfied with the result. That's the whole story."

"But about my mother—I want you to tell me about her. Grannie has always been

silent, and I have been coward enough to be afraid to ask. Now—after what you have said—I know that I may ask and not be afraid to listen."

The Fiscal looked at him steadily for an instant and then motioned him to a chair.

"Sit down and I will tell you."

There was a strange look in Armour's face. Could it be true that this man had no knowledge of the suffering he had caused? Could it be true that this man had been the cause of the act which had ruined his father's life, and remained silent about it all these years? No, it was impossible: he who had been so generous could not knowingly have done such a wrong.

"I am listening, Mr. Musgrave," he said quietly.

The Fiscal rested his elbows on the table and his cheeks on his knuckles.

"I have told you that it is a simple affair although it has led to so much trouble. This was how it came about. Your father, Graham, and myself were close friends. Our pleasures were taken together, and for a time we worked together. During that time we were often at the house of your mother's father. Your mother and her sister, although only the daughters of a small farmer, had by their own intellect acquired a position higher than that of any woman in the district. We were three poor lads who had our own way to make in the world. Good luck made us acquainted with her father, and he was a man who liked to have young folk about him. In that way we had many merry gatherings at the farm."

Here the Fiscal stopped and drew a long breath, as if he wanted strength for what he had to say afterwards. He did not move his hands from his cheeks or his eyes from Armour's face, but he tried to speak lightly, as if to glide over the tenderer parts of his story.

"Your mother was my favourite—as she was your father's—her sister was Graham's. . . . I say again think of what you feel for Ellie—all that I felt for her. But unfortunately I shrank from speaking to her because I knew that I must ask her to wait so long for me. Your father, more regardless of the ordinary affairs of life, spoke and married her. . . . You must try to get over it, Armour—I didn't like him for taking away from me my prize. But I remained her friend, and only blame myself for not speaking out when I first discovered his foolish jealousy of Graham. There was of course this excuse for me, that I was angry with him and that at

first I was not quite sure that he was making a mistake. I learned the truth unfortunately too late and I was mean enough to stand back because . . . well, because I was angry with him and her for being such fools. Then came the worst part of all, the treachery to Graham and . . . I'd better not go on with that. All that I want you to understand is that your mother was an honest woman and his folly killed her."

The Fiscal rose, walked to the window and back again, his hands behind his back, moving as if he had his umbrella in them, but more nervously than was usual.

"Now you know the whole story and you can understand why I take so much interest in your affairs."

Armour sprang to his feet and grasped his hand.

"Thank you," was all he could say.

"I understand," said the Fiscal; "we need not talk more at present; but I take it for

granted that the arrangement I have proposed to you will be agreed upon and that you will be content to regard me as the responsible person."

"As you please. I cannot think of these matters at this moment."

"One thing more I want to tell you, to save you a surprise; I think it very probable that Mrs. Musgrave will go abroad this winter and Ellie will go with her. Of course that will be quite satisfactory to you, seeing that the engagement is at an end."

There was something of his old jocularly in the way in which he said that.

"I daresay it will be to her advantage," said Armour, trying to hold to his good resolution to leave her quite free, but feeling at the same time a cruel twinge of pain somewhere in his head and about his breast, and a very clear sense that he wished he had not been so faithful to the promise he had given to Mrs. Musgrave.

THE TWO BIRTHDAYS:

Or, Hope and Resignation.

A YEAR ago, a little year,
I sat, a lonely thing,
Awaiting what might be the cheer
My birthday morn should bring,
When lo! I heard a fluttering sound,
And, looking up, beheld
A troop of forms that flocked around,
Like fairies out of eld.

All beauteous were they, winged with gold,
And, as they danced in glee,
The world no more seemed dark and cold,
But made for joy and me.
I asked not whence they came or why;
I knew as well as they.
Oft had they passed my threshold by,
But now had come to stay.

Like rose-buds garlanded they spanned
My room from roof to hearth.
They touched my lips, they clasped my
hand,
I felt no child of earth.
And, syren sweet, the song they sang
I wept for joy to hear.
"At last," the fairy chorus rang,
"We bring a blissful year."

A year ago, a little year!
I keep my quiet room.
No radiant forms with wings are here;
No fairy troop has come,
And all the happy thoughts they left
Have faded like a dream.
Sometimes I feel as one bereft,
And sometimes richer seem.

Yet do I sit alone no more,
One guest steals to my side;
Ofttime I've heard her at my door,
At last I open wide.
Half-nun, half-angel seems this guest,
And pensive is her smile;
Yet doth she cheer my birthday best,
And solitude beguile.

Where'er she goes she brings an air
Of twilight calm and ease.
Her voice is as the south wind fair,
That stills the troubled seas.
She cannot bring back banished hours,
Nor those fair hopes I weep;
But she can cover them with flowers,
Where in their graves they sleep.

M. BETHAM-EDWARDS.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XVI.—“IT IS ALTOGETHER UNTRUE.”

THE month of September wore itself away at Exeter very sadly. An attempt was made to bid Mrs. Western welcome back to her old home; but from the nature of the circumstances there could hardly be much heartiness in the attempt. Mrs. Thorne came over from Honiton to see her, but even between Cecilia and Maude Hipplesley, who was certainly the most cherished of her Exeter friends, there could be no free confidence, although there was much sympathy. Mrs. Western could bring herself to speak evil to no one of her husband. She had, with much passion, told the entire story to her mother, but when her mother had begun to say hard words respecting him Cecilia had found it impossible to bear them. Had her mother taken Mr. Western's part, it may be doubted whether she could have endured that. There was no speech concerning him which was possible for her ears. She still looked forward to the chance of having him back again, and if he would come back, if he would take her back, then he should be entirely forgiven. He should be so forgiven that no mutual friend should have heard a word of reproach from her lips. She herself would know how hardly she had been used; but there should be no one to say that she had ever been heard to complain of her husband. Not the less was her heart full of wrath. Not the less did she during every hour of the day turn over in her thoughts the terrible injustice of which she had been the victim. But it can be understood that even to her old friend Maude Hipplesley, who was now happy in her new home as Mrs. Thorne, she could not talk openly of the circumstances of her separation. But there was, alas, no other subject of such interest to her at the present moment as to give matter for free conversation.

The Dean's family, and especially Mrs. Hipplesley, attempted to be kind to her. The Dean himself came down and called with much decanal grandeur, conspicuous as he walked up to the Hall door with shovel hat and knee breeches. But even the Dean could not do much. He had intended to take Mrs. Western's part as against his brother-in-law, having been no doubt prompted by some old feeling of favour towards Cecilia Holt; but

now he was given to understand that this Mr. Western had also gone astray, and in such a way as to make it hardly possible that he should talk about it. He called therefore and took her by the hand, and expressed a hope that all things should be made to go straight, and then he left her, taking her by the hand again, and endeavouring to prove his esteem by his manner of doing so. That was the beginning and the end of the Dean's comforting. Mrs. Hipplesley could do but little more. She did make an attempt at confidential conversation, but was soon stopped by Cecilia's cold manner. Mrs. Western, indeed, could speak to none. She could not utter a word either for or against her husband. Mrs. Green came, of course, more than once; but it was the same thing Mrs. Western could endure to talk and to be talked to about nothing. And though there was friendship in it, it was but a subdued feeling of friendship,—of friendship which under the circumstances had to be made silent. Mrs. Green when she had taken her leave determined not to come again immediately, and Mrs. Western when Mrs. Green had gone felt that she did not wish her to come. She could live with her mother more easily than with her old friends, because her mother understood the tone of her mind. Each kept their thoughts to themselves on that subject of which each was thinking; but each sympathised with the other.

Lady Grant as soon as she understood the condition of things at once began to correspond with her brother. To her it was a matter of course that he should, sooner or later, take his wife back again. But to her thinking it was most important that he should do so before the fact of their quarrel had been flaunted before the world by an enduring separation. She wrote in the first instance without throwing blame upon either party, but calling upon her brother to show the honesty and honour of his purpose by coming back at once to Durton Lodge, and receiving Cecilia. “Of course it must be so sooner or later,” said Lady Grant, “and the quicker you do it so much easier will be the doing.” It should be told that Mrs. Holt had, without telling her daughter, in her passion, herself written to Mr. Western. “You have sacrificed my daughter in your perversity, and that without the slightest cause for blame.” Such had been the nature

of Mrs. Holt's letter, which had reached him but a day before that of his sister. Lady Grant's appeal had not been of the same nature. She had said nothing of the sin of either of them; but had written as though both had been in fault, misunderstanding each other, and neither having been willing to yield a little. Then she had appealed to her brother's love and affectionate disposition. It was not till afterwards that she had been able to inform him of the baby that was expected.

Mr. Western answered his sister's letter from Dresden. To Mrs. Holt he sent no reply: but he used her letter as the ground for that which he made to Lady Grant, writing as though Mrs. Holt's words had come directly from his wife. "They say that I have sacrificed Cecilia without the slightest fault on her part. I have not sacrificed her, and there has been terrible fault on her part. Fault! A young woman marries a man while she is yet engaged to another, and tells the poor dupe whom she has got within her clutches nothing of her first engagement! Is there no fault in that? And she afterwards entertains the first man at her husband's house, and corresponds with him, and prepares at last to receive him there as a friend, and that without a word on the subject spoken to her husband! Is there no fault in that? And at last the truth becomes known to him because the base man is discontented with the arrangements that have been made, and chooses to punish her by exposing her at last to the wrath of her husband! I say nothing of him. With his conduct in the world I have no concern. But can all that have taken place with no fault on her part? What in such a state of things should I have done? Should I have contented myself simply with forbidding my wife to receive the man at my house? Should I have asked her no question as to the past? Should I have passed over that engagement which had been in full existence during the last twelve months, and have said nothing of it? Or should I have expressed my anger and then have forgiven her and attempted to live with her as though this man had never existed? Knowing me as you do, can you say that that would have been possible to me? How could I have lived with a wife of whom I knew so much as I had then learned of mine,—but had known so little before? Had I been a man of the world, living for the world, careless as to my own home except as to the excellence of my dinner and the comfort

of my bed, it might have been possible. A man trusting for his happiness to such means might perhaps have continued to exist and not have been broken-hearted. But I think you will understand that such could not be the case with me. I looked for my happiness to my wife's society and I discovered when I had married that I could not find it there. I could never respect her!

"But she tells me that having married her I have no right to sacrifice her. As I had been fool enough to allow myself to be so quickly allured by her charms, and had made those charms my own, I was bound to stand by my bargain! That I take it is the argument which her mother uses. I grant the truth of it. It is I that should be sacrificed and not she. I have so acted that I am bound to submit myself to such a verdict. What the law would require from me I cannot say. The law might perhaps demand a third of my income. She shall have two-thirds if she wishes it. She shall have seven-eighths if she will ask for it. At present I have given instructions by which during her life she shall have one half. I am aware that in the heat of her passion she has declined to accept this. It shall nevertheless be paid to her credit. And I must deny that one who has achieved her marriage after such a fashion has any right, when so treated, to regard herself as sacrificed. I am the victim. But as I am convinced that she and I cannot live happily together, I reserve to myself the right of living apart."

Lady Grant, when she received this letter, immediately sat down to write to Cecilia, but she soon found it to be impossible to put into a letter all that there was to be said. She was living in the neighbourhood of Perth whereas her sister-in-law was at Exeter. And yet the matter was of such moment that she perceived it to be essential that they should see each other. Perhaps it might be better that Mrs. Western should come to her; and therefore she wrote to her,—not explaining the cause of the proposed visit, to do which would be as difficult as to write the full letter, but simply saying that in the present condition of things she thought it would be well that Cecilia should visit her. This however Mrs. Western refused to do. She had come to her mother, she said, in her terrible difficulty, and in her present circumstances would not at once leave her. She considered herself bound to obey her husband, and would remain at Exeter until she received instructions from him to leave it.

There was in her letter a subdued tone of

displeasure, which Lady Grant felt that she had not deserved. She at any rate was anxious to do her best. But she would not on that account abandon the task which she had undertaken. Her only doubt was whether she had better go to her brother at Berlin or to his wife at Exeter. She understood perfectly now the nature of those mistaken suspicions which filled her brother's mind. And she was almost sure of the circumstances which had produced them. But she was not quite sure; and were she to make mistakes in discussing the matter with him, such mistakes might be fatal. She thought that with Cecilia she could not do other than good. She knew her brother's mind better than did his wife, and she imagined that between them such a story might be told,—a story so true and so convincing that the husband might be brought back.

The following very short letter therefore was written. "My dear Cecilia, as you will not come to me at Perth, I must go to you at Exeter. I shall start this day week and will be with you on the following Wednesday. Do not mind as to a room for me, as I can stop at the hotel; but it is I think imperative that we should see each other. Yours affectionately, Bertha Grant."

"Mamma, Lady Grant is coming here next week," said Cecilia to her mother.

"To this house, next week?"

"She says that she will come to the hotel; but of course we must receive her here."

"But why is she coming?"

"I suppose it is because she thinks that something should be done on behalf of her brother. I can understand her feeling, and am sure that she sympathises with me. But I do not think that any good will come of it. Unless he can see how wrong he is nothing will be able to change him. And until his very nature is changed he will not be made to understand his own fault." It was thus for the first time for a fortnight that Mrs. Western spoke to her mother about her husband.

At the day appointed Lady Grant came and Mrs. Western met her at the station. "Of course you will not go to the hotel," she said; "there is plenty of room at the house. I am greatly obliged to you for coming. It seems a dreadful thing to have to come on such a business all the way from Perth. I know that I ought to apologise to you for the trouble."

"Apologise! There can be no apologising between you and me. If I can make

each of you understand the truth there is not I think any doubt but that you will be brought together."

"If he can be made to see the truth, it may be so. I do not know that there is any seeing of the truth necessary on the other side. I have complained of nothing. He has taken upon himself to leave me for some cause as to which I am perfectly in the dark. However we will not talk about it now." Then she put Lady Grant into the fly and took her home.

There was nothing more said about it on that day. Mrs. Western, in whose bosom something of her feeling of anger against her husband was most unjustly extended towards Lady Grant, took care that they two should not be at once left together again. Mrs. Holt was studiously civil, but always with a feeling that Mr. Western and Lady Grant were brother and sister. It was probable that the sister would take her brother's part and consequently be at any moment converted into an enemy. The first evening at Exeter was passed very uncomfortably by the three ladies. But on the following morning a conference was demanded. "My dear," said Lady Grant, "we have got to discuss all this and we may as well do it at once. What does your husband mean when he says that you were still engaged to Sir Francis when you became engaged to him?"

"Has he said so?"

"Yes; indeed."

"Then he has said what is altogether untrue. Nor is there the slightest ground for such an untruth. Everything between me and Sir Francis Geraldine was over before we had gone to the Continent. Why, I left England in consequence of the shock it gave me to have to abandon him. Does he know—does your brother know what I told you?"

"He did not know it when he wrote to me."

"I suppose not. I should think he would send some message. As a rule he is soft-hearted, although to me he has become suddenly so inexpressibly cruel."

"But you understand now the cause of his displeasure?"

"Not in the least," said the angry wife. "I know of no cause for his displeasure. Displeasure! I know of no cause to justify a step so terrible as this."

"Though the statement may be untrue as you say—"

"It is untrue. It is altogether untrue."

"But he has believed it!"

"Why has he believed it? Why; why?"

"Ah indeed; why?" said Lady Grant. "I suppose that no lie becomes prevalent in the world for evil without some fault on the part of somebody. Even though it may not have been expressed in exact terms some false person has intentionally spread it abroad. And then a man in his wrath, when he hears the lie, will distort it, and twist it, and aggravate it,—to his own wrong and to that of others."

"But my own husband! Him whom I so passionately loved!"

"And who so passionately loved you! It was because of that that the lie has so rankled! And, Cecilia, dear, let us be altogether open to each other."

"I have concealed nothing from you," said Mrs. Western proudly.

"Nor wilfully from him. But you had kept from him a detail of your past life,—of your life not long since past, which, as you yourself felt, ought to have been made known to him."

"It would have been made known to him."

"Just so. But unfortunately he was first allowed to hear it from another quarter. How it was told from thence you and I do not know."

"I saw the letter to him from Sir Francis Geraldine. There was no such statement in it as that you have now made. The tone of the letter was ungentlemanlike and abominable; but the facts as declared were true."

"Do you believe then that he has invented this falsehood against you, to excuse himself?"

"No," said the deserted wife; "I do not think he invented it."

"Nor I. How was it then that the idea has made its way into his brain?"

"He is suspicious," said Mrs. Western, speaking very slowly.

"Yes; he is suspicious. It is the fault of his character. But he is true and honest, and affectionate, and is by no means exacting or self-seeking. You have no right to expect that your husband should be perfect;—nor has he a right to expect it of you. He had no idea of this engagement till it was told by him who of all men was bound not to tell him."

The conversation was carried on after this for a considerable time, but was left chiefly in the hands of Lady Grant. Two or three times Mrs. Western put in a word, but it was always to ask what might be the effect upon him when he should have learned the tidings which she had sent him. Lady Grant seemed to think that he would of course come back and again take his wife to his

bosom, as soon as he should be made to understand all the exact facts as to her intercourse with Sir Francis Geraldine and as to her quarrel with him. But poor Cecilia seemed to believe more in the coming of the little stranger. "He can reject me," she once said, with mingled bitterness and hope, "but I cannot believe that such as he should reject his own child."

But neither then nor on the following day, which was the last that Lady Grant allowed herself at Exeter, could she be induced to send to her husband a single word asking his pardon. "No," she said, holding her head aloft as she spoke; "it is for me to pardon him. If he wants my pardon he shall have it. He need not ask for it, but if he comes he shall have it."

CHAPTER XVII.—MISS ALTIFIORLA RISES IN THE WORLD.

DURING this time a correspondence, more or less regular, was maintained between Miss Altifiorla and Sir Francis Geraldine. Sir Francis had gone to Scotland for the shooting, and rather liked the interest of Miss Altifiorla's letters. It must be understood that it had commenced with the lady rather than the gentleman. But that was a fact of which he was hardly aware. She had written him a short note in answer to some questions he had asked respecting Mrs. Western when he had been in Exeter, and this she had done in such a manner as to make sure of the coming of a further letter. The further letter had come and thus the correspondence had been commenced. It was no doubt chiefly in regard to Mrs. Western; or at first pretended to be so. Miss Altifiorla thought it right to speak always of her old friend with affectionate kindness;—but still with considerable severity. The affectionate kindness might go for what it was worth; but it was the severity, or rather the sarcasm, which gratified Sir Francis. And then Miss Altifiorla gradually adopted a familiar strain into which Sir Francis fell readily enough. In fact Sir Francis found that a young woman who would joke with him, and appear to follow his lead in her joking, was more to his taste than an austere beauty such as had been his last love.

"Lady Grant is here at this moment," Miss Altifiorla said in one of her letters. She had by this time fallen into that familiar style of writing which hardly declared whether it belonged to a man's letter or a woman's. "I suppose you know who Lady Grant is. She is your fortunate rival's magnificent widowed

sister, and has come here I presume to endeavour to set matters right. Whether she will succeed may be doubtful. She is the exact ditto of her brother, who of all human beings gives himself the finest airs. But Cecilia since her separation has given herself airs too, and now leads her lonely life with her nose high among the stars. Poor dear Cecilia; her misfortunes do not become her, and I think they have hardly been deserved. They are all the result of your bitter vengeance, and though I must say that she in sort deserves it, I think that you might have spared her. After all she has done you no harm. Consider where you would be with Cecilia Holt for your wife and guardian. Hard though you are, I do not think you would have been hard enough to treat her as he has done. Indeed there is an audacity about his conduct to which I know no parallel. Fancy a man marrying a wife and then instantly bidding her go home to her mother because he finds that she once liked another man better than himself! I wonder whether the law couldn't touch him! But you have escaped from all that, and I really can't understand why you should be so awfully cruel to the poor girl." Then she signed herself "Yours always, F. A.," as though she had not been a woman at all.

In all this there was much guile. She had already taken the length of his foot, and knew how to flatter him, and to cheat him at the same time. "That poor young woman of mine seems to have got into difficulties," he said to Dick Ross, who had gone down with him to Scotland.

"You have made the difficulties for her," said Dick.

"Well; I paved the way perhaps. That was only justice. Did she think that she was going to hit me and that she wasn't to be hit in return?"

"A woman," growled Dick.

"Women are human beings the same as men, and when they make themselves beasts have got to be punished. You can't horse-whip a woman; but if you look at it all round I don't see that she ought to get off so much better than a man. She is a human creature and ought to be made to feel as a man feels."

But this did not suit Dick's morality or his sense of chivalry. According to his thinking a woman in such matters ought to be allowed to do as she pleased, and the punishment, if punishment there is to be, must come from the outside. "I shouldn't like to have done it; that's all."

"You've always treated women well; haven't you?"

"I don't say that. I don't know that I've ever treated anybody particularly well. But I never set my wits to work to take my revenge on a woman."

"Look here, old fellow," said Sir Francis. "You had better contrive to make yourself less disagreeable or else you and I must part. If you think that I am going to be lectured by you, you're mistaken."

"You ask me, and how can I help answering you? It was a shabby trick. And now you may bluster as much as you please." Then the two sat together, smoking in silence for five minutes. It was after breakfast on a rainy day, such as always made Dick Ross miserable for the time. He had to think of creditors whom he could not pay and of his future life which did not lie easily open before him, and of all the years which he had misused. Circumstances had lately thrown him much into the power of this man whom he heartily disliked and despised, but at whose hands he had been willing to accept many of the luxuries of his life. But still he resolved not to be put down in the expression of his opinions although he might in truth be turned off at a moment's notice. "You are corresponding with that old woman now?"

"What do you know about my correspondence?"

"I know just what you told me. That letter there is from the lady with the Italian name. She has more mischief even than you have, I believe." At hearing this Sir Francis only laughed. "If you don't take care she'll make you marry her, and then where will you be?"

"Where would you be, old fellow?"

"It don't much matter where I should be," said poor Dick. "There's a revolver upstairs and I sometimes think that I had better use it. I've nothing but myself to look after. I've no baronetcy and no estate, and can destroy none but myself. You can't hurt me very much. I'll tell you what it is, Geraldine. You want a wife so that you may cut out your cousin from the property. You're a good-looking fellow and you can talk, and, as chance would have it, you had, I imagine, got hold of a true lady. But she found you out."

"What did she find out?"

"The sort of fellow that you are. She met you among the Dean's people, and had to find you out before she knew you. However she did before it was too late, and she gave you the sack."

"That's your idea."

"She did," said Dick boldly. "And there should have been an end of it. I don't say but what it might have been as well for you as for her. But it suited you to have your revenge, and you've had it."

"I rather think I have," said Sir Francis.

"But you've got a woman to help you in getting it who seems to have been as spiteful as you, without any excuse. I shouldn't think that she'd make a good wife. But if you don't take care she'll be yours." Then Dick got up and walked out of the room with his pipe in his mouth, and went into his bedroom, thinking that it might be as well for him to pack up and take his departure. The quarters they were in were, as he declared to himself, "beastly" in wet weather; but his shirts hadn't come from the wash, and he had no vehicle to take him to the railway station without sending for a fly. And after all what he had said to Sir Francis was not much worse than what had often been said before. So he chucked off his slippers, and threw himself upon the bed thinking that he might as well endeavour to get through the morning by going to sleep.

Sir Francis when he found himself alone began to think over all the circumstances of his present position. Among those circumstances Dick Ross was one. When he had intended to marry Miss Holt he had determined to get rid of Dick. Indeed Dick had been got rid of partially, and had begun to talk of going to Canada or the Cannibal Islands, by way of beginning the work of his life. Then Sir Francis had been jilted, and Dick had again become indispensable to him. But Dick had ever had a nasty way of speaking his mind and blowing up his patron, which sometimes became very oppressive to the Baronet. And now at the present moment he was more angry with him for what he had said as to Miss Altifiorla than for his remarks as to his conduct to the other lady. All that was simply severe in Dick's words he took for a compliment. If Dick found fault with his practice he at any rate acknowledged his success. But his remarks as to the second lady had been very uncourteous. He had declared that she with the Italian name was a worse devil even than himself, and had warned him not to marry the fiend. Now he had nearly made up his mind that he would marry her. With all the ladies with whom he had hitherto been connected he had become aware that, in marrying them, he must more or less alter his manner of life. With Miss Altifiorla no such alteration would

be necessary. He attributed a certain ease which she possessed to her Italian blood, and thought that he would be able to get on with her very comfortably. To marry was imperative with him,—because of his cousin. But he thought that were he to marry Miss Altifiorla he might continue to live his ordinary life almost without interruption. He had considered that in doing so he need not even dismiss Dick Ross. But now, in consequence partly of the great discourtesy of Dick's remarks and partly from his strong inclination for Miss Altifiorla, he began to think that after all Dick had better go. Just at this moment Dick's fortunes were, he knew, very low. One sum of money had been lost at cards, and another sum of money had not come. Dick's funds were almost absolutely worn out. But that was only a reason the more for parting with him. He did not care to have to deal with a man who had to wear out his old clothes in his house because he had not credit with his tailor to get a new coat and trousers. He thought that he would part with Dick; but he had not quite made up his mind when he sat down to write his letter to Miss Altifiorla.

"My dear Miss Altifiorla," he said. "I really don't see that you have any reason to blow me up as you do about 'poor Cecilia.' I do not think that poor Cecilia has had it at all hotter than she has deserved; and when you tell me that I have been awfully cruel to the poor girl, you seem to forget that the poor girl began the war by being awfully cruel to me. If you and I should ever come to know each other, you may be sure that I shall never treat any woman well because she has treated me badly. It's a kind of gallantry I cannot understand, and must make a man's conduct quite indifferent to the sex generally. If you're to treat all alike, whether they run straight or bolt, why shouldn't they all bolt? It would come to the same thing in the end. There is Dick Ross been making himself uncommonly disagreeable on the same subject. I don't mind your lecturing me a little,—chiefly because you don't think it; but I'll be hanged if I take it from him. He has not done so very well himself that he is entitled to blow up any one.

"Mind you write and tell me what happens over at St. David's." Mrs. Holt lived in Exeter at St. David's. "I shall be glad to know whether that respectable person, Mr. Western, comes back again. I don't think she'll have a good time if he does, and if he don't I sha'n't break my heart." Then he put his pen down and sat for a while thinking

what should be his last paragraph. Should he put an end to all his doubts and straightway make his offer, or should he dally a little longer and still keep the power in his own hands. At last he said to himself that even if he wrote it his letter would not go till tomorrow morning, and he would have the night to think about it. This consideration got the better of his prudence and he did write it, simply beginning a new sentence on the page. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it? There is a question for you to answer on your own behalf, instead of blowing me up for any cruelty to Cecilia Holt."

Then he signed his name, "Yours ever, F. G."

Miss Altifiorla when she received the letter was surprised, but not startled. She had expected that it would come, but not so quickly; and it may be said of her that she had quite made up her mind as to the final answer to be given if it should come. But still she had to think much about it before she wrote her reply. It might be very well for him to be sudden, but any over-suddenness on her part would put him on his guard. If he should be made to feel alarmed at what he had done, if he should be once frightened at his own impetuosity and hers, he would soon find his way back again out of the difficulty. But still she must flatter him, still she must make him think that she loved him. It would not at all do for her to write as though the thing were impossible. Then in a pleasant reverie she gave herself up for a while to meditating over the sudden change which had come upon her views of life. She remembered how strong she had been in recommending Cecilia not to marry this man, and how she had congratulated her when she found that she had escaped. And she remembered the severe things she had said about Mr. Western. But in her thoughts there was nothing of remorse or even of regret. "Well, well; that it should have come to this! That he should have escaped from Cecilia and have chosen me! Upon the whole it will be much better for him. I shall tread on his corns less than she would, and be less trodden upon, too, than she. It may be that I must tread on his corns a little, but I will not begin till after my marriage." Such was the nature of her thoughts. Perhaps an idea did creep in as to some awkwardness when she should meet Cecilia. But they could never see much of each other, and it might be that there would be no such meeting. "What

does it matter?" she said, as she turned to her writing-table.

But this was not till three days had passed after the receipt of the proposal. Three days, she thought, was a fitting time to show that though hurried by an affair of so much moment, she was not too much hurried. And then she wrote as follows;—

"MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

"Your letter has almost taken away my breath. Why, you know nothing or little about me! And since we have been acquainted with each other our conversation has chiefly been about another lady to whom you were engaged to be married. Now you ask me to be your wife; at least, if I understand your letter, that is its purport. If I am wrong, of course you will tell me so.

"But of course I know that I am not wrong; and of course I am flattered, and of course pleased. What I have seen of you I have altogether liked, and I do not know why we should not be happy together. But, marriage! marriage is a most important step,—as, no doubt, you are well aware. Though I am quite earnest in what I am saying, still I cannot but smile, and can fancy that you are smiling, as though after all it were but a joke. However, give me but one week to think of it all, and then I will answer you in sober earnest.

"Yours ever (as you sign yourself),

"F. A."

CHAPTER XVIII.—A MAN'S PRIDE.

ABOUT a week after Lady Grant had gone Mrs. Western received a letter from her husband. She had expected that he would write, and had daily looked for the letter. But when it did come she did not know whether to take it as a joy or a source of additional discomfort. There was in it hardly a word of declared affection. Nothing was said as to his future life or hers; but he did write, as she thought, in a familiar and loving strain as to the event which had yet to be expected for many months. "My sister has told me your news," he said, "and I cannot but let you know how anxious I shall be both for your safety and for that of the stranger. If there be anything that I can do for your comfort, if you will ask me, you may be sure that it will be done. I am still at Dresden, and have no idea of immediately returning to England." There was no commencement to this, nor any ending. He did not even sign his name, nor call her his wife, or his dear Cecilia. Upon the whole she felt that it rather confirmed her sentence of banishment

than gave her reason for hope. He had felt when he wrote it that he could not remain altogether silent, but had yet determined to awaken no hopes by an assurance of his returning love. "In fact, the letter," she said to her mother, "must be taken as meaning nothing. He did not choose to subject himself to the charge of having been indifferent to the coming of such an event. But beyond this he had had nothing to say to me." Poor Mrs. Holt remained altogether silent when her daughter discussed the subject. She knew that she could not speak without loud abuse, and she knew also that her daughter would not allow her to abuse him.

Cecilia, without asking the advice of any one, resolved that she would not answer the letter. She could not write without using affectionate language, and such words should never come from her till she had first been addressed with full affection by him. "Never," she had said to herself a score of times; "never!" The meaning of this had been that having been so cruelly ill-used she would do and say nothing that might be taken as evidence that she had thought herself in the wrong. She would bear it all, rather than give him to understand that she did not appreciate his cruelty. She had told him of her love, and he had not vouchsafed to say a word to her in reply. It was of the injustice done to her that she complained in the words which she was constantly framing for herself; but it was the apparent want of affection which was deepest in her heart. Though he had been twice as cruel, twice as hard, she would have been less unhappy had she succeeded in drawing from him one word of affection. "What can he do for my comfort?" she said to herself again and again. "He means that if I want money I shall have it, so that he may avoid the disgrace of leaving his wife and his child unprovided for. I will not have his money, unless he also come himself." She would not even write to Lady Grant, or let her know that she had received a letter from her husband. "Oh, yes; I have heard from him. There is his letter," and she flung the document across the table to her mother. Having done so she at once left the room, so that there should be no discussion on the matter. "That there should be not a word of love in it; not a single word," she went on saying to herself. "How hard must be a man's heart, and how changeable! He certainly did love me, and now it has all gone, simply through an unworthy suspicion on his own part."

But here she showed how little able she

had been as yet to read the riddle of a man's heart,—how ignorant she had been of the difficulty under which a man may labour to express his own feeling! That which we call reticence is more frequently an inability than an unwillingness to express itself. The man is silent, not because he would not have the words spoken, but because he does not know the fitting words with which to speak. His dignity and his so-called manliness are always near to him, and are guarded, so that he should not melt into open ruth. So it was with Mr. Western. Living there all alone at Dresden, seeing no society, passing much of his time in a vain attempt to satisfy himself with music and with pictures, he spent all his hours in thinking how necessary his wife had made herself to his comfort during the few months that they were married. He had already taught himself to endeavour to make excuses for her,—though in doing so he always fell back at last on the enormity of her offence. Though he loved her, though he might probably pardon her in his weakness, it was impossible that the sin should be washed out. His anger still burned very hotly, because he could not quite understand the manner in which the sin had been committed. There was a secret, and he did not know the nature of the secret. There had been an understanding, of which he did not even yet know the nature, between his wife and that base baronet. And then the terrible truth of his memory added to his wounds. He thought of all the words that had been spoken, and which he felt ought to have given her an opportunity of telling the truth,—and would have done so had she not purposely kept the secret. He had playfully asked her how it had been that she had loved no other man, and then she had remained silent in a manner which he now declared to himself to be equal to a falsehood. And when he had been perfectly free with his own story, she had still kept back hers. She had had her story, and had resolved that he should not know it, even though he had been so open with his. He no doubt had been open at a time when he had no right to expect her to be equally so; but when the time did come, then she had been a traitor to him. When accepting his caresses and returning them with all a young wife's ardour, even at that moment she had been a traitor to him. Though in his arms she had thought,—she must have continued to think,—of some unholy compact which existed between her and Sir Francis Geraldine. And even now she had not told him the nature of that compact.

Even now she might be corresponding with Sir Francis or seeing him for aught that he knew to the contrary. How was it possible that he should pardon a wife who had sinned against him as she had sinned?

And yet he was so far aware of his own weakness as to admit to himself that he would have taken her back to him if she had answered his last letter in a contrite spirit and with affectionate words. He would have endeavoured to forget if not to forgive, and would have allowed himself to fall into the loving intimacy of domestic life,—but that she was cold and indifferent as well as treacherous. So he told himself, keeping his wrath hot, though at the same time his love nearly mastered him. But in truth he knew nothing of things as they really were. He had made the mistake of drawing a false conclusion from some words written by Sir Francis, and then of looking upon those words as containing the whole truth. Sir Francis had no doubt intended him to think that he and Cecilia Holt had come to some rupture in their engagement from other than the real cause. He had intended Mr. Western to believe that they had both agreed, and that they had merely resolved between them that they had better not be husband and wife. He had intended to convey the idea that he had been more active in so arranging it than Cecilia herself. Cecilia, though she had read the letter, had done so in such a frame of mind as hardly to catch the truth. But he, Mr. Western, had caught it altogether and had believed it. Though he knew that the man was a dishonest liar yet he had believed the letter. He was tortured at the thought that his wife should have made herself a party to such a compact, and that the compact should still have remained in existence without his knowledge. Although there were hours during which he was most anxious to return to her,—in which he told himself that it was more difficult to stay away from her than even to endure her faithlessness; though from day to day he became convinced that he could never return to the haunts of men or even to the easy endurance of life without her, yet his pride would ever come back to him and assure him that as a reasonable man he was unable to put up with such treachery. He had unfortunately been taught to think, by the correspondence which had come from the matter of his cousin's racing bet, that Sir Francis Geraldine was the very basest of mankind. It was unfortunate, for he had no doubt been induced to think worse of his wife because she had submitted herself

and continued to submit herself to a man who was in his eyes so contemptible. He could not endure the idea that a woman for whom such a partnership had had charms should be the chosen companion of all his hours. He had already lived with her for weeks which should have been enough to teach him her character. During those weeks he had been satisfied to the very full. He had assured himself frequently that he had at last met a woman that suited him and made her his own. Had he known nothing of Sir Francis Geraldine he would have been thoroughly contented. Then had come the blow, and all his joys were "sicklied over" with the unhealthy tone which his image of her former lover gave him. She became at once to him a different creature. Though he told himself that she was still the same Cecilia as had been his delight, yet he told himself also that she was not the same as he had fancied her when he at first knew her.

There is in a man a pride of which a woman knows nothing. Or rather a woman is often subject to pride the very opposite. The man delights to think that he has been the first to reach the woman's heart; the woman is rejoiced to feel that she owns permanently that which has been often reached before. The man may know that in his own case it is not so with him. But as there has been no concealment, or perhaps only a little to conceal, he takes it as it comes and makes the best of it. His Mary may have liked some other one, but it has not gone farther. Or if she has been engaged as a bride there has been no secret about it. Or it has been a thing long ago, so that there has been time for new ideas to form themselves. The husband when he does come knows at any rate that he has no ground of complaint, and is not kept specially in the dark when he takes his wife. But Mr. Western had been kept specially in the dark, and was of all men the least able to endure such treatment. To have been kept in the dark as to the man with whom the girl was engaged, as he thought, at the very moment in which she had accepted him! To have been made use of as a step, on which a disadvantageous marriage might be avoided without detriment to her own interest! It was this feeling which made him utterly prostrate,—which told him that death itself would be the one desirable way out of his difficulties if death were within his reach.

When he received the letter from his sister telling him that he might probably become the father of a child, he was at the first prepared to say that thus would they two be

reconciled. He could hardly live apart, not only from the mother of his child, but from the child itself. He went away into solitude and wept hot tears as he thought of it all. But ever as he thought of it the cause of his anger came back to him and made him declare to himself that in the indulgence of no feeling of personal tenderness ought he to disgrace himself. At any rate it could not be till she should have told him the whole truth,—till she should have so told her story as to enable him to ascertain whether that story were in all respects true. At present, as he said to himself, he was altogether in the dark. But in fact had he now learned the very story as it had existed, and had Cecilia told it as far as she was able to tell it at all, she would even in his estimation have been completely whitewashed. In her perfect absolution from the terrible sin of which he now accused her he would have forgiven and forgotten altogether the small, the trifling fault, which she had in truth committed.

There was something of nobility in all these feelings;—but then that something was alloyed by much that was ignoble. He had resolved that were she to come back to him she must come acknowledging the depth of her sin. He would endeavour to forgive though he could not forget; but he never thought in these hours that it would be well for him to be gracious in his manner of forgiveness. To go to her and fetch her home to him, and say to her that all that was past should be as a dream, a sad and ugly dream, but one to which no reality was attached, never occurred to him. He must still be the master, and, in order that his masterdom might be assured, full and abject confession must be made. Yet he had such an idea of his wife, that he felt that no such confession would be forthcoming, and therefore to him it appeared ever more and more impossible that they two should again come together.

With Cecilia the matter was regarded with very different eyes. To her, too, it was apparent that she had been treated with extremest cruelty. She, too, was very hot in her anger. In discussing the matter with herself, she allowed herself thoughts in which indignation against her husband was maintained at a boiling heat. But nevertheless she had quite resolved to forgive him altogether if he would once come to her. And to insure her forgiveness no word even of apology should be necessary. She knew that she would have to deal with a man to whom the speaking of such words would be painful, and none should be expected, none

asked for. If he would but show her that he still loved her, that should suffice. The world around them would of course know that she had been sent away from him, and then taken back. There was in this much that was painful,—a feeling full of dismay as she reflected that all her friends, that her acquaintance, that the very servants should know that she had been so disgraced. But of all that she would take no notice,—no notice as far as the outside world was concerned. Let them think, let them talk as they would, she would then have her one great treasure with which to console herself, and that would suffice for her happiness. In her hottest anger she told herself from time to time that her anger would all depart from her,—that it would be made to vanish from her as by a magician's wand,—if she could only once more be allowed to feel his arm round her waist.

In all this she had no friend with whom to discuss either her anger or her hopes. Her mother she knew shared her anger to the full, but entertained hopes altogether different. Her desires were so different that they hardly amounted to hopes. Yes, he might be allowed to return, but with words of absolute contrition, with words which should always be remembered against him. Such would have been Mrs. Holt's expression as to the state of things had she ventured to express herself. But she understood enough of her daughter's feelings to repress them.

The only person who sympathised with Cecilia and her present condition was the girl who had once before evoked from her so strong a feeling of tenderness. She did know that the man had to be forgiven, terrible as had been his sin, and that nothing more was to be said about it. "Oh, ma'am," she said, "he'll come back now. I'm sure he'll come back now, and never more have any of them silly vagaries."

"Who can say what vagaries a man may choose to indulge?"

"That's true too, ma'am. That any man should have had such a vagary as this! But he's dying to come back. I'm sure of it. And when he does come and finds that he's let to come quiet, and that he's asked to say nothing as he don't like, and that you are all smiles to him and kindness,—and then with the baby coming and all,—my belief is that he'll be happier then than he was even the first day when he had you." This, though spoken in rough language, so exactly expressed Cecilia's wishes, that she did feel that her maid at least entirely sympathised with her.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

BY PROFESSOR P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

I.—POISON IN THE AIR WE BREATHE.

THERE are few words in the English language which produce a more painful impression upon the popular mind than does the word Poison, and there are at least two valid reasons why it should be so. In the first place we find poison waging war against human life, sometimes openly, sometimes insidiously, often successfully; and in the second place, from remote ages down to the present day, we are accustomed to see poison going hand in hand with crime as its chief companion. But we must remember that poison is by no means an evil-doer only as the agent of the assassin or of the suicide. These are doubtless its most hideous aspects, but there are many others where its effects are produced as surely, though often very insidiously, without any evil intention, and, like a wolf in sheep's clothing, clad in garments which are intended for our good. It is to such cases that we wish to direct attention, by pointing out a few of the modes in our every-day life in which poison may enter the human body without our knowledge, and wherein its presence is unnoticed until disease or death makes it manifest.

Let us, then, consider in the first place the composition of atmospheric air, and how it may become so vitiated that, instead of supporting life and health, it may carry disease or death to those who breathe it. It was long thought that air was spiritual, that it was like the life, and that it was the soul of the world; but we now know that it is just as material as a piece of iron, and that it will weigh down the scales of a balance in the same way; and the time may yet come when by means of immense pressure and intense cold it may be condensed into a liquid, as carbonic acid and other gases have already been. We find air present everywhere. There is scarcely a solid, however compact it may appear, which does not contain pores, and these pores are filled with air. It is to be found in abundance in the soil; indeed were it not so, numberless worms and insects which inhabit the latter would cease to exist. The most compact mortar and walls are penetrated by it, and water in its natural state contains a large quantity of air in solution. The atmosphere was formerly believed to extend no higher than five miles above the earth's surface, but meteorological obser-

ventions have since shown that it extends to a height of more than two hundred miles. Owing to the force of gravity the air is much denser near the earth, and gets thinner, layer by layer, as you ascend. If then the atmosphere were possessed of colour it would be very dark just round the globe, and the tint would gradually fade into space. There is no absolutely normal composition of the air we breathe; or, if there be, it is not at present known. It contains, however, in all cases, unless under purely artificial conditions, two *essential* elements, which are nearly invariable under normal circumstances, namely oxygen and nitrogen, and two accessory elements which vary extremely in amount, but are practically never absent, namely carbonic acid and water. Without either of the first two, air could not exist, and without the last two, air is scarcely found in nature. Their combination moreover is not a chemical union but a simple mechanical mixture. But besides these constituents the air contains an immense amount of life, and small particles derived from the whole creation. In the air may be found animalcules, spores, seeds, cells of all kinds, eggs of insects, fungi and elements of contagion, besides formless dust, and sandy and other particles of local origin. For example, no one can travel in a railway carriage without being surrounded by dust, a large portion of which may be attracted by a magnet, consisting as it does in a great measure of minute particles of iron derived from the rails. The purest air has some dust in it. There probably never fell a beam of light from the sun since the world was made which would not have shown countless numbers of solid particles. Roughly speaking 100 measures of air, if pure, should contain 78·98 parts of nitrogen, 20·99 of oxygen and ·03 of carbonic acid. Without oxygen a candle will not burn, and animals cannot live; but for the purposes of animal life this gas requires to be diluted, and this is effected in the atmosphere by a large admixture of nitrogen. In fact nitrogen seems to act in the animal economy purely as a diluent or vehicle for the administration of oxygen. Carbonic acid as far as we know is not essential to the animal kingdom. To man it is simply a superfluous ingredient, but harmless when in small quantity; to the vegetable world, on the contrary, it is a food which together with water often suffices to support

the entire life of a plant. When, however, from any cause the quantity of carbonic acid is much increased, it becomes highly poisonous to man. When the amount reaches 10 or even 5 volumes per cent. it produces fatal results, and even 2 per cent. occasions in most persons severe headache. The balance between carbonic acid and oxygen in the atmosphere, continually disturbed in one direction by the animal kingdom, is constantly maintained by the vegetable kingdom; for while the former consumes oxygen and gives off carbonic acid, the latter for the most part performs the opposite function. Owing to certain local conditions, however, which we shall presently consider, the quantity of oxygen in the atmosphere sometimes falls below the normal amount, to the extent of over 3 per cent., while the carbonic acid proportionately increases. In order to estimate the importance of what might otherwise appear trifling differences in the composition of the air we breathe, we must remember that we take into our lungs from 1,000 to 2,000 gallons of air daily. Now the presence of only a few grains of impurity in a gallon of water would render it unfit for drinking purposes, although as we only drink a comparatively small quantity of water the whole of these few grains would not be swallowed in a single day.

We have spoken of carbonic acid as an impurity in the atmosphere; and so it is, for it is unfitted to support animal life. An animal will die from suffocation in an atmosphere containing plenty of free oxygen if it contains over 10 or 12 per cent. of carbonic acid gas. But a minute increase of this gas in the atmosphere is of most importance, from the fact that it always comes in bad company, and is found to be a measure of the many impurities which accompany it. Moreover, for every increase of carbonic acid there is a corresponding decrease in oxygen, so that we have in such cases a double effect, viz., a subtraction of the life-giving principle of the air, and the addition of noxious substitutes. These noxious substitutes consist for the most part of organic matter, either of animal or vegetable origin. The exact nature of the organic substances, which constitute the specific poisons of contagious diseases, still remains obscure. Whether they consist of inconceivably minute particles of decaying matter, or of living microscopic germs; whether in some instances they are conveyed by particles of skin and pus-cells from the diseased to the healthy, or are condensed with the watery vapour of the atmosphere and thus dissemi-

nated; all these are questions which have yet to be satisfactorily answered. It is, however, certain that almost invariably the atmosphere is made the vehicle of the contagion or deadly agent, whatever may be its nature; and hence the great importance of taking such precautions as will prevent the contamination of the air; or at all events, aid in dissipating or destroying its more hurtful impurities. An estimate of the amount of organic impurity in the air of our large cities may be formed by considering the enormous quantities of carbonic acid gas that are daily and hourly poured forth in these industrial centres. Dr. Angus Smith, whose investigations regarding "Air and Rain" have won for him a world-wide celebrity, has found that in the City of Manchester 15,066 tons of carbonic acid are daily passed into the air that envelops it; and Dr. de Chanmont states that 822,000,000 cubic feet of this gas are generated in London per day, or more than 9,500 cubic feet per second. Fortunately the operations of nature are in themselves calculated to restore a state of equilibrium in the constitution of the air. Injurious gases become diffused, diluted, or decomposed; animal emanations are absorbed in the processes of vegetation; suspended matters are washed down by rain, or fall by their own weight, while many organic substances are so acted on by oxygen as to render them innocuous. Thus the vast aerial sea maintains a uniformity of composition, owing to the mighty forces of nature, without which all our sanitary measures would be futile. But if nature be so powerful as a sanitary agent, how is it that we still require to cope with that formidable enemy which we call foul air? It is because we ourselves are constantly vitiating the atmosphere around us whether we live, or work, or die, and because the impure products thus generated are not sufficiently provided against by efficient ventilation. Let us glance briefly at the principal sources from which these impurities arise. These may be grouped under three heads, viz.:-

1. Respiration.
2. Putrefaction.
3. Trades and Manufactures.

Respiration.—The air which we draw into our lungs with every breath contains 21 per cent. of oxygen, but when we expire it again it only contains 13 parts. We have, in fact, abstracted 8 per cent. of oxygen and given back in its place a poisonous mixture of carbonic acid, organic matter, and watery vapour. We breathe out this poisonous mixture at the rate of one gallon each minute, but (even apart from the organic matter) it is

so impure, owing to the amount of carbonic acid which it contains, that each gallon would require to be diluted with 100 gallons of pure air before being again fitted for respiration. In a city such as London then, the air is being polluted even by the carbonic acid which we exhale at the rate of nearly six hundred million of gallons per minute, to such an extent as to render it unfit to be breathed again. Surely this should make us welcome every strong gale as an angel sent from heaven, bearing healing on its wings. But it is in dwellings, and especially in the dwellings of the poor, that the polluting effects of respiration are greatest, for in these it is too often the case that man places every possible obstacle in the way of nature's methods of ventilation. Moreover in apartments that are crowded it is practically impossible to maintain the air in a state of purity, and thus they become hot-beds of disease. The very interesting experiments made by Dr. Angus Smith upon himself in an air-tight leaden chamber, led him to the conclusion that, in air containing an increased amount of carbonic acid, this gas alone, even without the other hurtful ingredients, such as organic matter, rapidly produces poisonous effects—indicated by febleness of the circulation, extreme slowness of the heart's action, and great rapidity of the breathing—and that when men are exposed to it they are really gasping for breath, without being aware of the cause.

The presence of carbonic acid in the air we expire is readily seen by blowing our breath, by means of a tube, into a bottle containing ordinary lime water. The water soon becomes opalescent and then milky in appearance, owing to the formation of carbonate of lime or chalk; the carbonic acid of the expired air having combined with the lime previously held in solution. It is this principle which is taken advantage of in order to estimate the amount of carbonic acid in atmospheric air. Dr. Angus Smith lays down a simple practical rule whereby any one may ascertain if the air of an apartment contains carbonic acid to a dangerous amount, viz., "Let us keep our rooms so that the air gives no precipitate when a 10½-ounce bottle full of air is shaken with half an ounce of clear lime water."

It is well known that speedily fatal results arise from overcrowding and want of fresh air. Out of the 146 prisoners confined in the "Black Hole of Calcutta," 123 died in one night; and it is significant that many of the survivors afterwards succumbed to "putrid fever." Nor have similar instances been

wanting in this country. Of the 150 passengers that were shut up in the cabin of the Irish steamer *Londonderry*, with hatches battened down during a stormy night in 1848, 70 died before morning. In these two catastrophes suffocation was doubtless the direct cause of death, but the fact that "putrid fever" attacked many of those who were carried out alive from the "Black Hole of Calcutta," showed that the foetid exhalations to which they were exposed must have aided largely in destroying the lives of the immediate victims. The re-breathing of foetid matter thrown off by the skin and lungs produces a kind of putrescence in the blood, in proportion to the amount inhaled, and to the period of exposure to its influences; and even air only moderately vitiated, if breathed for a long time day after day, produces most serious results. These results are seen in pale faces, loss of appetite, a lowering of the spirits, and a decrease of muscular strength. That air polluted by respiration is the one great cause of consumption, which may be handed down from parents to children for generations, rests upon such a mass of facts, that it is no longer controvertible. For instance, we know that an increase of the disease occurs *pari passu* with an increase in the density of a population; that in manufacturing centres, where the males are the chief workers at indoor employment, the male death-rate is the highest; that in others, where females are principally required at indoor work, they suffer most; and that in agricultural districts, where the men spend nearly all their lives in the open air, and the women scarcely ever leave their cottages, the female death-rate from this disease is higher than the male. Moreover the testimony of the most able physicians at home and abroad; the results of inquiries as to the prevalence of this disease amongst the picked men of the armies and navies of the world; the reports of hospitals for consumption, and of commissioners and committees appointed to make special investigations as to jails, workhouses, and schools; all these point to poisoning by impure air as the most fertile source of consumption and many allied diseases.

Putrefaction.—We now pass on to the second source of foulness of the air, viz.: putrefaction. Putrid emanations have from the earliest times been held to be capable of producing injurious effects on the human system. In the Bible we read of the great care taken to disinfect or clean vessels which may have contained any putrid matter, and in ancient Rome measures were adopted for the efficient

cleansing of the sewers and streets of that city. Our present method of disposing of our refuse is by means of water, which washes it through channels called "sewers" to the sea. But meanwhile the organic portions are undergoing decay, and certain gases are thus evolved which mixing together form what we term "sewer-gas." The principal gases thus given off are carbonic acid, nitrogen, and sulphuretted hydrogen, and although this mixture if breathed is injurious to health, it cannot be regarded as poisonous. Thus sulphuretted hydrogen (similar to the odour given off by rotten eggs) although a deadly poison when inhaled in large quantities, is so diluted in sewer gas that its poisonous properties are in a great measure neutralised. There is still, however, sufficient sulphuretted hydrogen in sewer gas to render it very injurious by lowering the tone of health, and by gradually diminishing vitality to such an extent that disease ensues. What, however, is of far greater importance as a poisonous agent is the organic matter which is held in suspension by these gases. The composition of this organic matter is by no means uniform. It is composed of particles from all kinds of decomposing matter, sometimes containing minute living organisms, and sometimes without doubt the germs of disease. The exact nature of these germs of disease is still a matter of uncertainty, and the question as to whether they may appear spontaneously during the progress of decay, or whether they are merely wafted by sewer gas just as the ripe seeds of many plants are scattered by the atmosphere, is equally unsettled. This, however, has been sufficiently established, that when diseases do come amongst us they take root with most effect in those places where decomposing matter is found, and that the germs of these diseases find in the organic element of sewer gas a congenial soil in which they can increase and multiply indefinitely, and by which they can be carried from the dead to the living. That typhoid fever depends, to a great extent, upon the polluted air of sewers, cesspools, and of the soil is proved by very strong evidence. In some cases the disease has been confined to a particular part of the house, especially exposed to the effluvia from badly trapped drains, where there could be no doubt as to the source of the infection. The sewer air, laden with the specific poison, may be inappreciable to the senses, but its hurtful effects make themselves felt none the less, and, as recent events have shown, may sometimes exhibit themselves in the most exalted stations of life.

Nay more, it would seem that persons of the upper and middle ranks in towns are more liable to be attacked by typhoid fever than the poor classes; the reason being that the houses of the former are more generally connected with sewers, and either from structure or situation are of higher elevation, so that the light sewer gases, obeying natural laws, are more apt to accumulate in the drains of such houses, and failing efficient trapping and ventilation of the drains, to effect an entrance into the houses themselves. There is good ground for the belief that cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, as well as many other diseases, are occasionally spread by means of the air of sewers and cesspools; but whether these diseases originate spontaneously in this way, or whether the sewer gas only serves as a carrier of the disease-germs, is a question, as in the case of typhoid fever, as yet unsettled.

Trades and Manufactures.—Let us next consider some trades and manufactures which have an injurious influence upon persons engaged in them, and to a certain extent upon the community at large. The injurious effects are owing to solid particles and offensive gases which are given out into the air. The result of inhaling air more or less charged with solid particles may be easily explained. When the latter reach the entrance to the windpipe they at once set up irritation in the delicate lining membrane, and nature tries to repel the intruders by the involuntary cough which results. Should this fit of coughing fail in doing so, a quantity of glairy fluid is poured out from small glands in the windpipe, and this fluid enveloping the solid particles tends to prevent them from doing further mischief. Should they, however, find their way lower down into the air passages, nature has provided a very beautiful mechanism for their expulsion. The entire lining membrane of these passages is covered with innumerable minute hairs, or "cilia" as they are called, which by constantly waving in an upward direction towards the mouth tend to carry the solid particles, and the glairy secretion which they have provoked, away from the lungs, and so out of harm's way. This wonderful provision of nature is sufficient for the purpose, provided the strain be not too prolonged; but when the supply of irritating particles is constant or nearly so, the nerves and muscles involved in this mechanism become exhausted and cease to perform this process of expulsion. The irritating particles are now no longer removed from the delicate

membrane of the air passages upon which they lodge, this membrane becomes inflamed, and bronchitis or asthma is the result. But this inflammation, at first only affecting the superficial membrane, may sink into the deeper tissues and affect the lung itself, in which case the original attack of bronchitis frequently merges into a condition of a consumptive nature. This will explain why many trades are injurious in which the danger to health is due to the fine dust floating continually in the air of the premises. For example, the particles of coal dust in the air of mines, and the smoke from factory chimneys; particles of steel and grit given off in grinding; organic dust or fluff in shoddy and flax mills; the dust in potteries, china works, pearl button manufactories, in polishing and cement works, in brass works, in marble and steel polishing works of various sorts, especially where emery is used; in all of these cases the solid particles are inhaled and tend to produce disease in the lungs and air passages. Moreover, the severity of the effects is chiefly dependent on the amount of dust, and on the physical conditions as to angularity, roughness or smoothness of the particles, rather than on the nature of the substance, except in some specific cases. The habitual inhalation of coal dust in the air of coal mines very frequently results in consumption, and the fine divisions of the lung become so blocked up by the particles of coal that the term "black-lung" has been applied to the appearance presented by the lung after death. It has been found that the death rate from consumption among miners who work in mines where the air is changed rapidly, as in Durham and Northumberland, is very much less than among miners who work in mines that are badly ventilated. Of all unhealthy occupations that of steel-grinding is the most fatal. Steel-grinding is divided into the dry, wet, and mixed methods; and the injurious effects vary according to the amount of water used on the stone. Forks, needles, scissors, &c., are ground on the dry stone, and accordingly the men and boys employed at this kind of work are found to be the greatest sufferers. Dr. Hall, of Sheffield, has furnished important information as to the average duration of life among the artisans in steel, which he found to be as follows, viz.: dry grinders of forks, 29 years; razors, 31 years; scissors, 32 years; edge-tool and wool-shears, 32 years; spring-knives, 35 years; files, 35 years; saws, 38 years; sickles, 38 years. In this and many other similarly injurious trades various

methods have from time to time been devised, more especially of late years, whereby the dust might be prevented from entering the air-passages, such as fans for blowing it away, and respirators of various kinds to filter the air as it is being breathed; but it has been found that workmen themselves frequently object to any innovation which appears to them to interfere with their more immediate comfort. There are some trades where the dust given off acts not only as a mechanical irritant when breathed, but where the substance thus inhaled acts as a direct poison. For instance, manufacturers of white lead and other mineral paints frequently exhibit symptoms of poisoning in this way, and workmen who use arsenical compounds, as in the making of wall-papers, artificial flowers, &c., are often the victims of poisoning by arsenic. This poisoning by means of arsenical wall-papers deserves more than a passing notice owing to the dangerous and even fatal effects which they induce, not only in the workmen who prepare them, but also in persons inhabiting apartments where the walls are covered by them. These wall-papers are mostly of a beautiful green colour, the latter being due to a paint composed of arsenic and copper. Owing to variations of heat and moisture the green particles are constantly being set free from the paper and carried about the room by ventilation. Some idea of the amount of poison with which so many people are surrounded in their rooms may be formed if we consider that this green pigment contains 59 per cent. of arsenic, and that a square foot of one of these wall-papers contains on an average more than sufficient arsenic to poison twelve persons. In addition to the cases which most physicians are now so familiar with, where dangerous symptoms of poisoning have been traced to this cause, it is much to be feared that insidious and chronic disease is too often due to this practice of covering the walls of our sitting-rooms, and more especially our bedrooms, with arsenic. It may be remembered, however, that a wall-paper may be green and yet not contain any arsenic, so that the following simple method of detecting an arsenical paper may be useful. If a camel-hair brush be dipped in an ordinary solution of ammonia, and applied to the green portions of the suspected paper, the green will be rapidly changed to an azure blue colour if arsenic be present. Some such simple test is all the more important, because green papers, "warranted free from arsenic," have frequently been found to con-

tain a large percentage of that poison. Both in France and Germany there are laws against the sale or manufacture of these poisonous materials, and it is much to be regretted that in this country our extreme sensitiveness about interfering with the "liberty of the subject" has hitherto prevented legislation calculated to restrain a manufacture so deadly and unnecessary.

In addition to the sources of pollution of the atmosphere which we have been considering, there are various trades and manufactures in which poisonous matters are given off. Some of these are of an organic nature, as in the melting of fats, in the making of size and glue, in the boiling of oil, in the boiling of bones, and in many other processes carried out on a considerable scale, where the emanations are highly offensive and often of unknown chemical composition. Gas works must be included in this poisonous group owing to the accidental escape of gas, sometimes in large quantity. In lime-kilns enormous volumes of carbonic acid gas are poured out both from the limestone burnt and from the fuel employed, and in this way persons living in the immediate neighbourhood have been suffocated. In chloride of lime (bleaching powder) manufactories, and in places where it is used for bleaching wool and other materials, chlorine gas is given off into the air, causing when inhaled a very great amount of irritation in the air passages. Moreover this chlorine vapour is often carried in the air for long distances. In other branches of industry the workers are exposed to the vapours of sulphurous acid and

muritic acid, both of these being very irritating, and giving rise to various diseases of the lungs and eyes.

Such, then, are a few of the impurities, more or less poisonous, to be met with in the air we breathe; and dangerous to health as all of them are, it must be admitted that they do far less mischief to the public health than the continual mismanagement of our atmospheric food, common in all classes of society, by which it is rendered unfit to support a healthy life. The two ways in which air may be rendered thus comparatively valueless are either by excluding it too much from our dwellings, and this is the fault of the rich; or by crowding too many people together in small rooms, and this is the fault of the poor. In the houses of the better classes the air is kept out by closed windows, doors, curtains, and even in some cases by putting screens before the fire-places in summer, and in bedrooms in winter when fire is not used, thus cutting off the escape of air which has been rendered impure by breathing.

Pure air is in fact the most important of all health factors. When it is breathed freely, plentifully, and continually, there are few diseases which it will not enable the body to resist. Nay, even some injuries, which, received by the denizens of the overcrowded city, would be speedily followed by death, will be readily recovered from by the agricultural labourer or country farmer, who, always breathing a pure atmosphere, has thus stored up a great amount of additional constitutional force.

ATHEISTIC SCIENTISTS.

THERE is a sort of men whose faith is all
 In their five fingers, and what fingering brings,
 With all beyond of wondrous great and small,
 Unnamed, uncounted in their tale of things;
 A race of blinkards, who peruse the case
 And shell of life, but feel no soul behind,
 And in the marshalled world can find a place
 For all things, only not the marshalling Mind.
 'Tis strange, 'tis sad; and yet why blame the mole
 For channelling earth?—such earthy things are they;
 E'en let them muster forth in blank array,
 Frames with no pictures, pictures with no soul.
 I, while this dædal dome o'erspans the sod,
 Will own the builder's hand, and worship God.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

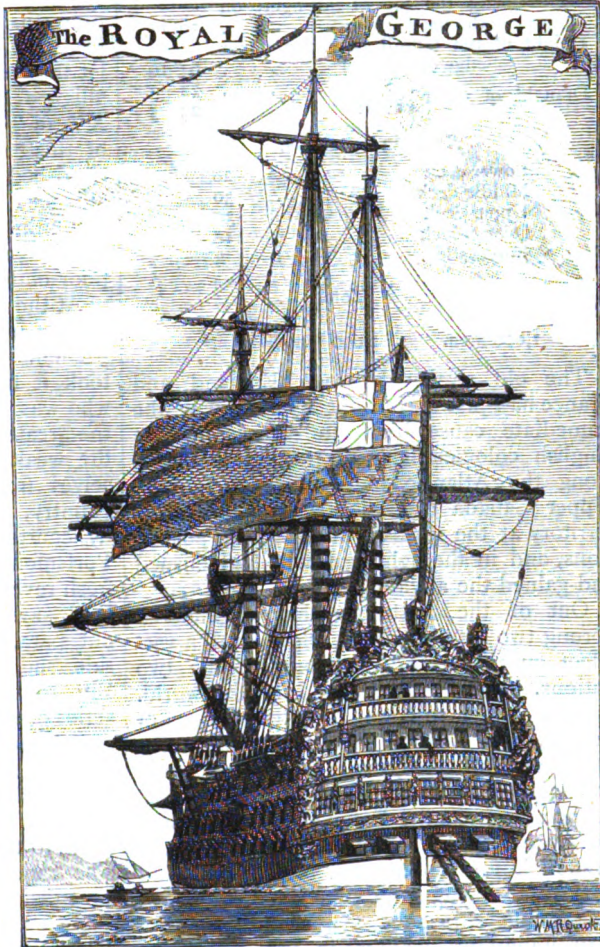
THE CENTENARY OF A GREAT CATASTROPHE.

BY THE REV. W. BENHAM, B.D.,
AUTHOR OF THE "MEMOIR OF CATHERINE AND CRAUFURD TAIT."

AN old man in drab shorts and grey worsted stockings, shoes with large buckles, antique coat and low-crowned hat, altogether as like the old man in the *Old Curiosity Shop* as if he had sat for the picture; such a one was my grandfather, as I remember him between forty and fifty years ago. He was a Portsmouth man, and always telling stories of things which he had seen in the war times. There are two which I remember distinctly. No doubt I should have forgotten them, had I not heard my mother repeat them many a time since, but as it is I can see him now, leaning on his neat round-topped cane, and telling over, simply and with transparent truthfulness, how he saw "Jack the Painter" dragged to his death for attempting to burn down Portsmouth dockyard, and how he stood on the shore, with one of the crew of the *Royal George* by his side, and saw her go down at Spithead. The hundredth anniversary of that terrible catastrophe has recalled the memory of the story, and I purpose in the present paper to tell it over again, with the help of many contemporaneous documents which lie before me.

And first let the reader look upon the noble vessel in her pride and beauty, as in those days ship-building was understood. The illustrations we give are taken from two fine engravings in Martin's *Philosophical Miscellany*, published the year that the ship was launched, 1756; and they are accompanied by a full description of her which to nautical readers will no doubt be interesting, though I confess that I am somewhat hazy myself with some of the details, just as I am with the technical parts of Marryat's novels. The reader, however, shall have it in full, to make what he can of it.

The *Royal George* was built at Woolwich, begun the 8th January, 1746, and launched the 18th of February, 1756.



	Ft.	Ins.
Length by the keel for tonnage	144	6½
" of the gun decks between the rabbits	178	—
" of the quarterdeck	85	6
" of her forecastle	36	1
" of her gripe to the aft part of the rudder	16	7
" of the foreside of the taffrail, at the height of the taffrail to the foreside of figure at the head, by a line parallel to keel	212	9
Breadth, extreme	51	—
" at the aft part of the wing transom	33	—
Height of the lower deck in midship at flats, from the upper edge of the keel	24	6
" middle deck	32	—

Height of upper deck	Ft.	In.
„ upper deck to the quarterdeck	38	6
„ „ quarterdeck to the round-house	7	4
„ „ upper deck to the forecastle	6	9
„ „ upper deck to the forecastle	6	8
Height from the lower edge of the keel to the top of the figure on the head	59	11
Height of the taffrail from the upper edge of the keel	64	10
Draught of water { afore	22	3
{ abaft	23	5

NUMBER OF GUNS.

Lower deck	28
Middle deck	30
Upper deck	30
Quarterdeck	14
Forecastle	2
Total	<u>104</u>

1,000 men. 2,000 tons burden.*

The old rivalry between England and France had just blazed out again fiercely, the immediate cause being in America. The English colonies there, up to this time, lay along the Atlantic only. The French in Upper Canada had laid claim to the whole territory at the rear of the English possessions, and in the fighting which had ensued had gained the advantage.

Out of the hostilities thus engendered sprung two combinations, which had a vast effect on the history, not only of the two nations, but of Europe, and of the world. First, in order to counteract the designs of France, the English ministers, under the Duke of Newcastle, made an alliance with Frederick the Great. The immediate consequence was to unite France with her ancient foe Austria, under Maria Theresa, who hated Frederick for robbing her of Silesia. And thus began the memorable Seven Years' War. The noble ship thus synchronizes with a very important chapter in the history of England; her lifetime, so to speak, covers a period second to none in its momentous issues, and the year which saw her go down was as memorable as that which first saw her afloat.

But before closing the magazine from which I have been quoting, let me transcribe one more paragraph, on which my eye has accidentally lighted. It is not without bearing on the events that I have undertaken to record. Here it is:—

“Births. Nov. 1. [1755.] Empress of Germany, Queen of Hungary, &c., of a daughter, named Maria Antoinetta Anna Josephina Johanna.”

* In the evidence before the court-martial, which was held after the loss of the ship, it was stated that she was “rather short and high than agreeing with the rules of proportion at present laid down, but the best sailer in the service.”

If there were rejoicings in Vienna that evening at the safe birth of Marie-Antoinette, there was weeping enough in another capital; for on the morning of that same day 60,000 persons had been hurled to death in less time than it has taken me to write this page, in the Earthquake of Lisbon. But let this pass now. We have seen how the alliance between Maria Theresa and Louis XV. of France began. From the very day of this hapless daughter's birth the Empress cherished the idea of cementing the ill-fated alliance by marrying her to the French Dauphin. She brought her up in the expectation,—an expectation realised when the poor child was not yet fifteen years old.

At the first onset of the Seven Years' War victory seemed altogether on the side of the French. They pounced on Minorca, and took it from the English; Admiral Byng, who was sent to its relief, fell back before the greater strength of the French fleet, and the weak Ministry, in order to save themselves from the indignation of the whole country, sacrificed Byng, who was tried by court-martial (Dec. 1756), and shot at Portsmouth. The disaster of Minorca and fresh reverses in America produced in England, says Mr. Green, “a despondency without parallel in our history.” But now the tide suddenly turned. The accession of Pitt to the Ministry was the herald of a series of triumphs such as England had never seen before. Clive's great victory at Plassey, June 23, 1757, “opened that wonderful career of conquest which has added the Indian Peninsula, from Ceylon to the Himalayas, to the dominions of the British Crown.” The same year Frederick of Prussia, aided by subsidies from England, annihilated the French army at the battle of Rossbach, and cleared Silesia of the Austrians by the victory of Leuthen. In 1759 General Wolfe took Quebec from the French, and next year Amherst took Montreal, thus completing the conquest of Canada. An attempt of the French to seize Hanover was defeated at the battle of Minden. “Never had England played so great a part in the history of the world as in 1759.”

The civil events which followed the accession of George III., the intrigues of rival politicians and courtiers, the struggles between the Ministry and the public press have no connection with our subject. Nor has the early portion of the history of the War of American Independence. We merely chronicle the fact that in 1782 the independence of the United States was acknowledged. In

the midst of all the humiliations and disasters of these years, there is one chapter of our history which does not cause us shame. The naval records of the country remain glorious throughout. Whilst the connection between England and her American colonies continued still unbroken, Pitt's daring vision had looked beyond the Atlantic, into the Pacific and Southern seas, and seen fresh lands for England to turn into colonies. One navigator after another went forth, but the names of the rest were eclipsed by Cook, who, in 1768, explored the Pacific and led the way in founding the colonies of Australia and New Zealand. And when the American War broke out, the naval victories over France, Spain, and Holland showed the energy of our sailors as great as ever. For three years, from 1779 to 1782, the French and Spaniards besieged and bombarded Gibraltar in vain.

Here we arrive at the point of time which brings us to the catastrophe of the *Royal George*. Lord Rodney, the greatest of English admirals next to Nelson and Blake, as well as Anson and Boscawen, had repeatedly made her their flag-ship, and Lord Hawke was on board her when he attacked a French fleet in 1776, and when her cannon sunk the *Superbe* of 70 guns, and set fire to an 84. She "had had more flags on board than any ship in the service." But she had shown such signs of age, that her guns had been reduced from 52, 40, and 28 pounders, to 40, 32, and 18 pounders.

On the 2nd of August the fleet went out for a cruise under the command of Lord Howe, and hazy weather coming on, the *Royal George* was within an ace of being wrecked on the Prall, near Start Point. She was kept off with the greatest difficulty, and they sailed away to the west of Scilly to see that a convoy from the West Indies was not intercepted. They sighted a French fleet on the look out for it. We gather the particulars from a letter written on board her, now in the British Museum. "The French," says this letter, "had 36 sail of the line, and we 22; by no means a match, but I make no manner of doubt, had we been to windward of them, but we would have cut off their van ships before the rear could come up to their assistance, the rear being Spaniards, and their ships being very bad sailers. However we parted with consent without even firing a gun."

They returned to Spithead on the 14th of August, having received news that the West India ships had arrived in safety, and the head of the Admiralty, Lord Keppel,

came down to make an inspection of the whole fleet. "We have not had such an overhauling for years," says another letter. Whether as a result of this examination, or from the circumstance that a large quantity of water was found in her hold after her last cruise, an order was given for the *Royal George* to come into dock. The carpenter, however, after making an examination, declared that the leak was only two feet under water, and that it resulted from the rubbing off of some of her copper sheathing. It was therefore resolved, on his recommendation, to lay her slightly over on her side—"heeling" her was the phrase in use—until enough of her lower timbers should appear above water to enable the damage to be repaired. Very few persons anticipated the possibility of danger, but there were a few nevertheless, as we shall see.

The fleet at this moment was under the command of Admiral Richard Kempenfeldt, the brave son of a brave Swede, who, coming early into the English service, had followed the fortunes of James II., and after his death had been recalled by Queen Anne, and justifying the good opinions which had been formed of him, was made Lieut.-Governor of Jersey, and died there. His fine character is depicted by Addison in the *Spectator* under the appellation of Captain Sentry.

Admiral Kempenfeldt was now sixty-four years old, the youngest admiral in the service, but unsurpassed, it is said, in his skill in manœuvring a fleet. He had often distinguished himself, and in the month of December preceding had taken a French convoy of twenty transports, protected by a larger fleet than his own, and thus had been the means of saving Jamaica, by securing time for Lord Rodney to reach it. He had come on board the ill-fated vessel the day after he arrived at Spithead. Two little sons were with him.

And now I come to an incident as I heard it from my eye-witness.

"There were some who declared from the first that what they were going to do would sink the ship, and a few who had got leave to go ashore made excuses and didn't go back in the morning.* And there was one of them who stood alongside me on the beach, for there was quite a crowd of us looking across at her. 'They'll sink her: I swear they'll sink her,' he kept saying, and certainly he *did* swear it a good deal too. We could see quite plainly when they tilted

* I find from the records that there were about sixty of her crew on shore at the time.

her over, and when the sailor saw her he seemed like a madman. 'She's going,' he shouted. 'Now you'll see she'll go down.' And, presently, all of a sudden down she went. And in a few moments we saw hundreds of vessels pulling out towards her." Such is the narrative which I have heard the eye-witness tell.

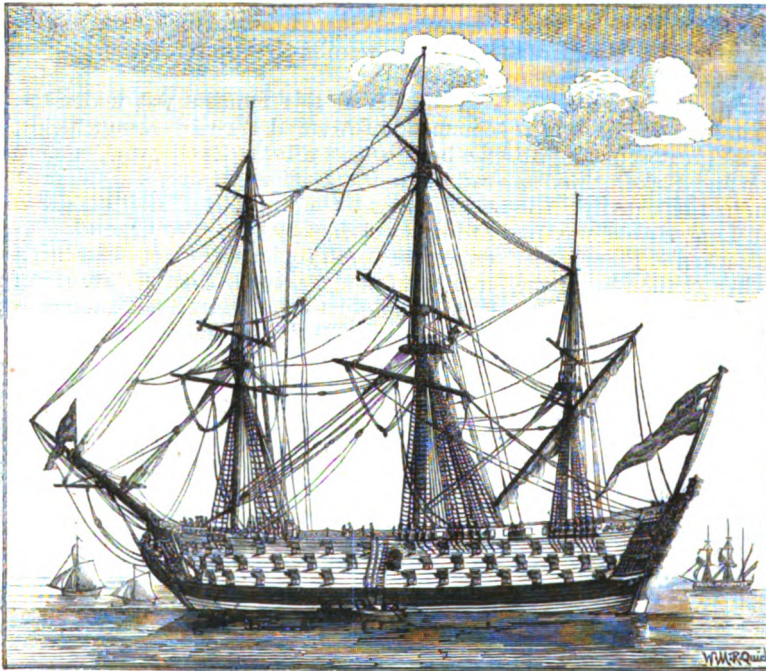
But let us go on board and learn full particulars.

It was about six o'clock on Thursday morning, August 29th, that the work of careening the ship was begun by removing many of the guns to one side, and so increasing the weight on that quarter. For nearly four hours the

The Admiral was calmly writing in his cabin on the lower deck. Altogether there were between eleven and twelve hundred persons on board.

The leak was discovered and mended, the seams were caulked, and new copper sheathing was laid on, when (so at least it was declared by some who were present) the carpenter, unknown to the Captain, gave directions for the lowering of the vessel "just one more streak," his object being to lay open the mouth of a stop-cock which was used for letting water into the lower decks to wash them, and which was out of order. If the report is true, the poor man

paid for his rashness with his life. Some one observed that the ship was turning almost imperceptibly on her side, and pointed it out to the carpenter. At the same moment a gust of wind began to blow on the exposed quarter, N.N.W. The carpenter took the alarm, and cried out hastily that some of the guns must be moved to the other side. At the same moment the Captain (Waghorne by name) was heard shouting to pipe all hands and right the ship.



Side view of the *Royal George*.

work went on. Not only the officers and crew, with the exceptions already named, but hundreds of other persons were present. A large body of carpenters had been brought from the dockyard, and, as was usual on board all the ships in the harbour, there were women and children, it is said to the number of four hundred. Many were wives of the warrant and petty officers, but more as usual were poor abandoned creatures of bad character come to make prey on the reckless sailors. There were also, says the *Morning Chronicle*, nearly fifty Jew pedlars who were trying to force the sale of cheap jewellery, the sailors having recently received their pay.

The words had hardly passed his lips before the water began to rush in at the lower port-holes, which had been rashly left open. As she still tilted over, the guns on the higher portion ran down to the sinking side, and of course increased the movement. There was no more time to take any measures. Within six minutes from the first cry of alarm she went down.

She had been held by two anchors, at the head and stern. In the tremendous whirlpool created by the sinking of the vast vessel, a fresh loss of life ensued. The *Lark*, a victualling sloop, was lying alongside, and at that moment was engaged

in hoisting in spirits. She and her crew were swallowed up in the vortex. Another vessel cut adrift and dropped astern just in time to escape, as also did the Admiral's attending cutter.

The carpenter was heard to cry, "She is sinking," as he sprang through a porthole. He was afterwards found dead.

About two hundred and thirty persons were picked up by the boats which hastened to the scene as soon as it was safe to do so. The vessel had gone down in fourteen fathoms of water, and of course her top-gallant masts, as well as her starboard lower yardarms,* were above water. To these many sailors were clinging.

A few records of preservations amid this terrible scene are here and there preserved. A young man named Bishop, the son of a currier at Chester, was on the lower deck when the water rushed in. It carried him with irresistible force up the hatchway, where a rolling gun jammed his hand and smashed three fingers. He remembered no more till he found himself lifted out of the sea into a boat. A marine, who was fixed sentinel over a sailor in irons for some offence, freed his prisoner the moment the alarm was given, and they were both saved, but the marine's arm was broken. A lieutenant, named Durham, was swimming about, when a boat rowed towards him. He cried out to its crew to pick up Captain Waghorne close by, who was in greater danger than himself from not being able to swim so well, and the Captain was accordingly rescued. He had a son on board who was drowned. But the strangest story of rescue is contained in the *Morning Post* of September 10th:—"The live stock upon deck were naturally left floating. Two sheep swam to Ryde, bringing with them a little boy in petticoats apparently about three years old, who had an arm firmly grasping each of their necks." Both his parents were drowned. An officer who had lost his son declared his intention of adopting him.

The following touching record concerning Kempenfeldt is from a letter of the day:—

"My poor old friend the Admiral was writing in his cabin. He jumped out of the stern gallery and got on a hencoop. He was seen sitting on it with one private marine. The marine held fast and was saved, the Admiral let go, being I suppose tired. He must have been near 70 years of age. The master of the *Buffalo* in a boat once laid hold of his hand, but there being a great swell in the sea he could not keep

* She leaned towards her side just as she had gone down until the 10th of September, when she suddenly righted herself under water, to the terror of those who were still busy about her.

it. He held up his hand to be saved, but immediately went down."

Another heart-moving scene is described by another writer. A respectable-looking old woman was crying on shore; her daughter, with five children, had gone on board that morning to see their father.

Some few days afterwards my grandfather went in doors, and said to his wife, "If you want to see such a sight as you never saw before, go out into High Street." "What is it?" was the rejoinder. "Three waggon-loads of drowned sailors being carried to Kingston Churchyard for burial." My grandmother, as may be supposed, had no desire for such a sight. But a painful record remains connected with this subject, which one would fain ignore, but that it behoves us to be faithful chroniclers. The newspapers of the day accuse the parochial authorities of demurring to allow the poor victims burial. The sailors, we are told on the same authority, who brought bodies ashore were menaced and not allowed to land them—"they ought to take them right away to sea and cast them adrift." One spectator saw a long line of unburied left on the beach for a whole day. Some one more merciful than his fellows brought a large tarpaulin, and reverently covered them until a place of burial was grudgingly conceded. But against this statement must be placed that on the tombstone, quoted below. It looks as if the setters up of the monument meant to enter their protest against the charge.

A reward of £100 was offered for Kempenfeldt's body, but it was never recovered.

How deeply all England was moved we can easily imagine. "The annals of this country do not record so unexpected an accident, nor scarcely one more dreadful in its consequences," writes the *Morning Herald*. "Never were there such visible signs of grief exhibited by the public as on the present occasion," is the sentiment of the *Morning Post*. The merchants of London, foremost, as so many times before and since, in deeds of benevolence, set on foot an active subscription for the widows and orphans.

Of the many poems and elegies which were written on the calamity, only Cowper's, as far as I remember, retains any place in literature. It will be remembered how he calls on the authorities to weigh the vessel up. In doing so he was expressing the hope of many, though others pronounced it impossible from the first. In one journal before me are the two following sentences, in different parts of the paper:—

"The naval people say she can be weighed up if the weather prove favourable in the course of the month."

"It is the general opinion that she cannot be raised, as no purchase can be obtained owing to the immense weight."

Such difference of opinion is not very hard to account for, but another matter touched by the poet is certainly enough to amaze one. "Her timbers yet are sound," he writes. Yet the *European Magazine*, after giving the account of the calamity, adds, "the ship was old and crazy, so that it was determined to lay her up the ensuing winter." It is difficult to believe this statement, though it is supported by the evidence given before the court-martial, which, according to the usage of the service, was held on Captain Waghorne, on the 10th of September following. The report is very unsatisfactory, and I do not wonder that it calls forth indignant letters from newspaper correspondents of the time. One of the carpenters deposes that "the ship was so rotten that hardly a peg would hold together." Admiral Barrington "had said to the carpenters that he thought it impossible she could ever be made fit for service." The carpenters had replied "they thought they could patch her up for one more summer," to which the Admiral had rejoined, "it would be well if no accident happened." However all this may have been, it is quite clear that the vessel did not sink through going to pieces. She went down whole; and the evidence looks like an attempt to cover a blunder by throwing the blame on the ship. The Captain was honourably acquitted, as he deserved, for all accounts say that he was an excellent officer.

Many plans were proposed for raising her, which need not detain us, seeing that none proved feasible. Some interest, however, attaches to the description of the diving bell, which was then but newly invented, and many improvements of which were made during the operations which followed. The hoy that went down with her was weighed up in the following July. "By means of this diving bell," says the *Gentleman's Magazine*, "they girt cables round her and weighed her up. There is reason to hope the *Royal George* will be weighed up in the same manner." In 1784 "Messrs. Braithwaite and Sons drew up the mainsheet anchor, weighing 98 cwt., the heaviest in the known world," and "made no doubt of weighing up the ship." (*Gent. Mag.* p. 632.) Besides this, guns were from time to time drawn up; some of them may be seen, curiously oxidized, in

the United Service Museum in Scotland Yard.

The hope of raising the vessel, however, was not entirely abandoned until within my own recollection. For many years the enormous wreck lay full in the roadstead, and was very dangerous to shipping. As late as 1839 investigations were made in order to judge whether the vessel might be drawn up with the improved mechanism now at command. But it was found that the great ship was by this time sunk deep in sludge, whereupon Colonel Pasley, with his sappers and miners, undertook to destroy her. First of all he arranged that divers should send up whatever was capable of removal, and for six or seven hours a day they were at work, skilfully as well as industriously. "They sent up their bundles of staves, casks, or timber, as closely packed as a woodman could pack up faggots in the open air. As many as ninety such pieces were lashed together at a time." On one occasion two divers, who had seized the same piece of wood, got to fighting over it, till one knocked out the eye of the other's helmet, when, of course, it was necessary to haul him up, or he would have been drowned. For several seasons the work went on; large cylinders were filled with powder and fired by a voltaic battery. The operations were concluded in 1844. A buoy still marks the spot of the catastrophe.

There is in St. Michael's Chapel, Westminster Abbey, a monument to Kempenfeldt by the younger Bacon, with a bas-relief representing the submerged ship. The following are the inscriptions on two tablets in Kingston Churchyard. I owe the copy to the kindness of the vicar, the Rev. Edgar Jacob, who writes to me, "Curiously enough there is no entry of the burial in our registers. The grave of the men is at the extreme S.E. corner of the churchyard, 18 ft. by 9, and marked by four corner stones."

LARGE TABLET.

" READER

With solemn thought survey this grave and reflect on the untimely death of thy fellow mortals, and whilst as a Man, a Briton, and a Patriot, thou readeest the melancholy narrative drop a tear for thy Country's loss.

" ON

The 29th day of August, 1782, his Majesty's ship the *Royal George*, being on the heel at Spithead, overset and sunk, by which fatal accident about nine hundred persons were instantly launched into eternity, among whom was that brave and experienced officer Rear Admiral Kempenfeldt. Nine days after manybodies of the unfortunate floated, thirty-five of which were interred in one grave near this monument, which is

erected by the Parish of Portsea as a grateful tribute to the memory of that great Commander and his fellow-sufferers.

'Tis not this stone, regretted Chief, thy name,
Thy worth and merit shall extend to fame;
Brilliant achievements have thy name imprest
In lasting characters on Albion's breast."

SMALL TABLET.

"NEAR

This stone lyeth in one grave the remains of 35 of the poor unfortunate Men that perished in his Majesty's ship *Royal George*, a first rate of 100 guns, which

sunk at her anchors at Spithead, August the 29th, 1782. As a testimony of sympathy for the unfortunate this stone was erected by one who was a stranger both to Officers and the Ship's Company,

December the 10, 1782.

A wreck they suffered, though by no tempest driven,
And anchored in the friendly Port of Heaven.

It would not be doing justice to the Churchwardens, Overseers, and Inhabitants of the Parish of Portsea in general was it not mention'd, that every assistance was given by them to the above unfortunate men, for a decent and Christian burial, which will ever do them great Honour."

BETWEEN TWO WATERS.

An Artist's Holiday in the Pyrenees.

PART II.

WE made an early start next morning, skirting first through the vine-clad heights of Juraneon, which produce a seductive white wine (in its turn very apt to produce a bad headache if not treated with due caution), then through two or three flowery villages to Louvie. Here we breakfasted, looked at the old church, with its storm-beaten steeple, then remounted the hill, and drank in the beauty of the view that had struck us as we descended. It is exceptionally fine, and would make a grand picture of the scenic order.

Altogether Louvie is a most desirable place for an artist's head-quarters—far better than the much-vaunted Laruns, which is seven or eight miles up the Val d'Osseau. Here you have more space and more variety of subject. The river is finer, and snow hills not so assertive. The village itself offers novel backgrounds for figures, and with a little trouble you may get groups of Spaniards, Béarnais, mules, horses, and what not, here as readily as at the dismal Laruns. Then the Val d'Osseau, with its luscious greens, soft woods, brown villages, and queer water-courses, is close at hand. I was quite sorry when Mr. James's oracular voice declared, "Time's up!" I cut another nitch in my memory, and we recommenced our journey through the Valley of the Bear.* The severe forms of the snow-peaks are now continually before us, and the varying contour of the ground forms a complete picture at every corner. High up in the hills we catch sight of women, some wearing the national red capulet (a sort of hood), and doing rough farming work. The afternoon is still, and the sound of their laughter comes to us with the

lowing of the cattle and the tinkle of sheep-bells.

Just before reaching Laruns (an important village for merchandise) the view is very grand, and the theatrical air with which our driver exclaimed, "Voilà la Pic de Ger!" was very comical. He took great pains to point out to us the localities of the Two Waters.

Just beyond Laruns the road bifurcates into two steep ascents, the left leading you to Eaux Bonnes, the right to Eaux Chaudes. The Pic de Ger dominating over one, and the Pic du Midi over the other. Between Les Eaux rises the steep Col de Gourzg, so that the longest way round is the shortest way home. As we walked up the steep zig-zag to Eaux Bonnes I took the opportunity to ask Mr. James if he thought we had acted advisedly in thus "adopting," as it were, Mr. Robb. We knew nothing about him, and Mrs. Quilter was evidently not well disposed towards him. May we not get into some unpleasantries? Nothing, however, can move my friend when he once makes up his mind. He is terribly loyal in his friendships; he had taken a fancy to Robb, and stuck up for him through thick and thin. "I don't care what Mrs. Quilter, Mrs. Grundy, or Mrs. Anybody else says or thinks," said he. "Robb is a good fellow, and I shall see him through this." So, accordingly, at the table d'hôte Mr. Robb sat between us, where Mrs. Quilter glared at him across the table. He had his revenge, though, for some inscrutable telegraphy passed between him and the young lady; whereat she would blush and he would smile serenely.

Eaux Bonnes is a curious place. Its posi-



Coming from the Mountain.

tion is quite unique. Take a lot of handsome Westbourne Park houses and stick them down in the form of a square in a mountain niche, 2,450 feet above the sea level, and you have Eaux Bonnes. It is a regular cul-de-sac, every house is an hotel or lodging-house, and during the long winter months the place is deserted. It is supposed to be ready for visitors in June; but no one believes the season to have really commenced till the handsome person of M. le Médecin Inspecteur—Docteur Manes—has been seen walking cheerily down the one street and shaking hands with M. Tavernes, the landlord of the Hôtel de France and *maire* of the place. During July and August invalids flock from all quarters of Europe—Russians, Swedes, Spaniards, Belgians, English, and French—all having something wrong with their respiratory organs, and all eagerly quaffing, gargling, or bathing in the thermal sulphur waters.

A man is better known here by his cough than by his name, and is described to you not by his height or physiognomy, but by the particular state of his lung or larynx.

Mrs. Quilter was in her glory. After breakfast she would waylay every new arrival in the salon, and there elicit from them a full and particular account of their ailments. The gravity of the case never lost anything

by her subsequent narration. There was an Irishman, a Captain Burgon, full of fun and humour, who played her a trick, the fun of which I don't believe has reached her to this day. She had been sympathizing with him. "Yes, my dear madam," he replied, tapping the left side of his chest and speaking in the thinnest and most piano of voices—"yes, it's all on this left side. Doctor says there's no chance for me. Top of lung completely gone! But," he continued, suddenly drawing himself up to his full height, slapping the right side, and speaking in a deep bass voice, "THANK HEAVEN, THE RIGHT LUNG IS AS SOUND AND GOOD AS EVER!"

She was greatly exercised at Mr. Robb's appearance. "However, I always thought," she added, "that he looked delicate."

He drank the odorous water most courageously, so did Mr. James. It holds sulphuretted hydrogen in solution, and bubbles out at 90°. Weak-throated people also gargle in a place set aside for this exercise. In the grand hall of the establishment you meet your friends darting about with their prescribed dose in one hand and a bottle of lemon syrup in the other, or you may hear them gargling merrily in various keys in a distant corner.



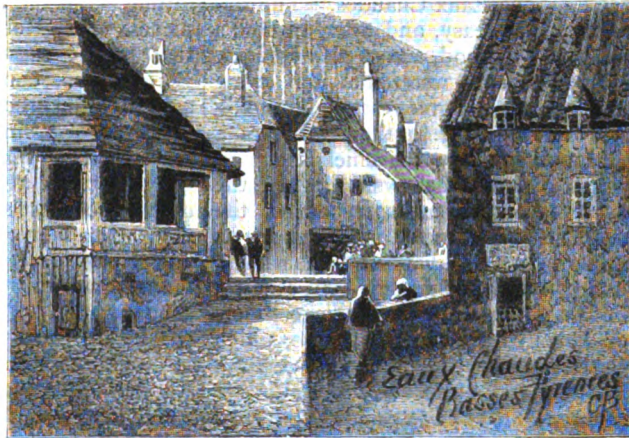
Coming from the bath.

After the establishment the correct thing is to promenade. So completely are you hemmed in on every side that this seems impossible at first sight. A little investigation, however, discovers cunningly devised roads and walks cut up the side of the mountain *en zigzag*. They are capitally contrived and kept, have convenient resting-places, and will reward your climb by confronting you with unexpected beauties in the shape of tiny cascades, lichen-covered beeches, and bright peeps of snow mountains. These precipitous paths have great attractions for the young people; others preferred the grand "Promenade Horizontal." Some people call it the "Lady's Mile." At all events, here you can get a fair level stretch of one mile, and have the smiling Val d'Osseau at your feet the whole time. Mr. James most religiously walked this once, and sometimes twice a day; arrived at the end he would take his seat, produce his cigar and his pocket classic, and after devouring the whole of one and some pages of the latter, return happy and contented.

Somehow or other I got a chill, and before expostulation could be made he had brought Dr. Manes to my bedside. Quite a typical doctor—a kind and reassuring presence, and a sort of combination of the frankness of John Bull with the *politesse* of the French. I was at once advised to go to Eaux Chaudes, to go to Madame Baudot's establishment—an hotel—and take a course of baths. An enlivening programme this, with the weather as bad as it possibly could be! Bad weather at Eaux Bonnes is terribly depressing. The mist and rain seem to get into the cul-de-sac, where no wind can drive them out. Mr. James, however, seemed to think my going was a duty to myself and society in general. So off I went by diligence in the morning. At the bottom of the hill I looked back. There was the mist over Eaux Bonnes; but high above in the sky the serrated edges of the Pic de Ger were standing out clear

cut against the blue. Eaux Chaudes was as bad as Eaux Bonnes. The gorge is narrower, and the mist has less room to dispose of itself; but the brawling, dashing river was at once a delight, and the general aspect of the place far more inviting to an artist in consequence of being less prim and grand.

The houses are irregular, and scattered here and there rather picturesquely. Long strings of gaily caparisoned mules may be seen before the Aubergiste. There, too, are Spaniards, with their gay sashes and the weather-worn velveteen, so dear to an artist for colour. Guides with nondescript dresses, and pretty peasants with their red capulets, dark square-cut bodices, and dainty little brooches stuck on the white open vests. For



the most part the men wore knee-breeches, jackets, and "berrets"—the latter being nothing more nor less than "Kilmarnock" bonnets. As for the vaunted baths (of course I took a *few*), I don't think there is a pin to choose between them and those at Eaux Bonnes. It would be heresy to say this there, for the fashion is to drink your thermal sulphur at Eaux Bonnes, and bathe in it at Eaux Chaudes.

Many invalids, especially Russians, do both, swinging, as it were, between the two waters. Some of them (I believe Mrs. Quilter did it) would take a dose at the Eaux Bonnes establishment in the morning, bathe at Eaux Chaudes, then back for another dose at Eaux Bonnes in the afternoon, so laying in as big a stock of health as they can in their prescribed holiday. Beware of cold

after your exercise of the bath. It is *en règle* to be provided with a garment, like a sort of sac, which you don after coming out of the Eaux Chaudes. You may see small bands of martyrs thus attired making sepulchral-looking progress from the bathing establishment.

The strictest incognita can be kept. I should have passed Mrs. Quilter, if she had not spoken to me out of the depths of her sac. She thanked me for my expressions of sympathy. "But there is not much the matter with me," she said; "only I thought it a pity not to make use of the baths when I was so near." I began my sketching. Once or twice the diligence brought over Captain Burgon and Mr. Robb, who, after breakfasting, would accompany me to my work. Through their pilotage I found out a capital subject at a place called Gourst, some 2,000 feet straight above Eaux Chaudes. The zig-zags to it are quite easy, and after an hour's climb through boxwood, across tiny bridges, and by innumerable waterfalls, you come across the quietest and greenest of plateaux—one, moreover, aspiring to the dignity of a veritable republic, where the chief is chosen every year to dispense the laws, and where the women are forbidden to marry out of the plateau. This law is more honoured in its breach than in its observance. When I had fairly settled to my work, my two esquires started off to prospect the little village. They returned laden with milk and cheese, which went to form part of our lunch under a spreading chestnut-tree. Higher up we found another little plateau, gemmed over with the brightest of wild flowers—monkshood, columbine, and ox-eyed daisies being the most conspicuous. The higher you climb the more expressed is the colour, owing to the chemical rays of the sun not having been diluted by the atmosphere.

A few days later (I had luckily finished Gourst) my breakfast table was cheered by the smiling face of Mr. James, who had walked over from Eaux Bonnes. He always thinks of others before himself, and on this occasion declared I must be dull, and he had determined to take me back to Eaux Bonnes with him. I yielded on the understanding that he would return and explore Eaux Chaudes further with me. There can be no sort of doubt that it has superior claims as a sketching quarter. The Gave itself, within a mile of the Hôtel Baudot, furnishes some admirable close studies of rock and water. Some of these huge rocks, discarded from a neighbouring peak, have posed them-

selves in the most aggressive way across the stream, and give a holding for Dame Nature to rear perfect little gardens of boxwood and wild flowers—quite safe, too, from marauders, for the green Gave dashes down on either side with great noise and menace. Never was there such a place for falling water! You are deafened with it. It is "above, below, around," and you can take your choice from thin silver thread to an avalanche.

What a contrast at Eaux Bonnes! Here a grand band was playing in the open space between the houses, playing so well, too, that I was glad to pay two francs for a seat under the trees, where I could smoke one of Mr. James's havannas and listen. Close your eyes, and you may be in Paris or London; nor, in opening them, is the vision altogether dispelled, for you are confronted with some of Mr. Worth's latest costumes flitting about the little enclosure between the pieces. Mr. Robb and Miss Quilter were there in earnest conversation. Captain Burgon, too, conspicuous in a remarkable suit of knickerbockers. He was as loquacious as ever, informing me within a few minutes that "*that*"—pointing to the young couple—"was a case," that Mr. James was one of the truest sportsmen and finest gentlemen he had ever come across, and that he and Robb were about to rise at four A.M. the next morning to go up the Pic de Ger and shoot izzards. This proposed excursion was the *pièce de résistance* of conversation at the table d'hôte; no end of advice was given, and wonderful personal experiences elicited. Mr. James's advice, as being that of a typical British sportsman, was treated with most consideration of all. Mrs. Quilter ostentatiously shook hands with them, declaring that it was a sin for two delicate young men to expose themselves to such fatigue (two stronger fellows never breathed). Though she had not overcome her dislike for Mr. Robb, and prevented as much as possible any communication between him and her daughter still, the supposed fact that he was "delicate" invested him with considerable interest in her eyes. If he could only have got up a pale face and a hollow cough, I believe he would have tumbled into her good graces at once!

My friend, with great tact and consideration, proposed that the ladies should accompany us in a drive towards Argelles. At starting he cleverly apologised for being unable to hear any remarks in a rattling carriage; so was relieved from being the recipient of her many troubles.



It was raining. During one of the showers we took refuge in a solitary Aubergiste about six miles from Eaux Bonnes, where we found three or four shepherds drinking red wine out of clay cups, and joking with a stalwart girl who was cutting up mountain rushes for fodder. Presently the sun broke out, and the view was glorious!—so fine, indeed, that I induced the party to continue their drive, and pick me up on their return. I climbed the hill, a friendly shepherd carrying my sketching things, and subsequently volunteering to write down the names of the distant peaks in my book. This he considered to be *his* part of the sketch. The mist had cleared away from the little amphitheatre, and was climbing lazily upon every side of us through the dense box and fir woods. High above, and almost encircling us, the snow-peaks of La Late, Gabisos, de Gers, and Asté cropped out among the grey clouds. The sun seemed to focus itself on the tiny Aubergiste, and presently out came the other shepherds, whom we could hear encouraging their big white dogs to collect the sheep, which were dotted in hundreds at our feet.

It was like a song! Ruthlessly disturbed, however, by the waving of white handkerchiefs from the returning carriage. The ladies' alarm about the sportsmen was at once set at rest by finding

them at the hotel door waiting to assist them to alight. They had had no sport. As to the izzards, Robb declared that Burgon, contrary to the injunction of Jaques Orteig, their guide, would take a short cut across some rising ground. An observant chamois was thus enabled to catch sight of his gorgeous knickerbockers, and all chance of a shot was lost!

During the next week I found plenty of occupation round Eaux Bonnes. The adjacent villages of Aas and Accoust are well worth an artist's attention, but diligent search is necessary to find out the best points.

Every day at the table d'hôte I could see that Mr. Robb and Captain Burgon were progressing with Mrs. Quilter. She was much concerned at Mr. Robb's lameness, which had come on since his mountain excursion, and having attended some surgical lectures and bandaging classes in Edinburgh, spoke with authority about baths and rest. She, backed up by Mr. James, advised instant recourse to the baths at Eaux Chaudes. Captain Burgon, backed up by Mr. Robb, was loud in the praises of Panticosa, a place fifty miles off across the Spanish frontier! It was a grand consultation, and ended by an arrangement to the effect that we should all take leave of M. and Madame Tavernes and meet at Eaux Chaudes in two days. So we did. Madame Baudot received us with



many smiles, and my old guide looked pleased at the prospect of more francs.

The weather was fine, and while our patient (for Mr. Robb, from his increasing lameness, had earned this title) took various douche baths, we made ample excursions.

Beyond Eaux Chaudes the scenery becomes wilder and more beautiful at every step. The green river tumbles noisily among the rocks to your left, and the hills rise thousands of feet above you. They are covered with box and pines. Here and there, almost among the clouds, the bare rocks peep out, and you may catch the silver gleam of falling water. The olive, which grows so densely on the Mediterranean side, does not grow at all in the Basses-Pyrénées. Here it is replaced by the box, which is hardy, and flourishes at high altitudes. It gives a distinctive character to these mountains, and clothes them with a surface more vigorous in texture and colour.

The pine-woods are stupendous, crashing through box, birch, beech, and other foliage, like elephants through a jungle. About half way to Gabas, where the valley opens, you may see armies of these stretching away in perspective till the last are lost as purple blotches on the snow. Four kilomètres from Eaux Chaudes a dip through one of these woods takes you across the Gave into a warm sunny gorge. It is called "Sousoucou." Here I worked for two or three days, and could scarcely believe I was not in a Scotch glen. Heather, rock, and silver birches, all went to strengthen the illusion. It was only when bright-coloured lizzards crept across my feet that I woke up in the Pyrenees. In this gorge, also, can be found an admirable study of the fantastic Pic d'Isabe, with a broken bridge for a foreground. Here, too, on a clear day, you will become intimate with the true "Pyrenean purple."

Our evenings were very pleasant. Miss Quilter, to the delight of ourselves and the French visitors, sang Scotch and English ballads, and Captain Burgon had an inexhaustive supply of racy Irish stories. When I asked him about Robb's increasing lameness he winked most furiously; but to Mrs. Quilter's officious sympathies and never-ending offers of advice he would shake his head ominously. Robb himself sometimes forgot to be lame, and Mr. James always met my inquiries about the mystery with an exasperating reticence. One morning the whole

party started for Gabas, a dirty little village about five miles up the gorge. You are reminded of the contiguity of Spain by the sign which has, on the north side, "Hôtel des Pyrénées," and on the south, "Fondos Pyrenees."

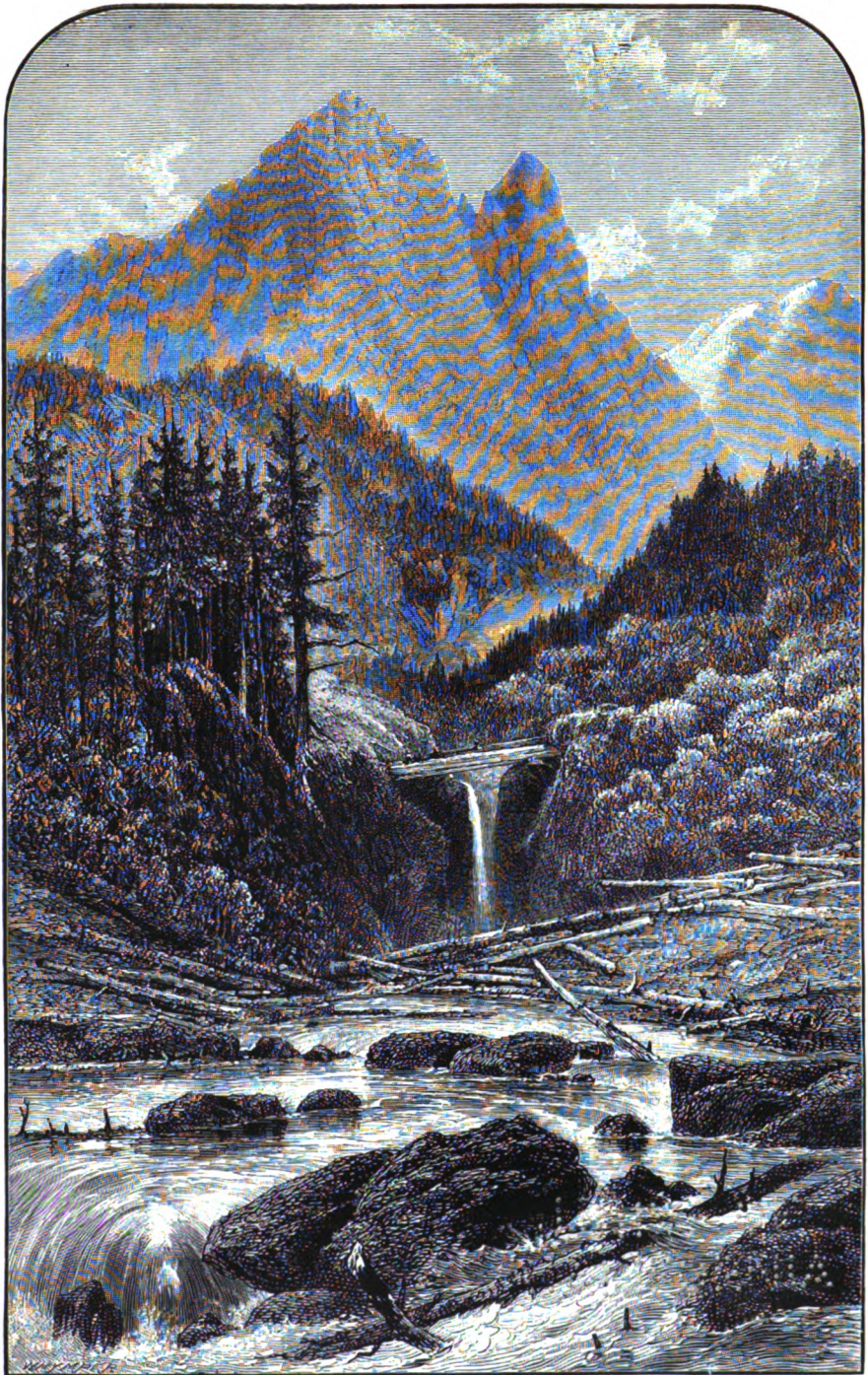
Here the road divides. To the left a mountain track will take you to the Spanish frontier in less than four hours, and by the right you reach the Plateau des Bious Artigues, whence climbing aspirants attack the Pic du Midi. It rises to nearly 10,000 feet between the two tracks. Either way you are in the midst of the wildest subjects; but by the left you also stand a chance of seeing a rough troop of Spaniards with their mules and general impedimenta coming through the passes.

It was while watching one of these wonderful cavalcades that Mr. Robb hurt his lame foot by slipping off a loose rock. There was great consternation. We carried him back to the little inn, where Mrs. Quilter actually condescended to bandage it for him. The party drove back in time for Madame Baudot's table d'hôte, leaving me to search for some work higher up the wilds. Here the subjects are far finer on dull, stormy days, and some precious impressions (which would otherwise have been unheeded) may be gathered, by starting off in the lightest possible marching order, and taking careful blots of transient effects. On ordinary days the Pic du Midi is absolutely offensive in its formality; but there is, of course, always detail of the finest order for close work. Gabas would furnish pictures for a month. I remained several days, and was sorry when Mr. James (who had paid me a daily visit) assured me that time was up, and that steamers waited for no man. Scarcely had I entered the Hotel Baudot before Mrs. Quilter proudly informed me that her repeated bandagings were curing Mr. Robb's lameness.

In the morning the whole party assembled to make their adieux. As we got into our carriage Mr. Robb whispered something in Mr. James's ear.

"What was he saying to you?" I asked, as we drove off amid the hand-wavings.

"He was saying," said Mr. James, slowly lighting his cigar, "that he should send me that case of Lafitte; so, by-and-by, you will have to come and drink Mr. and Mrs. Robb's good health."



PIC D'ISABE, IN THE PYRENEES.

FO VNU
ABSTRACT

FIRESIDE SUNDAYS.

No. V.—By THE EDITOR.

WHEN St. Paul wrote the Second Epistle to Timothy—the last he ever wrote—he was “such an one as Paul the aged,” worn with the toil of long missionary labours. He was in Rome, waiting his final trial, and conscious that it must end in death. He had recently escaped from being condemned to the wild beasts. He had then stood alone in the crowded court, every friend having forsaken him: nevertheless the Lord had stood with him and strengthened him, so that he had been able to preach the gospel to all present. Now, however, he felt that “the time of his departure was at hand,” and in his loneliness he longed for the presence of his dear son Timothy. Luke was the only one with him of his old companions, and so he writes this letter to Timothy, then far away in Asia Minor, begging him to come to him shortly, not to be afraid, but to “do his diligence to come before winter.” This longing to have his friend with him is as suggestive as it was characteristic. Indeed the whole epistle is peculiarly touching. Amid fatherly directions for the guidance of Timothy in his fulfilment of his pastoral duties, and almost stern admonitions to bravery in the face of peril, there are ever and anon tones of deep sadness, arising partly from the foreboding of coming suffering, and partly the sighing of one wearied with the long battle and desiring rest.

Thus on the very brink of the grave, with the chequered memory of his life lying behind him and with a violent death close before him, he expressed the ground of his confidence, “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.” This was St. Paul’s confidence. There is here not a vestige of self-righteousness. As he looked back on his apostolic life he could say with truth that “he had fought a good fight and kept the faith.” He knew that his labours had not been in vain. But as he looked forward to death and judgment, he recognised, at the end as at the beginning of his career, that the grace of the Lord Jesus was the one and only ground of his hopes. The life he had lived in the flesh had ever been by the faith of the Lord Jesus. “Not I, but Christ liveth in me,” had been the secret of his power. And so now, when he thought of his departure he does not say,

“I am not ashamed, because I know what a hard-working and successful apostle and what a great preacher I have been,” or “because I know what sacrifices I have made.” Far from it! He meekly lifts his eyes to his Lord and Master and says, “I know Him Whom I have believed.”

This was a personal trust. He does not say, “I know *what* I have believed. I know that I hold a pure creed and have correct opinions regarding certain dogmas.” His faith was distinctly personal. “I know *Him* Whom I have believed.” He had put his trust in Christ as one trusts any friend or brother on earth. He is at peace, not because he had cast himself on any mere abstract doctrines, or on any Church or priesthood. He goes at once to the living Saviour—“I know *Him* Whom I have believed, and I am not afraid.”

And it was not with St. Paul now as with one who was trusting God for the first time. He had not only faith but assurance of faith derived from long experience. As he looked back on the past and recalled the way in which he had been led since the hour when in Damascus, thirty-two years before, he rose from his knees the consecrated “servant of Jesus Christ;” as he recollected the strange vicissitudes through which he had followed his master—the persecutions, shipwrecks, scourgings, and manifold sufferings; and as he remembered too all that the Lord had been to him during that time, he could say with triumphant emphasis, “I *know* Him whom I have believed.” The experiences of half a life-time spent in daily communion with God, and under circumstances which made him recognise a daily Divine guidance, had not been in vain. The will of God had become more real to him than anything else in the universe, and to trust Christ the most natural of all acts.

Still further, this faith had led him to commit something into the Lord’s hand, to lie there as in pledge. “He will keep that which I have committed to him.” He not only trusted God for forgiveness and grace, but he had yielded himself to God in complete self-surrender. For more than thirty years he had never considered himself as “his own.” He had committed his life to God, to go where He sent him and to do what He commanded. He had committed his body to God, and accordingly in hours of danger or of physical suffering he never

faltered. Like a true soldier, although he knew that "in every place bonds and afflictions awaited him," yet "none of these things moved him," nor did he "count his own life dear to him," that he might fulfil "the ministry he had received of the Lord Jesus." Whether he lived he was the Lord's, or whether he died he was the Lord's. All had been yielded up for time and eternity, and so now when things were narrowing to the sharp issue of death, he was perfectly calm and fearless. He knew not what torture the rage of enemies might inflict, but he knew God, and rested in perfect confidence. And this blessed confidence of his reached far beyond this life. To his eyes the bar of the Roman Magistracy paled before the thought of another Judge and of another trial. With an indefiniteness which lends a majestic solemnity to the expression, he speaks of "that day" when in the solitude of his personal responsibility he must stand before the judgment-seat of Christ. "That day" is a phrase frequently employed by St. Paul in reference to the great day of Christ's appearing. It is that which is called elsewhere "the day of the Lord," "the great and terrible day of the Lord," "that day which no man knoweth, no, not the angels of heaven, but the Father," "that day which cometh as a thief." Three times in this same Epistle to Timothy does St. Paul speak of "that day," as if, when death was approaching, the thought of Christ's appearing was more vividly and constantly present. When he prays for Onesiphorus it is that "he may obtain mercy in that day." For himself he knows that he will "receive a crown of righteousness in that day," and again he expresses his confidence that the Lord "will keep that which he has committed to him against that day." "That day" was for him the most solemn of all events, but he had surrendered everything so completely into the hands of Christ that he knew all would be well, for all would be kept by the same Saviour who had loved him and given Himself for him and who was to appear the second time unto salvation.

All this has very plain and useful teaching. We may learn that the kind of faith in Christ which gives true comfort is something more than having certain opinions as to the truth of a few important dogmas about Christ. For faith in Christ, as often practically held, is no more than the meaningless repetition of some stock-phrases as to His "having died for sinners," and while such opinions are kept as safe sentiments, on account of the entertainment of which, it is

believed, God will somehow deal with us "not as we are," yet Christ is really all the time shut out from heart and life. There is no self-surrender to the loving will of the Master. There is nothing committed to Him except the selfish hope that because sound opinions are held as to the atonement all will be well with them when they die. But it was not with an abstract proposition, but with Him "who was alive and became dead and is alive for evermore," that St. Paul dealt. His faith, being trust in a Person, was vitally connected with love, and that love determined his character and inspired the confidence which casts out fear. For there is an enormous practical difference between dealing with a theology and dealing with a Divine Person—just as there is a wide distinction betwixt a philosophy of social life and enjoying the friendship of a brother man. The human brother is more than a congeries of propositions. He is one who feels with us, whom we know that we can trust, and to whom we may go in our ignorance and weakness. In like manner if we had only a creed as the object of our faith, we might remain long in suspense, and at the best find the intellect more employed than the heart. But in dealing with Christ our Saviour and Brother, we have to do with the same Jesus Who, when on earth, stooped to the poorest, the weakest, the very worst, and Who lived out the love and friendship of God towards man. We have, therefore, to look to One touched with the feeling of our infirmities, who understands us in our difficulties, and cares for us in every right anxiety as no one else in the universe can do. To Him, therefore, we can go even when we feel a great way off from what we would wish to be either in our religious views or in our religious life. When we thus deal with the Personal Saviour our faith becomes more than an opinion. It becomes the self-surrender of loving confidence. Like St. Paul we then commit everything into his hands, to be directed, not by our own passions, nor by the world—but by His good and loving will. And this leads to the convincing evidence of a similar experience as his, who said, "I know Him Whom I have trusted." The clever unbeliever may utterly confound the arguments of many a sincere child of God, overwhelming him with an array of learning he cannot gainsay, while his trust remains unshaken on the foundation of a thousand experiences of Divine goodness and truth. Far more easily might his confidence, by similar arguments, be overthrown in the character of his nearest and

dearest earthly friend, than in that Saviour who has been the light and strength and restorer of his soul.

But we must "acquaint ourselves with God," if we are to experience this peace and confidence. We must deal frankly and sincerely with Him, allowing Him to govern us and lead us. And then when life may be drawing with us also to an end, and when

sore sickness or old age tells us that the close is near, the things beyond will not look vague or strange, for we will feel that we have more than empty words to support us. We will taste the fruits of personal trust in Him who is "the same yesterday and to-day and for ever," and be persuaded that He is able "to keep that which we have committed to Him against that day."

BEE LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

I.

THE reader must not expect to find in the following pages a description of the Hive Bee and its management. I shall simply attempt to give an outline history of the various bees all over the world, their habits, and the work which they do. Among them the Hive Bee will find its place, but not as a domesticated insect, these pages treating of the natural, and not the artificial life, of the insects which will be mentioned.

Roughly speaking, we may divide the bees into two great groups, the Solitary and the Social, and will begin with the former.

Like the generality of insects, the Solitary Bees are either male or female, and only the latter possesses a sting. It is an universal rule among sting-bearing insects that the males are perfectly harmless. Unlike the Social Bees, which feed the young grubs, or larvæ, until they are about to assume the pupal state, the Solitary Bees form a separate cell for each of the young, fill it with a supply of food which will nourish it until it becomes a pupa, close up the cell, and leave it.

Chief among them are the Earth-burrowers, many of which belong to the genus *Andrena*.

Some of them prefer hard soils, and have especial liking for well-trodden paths, the harder and more stony the better. Their holes are very small, and as they burrow to the depth of eight or ten inches, it is not an easy matter to trace their excavations.

The best plan is to insert a flexible grass stem into the hole, and dig a funnel-shaped pit, of which the grass stem occupies the centre. At the end of the tunnel will be found a little cell, simply excavated in the earth and filled nearly to the ceiling with pollen. Generally there is only one cell to each tunnel, but occasionally the bee digs several branch tunnels, and places a store of food and an egg in each. Within this dark subterranean chamber the egg is hatched into

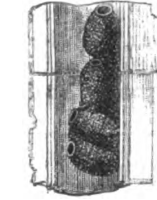
a legless grub, such as has been mentioned. It immediately begins to feed, and as soon as it has finished the pollen heap in which it is placed, it changes into a pupa, and subsequently into a perfect insect.

These bees are very common along the sea-shore, especially where the coast is composed of chalk cliffs above and sand below. Like all bees, they are very fond of salt-water, and may be seen to settle on the sand and drink their briny draught with great zest.

Some of these bees are fond of sand-banks, and one, the Kentish Bee (*Andrena picipes*), is remarkable for the fact that it is almost wholly confined to the county whence it derives its name. The face of any sand quarry in any part of Kent is tolerably sure to contain the tunnels of this bee. It burrows almost horizontally, and does not penetrate to any great depth. The tunnels are generally set closely together, so that I have procured in a few minutes several dozen of the silken cells spun by the larvæ just before their change. The cell at the end of the tunnel is stored with the white pollen of the thistle, and the mother bee has a most curious aspect as she flies to her burrow so laden with pollen that she looks as if she had been rolled in a flour barrel. When she comes out again she would hardly be recognised as the same insect, the colour being nearly black, with the exception of the second joint, or tibia, of the hind leg, which is silvery white below and brown above.

There is one enormous genus of Solitary Bees called *Osmia*. These insects make their nests in all kinds of unexpected places. They will utilise nail-holes in garden walls; and I have seen an old stone wall that had once belonged to a garden literally swarming with these bees. A brick wall is scarcely so much favoured by them, as the bricks are too regularly laid to allow of much excavation between them. Some of the *Osmia* bees are very small, and burrow into the pith of broken or cut twigs. If the ends of some cut branches of

a rose, a bramble, or a jessamine be examined, some of them will be found to have a little round hole in the pith scarcely large enough to admit a No. 5 shot. If such twigs be cut

Fig. 1.—*Osmia*.Fig. 2.—*Megachile*.

longitudinally, they will be seen to contain a row of little oblong cells, from which in process of time will be developed tiny blackish bees. Several insects have this habit, but that which is most commonly found in twigs is *Osmia leucomelana*.

The number of cells is very variable. Sometimes there are six or seven, but in a specimen now before me there are only three. The bee, however, seems to have met some impediment in her work. She has begun, as usual, in the centre of the pith, but, instead of keeping to the middle, she has gone off obliquely until she came against the wood. Then she has gone downwards for a little distance between the wood and the pith, and probably has disliked the direction of the burrow, deposited her eggs in as much of it as was completed, and gone off to make another.

Another species, *Osmia parietana*, which is seldom seen except in the northern parts of England, makes its dwellings under flat stones. There is a wonderful example of these habitations in the British Museum. The stone is only ten inches in length by six in width, and in it are fixed two hundred and thirty-six cells.

They will build in almost any crevice, even choosing such singular spots as a keyhole, an empty bottle, the barrel of a revolver pistol, &c. Some years ago I was at a sale, and the auctioneer offered, among other lots, a large bandbox filled with odds and ends. I bought the box, and found among its contents a piccolo flute. In trying its tone it refused to utter a sound, and on looking into it the interior was seen to be stuffed with some soft substance, apparently paper. A closer examination, however, showed that it was completely filled with the cells of an *Osmia*. The flute can be seen in the nest-room at the British Museum.

Another of these ubiquitous bees, *Osmia bicolor*, generally selects the empty shells of the common banded snail, filling them with

eggs, honey, and pollen, placing a wall of some vegetable substance between each egg and its neighbour.

Another wall-frequenting bee is called *Megachile muraria*. It makes cells very like those of the *Osmia*, as may be seen by the illustration. These cells were found in the fluting of a pillar.

There are several species of *Osmia* which do not take the trouble of burrowing, but penetrate into straws, especially those of thatched roofs. They have even been known to find their way into grocers' shops and make their way into macaroni, much to the disgust of the consumer.

Some of these solitary burrowing bees are known by the name of Leaf-cutters, because they make their successive cells of the leaves of different trees and shrubs. Rose-leaves are generally chosen by this insect, which cuts semicircular pieces out of the edge of the leaf, carries the severed portions to its burrow, and in a most wonderfully ingenious manner forms them into a series of cells, looking like a number of thimbles thrust into each other. These beautiful nests are not uncommon, but a good specimen is hardly ever seen in a collection, owing to the difficulty of pre-



Fig. 3.—Rose-cutter Bees, and Nest. Half actual size.

serving them. It is useless even to attempt to retain the colour, and without the most careful preparation the leaves will become dry, uncurl themselves, and fall asunder.

On the Continent, but not, I believe, in England, an allied insect uses the petals of the scarlet poppy instead of rose-leaves.

One British solitary bee, *Anthidium manicatum*, seems to have been first noticed by Gilbert White, who called it the Hoop-shaver, because it uses its jaws much as a hoop-maker uses his shave.

It makes its burrow in soft wood, generally the "touchwood" found in decaying willow-trees. If, however, it can find the deserted tunnel of a goat-moth caterpillar it will make use of it instead of gnawing a burrow for itself. The cells in which its young are reared are made of the down of various plants, the common campion being apparently the favourite.

Opening its jaws widely, the bee places them against the stem, and, running quickly along it, shaves off the down in a sort of spiral coil which quite covers its head. With this down, mixed with some glutinous substance, it makes the cells for the reception of its young.

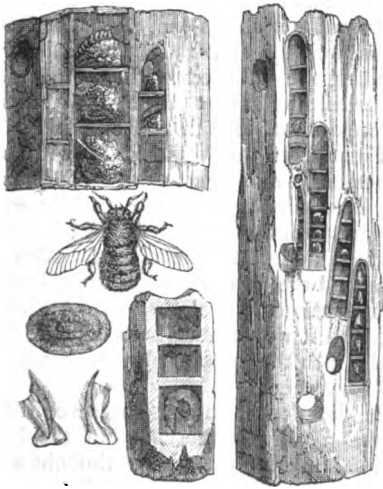


Fig. 4.—*Xylocopa*. Half actual size.

The typical wood-boring bee, however, is not known to inhabit England. Its scientific name is *Xylocopa* (i.e. wood-cutter) *violacea*. At first sight it looks very much like a large black Humble Bee, but it can easily be distinguished from these insects, not only by the shining abdomen, which is but sparsely covered with hairs, but by the deep violet colour of the wings. Popularly it is called the Carpenter Bee; but there are so many bees which deserve this term that neither of them can arrogate it to itself.

This bee is especially remarkable for the solidity of its work. Usually the cells or partition walls of the tunnelling bees are exceedingly fragile, no matter what may be the material of which they are made.

Unlike the generality of burrowing insects, which carry the excavated material to a distance, so as not to betray the burrow, the *Xylocopa* reserves a considerable portion of the woody fragments for the purpose

of separating her burrow into a series of cells. Having placed a sufficient quantity of food at the bottom of the burrow, and an egg upon the food heap, she takes a number of wood chips, moistening them with saliva, and places them in a ring-like shape just above the food. When the first ring is dry, she makes a second ring within it, and so proceeds until she has made a nearly flat floor of concentric rings. When finished, the floor is about as thick as a penny, and it becomes exceedingly hard as it dries.

Now there comes a problem which could only be solved by careful study of the bee. Cell-making is rather a tedious process, a week or more being consumed between the laying the first egg and the completion of the last cell. Naturally we might think that the eggs which were laid first would hatch first, and that therefore the insect must injure its companions by breaking through their cells in its way to the entrance of the burrow, even if it had sufficient strength for the task. The solution of the problem is beautifully simple, and is thus described by the late Mr. F. Smith, whose knowledge of the Hymenoptera was unrivalled:—"The bees which first arrive at their perfect condition, or rather those which are first anxious to escape into day, are two or three in the upper cells. These are males; the females are usually ten or twelve days later. This is the history of every wood-boring bee which I have bred, and I have reared broods of nearly every species indigenous to this country."

There is another burrowing bee (*Chalicodoma*) which makes partitions in a similar manner. But, as it is an earth-borer, it forms its floors of concentric rings of clay instead of wood chips. It is a native of South Africa.

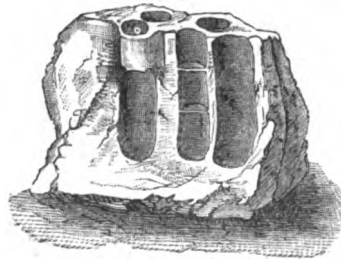


Fig. 5.—*Chalicodoma*.

Before passing to the Social Bees, I must bestow a few lines upon one very common and very interesting British insect. This is scientifically named *Anthophora retusa*, and it is generally accepted as the British type of the Mason Bees. This insect looks very much like a small Humble Bee, and indeed is

considered as such by all who are not entomologists. It makes a sort of composite nest, placing its cells in the crevices of rocks, holes in the walls, and similar localities, and covering them with a patch of mud, which looks very much as if it had been flung against the wall by accident, and left to dry there. It serves, however, as a protecting cover for the cells, which are made of little pellets of

earth fastened together like the wood chips of the *Xylocopa*. The cells are rough in the exterior, but smooth and polished on the interior.

It is a pretty bee, and can be known by the feathered tips of the middle legs.

Having taken this rapid sketch of the Solitary Bees, we shall in another paper glance at those which are social in their habits.

A WIFE, YET NOT A WIFE.

A Victim of the French Marriage Law.

FEW subjects of such vital importance have escaped public attention, or have been so little understood, as the anomalies arising from the French marriage law in its relation to British subjects, and from the marriages contracted in Great Britain and Ireland between them and foreigners, *only* according to our marriage law, which, as regards all civil rights of property, name, legitimacy of children, &c., upon French soil, is null and void.

True, the victims have been mostly our countrywomen and their children—for when a French girl is married in England to one of our countrymen, every precaution is taken to make her marriage legal in the arrondissement of the town in which she was born—but, as yet, there exists no authority by which the same forms should be observed to make the marriage of a Frenchman with one of our countrywomen, contracted here, binding in his own country.

Surely our Government could find some means of legislation to prevent the present painful state of things, which lays numbers of broken hearts upon the hearths of our British homes, and hides in Paris many of our countrywomen, who silently live out their wrongs rather than expose a position proved to be without redress.

One lovely May morning a small party waited at a registry office in London to be married.

A beautiful girl of seventeen was the bride, whose father, now dead, had been an officer in the British army, and had served in the Crimean War. She had been brought up in a school for the orphan daughters of officers. Though scarcely seventeen, her acquirements had justified her appointment as pupil-teacher, and she had the privilege of spending the Saturday and Sunday with her mother, who filled the position of housekeeper in a gentleman's family near London. In one of these

weekly visits her uncommon beauty attracted the attention of the man who, on this morning, claimed her as his bride. He followed his prize well up, and had little difficulty in persuading the widowed mother to acquiesce in the trembling assent of the girl. In truth the profession of love from the polished lips of a Frenchman was difficult to withstand, and besides, there was a tinge of romance about him, for he was one of the exiled Communists of Paris! And he was a sculptor, which added to the charm. Alas! no one warned the fatherless girl that beneath these attractions danger lurked. All looked bright, and it would have been hard to instil a doubt into the trusting, loving heart of a girl of seventeen.

True, the mother and daughter would have preferred a religious service, but the bridegroom belonged to the type of thought which was expressed as that of "the Liberals" in France. Later, on the return of these exiled Communists to Paris, this type of liberal thought developed under the editorship of Blanqui, the bridegroom's great friend, his journal assuming the title "Ni dieu, ni maître."

No; his was the grand liberal religion which was fast gaining ground in France; and as he was not a Roman Catholic, the susceptibilities of the mother were quieted.

The day ended with a grand feast, at which many of the chief Communists were present, presided over by Blanqui, one of the mayors of Paris during the time of the Commune.

Wonderful speeches, savouring of "Liberté, Egalité, and Fraternité," were made, which to unsophisticated ears made France appear the land of Utopia!

One bitterly cold day in December, 1879, soon after the heavy fall of snow which besieged Paris for weeks, a poor young woman with a little boy of four years, half frozen with cold and faint with hunger, entered the

waiting-room of the Mission Home, 77, Avenue Wagram. The lady who received them was soon chafing the benumbed hands of mother and child before a good fire, and giving them necessary food and restoratives, the big tears meanwhile rolling silently down the young mother's cheek, drawing attention to a face of no common beauty, though somewhat dimmed by sorrow and want. When partially recovered she told her story: that she had come to Paris about four months before with her husband, an amnestied Communist, to whom she had been married in London five years ago, when he had faithfully promised to fulfil the requirements of the French law if ever restored to his native country.

This he had failed to do, under the plea that he could not obtain his parents' consent. She might share his apartment if she liked, but he could not support her or her children. She was quite bewildered on finding that her marriage in England meant nothing in France. Ignorant of the language, and with two young children, she knew not what to do, for she soon found that her husband, now that he had returned to his former associates, was a very bad man, and that "Paris was not a little heaven." So she left him, and had been trying to support herself and her children by working her sewing-machine and by giving English lessons. Hitherto they had managed to live, but it was bare living, as the worn garments and shattered appearance of mother and child testified. Her baby was out at nurse to leave her free to earn daily bread as best she could. The previous day, hearing that loaves of bread were being distributed at the mairie of her arrondissement, she, pressed with hunger and want, took her place in the long "queue" waiting to receive their portion. Weary and exhausted with cold, before her turn arrived she had fainted. An effort was made by some compassionate women to restore her, but ere they had quite succeeded, in answer to the query, "Qui est-ce?" the truth had come out: "Une de ces Anglaises qui se maria seulement en Angleterre." The words caught the ear of the man who was dealing out the bread, and with a true and patriotic eye to merciless economy and justice, he explained to the trembling woman who had scarcely recovered consciousness, "Qu'il n'avait pas le droit de l'aider, car elle n'était pas Française; elle devait s'adresser à l'Ambassade d'Angleterre."

Acutely feeling the betrayal of her wrongs, she dragged her steps back to her child. Scalding tears fell on the sleeping boy; she

looked round the bare room (for all had been pledged for food and fuel), and thought what matter if both sleep, and the sense of hunger and want be hushed for ever by the chill hand of death!

True, both slept, but not in death. How many a sorrowful heart wakes up but to grasp its sorrow anew, all the keener, alas! from its temporary repose. How could she face cold officialism again, perhaps to be told another of the galling truths which seem to overshadow the English wives of Frenchmen in Paris! And she looked round for something more to pledge for the day's needs, but *there was nothing* save her sewing-machine, the bread-winner when food could be earned. The worker's indignant pride was not proof against the mother's love and the child's tears. Soon they were toiling through the deep snow from Vaugirard, and reached at length the British Embassy. Hers was only a common story, and she was directed, like many others, for relief to the Mission Home.

"And I have pledged everything," she added, summing up the brief history of her sorrow and want.

"Everything?" asked the lady, more in sympathy than in questioning; but the sharpened sense of injustice was keen and quick.

"Everything," she repeated. "I will show you what I have left," and putting her hand into her pocket she drew out a letter and a little book. "There," she said, as her eyes filled with tears, "that is all I possess!"

The letter bore the mark of tears; it was from her mother, and the little book was her mother's gift. "Little Pillows," by F. R. Havergal. On the first page was written—"To my child, who will find but a hard pillow to rest on in Paris. May she read a chapter each night for her comfort." And so she had, for the pages were well worn, and had been wept over too. Yes, this and her children were her last earthly treasures, and again the large tears coursed each other silently down her cheeks, and spoke more eloquently than words of how they were valued.

Would she like to return to her mother? Oh, yes, *with her children*. Arrangements were soon made for her to do so at once, and a telegram was sent to the mother, who still occupied the same position of trust, to prepare her for her daughter's arrival; and a sovereign was given her, besides her fare, that she and her children on arriving might not be in any immediate difficulty. On reaching London she took a small lodging, and went to the house where her mother

lived, only to find it closed, and that she with the family had gone abroad for some months.

A day or two after, as she was planning a future for herself and children, she was startled by her husband, who, watching her for evil, had not been long in tracing her, and coolly informed her that if she did not return with him to Paris he would force her to do so, as she was his lawful wife in England. Bewildered and disheartened, she assented, he partially assuring her that he would fulfil his previous promise of marrying her according to French law, so legalizing her children. No one was near to counsel—for the poor have but few friends—and she returned with him. During the journey to Paris the baby, scarcely a year old, became very ill. On arriving at her husband's apartment, almost her first request—for medical advice—was refused.

The broken-hearted mother nursed her little one with characteristic devotion until death released the little sufferer. The father forbade any religious service, and would not contribute anything towards the funeral. The few feet of earth which covered the dead babe in the Fosse Commune were consecrated by a mother's tears.

The little boy was still left to her; she determined to be freed, seeing that there was no hope of justice to herself as a wife from a man so heartless, and she came to the "Home" for advice and help.

In a letter to the *Times*, August, 1880, hers was amongst the cases narrated of the victims of the French marriage-laws, who had received aid and sympathy through the "Mission Home."

A few days after its insertion the following letter was received at the Home:—

"My widowed aunt was deeply moved by your letter which I happened to show her, as the case of the lady married to a Communist is a sad repetition of her only child's history. Honourably married here, cruelly deserted on his return to Paris, her child died on her way home, and she only reached here to die.

"You will now understand how a story like that affects my aunt. She would like to try and make that lady happy, and has asked me to request you (if you think it right) to make the following proposal to her, viz.: to accept the shelter of her home, and to act as companion to her, as she is alone and requires one. She would be treated as a daughter, and provision made for her to

return to her husband if she wished to do so."

After some correspondence, this kind and providential offer was accepted for the deserted wife and child.

Early in January, 1881, they were to start by the night-mail from Paris with one of the ladies of the Home. As their friend was anxiously awaiting mother and child, a pencilled note was put into her hand:

"There is no hope of saving us. This afternoon I went to the school for my boy, and found that his father had taken him to the Mairie, and had registered him *under his name*; so my child is *his* now by law, while I, his mother, am still no wife. He has taken all I had to love and to live for. It is useless to try and save me, I could not live apart from my boy, I may be his guardian angel, and watch him from a distance. Should anything happen to his father he would perhaps be mine. But you, dear madam, be careful; for he knows who it is that has been helping us, and vows vengeance. When there is another *émeute* there will be a good many stray shots, and I can only pray that he may not teach my child to hate me.—Your broken-hearted, "M."

And who shall follow the mother—still young in years and beautiful—through the weary mazes and seething temptations of Parisian life; a mother, yet no wife, not even bearing her child's name; her mother's heart torn from all that it had left to love, and trampled on by the man who well knew how to win all that was pure and womanly as his lawful wife in England, but to cast her hopelessly, because lawfully, adrift in his own country?

And the child—for whom she alone suffered and toiled—how shall they meet again: when imbued with the principles of "Ni Dieu, ni maître" in some lawless *émeute*, whose "stray shots" fill up the meed of private hatred, goaded by men who seek some new crime to incite lawless passions which have well-nigh palled with satiation? Or have the thoughts embodied in "Little Pillows"—watered by a mother's tears and nurtured by her prayers—fallen upon good ground which shall yet, under God, bear fruit, that shall fall as balm on the wounded, sorrow-stricken heart of his nameless mother—legally married—and yet no wife.

ADA M. LEIGH.

77, AVENUE WAGRAM,
PARIS.

THE ST. GOTHARD RAILWAY.

By S. G. BARNETT.

IN some aspects and developments of the human mind the world has already witnessed a perfection which it will not see again, or at least only after the lapse of ages. The speculative intellect of a Plato, the rich imagination of a Shakespeare, the vast capabilities of a Michael Angelo have illumined literature and art for all time; and of human powers beyond these we feel that we can have no conception. But in the world of science all is reversed. Progress is the watchword of the great pioneers of the present, as it has been the watchword of great discoverers and investigators in the past. That which today seems to have touched by its lofty daring the topmost pinnacle of success, appears in the next generation but the tentative effort of a spirit which was only just beginning to feel the stirrings of its gigantic powers.

It is, perhaps, not too much to say that during the nineteenth century alone the world has made greater progress in science than in all the past ages of its history. The subjugation of steam and of the electric force are sufficient to prove this. On all hands we are surrounded by the marvels which have resulted from scientific investigation; and when we think only of what the last quarter of a century has given birth to in this respect, who is bold enough to put a limit to further discoveries, and to say to science, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther?" If we could project ourselves into the dawn of the twentieth century we should probably be filled with astonishment at the wonders as yet hidden within the womb of time.

In facilities for locomotion we have advanced in an amazing degree. The Atlantic is no longer a formidable drawback to travellers, for the journey from England to New York has been abridged to a little over seven days. In the matter of railways similar marvellous results have been obtained; and the world has recently been called upon to witness the Alps laid under contribution for the purpose of furthering human progress. That vast mountainous range is no longer formidable, as it was in ancient times, or even in the days of Napoleon, which latter have, as it were, but just passed away. It is true that by rendering a thing easy, which before has been supremely difficult and awe-inspiring,

we lose somewhat the sense of grandeur and sublimity; but we willingly forego this when we think of the results which ensue from human skill and enterprise. The St. Gothard Railway, which marks an era in the history of locomotion, is now an accomplished fact, and travellers can enjoy all the advantages of crossing the Alps without the toilsome labour which formerly attended the exploit.

This railway, and the road which preceded it in construction, were planned upwards of thirty years ago, but a variety of circumstances interfered with the execution of the project. It was not until 1830 that there was any carriage route at all by way of St. Gothard and the Bernardino, this being the only way entirely through Swiss territory over the mountains. But, when this road was eventually constructed, it could not compete with the Brenner and the Semmering routes, which were so much lower and easier of access. Though the St. Gothard road had the advantage of being shorter, it had the more serious disadvantages of being steep and perilous, and of frequently being rendered almost impassable by snow drifts. It was not unnatural, when railways came to be spoken of and contemplated, that the St. Gothard should have been most favourably regarded. But for eleven years, that is between 1848 and 1859, nothing could be done in consequence of the disturbed condition of Southern Europe. The time, however, came for action, when Germany on the one hand and Italy on the other, became pressing for this new and admirable mode of intercommunication. The Swiss cantons still held aloof, being divided upon the question, but at a conference held at Berne on the 15th of September, 1869, the St. Gothard was accepted as the true line. In this conference Switzerland, North Germany, Italy, Baden, and Wurtemberg, were represented. Difficulties still lay ahead. France naturally held firmly to her own route, the Mont Cenis, and also to the Simplon, which was then about to be constructed. At last the result of the Franco-Prussian war—so disastrous to France—settled the matter; there could no longer be any opposition of moment to the plans of Germany, and the



Entrance to the Tunnel at Göschenen.

Gothard line will be best understood by the aid of the following facts. The journey from Switzerland to Italy, that is, from Lucerne to Lugano, is a little over one hundred miles. In this passage there are no less than fifty-two small tunnels to pass through, with a total length of fifteen miles. The time occupied in passing through the great St. Gothard tunnel, which in addition is itself nine and a quarter miles in length, is about twenty-three minutes. The scenery, wherever the gaze of the spectator can rest upon it, is glorious. In proof of this we need only refer to our

St. Gothard line was resolved upon. The terms had been arranged at the Conference of Varzin in June, 1870, but the works only began to be pushed forward with vigour in October, 1872. At this latter date the Mont Cenis route was already open, and of course the Brenner and Semmering routes had long been in use.

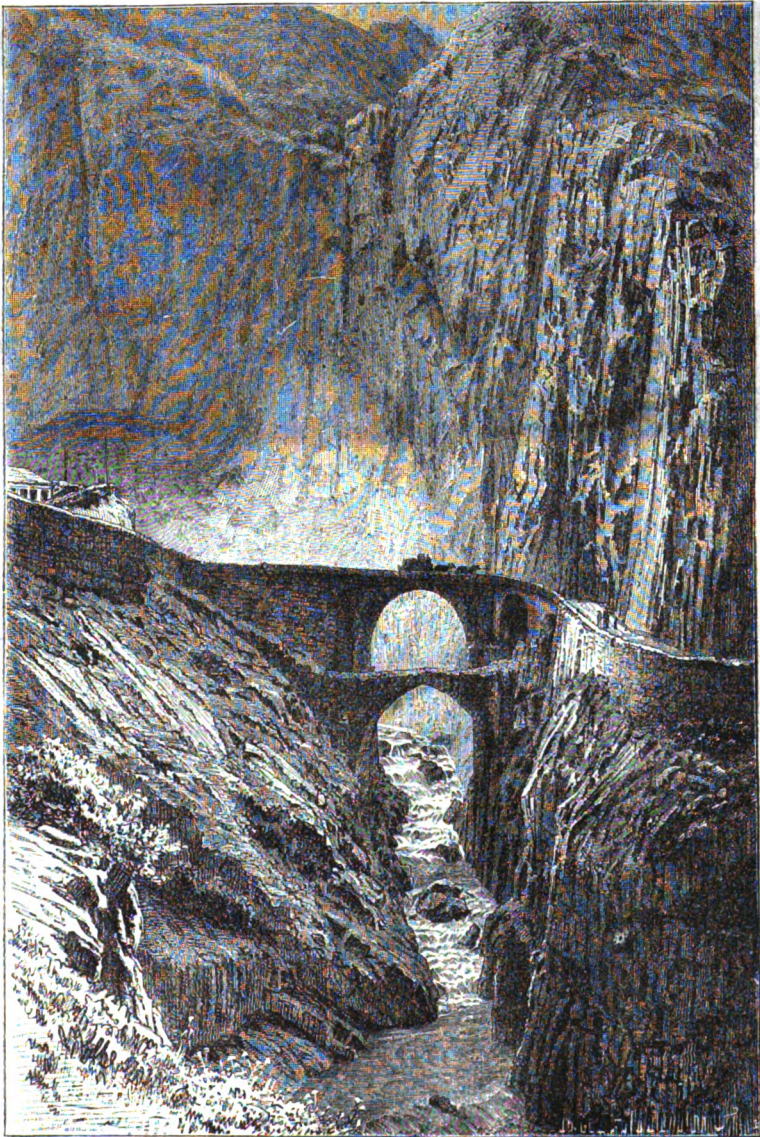
The great engineering skill called into requisition in the construction of the St.

illustrations. The loveliness of the Urner See and the grandeur of the views about Göschenen particularly affect the traveller. Nor must such points as those afforded by the Devil's Bridge and the Canton of Schwytz be forgotten. The whole length of the line, from the engineering point of view, moreover, is most notable. Not only has the St. Gothard line the longest tunnel in the world, but twenty-four miles, or more than

one-fifth of the whole line, consists of tunnels. A number of these tunnels had to be constructed in spiral or corkscrew fashion, in order that while making the necessary rapid ascent from the valleys to a higher elevation, the line should be perfectly protected against the avalanches which are frequent at those places. Not alone from the point of view of its fifty-three tunnels, but from its lofty viaducts, its bridges, its sheltered galleries, and other works, the St. Gothard line is well entitled to be called one of the most remarkable achievements of modern engineering. The tunnels of the Semmering and Brenner routes are much shorter than those of the St. Gothard, the longest in the Brenner being only 385 metres. The entire covered way of the St. Gothard is no less than 40,718 metres, whereas the Semmering has only fifteen tunnels, with an aggregate of 4,469 metres, and the Brenner twenty-seven tunnels.

The cost of this line of railway was £9,500,000 sterling, a very heavy amount; though the

exceptional nature of the work must be taken into consideration. "The huge mass of the St. Gothard," observes one writer, "constitutes the centre of the long circular chain that encompasses the north of Italy. From its four sides flow four of the greatest Alpine streams, two of which, the Rhine and the Rhone, take from their sources a winding course, the Rhine eastwards and the Rhone westwards; while the two others, the



The Devil's Bridge.

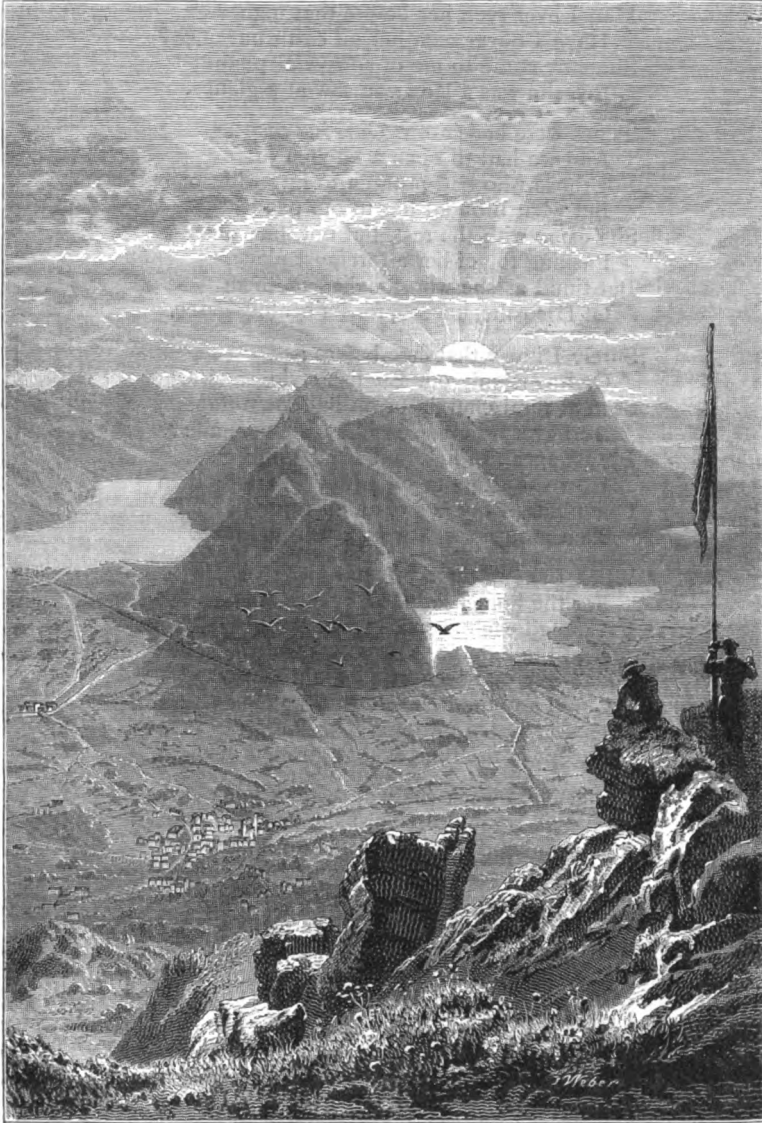


The Urner See.

Reuss and the Ticino, run in a straight line away from one another, the one north, the other south—a straight line which is prolonged on the north to the Rhine at Bâle, from Bâle to Cologne, and to the sands of the North Sea; on the south to the lakes Maggiore and Como, to Milan, to Pavia, and to the Mediterranean at Genoa. The St. Gothard Railway thus virtually makes the 'proud city' of Italy a German port in the Mediterranean, just as the Brenner and Semmering have made Venice and Trieste German ports in the Adriatic." The St. Gothard line is also having a perceptible influence already upon the commerce of the north of Europe, considerable additional traffic beginning to set in by way of Antwerp. Indeed, the fact that this route is the straightest and practically the shortest across the vast Alpine chain will not only naturally secure for it the traffic of the Rhenish regions immediately to the north of it, but also that of the greater part of Western Germany and Eastern France, as well as Belgium and Holland and Northern Europe generally.

A comparison has been drawn as to the real distances traversed by the several routes. "For travellers bound to Genoa from Paris or London, from Dresden or Munich, it may be proved that the St. Gothard route is shorter than either the Mont Cenis or the Brenner. For from Paris to Bâle and Lucerne the distance is only 379 miles, which could comfortably be travelled over in twelve hours, at the rate of 31 miles an hour; while the Mont Cenis route is a journey of 348 miles to Culoz, 380 to Montmellan, 431 to Modane, and 501 to Turin. The Brenner route, which is also straight from north to south, along the Tyrol from Innsbruck to Verona, is only 105 miles in length; but Innsbruck is 109 miles from Munich, and the lines from Munich to Stuttgart, Frankfurt, Salzburg, Prague, and other cities are so crooked, that even for travellers bound from any part of Germany to the Adriatic, the St. Gothard line will be, by at least three or four hours, shorter than the Brenner route. The Brenner will be found longer still for travellers having to thread their way to the Mediterranean from Verona to Genoa." But be-

sides all this, on the score of its magnificent scenery, the new route is sure to become a favourite one. "The St. Gothard Railway takes its start from the finest of all Swiss lakes, that of the Four Cantons, at Lucerne; it travels along the Bay of Uri to Flüelen, in sight of the most sublime mountain scenery in the world; and it ends at the Lakes



The outlook at Schwytz.

Maggiore, Lugano, Varese, and Como, that group of Italian lakes which surpass in loveliness all other lakes, and to the beauty of which there is nothing comparable in Italy itself, *i.e.* in what has been emphatically called the land of beauty."

For the new route, therefore, we may safely count upon a future as successful and brilliant as that predicted for it by the distinguished guests at the Lucerne fêtes, in May last, when the St. Gothard line was formally thrown open to the world.

AN INCIDENT IN PARIS,

Connected with Miss Teigh's Mission Home.

IT haunted me for a week and more,
In the Paris streets with their roar and whirl;
It will haunt me now till my day is o'er—
The home-like face of that English girl.
Had I ever seen her before that night?
Have I never seen her on earth but once?
So many come to me in sorrowful plight;
But she was a lady you saw at a glance.

Times were bad in our *Ouvriere* quarter,
And we had to open a kitchen there
For those who had nothing to buy with, or barter:
But what brought her to our pauper fare?
She came with the rest, but not, like them,
Pushing to get her a foremost place,
But timid as she who touched the hem
Of His robe, unseen, for its healing grace.

Surely I knew that face before;
Or was it only our English style,
Seen at rural church, or on ball-room floor,
And everywhere seen like a sunny smile?
I must speak to her, and I must find out
How she came to be in our Quarter: then
One plucked my gown, and I turned about
To a group of chattering, bearded men.

When I shook them off, and looked again
For the home-like look of that English face,
I searched each group, but I searched in vain;
And the light seemed gone from the sunless place.
“Had any one seen when she went away?
Could any one tell me what was her name?”
No; they noted nothing, had nought to say,
Except of the hunger that gnawed in them.

I said, Next week she will surely come;
And all through its days she haunted me,
As I wandered about, in street and slum,
'Mong the sorrowful sights that were there to see.
But next week came, and they came in scores,
Pushing and chattering, eager-eyed,
And I stood and watched by the opening doors;
But she was not there, and my whole heart died.

I know not why, but I felt at once
Something had happened I should regret,
Something had lost me a God-given chance,
And I never could pay to that soul my debt.
Oh, sweet pale face, that came over me
Like a letter straight from an English home,
Or a breath from an English clover lea,
Where now do thy wistful glances roam?

I stood up before them, described her look,
Her shrinking manner, her scanty clothes;
Did any one know her? Then some one took
Courage to say, it must be “Miss Rose.”

Yes ; she had seen her going about ;
 No ; she knew nothing about her more,
 But thought, perhaps, that she could find out
 Her room from the woman that kept the door.

That night—for I could not rest nor sleep
 Till I knew the truth—I was at the place.
 The concierge said, " Mon Dieu ! I weep
 When I think of that girl with the kindly face.
 She comes not down one day last week,
 Nor next, nor again, and I wonder why.
 Was she out of work ? Was she, maybe, sick ?
 But we let another two days go by.

" Then—yes—the police, they break open the door ;
 Ah ! she is dead in her little cold room—
 Four days lying there dead on the floor,
 And they carry her off to the pauper's tomb ;
 Just some rough boards like a packing-case,
 ' Then a hole where they heap up many dead ;
 But the Bon Dieu searches the horrible place,
 And He knows where His own little ones are laid."

WALTER SMITH.

ALEXANDRIA AND THE BIBLE.

BY THE VERY REV. J. S. HOWSON, D.D., DEAN OF CHESTER.

A TERRIBLE calamity has fallen on Alexandria. Much indeed has happened since ; and new events, in rapid succession, have been calling our minds to other places. Still there are good reasons why we should pause in serious thought on the calamity which has fallen on so famous a city. Who is to be blamed for all this ? What mistakes have been made, and who has made them ? Such questions are asked on every side. No attempt, however, will here be made either to ask them or to answer them. Nothing is more easy than recrimination, and nothing more common. We see it very well practised among children in the nursery ; and we see it practised equally well in the House of Commons. At such a time religious thought rises into a higher sphere. When God comes in the form of calamity to visit any part of the earth He makes use alike of human wisdom and human folly. We lose the most serious lessons of such a crisis if we look too much to secondary causes. Such a crisis is an invitation to call great principles to mind, and to gaze upward through the clouds to the calm bright throne of the Almighty Judge and Father.

Here are some of the reasons why it is well for us to pause with this subject before us. But, moreover, the temporary fall of

Alexandria calls our minds to its early religious associations and memories. If we think reverently of the structure of the Bible and of the course of Divine Providence in connection with the history of this city, we must see, in the events of the day, an instructive opportunity for recalling some portion of the past.

(i.) And first, Alexandria forms part of that general Egyptian background of all sacred history, whether Jewish or Christian, which is one of the most remarkable facts in the arrangements of God's dispensations.

As regards the older dispensation, the sacred annals are occupied with Egypt during a longer time than with Jerusalem. Through the whole of the Old Testament we never seem to lose sight of the country of the Nile. To make this clear it is needful only to touch very slightly the following facts. The patriarch Abraham himself visited Egypt, and stood on the banks of its river, as he had stood on the banks of the Euphrates. To the biography of Abraham add the biography of Joseph, with those of his father and his brothers. And not only did this great foreign comptroller of Egyptian finance see the Pyramids, but at Sichem, in the centre of the Holy Land—the very place from the neighbourhood of which the Midianite merchants brought

him—his body, embalmed after the manner of other mummies, was laid to its rest. To this again add the biography of Moses, who comes into the history when the national life of the Hebrews is rising like an inundation out of the patriarchal. The departure from Egypt marks the great crisis of the change, and completes the change for ever; yet nothing could alter the fact which is stated in a famous sentence of one of the prophets, "Out of Egypt have I called my son."

Egypt still remained as the immovable background of all this wonderful history, and in living contact with it, too. The thought of the Hebrews was always reverting to this prelude of the poem of their national life, to this vestibule through which they had passed into the promised home of the Holy Land. Remember all those passages in the Psalms which refer to the time when "Israel came out of Egypt." Remember the active commercial intercourse of the days of Solomon. Remember that Jeroboam was here, when Solomon's son sowed the seeds of fatal disunion among the tribes. Nor is there any more remarkable instance of this reverting of the thought of the Hebrews to their ancient home than that chapter of Isaiah, which contains the "burden of Egypt," and where the scenery and the customs of the country come before us as vividly as if we were travelling through it—the wizards and charmers, the waters of the river, the paper-reeds and flags, the flax, the sluices and ponds for fish. And there are other words in the chapter which at this moment it is impossible not to quote, though they are quoted without any expression of opinion regarding the personages of the day. "Behold the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt . . . and the spirit of Egypt shall fail in the midst thereof . . . and the Egyptians will I give over unto the hand of a cruel lord. . . . The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst thereof."

(ii.) But not even in the New Testament does the Bible loosen its hold upon Egypt. On the contrary, this land of ancient wonders forms part of the necessary framework of the history which we read there. We ought not to lose sight of the frequent mention of Cyrene, which lay between Egypt and Tunis, and is, in fact, the modern Tripoli. We find Jews of Egypt specially named among those who were in Jerusalem at the Great Pentecost. It was on the way down into Egypt that Philip met the Ethiopian: and who knows what blessings came, through the Gospel, to the region of the Upper Nile, with the returning pilgrim? Egypt (and this seems to

me a most remarkable fact) fills at least half of the famous speech of the first martyr. Nor is Egypt forgotten by St. Paul in his address in the synagogue of the Pisidian Antioch. So that it is as though the shadow of the Pyramids were flung right across the book of the Acts of the Apostles. The command of Joseph concerning his bones, the refusal of Moses to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, the safety procured by the sprinkling of blood in the Passover, the drowning of the Egyptians in the Red Sea, these topics constitute an animated passage in that record of the Saints which we read in the Epistle to the Hebrews. Above all we must remember the direction sent through an angel that, when the massacre of the children was impending at Bethlehem, the Saviour was to take refuge in Egypt, so that the home of His infancy was there, and a new meaning was given to the prophet's words—"Out of Egypt have I called my son."

(iii.) But in recalling this close relation of Egypt to the New Testament, the point to which we are now moving is the separate and special mention made there of Alexandria. Four times is the city named in the New Testament, and on each occasion in such a manner as to have a very large fulness of meaning. In fact, it might be correctly said that this famous Egyptian city comes there before our notice five times; for when we read that Jews of Egypt were at Pentecost, we know very well that the greater part of them came from Alexandria. But to let that pass, and to mark only the places where this city is actually named—it was in the synagogue of Alexandrian Jews at Jerusalem that the great disputation of St. Stephen took place; it was by the learning of Alexandria that Apollos, who is singled out as a sample of the missionary assistants of St. Paul, was fitted for his work; it is in connection with the trade of Alexandria that the great lessons of life and character come to us from the account of St. Paul's voyage and shipwreck; and lastly, it was in a ship of Alexandria, whose very name we know, that this apostle successfully completed his voyage to Rome. What kind of religious suggestions these facts have for us we shall see more fully as we proceed. Let us now linger, for a moment, on another general relation of Alexandria to the Bible.

(iv.) We have seen that this city shares with Egypt at large the general character of being a background of sacred history; but it is to be observed that Alexandria, taken apart, has this relation to the New Testament

only. Throughout the whole range of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, though the mention of Egypt is frequent, Alexandria has no existence at all. The city of On is famed as the residence of the father-in-law of Joseph: but this was not Alexandria. Zoan was the chief city of the Delta: but this was not Alexandria. The city of Rameses was the starting-point of the Israelites at the Exodus: but that was not Alexandria. That place on the coast, where our ships have recently been occupied in such serious work, was in those early days, and all through the Hebrew annals down to the very end of the series of the prophets, a mere fishing village, unknown to history.

The origin of this renowned city took place in that interval between the periods of the Old Testament and the New, which is often strangely neglected, even by students of theology; the circumstances of its origin are of the most striking character; its very name is to this day a memorial of one of the greatest men of the world. Alexander, after the completion of his vast conquests from the Mediterranean to the Indus, saw instinctively, in the wide grasp of his capacious mind (for it is difficult to doubt the reality of this prescience), that this spot was adapted to be, as it were, the centre of three continents. I say three continents, because America and Australia were then entirely hid under the cloud of the future. Thus the city was laid out by this famous conqueror and famous organizer, and called by his name. Never was any city founded with so definite a vision of great results. These results were manifold; and if we look over them with a reverential regard to Divine Providence, we perceive that the Christian Church has reaped from them a vast benefit, which we ourselves enjoy to this day.

Alexandria had a good harbour, alike for commerce and for war. The merchandise of India and Arabia began speedily to come this way towards the West and the North. The population increased rapidly; and this population, as it has been in our day, was from the first of very various nationalities, with a marked liability to faction and turbulence. Among these nationalities was a very large proportion of Jews. Great privileges were given to them by Alexander, and continued by his successors. Special quarters of the city, of wide extent, were marked out for them. It might almost be said that there was a repetition of that residence of "Israel in Egypt," which has furnished a subject for the genius of Handel.

Thus the connection of Alexandria and Jerusalem became very close: and this opens out to us that wider prospect of religious results, to which, from our present point of view, we are bound to pay attention.

(v.) The learning of Alexandria, in connection with the diffusion of the Greek language, has had the most important bearing on the early spread of the Gospel, on Christian theology, and on Ecclesiastical history. Alexandria became not simply a great mercantile city and a centre of great political power. It became also a place for the accumulation of knowledge, for philosophical inquiry, and the most active intellectual pursuits. Its library and museum were renowned throughout the world. Here was the great meeting-place of the East and the West. Here above all was the great meeting-place of the Greek and the Hebrew, of Greek Philosophy and of Hebrew Religion. The Jews acquired here wider views than would have been possible in Palestine. This doubtless was by no means an unmixed advantage: but these changes prepared the way for the future.

And especially when we think of this preparation, and of the divinely appointed connection of Alexandria with Religion, we must bear in mind the spread of the Greek tongue, as the means for communicating thought, and the translation of the Ancient Scriptures into that noble universal language of poetry and philosophy. This translation was used by the Apostles in the structure of the New Testament, its dissemination among the heathen facilitated the reception of the Gospel, which itself was preached in Greek—some have gone so far as to say that in our Lord's day it was the familiar Bible of the Synagogues in Palestine; it was certainly the Old Testament of the Early Church after the time of the Apostles, as it is the Old Testament of the Greek Church to this day. No treasure of equal value was in Ptolemy's great library. And this translation was executed at Alexandria. Is it not a thought to lay strong hold on our imagination, that tradition places the homes and the work of these translators on the sea-shore, precisely opposite the outer position taken by our ships during the late bombardment?

(vi.) We are now in a condition to perceive more clearly the significance of those four passages, where Alexandria appears by name in the Acts of the Apostles. "The Word of God increased in Jerusalem: the number of the disciples multiplied greatly; and Stephen, full of faith and power, did great wonders and miracles among the people.

Then there arose certain of the synagogue, which is called the synagogue of the Alexandrians, disputing with Stephen: and they were not able to resist the wisdom and the spirit by which he spake." This is the preamble of the first martyrdom: and if we look closely into the historic fact recorded here, we perceive it to be important. Jews of Alexandria had a synagogue in Jerusalem; they were recognised as being in some way different from the Jews of Palestine; yet they were recognised. All this indicates not only frequent communication between Jerusalem and Alexandria, and frequent passing to and fro, but interchange of thought likewise, and frequent debate. And debate of this kind had no small effect on the growth of Christianity.

Such notices, though slight at first appearance, have not their place in Holy Scripture by accident. And a suspicion arises in the mind (though I am not aware that this has occurred to any of the commentators) that Stephen himself may have been from Alexandria, and trained in its schools. This would account for that very large mention of Egypt which occurs in his speech: and another circumstance appears to me to tend in the direction of the same conclusion. This speech is the only part of the Bible in which we are told that "Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians."

(vii.) Whatever may be our speculation regarding a possible connection of Stephen with Alexandria, we know of this connection as a certain fact in the case of Apollos. St. Paul had now completed his Second Missionary Journey and was beginning the Third. Through the dissemination of the synagogues, and by the help of the Greek language, the Gospel had now been widely spread. "And a certain Jew named Apollos, born at Alexandria, an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures, came to Ephesus. This man was instructed in the way of the Lord; and being fervent in the spirit, he spake and taught diligently the things of the Lord." The word here rendered "eloquent" ought rather to be rendered "learned." Apollos had been trained in the schools of Alexandria. We observe that it is said he was born there. He had not been a mere casual resident in the place; but it seems that he came to the work of evangelisation with all the influence and apparatus of the learning of the place; and it is highly probable that he was only a sample of many who, under Divine Providence, were engaged in the first planting of the Gospel.

(viii.) The next passage takes our thoughts from the learning of this city to its trade: and this, too, we see connected with the early work of the Gospel. St. Paul, with other prisoners, had set sail in an Adramyttian vessel from Cæsarea, under the charge of a centurion, bound for Rome: and, after touching at Sidon, they had "sailed under the lee of Cyprus, because the winds were contrary." It was thought likely that some other vessel, on its way to Italy, would be found in one of the harbours of the coast of the mainland beyond this island. This expectation was fulfilled. "We came to Myra, a city of Lycia," says St. Luke, "and there the centurion found a ship of Alexandria, sailing into Italy, and he put us therein." The same circumstances of weather which had impeded the other vessel doubtless detained this Alexandrian ship, and caused her to be in harbour here for a time before prosecuting her voyage. Egypt was the granary of Italy; and that this was a corn-ship we know from "the casting out of the wheat into thesea" at the time of the shipwreck. And the thought which is brought into the mind by such a combination of circumstances is this—that we see Religion here in conjunction with Trade. The Gospel moves, and has a right to move, along the line of common things. The presence of St. Paul in this corn-ship, his character and his teaching, remind us of the great blessing which results to the world whenever a high moral purpose is combined with mercantile traffic.

(ix.) But Alexandria appears once more by name in the history of the Acts. The Apostle was wrecked at Malta; and the ship and the cargo were lost, though all the crew and the passengers were saved. Malta and Cyprus! How strangely the places which are made familiar to us by the distressing and anxious events of the present time, and by the movements of our own ships and soldiers, seem to come before us, like a fresh commentary on what we read in this part of the Bible! The winter was spent in Malta, "and after three months," continues the historian, "we departed in a ship of Alexandria, which had wintered in the isle, whose sign was Castor and Pollux." Those who are acquainted with classical mythology know very well what kind of figures they were which were painted or carved on this Alexandrian vessel. The remainder of the voyage, too, is made vivid and distinct to us by the mention of the places at which they touched—first Syracuse, then Rhegium. They came

into their final harbour at Puteoli, where the Alexandrian corn-ships then unloaded their cargoes. So they went to Rome. Now all I desire to say at this point is that such was the mode of effecting long voyages in those days. Travellers were obliged to make use of such opportunities as mercantile ships afforded them. This might be exemplified by the voyages of kings and emperors over the sea which St. Paul had been crossing. Such then was the mode in which missionaries travelled during the early Gospel days; and thus we see here the famous sea-port of Alexandria in another of its relations to the spread of Christianity and the building-up of the Church.

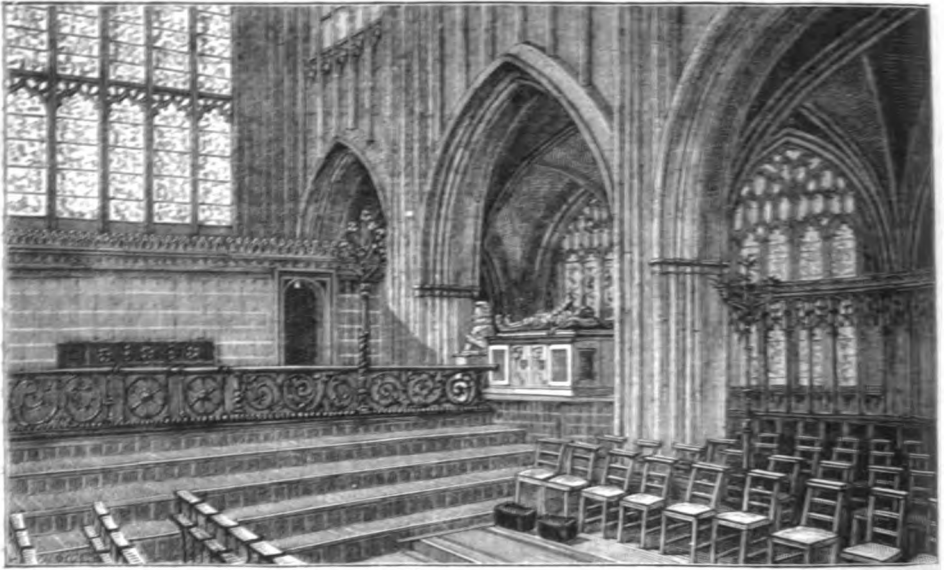
(x.) This is far from exhausting the history of the influence of Alexandria in the furtherance of our Holy Religion. Even the Biblical associations of the subject are not finished at this point. I see no reason for discrediting the tradition that St. Mark first founded the Christian Church at Alexandria. His name has ever been connected with the Christianity of Egypt. One form of the tradition connects the African work of this Evangelist with Barnabas, and with Cyprus, which, as recent events have reminded us, is very near to this coast. If we were quite sure of the truth of this general fact, it would be a speculation of extreme interest to connect in thought the Christianity of the Nile with the work of one whose defection in early life was followed by faithful labour in association alike with St. Peter and with St. Paul.

After the Apostolic age a very wide view opens out to us of other sacred topics which were localised here, and are full of interest and instruction. The fourth and fifth centuries constituted, as has been truly said, "one of the cardinal and critical eras in the history of the human race, in which virtues and vices manifest themselves side by side;" and in both aspects Alexandria had a great place in the influence exercised by that age upon mankind. Our concern here is with Christian influence and the permanent good which resulted from it: and in a case like the present, where brevity is imperative, it is desirable, as it is commonly consonant with truth, to connect such a subject with one great personality. Now Alexandria was the city of Athanasius. In the mere statement of this fact is summed up a wide range of momentous Church history. A curious story is told of the boyhood of Athanasius; and the scene of it is that very sea-shore with which we have been lately made so painfully familiar. Some

boys were playing at Baptism, one of them administering the imaginary rite to the rest. The aged bishop of Alexandria, who had been watching the game, sent for them and rebuked them. That boy was Athanasius, who afterwards, as himself Bishop of the same city, won imperishable renown, and was more than once, after exile, received and welcomed back with all the honour that the place could bestow. A city associated with such a biography deserves, if we may so say, a perpetual vitality.

Alexandria will revive. Of this no doubt can be entertained; already she has revived, after a long period of obscurity under the Mahomedan sway; and so it will be again after this shorter but crushing trial. Great cities have a wonderful power of rising from their ashes. It happened to me to be in the United States when Chicago was burnt, and to hear of that terrible fire when standing by the Falls of Niagara. Everthing was colossal in that calamity, and it filled the mind with awe. But now Chicago is a more magnificent, more busy, more prosperous city than ever. So will it probably be with that smaller, but far more ancient city, of which we have been thinking.

But how will the Alexandria of the future be related to the highest subject of all? The answer to this question will perhaps in a large degree depend upon Great Britain. We must hope that the city of Alexander and Athanasius has a destiny full of blessing to mankind. And there is a cheerful omen suggested by an incident contained in our newspaper intelligence. There is—to turn in imagination to the same point again—a lighthouse in Alexandria, on the extreme rock of Pharos, just opposite the outer position of our ships. The lighthouse was injured and broken by the bombardment: but by the courage and activity of some of our sailors the light was within a few hours reconstituted. Now, as is generally believed, the earliest lighthouse in the world, erected in the times which separated the histories of the Old and New Testaments, was on this very spot. This rock then is one of the glories of Alexandria; and in its earlier days it was certainly prophetic of light and safety diffused over many a dangerous coast. May the prophecy be fulfilled in the highest sense! may light come out of disaster and darkness! may that become literally true which is predicted in that chapter of Isaiah, in which "The burden of Egypt" is contained, "The Lord shall be known to Egypt, and the Egyptians shall know the Lord!"



ON THE KNEELING FIGURE IN MALVERN PRIORY.

[This old Renaissance figure (of a lady) is placed just outside the altar rail; looking northwards, with one side of the face turned to the west, the other to the altar. Although kneeling, it has at a little distance the appearance of standing, owing to its peculiar erectness from the knees upwards. The face is remarkable for the singular smile, half cynical, half spiritual (especially in the tightly compressed lips), which gives an expression of *living* interest.]



TENANT of stone! here still thou worshippest,
Smiling the prayer that on thy lips has hung
While ages travelled. Still thou kneel'st among
The quiet tombs. Impassioned joy or spleen
Moves not thy face—in part to heaven addressed,
In part to the green hills thy feet have clomb.
Image of what is past, and what shall come!
Silent as death, which thou embodiest
Far more than life. Mute sentry! stood between
The crumbled mortal and ascended sprite!
Hast thou no sense for what is, or has been?
Can nothing break thy sepulchre of rest?
Once thy heart throbb'd with human motion keen,
Thy folded hands with others warmly pressed,
Thy close-sealed lips have sweetly spoke or sung—
Now an eternity is not more dumb!
The organ peals around thee its deep notes;
But thou art deaf to music's noblest strains.
A glory of rich hues about thee floats;
Thou car'st not for the splendour of bright panes.
What fateful storms and changes hast thou seen!
How little dost thou heed the mad world's hum!
Our childhood knew thee as doth now our age—
Time stirs not thee. Where art thou all this space,
The part of thee which not in stone remains,
While wondering centuries roll past thy place?
They change and cease: the whole world turns a page—
But thou still wear'st that smile upon thy face.

CHARLES GRINDROD.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

II.—CHARLES KINGSLEY.

IT was by one of those strange coincidences in literary history, which are not without a peculiar significance of their own, that Charles Kingsley in England, and the Duke of Montalembert in France, took for their subject the life of St. Elizabeth in their first attempts at authorship. The coincidence forms a connecting link between the subjects of the last and the present paper, Lamennais and Kingsley; for both the former, an intimate friend of Montalembert, and the latter were attracted by this mediæval saint because, among other reasons, Elizabeth of Hungary had been "the poor man's patroness" and the representative of Christian socialism in the thirteenth century. When Montalembert paid a reverential visit to her tomb in 1833, and when, ten years later, Kingsley commenced a history of her life, which ultimately appeared in another form as *The Saint's Tragedy*, they were both enthusiastic young men passing through "a season of acute struggle" in their views on religion and society. Both had the welfare of the poor deeply at heart, and were naturally fascinated by a kindred spirit of religious philanthropy. And so Montalembert produced a biography and Kingsley a tragedy, both having for their object to teach the religious world its duty towards the starving multitude in their struggle, not only with the ancient "tyranny of the feudal caste," but also the modern "tyranny of capital." For this there is abundant evidence (so far as Kingsley is concerned) in *The Saint's Tragedy*.

Thus Count Hugo, one of the *dramatis personæ*, is simply a specimen of the doctrinaire-economists whose cruel Malthusian theories were attacked later on more directly, and almost fiercely, in "Yeast" and "Alton Locke."

Count Hugo is the practical business-man who takes a common-sense view of things in famine time.

"The sharper the famine, the higher the prices, and the higher I sell, the more I can spend; so the money circulates, sir, that's the word—like water—sure to run downwards again; and so it's as broad as it is long; and here's a health—if there was any beer—to the farmer's friends, 'a bloody war and a wet harvest.'"

The Abbot, speaking in the language of the so-called Manchester school, equally hateful to Kingsley's mind, rejoins:—

"Strongly put, though correctly. For the self-in-

terest of each it is which produces in the aggregate the happy equilibrium of all."

"'But look you, sir,' retorts another interlocutor, 'private selfishness may be public weal, and yet private selfishness be just as surely damned for all that.'"

Here we have C. Kingsley's own sentiment, or his social philosophy in its incipient stage. Here he appears for the first time as "the apostle of a new revolutionary gospel."

We have seen that such, too, in the main was Lamennais' standpoint. This suggests a brief comparison of the two men, and the state of things around them which gave rise to the social movement in which they took such an active part.

There are striking similarities on the one hand, and characteristic peculiarities on the other. Both Lamennais and Kingsley were impetuous and thorough-going, sanguine to a fault, and charged with nervous excitability to the last degree. In both we observe the same energy and enthusiasm producing premature exhaustion, the same sincere simplicity, the same conscientious concentration upon the self-imposed task, which made them fretful under reverses, impatient of trifles, and which produced, at an early stage of their career, that weariness of life which made Kingsley often exclaim, "How blessed it will be when it is all over!"

The distinguishing characteristics of Kingsley are his capacity for physical enjoyment and love of science, his appreciation of home life, quick sense of humour, practical understanding, and wide social sympathies. These preserved him from many errors and extremes to which Lamennais fell an easy victim. Gifted with a natural cheerfulness of disposition and capable of healthy sensuous enjoyment in the house and in the fields, Kingsley rarely gave way to those melancholy broodings which embittered the life and marred the happiness of Lamennais. This English buoyancy of spirits and relish for fun and frolic formed a strange contrast to the recluse habits of the Frenchman, who, though he could be cheerful at rare intervals in conversation with intimates and enjoyed his little Sunday dinners with Béranger at Passy, was nevertheless a victim of almost habitual moroseness.

These personal characteristics had their effect on Kingsley's public life, and had their special value in the maintenance of mental

balance (comparatively speaking) during that "convulsed era" of socialistic agitation when he with others joined "the battle against starvation" in the stormy years between 1848—1855.

It was an "anxious and critical time," as Kingsley's friend Thomas Hughes called it. On both sides of St. George's Channel widespread distress and famine had produced loud discontent. The revolution on the Continent fomented the popular agitation in this country. In most of the industrial towns riotous meetings were held. London was declared in a state of siege. The bridges and Downing Street were barricaded, the Bank of England and other public buildings were garrisoned, and the Houses of Parliament provisioned as if for a siege. A million of special constables were sworn in for the protection of life and property against the Chartist rising. This exhibition of force quelled the movement, and the crisis passed away. With the disappearance of immediate danger, men began to underrate the causes of these disturbances as soon as they ceased to be afraid of the consequences. To sound the alarm against this growing feeling of supine indifference, some powerful articles appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* to disabuse the public mind of this easy-going misconception as to the real state of things. They startled the world in disclosing the dangers which London had just escaped from, and drew attention to some of the crying social evils which had brought the country within easy distance of a revolution; and with it the conviction dawned in the minds of many that "something ought to be done." Among these was that small band of Christian Socialists who had F. D. Maurice for their leader and C. Kingsley for their most popular and eloquent spokesman. They perceived what others, blinded by prejudice, failed to see, that the extinction of Chartism as the symptom of dissatisfaction was not the end of the evil itself. They knew full well that the country had not been quite free from disturbances ever since the Reform agitation. Kingsley himself had been present, as a boy, at the Bristol riots in 1831. What the effect of these early impressions on his mind was he told the Bristol people twenty-seven years later.

"When the first excitement of horror and wonder was past, what I had seen made me for years the veriest aristocrat, full of hatred and contempt of these dangerous classes, whose existence I had for the first time discovered. It required years—years, too, of personal intercourse with the poor—to explain to me the true meaning of what I saw here in October twenty-

seven years ago; and to learn a part of that lesson which God taught to others thereby."

This lesson of experience taught him that the duty of the Church was not confined to counsel and consolation in times of distress, but that the "new era" required a clergy with intelligent sympathy for the sufferings of the masses, able to apply the moral lever of religion with a view to raise them from their sunken position. He had learned that the gentry who had "discoursed upon the perverseness and wickedness of the human heart which led men into discontent and rebellion" had mistaken the signs of the times, and that a strong effort would be required to bring about a reconciliation of existing class-antagonisms.

The Duke of Richmond had said, in 1839, in the House of Lords, "I believe a feeling now exists among the labouring classes that your lordships and the upper classes of society are to be regarded rather as their foes than their friends." This feeling in the public mind had not subsided, but had been rather intensified in 1848, notwithstanding the passing of the Reform Bill and legislative measures in favour of the working classes, which had occupied the greater portion of the session of 1843.

Dr. Arnold, with the ardour of a religious reformer; Sidney Smith, with the force of religious common sense, and Dean Hook, with the skilful energy of religious organization, had each in their way prepared the way for the Christian Socialists. Sir Robert Peel had passed his measures of reform of Church property to augment small livings, with the intention expressed at the time in the following words:—

"The advantage I anticipate is, that by this proceeding I shall place the Church of England in a favourable light before the people of this country, and conciliate towards it that favour and affection to which I believe it to be justly entitled, and lay the foundation of extended usefulness."*

The time had now come when Dr. Arnold's fears lest the old ecclesiastical structure was no longer suited to the needs of the times were to be dispelled by the appearance of a body of men in the Church, taught in his school and imbued with his spirit, who rose to the occasion, and in the person of Parson Lot made it their effort to have "God justified to the people."

For a while Kingsley watched keenly the

* *Martineau*: "History of the Peace," vol. iv. 275; and *cf. ib. 271, et passim*; also vol. ii. 485. Dr. Hook during the election of churchwardens in 1843 had said that the Chartists "were the only body of churchwardens who had conducted themselves in an honourable, straightforward, and gentlemanly manner."—*ib.* vol. iv. 279.

current of events from his retreat at Eversley without taking an active part in the movement, except by way of correspondence with Maurice. But when the news of the Chartist rising reached him at last, he could contain himself no longer, but went up to town to take his share in the work.

Soon after this appeared *Politics for the People*, with those powerful contributions of Charles Kingsley under the well-known title "Letters to the Chartists," signed by "Parson Lot." They were sadly misunderstood and misinterpreted by contemporaries as of the most violent revolutionary character. They were nothing of the sort. Kingsley had said, indeed, in one of them, "My only quarrel with the Charter is, that it does not go far enough in reform." But what he meant by going not far enough he explains further on, when he points out the error of the Chartists in "fancying that legislative reform is social reform, or that men's hearts can be changed by Act of Parliament." He then directs their mind to the only true organizing force of society, when he says:—

"God will only reform society on condition of our reforming every man his own self, while the devil is quite ready to help us to mend the laws and the Parliament, earth and heaven, without ever starting such an impertinent and 'personal' request, as that a man should mend himself." Immediately afterwards he directs their attention to the Bible, as "the poor man's comfort and the rich man's warning."*

It was with sentiments like these (he called it "Bible-Radicalism") that Kingsley, on a memorable occasion, attended one of the meetings, organized by the Christian Socialists to meet the Chartists, at the Cranbourn Tavern; Maurice presiding. Some vehement speeches had just been made against the Church when Kingsley rose, and, folding his arms across his chest, he threw back his head and began: "I am a Church of England parson," and then, after a long pause, "a Chartist." But here, too, he not only expressed sympathy with the grievances of the Chartists, but also courageously condemned some of their false methods in the proposed settlement of the question.†

Want of funds put an end to the publication of *Politics for the People*, but this did not prevent an effort being made in another direction.

Mr. Ludlow had just returned from Paris,

* *Politics for the People*, p. 28, 58, and "Letters and Memories of his Life," vol. i. 164, 165. "The Bible," says Charles Kingsley, "not only dwells on the rights of property and the duties of labour," but "for once that it does that, it preaches ten times over, the duties of property and the rights of labour."

† See Prefatory Memoir by Thomas Hughes in "Alton Locke," p. xix.

where he had seen something of the working of organized labour-associations. It was intended to start similar co-operative societies in England. A new publication was started to advocate co-operative principles, and Ludlow became its editor. It called itself the *Christian Socialist*, and its main object, as stated in the first number, was "to diffuse the principles of co-operation as the practical application of Christianity to the purposes of trade and industry."

Its promoters boldly expressed their belief in the essential harmony between Christianity and socialism; but socialism with them only meant associated labour, as distinguished from individual enterprise. In fact, the alternative name of this publication was much more appropriate, though less sensational and less exposed to misinterpretation—*A Journal of Association*.

However, although association and co-operative labour was the primary, it was not to be the sole object of the Christian Socialists.

"We must touch the workman at all his points of interest," said Kingsley at the time, in a letter to Mr. Ludlow. "First and foremost at association, but also at political rights, as grounded both on the Christian ideal of the Church, and on the historic facts of the Anglo-Saxon race. Then national education, sanitary and dwelling-house reform, the free sale of land, and corresponding reform of the laws, moral improvement of the family relation, public places of recreation (on which point I am very earnest), and I think a set of hints from history, and sayings of great men, of which last I have been picking up from Plato, Demosthenes, &c."*

In one of the early numbers of the *Christian Socialist* Kingsley, under the *nom de plume* of "Parson Lot," draws a parallel between the exodus of the Children of Israel from Egyptian bondage and the deliverance of the working classes from modern "tyrants." In a later number † he labours to show as against the *Reasoner*, a Chartist publication, that the higher notion of the "dignity of labour" is derived from the inspired teaching of Holy Writ. In a lecture of Kingsley's, published there, he refers to the success of the Moravian Establishment compared with the failure of other social schemes in their practical application, and assigns the following as the reasons:—

"Because they were undertaken in the fear of God, and with humility and caution; because the Moravians acted in the faith that they were brothers and sisters, members of one body, bound to care not for themselves, but for the commonwealth."‡

In fact, throughout, the aim of this publication was very similar to that of *L'Avenir* in

* Prefatory Memoir in "Alton Locke," p. xxi.

† *Christian Socialist*, vol. i., pp. 25, 26; *ib.* pp. 113-114.

‡ *Christian Socialist*, vol. i., p. 253.

France. "The new element is democracy in Church and State. Waiving the question of its evil or its good, we cannot stop it. *Let us Christianize it instead.*"*

To do this a courageous attitude was indispensable, and Kingsley was prepared in his pugnacious way for a bold step. As he put it himself, "I want to commit myself; I want others to commit themselves. A man never fishes well in the morning till he has tumbled into the water!"

The tumble came at a time when he least expected it. It happened in the year of the Exhibition in 1851. By this time the Christian Socialists had established themselves sufficiently to attract public attention. Their publications, especially Kingsley's tract entitled "Cheap Clothes and Nasty," had caused considerable sensation. When, therefore, a series of lectures on social subjects were organized by some of the London clergy, Kingsley, too, through Maurice, was requested to join in the enterprise. He consented, and selected for the subject of his sermon, "The Message of the Church to the Labouring Men." The incumbent of the church at which it was to be delivered cordially approved of it, and no guarantees were given of any kind as to the manner of treatment by the preacher.

Kingsley took for text Luke iv. 16—21, and in the course of his sermon remarked:—

"I assert that the business for which God sends a Christian priest in a Christian nation is to preach and practise liberty, equality, and brotherhood in the fullest, deepest, widest, simplest meaning of these three great words; that in as far as he so does, he is a true priest, doing his Lord's will, and with his Lord's blessing on him. . . ."

"All systems of society which favour the accumulation of capital in a few hands, which oust the masses from the soil which their forefathers possessed of old, which reduce them to the level of serfs and day-labourers living on wages and on alms, which crush them down with debt, or in any wise degrade and enslave them, or deny them a permanent stake in the commonwealth, are contrary to the kingdom of God which Jesus proclaimed."†

At the close of the sermon the incumbent got up and declared that in his opinion the greater part of it was untrue, and that he had expected something quite different. Kingsley made no reply. It must have been a great trial to repress his vehement indignation at such conduct. The congregation evidently expected a reply. He merely bowed his head, pronounced the blessing, and descended from the pulpit.

The unusual step taken by the incumbent was all the more surprising as he had pro-

fessed acquaintance with, and expressed great admiration for, Charles Kingsley's published writings. Among them were "Yeast" and "Alton Locke," the former of which had appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1848, the latter had been published in 1850, and both contained matter of a much more inflammable character than the sermon in question.

It is to them we must turn now as containing the most characteristic sentiments of Charles Kingsley at this period of agitation, and the most important in our biographical sketch of Kingsley as the Christian Socialist. "Yeast" was seething in the author's mind during the period of suspense which preceded the Chartist outbreak, and, as its name implies, it was intended to reflect the turbid state of the public mind at the time.

In the book itself, the fragmentary and unconnected form of which Kingsley acknowledges and attributes to "the yeasty state of the mind of the world around him," we have here and there strong socialistic passages of which the following is a fair specimen. It is in the form of a dialogue between a country gentleman and Lancelot, the hero of the story:

"'If man living in civilised society,' said Lancelot, 'has one right which he can demand, it is this, that the State which exists by his labour shall enable him to develop, or, at least, not hinder his developing, his whole faculties to the very utmost, however lofty that may be. While a man who might be an author remains a spade-drudge, or a journeyman while he has capacities for a master; while any man able to rise in life remains by social circumstances lower than he is willing to place himself, that man has a right to complain of the State's injustice and neglect.'

"'Really, I do not see,' said Vieuxbois, 'why people should wish to rise in life. They had no such self-willed fancy in the good old times. The whole notion is a product of these modern days.'

"'I think, honestly,' said Lancelot, whose blood was up, 'that we gentlemen all run into the same fallacy. We fancy ourselves the fixed and necessary element in society, to which all others are to accommodate themselves. "Given the rights of the few rich, to find the condition of the many poor." It seems to me that the other postulate is quite as fair—"Given the rights of the many poor, to find the condition of the few rich."'

"Lord Minchamstead laughed.

"'If you hit us so hard, Mr. Smith, I must denounce you as a Communist.'"

Nowhere in his writings, except perhaps in *Alton Locke*, does Kingsley paint in more vivid colours, or with a more painfully realistic intensity, the extremes of luxury and poverty than in this volume, and yet he is not without hope. He does not see in this the "grinding of the iron wheels of mechanical necessity," but a general plan which Providence will reveal presently. His two princi-

* Letters and Memories of his Life, i. p. 147.

† See Sermon at St. John's Church, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, June 22nd, 1851.

• "Yeast," pp. 100-101.

pal characters in the novel are to become "an ideal pair of pioneers towards the society of the future."

"Yeast" contains some hard hits at the country parsons, which gave offence at the time. The fact is he was young and ardent when he wrote the book, and his language was not cautious, nor did he intend it to be so. He more frequently wrote as a partisan than with the judicial calm of a social philosopher. But then he only described the state of feeling prevailing at the time without necessarily expressing sympathy with its violence. He drew a picture of the disaffected peasantry, dark and lurid, indeed, but true as drawn from nature. He described what he saw with his own eyes. His critics imagined that he revelled in the contemplation of the anarchical turmoil which he described. In this they were mistaken. Kingsley may have been carried away by excess of sympathy to exaggerate the case, but it was done unconsciously and under a deep sense of duty to speak out and avert dangers which he saw, or imagined he saw, were threatening the very existence of society.

This, too, is true of "Alton Locke," that powerful story of the adventures of a Chartist tailor, and which was, as has well been said, "the outpouring of Kingsley's impulsive sympathy with conscious powers impotently struggling under the artificial conditions of a corrupt civilisation." Kingsley knew from personal experience something of the difficulty of rising genius which he pictures so faithfully in Alton Locke. There is a curious passage in one of his letters from America which probably describes his own state of mind at this time: "Thirty years ago . . . I meant to go in despair . . . and throw myself into the wild life, to sink or to swim, *escaping from the civilisation which only tempted me and maddened me with the envy of a poor man!*"*

"Alton Locke" has been called "the greatest poem" and "the grandest sermon," and was highly approved of by Carlyle. It contained many passages which startled the world, just then awakening out of its comfortable sleep of selfish ease. When Kingsley accused the commercial world of cannibalism,† devouring in its greed bodies and souls of the working man, whilst they were devouring one another in the competition struggle for employment,

he appeared to exaggerate on purpose to show the worst side of things. But the impassioned rhetorical utterances of the period were the result mainly of an excited brain unconsciously exaggerating the danger of the hour. What Sainte-Beuve says of Lamennais was evidently true of Charles Kingsley, his mind was "oxidised by the age" he lived in.

After the storm then followed a calm, even in Kingsley's own disturbed career, and he, too, like most men under similar circumstances, reached the safe haven of contented optimism. The war-cries of his younger days grew more feeble by degrees as things improved around him.

— "Hireling and Mammonite, bigot and knave"
— "Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave."

Such was the burden of his song in the turbulent days of 1848. His muse assumed a more cheerful and less combative tone before it was finally hushed into silence. Still, Kingsley remained true to the main principles of his social philosophy, though in his method of vindicating them he grew less violent and aggressive.

It would be difficult to state in full these principles. There are passages in his social novels which almost show a tendency towards what is now called State-socialism, as in the passage in "Yeast" quoted above. But the confession of the heroine in "Alton Locke" represents more accurately, perhaps, Kingsley's own aspirations:—

"One by one every institution disappointed me. They seemed, after all, only means for keeping the poor in their degradation by making it just not intolerable to them—means for enabling Mammon to draw fresh victims into his den by taking off his hands those whom he had already worn out into uselessness. Then I tried association among my own sex—among the most miserable and degraded of them. I simply tried to put them into a position in which they might work for each other, and not for a single tyrant; in which that tyrant's profits might be divided among the slaves themselves. Experienced men warned me that I should fail; that such a plan would be destroyed by the innate selfishness and rivalry of human nature; that it demanded what was impossible to find—good faith, fraternal love, overruling moral influence. I answered that I knew that already; that nothing but Christianity alone could supply that want, but that it could and should supply it; that I would teach them to live as sisters by living with them as a sister myself. . . . to make my workrooms, in one word, not a machinery, but a family. . . . And I have succeeded, as others will succeed, long after my name. my small endeavours are forgotten amid the great new world—new Church, I should have said—of enfranchised and fraternal labour."*

This was Kingsley's Christian Socialism, the methods for improving society were to be divine. He knew of no universal remedy

* "Letters and Memories," ii. p. 433.

† "O that I had the tongue of St. James," he writes to his wife from London in 1849, "to plead for these poor fellows! to tell what I saw myself, to stir up some rich men to go and rescue them from the tyranny of the small shopkeeping landlords who get their rents out of the flesh and blood of these men."—"Letters and Memories," i. 216-217.

* "Alton Locke," pp. 297, 298.

for curing social evils, nor did he believe "rising in life" to be the great panacea of happiness for the classes struggling into competency. He looked forward to a total change in their condition by means of an entire transformation of character, and a regeneration of the human heart.*

In the later stages of his Christian Socialism Kingsley contented himself to direct his reformatory efforts against indiscriminate and inquisitorial methods of almsgiving, sanitary improvements, the education of women, and the application of science to the solution of social problems.

Those who had watched him with apprehension before now began to feel more at ease. Others who had regarded him as a great social prophet, a modern John the Baptist, imagined now they saw in him one of those clothed in soft raiment, who lived delicately in kings' courts. They missed in his later utterances the haughty scorn of selfish indolence, timid avarice, the severe intolerance of the mean and weak which had characterized his early speeches and writings. He himself seems to have been fully aware of the change that had come over him, and said as much in some of his letters to his friends and in private conversation. He had changed with the times; when the atmosphere around him grew more cool he, too, became more subdued in his strictures on society, and began to condone more readily its faults. He hailed gladly every well-intentioned effort (of which there were many) to improve the condition of the people, and henceforth adopted studiously the language of moderation.†

Kingsley, however, in his later development had no more sympathy with the out-and-out obstructives than in his earlier life he had agreed with the thorough-going demagogues. "Politics and political economy," he says in 1857, "may go their way for me. If I can help to save the lives of a few thousand working-people and their children, I may earn the blessing of God." He acted on this principle in his own parish, endeavouring to "redeem it from barbarism." He strove with all his might to influence others in his lectures and speeches to do the same. Great was his delight when his own efforts and those of Sir Arthur Helps in this direction received recognition and support from those in power, like Lord Palmerston. It would cheer his heart now to see the great

efforts made for spreading culture among "the masses."

In "Yeast" already Kingsley endeavoured to inculcate that lesson of true democracy, which considers the beautiful heritage of the poor as well as the rich, and Tregarva, one of the principal characters in that novel, becomes the type of "English art-hating Puritanism, which becomes gradually convinced of the divine mission of art." The lesson has not been thrown away on those whom it most concerned. It has been acknowledged since that the true communism is that of ideal goods: "The British Museum is a truly equalising place, in the deepest and more spiritual sense." Many of the "safe men," who were so much shocked by Kingsley's attitude at that time, have since gone much farther than he did in the direction of spreading sweetness and light among the labouring poor. Penny-readings—inaugurated first, we believe, by him in his parish—have been superseded by a larger number of superior intellectual and artistic enjoyments, to relieve the tedium and the depressing monotony of factory labour in

"Sunless cities, and the very haunts
Of smoke-grimed labour, and foul revelry."

In matters of sanitary science Kingsley, as in everything else he took up, was too sanguine; as, for example, when he says, in 1859, "I shall try henceforth to teach sound theology through physics." But many who may doubt the soundness of his theology, as well as this novel instrument of thought in religious speculation, and many more who may neither care for the matter or the manner of Kingsley's theological teaching, will assign to him, nevertheless, a high place among those who, in a practical way, have become "saviours of society."*

This brings us to the conclusion of the matter—the question as to the real value of Kingsley's agitation in its ultimate results.

The main object of the Christian Socialists, in the first instance, was the substitution of co-operation for competition, association in the place of isolated enterprise, the organization of labour instead of the scattered efforts of social units, in the general struggle for existence. In this effort the Christian Socialists were not successful; they have not been able to avert "the horrible catastrophe of a Manchester ascendancy." Free competition, for better or for worse, prevails as before, and co-operation is only feebly and slowly strug-

* *Ib.*, p. 87.

† Cf. Prefatory Memoir in "Alton Locke," p. xxiv. to xxv. "Letters and Memories," vol. ii., pp. 237, 242, 394.

* Several instances occur in the "Letters and Memories" of his life to show some important results from these efforts. See vol. ii. pp. 387, 389, 391, *et passim*.

gling into existence, as the new principle of industry. The associations established by the Christian Socialists have disappeared after a short-lived existence; nor have the terrible things come to pass in consequence, which Kingsley expected in 1852.* But this is partly owing to the legislative measures in favour of co-operative societies passed in Parliament mainly through the influence of the Christian Socialists and their friends, and partly on account of the growing tendency of friendly and concerted action between the masters and the men, as well as the slow but steady development of self-help among the working classes themselves.

Kingsley lived long enough to observe the practical failures of some of his schemes; but he was also shrewd enough to foresee the ultimate triumph of the principles he had advocated, as he says in the last words of the *Christian Socialist*, when it came to an end:

"The proper impulse has been given,
Wait a little longer."

* See "Letters and Memories," vol. i., 314-15.

Taking it all in all the life and work of Charles Kingsley were alike interesting and most useful. As the author of the *Saint's Tragedy*, "Yeast," and "Alton Locke," as the "Chartist Parson," in his poems and occasional letters, as the sanitary reformer and advocate of co-operation, preaching in his latter days the "gospel of godliness and cleanliness," as the influential university professor inspiring the young with noble ideals, as the type of a happy father in the bright cheerfulness of his home-life, and as the genial companion of a large and select circle of friends and acquaintances, who to this very day bear record to the attraction of his personal intercourse, Kingsley exercised a healthy influence on his immediate surroundings and the outer world, where he was chiefly known by his books of fiction.

Some few of his dreams have been realised. Some of his schemes for the regeneration of society have proved premature. The lesson of his life is contained in the words which ever cheered him both in success and failure—"Work, and despair not!"

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

BY BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

PART II.

THERE is an idea by those who do not ride the tricycle that the work of it is exceedingly fatiguing, and those who are seen riding receive often from the lookers on anything but complimentary observations, with proffers of assistance as singular as they are uninviting. In point of fact, however, nothing is so easy as the work when the art of working is mastered. It is easier than walking, it is easier than riding on horseback on the easiest horse that can be ridden.

The peculiarity of the process of riding on the tricycle is, indeed, when once the art is obtained, so that much can be done not only without fatigue, but with a sense of lightness and of relief from weariness, bodily and mental, which is positively refreshing. I can ride forty miles on the tricycle experiencing, I can safely say, less fatigue than from walking ten or from riding on horseback twenty, although I am a practised hand in both the last-named exercises all my life through, while I am comparatively a novice on the tri-

cycle. The reason of this is not difficult to explain.

In walking, the legs carry directly all the weight of the body, and as each foot comes down on the ground there is a certain vibration or shock quite through the body, which, though not acutely perceptible, is, nevertheless, fatiguing. The breathing, also, is carried on at a disadvantage, for the diaphragm or great respiratory muscle is not able to act in walking with that steadiness, and as it may be said, purchase, as it is when the pelvis is fixed, the spinal column firm, and the upper limbs steady. The circulation, too, is considerably quickened, and the heart is toiling at a rapid speed, lifting very quickly the whole of its blood over that hill called the ascending aorta, the first part of the great blood-vessel which springs from the heart in the form of a beautiful arch to supply with blood the upper and lower parts of the body.

In riding on horseback the body is seated, but the sitting is not firm. The body rises in the saddle with one forward movement of

the animal, and falls with the next movement, so that there is with the best riders a persistent concussion; there is, moreover, some weight borne from the stirrups. All these movements are adverse to saving of labour, and are very fatiguing. The lower limbs become weary from the support they have to give to the body of the rider, and from the grip they have to maintain on the body of the horse. The upper limbs become fatigued from the exercise that is demanded in guiding the horse, while the movement incident to the motion of the body and of breathing is carried out at a great disadvantage, a disadvantage quite as great as that from walking. The effect on the circulation is still worse. With each concussion the column of blood rising from the heart is brought back upon the protecting aortic valves, and the tension of the great artery is tried severely. In the old days of posting, when men were regularly employed to ride post, this effect of constant strain upon the great aorta gave rise to a disease, an aneurism or dilatation of the vessel to which the significant name of "post-boy's disease" or "post-boy's aneurism" was applied.

In tricycling these difficulties are very greatly lessened if not removed. The body is lightly seated, and the direct weight of the body upon the lower limbs is taken off, the limbs themselves being left free to do the work required. The concussion of the body through the limbs is also much relieved. The body is firmly placed and the breathing is well and easily and firmly sustained. Best of all, the heart is not subject to over-strain or concussion by the exercise when the exercise is carried out with even common regard to steadiness and freedom from violence of effort.

These are the reasons why the motion got by the bodily work in tricycling is so much easier than that got by walking or by riding on horseback, easier, in short, than any other mode except by the bicycle.

LEARNING TO RIDE.

It must not, at the same time, be supposed that tricycling can be successfully practised off-hand, and that it is only to mount and be off. There really is a good deal to learn in order to tricycle—quickly, merrily, safely, healthily. The art must be learned, and a few of the most important points to be learned, in order to make the exercise good and healthful, may appropriately come in here.

Beginners often are led to make hard work of the exercise from not getting hold of the art of moving the pedals. I was myself a long time very clumsy, and made myself more weary in a mile than I would now in twenty miles. This art can only be acquired by practice, and it does not consist at all in throwing all the force of the rider into every movement, but in skill in making each movement sharp, clean, and complete in itself, reserving always the full force that may be judiciously thrown in for special occasions when the necessity arises. The art is perfect when the rider, while progressing, has learned to forget that he has any legs at all, and when he works them automatically, changing the pressure without any serious thought as to the reason of change, and leaving the higher nervous centres free for steering and foreseeing all the obstacles that lie in the way.

To arrive at this very simple perfection a few details have to be attended to by the learner. The first of these is that he makes up his mind to the certainty that there is no practical difficulty in the way of attaining to the perfection required. The next is to gain confidence in the power to sit and propel with the feet. The third is to adjust the seat or saddle and the handles in such manner as to suit the precise requirements of the particular rider. The last is to hold all force that is not required for immediate service, in reserve for emergencies.

In propelling, then, the learner, if on a rotary machine—and this is so distinctly the best I shall refer to no other—must be careful to plant his feet firmly on the pedals in such manner that the ball of the foot rests on them. Many commence by putting either the arch of the foot or the toes on the pedals, which is an entire mistake, because as a fundamental rule it must be remembered that the best motion is got by treading as in walking, and the nearer the movement of walking is obtained the better. The pressure down being made from the ball of the foot, the heel should be brought into good play: the heel should descend as the foot goes down, by which movement the pedal is not only brought to its lowest, but without extra labour is pushed forward. This prevents partial dead stops or locks, makes the machine move on evenly and gives momentum. The motion started in this manner should be sustained steadily; it should never be in starts or spurts, and, except when the object in view is actual racing, it should not be at racing speed. Six miles an hour, taking one

road with another, for six hours a day, is the steady motion to be attained to. A great deal more may of course be accomplished by practice, but the rider who can master this pace and keep it up day by day has nothing to be ashamed of, while he may be assured that if he be in fair condition he is pursuing a course which is as healthful as it is enjoyable.

If it be kept in mind that walking is the mode of propulsion to be imitated, the ankle motion will then be gained as a matter of course, and the knee motion will not be strained. It will be soon discovered that the knees must not be too much bent, and that three parts standing is the best position in the seat or the saddle. If the seat is set low, and the knees are bent, the power that is lost is dead against good and effective work. In the bent position there is no weight put into the work which is a loss, while there is an impediment introduced from another cause. When the knee is bent the great muscle which runs down the fore part of the thigh and which, including the knee-pan, ends in a tendon or sinew attached to the large leg bone, the tibia, is working at each contraction with very great friction, its tendon being held tight upon the knee-pan. It therefore soon becomes exhausted, wearied, stiff, and painful. But if the limb be kept nearly straight while at work, the weight of the body comes into instant action, and the rectus left easy in its work undergoes no more fatigue than the other muscles of the thigh and leg.

The lessons to be drawn from this fact are these:—(1) Do not sit too heavily on the seat, but only so as to rest the body firmly. (2) Keep the seat so high that the feet reach the pedals when at their lowest, comfortably and no more. (3) Have the seat sufficiently forward to enable you to be well over the pedals, or as the usual saying is, "well over the work."

Too much attention cannot be paid to these details. Many riders fail for a long time, from no other cause than from neglect in attending to them.

The character of the seat is of moment. The seat should be so shaped that it does not in the least interfere with the backward movement of the limbs. For this reason I recommend gentlemen to ride on a rather long and narrow saddle. For ladies I recommend a small seat well hollowed out on the front edge so as to give as much freedom of movement as can possibly be obtained.

It is a matter of moment for every one to keep to his own saddle or seat. It is good for every rider to keep to his own machine and to have it altered for others as little as possible; but it is almost essential for the saddle to be exclusively his own; it soon becomes modelled to the necessary fit, and, like a shoe, is that which no two persons can comfortably adapt and adopt.

In learning to ride the tricycle the management of the breathing should have a first consideration. To get into a good and healthy habit of breathing, and to get that habit confirmed is worth a great deal to riders of all ages. Let then the following brief rules be kept in mind.

There are two handles on the tricycle, one of which, that on the right hand, is used for steering the machine; the other, that on the left hand, for holding by. Both afford support. By seizing these handles firmly, and pulling up by them, great power may be got for propelling the machine, because by this means the hands and arms come in to assist the legs and an extra force is put on. Young riders are apt to begin by laying on this reserve power and never giving it up. To use this assistance, however, the chest has to be firmly fixed. The easy, natural movements of the chest, those movements by which we unconsciously fill the chest in the ordinary way when we are quietly moving about or sitting, are not carried out, but deep breathing is established, the lungs are filled with air to distention, and great pressure is thrown upon the heart. These are bad effects to keep up; they soon cause extreme fatigue, and they prevent the rider from being ready to meet difficulties in climbing, in going over rough roads, and in meeting other obstacles which are sure to spring up whenever he undertakes a few hours' journey. The point of practice, consequently, is to use the handles as rests for the hands on all common occasions, to let them hold the handles lightly, with no more force than is just necessary for steadiness and mastery, and only to bring them into full use when the necessity arises—that is to say, when extra power is suddenly called for, as on approaching the upper part of a hill, or in moving over rough or soft ground.

Another rule about breathing is, to learn from the first to breathe by the nostrils, not by the mouth. I do not know why it is, but certain it is, that most riders get into the way of mouth-breathing, as if they had no nose at all, the moment they get into the saddle. The result is always

bad. The passage of air over the surface of the tongue and throat renders those surfaces very dry, so that in a short ride the desire for some liquid to moisten the mouth and throat becomes urgent, and leads to swallowing a large quantity of drink, which is injurious, and the throat is not only made dry, but sore from the dryness. In addition to this mischief the large surface of the mouth and throat is exposed to catch all impurities of dust and dirt floating in the air, while much power is lost owing to the rapidity of the breathing that is induced, the irritation and cough that are often brought on, and the reduction of purchase in respiring owing to the constantly open state of both the breathing inlets and outlets, the nostrils and the mouth. Learn then to breathe by the nostrils in the ordinary and natural way from the beginning of the practice.

The earliest exercises on the tricycle should be taken on a level road, and they should not be so prolonged as to produce fatigue or embarrassment of the breathing or circulation. Gradually the time of riding should be increased and the common difficulties of the road met. It is good practice to commence by riding a mile the first day, and not to exceed two miles a day for the first three or four days; after that the exercise may extend to five miles a day, and in a week or two to the full of the rider's capacity.

On this point of the rider's capacity for work there are certain rules bearing on health which are vital.

RULES TO BE OBSERVED SPECIALLY.

1. The riding should never be carried out at one time to the extent of causing excessive weariness, stiffness of the muscles and membranes, and want of power in the limbs.

2. In climbing a hill it is never advisable to strain every muscle, from the foolish determination to mount the hill at all costs. It is best, and quickest, and easiest, and safest to dismount and to push the machine up to the brow of the hill. The act of walking for a short distance relieves the rider. It brings a new set of muscles into play, and it "stretches" the body, to use a common expression.

3. Practice in climbing will enable a rider to get over difficulties which a young rider considers all but impossible. I have found that out beyond anything I expected when I began to ride, and I can now, without fatigue, climb hills, which I would never have dared to have faced at first. This art

is got by the process of treading the machine, that is, of throwing the whole weight of the body into the pedals, by which process a heavy rider, quite as easily as a light one, can acquire the power of getting up a hill. Yet it is bad to attempt to carry this effort too far, as all good riders will maintain. The question is when to get off the machine before or during climbing. Some reckon by the ascent, and tell you that when the eye roughly measures an ascent of one in seven or eight, it is the wise thing to dismount and push up the machine. A better practice is to be guided by the power of the rider to move on without bringing in his reserve force. If the hill be long and he finds it necessary to pull hard at the handles in order to make progression, the time has come for him to dismount and to walk the ascent.

4. In descending a hill every advantage should be taken to save the motion of propulsion and to let gravitation do the work of the rider. It is in this way that so much labour is saved in riding, and so much advantage is gained over walking, not only in speed, but in actual work, for, as we all know, walking down hill is very shaking and laborious work. Sometimes, on the tricycle, however, too much advantage is taken of the running down hill, and a speed is got up which is not merely accompanied with a certain amount of unnecessary risk from falls, but with other risks which, less perceptible to the rider, are hardly less dangerous. These are excitement, fulness, thereby, of the brain with blood, and concussion from the rattle of the run, all of them injurious results. I have known extreme giddiness, and what we physicians call vertigo, produced by too rapid running down a long descent. *Facilis descensus* is a good motto to keep in mind on these occasions, together with the moral that clings to it. In running down hill it is wise to keep the machine well in hand by the brake, to confine the pace to seven or eight miles an hour, and not to attempt to get up momentum until the lower part of the descent is reached. There, after considerable practice, a little more freedom may be permitted so as to assist in meeting a rising ground, just as for all time past our drivers of carriage, coach, and cart have been accustomed to close a downhill and breast an up.

5. The capacity for work when the art of good riding has been acquired should never be measured by what can be done on one day or on one particular occasion. The body

is sometimes capable of performing without sense of fatigue a much larger amount of work than it is at others. Very trifling circumstances also assist or oppose a rider; direction and character of the wind, good or bad turning of his machine, good or bad temper of his own, change the labour vastly. One ride cannot, therefore, as a matter of course, be taken to represent another, and it is very bad to set up as a hard and fast rule in touring that so much, *nolens volens*, shall be done in a day. The safest plan is to keep in the mind a fair but not too high average, and never to exceed that except under favourable circumstances. The average I have already given—six miles an hour for six hours a day—is as sound an one as I can suggest in the present stage of tricyclic evolution. What may come as the machine is improved, when it is made to wind itself up as it runs down hill, with the brake turned into a reserve of force, I will not venture to say.

6. The rule not to overstrain the body in riding by attempting too much is applicable to persons of all ages, but it requires to be enforced on the young, who are the most liable of all to suffer from over-strain. Growing youths are not fitted to make prolonged and wearisome journeys, extending over several days or weeks, at high speed, taxing all the physical qualities of the rider. This is a word in season, if it be acted upon, which this Magazine never carried for a healthier purpose. The idea of our young is speed! speed! speed! They wish to go, like the letters of a past time, labelled "haste! haste! oh, haste!" The end is folly. It is turning a good thing to a bad use; an enjoyment into a slavery; a healthy into a breakdown exercise. I know that it would be vain to try to stop competitive riding. I know that by competition the makers of tricycles are enabled to test their machines, and are stimulated to carry out improvements. Yet there must be a limit or the art will be endangered from the injury it will inflict, and when it becomes a strain on the vital powers

then the injury it inflicts on the life is inevitable. I feel this so much that I lately gave a prize for a fifty mile competition with a sense of compunction which is unpleasant, notwithstanding the most judicious arrangements to prevent any approach to consequences that may be regrettable.

7. In order to effect a long ride without severe fatigue it is good, and, indeed, right, to divide the journey into easy stages. From two to three hours is long enough to work at one stretch, and fifteen to twenty miles is long enough for one ride. It is always wise, in touring, to take the morning and evening for the longest rides, and few enjoyments equal a gentle spin along a pleasant road by moonlight. I do not think it is a sound plan to break suddenly through fixed physical habits bearing on bodily rest and bodily exercise, and I would not, therefore, recommend those who have arrived at mature life to alter their times for rest and work very much, out of regard to the practice of this new exercise. If they are by habit early risers I should say by all means take full advantage of the first hours and get the prime of the morning for the first ride, get eighteen miles out of the thirty-six in a day's tour. Then six or eight miles may be made in the course of the day, and the remaining ten or twelve when the sun is going down, or, if there be a full moon, when the moon has risen. By this division time is afforded as well for rest as for the purpose of becoming better acquainted with the history and character of the localities through which the journey is made.

I intended, when I sat down to this paper, to add a rule or two for the selection of a tricycle, and to give some account of the relative merits of the machines I have myself used. I find, however, that I have no space left, and although I am well aware that many persons are anxious for me to give a direction on this matter, I must ask them to be kind enough to wait for it in an early number of GOOD WORDS.



THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE CONQUERING HERO.

THERE had been only a hint given of the intended flight to the south for the winter; but the Fiscal understood it and all that it meant. To the amazement of Mrs. Musgrave he did not rise at the hint and offer opposition.

She misunderstood his silence for approval, and in one sense she was not quite pleased. That is to say, she did not like to feel herself of such small account as to make it easy for him to dispense with her society for several months.

He was too sad to oppose her. And when he looked at Ellie, noting how pale and thin she was growing, he thought that any change would do her good and that, by-and-by, she might come home to happiness. Meanwhile his own mind being so much disturbed he believed it would be best for her that she should be away.

But he would miss her—so much! How this gnarled oak of a man clung to that tender ivy which had wound itself round about his life so that it seemed, and was to him, the evergreen foliage of the parent trunk.

It would be best for her, however, all things considered, that she should be away for a time; and so, when his wife urged that they should seek a warmer climate for the winter on account of their daughter's health, he made no opposition.

He had no doubt of Armour—no doubt, certainly, of Ellie. They would be faithful and they would come together by-and-by—that is if he might permit it.

That was why he had warned Armour to be prepared for the impending flight, although it had not yet been finally decided upon. It soon was decided, however.

Returning from his victorious campaign at Gartburn, and with his new honours fresh upon him, the first visit Fenwick paid was to Torthorl. It might have been some lurking sense of gratitude to Mrs. Musgrave which inspired this prompt courtesy. She thought it was, and her congratulations were the more effusive in consequence.

But he observed that Ellie was not impressed by his importance as a British legislator; she was even miserably cold

in her reception of him; and he was disappointed.

With the affectation of a vain man he pretended to make light of his success.

"It is really nothing. Anybody could have done it as well as me if he had only taken the right way."

Of course *he* had taken the right way, and was thus enabled to buy new admiration cheaply; for besides implying that he was above the weakness of being excited by this trifling incident in his life, he also implied that the really great things were to come.

"Why, I thought you told the electors that you were unspeakably proud of the honour they had conferred upon you," said Ellie innocently.

"Oh, yes, one says that sort of thing in a speech—it's a matter of form. You are obliged to put it in whether you mean it or no."

"Do you say things that you do not mean, then?"

"In public speeches everybody does so—it is unavoidable. If we were to say only what we mean there would be few speeches, and they would be short."

"Unless you say what you mean, I do not understand how you can make a speech at all," was Ellie's comment.

"It is quite easy, I assure you, Miss Musgrave. You get up your subject and then tell the electors how you will turn everything to their special advantage. Make them believe that to be the whole object of your existence, and it's all right."

"I should prefer to make them believe only what I thought might be accomplished."

"Ah, you would never succeed as a parliamentary candidate."

"You do not understand these things, Ellie," broke in the mother; "Mr. Fenwick does, and you see he is elected!"

The fact of the election was a sufficient answer to the silly ideas of her daughter about the propriety of saying only what one meant. Ellie said nothing more: she was of the same opinion still—that John Armour would never have given the people promises he did not mean to fulfil.

When Mrs. Musgrave found an opportunity of speaking to Fenwick alone she said with an expression of much anxiety:

"Do you observe any change in Ellie?"

"She seems to be a little out of sorts."

"I am afraid she is a great deal out of sorts, poor child. Did you not observe how thin and pale she has grown?"

"I hope there is nothing serious the matter with her."

"We hope not, but the doctor says she must have a complete change and I purpose taking her to Cannes or Nice for three months or so."

Fenwick's countenance fell.

"That will no doubt set her up; but I wish the place had been nearer so that I might have had a chance of seeing her—and you, occasionally."

"I should not think the journey one of excessive fatigue for a gentleman accustomed to travel."

Fenwick's countenance brightened into a smile.

"That's true. I'll call and leave a card," he said gaily.

"It will be delightful. We shall be so lonely, you know, for Ellie does not make new friends readily and we do not know of any one who is going out this winter, but I think of asking Miss Dinwuddie to go with us."

"She would be capital company for you both—she is such a jolly girl. When do you intend to start?"

"As soon as we can make our arrangements. In about a fortnight I should think."

Fenwick went away contented. He did not mind Ellie's coldness now, and he overcame his chagrin at the marked care with which she avoided being alone with him even for a moment; for he would soon have plenty of opportunities of seeing her under circumstances more favourable to his suit. He had no doubt the change would do her good and under the influence of the sunny south she would forget Armour.

"Poor beggar!" he mentally exclaimed as he rode along, "he has fallen upon bad times. To lose his fortune and his lass at one stroke is hard upon him."

There was a curious mingling of sincere pity and a petty sense of triumph in Fenwick's mind. He congratulated himself upon being such a lucky dog. Whatever indifference he might affect in the presence of others, he was proud of his election; and he was confident that in the end he would gain the election to Ellie's hand, too. It was not in the nature of things that any girl would go on moping for a man who was ruined

and had no prospect of being able to support a wife for years to come.

Mrs. Musgrave had very much the same idea and her little plan was working perfectly. Now that Fenwick had promised to follow them, she at once proceeded to inform her husband distinctly of her intentions for the winter.

"Very well," said the Fiscal as quietly as if she had only told him that she was going out for a walk.

"I am sure you must see yourself how much she needs this change," Mrs. Musgrave proceeded to argue as if he had raised some objection. "She has had far too much vexation for one so young and she will never get over it if she is kept within sight of Thorniehowe."

"Yes, she has had some fash, like other folk," was the placid response.

"You do not disapprove of the arrangement?"

"No."

"Then you will impress upon Ellie the importance of trying to be cheerful and to take an interest in her travels."

"I will make out a list of rules for her guidance and she will of course obey them. Ten minutes will be at first allowed for moping, five minutes afterwards and all the rest of the day to be given up to laughter and sight-seeing."

"But I particularly wish you to advise her not to waste her time and health thinking about Mr. Armour."

"We can give the advice but it is too good to be adopted."

"I am convinced she would obey if you were to advise her in earnest."

"I shall be most earnest in counselling her to abandon everything that may waste her time and health," said he solemnly.

"Then there is another matter upon which I desire to consult you. I propose to invite Miss Dinwuddie to accompany us so that Ellie may have a suitable companion."

"Very well," in exactly the same tone as before.

"I think it will be very pleasant for her and agreeable to me."

Poor Mrs. Musgrave, she wanted to discuss the details of this important journey—how important it was in her estimation only she herself quite understood and she could find no one who would discuss them with her. She was obliged to force the conversation.

"Then we will start immediately after the Cluden Peel party is over."

"Very well."

The Fiscal was abstracted and busy making the arrangements for his retirement from office. These were the more troublesome as his resignation had been returned to him with an earnest request that he would reconsider it.

Ellie could not take an interest in the proposed journey. At another time she would have liked to make it, but at this juncture it seemed as if she were running away from Armour when he had most need of all the help her love and presence could give him. But her father had said that she ought to go; and that was enough. Armour could not join her at Cannes as he had done at Kirkcudbright.

There was one point, however, in which she did take some interest—that was to learn as soon as possible the date of their departure. She would have liked it to be before the Cluden Peel dinner, but knew that it would not be; and she was not disappointed when her mother informed her that they would leave three or four days after it. She was able to look forward to this tiresome party with some resignation as her father had promised to accompany them to it.

Meanwhile Mrs. Musgrave found in Miss Dinwiddie the enthusiastic sympathy in discussing all the details of preparation for the journey which she did not find at home. Miss Dinwiddie accepted the invitation gleefully, came over to see her and Ellie about it and would have been pleased to start at once, but that she, too, was to be at the great Cluden Peel dinner and would have been very sorry to miss it.

That "great banquet," as Mrs. Musgrave called it, brought together the largest company that had been at the Peel since the bridal day of its present master. Light and mirth filled the rooms and many hearty congratulations were offered to the new member for Gartburn. As Mrs. Musgrave surveyed the scene she was full of joyful anticipations.

"Ellie must be impressed by all this. She must compare the brilliant future which is before her, with the dreadful one she has so narrowly escaped from."

"She must begin to feel that it is worth thinking twice about me," Fenwick was saying to himself as he watched Ellie in the drawing-room.

"Is it nearly time to go, papa?" Ellie was whispering at the same time.

"Yes, I think we had better go soon. It

has begun to snow and I expect a storm is not far off," said the father.

CHAPTER XLII.—A FAREWELL.

WHEN the Torthorl party left Cluden Peel the snow had only begun to fall in big soft flakes, which drifted hesitatingly to the ground like pieces of down, every gust of wind altering their course. The flakes fell faster and thicker as the night advanced, the wind became stronger, and the white masses were like whirlpools in the air.

The snow had ceased to fall before dawn, and the wind had become quiet. The sun was a red flame, and there was a broad prairie of fire in the sky which tinted the white ground. The cold stillness of the morning and the robin chirping on her window sill made Ellie think of the lilt:

"When the hills are covered wi' snaw,
O then it's winter fairly."

She opened the window; the robin came in and perched on the top of the looking-glass, with head on one side eyeing his hostess knowingly. The birds and Ellie were great friends: her window ledge was a place of general entertainment for them. A small platform had been constructed on it where a plentiful repast of crumbs was spread every morning; and in one corner was a water dish which Ellie seldom allowed to be empty. The consequence of this hospitable entertainment was that she had many visitors during the winter and spring months, although in summer time the platform was almost deserted. But Ellie did not accuse them of ingratitude: she was content to serve them in their time of need.

And now she wondered if that bird sitting there with his comical look of curiosity had any suspicion that she was about to take flight and leave them all at the mercy of a servant who might or might not remember her instructions. It seemed as if she were being taken away from everything—and everybody—she liked. The thought of the loneliness of her father during the long absence of her mother and herself was a sad one. It made her even think of pleading for an alteration of plans. But he had said it was best that she should go, and she must obey with as few signs of reluctance as possible.

The two were very silent at breakfast that morning. A huge blazing fire made the room cheery and took away all discomfort from the white wintry look of things outside. The snow was thawing from the eaves of the

windows and trickling down the panes in fantastic lines. The ground outside presented a perfectly smooth white surface; the shrubs beyond were like so many irregular piles of snow, and overhead was a cold grey sky. But the atmosphere was clear and bracing, exhilarating to the active worker and walker.

"I am going to Dalwheattie to-day, papa, to say good-bye to Mr. Thorburn," said Ellie as she poured out the coffee.

"Yes," he answered quietly without any symptom of surprise; "how are you to go?"

"I wrote to Mrs. Armour saying that I would go by train, and she is to have some one at the station to meet me. Can I take any message?"

"There is none, except that I shall be well pleased to hear that he is better. I'll tell Bryce to get the gig out and we can drive into the town together. Does your mother know?"

"I am going to tell her now."

Mrs. Musgrave was not pleased when made acquainted with her business.

"We really must attend to the ordinary civilities of life, child," she said somewhat petulantly; "we must call at Cluden Peel to-day."

"Very well, mamma," was the submissive answer; "but you will not be going until the afternoon and I shall be home in time to go with you."

That was so far satisfactory; it showed that Ellie was not trying to avoid the call as she had done on a former occasion. Therefore with an injunction "not to be late on any account," she allowed her to go.

It was not the frost or the snow, or the want of subjects of conversation which made the father and daughter so silent during the drive into town. They were both thinking about the impending separation. It was the first time in her life that she had been away from him more than a couple of weeks together and she had never gone so far away. The circumstances of the moment, too, made the event the more unpleasant to them.

She had much of her father's dislike to emotional displays, and both were quiet, but each was conscious that the same subject occupied the other's thoughts.

The distance to Dalwheattie by the railway is only a few miles and on arriving at the little station Ellie found Wull Greer waiting.

"He's just that anxious about your coming, miss, that Mrs. Armour was thinkin' she oughtna to hae tauld him to expect' you," was Wull's salutation.

"It is not far, is it?"

"Ou, no, but there's a short road an' a lang ane. What ane will we take?"

"The shortest, if you please."

"That's through the neep field, and if you're no feart for waddin' your feet we'll be there in nae time."

They passed down the road in the centre of which the snow had been already churned by cartwheels and horses' hoofs into a reddish slush. Ellie was glad to be led out of this mire into a turnip field where, in spite of the snow, men and women were busy "pu'in' the neeps." The workers were merry at their task as they moved along the furrows in an irregular line. The left hand grasped the "shaws," pulled up the bulb from the soft ground; then a deft stroke with knife or reaping hook swept off the tops and the turnip was ready for the byre or the sheepfold. There was plenty of time to exchange all the "clash" of the neighbourhood, for rough jokes and personal comment upon each other. But healthy good-nature predominated amongst these blithe workers in the snow.

"It's no far noo, miss," said Wull, "yon's the hoose."

And he indicated the cottage with a jerk of his thumb.

Passing from this scene of vigorous life into the sick-room was like passing suddenly from light into darkness.

Thorburn could not be induced to keep his bed; he persisted in getting up daily and he was allowed to have his way as the doctor said it would be dangerous to excite him by opposition. He was now on the little sofa propped up with pillows and muffled in blankets. Grannie was seated beside him knitting.

His eyes brightened as Ellie entered and he hastily threw a handkerchief over his head.

"Do you think you can bear the sight of me?" he asked before she had time to speak.

"Oh yes, Mr. Thorburn, you cannot look so ill as I have imagined you."

"Pull down the blind, mother."

The little room was not at any time well lighted by its small window, and it seemed to be late gloaming when the thick holland blind was down.

"You needna be sae particular, Jock," said Grannie, gently chiding what she, remembering the past, regarded as his vanity, "Ellie is nae qualmish miss that canna thole the sight o' a scart. I ken that she has gaen

to help folk that were far waur to look on than you can be."

"I have no doubt, but I don't want her to think with a scunner of the last time she saw me."

"But this is not to be the last time, Mr. Thorburn," interposed Ellie. "I mean to see you often yet, and you must not take such gloomy views of your own condition."

He uncovered his face, and if the light had permitted her to see how haggard and sallow it was she would have been grateful for his considerate precaution.

"I am not gloomy at all now," he said with a faint smile, "I am more content than I have been for many years, and am only taking a reasonable view of the course of nature. The accident has done me good—it has let out all the bad blood, and I am not the same man you used to come to at the cottage, except in the pleasure it gives me to see you again."

"I would have come sooner, only my father told me it would be better for you if I waited for a few days. But I could not delay any longer as we are going away on Monday."

"Going away?"

"Yes, with my mother to Cannes for the winter."

Thorburn was observing her face curiously, and she felt the blood tingling in her cheeks. She knew quite well what he was thinking. Was she running away because Armour stood on the brink of ruin and must fall into the abyss as everybody thought? She would have liked to assure him that it was not so, but she did not know how. He did not require the assurance.

"*He* will feel that loss more than the other. You don't want to go?"

"No, but my mother is very anxious about it, and my father agrees that we should go."

"Eh, but I'm wae to hear that," exclaimed Grannie sadly, "for it will take the fusion out o' my puir lad, and he is sare needin' a' that he has enoo."

At that cry Ellie felt as if she had agreed to do something wicked. She was sensible that this journey was intended by her mother to mark the close of her engagement with Armour. Her mother had not said a word to this effect, but her meaning was quite plain. Indeed Mrs. Musgrave was now acting as if she assumed that the affair had been definitely broken off in the course of that interview which she had herself arranged, just as at first she had treated the idea of a match between her daughter and the paper-

maker as too preposterous to be entertained seriously. Ellie had not attempted to force an explanation from her mother. That would be to cause unnecessary pain to them both. She was innocent of any suspicion that her mother could deliberately plan to separate her from the man to whom she had plighted herself. She was convinced that, by-and-by, when their fidelity had been proved—when it became clear that time, distance, and misfortune had no power to alter them—even her mother would become reconciled.

So she had been passive, prepared to wait calmly until her lover came to claim her. When he did come she would place her hand in his and go forth with him to meet and to endure whatever ills fortune might have in store for them. If she might have had her own way she would have preferred that the marriage should take place at once, so that she might have had what would have been a privilege in her eyes—a share in his new struggle. That would have been true happiness, and would have provided a rich store of sweet memories for after years. He, however, had said "We must wait." Her father evidently approved of that course, and it would afford her mother some satisfaction. So she was ready to wait submissively.

But when she heard Grannie's lamentation it found such sympathetic echo in her own heart that she felt guilty of cowardice. Her troth to Armour was as binding upon her as marriage vows, and she saw how she was deserting him when she should have been standing bravely by his side helping and comforting him. She was dismayed and distressed exceedingly.

Thorburn helped her out of the awkward whirlpool of thought into which she had been plunged.

"You mistake him for once, Grannie," he said: "her absence will put more pith into him, for he will know that the harder he works the sooner she will be back to him. There is only one thing which could take the fusion out of him—to learn what he never will learn, that she had jilted him. I'll answer for her."

Ellie made a little impulsive movement towards the speaker, and her cheeks were flushed with a grateful smile.

"There's nae need for onybody to answer for her," said Grannie; "an' I wasna meanin' to cast ony doubt upon Ellie, as she kens. I was just thinking about him at this minute—me here, and her awa'—left a' his lane to warstle wi' the warld."



"It's no far noo, miss," said Wull, " ycn's the hoose."

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"He'll pull through, never fear," was Thorburn's confident assurance. "His back may be at the wall, but he has the stuff in him that makes a man fight best when the odds are greatest against him."

"Nae doubt, nae doubt, but I'm wae to hear that Ellie's to be awa'."

"It is only for a few months, you know, Grannie," said Ellie, "and we can speak to each other through the post. He will be so busy that the time will pass quickly, and when I come home again we shall all be very happy!"

Then there was a pleasant chat about the future, and what was to happen when Ellie came home. Thorburn entered into the speculations as to the future as if he expected to be present to share their joy. At moments a grim smile would flit across his face when they spoke of the part he was to take in the rejoicings, but it passed so swiftly that Ellie only once observed it. A chill passed over her—she understood his thought although Grannie was quite deceived by her own wishes and the cheerfulness of his speech. He knew that his place would be vacant when she came home.

His almost supernatural sensitiveness made him aware that Ellie had divined his thoughts. A slight, quick movement of his hand enjoined silence, and indicated that his assumed cheerfulness was for Grannie's sake. In his face she read this, "It is the only kindness I can do her—to let her believe that there is still hope."

He said aloud,

"You will tell your father, Miss Musgrave, that I was at the Dalwheattie market yesterday—"

"At the market!"

"Oh, yes, I made them take me out! You see, I can't get them to believe how strong I am. They would coddle me up here and kill me with kindness if I allowed them to have their own way. But I won't let them do it. Tell him, too, that I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath, and a man who has been at kirk and market after such an accident as mine can't be said to die of the effects of it. Be sure to tell him all that, and how blithe you found me."

"I shall not forget anything."

"And what do you think Grannie has been trying to do? You won't believe it. She has been trying to prevent me from going to kirk. Did you ever hear the like?"

"You ken it's because we are feared that you are no strong enough yet," was Grannie's mild defence of her extraordinary conduct.

"But I am strong enough. Do you not feel how much cheerier I am since we drove through the market? I mean to be at the kirk on Sabbath and I mean to be at Kirkcubry, too, on the first day that John can take me. . . . I *will* do it."

It is told that people have lived beyond the physical term by the sheer force of WILL. Thorburn was trying to do so now; and to that end he was hoarding all his strength. He who had been so eager to die was now eager to live—but only for a few days, that he might accomplish his work of atonement and hear the message of mercy—he had no doubt it was one of mercy—which Graham had left with his sister for him.

"Is it not too much for you to do all at once?" queried Ellie.

"Not at all. They hap me so that I am like a clothes peg; I can walk a little and Wull Greer can do all the rest for me. . . . I want you to remember him, Miss Musgrave. He is worth remembering."

"My father told me that he was to have a small farm of his own soon."

"Oh! . . . he did not tell me about that, but I am glad of it. He'll give up poaching then I should think and keep out of mischief, like that old radical who became a wild tory as soon as he was rich enough to buy a coo . . . I am glad to hear it. I suppose your father has done this for him?"

"He is helping him."

Then Ellie had to say good-bye.

"It is farewell," said Thorburn in a low voice as he held her hand. Then suddenly drawing her towards him he kissed her on the brow. "God bless you—I may ask a blessing for you although I may fear to ask one for myself."

"It is only good-bye," she answered with an attempt to smile; "you will be in your own cottage when I come back and able to play some of the old ballads for me again."

He smiled, pleased by her vain hope; he knew that it was vain. His fingers moved nervously as if they were touching the keys of a piano and "I'm wearin' awa,' Jean," was the air he heard and was dumbly repeating.

"You will make him happy," he pleaded in a low voice. The gentle pressure on his hand was sufficient assurance on that point. "He is not so deep in the mire just now as people think, and he is worth being pulled out of it. I can see a long way ahead, and I see you two together. I am content . . . Be sure to tell your father, I am content. All goes as he and I would wish. He will understand."

"I shall remember everything. Good-bye."

"It is farewell," he repeated and he was still smiling when the door closed upon her. Grannie's last words were hopeful, and almost removed from Ellie the eerie feeling she experienced in taking leave of one she was never to see again on this side of the grave. She, too, could hope; it is so difficult for the young to realise that death is near as long as there is life and speech. But the strange tone in which he repeated—"It is farewell," made her feel cold and awed.

She had not looked forward to the call at Cluden Peel with any pleasurable sensations, but after the morning visit to Thorburn she felt much as one might do when compelled to pass suddenly from the chamber of death into a ball-room. All the commonplaces, all the frivolities of life seemed to be brought into unholy proximity with all that is most solemn.

"You were extremely dull, Ellie," said Mrs. Musgrave after the visit and as they were driving home; "you were almost rude to Mrs. Fenwick, who really likes you and wishes to be kind. Luckily she attributed your strange manner to illness."

"I am not well, mamma," was all that Ellie could say. She was thinking that in a few more hours she would have to say good-bye to the dearest friend of all.

CHAPTER XLIII.—LOOKING FORWARD.

SHE was gone. As he watched the train diminishing in the distance, and then the last carriage disappear at a bend of the line, Armour felt that the best part of him had gone with her. Long after the train had disappeared he still saw the dear white face which gazed from the carriage window so longingly with a smile of mingled regret and hope until the curving embankment hid him from her sight.

They had been very quiet and behaved with most respectable coldness in the presence of the others. But for his standing so long looking after the train no onlooker would have suspected that this was a parting of lovers; and even as he stood there, no one would have imagined that he was watching the dearest treasure of his life passing away from him.

He could be calm because he was already looking forward to the day when he would be watching the train coming back and straining his eyes to catch the first glimpse of the face which would then be bright with glad smiles.

Their real parting had taken place on the afternoon of the day before. They had met on one of the terraces of Torthorl overlooking the river. They had walked up and down talking a little about the past and much about the future. Whatever fears they might entertain about the favours of fortune, there was one thing they were quite confident about—that they would be faithful to each other. And that confidence made the parting comparatively easy. There would have been nothing at all to disturb them in this brief separation if they had not been depressed by the conviction of Mrs. Musgrave's obstinate resolve that this should be the end of all between them.

They did not speak about that, however; both respected the mother sufficiently to believe that she would not continue to be obstinate when she found that it would destroy her daughter's happiness. So they spoke cheerfully of the future, taking sensible views of the practical difficulties before them, he resolute to overcome them and she believing that he could not fail.

Then they said "Good-bye—it will not be such a long time till we meet again."

That sweet assurance comforted them and he went lightly down the terrace steps to the gate which opened on the lower road; she returned to the house.

After this meeting they could afford to act calmly at the station. Mrs. Musgrave was excited; she was fussing about everywhere; and she was most gracious to Armour, treating him as an ordinary friend who had been "so good as to come to see them off on their travels." How Armour hated being told that he was "so good!"

Miss Dinwuddie was in ecstasies with everything and everybody; she had no time to observe how pale and quiet Ellie was, or to be in the least disconcerted by the unusual reserve of the Fiscal. He scarcely spoke to any one: even to Ellie he said little, but he kept her beside him till the train came up and she was obliged to take her seat. Then he mumbled something and stood by as if he had nothing to do with the travellers.

As the two men walked away from the station Armour was surprised and pleased to find the Fiscal linking arms with him.

"They will have a cold journey," he said; "I would have liked to have seen them safe to the end of it; but it was impossible. However, Ellie and that Dinwuddie lass have good Scotch tongues in their heads, as the saying is, and Mrs. Musgrave fancies she has a good English tongue, so they'll manage

amongst them. I wish they were home again and all well."

"It is not a very exhausting journey," rejoined Armour whilst he was saying to himself a hearty "Amen" to the wish of his companion.

"It is not the journey that fashes me—it's what may come of it. . . . Ellie tells me that—your father was at the Dalwheattie market the other day."

Although he tried to speak with the air of one who is simply curious to learn particulars of an unexpected event, he seemed to find difficulty in getting the words out clearly.

"Yes, and he was at the kirk yesterday. He insisted upon it in such a way that we were obliged to give in. Grannie says he never showed any eagerness to go to the kirk before and she looks upon it as a sign that the end is very near. We got a pew near the door, and when we lifted him out of the gig he walked in holding Grannie's hand and leaning on my arm. He sat out the whole service and was more cheerful than I have ever seen him when we got back to the cottage."

The Fiscal drew a long breath as if relieved of some troublous thought.

"That is good news. He'll come round yet."

"At times I have thought so too; but the doctors will not give a decided opinion. So far as I can make out they regard these exertions as the result of excitement and not of returning strength."

"Doctors have a way of giving no decided opinion until they are certain that nature will confirm it."

"Johnstone says we will know the best or worst after the visit to Miss Graham. I am sorry I told him about her droll fancy for he has caught it up as daffly as herself."

"May be her fancy is not so daft as it appears to you," said the Fiscal thoughtfully. "She and her brother were close friends and Graham may have told her something he kept from everybody else."

"At any rate, we are going to see her to-morrow or next day."

"I suppose you are to drive all the way. Take our machine; it will be standing idle now and the outing will do the horses good. I'll tell Bryce to be ready for you whenever you send."

"Thank you, that will be very convenient—your carriage goes easier than anything I could hire here about."

"Ay, Mrs. Musgrave was particular about it being made comfortable," said the Fiscal,

pleased that his offer had been so frankly accepted.

"We will go to-morrow or next day. Mr. Moffat is to be with us, and he suggests that if the journey does not prove too much for him we should bring him back to his own cottage here."

They were by this time at the Mill. Work was going on as steadily as if the men and women had heard nothing of the pending bankruptcy of "the Master"; the work-people looked as cheery as ever, thanks chiefly to the assurance Mr. Oswald had given them that the Mill would not be closed no matter what happened to their present employer. They were cheery also because the complacent manner of the old cashier made them believe that nothing particular would happen to the Master in spite of the wild rumours of immediate ruin which were flying about.

They were quite certain that there was little danger to fear when they saw Armour, accompanied by the Fiscal, passing amongst them now, stopping occasionally to give some directions to one of the men in his ordinary good-natured but decisive way. When Armour spoke every one felt that he had practical experience of what he was dictating. More than once he had shamed a clumsy or a lazy workman by doing himself what he was told could not be done in the way he suggested. He never required to tell that man a second time how the work should be done.

When the door of the private office closed on the Master and his friend, Lawson said with a contented grin to a neighbour:

"They may say as they like, an' break wha likes, auld Oswald is right—oor maister's no gaun to break."

These comforting words speedily passed through the Mill and helped to make hearts lighter and fingers more nimble than before. The first rumours had caused dismay to all the hands, for here was a hard winter upon them and to be suddenly thrown out of employment would have meant starvation to most of them.

In the office the Fiscal was seated at Armour's table going methodically over the statement of affairs which had been prepared for his inspection. He studied every item, questioned everything that did not seem clear with a cold shrewdness which pleased Armour, because it satisfied him that any arrangement entered into between them would be of a purely business character.

They were three hours at their task. In the

outer office Mr. Oswald was waiting to learn the result with as much nervous anxiety as if he had been charged with some crime and was doubtful what the verdict might be. He fidgeted about amongst his papers accomplishing a little work mechanically, and then, conscious of his divided thoughts, doing it all over again lest he should have made errors.

At length Mr. Musgrave closed the last sheet of the statement and leaned back in the chair.

"Everything is perfectly plain, Armour. It is an admirably clear statement of your position and there is only one thing which could make my friend hesitate to join you."

"You mean my possible liabilities in connection with the Bank shares."

"Exactly. You see there is no telling yet what they may involve. But I have no doubt we can come to an understanding. The business itself is in a sound position, most of your debtors are in the South and not likely to be affected by the Bank failure. At any rate with such orders as you have on hand there will be no need to stop the mill."

When Mr. Oswald heard the news he was only restrained by a severe sense of propriety from dancing a reel of joy. As he could not do that he took a large quantity of snuff and spilled a great deal more.

CHAPTER XLIV.—A PILGRIMAGE.

"I HAVE been observing everything that has been going on and making notes for future use," said the minister, when he had seated himself in the carriage beside Armour, and Bryce was driving them at a steady pace over the hard frosted road towards Dalwheattie. "But I did not want to put my finger into your pie until you invited me."

"You know how I value everything you say, and you know how I have profited by some of your advice."

He was remembering that it was Mr. Moffat's counsel which had inspired him to speak out to Ellie when he met her at the sluice. The little minister turned sharply round upon him.

"No," he said as if speaking to himself after closely studying Armour's face for a moment, "you are not a humbug—you are not saying that only because you think it will please me. You do respect what I say, and I think you ought to do so. Can you guess why?"

"Certainly; because you are my friend, and because your perception of the right way of doing things is quicker than mine."

"That might be mistaken for another sop to my vanity; now here's a sop for yours—the man who accepts advice and acts upon it is as wise as the counsellor. However, I have no intention of entering upon a disquisition as to the advantages—I say, advantages advisedly, for they are many and often substantial—of vanity and flattery. What it was in my mind to say was that I am pleased with you—very much pleased."

"I am glad of that," rejoined Armour, smiling at his companion's professional perception of subjects for discourse in the most ordinary conversation.

"Yes, it has been a great satisfaction to me to watch you keeping your feet steady and your head cool while fortune has been giving you hard dunts."

"But not the hardest she might have given me—she has left me her best gift of all."

"Oh, ay, she has left health and that is her best gift. Prize it, my man, and take care of it."

There was a merry twinkle in the minister's clear, keen eyes as he said this; he knew quite well that Armour referred to Ellie.

"I did not mean health exactly, although I am thankful to possess it."

"You would have meant it then if you had ever known the want of it. But of course you mean the bonnie lass who is ower the borders and awa. Well, you are right to be thankful for that, too. I wish men could always be in love; for, though the popular notion is that it makes fools of them, my notion is that it brings out the best stuff that is in a man. I have even known a fool grow wise under its influence.

"Why is it you have never married, Mr. Moffat?"

The minister looked as serious as if the question had been put to him for the first time.

"I have whiles thought of that and I positively don't know how it comes about. May be it is because I have been so busy marrying other folk that I had no time to marry myself. However," he added cheerily, "there is no saying what may happen yet. I am just a laddie of threescore and twelve, and I have many a time threatened Matthey that I would find some strapping hizzie to be mistress of the manse and him yet. Meanwhile I want to know how it is you feel so much at ease about Miss Musgrave when you have yourself broken off the engagement."

"There is really no difference in our posi-

tion. Our engagement was only binding so long as she wished it to be so; and all that I have done has been to tell her and her father that I do not consider her pledged to me in any other way. Her mother urged me to do it, and under the circumstances I could see no reason why she should not have her way. But Ellie will wait."

"I dare say, I dare say," said the minister meditatively, "but I am sure her mother will not."

Armour was not disturbed by that suggestion; for he knew that Mrs. Musgrave would not wait if she could help it. But what did that matter so long as he was sure of Ellie? Even when they were passing Cluden Peel there was no jealous thought of Fenwick in his mind; but the minister was thinking about the newly elected M.P., and of all that Mrs. Musgrave had said to him.

The horses moved quietly up the slippery brae to Dalwheattie Mill. Wull Greer saw them approaching and informed Thorburn who was impatiently waiting, ready to start on his strange pilgrimage.

He was dressed in a huge ulster which reached to his heels; and a travelling cap with lappets which covered his cheeks completely and concealed all signs of his accident. He was unusually calm, but the trembling lips and the restless movement of his eyes betrayed his eagerness. He was standing, leaning heavily on Wull's shoulder when his friends entered.

"Glad to see you on your feet again," said the minister, blithely. "How are you, Grannie? Your sick man is thriving fine, we'll have him running about as lively as ever in a few weeks."

"Ay, I think he's getting on fine," said Grannie in her quiet way; and then, as if addressing a child who was going out to play, "tak care o' yoursel' noo, Jock, and no catch cauld."

He was taken out to the carriage, and surprised Armour by the degree of vigour he displayed. Every precaution was taken to guard him from the effects of the keen frost. The minister chatted pleasantly and told some of his best stories. But during the whole journey Thorburn scarcely spoke. His gaze was fixed steadily on the window, as if watching for something which he yet half feared to see.

When they arrived at Miss Graham's squat little cottage Armour went forward to prepare her for the visit of his father. He had already explained her idiosyncrasies as he understood them from Miss Dinwuddie and her father. Thorburn had only said:

"I have no doubt of being able to convince her that I am myself."

As Armour passed through the toy garden, with its squares and straight paths, the primness of which was at present somewhat modified by a thin layer of frosted snow, he heard, as on the former occasion, the discordant chorus of dogs, parrots and canaries. The window was open as usual, in spite of frost and snow, and he heard the same words which greeted him on his first making acquaintance with the cottage.

"Qu'ate, ye brutes—qu'ate!" Then followed a short howl from a dog which had been chastised with its mistress's heavy staff.

"Do you remember me, Miss Graham? I called on you some time ago with Miss Dinwuddie."

The old lady shaded her eyes with one hand and peered under it as if she were looking at some object afar off, whilst she bent forward, leaning on her staff.

"What's your name?" she demanded in her gruff masculine voice.

"John Armour."

"Ou, ay, I mind noo. But you're no the John Armour I ken. Nobody kens whar he is, and I canna get thae birds to learn his name and gang awa' and find him."

"I have found him, and although I did tell him your name he is very glad to come and see you."

"Whar is he?" she said stolidly.

"Wha're ye, wha're ye," cried the one parrot; "kail brose—hoo's a—hoo's a," shrieked the other, and "Qu'ate, ye brutes" was the shrill command of their mistress.

"He is outside," said Armour as soon as he could be heard; "but he has had a very severe illness, and it has changed him so much that you may not be able to recognise him."

"Fetch him ben," was the decisive response.

The minister on one side and Armour on the other, Thorburn was led to the door. There Mr. Moffat halted and father and son entered the strange little room together. There was a three-legged stool in a corner which Armour hastily pulled forward; but Thorburn remained standing.

Miss Graham peered at him in precisely the same attitude as that she had assumed on Armour's first entrance; but she looked longer. Then she leaned back discontented but still staring at the visitor.

"Can ye no tak' aff your bonnet, man?" she said irritably.

"Will you excuse that, Miss Graham?"

interposed Armour. "An accident happened to him a little while ago and it would be dangerous for him to uncover his head. He has come to see you at great risk to himself and in spite of all our persuasions to the contrary."

"Ay, did ye want to keep him awa and he wouldna be keepit? That's like him. . . . Can you no speak?"

Thorburn appeared to find it difficult—the face of the woman brought back to him vividly that horrible incident which had ruined his life. At length, huskily:

"It is not easy to speak, Grizel Graham. . . . I am thinking of Eddie."

At that her eyes seemed to start forward. She rose slowly to her feet and the tall, gaunt form was trembling. She stretched out her long bony hand with one finger pointing at him.

"Naeboddy has called me Grizel, since he gaed awa'. I hae heard naeboddy speak o' Eddie for many a lang day. . . . You are the man."

"Yes, I am the Jock Armour you knew and he knew in other times. . . . I am told that he gave you a message for me. I come to hear it."

A sudden stillness fell upon the place. Even the parrots were quiet and the terriers were crouching at the feet of their mistress. She broke the silence in a low voice, and whilst evidently searching her memory for something which was continually eluding it:

"Ay. . . . an' you're Jock Armour! Vow me, man, what hae ye been daein' to yoursel'? You look as though you were an auld man an' it's no that lang since you were a spruce young lad skippin' about the kintry garrin' mony a braw lass sab and want her supper. . . . Ay, an' you're Jock Armour! I would never hae ken'd ye if ye hadna gi'en me my name."

"It is not always years that make folk look old, Grizel," he said, repeating the name which had helped so much to satisfy her of his identity.

She did not seem to be heeding his words; she was still busy searching her treacherous memory.

"An' am I like you? Am I as auld like?"

Without waiting for a reply she snatched up a hand bell and rang it violently shouting all the time "Nell Baird—Nell, ye limmer, come here—fetch me a lookin' glass this minute."

The dogs barked, the parrots screeched and the din was at its height when a stout,

ruddy-faced woman appeared leisurely at the door with the inquiry,

"What's wrang noo, mistress?"

"Fetch me a looking glass this minute.

Can you no hear?"

"Ye'll hae it just directly."

And stout as she was Nell Baird did return quickly with a small handglass. Miss Graham looked at her own face eagerly. She frowned: then thrust the glass away from her.

"Hoots, that canna be me. Tak' it away: it's just ane o' thae mockin' glasses that ye keek in at the fair an' see yoursel' upside down and a' head an' naeboddy. Tak' it awa' an' see if you can find something wise-like."

But there was a sad note of doubt in her voice, and the frown lingered on her brow as she resumed her seat. She was disturbed: the one idea which had been so constant in her mind during those weary years had deserted her at the moment for which she had been waiting.

"Did you speak about Eddie? What was't you said?"

"About the message he gave you for me."

"Ay, ay, I mind noo," she said smiling and nodding her head. "He was in the jail, ye ken, an' they hanged him—the scoondrels! Hanged my brither!"

Thorburn shuddered and growing faint was obliged to sit down on the stool, at last, Armour at his back supporting him. Miss Graham continued to smile and nod graciously to her visitors quite insensible to the pain and shame which had wrecked her reason, and unconscious of the agony her listener was suffering.

"Ay, I mind noo what it was—eh, but he was the kindest hearted lad that ever drew breath. It was in the jail as I was sayin', an' they wouldna let us hae mair than twa or three minutes tgether. 'Grizel,' says he, 'I'm gaun to gie you a man's sowl an' conscience to take care o' for my sake! 'Deed an' its ower muckle for me to dae, Eddie,' I says. 'But you maun dae it or I'll never rest in my grave.' That was fearsome to hear an' it was fearsome to take or to refuse the responsibility. What would ye think I said?"

"What was it he said to you?" asked Thornburn feverishly.

"It wasna what he said to me, it was what I said to him, an' it was this—'Gin the Lord gies me strength I'll dae onything you want, Eddie.' 'Very well,' says he, 'find out Jock Armour wherever he may be and tell him this—that I gave myself up to the police two

hours before he arrived at the station. Tell him that I die on my own confession and no man need think that he has betrayed me or hope to get the price set upon me Tell him, moreover, that I am sorry for the trouble I have caused him—sorry for the mistake he has made, and that with all my heart I forgive him the harm he intended to do me."

Thorburn's head was bowed upon his knees and there was a half-stifled whisper on his lips:

"Thank God—thank God, I am forgiven!"

But no one heard it and Miss Graham proceeded as if there had been no interruption.

"'Bear this in your mind, Grizel,' he says, 'no matter what comes, and I will die with an easy conscience. Seek him out wherever he may be and give him my message. It will lift a curse from his soul that may ruin him.' I was meanin' to go to you at once, Jock Armour, but something happened—I dinna ken what it was—they say I wasna weel, for a while after they hanged him. When I cam' to mysel' you were off to foreign parts and naeboddy ever ken'd onything about ye till the noo. I'm rael glad to see ye here and rael glad that Eddie's errand is done and he'll be able to rest qu'ate noo, puir lad. He maun hae been sair fashed waiting for you a' this while doon, doggie, doon."

One of the dogs had been trying to jump on to her lap as her voice had sounded low and soft. Then she sat nodding and smiling at the man who in his present position seemed to be crouching before her. He did not speak.

"Do you feel ony better noo? He said it would tak' the curse aff ye as soon as ye heard his message. . . . It maun be an awfu' thing to be gaun about the world wi' a curse on your shouters."

He rose almost without assistance and took Miss Graham's hand.

"I do feel better now, Grizel. Thank you and good-bye.

"Guid day, guid day, Jock Armour. You maun come an' see me soon again, an' we'll hae a crack about Eddie—I want to hae a crack about Eddie. There's naeboddy here about that ken'd him an' I'm wearying to hear a' your news. Folk aye say ye were a cliver chiel, Jock, an' that you would mak' a spoon or spoil a horn. Whilk are you gaun to do?"

"I have done all that I can do already

and the horn is spoiled, Grizel," he answered bitterly.

"Find anither, then, find anither. Guid day; come back soon."

Armour led him to the door, Miss Graham speaking cheerily to them all the time as if some great burden had been lifted from her own shoulders. And for days afterwards it seemed as if the relief she had found promised to restore her mental balance completely. But the relief came too late, and by-and-by she forgot all about the visit of Jock Armour, except when his son called to see her. She went on as before with her menagerie and was in her way happy.

The minister was waiting to add his strength to Armour's in taking Thorburn down the garden to the carriage. He grew rapidly more feeble as they moved away from the cottage. He fell into a kind of stupor and knew nothing of the anxious glances and whispers which his son and the minister exchanged. He recovered a little when they stopped at the door of Armour's house in Thorniehowe.

The intention had been at first to take him to his own cottage as it was thought he might feel more at ease there than in the Mill House. But the apparent collapse which appeared to be the result of the glad tidings he had heard from Miss Graham caused Armour to alter his mind and to have him conveyed to his own room. Grannie was there waiting for them, having been brought home by Wull Greer. When she found that Thorburn did not speak on his arrival at the house she said softly to herself:

"I was feared that it would end this way."

When he was laid on the bed and still did not speak she leaned over him, feeling his brow and his hands.

"Do you ken whar you are, Jock?"

He moved a little on his side as if turning away from the light.

"No, and it does not matter, Grannie. . . . The work is done."

When the doctor came and looked at him he shook his head.

"He has overdone it, as I expected, Mrs. Armour. Still we need not despair; he has wonderful strength in him—splendid constitution he must have had—and ruined."

"It does not matter, doctor," murmured Thorburn himself; "the work is done. . . . Musgrave is safe. . . . and I know that Graham's blood is not on my hands. All is well."

At intervals throughout the night he would rouse himself and murmur that consoling phrase, "the work is done."

When the doctor saw him in the morning he was lying quite passive, cool and clear, but wearied and unwilling to speak.

"Better to-day, Thorburn?" said Johnstone, in his rough hearty way.

"Ay, better to-day, and it will be all right to-morrow.

* * * * *

To think of it all, lying there on his back, with the white ceiling transformed into the open pages of the record of his life! Droll, how distinct it was, and how invisible hands seemed to turn the pages so that he read the history of the past over and over again.

He could, in a sense, put his finger on the passages where he had blundered and gone astray, misled by that most villainous Will-o'-the-Wisp, Jealous Passion; here misinterpreting very simple signs, looks and words; there misunderstanding actions which, read by the light of the later pages, were honest and natural.

Why had they not trusted him? That was the wail which rose to his lips although it did not pass them. And then the leaves were swiftly changed, and he was aware that they could not trust him because he had no faith in them; because explanation on their part at the time would only have led to new misunderstanding on his part.

It was pitiful, most pitiful, to learn this now when he was helpless and could do nothing to redeem the past. . . . Redeem the past! Oh! the folly of the wish and the bitterness of it! How easily everything might have been altered; by what imperceptible slips the wrong road had been taken at first and pursued, widening and leading farther away from the right at every step until this miserable end was reached.

Then came the cry of the selfish heart. Granting his folly and his madness, why had Fate been so cruel to him as to deny him, until the last moment, the knowledge that the revengeful act he had meditated had been frustrated, and that the friend he would have betrayed had forgiven him? Why had Grizel Graham been rendered speechless to him until now? He could have done so much in the course of these years of torture if—

But there was that terrible "If;" so slight a thing it seemed and yet it had barred him from happiness and hope. It had made his life a wreck, full of remorse and vain regret.

The leaves were turned swiftly again and he saw that it was his own blind passion and haste to escape from the shame of his own position which had given the demon "If" power to control his life and turn every en-

deavour awry. If he had boldly faced the position which he had himself created; if he had remained in Scotland a few weeks—a few days—he might have learned the truth in time to have made his career so different from what it had been. *If* he had remembered the duty he owed to those who were nearest to him, and stood stoutly by them, that fiery record of heart-burning remorse would never have been written.

He closed his eyes in the vain effort to shut the whole thing out from his mind; but the lines only appeared to become the more distinct, and the phantoms which they conjured up the more terrible.

He opened his eyes again and stared at the ceiling, determined that now he should show no cowardice: he would not attempt to run away from his own sin again. He would look it straight in the face and try to master it.

The watchers thought he was resting most satisfactorily, he was so quiet. When his eyes closed, he seemed to sleep; and when they opened again no one observed it.

"John," he said suddenly, reaching out his worn hand to the son who was leaning over the foot of the bed watching him.

Grannie moved in her chair by the side of the invalid and turned her face towards him. It was the first time she had heard him address his son by his Christian name. It was pronounced, too, so distinctly that her heart fluttered with new hope.

Armour hastily advanced and took the extended hand quietly between his own. That seemed to afford the father much relief.

"You think I am poor, John. You are mistaken. I am rich; I have a legacy to leave you more precious than all the wealth your bank has lost. . . . You think I am raving. No, I am speaking calmly and truly: the treasure which I leave you has been purchased by a life of bitter experience. . . . Your mother would have understood me. Will you try to understand me for her sake?"

"I will try."

"Then this is my legacy—have faith in everything and everybody. You will live and die happier if you have faith in men and women, no matter how they may deceive you, than if you have doubted them and wronged them. It is a richer legacy than you can understand it to be at present."

And then he stretched out his disengaged hand, resting it on Grannie's arm, and closed his eyes.

KEPT IN THE DARK.

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XIX.—DICK TAKES HIS FINAL LEAVE.

WHEN Sir Francis received the reply which Miss Altifiorla sent to his letter, he was not altogether satisfied with it. He had expected that the lady would at once have flown into his arms. But the lady seemed to hesitate, and asked for a week to think about it. This showed so much ingratitude on her part,—was so poor an acknowledgment of the position which he had offered her, that he was inclined to be indignant. “If she don’t care about it she shan’t have it.” It was thus that he expressed himself aloud in the hearing of Dick Ross; but without however explaining who the she was, or what the “it” was, or indeed in any way asking Dick’s opinion on the matter. Not the less had Miss Altifiorla been wise in the nature of the reply which she had given. Had she expressed her warm affection, and at once accepted all that had been proffered, the gentleman would probably have learnt at once to despise that which had been obtained so easily. As it was he was simply cross, and thought that he had determined to withdraw the proposal. But still the other letter was to come, and Miss Altifiorla’s chance was still open to her.

The immediate consequence of these doubts in the mind of Sir Francis was a postponement of the verdict of banishment which he had resolved to pronounce against Dick as soon as his marriage with Miss Altifiorla should have been settled. He did not wish to leave himself altogether alone in the world, and if this Dick were dismissed it would be necessary that he should provide himself with another,—unless he were minded to provide himself with a wife instead. He became therefore gradually more gracious after the little speech which has been above given. Dick had understood perfectly who the “she” had been, and what was the “it” intended. As no question had been asked he had made no reply, but he was quite quick enough to perceive the working of the Baronet’s mind. He despised the Baronet almost as thoroughly as did Mr. Western. But for certain purposes,—as to which he despised himself also,—the friendship of the Baronet suited him just at present.

One morning, for private reasons of his own, Dick went into Perth, which was twenty

miles distant from the Baronet’s shooting lodge, and returned the same day bringing the postbag with him from a point in the road at which it was daily left by the postman. Sir Francis with unusual haste read his letters, and among them was one from Miss Altifiorla. But Dick had a budget of news which he was anxious to reveal, and which he did tell before Sir Francis had said anything as to his own letter. There was another friend, one Captain Fawkes, at the Lodge with them, and Dick had at first been restrained by this man’s presence. As soon as he found himself alone with Sir Francis he began. “Lady Grant has gone off to Dresden,” he said.

“Where did you hear that?” asked the Baronet.

“They told me so at the club. Everybody in Perth knows that she has gone;—and why.”

“What business is it of theirs? Since you know so much about it, why has she gone?”

“To persuade her brother to come home and take his wife once more. It was a great shame that they should ever have been separated. In fact she has gone to undo what you did. If she can only succeed in making the man know the whole truth about it, free from all lies, she’ll do what she’s gone to do.”

“What the devil do you mean by lies?” said Sir Francis, rising in wrath from his chair.

“Well; lies mean lies. As I haven’t applied the word to any one I suppose I may be allowed to use it and to stand by it. I suppose you know what lies mean, and I suppose you are aware that Western has been made to believe lies about his wife.”

“Who told them?”

“I say nothing about that,” said Dick. “Lies are a sort of thing which are very commonly told, and are ordinarily ascribed to the world at large. The world never quarrels with the accusation. The world has told most infernal lies to this man about his wife. I don’t suppose the world means to call me out for saying as much as that.” Then the two remained silent for some moments and Dick proceeded with his eloquence. “Of course there have been lies,—wretched lies. Had a man, or a woman—it’s all one,—gone to that poor creature with a pistol in his hand and blown her brains out he wouldn’t have done a more dastardly action.”

"What the mischief do you mean by that?" said the other.

"I'm not talking about you,—specially. I say lies have been told; but I do not say who has told them. I rather suspect a woman to be at the bottom of it." Sir Francis, who had in his pocket a most tender and loving reply from Miss Altifiorla, knew very well who was the lady to whom Dick referred. "That man has been made to believe certain things about his wife which are all lies,—lies from beginning to end."

"He has been made to believe that she was engaged to me first. Is that a lie?"

"That depends on the way in which it was told. He didn't send her home merely for that. I am not saying what the lies were, but there were wicked lies. You sometimes tell me that I ain't any better than another,—or, generally, a great deal worse. But I'd rather have blown my brains out than have told such lies about a woman as have been told here by somebody. You ask me what they were saying at the club in Perth. Now you know it pretty well all."

It must be supposed that what had passed at the club had induced Dick to determine that it would no longer become him to remain with Sir Francis as his humble friend. Very evil things had in truth been said of Sir Francis, and they were more than Dick could endure. The natural indignation of the man was aroused, so that by degrees it had come to pass that he hated the Baronet. He had before said very sharp words to him, but had now gone home resolved in his righteous mind to bring things to a conclusion. It matters little in the telling of our story to know what lies Dick did in truth impute to his friend; but they were of a nature to fill his mind with righteous wrath and to produce from him the eloquence above described.

Sir Francis, whose vanity had been charmed by the letter which he kept in his pocket, had already made up his mind to part with Dick. But Dick's words as now spoken left him no alternative. It was a question with him whether he could not so part with him as to inflict some further punishment. "Why, Dick," he said smiling, "you have broken out quite in a new place."

"I know nothing about that."

"You must have been with the Bishop and taken a lesson in preaching. I never heard you come out so strong before."

"I wish you'd heard what some of those men at Perth said about you."

"And how you answered them,—as my friend."

"As far as I remember I didn't say much myself. What I did say certainly was not in your favour. But I was hardest on that sweet young lady with the Italian name. You won't mind that because you and she are two, now."

"Can you tell me, Ross, how long you have been eating my bread?"

"I suppose I could."

"Or how much you have drunk of my wine?"

"I haven't made a calculation of that nature. It isn't usual."

"For shooting here, how much have you ever contributed?"

"When I shoot I contribute nothing. All the world understands that."

"How much money do you owe me?"

"I owe you nothing that I've ever promised to pay."

"And now you think it a sign of a fine gentleman to go and talk openly at a club about matters which you have heard from me in confidence! I don't. I think it a very——"

"A very what, Sir Francis? I have not done as you allege. But you were going to observe a very——; what was it?" It must be here explained that Dick Ross was not a man who feared many things; but that Sir Francis feared much. Dick had little to lose by a row, whereas the Baronet would be injured. The Baronet therefore declined to fill in the epithet which he had omitted. He knew from former experience what Dick would and what he would not bear.

"I don't choose to descend to Billingsgate," said Sir Francis. "I have my own ideas as to your conduct."

"Very gentlemanlike, isn't it?" said Dick, with a smile, meaning thereby to impute it to Sir Francis as cowardice that he was unwilling to say the reverse.

"But, under all the circumstances, it will be quite as well that you should leave the Lodge. You must feel that yourself."

"Oh; quite so. I am delighted to think that I shall be able to leave without having had any unpleasant words. Perhaps tomorrow will do?"

"Just as you please."

"Then I shall be able to add a few glasses to all those buckets of claret which you threw in my teeth just now. I wonder whether any gentleman was ever before asked by another gentleman how much wine he had drunk in his house, or how many dinners he had eaten. When you asked me did you expect me to pay for my dinners and wine?"

Sir Francis refused to make any reply to this question. "And when you delicately hinted at my poverty, had you found my finances to be lower than you'd always known them? It is disagreeable to be a penniless younger brother. I have found it so all my life. And I admit that I ought to have earned my bread. It would have been much better for me had I done so. People may declare that I am good for nothing, and may hold me up as an example to be shunned. But I flatter myself that nobody has called me a black-guard. I have told no lies to injure men behind their backs;—much less have I done so to injure a woman. I have sacrificed no girl to my revenge, simply because she has thrown me over. In the little transactions I have had I have always run straight. Now I think that upon the whole, I had better go before dinner and not add anything to the buckets of claret."

"Just as you please," said Sir Francis. Then Dick Ross left the room and went away to make such arrangements for his departure as were possible to him, and the readers of this story shall see him and hear him no more.

Sir Francis when he was left alone, took out Miss Altifiora's letter and read it again. He was a man who could assume grand manners in his personal intercourse with women, but was peculiarly apt to receive impressions from them. He loved to be flattered, and was prone to believe anything good of himself that was said to him by one of them. He therefore took the following letter for more than it was worth.

"MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

"I know that you will have been quite quick enough to have understood when you received my former little scrawl what my answer would be. When a woman attempts to deceive a man in such a matter she knows beforehand that the attempt will be vain; and I certainly did not think that I could succeed with you. But yet a feeling of shamefacedness,—what some ladies consider as modesty, though it might more properly be called *mauvaise honte*,—forced me into temporary silence. What could I wish better than to be loved by such a one as you? In the first place there is the rank which goes for much with me. Then there is the money, which I admit counts for something. I would never have allowed myself to marry even if I had chanced to love a poor man. Then there are the manners, and the peculiar station before the world which is quite separate

from the rank. To me these alone are irresistible. Shall I say too that personal appearance does count for much. I can fancy myself marrying an ugly man, but I can fancy also that I could not do it without something of disgust." Miss Altifiora when she wrote this had understood well that vanity and love of flattery were conspicuous traits in the character of her admirer. "Having owned so much what is there more to say than that I am the happiest woman between the seas?"

The reader must be here told that this letter had been copied out a second time because in the first copy she had allowed the word *girl* to pass in the above sentence. Something told her that she had better write *woman* instead, and she had written it.

"What more is there for me to add to the above except to tell you that I love you with all my heart. Months ago,—it seems to be years now,—when Cecilia Holt had caught your fancy, I did regard her as the most fortunate girl. But I did not regard you as the happiest of men, because I felt sure that there was a something between you which would not suit. There is an asperity, rather than strictness, about her which I knew your spirit would not brook. She would have borne the battlings which would have arisen with an equal temper. She can indeed bear all things with equanimity,—as she does her present position. But you, though you would have battled and have conquered, would still have suffered. I do not think that the wife you now desire is one with whom you will have to wage war. Shall I say that if you marry her whom you have now asked to join her lot with yours, there will be no such fighting. I think that I shall know how to hold my own against the world as your wife. But with you I shall only attempt to hold my own by making myself one with you in all your desires and aspirations.

"I am yours with all my heart, and with all my body and soul.

"FRANCISCA.

"I say nothing now about the immediate future, but I hope it will please your Highness to visit your most worthy clerical relations in this cathedral city before long. I shall say nothing to any of your clerical relations as to my prospects in life until I shall have received your sanction for doing so. But the sooner I do receive it the better for my peace of mind."

Sir Francis was upon the whole delighted with the letter, and the more delighted as he now read it for the third time. "There is

such an air of truth in every word of it." It was thus that he spoke to himself about the letter as he sucked in the flattery. It was thus that Miss Altifiorla had intended that he should receive it. She knew herself too well to suspect that her flattery should fail. Not a word of it failed. In nothing was he more gratified than in her allusions to his matrimonial efforts with Miss Holt. She had assured him that he would have finally conquered that strong-minded young woman. But she had at the same time told him of the extreme tenderness of his heart. He absolutely believed her when she whispered to him her secret,—that she had envied Cecilia her lot when Cecilia was supposed to be the happy bride. He quite understood those allusions to his own pleasures and her assurance that she would never interfere with him. There was just a doubt whether a thing so easily got could be worth the keeping. But then he remembered his cousin and determined to be a man of his word.

CHAPTER XX.—THE SECRET ESCAPES.

"ALL right. See you soon. Ever yours, F. G." Such was the entire response which Miss Altifiorla received from her now declared lover. Sir Francis had told himself that he hated the bother of writing love-letters. But in truth there was with him also an idea that it might be as well that he should not commit himself to declarations that were in their nature very strong. It was not that he absolutely thought of any possible future event in which his letters might be used against him, but there was present to him a feeling that the least said might be the soonest mended.

Miss Altifiorla when she received the above scrawl was quite satisfied with it. She, too, was cautious in her nature, but not quite so clever as her lover. She did, indeed, feel that she had now caught her fish. She would not let him escape by any such folly as that which Cecilia Holt had committed. The Baronet should be allowed his full swing till she was entitled to call herself Lady Geraldine. Then, perhaps, there might be a tussle between them as to which should have his own way,—or hers. The great thing at present was to obtain the position, and she did feel that she had played her cards uncommonly well as far as the game had gone at present.

But there came upon her an irresistible temptation to make her triumph known among her friends at Exeter. All her girl friends had got themselves married. There was Mrs. Green, and Mrs. Thorne, and Mrs.

Western. Poor Cecilia had not gained much, but still she was Mrs. Western. Miss Altifiorla did in truth regard herself as Miss Altifiorla with but small satisfaction. She had her theories about women's rights, and the decided advantages of remaining single, and the sufficiency of a lady to stand alone in the world. There was probably some vague glimmering of truth in her ideas; some half-formed belief in her own doctrine. But still it had ever been an uncomfortable creed, and one which she was ready to desert at the slightest provocation. Her friends had all deserted it, and had left her as we say high and dry on the barren bank, while they had been carried away by the fertilising stream. She, too, would now swim down the river of matrimony with a beautiful name, and a handle to it, as the owner of a fine family property. Women's rights was an excellent doctrine to preach, but for practice could not stand the strain of such temptation. And, though in boasting of her good fortune, she must no doubt confess that she had been wrong, still there would be much more of glory than of shame in the confession.

It was chance probably that made her tell her secret in the first instance to Mrs. Thorne. Mrs. Thorne had been Maude Hippesley and was niece to Sir Francis Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla had pledged herself to Sir Francis not to make known her engagement at the deanery. But such pledges go for very little. Mrs. Thorne was not now an inhabitant of Exeter, and was, so to say, the most bosom-friend left to her,—after her disruption from Mrs. Western. Was it probable that such a secret should be kept from a bosom-friend? Mrs. Thorne, who had a large circle of friends in the county, would hardly have admitted the claim, but she would be more likely to do so after receiving the intimation. Of course it would be conveyed under the seal of a sacred promise,—which no doubt would be broken as soon as she reached the deanery. On this occasion she called on Miss Altifiorla to ask questions in reference to "poor Cecilia." With herself, and the Dean and Mrs. Dean there was real sorrow at Cecilia's troubles. And there was also no mode of acquiring true information. "Do tell me something about poor Cecilia," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Poor Cecilia, indeed! She is there all alone and sees almost no one. Of course you've heard that Lady Grant was here."

"We thought it so nice of Lady Grant to come all the way from Scotland to see her sister-in-law."

"Lady Grant of course is anxious to get her

brother to take back his wife. They haven't a great deal of money among them, and when Mrs. Holt dies Cecilia's fortune would be a nice addition."

"I don't think Lady Grant can have thought of that," said Mrs. Thorne.

"Lady Grant would be quite prudent in thinking of it and like the rest of the world. Her husband was only a regimental officer in India who got knighted for doing something that came in his way. There isn't any family property among them, and of course she is anxious."

This solicitude as to "family property" on the part of Miss Altifiorla did strike Mrs. Thorne as droll. But she went on with her inquiries. "And what is Cecilia doing?"

"Not very much," said Miss Altifiorla. "What is there for her to do? Poor girl. She has played her cards so uncommonly badly, when she took up with Mr. Western after having been dropped by Sir Francis."

"After dropping Sir Francis!"

Miss Altifiorla smiled. Was it likely that Cecilia Holt should have dropped Sir Francis? "It doesn't much matter now. If it does her wounded pride good to say so of course she can say it."

"We always believed that it was so at the deanery."

"At any rate she made a mess of it. And now she has to bear the fortune which her fates have sent her. I own that I am a little angry with Cecilia, not for having dropped Sir Francis, as you called it, but for managing her matters so badly with Mr. Western. She seems to me to have no idea of the sort of duties which fall to the lot of a wife."

"I should have thought you'd have liked her the better for that," said Mrs. Thorne, with a smile.

"Why so? I think you must have misunderstood my theory of life. When a woman elects to marry, and does so from sheer love and regard for the man, she should certainly make her duty to him the first motive of all her actions."

"What a grand lesson! It is a pity that my husband should not be here to hear it."

"I have no doubt he finds that you do so."

"Or Sir Francis Geraldine. I suppose my uncle is still in search of a wife, and if he knew where to find such excellent principles he would be able to make his choice. What a joke it would be should he again try his luck at Exeter!"

"He has again tried his luck at Exeter," said Miss Altifiorla in a tone in which some slight shade of ridicule was mixed with

the grandiloquence which she wished to assume.

"What on earth do you mean?" said Mrs. Thorne.

"Simply what I seem to mean. I had not intended to have told you at present, though I would sooner tell you than any person living. You must promise me, however, that it shall go no further. Sir Francis Geraldine has done me the honour to ask me to be his wife." Thus she communicated her good news; and did so in a tone of voice that was very low, and intended to be humble.

"My uncle going to marry you? Good gracious!"

"Is it more wonderful than that he should have thought of marrying Cecilia Holt?"

"Well, yes. Not that I know why it should be, except that Cecilia came first, and that you and she were so intimate."

"Was he doomed to remain alone in the world because of that?" asked Miss Altifiorla.

"Well, no; I don't exactly mean that. But it is droll."

"I hope that the Dean and Mrs. Hippley will be satisfied with his choice. I do particularly hope that all his friends will feel that he is doing well. But," she added, perceiving that her tidings had not been received with any strong expression of family satisfaction—"but I trust that, as Lady Geraldine, I may at any rate be the means of keeping the family together."

There was to Mrs. Thorne almost a joke in this, as she knew that her father did not at all approve of Sir Francis, and was with difficulty induced to have him at the deanery. And she knew also that the Dean did in his heart greatly dislike Miss Altifiorla, though for the sake of what was generally called "peace within the cathedral precincts," he had hitherto put up also with her. What might happen in the Dean's mind, or what determination the Dean might take when the two should be married, she could not say. But she felt that it might probably be beyond the power of the future Lady Geraldine "to keep the family together." "Well, I am surprised," said Mrs. Thorne. "And I am to tell nobody."

"I don't see any good in publishing the thing in High Street just at present." Then Mrs. Thorne understood that she need not treat the communication as a strict secret. "In fact, I don't see why it should be kept specially in the dark. Francis has not enjoyed anything like secrecy." This was the first time that she had allowed herself the use

of the Baronet's name without the prefix. "When it is to be I have not as yet even begun to think. Of course he is in a hurry. Men, I believe, generally are. But in this case there may be some reasons for delay. Arrangements as to the family property must be made, and Castle Gerald must be prepared for our reception. I don't suppose we can be married just off hand, like some happier folks." Mrs. Thorne did not know whether to take this to herself, as she had been married herself, at last, rather in a scramble, or whether it was intended to apply to poor Cecilia, whose husband, though he was in comfortable circumstances, cannot be said to have possessed family property. "And now, dear," continued Miss Altifiorla, "what am I to do for bridesmaids? You three have all been married before me. There are his two unmarried sisters of course." Mrs. Thorne was aware that her uncle had absolutely quarrelled with his mother and sisters, and had not spoken to them for years. "I suppose that it will come off in the cathedral, and that your father will perform the ceremony. I don't know, indeed, whether Francis might not wish to have the Bishop." Mrs. Thorne was aware that the Bishop, who was a strict man, would not touch Sir Francis Geraldine with a pair of tongs. "But all these things will shake themselves down comfortably no doubt. In the meantime I am in a twitter of ecstatic happiness. You who have gone through it all will quite understand what I mean. It seems that as a lover he is the most exigent of gentlemen. He requires constant writing to, and woe betide me if I do not obey his behests. However, I do not complain, and must confess that I am at the present moment the most happy of young women."

Mrs. Thorne of course expressed her congratulations and took her departure without having committed herself to a word as to the other inhabitants of the deanery. But when she got to her father's house, where she was for the present staying, she in truth startled them all by the news. The Dean had just come into the drawing-room to have his afternoon tea and a little gossip with his wife and his own sister, Mrs. Forrester, from London. "Who do you think is going to be married, and to whom?" said Mrs. Thorne. "I'll give you all three guesses a piece, and bet you a pair of gloves all round that you don't make it out."

"Not Miss Altifiorla?" said her mother.

"That's only one. A marriage requires two personages. I still hold good by my bet."

"Miss Altifiorla going to be married!" said the Dean. "Who is the unfortunate victim?"

"Papa, do not be ill-natured. Why should not Miss Altifiorla be married as well as another?"

"In the first place, my dear," said Mrs. Forrester, "because I understand that the lady has always expressed herself as being in favour of a single life."

"I go beyond that," said the Dean, "and maintain that any single life would be preferable to a marriage with Miss Altifiorla."

"Considering that she is my friend, papa, I think that you are very unkind."

"But who is to be the gentleman?" asked her mother.

"Ah, there's the question! Why don't you guess?" Then Mrs. Dean did name three or four of the most unpromising unmarried elderly gentlemen in Exeter, and the Dean, in that spirit of satire against his own order which is common among clergymen, suggested an old widowed Minor Canon, who was in the habit of chanting the Litany. "You are none of you near the mark. You ought to come nearer home."

"Nearer home?" said Mrs. Dean with a look of discomfort in her face.

"Yes, mamma. A great deal nearer home."

"It can't be your Uncle Septimus," said the Dean. Now Uncle Septimus was the unmarried brother of old Mr. Thorne, and was regarded by all the Thorne family as a perfect model of an unselfish, fine old lovable gentleman.

"Good gracious, no!" said Mrs. Thorne. "What a horrible idea! Fancy Uncle Septimus doomed to pass his life in company with Miss Altifiorla! The happy man in question is—Sir Francis Geraldine."

"No!" said Mrs. Hipposley, jumping from her seat.

"It is impossible," said the Dean, who though he greatly disliked his brother-in-law still thought something of the family into which he had married and thoroughly despised Miss Altifiorla. "I do not think that Sir Francis could be so silly as that."

"It cannot be," said Mrs. Hipposley.

"What has the young lady done to make it impossible?" asked Mrs. Forrester.

"Nothing on earth," said Mrs. Thorne. "She is my special friend and is in my opinion a great deal more than worthy of my uncle Francis. Only papa who dislikes them both would like to make it out that the two of them are going to cut their own throats each by marrying the other. I wish papa

could have heard the way in which she said that he would have to marry them,—unless the Bishop should like to come forward and perform the ceremony.”

“I shall do nothing of the kind,” said the Dean angrily.

“If you had heard,” continued his daughter, “all that she had to say about the family name and the family property, and the family grandeur generally, you would have thought her the most becoming young woman in the country to be the future Lady Geraldine.”

“I wish you wouldn't talk of it, my dear,” said Mrs. Hippley.

“We shall have to talk of it, and had better become used to it among ourselves. I don't suppose that Miss Altifiorla has invented the story out of her own head. She would not say that she was engaged to marry my uncle if it were not true.”

“It's my belief,” said the Dean getting up and walking out of the room in great anger, “that Sir Francis Geraldine will never marry Miss Altifiorla.”

“I don't think my brother will ever marry Miss Altifiorla,” said Mrs. Dean. “He is very silly and very vicious, but I don't think he'll ever do anything so bad as that.”

“Poor Miss Altifiorla,” said Mrs. Thorne afterwards to her Aunt Forrester.

That same evening Miss Altifiorla feeling that she had broken the ice, and oppressed by the weight of the secret which was a secret still in every house in Exeter except the deanery, wrote to her other friend Mrs. Green and begged her to come down. She had tidings to tell of the greatest importance. So Mrs. Green put on her bonnet and came down. “My dear,” said Miss Altifiorla, “I have something to tell you. I am going to be——”

“Not married!” said Mrs. Green.

“Yes, I am. How very odd that you should guess. But yet when I come to think of it I don't know that it is odd. Because after all there does come a time in,—a lady's life when it is probable that she will marry.” Miss Altifiorla hesitated, having in the first instance desired to use the word girl.

“That's as may be,” said Mrs. Green. “Your principles used to be on the other side.”

“Of course all that changes when the opportunity comes. It wasn't so much that I disliked the idea of marriage for myself, as that I was proud of the freedom which I enjoyed. However that is all over. I am free no longer.”

“And who is it to be?”

“Ah, who is it to be? Can you make a guess?”

“Not in the least. I don't know of anybody who has been spooning you.”

“Oh, what a term to use! No one can say that any one ever—spooned me. It is a horrible word. And I cannot bear to hear it fall from my own lips.”

“It is what young men do do,” said Mrs. Green.

“That I think depends on the rank in life which the young men occupy;—and also the young women. I can understand that a Bank clerk should do it to an attorney's daughter.”

“Well; who is it you are going to marry without spooning, which in my vocabulary is simply another word for two young people being fond of each other.” Miss Altifiorla remained silent for a while feeling that she owed it to herself to awe her present companion by her manner before she should crush her altogether by the weight of the name she would have to pronounce. Mrs. Green had received her communication flip-pantly, and had probably felt that her friend intended to demean herself by some mere common marriage. “Who is to be the happy swain?” asked Mrs. Green.

“Swain!” said Miss Altifiorla, unable to repress her feelings.

“Well; lover, young man, suitor, husband as is to be. Some word common on such occasion will I suppose fit him.”

Miss Altifiorla felt that no word common on such occasions would fit him. But yet it was necessary that she should name him, having gone so far. And, having again been silent for a minute so as to bethink herself in what most dignified language this might be done, she proceeded. “I am to be allied,”—again there was a little pause,—“to Sir Francis Geraldine!”

“Him Cecilia Holt rejected!”

“Him who I think was fortunate enough to escape Cecilia Holt.”

“Goodness gracious! It seems but the other day.”

“Cecilia Holt has since recovered from her wounds and married another husband, and is now suffering from fresh wounds. Is it odd that the gentleman should have found some one else to love when the lady has had time not only to love but to marry, and to be separated from another man?”

“Sir Francis Geraldine!” ejaculated Mrs. Green. “Well; I'm sure I wish you all the joy in the world. When is it to be?” But

Mrs. Green had so offended Miss Altifloria by her manner of accepting the news that she could not bring herself to make any further gracious answer. Mrs. Green therefore took her leave and the fact of Miss Altifloria's engagement was soon known all over Exeter.

CHAPTER XXI.—LADY GRANT AT DRESDEN.

"You have first to believe the story as I tell it you, and get out of your head altogether the story as you have conceived it." This was said by Lady Grant to her brother when she had travelled all the way to Dresden with the purpose of inducing him to take his wife back. She had come there solely with that object, and it must be said of her that she had well done her duty as a sister. But she found it by no means easy to induce her brother to look at the matter with her eyes. In fact, it was evident to her that he did not believe the story as she had told it. She must go on and din it into his ears till by perseverance she should change his belief. He still thought that credit should be given to that letter from Sir Francis, although he was aware that to Sir Francis himself as a man he would have given no credit whatsoever. It had suited his suspicions to believe that there had been something in common between Sir Francis and his wife up to the moment in which the terrible fact of her engagement had been made known to him; and from that belief he could not free his mind. He had already been persuaded to say that she should come back to him,—but she should come as a sinner confessing her sin. He would take her back, but as one whom he had been justified in expelling, and to whom he should be held as extending great mercy.

But Lady Grant would not accept of his mercy, nor would she encourage her coming back with such a purpose. It would not be good in the first place for him that he should think that his wife had been an offender. His future happiness must depend on his fixed belief in her purity and truth. And, as for her,—Lady Grant was sure that no entreaties would induce her to own that she had been in the wrong. She desired to have no pardon asked, but would certainly ask for no pardon on her own behalf.

"Why was it that he came, then, to my house?" asked Mr. Western.

"Am I, or rather is she, to account for the conduct of such a man as that? Are you to make her responsible for his behaviour?"

"She was engaged to him."

"Undoubtedly. It should have been told to you,—though I can understand the reasons which kept her silent from day to day. The time will come when you will understand it also, and know, as I do, how gracious and how feminine has been her silence." Then there came across her brother's face a look of doubt as indicating his feeling that nothing could have justified her silence. "Yes, George; the time will come that you will understand her altogether although you are far from doing so now."

"I believe you think her to be perfect," said he.

"Hardly perfect, because she is a human being. But although I know her virtues I have not known her faults. It may be that she is too proud,—a little unwilling, perhaps, to bend. Most women will bend whether they be in fault or not. But would you wish your wife to do so?"

"I, at any rate, have not asked her."

"You, at any rate, have not given her the opportunity. My accusation against you is, that you sent her away from you on an accusation made solely by that man, and without waiting to hear from herself whether she would plead guilty to it."

"I deny it."

"Yes; I hear your denial. But you will have to acknowledge it, at any rate to yourself, before you can ever hope to be a happy man."

"When he wrote to me, I believed the whole story to be a lie from first to last."

"And when you found that it was not all a lie, then it became to you a gospel throughout. You could not understand that the very faults which had induced her to break her engagement were of a nature to make him tell his story untruly."

"When she acknowledged herself to have been engaged to him it nearly broke my heart."

"Just so. And with your heart broken you would not sift the truth. She had committed no offence against you in engaging herself."

"She should have told me as soon as we knew each other."

"She should have told you before she accepted your offer. But she had been deterred from doing so by your own revelation to her. You cannot believe that she intended you always to be in the dark. You cannot imagine that she had expected that you should never hear of her adventure with Sir Francis Geraldine."

"I do not know."

"I had heard it, and she knew that I had heard it."

"Why did you not tell me, then?"

"Do you suppose that I wished to interfere between you and your wife? Of course I told her that you ought to know. Of course I told her that you ought to have known it already. But she excused herself,—with great sorrow. Things had presented themselves in such a way that the desired opportunity of telling you had never come." He shook his head. "I tell you that it was so, and you are bound to believe it of one of whom in all other respects you had thought well; of one who loved you with the fondest devotion. Instead of that there came this man with his insidious falsehoods, with his implied lies; this man, of whom you have always thought so badly;—and him you believed instead! I tell you that you can justify yourself before no human being. You were not entitled to repudiate your wife for such offence as she had committed, you are not entitled even had there been no mutual affection to bind you together. How much less so in your present condition,—and in hers. People will only excuse you by saying that you were mad. And now in order to put yourself right, you expect that she shall come forward, and own herself to have been the cause of this break. I tell you that she will not do it. I would not even ask her to do it;—not for her sake, nor for your own."

"I am then to go," said he, "and grovel in the dust before her feet."

"There need be no grovelling. There need be no confessions."

"How then?"

"Go to Exeter, and simply take her. Disregard what all the world may say for the sake of her happiness and for your own. She will make no stipulation. She will simply throw herself into your arms with unaffected love. Do not let her have to undergo the suffering of bringing forth your child without the comfort of knowing that you are near to her." Then she left him to think in solitude over the words she had spoken to him.

He did think of them. But he found it to be impossible to put absolute faith in them. It was not that he thought that his sister was deceiving him, that he distrusted her who had taken this long journey at great personal trouble altogether on his behalf; but that he could not bring himself to believe that he himself had been so cruel as to reject his young wife without adequate cause. It had

gradually come across his mind that he had been most cruel, most unjust,—if he had done so; and to this judgment, passed by himself on himself, he would not submit. In concealing her engagement she had been very wrong, but it must be that she had concealed more than her engagement. And to have been engaged to such a man added much to the fault in his estimation. He would not acknowledge that she had been deceived as to the man's character, and had set herself right before it was too late. Why had the man come to his house and asked for him,—after what had passed between them,—if not in compliance with some understanding between him and her? But yet he would take her back if she would confess her fault and beg his pardon,—for then he would be saved the disgrace of having to acknowledge that he had been in fault from the first.

His sister left him alone without saying a word on the subject for twenty-four hours, and then again attacked him. "George," she said, "I must go back to-morrow. I have left my children all alone and cannot stay longer away from them."

"Must you go to-morrow?" he asked.

"Indeed, yes. Had not the matter been one of almost more than life and death I should not have come. Am I to return and feel that my journey has been for nothing?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Return with me, and go at once to Exeter."

He almost tore his hair in his agony as he walked about the room before he replied to her. But she remained silent, watching him. "You must leave me here till I think about it."

"Then I might as well not have come at all," she said.

He moved about the room in an agony of spirit. He knew it to be essential to his future happiness in life that he should be the master in his own house. And he felt that he could not be so unless he should be known to have been right in this terrible misfortune with which their married life had been commenced. There was no obliterating it, no forgetting it, no ignoring it. He had in his passion gone away from her, and, passionately, she had withdrawn. Let them not say a word about it, there would still have been this terrible event in both their memories. And for himself he knew that unless it could be settled from the first that he had acted with justice, his life would be intolerable to him. He was a man, and it behaved

him to have been just. She was a woman, and the feeling of having had to be forgiven would not be so severe with her. She, when taken a second time into grace and pardoned, might still rejoice and be happy. But for himself, he reminded himself over and over again that he was a man, and assured himself that he could never lift up his head were he by his silence to admit that he had been in the wrong.

But still his mind was changed,—was altogether changed by the coming of his sister. Till she had come all had been a blank with him, in which no light had been possible. He could see no life before him but one in which he should be constantly condemned by his fellow-men because of his cruelty to his young wife. Men would not stop to ask whether he had been right or wrong, but would declare him at any rate to have been stern and cruel. And then he had been torn to the heart by his memory of those passages of love which had been so sweet to him. He had married her to be the joy of his life, and she had become so to his entire satisfaction when in his passion he had sent her away. He already knew that he had made a great mistake. Angry as he had been, he should not have thus sought to avenge himself. He should have known himself better than to think that because she had been in fault he could therefore live without her. He had owned to himself, when his sister had come to him, that he must use her services in getting his wife once again. Was she not the one human being that suited him at all points? But still,—but still his honour must be saved. If she in truth desired to come back to him, she would not hesitate to own that she had been in fault.

“What am I to say to her? What message will you send to her? You will hardly let me go back without some word.” This was said to him by his sister as he walked about the room in his misery. What message could he send? He desired to return himself, and was willing to do so at a moment’s notice if only he could be assured that if he did so she would as a wife do her duty by owning that she had been in the wrong. How should he live with a wife who would always be asserting to herself, and able to assert to him, that in this extremity of their trouble he had been the cause of it,—not that she would so assert it aloud, but that the power of doing so would be always present to her and to him? And yet he was resolved to return, and if he allowed his sister to go back without him

never would there come so fair an opportunity again. “I have done my duty by you,” said his sister.

“Yes, yes. I need hardly tell you that I am grateful to you.”

“And now do your duty by her.”

“If she will write to me one line to beg me to come I will do so.”

“You have absolutely driven her away from you, and left her abruptly, so that she should have no opportunity of imploring you to spare her. And now you expect that she should do so?”

“Yes;—if she were wrong. By your own showing she was the first to sin against me.”

“You do not know the nature of a woman, and especially you do not know hers. I have nothing further to say. I shall leave this by the early train to-morrow morning, and you can go with me or let me go alone as you please. I have said what I came to say, and if I have said it without effect it will only show me how hard a man’s heart may become by living in the world.” Then she left him alone and went her way.

He took his hat and escaped from the Hotel and walked along the Elbe all alone. He went far down the river, and did not return for many hours. At first his thoughts were full of anger against his sister, though he acknowledged that she had taken great trouble in coming there on a mission intended to be beneficial to them both. With the view solely of doing her duty to her brother and to her sister-in-law, she had taken infinite trouble. Yet he was very angry with her. Being a woman she had most unjustly taken the part of another woman against him. Cecilia would have suffered but little in having been forced to acknowledge her great sin. But he would suffer greatly,—he who had sinned not at all,—by the tacit confession which he would be thus compelled to make. It was true that it was necessary that he should return. The happiness of them all, including that unborn child, required it. His sister, knowing this, demanded that he should sacrifice himself in order that his wife might be indulged in her pride. And yet he knew that he must do it. Though he might go to her in silence, and in silence renew his married life, he would by so doing confess that he had been wrong. To such confession he should not be driven. In the very gall of bitterness, and with the sense of injustice strong upon him, he did resolve that he would return to England with his sister. But having so resolved, with his wrath hot

against Lady Grant, his mind gradually turned to Cecilia and her condition. How sweet would it be to have her once again sitting at his table, once again leaning on his arm, once again looking up into his face with almost comical doubt, seeking to find in his eyes what answer he would best like her to make when referring to her for some decision. "It is your opinion that I want," he would say. "Ah! but if I only knew yours I should be so much better able to have one of my own." Then there would come a look over her face which almost maddened him when he thought that he should never see it again. It was the idea that she who could so look at him should have looked with the same smile into the face of that other man which had driven him to fury;—that she should have so looked in those very days in which she had gazed into his own.

Could it be that though she had been

engaged to the man she had never taken delight in so gazing at him? That girl whom he had thought to make his wife, and who had so openly jilted him, had never understood him as Cecilia had done,—had never looked at him as Cecilia had looked. But he, after he had been so treated,—happily so treated,—had certainly never desired ever to see the girl. But this wife of his, who was possessed of all the charms which a woman could own, of whom he acknowledged to himself day after day that she was, as regarded his taste, peerless and unequalled, she after breaking from that man, that man unworthy to be called a gentleman, still continued to hold intercourse with him! Was it not clear that she had still remained on terms of intimacy with him?

His walk along the Elbe was very bitter, but yet he determined to return to England with his sister.

THE GRACE OF CHRIST A LAW OF CONDUCT.

BY R. W. DALE, M.A. (BIRMINGHAM).

THERE is nothing so contagious as a great example. Christian morals have their root and inspiration in Christ Himself rather than in His isolated precepts. In every age men have been caught in the glorious and mighty currents of His infinite love for the human race, and have been swept away from the narrow interests of their personal life into the ocean of a boundless charity. The words of Tiburzio to Luria in Robert Browning's noble poem—words in which the Pisan general describes the worth to a nation of a man of heroic goodness—illustrate the philosophy of Christian morals:—

"A people is but the attempt of many
To rise to the completer life of one;
And those who live as models for the mass
Are singly of more value than they all.
Such man are you, and such a time is this,
That your sole fate concerns a nation more
Than its apparent welfare."

For eighteen hundred years the Christian Church has found its unity, its vigour, all its hope and all its glory, in "the attempt of many to rise to the completer life," of Him who revealed at once the righteousness and love of God, and the true ideal of human perfection.

Men need not wonder that we care so much for the great truth that Christ was the eternal Son of God, who at the impulse of an infinite love descended from Divine

heights to the infirmities and sorrows and temptations of the common life of mankind. There are great religious reasons which invest this truth with infinite importance; but it also lies at the foundation of Christian morals. Let the descent of Christ from His eternal throne for our sakes be denied, doubted, forgotten, and the world loses the springs of a moral inspiration which renders possible the most generous forms of goodness. For what we all need is, not merely a clear knowledge of duty, but that vigour of moral purpose, that intensity of moral enthusiasm, which will not merely enable us to master temptations to indolence and selfishness, but which will raise us to lofty moral levels where these temptations will not be able to assault us.

The story of one man's heroism makes a thousand heroes. The story of the grace of Christ who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich, has filled the heart of Christendom with floods of compassion for human want and pain and misery. It has built thousands of hospitals for the sick, thousands of asylums for the aged, for orphans, for those who have been suffering from every description of misfortune and desolation. It has constrained millions of unknown men and women who were poor

themselves to become still poorer, in order to relieve the greater wretchedness of others. If ever I lose heart when I think of the magnitude of the claims of the friendless, the desolate, the oppressed, on the help and service of those who are happier than themselves—if I begin to fear that men will be too selfish to discharge obligations so immense, and demanding such enormous self-sacrifice—my courage returns when I think of Christ. I know that the story of His grace will continue to inspire the hearts of men through future centuries, as it has inspired them in centuries gone by. I see that, notwithstanding the intellectual confusions by which we are environed, it is exerting a greater power on the moral life of the race at the present moment than it has ever exerted before. I believe that the will of God which received so noble an expression in the incarnation, the miracles, the sufferings, and the death of Christ will at last be done on earth even as it is done in heaven.

The grace of Christ is to be a law of Christian conduct. Grace transcends love. For in loving others we may be only meeting their claims upon us; and grace passes beyond all claims. It does more than fulfil the law. It accepts sacrifices which the law could not impose; it confers benefits which the law could not award.

Paul, after his manner, made the grace of Christ a reason for Christian generosity. The Christians in Jerusalem and its neighbourhood were suffering from great poverty; and he asked the Churches in remote heathen cities to contribute towards their relief. Although the Jewish Christians had not shown a brotherly spirit to himself or to those whom he had converted from heathenism, he might have obtained help for them by appealing to the common human sympathies of his Gentile converts. The sense of Christian brotherhood, affectionate veneration for the Church of Jerusalem, many of the members of which had been the personal friends of the Lord Jesus Christ, might have strengthened natural pity for human suffering, and led the converts to the Christian faith at Corinth and elsewhere to respond to his appeal. But to give fire and energy to their generosity, he reminded them of the most glorious and sublime manifestation of the Divine love for the human race. Christ was rich and for our sakes became poor. The infinite grace revealed in the incarnation is to be revealed in Christian conduct. The mind that was in Christ is to

be in us; and therefore the Christians at Corinth were to send money to relieve their Christian brethren in Jerusalem and Judæa. They were to suffer loss that they might serve others.

We have better wealth—all of us—than money; and the voluntary poverty of Christ for our sakes is to have far more important effects on character and conduct than the creation of a disposition to give money for the relief of poverty and suffering. There is a selfishness of a more subtle kind than that which makes us keep a tight hand on our silver and gold. The giving of money may be the discipline of a loftier kind of generosity; but in some cases it seems to be made a substitute for the nobler service. It was not mere money that Christ gave when He became poor to enrich the human race; and if the power of His example and His spirit rests upon us we shall give, and give freely, what we value infinitely more than money. It is a law of the Christian life that we should impoverish ourselves in many ways to enrich other men.

What, then, is our wealth—the wealth we care for most?

There are some to whom the refined and gracious habits of a cultivated life are far more precious than gold. They were fortunate in being born of intelligent and gentle parents. They received an education which not only informed and disciplined their mind, but which preserved and confirmed the traditions of their home. They are offended and pained by coarseness of nature and roughness of speech, as the ear of a musician is offended and pained by a voice out of tune, or the eye of a painter by bad drawing and harsh contrasts of colour. The delicacy, purity, and refinement of nature which came to them by the felicity of their birth and early training are not to be bought with money, and are not always transmitted with inherited wealth. Rich men may purchase luxury and splendour, and may fill their houses with the beautiful creations of art; but that nameless, indefinable grace of which I am speaking is not sold in any market, and those who possess it are conscious of its absence in the vulgar rich as well as in the vulgar poor. It is a distinction which, if they could, they would not sell for all "the wealth of Ormuzd or of Ind." How are they to make the grace of Christ a law of conduct?

I have known educated and refined Christian women who have made friends, not merely of the gentle poor, but of those who had been born in rough homes, who had

been always surrounded by rough people, and who, not by their fault but by their misfortune, were rough themselves. It would have been much pleasanter to these Christian women to spend all their leisure with people of another kind. To men and women of refined nature, living in refined homes, the wealth of life consists largely in the advantage and happiness of congenial society. There is a loss of enjoyment, and of something more than enjoyment, in intimate association with persons whose minds have never been cultivated, whose moral tastes are coarse, whose manners are ungentle. And it is one of the most beautiful and effective ways of imitating Christ to accept this voluntary poverty for His sake, to part with the wealth which we most value for the sake of enriching those who are wholly destitute of it.

It seems to be thought that rough uncultivated men and women, if only they want to do good, are likely to be of more service than the refined and educated to people who are coarse and ignorant. Thank God, it is possible for everybody that really cares for others to do them good; and it is wonderful how much good may be done by those whose knowledge is very small, whose powers are very limited, and whose education has been altogether neglected. But those who have been more fortunate have within their reach an exceptional kind of service. Let me illustrate what I mean.

Societies have been formed in several parts of England for diffusing a delight in beauty among those whose lives are environed by unlovely conditions. They give concerts of good music in the poorer parts of great towns; they cover with pleasant decoration the bare and hideous walls of school-rooms, and mission-rooms, and private houses; they send bright flowers for people living in close and gloomy courts to put on their window-sills. The Kyrle Societies seem to me to be doing a very kindly service. But the noblest works of art are not in marble or on canvas; the loveliest music is not heard at concerts or the Opera; and there is something fairer than any flower that ever blossomed under southern skies. In a cultivated, refined, and gracious man or woman there is a charm, a spell, a beauty of a diviner order. Take the brightness, the music, the perfume of your gentle and delicate life into the homes of people who are coarse in their habits, and whose words are rude; sit down with them as a brother or a sister; talk to them, remember-

ing that they, too, are God's children, that perhaps they are trying to do His will as far as they know it, and that at last He may receive them home with words of welcome and joy. To them your life is a song, let them listen to it; a poem, let them read it; a picture, let them see its form and colour; a flower, for a little time let the brightness and the sweetness of it be theirs. Make your visit to them as charming as possible. Let me ask the ladies who may read these pages not to put on their plainest and shabbiest dresses when they go into their "districts." If the weather is fine wear a pretty dress, a dainty bonnet, and gloves of which you would not be ashamed when you visit your friends. If you must wear out dresses which are a little dingy let them be worn when at the houses of rich people, who see bright pretty things every day. Be courteous to the poor, and make your visit delightful to them.

It is not always pleasant work. You will have to breathe an ungenial atmosphere; and as the plants when transferred from your gardens and green-houses to the narrow street and the close court, where the air is foul with smoke, are conscious that their very life is touched, so you with your delicate ways will be conscious of a certain pain and loss. But how are these brothers and sisters of ours to be led to higher levels of life except by service of this kind? And the service will lead you into a deeper knowledge of the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. A morning spent among the poor and the miserable will sometimes teach you more about Christ than many mornings spent in church—will give you a clearer, closer vision of His love for us, and will enable you to trust in His love with a firmer and happier confidence.

There is another way in which many of us may fulfil the law of Christ. Whether we are rich or poor, cultivated or uncultivated, our pleasant friends are among our most precious wealth. I mean the friends who exhilarate us, increase our courage, reinforce our strength when we are tired of life, and soothe and quiet us when we are restless and agitated. Most of us know people of a different sort; people who, not intentionally, but under the influence of some evil fate, always remember the things which it would be pleasant to forget, and always speak of the things about which we wish they would be silent; people who have a talent for misery—who are miserable themselves and make other people miserable; who when the sun is rising and filling the east with the fresh

pure light of the dawn look westwards, where the heavy clouds of night are still hanging in funereal gloom, and who when the west is burning with the gorgeous splendours of sunset look eastwards where the grey twilight is ascending like the shadowy ghost of the departed day. They always walk on the shady side of the street. Their life is an arctic winter without even an arctic summer, for when they have had six months of darkness at the north pole, instead of taking the six months of pale sunlight which follow, they escape to the south pole to get another six months of darkness there.

We must carry our own light and fire into their darkness and cold. People of this kind are to be found among those who have wealth as well as among those who have none; wherever they are found they are really the most destitute and miserable of mankind. But perhaps the destitute and miserable rich are the more pitiable. They have luxurious dinners, but their intellect and heart are starved; they have company at their table, but they are without friends; they have music about them, but no music in their hearts; pictures on their walls, but they have no forms of beauty in their fancy, no golden splendour, no romance, no mystery, no grace.

They are in want of something that it is harder to give them than money, of something that is more rare even in the worst times, of something that we are more reluctant to part with. There must be a real impoverishment of ourselves if we are to enrich them. We must lose part of our own vital force if we are to endure, even for a little while, the chill and the gloom in which they are always living; we must burn up some of the fuel which might keep ourselves warm to give them warmth; we must be fretted by their fretfulness, and depressed by their depression. There is a conscious loss of life when we are in contact with them. Virtue goes out of us at their touch. To be with them for an hour involves a lowering of our intellectual and moral temperature. But to submit to this loss in order to cheer and to animate them, is to accept the grace of Christ as a law of conduct.

We must impoverish ourselves in other ways if we are to imitate our Lord. To some people—and the number increases every year—delight in intellectual pursuits, in science, in art, in literature, is one of the most precious of all kinds of wealth. An additional five per cent. on their investments gives some men less happiness than the effort to master some new department of science; a diamond

necklace gives some women less happiness than a new and noble poem. I sometimes wonder whether intellectual covetousness will be as unfriendly to zeal in the public service and in the work which, by way of distinction, we call religious, as covetousness of a baser sort. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God!" Covetousness of all kinds is idolatry. Some men who have to pay a very light income-tax are in just as much danger from their "riches" as men who have to return their income in five figures. Even those of us who are far enough from having anything that can be described as intellectual wealth are not safe.

I should like to illustrate this danger; but in a kindly notice of a volume which I published a year or two ago, the writer complained that my illustrations were "provincial." The complaint was a just one. Human life, as I know it, is the life of Birmingham manufacturers, merchants, and tradesmen, and of Birmingham working-people who work in iron, and brass, and tin, who make pens, and guns, and jewellery, hardware of all sorts, and beautiful things in silver and gold. When I think of human life I think of it in the forms which it assumes among the people with whom I have lived for more than thirty years. I think of the troubles and temptations which come to them in their trade, and of their keen interest in public affairs. And if I am to illustrate the dangers of intellectual covetousness I cannot illustrate them from the life of literary or fashionable people in London, or from the life of ladies and gentlemen living in pleasant country houses. I must take the material which lies under my hand. *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

For a man who has a keen delight in literature, and who can snatch only an hour or two now and then for reading, it is not a pleasant thing on a winter's evening, when he happens to be at leisure, and when he might have two or three hours of perfect happiness with a poet, with an historian, with some master of philosophy, or with some charming essayist—it is not, I say, a pleasant thing for him to leave his warm room and his books, and to walk a mile or two through the damp and cold, to be present at a meeting of the "eight hundred," or to speak for a municipal candidate in a noisy Ward meeting, or to attend a Ward committee. It is not a pleasant thing for such a man to give a couple of hours to a hospital meeting in the morning, or two or three hours to a

meeting of the School Board in the afternoon, knowing that after dinner he will be obliged to work off the business letters of the day, instead of being free to read some delightful book on the history of Art. For a Sunday-school teacher to give up an evening every week for the preparation of his lessons instead of attending a class in some science in which he is interested, for the conductor of a Band of Hope to make a similar sacrifice, requires a real and vigorous moral effort.

In the case of hundreds and thousands of us, in every part of the country, one public claim after another interferes with intellectual cultivation. We miss the opportunity of adding to our knowledge; we lose what we once knew. We are humbled when we are with men and women who have not been called to the service which we have endeavoured to render to others, or who have declined it, and who have been able to accumulate an intellectual wealth, which is in vivid contrast to our own poverty. Perhaps we think that our native powers were not inferior to theirs, that we had an equal passion for intellectual achievement, and are capable of an equal industry. If it happens that they assume airs of superiority, it is hardly possible for us not to resent the assumption, although in our better moments we are conscious that their superiority is indisputable, and that their intellectual resources are really larger and more varied than our own. But that is a noble poverty which comes upon men as the result of the free and voluntary service which they have rendered to the ignorant, the suffering, and the wretched—to their town, to their country, and to the Christian Church. It involves no disgrace. The poverty is real; there is folly in the refusal to recognise it; but it is a poverty which brings us into closer fellowship with Christ, who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might become rich.

I do not mean that young men and women should let the golden years of youth slip by without a serious attempt to carry on the studies which were only begun at school, and to acquire some knowledge of the glorious literature which is the noble inheritance of all Englishmen. For the sake of doing more effective work in future years, as well as for the sake of their own intellectual cultivation, they ought to avail themselves of those means of intellectual improvement which are within their reach. But there is a point—every one must determine it for

himself—at which the claims of our own intellect must give place to the claims of human want and misery. We must consent to be intellectually impoverished ourselves for the sake of increasing the wealth of other men.

The law extends to a still higher province of human life. It requires us to sacrifice religious advantages for the sake of others. There may be a certain selfishness in the hunger for religious knowledge and religious enjoyment, as well as in the cultivation of the intellect, in the pursuit of social pleasures, and in dealing with money. Whatever may be said about the worthlessness of sermons, and the dulness of public worship, there are large numbers of people who listen to preaching with keen interest, and to whom the sermons and worship of Sunday are the strength and joy of life. But their true place on Sunday may not always be at church, but at the bedside of a parent, a child, a friend, a man that works with them in the same warehouse, or a neighbour living in the same street. If they make the grace of Christ the law of conduct they may have to watch by the sick when they would like to be worshipping God. Or, perhaps, their true place is with some aged person, weary of the monotony of living week after week in the same room, and weary of almost unbroken solitude; or, perhaps, with husbands, brothers, wives, of whom they can see little during the week, who will not come with them to worship, whose affection they are losing and whose happiness they are mar- rying, while enriching their own religious life. Every one must judge for himself.

Or perhaps they could give more to others by mission work, or school work, on Sunday evenings than they could gain for themselves by listening to sermons and joining in prayer and song. The work involves a real loss to those who engage in it—a loss of religious knowledge and of the religious refreshment which would make life easier and brighter. But if the sacrifice is made under the inspiration of a desire to serve others, it is a part of that imitation of Christ which is the law of the Christian life.

Of the more heroic forms in which the law is illustrated—of the courage and self-devotion of those who, at the impulse of love for Christ and mankind, leave home and country and friends, the refinements and the intellectual excitements of civilised life, the noble virtues and the sacred purity of Christian society, in order to live among heathen and barbarous people, I will say nothing. They have heard a diviner voice than mine;

and they know the secret of the voluntary poverty of Christ as I cannot know it. But to the imitation of Christ all Christian people are called; and in all human conditions it is possible to translate into conduct the law of Christian perfection. It is not merely in the virtues of His human life—this is the point of my paper—that Christ is our example.

According to the measures of our strength we are to imitate the infinite grace which, for our sake, brought Him from heights of divine majesty to the weakness, the poverty, and the suffering which had become the inheritance of the human race. In His incarnation He has given us an example that we should walk in His steps.

A SONG OF OLD AGE.

BY PROFESSOR JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

SING me a song of old age,
When the blood no longer is boiling,
When heaviness drags the limbs,
And the arm is wearied with toiling.

Not to the blare of the trump,
Loud wars, and masterful slaughters;
But sing me a song of sweet peace,
To the hum of low-murmuring waters.

Sing me a song where I sit,
Where the breath of summer is blowing,
And, dappled with vegetive gold,
The soft, green grass is growing

Sing me a song on the skirt
Of the brown far-stretching mountain,
Where the birch-tree droops
O'er the trickling grace of the fountain—

Where roses, the white and the red,
Like happy sisters together,
Ramble up hill and down dale,
And spread their smiles to the weather.

Sing me a song of old age,
Not wildly and wantonly sweeping
Over the limits of sense,
With proud self-confident leaping;

Not in a thunder-car
With Jove's red lightning flaring,
Measuring measureless space
With thoughts that revel in daring.

But sing me a song like the brook
That through the green lea wanders
From grassy bend to bend,
With lightly twined meanders—

A song of homeliest things,
Familiar, fond, and common—

Wild flowers, eyes of children,
And smiles of gracious woman!—

Things that gently slide,
In hours of happy musing,
Into the home of thought
Without the pain of choosing.

Sing of the time when men
Looked forth on the young creation,
Young and fresh with wonder, and love,
And strong veneration;

Feeling the might of the gods
That with glory and terror confound us,
Weaving a mystical chain
Of sleepless miracles round us;

Stirring our hearts with thoughts
That kinship claim with the Highest,
Laying us low with a word
When the voice goes forth—*Thou diest!*

Sing me a song of the time
When hymns and songs were the teachers,
And sun, and moon, and stars
Were God's own bright-eyed preachers.

Better to worship the spheres
As they wheel their courses benignly,
Than nothing in nature to own
That works with wisdom divinely.

Better to worship the streams
With bounty exuberant flowing,
Than toil in a blind machine
Nor love nor liberty knowing.

Sing me a song of repose
That delights in worship and wonder,
Feeling a God in the bloom
Of the flower, and the roll of the thunder.



Sing me a song of the sabbath
When the cares of the hour are sleeping,
And toilsome mortals bright feast
Of hope for the future are keeping—

A song of the general Church,
Where rich and poor together
Pray 'neath a gilded dome,
Or on slope of the purple heather.

There in memory mild
Let the patriarch families gather,
Circling with me the throne
Of the great all-bountiful Father.

Names of hoary renown
That blazon the roll of the ages—
Warriors, kings, and statesmen,
Poets, and prophets, and sages,
XXIII—49

Men, the leaders of men,
The wise, the valiant-hearted,
Who marched in glory through life,
And in trails of glory departed.

These I would have while I live
For guidance and fellowship near me ;
These when I die with words
Of proved old wisdom to cheer me !

Give me—oh, give me, dear God !
Nor power, nor honour, nor riches,
Nor pomp and splendour of life,
That dazzles the crowd and bewitches :

But give me the words of the wise,
And the smiles of earth's beautiful daughters,
To weave me a song of old age
By the hum of low-murmuring waters.

JOHN HUNTER OF CRAIGCROOK.

With further Extracts from his Diary.

By WALTER C. SMITH, D.D.

OUR former extracts from Mr. Hunter's diary told comparatively little about the man himself, having chiefly to do with his friends Carlyle and Leigh Hunt, in whose presence of course the quiet Edinburgh writer to the Signet was a good deal overshadowed. Yet it would be hardly fair to show him only in this light, or rather in this shadow, as if he were only notable in virtue of the sort of company he kept. Therefore it seems right to dip again into those slim little volumes, and see if we cannot get a somewhat clearer idea of one who was certainly worth knowing for his own sake. It is true that he never "came to the footlights" on any kind of public stage; the more is the pity, for we have met with almost no one, in our day, who had more largely the gift of real wisdom. Wit, humour, poetic sensibility, and fine culture were his; but above all he was wise with a serene and lofty wisdom; not the mere worldly kind, though he could handle the world's affairs too shrewdly enough, but that higher wisdom whose judgment in all matters, whether practical or spiritual, was felt by some of us to be like an unerring divine instinct. Therefore men of all kinds, in all sorts of troubles, took counsel with him, and when they differed from him, had commonly a presentiment that they would turn out to be wrong.

Perhaps it was owing to this wisdom, but I used rather to think that it was owing to the extreme culture which had made him over-nice and fastidious, and so balanced all his powers as to result in pure *vis inertiae*; but whatever the reason was, he never could be persuaded to set down in writing what flowed so richly from his lips. Except a slim little volume of sonnets, and these mostly belonging to his earlier years, he printed nothing, and even that he never published. A few chosen friends got copies of it, with strict injunction to let it go no farther, and commonly a joke that sonnets were the product of mental congestion, profitable only for the relief they gave the sufferer. We give a sample of these, though certainly it does not indicate what manner of man he was, nor perhaps was verse his natural utterance, much as he loved poetry, and fine as were his perceptions alike of its music and beauty.

WORDSWORTH.

A mighty mind, yet calm in mightiness,
Brooding with fondest love o'er human life,
And nursing—'mid the tumult and the strife,
The pain, grief, sin, and multiplied distress,
And all the million agonies that press
Upon the soul—those hopes and joys and truths
Whose influence strengthens, elevates, and soothes,
And breathes a conquering calm of steady bliss
Into the heart of man, and wreathes it round
With those immortal flowers, whose gentle breath
Whispers of finer worlds that are their home,
And whose ethereal hues, too bright for death,
Witness from what a land of light they come;—
Such Wordsworth's soul—sublime—serene—profound!

It was in the higher philosophy and criticism, however, that his friends looked for him to do anything considerable, for he had read largely and thought deeply on these subjects, and was an acknowledged power in the literary circles of Edinburgh. When the history of the literary activity of the Scottish capital during his time shall come to be written—and though its products are in quantity small, it well deserves to be written—John Hunter's name will have an interesting place in it. Jeffrey and Cockburn and Wilson belong to the greater age of Scott: but if that which followed presents only the gleanings of a field whose rich harvest had already been reaped, yet those gleanings are worth gathering; for they have some pickles of the finest wheat, and the green-ivied tower of Craiggrook under the hill still, as in Jeffrey's days, drew to it the wit and wisdom of the time. There one met Dr. John Brown—dear old "Rab," heir of a race who are all dear to Scotland, and one whose delicate and dainty humour was but as the ripple on the surface of a great deep wherein lay many treasures of precious thought. He has passed away, the one "bright particular star" of Scottish literature to-day—a star which of late years was often clouded over, but now for us at least it is darker than ever—dark alas, for ever. There, too, one might often see the grey-haired juvenility of Professor Blackie, beautiful to look on as a Greek statue, and might hear his kindly dogmatism and brilliant extravagance, and manifold audacities, which always, however, had a kernel of good sense in the heart of them. Long may he continue at once to irritate and instruct the nation which he loves so well, and which is so proud of him. There also one got to know Alexander Smith and Sydney Dobell and Gerald Massey—the young school of poets whom Aytoun

thought he had snuffed out with his clever "Firmillian." But Smith and Dobell, though they were still only in the simile-and-metaphor stage of poetry, ransacking the universe for the prettiest flowers with which to adorn their calico thinking, had that in them which would not have been easily snuffed out had time only been given them to let their roots get a firm grip of mother earth. Aytoun himself was rarely, if ever, a visitor at Craigmock, where the most effective rhetoric was not esteemed so highly as the most defective genius; and yet the author of "Ta Fairshon" had genius too of a kind. I do not know why, but it was not a great haunt of the artists who were then forming the Scottish school, though their work met with due appreciation there, and though they are as a class the most agreeable companions. But all the men of promise in philosophy and science—like Samuel Brown, and Edward Forbes, and Patrick Macdougall—and unhappily they none of them lived exactly to fulfil the splendid promise of their youth—found their way to Craigmock, and had their genius duly recognised. And men of true genius they were, every one of them, though it was not given them to work out in detail the work so nobly planned, envious death cutting them down ere the bloom had come to fruit, taking the best and leaving only the poorest to tell what was in those days.

But enough of these memories, of which I was not a great part, for I only came in at the end when the play was about played out. Hunter's diary mentions only one other visit to London, and then he did not meet with Carlyle, but only with Hunt. I have searched through it carefully for any account of his various interviews with Charles Lamb, whose quaint oddities used to brighten many an after-dinner half-hour. But he had apparently kept no record of them, for they belonged, of course, to an earlier period than this diary touches on; and I unfortunately took no notes at the time, and cannot now trust the blurred pages of memory. The last meeting with Leigh Hunt of which any account is given was in February, 1842, and we may complete the series by giving it here.

"Weir and I set off to call for Hunt, who is now living at 32 or 33, Edwarde's Place, Kensington, in a small, but very nice, house having a pleasant prospect of green fields and trees from the front windows. I was agreeably disappointed to find his *ménage* so much improved in every way, and particularly in the air of cleanness and comfort which pervaded the dwelling" (Poor Hunt! it was a general flowery and Eau-de-Cologne untidiness he lived among). "We were shown into his study, which is now carpeted and tolerably furnished. There are four small ranges

of bookshelves neatly arranged, each crowned with a good bust or cast, and all filled with the most choice and readable books. Among others I noticed the *Parnaso Italiano*, Tasso, Ariosto, the 'Arabian Nights,' 'Horace Walpole's Correspondence' (got for 'reviewing,' however, as appears), Wordsworth, Shelley, Thomson, Shakespeare, Webster, Peele, several volumes of old French Fableaux, Marot, Spenser, Pepys, &c. His wife's bust of Shelley is set on a pedestal at one side of the centre range of shelves, and there is a female bust to answer on the other, though I know not of whom, and forgot to ask. There are also some goodish prints" (Hunter was a great print-collector, and rather a judge), "one of Correggio's Magdalen, and a wonderfully good lithograph of Raphael. After we had sat a few minutes, and so had an opportunity of congratulating ourselves on the improved aspect of his domesticities, he came in in a morning dress, looking somewhat pale from his recent indisposition, but, on the whole, much better and fresher than I had been prepared to expect. Indeed, his health is now almost quite restored, and he told me that he had fairly begun to write again, and that he could get on as well as ever. He received us with even more than his wonted cordiality, saying he had begun to fear (from my not having called when last in town) that I had altogether deserted him, but that my face now told him that could never be the case. We sat down by the fire together and had a long and delightful chat of more than two hours, in which he displayed his wonted vivacity and graceful ease, rambling from theme to theme; as casual associations led us forward, and adorning every thing he touched with some gleam of fancy, or subtle play of thought, and ever and anon bringing out with his peculiar power the hidden charms which lurk even in the most unpromising topics. I was very glad to hear from him that Macaulay, who lately reviewed his *Lives of Wycherley, Vanburgh, Congreve, and Farquhar*, had sought his acquaintance, and shown him the greatest kindness. He had, as Hunt candidly confessed, 'opened both his heart and his purse to him.' Among other friendly acts, he had introduced and recommended him to Napier (the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*), for whom accordingly Hunt has lately written several articles which have been well received, and the profits of which have relieved him from some very pressing difficulties. He mentioned two of the papers he has contributed to the review, neither of which, however, I have thoroughly read; viz. a review of 'Pepys's Diary,' and one of 'The Lives of the Colmans.' I had glanced over the former of them some time ago in the Signet Library, and told him that this was the first instance in which I had read over two sentences of his without detecting him. He accounted for this by saying he had been obliged, in deference to Napier, to throw off all his individualities, and assume the proper dignity and high judicial tone of an *Edinburgh Reviewer*. This he found at first excessively cumbrous and constraining, and more than once 'he leapt like a hand-wolf into his natural wildness,' and gave occasion for certain remonstrances from Napier, of which he gave me some amusing specimens. The latter, on one occasion, went so far as to write, saying it would be a great advantage if he would try to get 'a decent style,' which Hunt at first misinterpreted into an objection on the score of *morals*, which was altogether incomprehensible to him, unconscious as he was of the least slip of that sort; until he showed the letter to Macaulay, who burst into a long fit of laughter, and *explained*. I was delighted to find, in the course of our gossiping talk, that he concurred with me in thinking that Horace Walpole had been greatly underrated, both as to heart

and head, and that great injustice had been done to him by all his recent critics. In proof of his entire concurrence with my views on this subject, he presented me with a paper which he had written some time ago in a periodical work, since extinct (poor Hunt's periodicals had a trick of becoming extinct)—retiring first for a few minutes to put a very kind inscription on the paper, thus—'A bit of Leigh Hunt for one who is kind enough to like any effusion of his—dear John Hunter.' I forgot to say that he is still on the tenter-hooks about his play, which was long since accepted at Covent Garden, but the performance of which has been repeatedly postponed. He says he has written the latter part of it *four times over*, to meet their views; and the vexation and agony which the suspense he was kept in occasioned, and the difficulty of altering and tinkering were the true causes of his illness. It is quite certain that it must be acted now, as they have given him £100 to account."

Alas! the play which Carlyle praised, and Covent Garden accepted did not "astonish him by a prodigious success;" and friends like Macaulay had still to "open their hearts and their purses" to the unfortunate author.

As I have said, Hunter did not call on Carlyle at this time, nor does he personally appear any more in this diary. But there are repeated references to his works, some of which may be worth quoting by the way. During this very visit to London he writes:—

"Carlyle, they tell me, is now heartily at work on the English Revolution (Rebellion), and as was to be expected, making a god, or at least a Messiah, of Cromwell. It is certainly a pity he is so fond of the *strong* and the *hot in the mouth*, in comparison with the serene and the contemplative in human thought and character. But I have long thought and said that there is a grand defect in his mind as regards the imaginative power, and he is totally destitute of the sense of beauty, outward or inward. Hence his tendency to strong excitements, his love of cayenne, his admiration and sympathy for the Mirabeaus, Mahometes, Dantes, in preference to the Wordsworths, Miltons, Shakespeares, not to mention a name which he is but too apt to profane by irreverent juxtapositions. The only thorough exception to this usual tendency of his is his worship of Goethe, who is certainly a plastic artist (and nothing else) and the antipodes of mere strength and power" (Hunter came to think somewhat differently of Goethe when he knew him better). "And I cannot help agreeing with Craik that Carlyle's early familiarity with the apostle (not to call him, as Carlyle does, the Messiah) of Germany has had a beneficial influence on his mind in some respects, by checking and keeping down his natural coarseness, and giving him glimpses at least of the higher realms of contemplative art than he might otherwise have attained. . . . Carlyle is blind and deaf on one side of his head, the side that should be turned upwards for 'the music of the spheres.' His *will* is at once too powerful, and always in excited action, wholly unchecked by those influences from on high which reach and rule the soul through 'the shaping spirit of imagination.' Hence I have little or no confidence in his judgments—certainly none at all in his creed or system of opinion, if he can be said to have one. It is a pity, too, for he has a large mind, wide sympathies, strong and powerful sense, and a degree of charity and toleration which is altogether admirable, when one considers how much self-will

and fiery passion had to be overcome before he attained it. But his heart was always in the right place, and its gushing tides of warm and generous feeling overran and sweetened and smoothed down the darker territories into which his impetuosity and tyrannical strength of intellect had forced their way with the view of shaping out a home for the soul."

After the "Reminiscences" people may have their doubts about this charity, but at any rate there was charity in Hunter's view of him. On returning home, led by I know not what, he takes to reading the "Hero-worship," and notes of it as follows:—

June 7th.—"I like it extremely. Like all his books it is full of large views, and is suggestive of thought to a wonderful degree. But, as usual, he is apt to be run away with by crotchets, and one has no confidence in the soundness of his conclusions, either as regards the characters of his idols, or the historic truth of the events he endeavours to picture out."

June 9th.—"His talk of Dante is superb, though I think exaggerated, and full of what he himself terms Byronism. But he has no taste for a *calm* great soul at peace with God and himself; and (though he does not venture to say it) it is pretty clear to me that he rates Milton very low, and cannot palate his organic music and serene grandeur."

June 14th.—"I would like to know what Carlyle means by *truth* in reference to religion. His definition of it would seem to be 'whatever is truly believed by a genuine and sincere man.' Hence he constantly speaks of certain doctrines, and in fact I may say of the Christian religion, according to the credenda or formulas both of Catholics and Protestants, as *having been true*, though they have (he is pleased to say) now ceased to be so, because not now believed; or at least they have ceased to be true for those genuine men (himself among the number) who do not now believe them. Agreeably to the same convenient principle, he makes Paganism, Odinism, Mahomedanism, all to have been true once."

June 17th.—"Finished 'Hero-worship.' It is certainly a great work, and what he says of Cromwell and Napoleon is extremely fine."

What would Hunter have thought had he lived to find that the great idol-worshipper was also the great idol-breaker of his age, and had he looked on the loved forms of Wordsworth, Lamb, and almost every one he chiefly honoured, thrown down from their pedestals, and shattered in the dust? I fancy him reverently gathering up the fragments and cleaning away the dust, and assuredly not putting Carlyle in their vacant niches.

A very considerable part of this diary is taken up with brief notes on the books that he was reading, and is therefore all the better fitted to give us a good idea of the man himself, his views and his power of mind. There is almost none of that self-searching, that daily feeling of the spiritual pulse, and registration of its variations, which is so common in religious diaries, and so generally wearisome. Hunter tells us what he is doing day by day, and especially what he is reading, and what he thinks of it, but only now and then, at

distant intervals, how he is feeling. At this time also he is chiefly busy about pure literature, though afterwards, when I came to know him, one heard as much about Kant and Hamilton and Mansel as about Wordsworth or Shelley or Scott. He brightened up a life of solid business habits by a border of chiefly poetic literature, to begin and to close each day with. It was not merely for pastime. His was no indolent reading just to fill up an idle hour and look like occupation, though it leave no result. It was critical, thoughtful, and no book was ever laid down without a clear judgment of its contents and uses. Even when he took his holiday, it generally had its task of study, which made it all the happier to him at the time. "Olim meminisse juvabit," too; it was pleasant afterwards to recall the scenery and circumstances in which such a book was read. One summer I find he took Virgil with him to Hamilton and the falls of the Clyde and Bothwell Brig, and Bothwell Castle, reading punctually his three or four hundred lines a day, passing over no difficulties, but patiently mastering a work which he had not glanced at since his college days. And it is thus that he notes the pleasant task day by day:—

August 9th, 1840.—"Spent the whole forenoon under the pear-tree reading the Æneid, of which I got through three hundred and fifty lines. I get on slowly, but I cannot be satisfied unless I know the precise force and import of every word and phrase; and this makes me often linger a long time over one or two lines, when I find a difficulty that would not strike others at all. It used to be said of Kirkpatrick Burnett, Lord Monboddo's son-in-law (to whom my grandfather dedicated his edition of Virgil) that he would have liked the Æneid better had it been more full of difficulties—intimating that his only pleasure in the classics was *grammatical*, and consisted in looking out the meaning of anomalous expressions, or devising new punctuations or readings. I cannot say that I have any pleasure of this kind. It tortures me to come upon a passage that I cannot construe, and though I would spend the whole day on it rather than be balked, I experience no triumph when I do satisfy myself, but on the contrary feel humiliated at the waste of time." *August 25th.*—"A decided, rainy day; stayed in the house and read 400 lines of the sixth book of the Æneid, which is splendid and interesting. I find that all the great Italian poets—Ariosto, Petrarca, Tasso, even Borardo, and not excepting Dante himself—have borrowed much more from Virgil than I had been at all aware of when I read them. It is rather a curious inversion of the usual order of things that I should be beginning (I may certainly call it so) my classical reading only now after I have gone through most of the moderns, including, besides our own classics, the greater part of the Italian, and several of the Spanish poets, verse and prose. But this plan (though no plan at all, but an accident) I do not regret. I think it has made me enjoy both in a greater degree than I should otherwise have done."

At this time Hunter did not know German.

He was past forty before he began the study of that language, and I rather think was led to it by an assertion of his friend Professor Blackie, that no man could ever learn a new tongue after that age. Learn it, however, he did, and that so as to thoroughly understand, and enjoy its noble literature. But in 1842 he resolved to get some acquaintance with Goethe by reading Miss Austin's translation of Falk's "Characteristics." It is interesting to see how gradually his idea of the great "Æsthetic Atheist," as he began by calling him, grew and deepened, as he read even this book with an open docile mind. Subsequently, when he had studied Faust and Egmont for himself, he came to have a profound sense of his great genius and universal insight. Not that his view of Goethe's *morale* or of his religious opinions ever materially changed. I remember him saying, after reading Lewes's Life of the poet, that it was the "biography of a great Heathen by another," and he thought that Goethe looked even harder in Lewes's pages than in Wilhelm Meister. But the more he knew of the man, the more amazed he was at the grasp of his thought, the wisdom of many of his sayings, and the exquisite music of his rhythm. Wordsworth might be oftener in his mouth, for, he said, he always left a pleasant taste there, with his sweet reflectiveness and touches of exquisite spiritual beauty. But he ever spoke of Goethe with a kind of awe, as a tremendous power whether for good or evil.

March 5th, 1842.—"Read Falk's 'Characteristics of Goethe,' which go greatly to confirm the views I had recently formed regarding him. His atheism, as not uncommonly happens, has been pampered into a hot-bed of the wildest and most baseless hypotheses, or rather *fancies*, as to the progression of the universe and the future destinies of man, which may well raise a smile of pity from believers in the reasonable faith of Revelation." *March 7th.*—"The *genius* of Goethe becomes certainly more and more conspicuous; but I cannot sympathise with his worshippers, for I cannot help thinking their idol had little or no heart. Indeed, his great effort was to deaden it, and become a mere æsthetic machine to whom 'fiction and fact were alike.'" *March 10th.*—"Went on with Miss Austin's Goethe, which improves upon me, as he also does in some respects. He was certainly what the Germans call 'many-sided,' but I cannot think he had many *sympathies*. He seems, on the contrary, to have looked on human nature and human feelings purely with a view to their being turned to 'æsthetic' account, much as an anatomist might look on a living subject, when cutting it up, to watch the action of the nervous system."

There are no further notes on this work, and he seems, at this time, even to have turned with some feeling of relief to the "Lord of the Isles" and the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." Afterwards, when he came

to know the poet better, he would have considerably modified even this last judgment. Yet to the last it would have come upon him as a surprise to read of such gentle and loving ways as he shewed to young Felix Mendelssohn. The Germans who know Goethe best are his devoutest worshippers, and that not for intellect only, but for the fine blending of strength and tenderness in his character. I am half afraid that my love for Hunter's memory lends an interest to these brief notes of his daily reading which those who did not know the man can hardly be expected to feel. Yet they are all that now remain to indicate what he was, and slight as each touch may be, they seem in their combination to shadow forth some features of a large and noble nature.

Oddly enough, considering his passionate devotion to Wordsworth, this diary contains only the most passing references to his name, and none whatever to any of his works. I would have given something for a careful estimate of his genius, and its peculiar powers and tendencies from one who had studied his works till he could, I believe, have quoted almost every line he ever wrote. When these volumes came first into my hands I felt sure they would disclose his innermost thoughts on the writer who most entirely answered to those thoughts. But though Coleridge and Shelley and Hunt and Tennyson are more or less expressly noticed, neither Keats nor Wordsworth, prime favourites both, have any distinct place in this diary. I cannot explain how it is, and I cannot but regret that so it is. Even Principal Shairp could not give a more loving study of Wordsworth than Hunter could have given in perfect sympathy with his spirit, and critical insight into its finer powers.

There is only one other point about him on which I would fain shed what light these records convey. Those who knew John Hunter only superficially in the common intercourse of life would never have suspected the depth of religious feeling that lay beneath the surface. Always ready equally for a discussion or a jest, and "full of dealings with the world," he "did not wear his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." Men of the world found him sharp and clear-headed in business, and scholars felt his interest in their peculiar studies; but behind all was a soul that communed with higher things, and had its life with God. In those years, the slightest departure from the received faith of the Scottish Church, which was the Calvinist Calvinism *ipso*, carried social and other penalties of a rather grave kind, and

Hunter's Coleridgean and other humane studies had drifted him, in some matters, a good bit away from that creed. Not that he opposed it, simply he ignored a deal of it, and found his life getting on better without it. But of course this compelled him to exercise a measure of reticence on those points, except with the few in whom he could wholly trust. To mere passing acquaintances, therefore, he did not speak much about religion, though all his thoughts rested on, and drew their life from it. A man more profoundly pious it has never been my lot to fall in with, though he said many a thing that would have sadly shocked the goody conventional piety. Yet his soul was ensphered in divine reverence, and radiant with the love of Christ; and when in the still evening hour conversation naturally travelled away heavenward, there was something more than speech in the spirit that breathed in his thoughts. But his diary does not say much of these deeper moods. Every morning, indeed, it records his private devotional reading. Every Sunday, it notes the sermon, and says something of its quality and whether it was helpful or not. At some "communion seasons" it tells us of failure in elevation of tone and fulness of sympathy, not always due to himself, but sometimes to the sermon, though he does not exactly say so. It is plain that he seeks for God in the services of the Church, and seeks Him with all his heart there, though he sometimes finds Him in places and in books where his minister would perhaps have advised him not to go. Now and then, he writes plainly what he thinks about the kind of teaching he gets, mostly in a kindly spirit, but sometimes rather rebellious. One day it is, "very good sermon, but dreadfully long," and all "through the intolerable drawing slowness of the delivery." At another time, "My heart was not so deeply touched as I could have wished, but I hope I was enabled to feel some signs of gratitude and love to the Saviour who has given us a good hope through grace." But one does not wonder that his heart was not much touched, when he goes on to say that the minister told them "they should strive always to look on the gaieties and pleasures of the world in the frame of mind which would naturally be in them just after they had passed from the death-bed of a friend, and witnessed the last struggle of expiring nature." Very properly he adds, "I do not think that this is the desirable frame of mind for a Christian to be always in. God loves a cheerful giver; and the true Christian frame of mind rises above death-beds and their agonies into a trust in

God for all things here and hereafter. The true motive should be love—love of the Saviour on account of the graces of His character and the greatness of His love." Shortly after comes a criticism of a yet bolder kind:—

"To church, where we heard a splendid oration from Chalmers on Romans x. 6—10. He deals too much, like all our Scotch divines, in the metaphysics of the atonement, bringing, or attempting to bring the whole transaction into the forms of the human understanding, and reducing it to a sort of bargain between the first and second Persons of the Trinity, whereby the former agreed to pardon man if the latter would take on himself the whole burden of his guilt. This will never satisfy either the intellect or the moral feelings of men, and the attempt to reduce this mysterious transaction to a plain intelligible contract, like those between man and man, is at once hopeless and impious. Coleridge was the first that dealt with this question in a way that satisfied me. *Vide* his 'Aids to Reflection.' We had, however, some splendid bursts of eloquence from Chalmers, which redeemed the dry bones of metaphysics, and there is a fervour and earnestness and obvious sincerity in his appeals which carry them directly from heart to heart."

Thoughts like these are familiar enough now, but they were not common in Scotland in 1840. The diary also contains some interesting notes on events immediately preceding the disruption of the Scottish Church, at which Hunter joined the Free Church, but they are mostly of local and temporary interest, or are already sufficiently known.

What was it now in this man that had so great a charm, and drew around him so many of the choicest spirits of the day? He had done nothing to win their special notice. However kindly disposed, he was not in a position to play Macenas to any of them. And for a good part of his life he lived three miles out of town, which is a heavy tax on friendship, especially during winter, when friends most like to meet. Once in a way, any one might wish to see the nest which Jeffrey made for himself in the elbow of the wooded hill; but what was it that led one to go again and again, and even to forget all about its association with the clever Edinburgh reviewer, and to feel that there was now a spirit in the place finer, in some respects, than had been even then? I have said that he was a man of rare wisdom, one who had the nicest perception of what is right and true; but after all that was not the chief attraction. Often enough "wisdom cries at the street corner, and no man regards her," still less will people go three miles out of their way, in an east wind, to find her. At Craiggrook, too, there was always a very bountiful hospitality, and wit and humour and pleasant talk to be sauce for the wholesome viands. But all these, in ample measure, could be had nearer home, yet somehow one gladly left the city behind

him, and "plodded westward," and saw the sun go down behind Ben Ledi. And the reason was, I think, not any one faculty of his, but rather this, that one was always at one's best in his company, and always found him answering to one's best. You go to a wise man when you are in need of good counsel. It is pleasant enough to hear brilliant talk now and then, even though you yourself are dumb, as one likes to see a comet or other wonder of nature. But after all good companionship implies two people, at least, and that each shall hold his own. Hunter was as good a listener as a talker, and he had the art of drawing out whatever was in you, if there was anything to draw. If you had a good story, he would cap it with another which yet did not extinguish yours, but rather brightened it. If you had a fine thought, he kept up the ball, and it multiplied as you went on, till the night appeared to be lit up as with many stars. It must also be admitted that he could put a sharp extinguisher on any unworthy thought, which also was good, especially for young men. So it was, at any rate, that his friends were always at their best in his company, and I doubt if there was a house in Scotland where the contact of mind with mind showed a richer play of thought, or brought forth sparks of finer wit and humour than Craiggrook, or left, in the end, a happier feeling like a good taste in the mouth. There was no mere "crackling of thorns under the pot," ending only in dull ashes; but with much that was solid and even serious in the conversation, there was no lack of sprightliness and true gaiety of heart. Apt quotation and telling story mingled with lively discussion of men and books and affairs. I have seen more brilliant displays in Norman MacLeod's little study, when the Editor of GOOD WORDS was in full force, and Daniel Macnee told those wonderful stories which are quite untellable now, for there is no one with that husky fat voice, and long upper lip. But they were rather overwhelming than quickening, and besides they had not either the learning or the repose of Craiggrook. In the gatherings there, each was a master in some province, entitled to speak with authority, and the fringe of flashing humour only set off by contrast the general serenity of thought. "*O noctes cenæque Deum.*" The place is silent enough now, at least to those who knew it long ago. But the memory of it is as the smell of an old garden, full of the old-fashioned flowers, where fountains also are softly playing, only the dial is broken now, and time stands still for ever.



The Encampment.

RAMBLES WITH THE ROMANY.

BY IRVING MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "MEN WE MEET," ETC. ETC.

I WAS putting my palette on one side for the day, when a trifling circumstance took place which originated the production of these "Rambles with the Romany." It happened thus: amongst the many models who haunt the artist's studio may be quoted the Gipsy, and it was a visit from one of these, one Aaron Lee, and our subsequent conversation, which determined my finding my way to their haunts and making a few pen-and-pencil notes of the manners and customs of these unique people for **GOOD WORDS**.

It was just in the gloaming when Aaron called to know if I could give him or his father, who was with him, "a sittin' sometoimes." I was at first inclined to answer with the ordinary "No, thank you" and send them on their way desponding; but an idea struck me, so I asked them to come in and sit down, for which, I assured them, I would pay as liberally as if I had required them as models. Aaron's father, who was at least an octogenarian, seemed to entertain the same respect for his stalwart son that a broken-winded old charger might be supposed to do for a young hunter, so that while he, nothing loath to accept my invitation, drew up to the fire, his father took up his position in a dark corner, evidently look-

ing upon his Romany kinsman as an oracle before whom it was only a fitting compliment to take a back seat.

"Do you get many sittings?" I said, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir; we gets a many in the winter," responded Aaron, "when the gentlemen's a-painting; and in the summer and autumn, when the gentlemen's away, we travels too, with wans and tents and things, and pitches where they'll let us. They're getting verry particular about a Gipsy's pitch nowadays round about London; Notting Dale, Willesden, Wormwood Scrubs, and Kensal Green, all nice open places, is closed to us now."

"Then where could I find you should I want you for a sitting?"

"Ah, sir, that's the orkard part of it," said Aaron, and his old father chimed in, "Orkard, verry orkard, sir." "You see we 'ain't got no fixed 'ome; but Mrs. Rumsey as keeps the general shop at Walham Green takes in all letters, and I goes there every day from the camp to see if she has any."

"Oh, you go from the *camp*, do you; and where's that?"

"On Chelsea Marshes, down by the river, at the back o' the gas-works. Our people'll always be glad to see you any time as you care to come among us. A few screws of



The Royal Family.

bacca and a kind word goes a long way with the likes o' us."

I at once made up my mind I would smoke the calumet in Aaron's Kraal, and so after a very enjoyable half hour with my dusky companions, during which, like a decrepid mocking-bird, old Lee echoed everything his son said, I gave them a few shillings and sent them on their way, arranging to come down the following day to the encampment.

So much by way of introduction, and now to plunge *in medias res*, and give you my experiences amongst these wandering Arians; for such on the best authority they seem to be—having sprung from the lowest Indian caste, the Parias or Sudras, migrated to Egypt (from which they erroneously derive their name), and spread as they have, since those early times, all over the civilised globe.

Armed with a note-book, a pencil, and a plentiful supply of ammunition in the shape of screws of tobacco, not forgetting a pocketful of coppers for the little ones, I found myself the following morning circumventing Chelsea gas-works in quest of the marshes. Nor shall I easily forget the picturesque aspect of the camp which at some little distance lay spread out before me. The news of the approach of a Gorgio (an outsider) seemed to go like wildfire through the lines, for some two hundred and fifty men, women, and children came from their several hovels and eyed me with the same wonderment and curiosity with which I have before now been examined by those semi-savage tribes of Asia Minor, whose villages I have happened in some cases to have been the first European to enter. I think that if I except those occupying the first tent, who went on with their work as if nothing re-

markable had happened, the entire population had risen to receive and welcome me. To enter the camp I had to pass this first hovel, where an old man, with two sons, quite youngsters, and three strapping daughters were hard at work skewer-making. Paterfamilias fashioned the skewers with an odd crescent-shaped knife, while his children were busily engaged in tying up bundles of fifty.

"That's the Royal family, that is," said a rough, raw-boned Romany who, with several others, had now joined me—"at least that's all that's left of 'em."

Although the dignity of his Majesty prevented his rising, he at once asked me to come inside and warm myself by his fire, and told his children to squeeze up and make room for the Romany Rye. Liking my prompt acceptance of his hospitality, he dubbed me at once a Romany Rye (Gipsy-gentleman), and it was not long before we were quite old friends. His Majesty had not much of the outward seeming of a monarch of higher degree, and did not appear to inspire his people with any very great amount of awe; he was, however, a man of splendid Romany pedigree, and



Entering the Royal Tent.

told me that although he had really dropped the title of king, that his mother, who died long years ago, was positively the last *bonâ-fide* Gipsy Queen, and that he was very proud of his royal descent; that his children too were princes and princesses, though nowadays the Gipsies were degenerating "quite rapid," and nobody called them so save himself, except in jest. Her Royal Highness (for I like to recognise her dignity) Princess Ada, a very charming girl of about eighteen summers, was binding bundles by my side, while Prince Philip, her little brother, a youth of about six, was busily engaged trying to undo my boot laces. I was now free of the camp; by hob-nobbing

with old Lee I had shown that I was sufficiently amiable to be at least no longer looked upon as a Gorgio, but, as I have said, a "Romany Rye," in short one of themselves; and when I added to the royal treasury the sum of 5½d., an exchequer of which the Princess Ada was the self-constituted Chancellor, I was hailed with *vivas* by the population outside, who disputed amongst themselves as to which should see the most of me. When, however, I said that I purposed doing many sketches and spending several hours with them they were subdued to reason, and when I promised to pay domiciliary (may I call it *domiciliary*) visits to all their canvas cabins before I finally bade them

adieu, they let me go my way and do as I liked.

The first tent I entered after wandering about for some time with a string of boys and girls at my heels, was that of the Smiths (the Smiths are a tribe in Gipsyland), where a father, mother, and six or seven children were sitting round a rude perforated bucket on the top of which the morning meal (a sort of thin soup) was boiling. I did not, be it understood, intrude on their privacy unasked, one of the children having been sent out to offer me the hospitalities of the Kraal. As I had already breakfasted, I did not indulge in another repast, though pressed to do so; spoons were conspicuous by their absence and wash-hand basins played an important part in the Gipsy breakfast service, several children gathering round each and devouring its contents. The custom of offering hospitality to the passing stranger they brought with them long years since from the East and still retain, just as the custom of eating bread and salt with the headman of an Eastern village still obtains in those remote regions. The tent I was in was about fourteen feet long by six feet wide, and five and a half feet high, and consisted of old bits of matting, canvas, carpet and similar light building material blackened through and through by the constant smoking of a brazier which, the weather being cold, had but small exit, through this frail covering, for its fumes. Good as the appetites of these youngsters were, breakfast seemed merely a physical effort with them, for a sudden sadness had fallen over their home, as was

soon explained to me by their miserable mother. Old Prudence Stanley had been there that morning and pronounced their youngest child (two years of age) *in extremis*—poor little thing, there it lay in a corner wrapped up in such scanty covering as they could afford, its dark curly hair already damp with the dews of death and its large lustrous eyes rolling vacantly. I felt that at such a moment my visit should not be prolonged, and so having left some small coins behind me, that they might purchase some necessaries for the poor little invalid, I went my way. Old Prudence was right, the child's hours were indeed numbered, for before I left the camp that evening its tiny soul (as the river mists rose and Chelsea marshes and its tents were lost to view) had escaped from that wretched hovel to brighter spheres above, departed from all the squalor and misery which necessarily surround the lives of tramps, be they Gipsies or Gorgios.

In the course of a few days I again called on the Smiths, where I found a group of swarthy neighbours, chiefly women and children, gathered round the rude bier of the little Romany. It was covered with linen of a whiteness which by contrast with the smoky tent looked absolutely luminous, a small sod of grass in a saucer placed on the breast of the deceased proclaiming in Gipsy fashion the presence of death.

I began now quite to like these wild wanderers with whom I had taken up, but must defer till next month an account of my further experiences.



“The presence of death.”

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

III.—WELLS OF WATER, THE SHEEP AND THE GOATS, THE THRESHING-FLOOR,
GRINDING AT THE MILL.

WHEN our Lord must needs pass through Samaria and came to the city called Sychar, he halted at the well.* It was "Jacob's Well;" for in the East a well is of sufficient importance to have a special name. There was the Well of the Oath, and the Well of Hagar; there was the Well by the Gate of Bethlehem, and the Fuller's Fountain at Enrogel; there were Esek and Sitnah and Rehoboth—Contention, Hatred, and Room.† Where rivers are few, and where in the long summer they shrink and almost disappear; where there are no purling brooks making music down the hills; where there are no constant pools of water, no meres and ponds and tiny lakes; where there are no streams trickling through the spongy grass, and by the roadside; and where the crops depend not so much on showers (for showers seldom fall, out of the one short rainy season) as upon irrigation, and the cattle must be watered through the thirsty heat, the well rises to an importance we cannot understand at home. The wells become sources of income, valuable properties that remain for generations in the family; they determine the position of towns, the prosperity of districts, and the position of armies; they may lead to bitter feuds between rivals or neighbours; they may hand down the fame of a king's reign as much as successful wars or stately architecture. The great owners of herds like Abraham and Isaac are represented in the Bible as great well-diggers. It was a strife about wells that had almost estranged Abraham and Abimelech. ‡ When the Philistines sought to keep out the Chaldean settlers it was by filling up their wells with earth; just as when Moab was to be laid waste long after, it was by stopping all the wells of water.§ At the battle of Apeh the Israelites pitched by a fountain in Jezreel.|| The opening of wells is one of many public works recorded of King Uzziah.¶ And when Isaac reopened the wells which the Philistines had filled up, he called their names after his father's names.** "Jacob's Well" had been preserved through the long vicissitudes of Palestine, and Jacob's Well is even pointed out to-day.

* John iv. 4, 5.

† Genesis xxi. 25.

‡ 1 Sam. xxix. 1.

† Genesis xxvi. 20—22.

‡ 2 Kings iii. 19.

¶ 2 Chron. xxvi. 10.

** Genesis xxvi. 18.

Jesus, the story tells us, being wearied sat by the well. A low rim of masonry often runs round the eastern well; for it is of large size, perhaps from fifteen to twenty feet in diameter if sunk in the clay, though not so large if hollowed out of the rock. Sometimes there is no rim at all, but the well lies dangerously open, the mouth of it on a level with the ground; and probably it was in a well of this kind that Jonathan and Ahimaz were hid, and which, when covered with a winnowing cloth, and that again with grain, would excite no suspicion of its real purpose.*

These wells were not, like our fountains, in the towns, but outside the wall, so that while the disciples had gone into the city to buy bread, the people of the city came out to it to get water. And thus it happened that a woman of Samaria came to draw water; for it was not the business of the men, who left the water-carrying, as part of the house work, to the women. It was when Rebekah came out to draw water for the evening meal that she was noticed by Eliezer.†

When we were in Gujarat the site of one of the little Christian settlements was hanging in the balance, for it depended on the success of the wells which were being then dug. They were as large as I have described, and the excavation through the sandy clay needs much rough skill. At some other villages additional wells had also been sunk, some to the depth of fifty feet; and there are critical stages of the well-sinking which are undertaken with the sound of copper trumpets and of other music, and which become the occasion of a bright village festival. They recalled the story of the well in Numbers, "the princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it with their staves. . . . Then Israel sang this song: Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it." ‡ It suggested the striking language of Isaiah, "With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation." § And when at Khasamba, another of these settlements, as the men were throwing up the sand, and they felt themselves sinking through a mingled

* 2 Sam. xvii. 19.

† Numbers xxi. 17, 18.

‡ Genesis xxiv. 11, 15.

§ Isaiah xlii. 3.

rush of sand and gushing water, it was impossible not to think of the words of our Lord, "A well of water springing up into everlasting life."*

Wallace's Well is the simple way in which the villagers at Wallacepur commemorate both the name of a missionary whom they loved and the well which he sunk. At Shahawadi we found a well in the possession of one of the Christian farmers, who had thus realised the position of independence with which Rabshakeh tempted away the allegiance of the Jews from Hezekiah, saying to them, "Agree with the King of Assyria and ye shall eat every one of his own vine and drink every one the water of his own cistern."†

The very word for some of the wells in Gujarat recalls the word for cistern, for there is one group of them called *Borah*. They are very curious for their magnitude and elaborate construction. A broad flight of perhaps a hundred steps leads gently down to the water, which lies in a long, deep pool or tank, hewn out of the rock, and at one or two intervals lines of arches run off into the vague distance. The effect of these long, dark, cool galleries, of the black, deep waters below, of the freedom from the glare of the sunlight, and of the constant passage of women up and down the wet steps, each with a water jar of graceful shape, empty on the descent and on the ascent full, is very striking. There are wells, or pools, of somewhat this character at Hebron; and these were the only wells I saw in India to which one could apply the words "going down." When Eliezer, the steward of Abraham, reached the village of Bethuel, † it is said that he watched Rebekah as she went down to the well, filled her pitcher and came up; and her eager kindliness is represented by her running again to draw water for the camels after he had drunk; a description which, whatever the kind of well at the city of Nahor, would apply equally to these *Borahs* in Gujarat. They are near the city, the weary animals rest beside them when strangers arrive after a journey, and it was not difficult to imagine as the sun was sinking, but the atmosphere still brilliant with his light, the figure of the damsel tripping up and down the long steps and in and out among the shadows. She bore the water jar upon her shoulder, as is still often the case in Syria; but in India it is almost universally carried on the head, and with a motion so

firm and gliding that the jar is motionless. Still, however, it is to the well that the daughters of the men of the city go out, especially at morning and evening, making bright groups as they cluster around and lean their jars upon the well's mouth—the rim of masonry that encircles it. And still the well is a place of rendezvous and village gossip.

As the water is often far below the surface, the Hindoo carries a small brass vessel wound about with a long rope, so that he can always drink when he comes to a well; for the heat and dust create an intense thirst, and give a curious force to the proverb about good news from a far country being like cold water to a thirsty soul.* At many of the wells, especially those for irrigation, there is a Persian wheel on which a number of buckets are fixed, and as they come up full they discharge the water into a stone trough, from which it is drawn off by bamboo pipes to little trenches through the fields. The wheel is moved by oxen; but where women draw for household use, the water vessel is suspended to a rope, let down, and drawn up filled, the constant rubbing of the timber or brick sides wearing deep grooves. And when the wheel is broken at the cistern, the pitcher broken at the fountain, there can be no more fitting image of the cessation of all the flow of life at death. †

The Samaritan woman misunderstood our Lord. He would have given her living water; but she had no ears to hear the flow of the fountain that runs below all the words of God. It is the musical run of a holy stream. The rock was struck in the wilderness, and it flowed there. It runs through the Psalms: the twenty-third, where the sheep lie beside the still waters; the forty-sixth, where we have the streams of the river that make glad the house of God; the eighty-fourth, where the barren and forbidding valley of Baca becomes one deep well to which the thirsty pilgrims hasten. "An Arab rode up to us on his camel," MacCheyne says; "his face was burnt with the sun, his tongue parched. He could say nothing but *moie, moie, water, water.*" Perhaps he had found a dried well at the last station. It requires the East to give that intensity of emptiness, and broken hopes, and disappointment, that are all concentrated in the expression by which Peter designates professing Christians † who have forsaken the right way, "wells without water."

It was a cry of the old prophet, "Ye

John iv. 14.

† 2 Kings xviii. 32.

‡ Genesis xxiv. 16—20.

* Proverbs xxv. 25.

† Ecclesiastes xii. 6.

‡ 2 Peter ii. 17.

have forsaken the Lord, the fountain of living waters."* Is that a cry that can be raised against any of us? "Ye have forsaken the Lord;" your life is shrivelled; it has no spiritual freshness; your heart is withered with care; your strength and ability are spent on this world. But if, like the Arab in the desert, you can only say with parched lips, "water, water," then "Come to the fountain, and drink and live." From Christ the music of the living water flows through the New Testament. It is in the Gospels like the four rivers that watered Eden. The apostles, and the confessors, like Stephen, and the saints in every place, drink of the well of Bethlehem and become mighty men. When John saw the holy city descend out of heaven from God, he was shown "in it a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb." †

One, though not common, feature of these wells was the clustering of animals about them; sometimes a group of camels kneeling down to rest, and sometimes a flock of sheep under charge of some shepherd in shaggy skin and with long staff. First in China, and afterwards in India, it was curious to see in some of the large flocks we passed, the goats and the sheep mingled together. In the North of China one day a huge flock was crossing our road, and as they leaped down a steep bank on one side we saw that the goats did not keep together as they do in Switzerland, but were mixed with the larger body of sheep. Another day the shepherd was busy sifting out the goats, probably for some separate pasture. It was impossible not to recall the parable in which this division is represented as one of the acts of the Judgment Day, when all men are gathered before the Son of Man, and He shall separate them one from another as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. ‡ We are mixed enough here. It is often impossible to tell the real from the assumed Christian. We are unable to penetrate below each other's disguises; and, it may be, bad men and untrue men leave the world in the odour of sanctity. It is not here that the Great Shepherd divides us; but it is yonder, when that Divine hand shall move among the assembled multitude, and when that Divine eye shall pierce through the ranks.

It was also in the North of China that we

* Jeremiah ii. 13. † Revelation xxii. 1,
‡ Matthew xxv. 32.

first saw the threshing-floor of the East and of the Bible. When we were travelling to some out-stations in Mantchuria, the road bounded on both sides by endless fields of gigantic millet, there would come a farmer's house and farm-yard, or a small hamlet, and on the skirt of it, the trodden spot of ground hard and smooth as stone. But it was not till some weeks later, as we were journeying slowly up to Peking, and the harvest was now gathered, that we saw it in use. The grain was laid on the floor, and a pair of oxen were driven leisurely over the ears, treading out the corn. Another form of threshing was the stone roller, which was drawn over the ears by oxen or mules; and there was another still, where a flat board, furnished with some projections, was drawn in the same way, the driver or children perhaps sitting on the board to lend it additional weight. Sometimes the grain was piled up in a large heap in the centre of this floor, unsifted; and then men with a winnowing shovel (the Bible fan) would toss the grain into the air, or else into a flat basket from which the man who held it flung up the corn, and the wind carrying the chaff away filled the air with dust.

One Bible phrase after another was recalled to us. It was easy to see how the Philistines could rob the threshing-floors at Keilah, those open spaces in the field on which the absence of any dread of rain induced the farmers to pile up their wealth of grain;* or how the open floor, open to the sky and smooth, became the natural place to test the dew upon Gideon's fleece while all the rest of the ground was dry; † or how, when the two kings, Ahab of Israel and Jehoshaphat of Judah, summoned the prophet, the place to set the royal thrones was on the smooth and empty threshing-floor just before the gate of Samaria; ‡ or how no better place than this could be found on which to build the altar that David raised when he had purchased the site of the temple from Araunah the Jebusite, and found in the threshing instruments—the wooden fans and boards, and oxen poles—the wood for the sacrifice.§ It would be easy for the oxen to stop in the midst of the abundance they were treading out, and eat; and the merciful Jewish law provided that they should eat if they would; there should be no muzzling of them; "thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth out the corn." Paul seizes this and applies it to work for Christ, while there is another illustration, also bonowed here,

• 1 Samuel xxiii. 1.
‡ 2 Chronicles xviii. 9.

† Judges vi. 37.
‡ 2 Samuel xxiv. 18.

that had a solemn meaning for him.* The ox goad in India is a plain staff of wood with a sharp iron point projecting from one end. With this the driver urges the animal forward; I have seen the snow-white flanks of a draught bullock mottled with tiny streams of blood from the use of this severe urgency, and as the ploughman keeps the point to his yoke of animals, if they kick back, they only prick themselves against the goad. With such a common sight in his mind, a sight that must have been often repeated as he rode to Damascus, it would be with a keen and overwhelming force that he would hear the voice from heaven, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks," to resist these sharp prickings of conscience that thou canst not suppress. †

And then there are those two dread illustrations of the power, and judgment, and discernment of God that are connected with the chaff. A violent gusty wind whirls it far from the floor when the winnowing fan tosses up the wheat; and the rebellious Israelites would be, Hosea says, "as the chaff that is driven with the whirlwind out of the floor;" ‡ just as the wicked, it is written in the first Psalm, are as the chaff which the wind driveth away, dispersed, valueless, and forgotten.

* 1 Corinthians ix. 9. † Acts ix. 5. ‡ Hosea xiii. 3.

In the grinding at the mill there is another idea scarcely less solemn. The mill consists of two circular stones (the upper and the nether millstones), the grain is placed between them, and the upper is turned round by a handle. It is very laborious work, at which we frequently saw women sitting, two together, although sometimes oxen drew the roller. "It is a clear ringing sound conveying a notion of peace and cheerfulness." It is one of the signs of the desolation of Babylon that "the sound of a millstone shall be heard no more at all."* Every morning and evening the women of the house are busy with these stones; so that the approach of death is indicated in Ecclesiastes by "the sound of the grinding is low." † But our Lord employs a more expressive figure. Of the two women who grind together one shall be taken and the other left. God's ways are sudden, and the unexpected always comes to pass. Of those two women one will turn the stone one day alone. Which will it be? Of those two who have walked together these many years to church, one will walk alone. Of those inseparable friends, one will be taken and the other left. Which will it be? And unto which will it be well when it comes?

* Revelation xviii. 22.

† Ecclesiastes xii. 4.

A QUAIN OLD TOWN IN THE TYROL.

Pictured with Pen and Pencil.

BY CHARLOTTE J. WEEKS.

OF the numerous quaint out-of-the-world places in the Tyrol, though many may be more important and more widely known, there are few more full of interest than the little town of Sterzing. I might have been whirled past it in the train, as so many travellers are, or, if I had taken any notice at all, have seen nothing but a few roofs and towers, clumped together in a broad green valley, with two ruined castles at a short distance: but some artist friends in Munich knew it, and gave me a rather tempting description of its primitive appearance and picturesque capabilities; so one May morning, alone (for want of better company) I set out to see for myself what it was like. The gruff Bavarian official at the station, of whom I made inquiries as to what time the trains started, seemed almost injured to have to answer such a question. "Nobody thinks of going to Sterzing nowadays," quoth he,

"not even a Tyrolese lassie." However, I thought of doing so, and I went.

The morning was bright and warm this side of the Alps, but, after passing Kufstein, the sky assumed a leaden hue, and as the Brenner was slowly ascended, with snorting locomotive, a steady downpour of rain commenced, and ceased not the whole day. The fair prospect was blotted out, and one could only now and then get a peep of the winding carriage road in the valley hundreds of feet below, or of distant snow-crowned mountain peaks. I don't think rain has such a depressing effect on one anywhere so much as in the mountains; the rushing and gurgling of dozens of mountain streams, the pouring waterspouts from the roof of every house, and, above all, the water standing all over the pathways: these things certainly combine to exaggerate the usual discomforts attendant upon this most beneficial and

health-giving element. Under such circumstances did I find myself landed—I might almost say floated—at the Sterzing station. There seemed to be but one official on duty—indeed, as I was the only arrival it was no doubt sufficient—but my bag stood a good chance of being saturated before he could be induced to bring it under cover; and still longer was it before he could leave his manifold duties and conduct me to the inn to which I had been recommended in the town. He no doubt considered me quite a safe

a bow window, whence I could see a perspective of street to the left, to the right a very inviting-looking old tower with gateway underneath, and in front an open square, with a church, hospital, and school-house. The reader will have an advantage over me if I make him acquainted with a few historical facts about the place, before taking a look at it as it is now. These facts I hunted out in the British Museum, on my return to London, finding it impossible to gain any enlightenment on the subject from the inhabitants; vague hints I did indeed gather about the "Romans," but that matter seemed of little importance to the good people so long as their Kaiser Franz Josef was gracious to them; and had he not visited their town a year or two ago? and had they not erected an obelisk to commemorate the event?

The Sterzing of to-day is the Störtzingen of the Middle Ages, the Steriacum and Vipetenum of the ancient Romans. Its strategical situation, just where the narrow Brenner Pass opens out into the smiling valley of the Eisack, which stretches away to the south, commended itself to the far-sighted rulers of the world many centuries ago; while the fertile soil and rich ore in the mountains seemed to them a most desirable possession. Accordingly in the year of Rome 739, or 13 years B.C., an expedition was sent by the Emperor Augustus to penetrate the Alpine chain dividing North and South Europe, and open up to the Roman eagles the Brenner Pass. A heathen monument found near the parish church, stating that here *ossa decima legionis*, or the bones of the 10th Legion, were buried, is probably a relic of the battles then fought. The Romans having defeated the united Rhetians in the neighbouring mountains, moved forward to the vicinity of the present Sterzing; here they conquered the Celtic inhabitants, and opened their way over

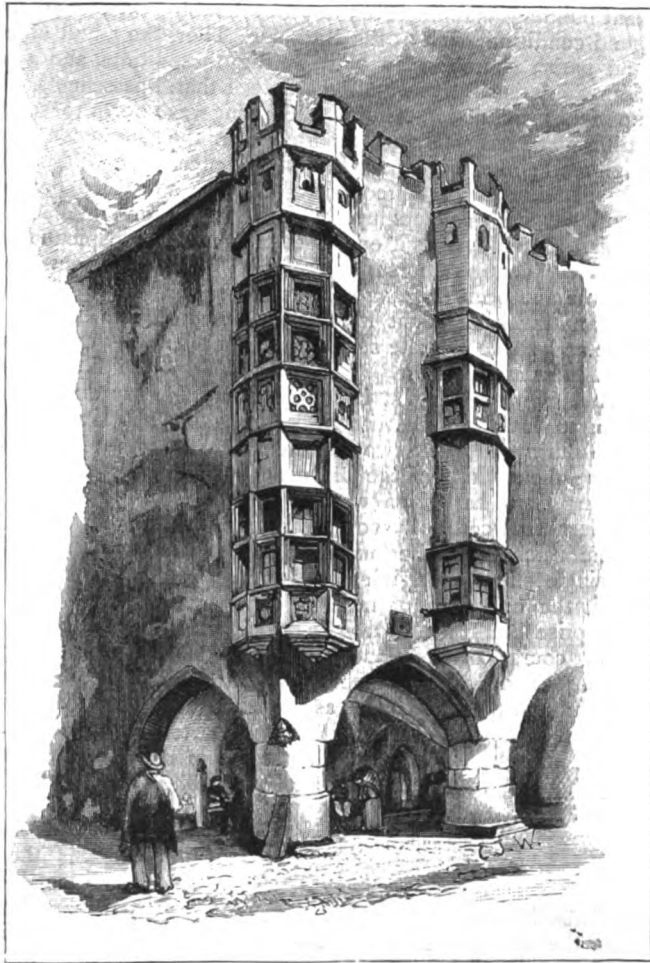


Street and Tower in Sterzing.

customer, and not likely to slip out of his hands, seeing that, after the train had gone on, we appeared to be "monarchs of all we surveyed." The town is three-quarters of a mile from the station, and it was with a feeling of relief that I resigned myself to the hospitality of the "Schwarzer Adler." I appeared to be the only stranger staying in the house—I certainly was the only lady there—so that I had to resort to newspapers and short chats with the landlord and landlady and the "Kellnerin" for my first evening's entertainment; added to this, my room had

pedition was sent by the Emperor Augustus to penetrate the Alpine chain dividing North and South Europe, and open up to the Roman eagles the Brenner Pass. A heathen monument found near the parish church, stating that here *ossa decima legionis*, or the bones of the 10th Legion, were buried, is probably a relic of the battles then fought. The Romans having defeated the united Rhetians in the neighbouring mountains, moved forward to the vicinity of the present Sterzing; here they conquered the Celtic inhabitants, and opened their way over

Brenner into the valley of the Inn. After the entire subjugation of South Tyrol, Sterzing was made a principium under the name of Vipetenum, and gradually grew and spread, as its importance for a halting-place on the high-road from Verona and Aquileja to Veldidena and Augsburg became evident. The great number of antiquities found form sufficient evidence of its flourishing condition; to which, no doubt, the mineral wealth of the neighbouring mountains contributed. And so the good Sterzingers have every right to their theory about the Romans, although they know so little about the facts. This sketch of the Roman occupation is as it were a *first* phase of its history. Like the brilliant colours of the dissolving view gradually fading and developing another picture, so the activity and power of these mighty colonizers waned, and a transition period followed of which no facts remain on record. At last, in the thirteenth century, the new picture begins to assume distinct form; we see another race, and this time no foreigner to the soil, reviving and working up the paths and sources of industry in which the Roman stranger had previously flourished; the mines begin to be once more actively worked; the busy burgher and merchant bring their wares together for sale, and Erzherzog Rudolf promotes their enterprise by causing the high-road to be laid through the town, thus guiding as it were the streams of commerce between North and South Europe into the hands of the busy citizens. The German authority that gives this piece of information, words it thus: "Erzherzog Rudolf führte die Strasse *glatt* durch die Stadt," *i.e.* "Erzherzog Rudolf led the road *smooth* through the town." To any one who knows the road through the town as it is now, the question suggests itself with frightful vividness, "If *this* road be smooth what must a rough one be



Town Hall, Sterzing.

like?" I have known many roads made *smooth* with large round ostrich-egg stones, but the Sterzinger street beats them *all* for ups and downs, angles and corners. I am thankful to say I never had occasion to *drive* down it; if I had I should certainly have had to sacrifice half-a-dozen teeth! What then must it have been like before? I leave the answer to individual imagination.

However, the inhabitants were no doubt very grateful, as they ought to have been, and another gracious and beneficent prince, Frederic, surnamed "with the empty pocket," granted them permission to hold weekly fairs and markets, and hither the country folk repaired from far and wide, bringing the country produce to barter for that of the town. We can picture to ourselves many

animated scenes on these occasions. Important buildings standing even now in tolerably good condition, such as the Rathhaus, Thor, and parish church, were built during these flourishing days. It would seem indeed that, up to the introduction of railways, Sterzing was still a place of bustle and importance on the high-road; the post-chaises and diligences changed horses here frequently, and so a continual stir was kept up. Goethe, in his Italian Journal, passes it over with the simple remark, "changed horses at Sterzing;" but had he not been burning with the fever for Italian travel, he might have taken time to note and space to write something about its quaintness and interest.

And now, looking at it to-day, it would seem to have changed its appearance but little during the last two or three hundred years; the activity of the old coaching and posting days has given way to an almost primeval and certainly soothing repose; the traffic which once rolled unceasingly through its single street now glides past on the iron road, the only sign of modern commercial enterprise being a *Marmor Industrie*, which is in course of erection just outside the town. Echoes of times gone by do indeed roll through the stilly night, as the ear of the wakeful stranger is astonished every quarter of an hour by hearing a bell rung from a neighbouring tower, and a muffled sing-song of—

"Gebet Acht mit eurem Licht
Dass kein Unglück geschieht."
‡ auf 11.

And also from the street below resounds every hour the monotonous chant of—

"Ihr lieben Leute lasst Euch sagen
Die Uhr im Thurm hat 11 Uhr g'schlagen."
11 Uhr.

"Lobet den Herrn und die heilige Jungfrau,
Die unbefleckte Jungfrau!"

Varied only by the different hour of the night, which forms the refrain to each couplet. In some other Tyrolese towns the watchman's cry may still be heard. Sometimes a long exhortation is chanted out, a different one for every hour of the night; the peculiarly monotonous declamation of these chants is beyond description.

The tower from which the indefatigable watchman's cry is heard stands where formerly was the entrance to the town, but now, owing to the lengthening out of the street beyond the walls, it seems to occupy a central position. It was built in 1468 by Siegfried, surnamed the *Münreiche* ("rich in coin"),

and still remains in a perfect state of preservation. Underneath is a gateway wide enough to admit of one vehicle passing through at a time, and a smaller gate at the side for foot-passengers. Passing through this gate from north to south, the first object to attract the stranger's attention is the Rathhaus. Among the old-fashioned, bow-windowed (Erker), gabled houses, with a peep of the towering mountains in the background, it stands out conspicuously, thanks to the massive and handsomely ornamented corner windows; the lower part is built on arches, forming an arcade, with covered walk and shops, resembling in this the rows at Chester. One can form an opinion of the quietness of the place, when I say that, without the slightest inconvenience, I was able to place myself close to the side path opposite to make my sketch; and it would seem that this was a quite usual proceeding, for, as a troop of boys coming out of school became aware that I was sitting there, they made a simultaneous rush at the corner stone of the corner column, and quite a fight took place for the privilege of sitting on this stone, and so be introduced into my sketch. I was astonished at the patience and pertinacity of some of these aspirants for the honour of being immortalised in this manner. But they were all disappointed.

A handsomely ornamented door leads into a broad vaulted stone archway. After groping about in the gloomy light a little time one finds the staircase; on the first floor is the large council chamber, a fine room panelled from top to bottom; round the walls are hung some oil-paintings, removed from the parish church at its last restoration; the door of this room is, on the inside, most richly ornamented with iron work, taking the form of fantastic flowers and leaves. Above this is another apartment, in all respects very similar, except that it is devoted to lumber, and is certainly the most picturesque lumber-room one can imagine. I have been unable to find any information about the builder or architect of this Rathhaus, the date 1594 carved on the outer door is all that can be ascertained. While sketching inside this building, an old man often came and chatted with me, and I found out that he lived there, and was, I suppose, Haus-meister, or caretaker. His sisters kept a cheese, butter, eggs, and sausage shop on the ground floor. He took me into their dwelling-rooms at the back of the first floor, confided to me that he was not without artistic aspirations himself, and would show me some of his efforts. He really seemed to have a great deal

of ability, but it was, of course, quite uncultured. He let me wander all over the place as I liked, and, having discovered in the lumber a nice old spinning-wheel belonging to his sister, I went into the shop and negotiated for the purchase thereof; they let me have it for 2s.; they were also good enough to find me a gourd which I wanted, and in recognition of their various little services I invested in three-quarters of a pound of Salami sausage from their stores!

The people indeed everywhere are very friendly to strangers. On one occasion I saw an old peasant with a wonderful hat on, with gold cord and tassels, and I immediately thought I should like to possess it; before deciding to give chase I hesitated—alas! he who hesitates is lost!—my peasant and hat disappeared suddenly, and on inquiring for him among the bystanders they said they did not know where he had gone. A man stepped out from a doorway, and said he thought he knew where he had gone, and offered to fetch him, which he did, and for the sum of 2 fl. (4s.) the coveted hat was my own—it happened to be quite an old shape, such as is not made now, so I was very fortunate. The peasant national dress is less worn here than in other parts of the Tyrol; perhaps the close proximity of the railway is the reason for this; it is a pity, however, for the scarlet vest, broad green braces, leather embroidered belt, and short leather breeches, are most picturesque.

Another interesting building, and one well worth a visit, is the parish church. It is about ten minutes' walk from the town, and was built in the second half of the fifteenth century; the whole neighbourhood, particularly the wealthy miners, combining to share the expense of the erection. The colossal columns which support the vault correspond in number with the communities who contributed to the building; each of these placed its column, and on it is the proud inscription for their descendants: "Siehe, dies hat die fromme Altwelt mit dem Schatze der Gebirge deiner Andacht gebaut" ("See, thy pious forefathers built this with the treasure of the mountains for thy devotions"). The original architectural form has suffered a good deal from later restorations and renovations. In the churchyard my attention was arrested by a tablet with an English inscription; it was, I believe, that of a youth who died there on his way to the south. I remember one line very clearly: "He reached the Alps on his way to heaven"—and there he lies, surrounded by those glorious Alps, in one of

the most peaceful and beautiful of their many valleys.

Near the church is an interesting old house, formerly inhabited by the brotherhood called the "Teutscher-orden." A capuchin monastery supplies the place with additional spiritual ministrations, and picturesque cowls. The hospital was founded by Graf Hugo v. Taufers in 1241. Before taking leave of the town and making acquaintance with the valley and Schloss, I may say that the entrances, staircases, and courtyards of many of the houses are very picturesque and quaint; there is generally a gallery running round one or more sides of the courtyard, and dark, vaulted passages under other houses lead one almost outside the town. In one in particular there was what is called a "chapel," *i.e.* in a large niche were wooden painted figures representing Christ and His disciples. These chapels are very common all over the country; there is generally a rail in front to kneel on; they are called "Calvaries" when the "Passion" is represented; and sometimes on a mountain-side are a whole series of such chapels, called "stations," to which the people make



On the way to Schloss Roiffenstein.



Schloss Reiffenstein.

pilgrimages, and say a certain number of prayers at each.

The origin of the name and arms of the town has given rise to many conjectures. One theory traces it to the number of Sesterces coined there by the Romans; according to another, a poor man named Sterzling built his hut on the present site of the town; while yet another says that the inhabitants, not knowing what name to choose, decided that it should be called after the first stranger who came to the gate; this happening to be a beggar on crutches, the term expressing lameness, or Sterzing, was chosen; certainly it is difficult to account for the arms of the place, which represent a beggar on crutches, holding a rosary in his hand.

Leaving now the town behind us, let us explore the valley in which it is situated. It was in primeval times a vast lake, and although it has been drained for centuries, the land is still marshy, and affords excellent pasture for horses, pigs, and geese. The phantasy of the Tyrolese has also peopled this marsh with the spirits of faded spinsters, who must here do penance for their supposed

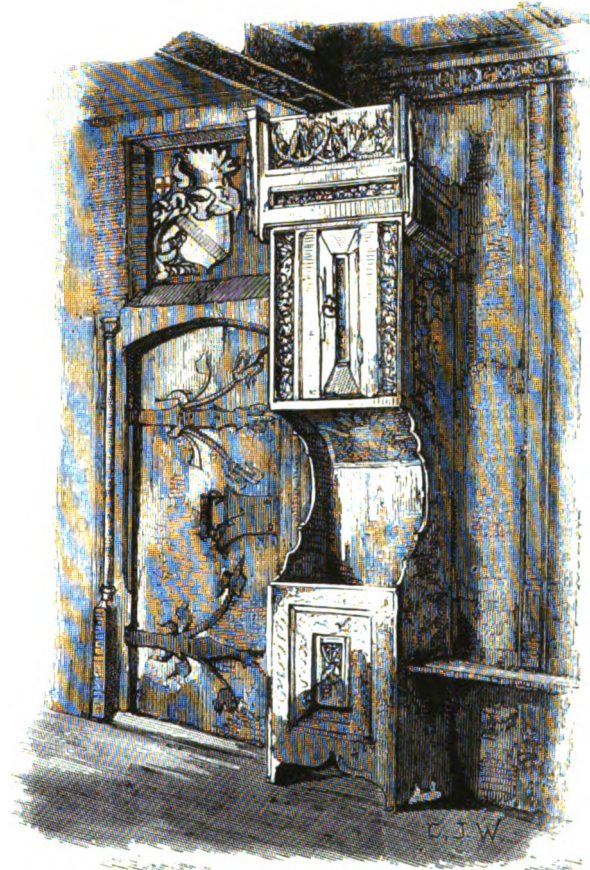
ignominy; thus a saying has arisen in the mouth of the people, who say of an old maid, "She belongs to the Sterzinger Moos." Two impetuous mountain streams rush down the valley with immense rapidity, and have, more than once, committed sad havoc by overflowing. My first walk to Schloss Reiffenstein was an unpleasant experience of marsh land. I took a wrong path across the valley, and it became gradually narrower, and the ground moister, until I came to some planks, and on these I walked on, the water splashing up round me at each step. I don't know why I kept on, but I believe I considered the fact of planks being laid down sufficient guarantee for the safety of the path. At last I reached firm and rising ground at the base of a mountain, and looked round for the castle, for which I had been aiming; to my surprise it looked as far off as before, only with this difference, that I had got round to the other side of it. I went on again till I came to some cottages, where I inquired for the road, and found I had come about a mile and a half out of my way. When it was reached, I was fortunate in finding the

peasant who lived there at home, working in his garden. The ascent to the summit of the rock on which it stands is sunny and steep. One reaches first an outer wall, with strong gate and portcullis; many loopholes intersect it; then come a bridge (formerly a drawbridge) over a deep chasm, another gate and wall, and another courtyard, likewise provided with innumerable slits and loopholes; here is the entrance to the main

building, up rough rock-hewn steps, past a picturesque well with moss-grown wooden roof. This entrance is so rough in its appearance, that one is not prepared for the wealth of Gothic carving which some of the rooms display; one in particular is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* in this way, the borders round the panelling and ceiling being carved in many different patterns. This room contains a genuine carved Gothic table, unique in form and workmanship; the door is also richly ornamented with iron work. The peasant who showed me over said they had to keep a sharp lookout after some of the visitors, who tried to carry off pieces of the carving or iron work. He told me of one instance: when his wife had shown this room to a gentleman (?) and they had got down-stairs, he said, "Oh, I have dropped my knife out of my pocket, and must go back and look for it." She let him do so, but as he did not return for some time, went back and found him in the act of loosening the ornamented iron lock on the door. "My wife did scold, I can tell you," said he, "but if it had been me I should have kicked him down-stairs." In another room is a small chapel also richly carved, and dating from about the same period; there are many

varieties of doors about the place, all exceedingly picturesque. A portion of the tower, the oldest part, is still accessible; from the Romanesque arched windows a beautiful view is obtained of the snow-capped mountains. The early possessors of this stronghold do not seem to be known, although, as early as 1180, it was said to be the seat of an ancient and noble family. At a later period it belonged to the Von Seben family, of whom

the last representative, Oswald, died in 1465. Through many changes it now belongs to the Graf v. Taxis; this gentleman is a descendant of the Rogiere de Tassis who, visiting Germany in the year 1450, "introduced the never-enough-to-be-praised invention of posts;" for this public benefaction the Emperor Charles V. caused the office of Head Postmaster to be hereditary in the Taxis family, and raised its members to the rank of barons and counts.



In the Gothic Room.

For the benefit of future visitors I may say that Sterzing is on the Brenner line, which runs direct from Munich over the Alps to Verona *via* Innsbruck and Bozen. It is about eight or nine hours' journey from Munich, through the heart of the Alps, with many beautiful views of the scenery; but doubly beautiful, even if more tedious, must the journey have been in the old posting days. I travelled home with a lady, a North

German, who said she remembers her first journey over the Brenner with her husband, before the railway was made ; she considered that since then the character of the people had a good deal deteriorated : they were less simple, and more grasping in their transactions with strangers. This is very likely

true, though I, of course, only know them as they are now ; and I should consider them, judging from experience, honest, hospitable, and simple still ; but, no doubt, in places much frequented by foreigners, such as Bozen and Meran, they have, to a certain extent, lost their former characteristics.

KITTY'S PRAYER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN JERNINGHAM'S JOURNAL."

"THE mistress is diein', the docthors have said
so,
Och, who'd be a docthor, to bring us our deaths ?
To sit by our beds, with a hand on the head so,
A feelin' the pulses, an' countin' the breaths !
To drive to our doors in a vehicle stately,
Outstretchin' a hand for a fee on the sly,
To settle our deaths for us very completely,
An' very contintedly lave us to die !

"The mistress is diein'—it *is* such a pity—
The master just worships the ground 'neath her
tread,
She's such a swate crathur, so smilin' and pretty—
Is there no cross ould woman could go in her stead ?
She trates us so kindly, we think it an honour
To larn from herself her own ilegant ways.
I lov'd her the minute I set my eyes on her,
An' what will I do whin she's dead, if you plase ?

"I hate our fine docthor ! he ought to be cryin',
But smil'd as he ran to his carriage and book,
Jist ather he tould us the darlint was diein'—
Shure, if she recover'd, how quare he would look !
I know he's a janius—the best in the city—
But God's above all—even docthors—who knows ?
I am but a poor little sarvint," says Kitty,
"But even a sarvint can pray, I suppose !"

So, down on her knees in a whirl of emotion,
With anger and grief in a terrible swing,
Her Irish tongue praying with utter devotion,
In faith that but few to their praying can bring.

The poor little servant—her tears flowing over—
Implor'd with a force that my verse cannot give,
With the zeal of a saint, and the glow of a lover,
That, in spite of the doctor, the mistress might live.

The master sat close by his darling, despair in
His stupefied sorrow—just holding her hand—
He prayed, to be sure, but no hope has his prayer in,
In fact, he was dazed, and could scarce understand.
Her delicate lips had a painful contraction,
Her sensitive eyes seeming sunken and glazed ;—
He knew in his heart there could be no reaction,
He just sat and *saw her*—in fact he was dazed.

A pallor less ghastly—the eyelashes quiver—
Life springs to the face in a sudden surprise—
Grim Death retrogrades with a sad little shiver—
She smiles at the master, her soul in her eyes !
A wonderful hope—is it hope ? is it terror ?
Leaps up in his heart while he watches his wife—
Is it light before death ? is it fancy's sweet error ?
Or is it—or can it be—verily LIFE !

Oh, send for the doctor—death hangs on each minute—
They wait for his fiat, as that of a god—
Who sagely remarks that there *is* something in it,
Granting leases of life with an autocrat's nod.
Joy rings through the house that was silent in sad-
ness ;
The master believes that he ne'er felt despair,
And Kitty, the servant, laughs out, 'mid her gladness,
To think that they none of them know of her
prayer.

TRICYCLING IN RELATION TO HEALTH.

By BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON, M.D., F.R.S.

PART III.

RULES CONTINUED.—FOOD AND DRINK.

THE question of eating and drinking during the practice of tricycling, and especially during a tour on the machine, is of great importance, and a rule in respect to this subject, when it is not made too arbitrary,

is certainly desirable. In the first place it is always bad to commence on a very hearty meal, that is to say before the digestion of the food has been fairly accomplished. To use a plain simile, the tide of digestion ought to turn towards the blood before the exercise begins, then all is on the right side. If the



"KITTY'S PRAYER."

NO. 1000
ANNEXURE

exercise is made to commence while the vital forces required for the digestive process ought still to concentrate on the stomach and other digestive organs, the digestive process is not completed; a portion of food remains in the stomach undigested; there is some uneasiness attended with flatulency, and the pleasure of the ride is confounded with depression of spirits, with failure of activity and vigour in work. Some riders finding out this fact choose to take no regular meals at all during their journey, preferring to carry with them some plain and simple food and drink, like a meat biscuit and a bottle of cold tea or milk, and to partake of a little very frequently as they go along, not even caring to dismount for the partaking of the refreshment. I understand that this plan answers very well indeed when a long distance has to be made and there is little or no time for rest. It is better, nevertheless, to dismount, take a light meal of mixed food, rest for a good long time to let digestion have full swing, and then on again, gently at first, briskly afterwards. Such a plan gives good digestion of the food, quick and excellent distribution of it over the body for nutritive purposes, and a healthy and sharp appetite for the meal that is next to come. The diet itself can scarcely be too simple. Animal food should be fresh, not salted, and well cooked; light animal foods like fish and fowl and mutton are very good to work on; eggs and milk are very good. A couple of eggs beaten well up in a cup, mixed with hot water, sweetened moderately with sugar, and treated with a small quantity of milk so as to make up from half a pint to three-quarters of a pint, is, with a little biscuit, an excellent sustaining meal for those to whom eggs are easily digestible. To those who can digest it oatmeal porridge is very good to breakfast on; and to all who can digest milk, milk lightly thickened with wheat meal is most sustaining. Bread should be taken in moderate quantity, and fresh vegetables and fresh fruit are always in character when not taken in excess. Some fruits which for a moment seem extremely refreshing while on the travel become a cause of thirst if the day is very warm. I notice this particularly in regard to oranges, the most tempting perhaps and the most easily obtainable of all fruits.

Of drinking during tricycle exercise I must speak with some care. It is not very difficult to learn to tricycle without a desire for too much drink of any kind. But if the beginner does not learn to breathe through the nose, if he acquire the habit of breathing

through the mouth, he is sure to acquire also the desire to take liquids far too freely. He will become so dry in the mouth he will feel he cannot get on unless he has something to quench thirst, and that is an evil habit even though the drink be as innocent as the purest water itself. The first point, therefore, is to drink as little as possible; to drink as much as will fill up the loss that is made by evaporation of water from the body, and not any more.

What the character of the drink shall be is not very difficult to answer, and what it should not be is answered with less difficulty, for certainly of all things again it should not be an alcoholic stimulant. On this last-named point we who are advocates for total abstinence from all alcoholic beverages have secured, beyond any mistake, a fine score from tricycling experiences. Those who are to some degree in opposition to us on the general question, those I mean who still hold that alcoholic drinks are in their right place as luxuries and should not be denied as luxuries, are with us if they are practised tricyclists, in expressing that alcoholic stimulation is fatal to good, sure, and sustained work. This year, Mr. Marriott, of Beeston, Nottingham, one of the partners in the firm of Humber, Cooper, and Marriott—manufacturers of the famous bicycles and tricycles bearing their name—performed with a friend, who rode a bicycle, the extraordinary feat of riding on a tricycle from Derby to Holyhead, over one hundred and eighty miles, within twenty-four hours, and they could have gone on twenty miles further, if they had not been "checked by the sea." They did this touching no drop of alcoholic drink by the way, "and it is certain," Mr. Marriott says, in his description of the journey, "that they could not possibly have done it if they had dared to indulge in any alcoholic beverage." Their experience only tallies with that of others, and with the experience of men who perform other physical feats of skill and endurance: such men as Hanlan, the oarsman; Weston, the pedestrian; and Carver, the marksman. It tallies with the experimental experiences of the late Dr. Parkes, and with the practical experience of many military men who have had occasion to march their soldiery in large bodies over long distances under and during great privations and difficulties. It tallies with the experiences of those who have watched the heavy labours of labouring men engaged in such works as brick-making, iron-forging, wood-cutting, and the like. But it becomes of

unusual value when it is witnessed from the fraternity of tricyclists, because so many of them are working for the pleasure of the exercise and the healthiness of it, and would be the last men to forego, voluntarily, anything that would facilitate the art, increase its delight and add to its health-giving advantages.

When alcoholic drinks are taken by those who are engaged in tricycling, the effects are most characteristic. If a very light drink, one which carries an almost inappreciable dose of the chemical, be taken, a little weak claret for instance, or thin beer, or thin cider, the effect may be *nil*, or at most embarrassing only for a few minutes. If so much, however seemingly little, be taken, to produce what is felt to be an effect, then the mischief is done, and the bad results last for a longer or shorter time according to the dose of the chemical, the alcohol, which has been swallowed and carried over the body. The skin is more or less flushed with blood, there is a brief interval of hectic fever, there is a relaxation of vessels, a sense of fulness in the head, a feeling of irritability and quickness of circulation, and a succeeding sudden deficiency of bodily power, depression, languor, and inability to sustain or maintain effort, ending in chilliness and desire for repetition of the deceptive friend, the stimulant, or the desire for rest from the labour.

The drink which on the whole serves the tricyclist most efficiently is cold weak tea, made a little sweet with sugar if that is liked, but never over-sweetened, for if it be over-sweetened it causes thirst. To some the tea is rendered more palatable by being treated with a little lemon-juice, made in fact into what is called *tshai*, or Russian tea, but I am not sure that the lemon does not increase thirst, and I know that in some persons it causes acidity and heartburn, and on the whole *tshai* is not so refreshing as tea simple. Another very nice and more sustaining drink may be made by pouring boiling milk instead of boiling water upon tea, milk tea; this slightly sweetened can be carried in the bottle or flask during the journey, and, diluted with water or soda water at the wayside inn, is at once refreshing and sustaining.

Coffee is not so good, generally, as tea for the tricycle rider, at all events it is not so often called into requisition. It may be that it is not so easily prepared as tea and does not, in consequence, find so much favour. It is good as a variety and it may be carried

in the form of fluid extract; in such form it may possibly come into greater use.

The various effervescing drinks sold under so many names and offered under such a number of inviting representations, as tonics, exhilarators, nerve sustainers, and what not, are all objectionable to the health of the tricyclist. They create thirst, they create dyspepsia, and they have no real sustaining power. I do not recommend lemonade unless it be unexceptionably good, nor Seltzer water, if it be possible to obtain pure well or spring water. It is unfortunate that in passing through our prettiest villages and towns it is more difficult to get perfectly pure and safe water than any other commodity of food or drink, and one is often obliged to purchase the waters supplied by respectable firms for the sale of aerated drinks for no other reason than that there is none other that can be trusted. The water supplies of English towns and villages are a disgrace, in fact, to our civilisation, and I hope that bicyclists and tricyclists, by preaching a crusade against the unclean fluid which is so often brought as water, may call the attention of local authorities to a reform so urgently needed as the pure supply of the natural drink for man and beast. Until that is done our inn-keepers would do well to boil a large quantity of water every day and pour it through a charcoal filter, from which it can be drawn for drink and sold per glass at a moderate price, say a penny the half-pint or pint.

Some riders select as a drink equal parts of milk and soda-water. Once in a day this may be taken to the extent of half-a-pint of soda-water to a quarter-pint of milk, if good milk can be obtained; but it is not an easily digestible beverage; it is apt to create derangement of the stomach, and it often causes thirst. It is nothing like so good as milk and tea, or milk and water lightly thickened with a little oatmeal, a combination which, to those who like oatmeal, is very sustaining.

DRESS.

In practising on the tricycle and in making journeys upon it attention should be paid to the dress. The dress should fit neatly to the body without being in any point cumbersome. Loose flaps of dress and tails of coats are very troublesome, and even dangerous. The jacket should fit nicely to the body, and the trousers, sufficiently free and loose, should not be puffy about the legs and feet. Trousers answer very well, but knickerbockers and well-fitting stockings are an improvement on them. Shoes are better

than boots, unless the boots fit uncommonly well and lace far down towards the toe. Spring-side boots are bad; they prevent the easy movement of the ankle, which is so very essential for free pedal-play. The shoes should have good firm soles, but they need not be unusually heavy. The soles should be free of nails and of steel plates, and it is worth the trouble to have them sharply roughened, so as to grasp the pedals firmly. The neck should be left as free as possible; a loose, light silk handkerchief is far better than a collar and stiff tie. Every convenience should be given for easy and rapid motion of the head in looking round, and the circulation through the vessels of the neck should be quite unimpeded. The head-dress should be light and yet firmly fitting on the head. A straw-hat, in my opinion, answers, on the whole, the best. The dress of the tricyclist should on no account be heavy. Thick flannel underclothing is an entire mistake; it prevents free transpiration from the skin, and causes the body to become wetted through from perspiration, which during the process of tricycling is always thrown off very freely. The substance of the clothing should be porous as well as light, and the colour grey. It is well to carry an extra suit of clothing in a waterproof case attached to the tricycle, and it is always imperative to change the dress after every journey if the garments are made damp, either from rain or from perspiration.

I do not strongly recommend waterproof coats for wear during tricycling. These coats keep out rain, truly, but then they keep in the water which is transpiring from the skin, an evil quite as serious as that which occurs from rain. It is all very well to have a loose ventilated waterproof cape to wear during a shower with the body at rest, but it is not wise to work hard under the water-tight covering; it is better to push on unencumbered by anything of the sort, and having arrived at the place of shelter, to change the clothes instantly and get into a dry suit.

PRECAUTIONS AFTER RIDING.

On returning from a ride, even in fine weather, it is wise to make it a rule to change the dress, and at the same time to carry out a good ablution of the body. I know of no more delightful sensation than that which is experienced when, after a fine ride, the bath has been indulged in, and a light, dry change of clothing has been put on. The whole body seems to be renovated. The dull and

inactive secreting organs have been discharged of overloaded secretions, the mind is light and clear, and the muscular organs are ready for work, relieved from fatigue, rather than sleepy and tired. The water used in the bath for the ablution should not at first be cold, it should be just agreeably warm, but it may often, with advantage, be reduced to a lower temperature for a final douche. The skin should be dried with brisk friction.

LADY TRICYCLISTS.

Hitherto I have written as if the advantage of tricycle riding were confined to the male sex. I would not like this to be the impression gleaned from my papers. On the contrary, I am of opinion that no exercise for women has ever been discovered that is to them so really useful. Young and middle-aged ladies can learn to ride the tricycle with the greatest facility, and they become excellently skilful. One young lady, who is very dear to me, can beat me both in pace and in distance, and in a tour we have made to-day of several miles on a beautiful country road we have enjoyed ourselves as much as when we ride out together on horseback, while we have had a better exercise. I shall rejoice to see the time when this exercise shall be as popular amongst girls and women as tennis and the dance, for the more fully the physical life of our womankind is developed the better for men as well as women.

In my first paper on the tricycle, published in GOOD WORDS several months ago, I referred to certain invalids who were benefited by the tricycle exercise. I have every reason to be extremely satisfied with the results of that expression of opinion. The tricycle is, in fact, now with me a not uncommon prescription, and is far more useful than many a dry and formal medicinal one which I had to write on paper. This matter is so important and so interesting I shall have to discuss it in some purely professional work in order to bring out the facts I have observed and collected. I only add in this place that my own personal experience of the exercise is in the highest degree favourable. I have become quite a practised rider, and difficult as it is for me to get out of London, I lose no occasion that offers to take one or two hours' run, and am always more benefited by the exercise than by any other of the many I have tried for health's sake. I often find it also very healthful and delightful to make a short tour when I have a few days at command.

TRAINING.

A Sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral, March 5th, 1882.

BY THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.

"And He blessed him there."—GENESIS xxxii. 29.

MANY of us feel able to cast stones at Jacob. They are plentiful to find, easy to aim, and they hit. His conduct to his brother, though to be sure, one who so despised his birthright deserved to lose it, was beneath contempt. Towards his blind father, never lacking in kindness to him, he did a wicked perfidy; and if his mother pushed him into a meanness, at which neither his conscience nor his will revolted, so much as the fear of being found out, a man of middle age can hardly be allowed to plead a child's suppleness, his nature, if crafty and reserved, was sinewy and firm.

Let us frankly admit, that while we must be just to him, common as it is to be unjust, and while we decline to measure a patriarch's frailties by an apostle's standard, all the pathos of his after history and the woeful abundance of his afflictions must not for an instant blind us to the badness of his sin.

But some go farther, and find fault with God. They observe, that the night on which he fled from his incensed brother, a ladder of glittering light arched over his pillow, and Jehovah spake to his heart. They remark, that wherever he went he found kinsmen, contracted alliances, and amassed wealth. When Esau met him, God shielded him. If trials came, they were the parents of blessing. He goes down into Egypt to recover and embrace his lost Joseph; by the flood of the tawny Nile he blesses Pharaoh, and breathes out his soul in peace. Then, they say, "We are envious at the foolish, when we see the prosperity of the wicked. They have no bands in their death, they are lusty and strong."

Well, that difficulty is, I suppose, the difficulty of all men and all times; and, if we had to choose between being so jealous about God's righteousness, that when we fail to perceive it we are vehemently troubled, or being so serenely indifferent to it, and, indeed, to anything about God at all, that we hardly care to ask if He judgeth the earth—give me, if you please, the earnest, nay, the fierce cry of the blistered spirit that must see God's righteousness, or it perishes; rather than the sleek composure of a vapid soul, whose God, such as it is, never troubles his thoughts.

Now, the answer to such a complaint, so far as it deserves and demands one, is virtually contained in the words of my text. Whatever Jacob was, or was not, whatever God is, or is not, God blessed Jacob; and wisdom being justified of her children, we feel that Jacob deserved to be blessed, because God, who blessed him, knew him.

God blessed Jacob, and you ask, why did He bless him? I answer, for the best of all reasons; because He loved him. "Jacob have I loved," said the prophet; being the spokesman of God. And why should He not love him? Do we love none but faultless persons? Let us be fair to what was good in him, as well as stern on what was bad. No doubt he was ambitious. Do you despise ambition? When of a right kind it is the leverage of human progress. He had vast tenacity of purpose. Has that no charm for the strong? His whole nature was saturated with tenderness. The years seemed but as a few days for the love he bore Rachel. As he lay dying, he remembered how he had buried the slighted Leah, and thought of the place where she slept. Before Esau came he protected himself against him with ingenious precautions and judicious diplomacies. When he came near to him, Nature was too much for him, and he forgot the separation of years in a passionate burst of love. With all his faults, Jacob is indisputably one of the most affectionate characters in the Bible, and God, who Himself is Love, valued love in him.

But, again, do you ask, why did He bless him by Peniel? My answer is, because he asked to be blessed; and his desire for it constituted at once his worthiness and his capacity. If, further, you inquire how God blessed him, all Jacob's history afterwards is the key to the answer. He began the blessing with the gift of prayer, and He completed it by the discipline of sorrow.

About which discipline, and all that it proposes and implies, I will speak now.

1. And, first, life being itself a blessing—nay, to one who believes in God, and hopes for Him, the greatest of blessings—God makes it yet a bigger blessing, by ordaining for it a plan. He did this for Christ. "I must work the works of Him that sent me." He

does it also for us. Every man has a plan of life made for him, and God, who is just as well as wise, endows him with suitable gifts for fulfilling it, remembers the conditions under which it is to be fulfilled. It may be a patriarch's or a peasant's. It may be the life of a quiet student in a cloister, or the campaign of a great soldier on the fields of war. It may cast its shadows long before, agitating the boy's heart with dreams of coming greatness; or it may slowly and imperceptibly unfold itself as the leaves in the greening spring. But, I say, every man has a plan in life marked for him by God, and it is his duty to discover it, and his safety to fulfil it; and if you talk to me about the tyranny of circumstances, and ask how you can escape them, I answer, if circumstances crush feeble men, strong men use circumstances, and fortune is at the feet of the strong.

2. But, if God is Sovereign, man is free. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings; and ye would not." It does not follow, that because God has for every man a plan in life, and the best possible one for him, and gives him all the chances and helps he needs for executing it—therefore, as a matter of course, it is executed, whether all of it, or much of it, or quite in the way that God prefers, or by the instruments that He can sanction. We here, who, on the ridge of our middle life, look back on the road we have travelled since we were young, can see advantages that we have neglected, opportunities that we have missed, friends whom we have forgotten, warnings that we have despised. I doubt, if there is a man on the face of the earth at this moment, whose life might not have been whiter, or his success larger, or his condition more thorough, or his character more mellow, had he taken all that was offered him, followed where he was invited to go. We are, at the best, creatures full of imperfection, and have too many failings of our own to afford to be hard upon each other. Yet, if we come back into the road after having left it, there is waste of time, not loss of way. The good man is not he who has no faults, but he who is honestly striving to conquer them. The wise man is not one who never errs, but who, having erred, finds it out, acknowledges it, and tries not to err again. For let us observe further, not only in fairness to Jacob, but to ourselves, that a just God does not expect

perfect characters for fulfilling His purposes—in that case He would have to go out of the world to find them—neither does He *make* perfect characters on this side of Heaven, for then the present order of the world must be utterly changed. What He does is this. He chooses the fittest instruments He can find for His various purposes, and when He has found them, He calls them, trains them, makes the best of them, and bears with them till they are done with.

We quite see that Jacob had that taint of dissimulation in him which has since, through generations of bitter persecutions, slowly, perhaps inevitably, matured into the consummate astuteness of his race. We of the West have no pity for it, no truce with it, and no doubt there are other qualities in Jacob, germane to this instinct of cunning which we regret to see. But, as I have hinted already, Jacob was not *all* faults. As he grows old a dignity comes out of his nature, like beauty on the face of the dying. If we abhor trickery, we can admire patience, and a purpose as hard as steel.

3. But if it happens, as certainly it did happen with Jacob, that success, if not exactly owing to our sins, is so much connected with them that to common observers it looks to be, is God the minister of sin? God forbid! What then does He do to prevent our saying so? Does He change the purpose, or does He punish the sin? He punishes; He does not change. He will not take back the birthright from Jacob. It had been sold to him, it was his, and it was meant to be. He does not bid David send Bathsheba back to a widowed home. She had been made his wife, apparently more by his fault than her own, and that she should remain, that she might be the progenitor of the Christ. Jacob was to be Israel, and Solomon was to be Bathsheba's child. But, mark this, both David and Jacob take their terrible scourging to the grave. From David's house the sword never departed till he died. As for Jacob, again and again did the sins by which he had thought to bless himself, meet him and lacerate him in the sins of his children. He, who had deceived others, was himself deceived. He, who had defrauded others, was himself defrauded. What he did to Isaac, in like fashion Judah did to him, and the comment on his chequered history is best found in his own account of it to Pharaoh. "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been; and have not attained to the years of the life of my fathers." "Be sure thy sin will find thee out," ay,

and will go on finding thee out while thou livest, is the sombre but wholesome lesson we learn from Jacob. However it may please God to keep in His own hand the rudder of our life, and to order for us the circumstances of our pilgrimage, He never directs, or compels, or excuses, or connives at our sins. While He is infinitely patient with us about them, and on our true repentance so freely forgives us, that, in the bold figure of the prophet, He casts them behind His back, He never intends us to forget them until death dips us into the Lethe of the grave. Again and again, more in a goodness which desires our holiness than in a vengeance which contrives our suffering, do they come back to wound and shame us, like setons in the quick of the conscience suddenly and sharply pulled, that we may watch and pray.

My younger brethren, I implore you not to suppose from Jacob's apparent success that God was indifferent to his sin, or ever permitted him to think so. I implore you not to suppose that if God makes the best of you, as assuredly He will, and if you fall, takes you back on your honest repentance, as assuredly He will, and freely forgives you, as assuredly He will, for He says so, that it can ever be the same for you to have sinned as not to have sinned, or that ripe as hereafter may be your sanctity, diligent your life, even grand your usefulness, your sins will not sometimes come back to humble and sadden you in the wise purpose of God. Nothing ripens our perfection like the voice of a stirred memory. Nothing deepens our tenderness in dealing with others, like the consciousness of infirmity of our own.

4. I have already spoken of circumstances, and what we have to do with them in meeting, enduring, and using them. Well, God too uses them as His angels and voices to us; and He has special epochs and crises in which He visits the soul He loves. There are three chief landmarks of spiritual life in Jacob's history, perhaps in most histories; though we may not all of us have learnt about them yet.

The first was at Bethel, where Jacob became really conscious of God, and that in his present distress he could not do without Him. Characteristically enough he made a bargain with God, in which he took good care to have the best of it. God in His infinite goodness, ready to have our love almost at any price, does not stop to reason with Jacob, nor to dissect his curious motives. But He treats him exactly as a wise and kind father treats a somewhat selfish child,

suffering him to have his say, and to receive his promise, and telling himself that he can wait; time is on his side, and his son will learn.

Then there is the second epoch, when the need of provision from God becomes transfigured into a craving after intercourse with Him; when the soul does not so much seek God's gifts, as the vision of His glory, asks not to eat His bread, but to see Him and live. It is the baptismal fellowship quickened into conscious life. "Tell me, I beseech thee, thy name. I will not let thee go except thou bless me. And he blessed him there."

Then comes the final change. "Fear not to go down into Egypt. I will go down with thee, and will also bring thee up again; and Joseph shall put his hand on thine eyes."

Yes, there is Egypt too for us—the vast spirit-land on the bank of the river, where we shall meet our Josephs and Benjamins, and the goodly company gone on before; and then the voice of the archangel will bid us "rise and be going," and we shall enter into our land of promise.*

In conclusion, let us borrow from Jacob's history a significant lesson for youth, and middle life, and old age, and see how for us too, as well as for Jacob, it may be true that He blesses us there.

The secret of a noble youth is eagerness without impetuosity. Jacob was eager, but in his eagerness he thought to make a short cut to his journey's end, and it turned out, as short cuts often do, a very long one. Could he have waited for his birthright, instead of clutching at it, it might soon have come to him through his brother's levity and idolatrousness, and then all that sin and sorrow would have been spared.

My friends, by all means desire good things—nay, if you will, great things. Only be content to wait for them, and be sure that if you will not wait, you will be compelled to practise waiting in a very painful way. It is a good thing to wish to have a filled home, moral problems neatly settled, to have an impatience at evil and evil people; to have a great hope of progress, and to put your own shoulder to the wheel of the world to help it to move faster—nay, to have, if you will, a sort of hot despair, when it seems to be going on so slowly that it is almost standing still. The world is usually the better for a little wholesome anger. "The fatal malady of the soul is cold." But also learn to trust

* For one or two of the thoughts at the close of this sermon I am indebted to the Rev. Stopford Brooke.

God in the management of His own world, and especially of His redeemed creatures. Have enthusiasm; we cannot have too much of it. But let it be a regulated enthusiasm, and not merely the feverish passion of egotism. Ask as many questions as you please, but remember that it is only in action and obedience that full answers come to us. Most of all, remember Him who has said, "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." Like Jacob by the brook, seek Him, speak to Him, wrestle with Him, till He becomes your friend. Jesus of Nazareth is the true and blessed meeting-place for childhood with its innocence, youth with its aspirations, manhood with its activities, and age with its retrospect. Your wish for Him is the proof that He Himself is seeking you. Say to Him, "Be my friend," and He will answer, "That I have ever been," and He will bless you there.

Then in middle life we will try to learn the hard lesson of *concentration* without *absorption*. God has His discipline for Jacob here also, and for us likewise. He sends for Rachel, and she dies by the well at Bethlehem. Joseph is sold into Egypt. By the lonely well at Beersheba, the middle-aged, prosperous man would give half he possesses for one short hour of sweet Rachel's company, or for one glimpse of the ruddy brown cheek of his lost boy. But Rachel neither comes nor sends. Joseph sends, but so late that the sands of his father's life are fast running out.

Yet middle age is not all discipline. Even for the lone fireside there is a sort of compensation in the infinite variety of duties, which, for a filled life, keeps the heart from monotony and the mind from stagnation. The interest is so great, as the experience widens, and the tasks develop. Fresh ideas, both from books and talk, crowd in upon us, and lift us up on very wings above the trifles and petty vexations that absorb us, if we do not hasten to crush them in the palm of a strong hand. New occupations and tastes stimulate our energies, and reward us in stimulating them. Duties, honestly done, and with more cheerfulness, gladden our own life and enrich the generation in front. It has been well said that if our danger is to be one-sided through the steadiness of our concentrated effort, our safety must be found in being manifold and many-sided, while clinging fast to our own particular work. For Christ

surely came to save and ennoble and sanctify our entire nature, that we might diligently cultivate it now, and so presently stand complete before the throne of God. There may not be much of what is understood by poetry in middle life. It may have less charm than youth, and less dignity than age; perhaps this does not so particularly matter. But middle age is the August of life, when the harvest ripens, and the purple grapes ask us to pluck them. If we drop something, we have plenty wherewith to restore it. Our questions are wiser than they once were, and they have less sharpness about them. If our difficulties are still serious, like Jacob, we have seen God, and we know that, though the well is deep, and it is hard to plumb it, the Rock of Ages is below. So He blesses us there.

Then, after the heat and the burden of the day, the wilderness is passed and the purple shadows fall. The perfection of old age is "wisdom without cynicism," and a faith in the purpose of God, which deepens and widens with the years. To look round on the scene, which we are so soon to leave, and still to admire and enjoy, and try, if possible, to improve it; to be interested in the young, who will soon fill our place, dissect our motives, and inherit our labours—not, perhaps, with too much respect and sympathy; to hope about a future which we shall have no opportunity of helping; to grow in spiritual vision, even if our intellectual force decays; to spread charity, to accept consolation, to avoid a morose solitariness, to welcome all opportunities of making others happy—here is the glory of old age when the grand hope of immortality sweetens and dignifies it, when, as with Jacob, we say cheerfully, "I am to be gathered to my fathers," or with Simeon, in the dawning light of the gospel, joyfully, "Now let me depart in peace, for I have seen thy salvation."

In this spirit it is that the patriarch's last word is benediction; "God Almighty bless the lads." Then he calmly gathers his feet into the bed, turns his face to the wall, and thinks of Rachel.

"Who but a Christian through all life
That blessing may prolong;
Who through the world's sad day of strife,
Still chant his morning song?
Ever the richest, tenderest glow
Sets round th' autumnal sun;
But there sight fails—no heart may know
The bliss, when life is done."

Yes, He will bless us, even there.

BEE LIFE.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A.

II.

HAVING in a previous paper given a rapid sketch of Solitary Bees, we shall now glance at those that are social in their habits. These insects fall naturally into two divisions, namely the Humble Bees and the Hive Bees, of which latter insects there are more species than is generally imagined.

In all these insects we find a new element introduced into their economy. The Solitary Bees consist of males and females, as is the case with most insects. But, in the Social Bees, we find three distinct ranks, if we may use the word. There are the males, which we popularly call Drones, the females, which we term Queens, and the undeveloped females, which we know by the name of Workers; the last-mentioned insects being the rank and file of the bee army, the males and females being the officers.

Males, however, are comparatively unimportant in bee life, bees, like ants, being essentially a nation of Amazons, and the interest of the community centring in the workers, imperfect though they be.

Putting the males on one side, we have now to consider one part of the structure which is common to both the queen and the workers. This is the sting, and a very beautiful apparatus it is.

If we press the abdomen of a bee or wasp, so as to cause the sting to protrude, we should naturally think that the sharp, dark-coloured instrument was the sting itself. This, however, is not the case. The real sting is a very slender instrument, nearly transparent, keenly pointed, and armed on one edge with a row of barbs. So exactly does the sting resemble the many-barbed arrow of certain savage tribes, that if the savages had possessed microscopes, we should certainly have thought that they borrowed the idea of the barb from the insect. What we see with the unaided eye is simply the sheath of the sting.

Many savages poison their spears and arrows, and here also they have been anticipated by the insect. But the sting is infinitely superior to the arrow poison. No poison that has yet been made, not even the terrible wourali, or curare, as it is sometimes called, can retain its strength after long exposure to air. The upas poison of Borneo, for example, loses its potency in two or three hours. But the venom of the

sting is never exposed to the air at all. It is secreted by two long, thread-like glands, not nearly so thick as a human hair, and is then received into a little bag at the base of the sting. When the insect uses its weapon, it contracts the abdomen, thereby forcing the sting out and compressing the venom-bag. By the force of the stroke which drives the sting into the foe, its base is pressed against the venom-bag, and a small amount of the poison driven into the wound. As a rule, if the bee or wasp be allowed to remain quiet, it will withdraw its sting, but as the pain generally causes a sudden jerk, the barbed weapon cannot be withdrawn, and the whole apparatus of sting, poison-bag, and glands is torn out of the insect, thereby causing its death.

Three distinct groups of Humble Bee exist in this country, namely, the Meadow Bees, which make their nests underground; the Carder Bees, which build on the surface of



Carder Bees at work.

the earth; and the Stone Bees, which choose their habitations in the clefts of rocks, stone heaps, and similar situations.

The two former of these bees may be watched with perfect safety, as they seldom use their stings, even when their homes are invaded. But it will be as well to let the Stone Bee alone. The hornet itself is not more savage than the Stone Bee. This insect will dash at any one who ventures near its stronghold, and if he runs away, will chase him for a considerable distance. Its sting is thought to be as severe as that of the hornet. Never having been stung by a hornet, I cannot speak from experience, but I have been stung by a Stone Bee, and can state that the anguish is very much greater than that inflicted by the sting of the wasp or hive bee, the dull heavy throbbing pain seeming to reach the very bone.

These wild Social Bees all set about house-keeping in much the same way. A female, or "queen," has been hidden throughout the winter in some sheltered spot, and when the

warm spring days come, she emerges from her concealment, and flies about in search of a home.

The Wood Humble Bee almost invariably chooses the deserted burrow of a mouse, enlarges and smoothes the extremity of it, and then begins her nest. She provides a store of food, deposits her eggs, makes some rude cells and feeds the young until they are ready to change into pupæ. Each larva then spins for itself an oval cocoon, from which it is relieved at the proper time by the parent, who bites a circular piece from one end, as if it were a previously made lid.

At first, only worker bees are developed, the males and females appearing later in the year. The workers come to the assistance of the queen, who has thenceforth little to do but deposit eggs. They watch over the young larvæ, feed them, fetch honey and store it in the vacant cells, and in fact do all the work of the community. The honey cells are not placed together as is the case with the Hive Bee, but are mixed with the breeding cells,

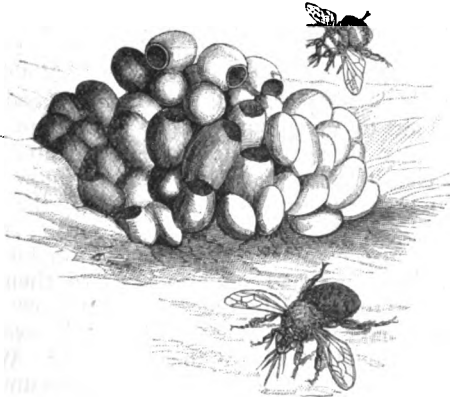
a little time in the crop, the flower juice undergoes a change in consistence, flavour, and scent, and, whether the insect be a wild or domestic bee, the change is identical throughout. At the end of autumn the males and workers all die, and only one or two of the females appear to survive the winter.



Carder Bees. Outside of nest.

For its nest the Carder Bee is content with a slight hollow on the surface of the ground, covering it with a low dome of moss, grass, or similar materials. The bee is very careful that all the fibres should be separated so that they may be properly laid, and subjects them to a kind of combing, or "carding" process, drawing them under her body, and passing them through the three pairs of legs. Sometimes, several bees will unite in the labour, standing in a row and passing the moss or grass from one to the other.

The dome is rendered waterproof by an inner coating of dark, coarse wax, and in most cases it is made with such care that it looks just like a tuft of ordinary moss upon the ground. More than once the bees have been known to carry off a quantity of horse-hair, and to weave it into their nests.



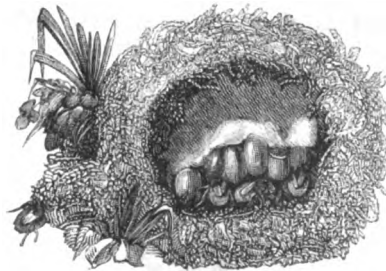
Humble Bees and cells.

and heaped together without the least attempt at regularity.

The honey is, as a rule, very sweet and fragrant, but it is sometimes injurious to human beings.

Here I may mention that no bee can suck honey out of flowers, as is popularly supposed. She licks it out with her tongue, the end of which is covered with hairs, so as to convert into a brush, scrapes it between the jaws, and so passes it into the crop, where it is changed into honey.

What property there may be in the crop which converts flower juice into honey, we do not at present know. To all appearance, the crop is nothing but a bag of exceedingly fine membrane, and yet, after remaining for



Carder Bees. Interior of nest.

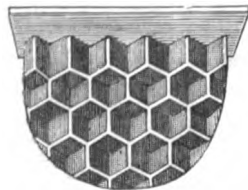
On passing from the wild to the domestic Social Bees, we find a contrast quite as well marked as between a semi-savage and a civilised country. In the one, a sort of

happy-go-lucky system prevails, the cells being of no very particular shape, jumbled together without the least attempt at arrangement, space and material being treated as if they were of no consequence, and each bee seeming to act without reference to any other.

In the nest of the Hive Bee, no matter what the species, we find discipline, harmony, subordination of each insect to the wants of the general community, and economy of space and material carried to the last possible extreme. Division of labour is also practised, though not to so great an extent as among the ants, and even the workers are separated into two classes, namely the architects and the nurses. No longer do we find wasted space or material, the latter being far too valuable to the insect. The cells are wholly made of wax, a substance which is not gathered from flowers or trees, as many persons still believe, but is in reality secreted by the insects themselves.

On the under surface of the worker bee may be seen six little flaps, and on lifting them up with the point of a needle the flaps disclose six tiny pockets. Within these pockets the wax is secreted, forming small flakes nearly semicircular in shape. Some time is required for the development of the wax scales, and during that time the bee requires to be at rest. By degrees the pockets are filled, and when the wax flakes show themselves outside the flaps the bee removes them with its jaws, masticating them together, and then places the mass where it will be wanted.

The cells of the Hive Bee are placed nearly horizontally, and in a double row, end to end. They are hexagonal in shape, so as to avoid wasted space, and the bottom of each cell is composed of three diamond-shaped plates, all exactly alike, and fixed to the cell so that they exactly correspond with the bottoms of three cells in the opposite layer. Mutual support is thus given, and the cells are strengthened just where strength is most needed.



Beginning of Comb.

I very much fear that if I mentioned that the angles of the bee-cell were governed by the square of the hypotenuse, some of my readers might not precisely understand the

point. I will, therefore, merely say that the celebrated forty-seventh proposition of the first book of Euclid, on which the science of navigation depends, also affords the key to the angles of the bee-cell.

If we ask how the bee make its cells so mathematically perfect we have no answer. Theories without number have been put forward, but there is not one that is satisfactory. I will only mention two. The first and most obvious was that of "Equal pressure." Every one knows that cylinders of any soft substances if pressed together will be formed into hexagons. But, in the first place, the wax is so brittle that it would snap if subjected to such pressure. In the next place, the wonderful diamond-shaped plates with their equal opposite angles would not be formed. And lastly, there are insects, such as the *Mischocyttarus* of South Africa, which make cells of much softer material than wax, and perfectly hexagonal, even though no other cells surround them.

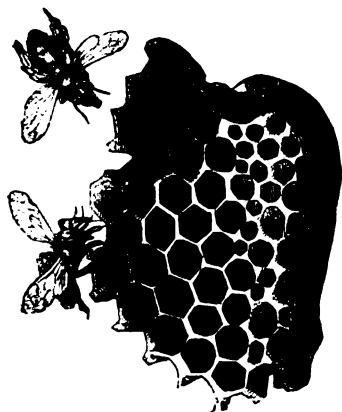
Then there was the "Opposite sculpture" theory, which was mightily popular for a time. According to this the bees began by making a thick, flat, waxen plate, and setting to work at the opposite sides of it. Nothing could be simpler. All that the bees had to do was to scoop out perfectly circular pieces of wax, taking care to place the centres of their circles at regular distances upon the circumference of the circle traced by the bee on the opposite side. Then, by cutting away the superfluous wax, they got hexagonal foundations, and had only to keep to them in order to complete the cell. But how did they make their circles so absolutely exact? How did they obtain their centres? With what point did they trace their circumference? How did six bees on one side of the waxen wall know exactly what six bees were doing on the other side? The original proposer of this absurd theory begins by assuming that the bees act according to this theory, and so, as logicians say, he "begs the question."

The real fact is, that we do not know how the bee builds its hexagonal cell, any more than we know how the termite is taught to rear its gigantic palaces, the caddis-worm to make its subaquatic tubes, the swallow to build its nest of mud, and the sand-martin to burrow holes in soft rocks.

Another remarkable point in bee architecture is the mode in which the edges of the cells are strengthened. The sides of the cells are so exceedingly fragile that even the touch of a passing bee might break their edges if

they were not protected with some material harder than wax. Such a material is the "propolis," an adhesive vegetable secretion obtained from various sources, the bud of the chestnut being the chief favourite. By masticating this propolis with wax, the bee forms a tolerably hard cement, with which it guards the edges of the cells, fills up all needless crevices, fastens the edges of the hive to the footboard, and employs for various similar purposes.

Considering the wonderful care which the bees bestow on the ordinary cells, we might naturally imagine that the cells in which the queen bees are bred would be formed with



Hive Bee. Edge of comb with Royal cell.

more than double care. But, when we look into the hive, we see that the cells of the hive queen are even more rude and shapeless than those of the Humble Bees.

Drone cells, which are easily distinguished by their superior size, are as scrupulously hexagonal in shape as the ordinary cells. But any lump of wax seems good enough for a queen's cell, provided that it be large enough. These cells are stuck anywhere on the edges of the combs, and in making them the bees seem absolutely regardless of space and material. Several of these rude cells can generally be found in a hive, their usual shape being pear-like, and their exterior covered with little circular hollows where the bees have taken away wax for some other purpose.

Every one who has the slightest practical knowledge of the Hive Bee knows that at certain times of the year the bees increase so rapidly that the hive can no longer contain them. Several queens are within the hive, and as a hive, like a house, can have but one mistress, successive swarms leave the hive

in search of another home, each swarm being accompanied by a queen.

In civilised countries the bees inhabit artificial dwellings, made either of straw or reed. These "hives" being tolerably uniform in their dimensions, we can form a fairly correct calculation as to the number of swarms which a healthy hive will produce in a season.

In uncivilised countries, where the bees make their habitations in hollow trees, the clefts of rocks, or similar localities, the swarming is very uncertain, depending on the size of their habitations. A curious illustration of this fact occurred in a Wiltshire village where I lived for some years. A swarm of bees had managed to evade their rightful owner, and had made their way into the church roof, between the tiles and the lath-and-plaster ceiling with which most village churches were afflicted at that period. Being undisturbed, the bees increased mightily, but they never sent out a swarm. As long as they restricted themselves to the roof, they were allowed to remain untouched. But after some years, they found their way through the flimsy ceiling, and came into the church in such numbers that the congregation hardly dared to enter the building.

At the beginning of winter, when all the bees were torpid, an entrance was made into their domains, and a wonderful sight it was. The beams and rafters were hidden under the masses of comb. The workmen thought that they had a valuable prize of wax and honey, but they were quite mistaken. In our artificial bee houses we can induce the insects to store the honey in separate portions of the hive. But in this instance the bees had so much space at command that they mixed up the honey cells with the bread cells and breeding cells, so that the labour of separating them would not have been repaid by the results.

I have already mentioned that there are several species of Hive Bee, but can only give a very brief notice of two. One of these is the Banded Bee of the Nile district (*Apis fasciatus*). This bee is remarkable for the fact that the hives are placed in boats and taken along the course of the river so as to secure a constant supply of food, the owner of the bees paying the owner of the boat by a percentage of wax and honey. The next is the bee, or rather group of South American bees, called "Angelitos," or little angels, because they never sting. Some of them can and do bite fiercely. Jaws, however, possess no poison; and although the bite inflicts a momentary pang, it can do no more.

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

III.—BAADER AND KETTELER.

IN the two previous papers we endeavoured to give typical representatives of Christian Socialism in France and England. We now turn to Germany, where similar social causes produced a similar movement in the two leading religious bodies of that country.

In the Roman Catholic Church, where the movement took its rise first, two men stand out prominently from among the rest, the one a philosophic layman, the other an ecclesiastic politician. The former has much in common with Lamennais, whose writings he knew and criticized freely, and for whose leading ideas he expressed both sympathy and respect. The latter is not unlike Kingsley in his manly attitude, though his superior in administrative gifts, as he falls below him in the final humanities of his disposition and the broad comprehensiveness of his religious conceptions. In Baader and Ketteler and their teachings, we see represented the two successive stages of the new Catholic movement in Germany, so far as it is connected with social reform. Religious philosophers and literary men among the laity are identified with the first, the clergy and what may be called the clerical centres with the second. The former vented itself in a sort of romantic mysticism, with reactionary tendencies in religion and politics; the latter in Ultramontanism, and a general desire to widen the basis of ecclesiastical operations among the working classes. Baader, the defender of religious liberty, occupies in this respect an entirely different standpoint from Ketteler, the champion of socialistic clericalism, which has earned for its representatives the name, "*Black Internationale*."

In other respects both men are inspired by common ideas. Their motives and methods are not always the same, but they are perfectly at one as regards the main theories of Christian Socialism in its past and present aspects respectively; the one antecedent to, the other consequent upon, the revolution of 1848.

I. Franz Xavier von Baader was born in München on the 27th March, 1765. His father was a medical practitioner, well acquainted with, and influenced by, some of the leading liberal Bishops in Germany, many of whom shared the enlightened views of the eighteenth century. This may have had an effect on the first impressions of young Baader, who was intended to follow his

father's profession. But he turned to mining from personal predilection. As a devoted student of science he became the friend of Alexander von Humboldt at the University of Freiburg. During his stay in England for the purpose of scientific inquiry, he made the acquaintance of Dugald Stewart and Erasmus Darwin, and was offered the directorship of lead and silver mines in Devonshire, which, however, he refused. On his return to Germany he was made "Councillor of Mines," and became the author of original treatises on metallurgy and chemistry. His original contributions to mental science were by no means insignificant, and at one time he was regarded as a man likely to give a fresh start to speculative philosophy in his country. In religious matters his aspirations were for the reunion of Protestantism with Catholicism, and he joined the mystic circle of religious devotees which at the time had Madame Krüdener for its centre of attraction. It included Speranski and Prince Galizin, but its first and foremost member was no less a person than the youthful Emperor of Russia, Alexander I. Baader had a project which he submitted to the Czar for uniting the members of the Holy Alliance in one common policy for the spiritual and social regeneration of Europe. He also pressed upon the imperial enthusiast a scheme for the establishment of a new Academy at St. Petersburg, which was to be a temple of religion and science, where faith and fact, dogma and discovery, were to be reconciled, an institution in its leading principles equally distant from the Jesuits and the Encyclopædists. In this effort he was unsuccessful. Foiled by court intrigues, he was compelled to leave the northern capital and return to Germany. On his way home he stayed at Berlin, where he was brought into contact with Hegel, Herder, Schleiermacher, and other men of the period. Their influence on his own liberally inclined mind was felt later, when in 1816 he was appointed professor at the newly-founded University of his native town. His first public lectures produced a profound sensation because of their freedom. Though a good Catholic, he gave utterance to some strong remonstrances against the absolutism of the Roman Curia in 1838-40, and was in consequence deposed from his professorial chair.

Nevertheless, among the worthies whose

busts adorn the Bavarian Walhalla, founded by Louis I. near his capital, Baader's, too, is seen as the representative of Philosophical Philanthropy. As such we may now proceed to consider him, and examine his theories under the light which the social history of his time throws upon them.

What was said of the class-antagonisms in France and England, and the conflicts between the revolutionary and reactionary parties in those countries, is equally true of Germany, with this difference, however, that here special causes aggravated the virulency of class antagonisms. The absolutism of Metternich, with its bureaucratic excesses and galling police regulations, had produced a general spirit of discontent against paternal modes of government. The survival of class privileges and the exemption of the nobles from national burdens had produced a school of "Teutonic Jacobins," whilst the reactionary "Conspiracy of Princes," as it was called, was confronted by the underground machinations of secret societies. Social distress added to the bitterness of the popular disappointment at the barren results of the war of liberation, and the Government was regarded as the chief cause of social evils for which they were only in part and indirectly responsible. The real causes of agricultural distress and industrial depression have to be traced farther back in the historical development of Germany, and mainly in the slow progress of peasant emancipation from feudalism in that country. But in 1750 the agricultural element formed 60 or 70 per cent. of the entire population. There had been peasant risings in Bohemia and Saxony towards the close of the eighteenth century, and excessive subdivision of the soil elsewhere had brought about evils which threatened to culminate in a general outbreak. The partial withdrawal of the more industrious portion of the needy population to the towns interfered with the progress of agriculture, and the return of "factory hands" to their native villages had the effect of spreading the vices of towns in rural districts and demoralising the people.

Again, in the centres of industry the extension of trade liberties with the relaxation of the guild system proved by no means an unmixed good. It stimulated production, indeed, but also increased luxury and waste; it also lowered the standard of commercial honesty and thoroughness of workmanship; it encouraged selfish exclusiveness as the result of unlimited competition, and was instrumental in destroying small trade by means of

wholesale enterprise. Thus were produced poverty and wretchedness, with a decreasing sense of self-respect among the wages-earning classes. From the sixteenth century to the present day the condition of the trades had been deteriorated, until (to take Prussia as a type) at the present moment, according to reliable statistics, the well-to-do classes form only 1·31 of the population, whilst 80·06 per cent. are composed of persons depending, either partly or entirely, on wages, whilst 95 per cent. of the whole population are restricted to an income not exceeding 2,000 marks (£100), though mostly falling below it. This growth of immense wealth in the hands of a few, side by side with the impoverishment of the vastly preponderating many, is, as Dr. Engel of the Statistical Department has put it, the great social danger of the hour. It proved so, at the time now under consideration, though perhaps in less formidable proportions, simply because the disintegrating process had not advanced to the same alarming extent then. But it roused the spirit of insubordination, which was stimulated into revolt by the coercive measures against the "Demagogues" adopted by the governments of the German States. Bavaria at this time was noted more especially for its stagnant immobility in Social Politics.

It was in such surroundings that the pious and noble-minded Baader recommended a "Theocracy," a Monarchy guided by Divine politics, as opposed to a "Democracy" of Revolution, a State held together by Christian love, equally free from slavish despotism and lawless individualism. In a country where the lawyers, physicians, and magistrates were all treated as minor State-officials, and where both he and his colleagues found themselves constantly hampered by the interference of State authority in the discharge of their professional duties, Baader, in the simplicity of his strong beliefs, conceived the Utopian idea of a society founded on the pure principle of Christian love. This optimism was partly inspired by a study of Godwin's works, with which he became acquainted in this country, a fact which he has fully acknowledged in his writings.

He accepts Godwin's pessimistic view of the evils attending the modern modes of industry: "Wealth is acquired by over-reaching our neighbours, and is spent in insulting them." At the same time there is no lack of discriminating criticism when Baader comes to speak of Godwin's excessive individualism, when, in his love for freedom, as Baader thinks, he

would make man almost unsocial out of pure fear of sanitary subordination.

We now turn to Baader's own theories on the improvement of society. After dwelling on the irrational and immoral tendencies of some of the "Demagogues," he proceeds :

"Whoever, as an eye-witness, has looked into the abyss of the physical and moral misery and neglect of the greater portion of the proletariat in England and France (mainly owing to the development of our own industrial system), must confess, in spite of any assurances to the contrary made in the interests of capital and landed property, that the dependent condition of the same class in mediæval times, even when feudalism was most crushing and inhuman, was less intolerable than it is now. . . . Such an observer must acknowledge that, in so-called Christian and enlightened Europe, the civilisation of the few exists only at the expense of the uncivilisation, or rather the brutality, of the many, and that we have approached the ancient system of slavery and helotry, which is much worse than the barbarism of the Dark Ages."^o

He refers to his personal experience during his visit to this country, and mentions the fact that, when present at the meetings of some of the manufacturers in the North, he generally found that they ended in fixing the rate of wages and the price of goods in such a manner that it might be truly called a conspiracy against the working-man, who always receives less than the natural value of his produce (work). Baader goes on to say that of Parliamentary legislation in their favour there can be no question, because only the moneyed classes are represented there.

This, of course, was said in 1835, in an essay on the unhealthy relationship between the working classes and their employers. Legislation for the benefit of the working classes since then, and the creation of conciliation and arbitration boards, leave little or no room now for such complaints.

Still, in Baader's day, things unfortunately were what he describes them to be ; and what is more remarkable in his case is the penetration of mind which saw at the time that the true cause of political agitation was social discontent.

The remedies he suggests to remove these causes of social dissatisfaction may be summarised as follows :—

Without previous and perfect union between God and man, social union can neither be effected nor maintained. Social co-ordination and subordination must rest on divine authority. All members of the social organism are what they are by the grace of God. Physical force without spiritual power, compulsion without conviction, fear without respect, interest without love, cannot permanently secure social order. This, it has to be remembered, was said in what has been called the season of agony of Metternich's system. Corporate action and association are

^o "Werke," vol. vi. pp. 131, 132.

essential to the common weal, because they imply organized social life. On the other hand, all attacks on property by way of advocating a communistic redistribution is a crime against the common interests of all. The Christian law of mutual affection is the only safeguard against the disintegrating power of individualism. With the development of the moral and religious life of the nation, social evolution will become possible also, and thus the unhealthy elements of social progress will be eliminated without the adoption of revolutionary measures. At present, he says, the majority of men are the slaves of capital, the production of wealth is carried on on a gigantic scale, whilst its distribution is alarmingly uneven and unjust. *The Church must provide a new diaconate for a more equitable redistribution.* The most perfect corporation is the Catholic Church, it is therefore the best type of social organization. The Church is altogether opposed to the heathenish view of ownership of property, which is purely selfish and therefore anti-social, separating private from common interests. The Church regards all men as agents and stewards of their possessions for the common good. Therefore when it was said in the French Tribune, "L'état est athée, et doit l'être" (the State is without God, and ought to be so), it was proclaiming a godless constitution of society which introduced the impious spirit of egotism that fears neither God nor man and utterly destroys the roots of personal responsibility : hence the bitter disappointments following the Revolution.

In this respect Baader widely differs from Lamennais in his later views. He compares him with Peter the Hermit in preaching a crusade, but a crusade as in "Les Paroles d'un Croyant," against legitimate authority, thus, as it were, consecrating the Jacobin flag and the barricades.* Reminding him of S. Bernard's exhortation, "Conformor ut unior dum destitutor"—(I yield for the sake of union, though it be to my own hurt)—he falls back on the Pauline theory of social duty, that self-immolation and self-conquest lead to man's salvation and that of the race.

Lamennais had said, "De l'esclave l'homme de crime peut devenir tyran, mais jamais il ne devient libre"—(A bad man who has been a slave may become a tyrant, but never a free man.) Yes, replies Baader ; "Voulez-vous travailler à détruire la misère de l'esclavage de la pauvreté, travaillez à détruire le péché en vous premièrement, puis dans les autres"—(If you want to work for the destruction of slavish misery among the poor, first try to destroy sin in self and then in others).

This is the essence of Christian Socialism, as distinguished from every other form of socialism having no religious foundation.

II. From München we proceed to Mainz, to make ourselves acquainted with another and better known Christian Socialist—Wil-

* "Werke," vi. p. 111. But in a letter to Montalembert in 1831, referring to *L'Avenir*, he points out the value of this publication, and shows how in it the principle is laid down that religion is the true liberator, *freeing man from self and others, restoring true self-love and love of neighbours, and hence becoming a binding power in society.*

helm Emmanuel Freiherr von Ketteler, late bishop of that ancient See. Ketteler was born in Münster on Christmas Day, 1811. He belonged to an old Westphalian family, and was the third son out of ten. His early education he received in the Capitular school of his native city, and afterwards in the Jesuit establishment at Brügg. His mother is described as a "strong woman," and from her he seems to have inherited the vigour of character for which he became afterwards so distinguished. From the very first there was a peculiar religious tone in his manner and bearing which made game-keepers of his father call him, when still a boy, "Bischöfliche Gnaden" (your Episcopal Grace), an epithet which clung to him during the whole course of early home-life. Like Charles Kingsley he delighted in out-door exercise, and in his younger days excelled as a persevering sportsman and mountaineer. This cheerful robustness developed into a healthy manliness and dignified elasticity of bearing in later life. The present writer has distinct recollections of the impression produced on his boyish mind by the stately presence and courtly grace of the Bishop of Mainz as he passed through the streets of a South German town after a confirmation. There was character in every step and every keen glance of his penetrating eye, and the crowd, by no means universally sympathetic, could not help being awed by the commanding presence of one whom they instinctively recognised as a man of power. Ketteler received his University training first at Göttingen, where he also fought a duel, which left its mark on his face for life. Thence he migrated to Heidelberg and München, and after passing a good examination for his law-degree, he was promoted "Reverendur," a position he occupied from 1834 to 1838. When, however, in one of those feuds between Church and State in which Ketteler himself afterwards took a prominent part, the Archbishop of Köln was imprisoned in 1838, Ketteler, disapproving of the step the Government had taken, felt himself conscientiously bound to leave the public service. He now began his studies for the Church under Döllinger at the age of thirty-three. Afterwards he removed to the Seminary at Münster, where his conduct was characterized by a punctual attention to his duties, and a simplicity of life almost amounting to asceticism. This, however, did not prevent his becoming very popular among his fellow-students. In 1844 he received priest's orders, and in his first cure was much beloved by all

his parishioners, especially the children, and soon became a general favourite among the clergy of the district and all those engaged in philanthropic efforts. This enabled him to say at a later period of his life—

"I have lived with and among the people, and know them in their sorrows and complaints; there are few of the tears and none of the sufferings among the people committed to my charge which have escaped my notice. They come to me with their grievances, and I sympathise with them and seek to alleviate their sorrows."

Like Kingsley, during the cholera season in England, Ketteler, during an epidemic of typhus fever in his parish, most devotedly visited and relieved the people in 1847. It was in recognition of this and similar unremitting efforts, especially in the erection of hospitals and suchlike institutions, that he was elected to represent the district in the Parliament of the Germanic Confederation, then held in Frankfort. This election of Ketteler is noteworthy, as many members of the constituency were Protestants. This led the way to future preferment, when the following event brought Ketteler for the first time prominently before a larger public.

A tragedy, similar in its enormity and effect to that of the late murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke in the Phoenix Park, furnished the occasion, namely the assassination of two distinguished noblemen—Prince Lichnowski and Count Auerswald, in the riot at Frankfort of September, 1848. Though in the nature of a political murder, it was closely connected with the social discontents of the times, and was the work of the social democracy. It was part of the insurrectionary movement, which had assumed such formidable proportions in Berlin and Vienna during the previous March. The Emperor of Austria was compelled to take flight from his capital, the King of Prussia was subjected to the humiliation of showing his respect with uncovered head to those rebels who had fallen on the barricades during the fourteen days' street fight in his own capital. Germany was in a ferment, and Frankfort, where the Diet was holding its sittings, reflected the agitated condition of the Empire. The two noblemen mentioned above were prominent members of the Conservative section in the Diet, and the eloquence of Lichnowski had helped materially in passing a measure specially obnoxious to the democratic party. The red-republicans were determined to make capital of this, with a view to foment a rising, and a skirmish took place between the military and the crowd. Lichnowski and Auerswald had left the city on

horseback together, and were recognised by the populace and pursued. They sought a hiding-place in a cottage on the Bornheim Heath, but were discovered, dragged out, and murdered with every mark of savage cruelty. It was at their grave that Ketteler delivered his celebrated oration, which immediately produced a profound sensation throughout Germany.

Referring to the popular aspirations of the times, though of course expressing horror at the dastardly deed, he says :

"I believe in the truth of those noble ideas which are moving the world now ; none of them is, in my estimation, too high for the attainment of mankind. I love the present age for this reason more especially, because it strives mightily for the fulfilment of those ideal aspirations, though I see that we are yet a long while off from this happy consummation . . . but there is but *one* means to realise these grand ideas, and that is by turning to *Him* who has brought them into the world, the Son of God, Jesus Christ. . . . With Him humanity can do everything, the highest aims thus become realizable, without Him it can do nothing. With Him, in the truth which He has taught, in the way He has shown, we can turn the earth into a paradise, dry the tears of our poor suffering brethren, establish love, union, fraternity, and true humanity in the most perfect manner ; yea, I maintain, in the deepest conviction of my soul, we may restore a community of good and everlasting peace, and call into existence the most liberal political institutions—*without* Him we shall go to destruction with shame, confusion, and misery, a by-word and derision to posterity."

In the same year Ketteler preached his sermon on Social Subjects in the Mainz Cathedral to a mixed audience of from five to six thousand persons on four successive days, which only more fully expanded the leading idea here expressed with so much dignity and daring, considering both the place and the occasion.

His merits were recognised by those in authority. In the next year he was promoted to the Provostship at the Church of St. Hedwega in Berlin, and in 1850 he was enthroned as Bishop of Mainz. As a notable trait of his character we may mention the fact that on the third day after his consecration he had visited all the hospitals in the town, praying with the sick, and thus signaling his first assumption of episcopal dignity by those practical acts of Christian charity for which he had been so distinguished as a parish priest. In his private life Ketteler was a bright example of simplicity and frugality. He rose at four o'clock in the morning and gave himself little rest all day. Not unfrequently he heard confessions from two o'clock in the afternoon to twelve o'clock at night. With an enormous capacity for work, he addressed his mind to the most absorbing

questions of Church polity which then were the order of the day ; he attended to the organization of social and educational institutions by means of which the Roman Catholic Church then hoped to extend her influence among the masses, and some of them were first called into existence by the bishop himself. Associations of journeymen and apprentices, asylums for servants out of employment, mutual improvement and benefit societies rose rapidly into existence during his episcopate, and received his attention in the midst of multifarious engagements of every kind in the administration of the diocese. As the recognised leader of the Rhenish bishops he was waging war at the same time with the Government. With this we are unconcerned now, but whatever our estimate of him as an Ultramontane controversialist may be, and however much we may differ from him in the interpretation of the following sentence, we cannot help admiring the strength of his faith when he says :

"All decrees of the secular power in themselves fail to cure the cancer in the human body politic. Only Christian charity can come in here as an effectual remedy."

Also, we could wish that the rulers in Church bodies generally, in view of the many dangers which assail social order in the present day, could say of themselves what the Bishop of Mainz says in his published letter to Professor Nippold of Heidelberg :

"Besides my actual spiritual duties and the government of my diocese, I follow attentively the movements of my time which afford me an opportunity of observing many acts of mutual dissension between man and man, not always as the result of ill-will, but simply arising from misapprehension and prejudice. To correct these unfortunate preconceptions and misconceptions I devote all the spare moments of my life after discharging my ordinary duties."

And what are the principles arrived at in the course of these observations on current events in the social world ? What is Ketteler's solution of the Social Question ?

There is no particular work giving a systematic account of his scheme of social improvement. Occasional sermons, speeches, pamphlets (about forty in number) are all that is left from which to gather his opinions.

The Social Question, he maintains, is simply a question of bodily comfort or physical support (eine Magenfrage—a question of the stomach.) The workman has become a mere commodity, like every other in the market, and the price paid for labour depends entirely on demand and supply. In the competition struggle where each tries to secure a bare maintenance, the "hands" are helpless, de-

pending on the fluctuations of trade. Adopting Lassalle's theory of the brazen law, which condemns the large body of wages-labourers to eke out a bare existence according to the lowest standard of living, Ketteler too invokes State protection for the labourers against encroachments of irresponsible capitalists who use manual labour as they use up machinery. For the same purpose, to secure a more healthy development physically and morally, he would encourage co-operation among the men. But here the representative of Christian Socialism joined issue with the leader of the Social Democracy. According to the latter the working classes are "the rock on which the Church of the present must be built." According to Ketteler, to secure the safety and welfare of society, it must be founded on the rock of St. Peter. Christ is the true Saviour of society, and the full recognition of Christian duty on the part of the privileged classes towards the poor, after the manner of St. Elizabeth and St. Francis, would heal many of the sores in the social body politic. So, on the other hand, the recognition of Christian principle on the part of the workers, would enable them to bear the ills of life with dignified patience and enduring heroism, remembering that the disposition of the heart rather than social position determines man's true place in the community. The bishop points out the impotence of legislative measures for the purpose of equalising property. Inequality of fortune, as he reasonably enough maintains, is the result of inequality of skill and character. The recognition of higher ideals as an antidote to the materialistic tendencies in every section of society can really save our work-civilisation from ruin. Hope of a future life alone can render the present state of existence tolerable to vast multitudes who have no prospect whatever of a better lot in life here. Christian fortitude, and not the mechanical force of social laws, will enable them cheerfully to perform life's task. Christian love, as a binding force, can effect what the mere external combination of "pulverized" social atoms fails to bring about, viz., Co-operative Association on a sound basis. The divine laws of liberty, order, justice and mercy can adjust the limits of private property and the claims of the community on the individual, or protect the interests of the proprietors and the patrimony of the poor.

Under the discipline of religion self-help and self-culture will become a power for good, and a blessing; whereas without it, degenerating into self-seeking and self-adulation, they often become a power for evil and

a curse; in short, the evils of unlimited competition can at least be mitigated, if they cannot be removed altogether, by the exercise of Christian charity.

The socialist St. Simon had said on his death-bed: "Remember, to do great deeds you must have enthusiasm;" Bishop Ketteler points to the power of Christian liberality as the lever for raising and regenerating society. He makes mention of the spirit of self-sacrifice in the Catholic Church, and the enormous sums annually collected for religious purposes, and looks to similar acts of voluntary efforts of self-devotion for social purposes.

Such are the general principles of Ketteler's Christian Socialism. They have since been further developed by Canon Moufang, and stated with greater boldness and clearness, especially in a memorable speech delivered by him before the Mainz electors in 1871. It contains the programme of Roman Catholic Socialism in what may be called its more advanced stage. Moufang sums up his demands as follows:—1. Legislative protection of "the rights of labour;" 2. Pecuniary State subvention to aid co-operative associations; 3. Reduction of the burdens of taxation and military service; 4. Restriction of the power of capital and the removal of evils arising from usury and over-speculation.

On the part of the Church, Moufang demands—1, The diffusion of the spirit of fair justice and Christian love; 2, The inculcation of benevolence and beneficence; 3, The administration of comfort and consolation in seasons of sorrow and suffering and the trials of this life, together with the inspiration of a better hope of that which is to come.

It is easier to comply with the latter than with some of the former demands—namely, the requirement of State regulation of the price of labour, since the natural aptitudes and inclinations for work differ so widely in individual cases. It would amount to simple injustice to treat all alike; it would be impossible to find employers investing their capital under such conditions, and thus the source of demand for labour would in many instances be dried up altogether. It would be equally impracticable to reform some of the abuses of the money market, and to remove the evils of over-speculation by legislative enactments. Desirable as these reforms are, imperative even to save large bodies of men from destitution and ruin, such reform cannot be carried with a high hand; they must be preceded by a moral reformation which would raise the standard of commercial honesty and purify public

opinion as the arbiter of mercantile morality. Again, industrial enterprise depends on freedom of contract. State intervention between employers and employed, though it might here and there prevent acts of flagrant injustice on the part of the large capitalists in using their power by over-reaching those whose only capital is their manual skill, would prove detrimental to the interests of the labourers as a body, *in their present condition*, unable to carry on production on their own account and at their own risk without the necessary capital and credit.

Tirades against the tyranny of capital are of little use, as M. de Laveleye points out, in his late work on Contemporary Socialism, and vague appeals to Government are equally useless, unless a *modus operandi* is suggested at the same time which would obviate the difficult question: Who will bear the risk of productive enterprise when the laws of the State, formed for the protection of labour, endanger the safety of the enterprise altogether, and make it the interest of the manufacturer to withdraw his capital?

The work of Ketteler and Moufang is still being carried on, in the press mainly by the *Christlich Sociale Blätter*, and a number of minor publications, all exercising a considerable influence on public opinion among Roman Catholics; and among the large body

of the working classes, by the maintenance and extension of a number of associations of masters, journeymen, and apprentices, as well as agricultural and industrial labourers, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic clergy, and subject to ecclesiastical discipline. Father Kolbing, once a journeyman himself, is at the head of this class of artisans, and as such has rendered distinguished services, which were fully acknowledged at the time by Bishop Ketteler.

The prediction of Cavour has thus been partially fulfilled, that a time would come when a union would be brought about between Romanism and Socialism. Hitherto the result of it has been an organized crusade against Capitalism under the banner of the Church and by means of ecclesiastical centralisation, Ketteler's *Kosacken regiment* as it has been contemptuously called by opponents. It has enabled the Roman Hierarchy to bring into the field at any given moment an army of artisans and labourers to defend the rights and liberties of the Church.

What the results of the movement may be in the future it would be premature now to predict; as a phase in the development of Church polity and a chapter in the history of Social politics in Germany, it is a subject of deep interest to the Christian Philanthropist and the Social Reformer.

WALWORTH FAIR ON SUNDAY MORNING.

By E. H. BRAMLEY.

A GAP wide as the sea is that which lies between the habits of country and town on a Sunday morning. Yet, the picture of village tranquillity on the Day of Rest—"Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed the ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song"—scarcely expresses a greater contrast with the general tone of London life than can be found in districts within the metropolis itself, and even within a few hundred yards of each other. While London is a busy circle within the greater circle of the country, there are inner social rings within the circle of the metropolis itself. Such are the varieties of life, that God and Mammon are worshipped devoutly side by side without even a thin veil to shroud the one cluster of devotees from the other; on the other hand personal isolation could not be more complete. It is not uncommon—it is rather the normal condition—for people to be ignorant of even the name, as well as the occupation, character, or personal appearance of the next-door neigh-

bour, against whom they have lived perhaps for years; and the same law obtains with the frequenters of public thoroughfares, in which is borne out the axiom that one half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Let us strike a triangle with the Metropolitan Tabernacle at Newington Butts forming one point, the ritualistic church of St. John, Lorrimore Square, a second point, and the humble district of Locks Fields a third. None of the lines of this triangle will measure many hundreds of yards; yet, in what strangely diverse scenes do they terminate on a Sunday morning! Mr. Spurgeon is thundering forth anathemas against the prevailing sins of the age, reading the handwriting on the wall to proclaim the doom of those who profane the Lord's Day; and gaudily-vested priests at Lorrimore Square are performing high ritual and swinging vessels of incense to and fro. We have thus two large and earnest congregations, of widely different types, worshipping and striving for the same end, both seriously

impressed with the importance of keeping holy the Lord's day. But what shall we find at the other point of the triangle? I will describe a visit made to the spot on Sunday morning, to learn how the people of Locks Fields live, and move, and have their being.

Turning out of Walworth Road (the leading thoroughfare south of the Thames) into East Street (formerly called East Lane, being a lane leading eastward to Walworth Common and the neighbourhood), I had not marched fifty steps before I had plunged into a veritable market-place. The buildings on either side consist almost entirely of shops, and these marts of commerce are supplemented by a row of stalls right and left, divided from the shops only by the footpath. A march down East Street on a Sunday morning is by no means a straightforward piece of business; it is necessary to elbow your way through a crowd, and not particularly desirable to court close familiarity with the apparel of those who most do congregate there. Among the rough-and-tumble population of this Kerbstone Market, it is impolitic to be too fastidious about wearing kid gloves, or about having gilt edges to one's note-book. A very brief exercise of one's discerning faculties prompts the belief that I am a "foreigner" amongst those who are to the manor born. I am quickly "spotted" as one who has no regular business there. While I watch the crowd of women in a butcher's shop, haggling over the price of meat, and listen to the persuasive oratory of the dealer in fibrine food, the salesman eyes me with marked suspicion. Did he conceive that I was a sanitary inspector? Perhaps so. Had I been selling such meat as hung on the tenter-hooks in his establishment, I too should have had an eye on any man whose apparel proclaimed him to be a stranger and sojourner in that land of plenty. Legs of lamb at 5½d. per pound, joints of beef, deeply crimson and innocent of that clean-looking fat which denotes prime quality, at 4½d. per pound, are luxuries that naturally arrest one's attention. "I want three-penn'orth o' scraps," ejaculated a poor, half-famished old woman; and, in a few seconds, the salesman had snatched up two or three bunches of cuttings (technically termed "block ornaments" in neighbourhoods of this kind), and dabbed them into a newspaper which the woman carried with her as her basket—*dabbed*, I say, in the same slap-dash manner as he would have served a solution of peas-pudding into the hands of a sweep—and the poor sickly matron went on her way rejoicing in

the possession of a Sunday's dinner, probably for a family. Another woman, dirty and ragged, took up a piece of scraggy beef, lifted up the flap with her murky finger as though she wondered whether some maggots might not lurk under the skin, evidently wishing to hold it in the most disadvantageous light under the meat-man's eyes while bantering him about the price per pound. Mr. Butcher was a match for her in shrewdness; he snatched it from her bony grasp, turned the plump side upwards while he announced the maximum price of 5¼d. and assured her that it was "sweet as a rose." What's in a name? I thought. The woman started to leave the shop, and was recalled to consider the reduced price: "5d.," the man exclaimed, and at last, after the dowdy woman had tested the rosy sweetness by plunging her nose under the flange, the bargain was struck at 4½d. My presence had become tiresome; the rough-headed barterer in the blue slop solicited my custom, affectionately inquired what I would buy, and subsequently inquired—Did my mother know of my being out?—and I departed, leaving him free to study whether or not there was any truth in the commonly accepted and familiar words, "Absence makes the heart grow fonder."

It would be an act of injustice to the said butcher to declare that even the poorest quality of his meat would not pass the view of the sanitary inspector, and equally a reflection on the district inspector who might be supposed to have neglected his duty. It must be admitted, as a counterpoise to the seeming strictures made above, that there were some really prime pieces for better-paying customers in the particular shop in question, and in the numerous butchers' shops in East Street; but cheapness, or rather lowness of price, is a necessity in the district where the habits of the people are of a spendthrift character on Saturdays, many of them largely exhausting their funds in conviviality and suburban jaunts, in the full swing of enjoyment till "the witching hour" on Saturday, and having to fight a sharp and decisive battle with the tradespeople on Sunday. It has often been argued in favour of Sunday markets in London, that they are a necessity for thousands of poor people who have to earn their dinner in the morning before being able to provide it. This is undoubtedly true with many classes, but, to be strictly unanswerable, the argument should apply only to the sale of food. This reasoning, however, is not exactly applicable here, for, although there is a large element of food

supply—greengrocery, bread, meat, and the multifarious items which grace the "provision" stores (bacon, eggs, lard, &c.), ducks and geese—there are numerous other items of trade which can scarcely be reckoned as necessary to supply the immediate needs of the hour.

Earthenware shops were, as our Yankee friends term it, "in full blast;" drapery, haberdashery, joiners' tools, and toys were quite as plentiful as articles of food. There were several "curiosity shops" at which might be purchased door-knobs, scraps of rusty iron, nails and screws; and men of the bull-necked persuasion were busy in groups at these shops, some buying long and strong chains for their "dawgs." Stalls were thronged with sweetmeats and lollypops, and second-hand clothes; men were squatted on the pavement with huge and capacious carpet-bags full of braces, which latter were being sold at from fourpence to sixpence a pair, and liberal offers were made to return the purchase-money on the following Sunday if the workmanship should prove to have been defective. One woman guarded a hand-barrow covered with men's reed hats, one of which—a broad-brimmed sloucher—graced her own head by way of advertisement, the stock being tendered at threepence for each specimen of head gear. There were numerous vehicles, with horses in the shafts, in King and Queen Street (leading out of East Street), which was far more crowded and lively than even East Street itself. One of these was a large gaudily-painted van, similar to a small street watering cart, and this van was charged with precious liquor, almost black as ink, dubbed Sarsaparilla Elixir. The fore-part of the van had a carriage front, on which stood a smart-looking man who, with a jaunty air of assurance, exhibited a large tablet displaying the interior of the human frame, headed "Anatomy," by some learned M.D. The loquacious quack-doctor, impudent in his drollery, and of wild, original, and unfettered genius of the Baron Munchausen type, in tampering with the constitution of the British working men, whom he flatteringly styled the muscle of the nation, dilated on the humbug of a portion of the medical profession, and, of course, made it clear as crystal that there was only one way to health, and that particular one was washed with the vital elixir which he had carefully bottled up for sale. There were many symptoms, however, which medicine usually aggravated; some refreshing drink would meet those cases, and such patients, ap-

parently with tavern-haunting propensities, and the "hot-copper" throats sacred to their tribe on the morrow of Saturday night, were being rapidly and largely supplied with the Sarsaparilla Elixir at a penny a tumbler, at the tail of the van, by two of the lecturer's trusted agents. Life's fitful fever raged, and the "medical lay" was a commercial success.

All around there were tradespeople of various types, and crowds of wandering sightseers and purchasers. Floral beauties were in great request. I had been surprised, when wandering down Walworth Road, at seeing so many men and women carrying pots of fuschias and geraniums; the sequel was found in King and Queen Street. Numerous carts were laden with blooms that are not surpassed at Covent Garden, the flowers being sold by mock-auction, amid a very Babel of noise. One of these Dutch-auction men relieved the monotony of his trade by occasionally singing snatches of a humorous ditty; another attracted a crowd by hiring as his Man Friday, to hand the flower-pots down, a real African—a tall, stalwart negro, dressed in a scarlet coat, his neck adorned by several rows of coloured wooden beads, and his woolly head decorated with a quaint hat trimmed with gold streamers—a veritable imitation of the red-Indian chief. I have since learned from conversation with one of the dealers that most of these plants are grown at Mitcham by a florist who makes a speciality of the business; certainly not one of the Covent Garden florists attempts to compete with him in respect of cheapness, and few rival him for grandeur of bloom. This list does not half exhaust the varieties of trade, and if more be required to show that the market is not conducted exclusively to meet the pressing needs of the poor who have not the means of purchasing food on Sunday until they have earned it during the morning, nothing would more clearly illustrate the fact than telling of the existence of a shooting-gallery at which a brisk trade was being run at four shots a penny, and of a large perforated board at which balls were thrown with a view to winning cocoa-nuts.

It was refreshing to emerge from the northern end of King and Queen Street into Lock Square, and then to turn to the right, where quietude reigned supreme. The question naturally arose, "What influences are at work to counteract this curious state of things?" I wondered how many places of worship could be found in the immediate neighbourhood. In East Street itself I had seen St. Mark's church (close to the end

leading from Walworth Road), in which service was being conducted while the full tide of street traffic was flowing at the very gates. At the other end of the street was the East Street Baptist Chapel. Then, turning out of King and Queen Street, I found the Newington Hall, on the door of which a bill announced a lecture to be delivered in the evening by a well-known secularist lecturer, the subject being "Reasons for Rejecting Christianity." Close to this building was a Congregational church. I entered one of these churches and listened for a few moments to a very stirring and eloquent sermon.

The preacher held his congregation apparently spell-bound by a somewhat poetic address eminently suitable for the people who were there—well-dressed and intelligent men and women below, and the more intellectual class of working-men in the gallery. But such an address would have been wasted on the kind of people who made up the market traders—buyers and sellers—in King and Queen Street. The preacher was evidently a master of language, and could adapt his ideas to the brain-level of his hearers: it would have been more pleasant to have found some of the lower orders from Kerbstone Market at the service; why do they not attend? It is not for the want of an effort being made by the friends of the church; for on entering the Sunday-school, contiguous to and connected with the church, where 300 children were being taught, I learned, in conversation with a group of intelligent teachers, that one of their missionaries had visited every house in the district. It was a remarkable fact, elicited during this inquisitorial visitation, that not more than one person in every hundred attended any place of worship.

The Sunday fair, hemmed in by the churches and chapels already described, and by one or two mission-halls of a character specially intended for the people of the neighbourhood, seems to flourish almost uninterruptedly. But lest these traders and their customers should have any plausible opportunity "one and all to make excuse," a troop of amateur missionaries have ventured into the very midst of the heathen. In a short off-street, a *cul de sac* called Angle Street, the mouth of which opens into the thickest part of the crowd, some twenty young men and about half as many young women were engaged in setting up the

standard of their faith. On a stall nearly opposite, a salesman had raised the Union Jack as a means of attracting a crowd to see him and his wares; but these young people, full of native fire, raised the ideal standard of the Christian religion by singing and preaching. It is creditable to them that they conducted their service in a becoming manner, free from that conceit and dogmatism which, in the outdoor services on the London commons, too frequently suggests the idea of personal importance on the part of the leaders, and which has proved a great drawback to success. This group of men and women were engaged in singing a really lively and soul-stirring Moody and Sankey tune which drew a crowd of listeners—not a drawling, dismal selection, calculated to drive away an impressionable mind, but one that cheered all around. An earnest address followed—not smart in its composition, not brilliant in conception; had these virtues to intellectual people been paraded, they would have utterly failed; but commonplace, drawn from and applicable to the humble notions of the men who listened. Eloquence there was none, except the eloquence of earnestness; and it was listened to with respect.

Curiously, as the refrain of the hymn (the singing of which by those thirty stentorian voices had drowned the confusion of tongues made by the babbling salesmen) died away, a dealer in canaries was heard setting forth the terms of a raffle for birds. A dozen printed tickets were sold at a penny each, and the holder of the lucky ticket chose which bird he thought fit from a truck-load of cages. There were linnets and larks, in full song, excited by the hum and buzz of the people; and cocks were crowing and ducks were quacking, for poultry formed no inconsiderable share of the stock of the fair. Men blew whistles, and imitated the cries of Mr. Punch, selling their tin toys at the very feet of the group of religious men and women who were striving to move the people to nobler thoughts and feelings.

At about half-past twelve the market had almost melted away; and at nearly one o'clock bands of men and women might be seen waiting to rush into the public-houses to moisten their parched throats, seared with the alcoholic consumption of the previous night.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLV.—"AFTER LIFE'S FITFUL FEVER."

"HE'S sleepin' noo, Johnnie. Gang awa' and tak' a rest to yoursel'—puir lad, ye're sair needin' a rest."

Grannie said this after they had remained a long time in the same position, Armour holding one hand whilst the other rested on her arm. They had observed no change, except that he had gone quietly to sleep—the sleep for which he had so often craved, and which had been so often denied him. The intellectual cast of features, which had been so many times distorted by passion, became prominent now. The white calm face was that of a man whom one must have regarded with respect.

Armour did not think of death; he was so quiet, so like one who having accomplished a hard round of work has closed his eyes wearily and thankfully.

But the son seemed to hear at intervals the weird sound of a distant funeral bell, and the one long note, distinctly and sadly, pronounced the word "GONE!"

What possibilities that life had possessed; what it might have achieved if it had only fallen into the right channel.

"GONE!" boomed that melancholy bell.

He had blundered on the threshold of his career, and the impulsive, passionate nature which might have been the spring of worthy deeds had hurried him to ruin, as an engine once off the rails tears over embankments and bridges, and down precipices, dragging the train after it. He might have recovered his place, but he had fled from all those sacred influences of home which help so much to steady a man. He had sought distraction from his own remorse and, without finding it, had gambled his life away.

"Gone!"

How curiously distinct that low distant boom was in Armour's ears, with its pitiful comment on his reflections.

But the wanderer had come back, yielding at length to the truer instincts of his nature, and although at first it had seemed that his return was only to bring misery upon those who had already suffered too much on his account, the seeming evil had proved a blessing to them and to him. He had found peace at last, and after life's fitful fever he slept well.

The bell sounded once more in Armour's brain; and then he gently laid the passive hand he had been holding so long on the sleeper's side.

"You need rest too, Grannie," he said softly, wondering if she understood.

"Ou ay, we're a' needin' rest, but you 'specially," said Grannie in her ordinary tone: no sorrow, no pain in the quiet voice, but the blind face was pale and the lips twitched a little as she spoke. "We'll put your father's arms aneath the claes, Johnnie—let me do it mysel'."

Very tenderly she lifted the arm which rested upon hers and after placing it drew the sheet up over the face. Armour knew now that she understood.

"You had better come with me, Grannie."

"Ay, ay, in a minute. Bid Howison come here an' I'll tell her what she has to dae. There are things in the drawers that I was meanin' for mysel', but he can hae them."

This in the simplest and most commonplace way—as she might have directed him where to find his clean underclothing.

When he had left the room she uncovered the face and smoothed the brow with her hand. By-and-by, she took the scissors which hung from her girdle and gently passing her fingers through the curly locks, she cut two. When she had put them away, her head was bowed for a little, whilst her hand rested on his brow. Then, raising herself, she said as if speaking to him:

"Puir lad—ye hae had a sair fecht; but it's a' by noo; and the Lord will forgie ye, since we hae forgi'en."

Howison came in and Grannie gave the necessary directions. There was no flurry: no emotion visible to any one. The thoughts and feelings of the woman were too sacred to herself to be exhibited to bystanders. She attended to everything that should be done with as much self-possession as if she had no personal interest in the proceedings. Then she went downstairs and ordered dinner to be served at the usual hour.

"Thae kind o' things maun be looked after, ye ken," she said to the minister, "nae matter wha comes or wha gaes. An' it's a kind o' relief, forbye."

She went to her own room and shut the door.

On his side Armour discharged the routine of his duty as calmly as Grannie,

"It is the right way," said Mr. Moffat; "those things which come in the ordinary course of nature should find us prepared for them and should be accepted with resignation as the Lord's will."

Snow had again fallen and it lay nearly a foot deep on the ground, whilst by the hedgerows and dykes the wind had tossed it into considerable mounds. There was a red sun and a keen frost: the snow was crisp and dry, making a pleasant crunching sound under the feet.

Those who came to pay the last mark of respect to Daft Jock Thorburn were for the most part workers in the Mill. They were dressed in black surtout coats which appeared to have been made by one tailor whose ingenuity in misfitting had been infinite. Every coat was "baggy," and, in many cases, hung with melancholy limpness upon the wearer whether he happened to be thin or stout. The coats had served for bridal days—the blue swallow-tail with brass buttons has long ago disappeared—for kirk on Sabbath and for every funeral the owners had attended.

The faces were pinched with a formal solemnity; the ordinary "Guid day" was pronounced in the same tone as "Amen" after a prayer. Each took "the dram" and the piece of cake which were offered him as he entered the room, with the air of a man who makes a sacrifice and fulfils a moral obligation. Tawtie Pate was the only one who held out his glass to be helped a second time, and in doing so he whispered apologetically as he stifled a cough:

"It's a real cauld day."

They assembled in Armour's room and the red sun was shining in through the garden window. Mr. Musgrave and Dr. Sam. Johnstone were the last to arrive. All were standing, the chairs and tables having been removed to afford more space.

Mr. Moffat stood with his back to the window, his white hair looking like part of the snow which was gleaming outside. Armour entered with Grannie. They exchanged no greetings with any one, but silently took their places in front of the group facing the minister.

Then he began his simple service, and the burden of all he said was, "For we live by Hope." That was his whole teaching: he did not attempt to point a moral from the life of the man who had passed away; he only spoke of him as one who like his neighbours had sinned, and suffered and repented. All that was good they should remember, all

that was bad, forget. Then the tender burden of his prayer was repeated and the service was over.

The folk formed two abreast and marched behind the hearse, like a black line on the white snow, to the kirkyard, the whole inhabitants of the village watching the procession.

There were five pall-bearers, but their duties were only symbolical of the times when living friends laid the dead one with their own hands in his last resting-place. All they had to do now was each to hold an ornamental black cord, whilst the workmen lowered the coffin into the grave. Armour was at the head, the Fiscal on his right, the minister on his left, Tawtie Pate and Lawson coming next. The cords were placed in their hands; and their task was completed whilst all round stood uncovered. Then without a word the mourners moved away by twos and threes, several of them with an unsatisfied feeling, as if something had been left undone. It was all so cold, so quiet, dropping him down there in the snow, in silence almost as profound as his own. But the silence and simplicity of this parting with one who had been lately moving amongst them had its impressiveness and its meaning for different minds.

Another old custom had been abolished. The funeral guests did not return to feast in the house of mourning. They went to their own houses to change their clothes and resume the work of life. Grannie and Armour were left undisturbed to their own meditations.

"You'll hae to see about the stane, Johnnie," said Grannie, turning simply to the practical details which still required attention; "and you might as weel hae my name put on at the same time and syne there'll be the less fash when ye tak' me hame."

"We need not talk about that just now, Grannie."

"Ou, we needna talk about it, but there's nae harm in gettin' ready for it. In the course o' nature we canna expect to hae muckle time to spare. I would just like to see you out o' your difficulties, and settled down wi' Ellie, and syne I could be content to gang awa'; I'm in nae haste to leave you—dinna think that—but we ought to licht the can'les when it's growin' dark."

CHAPTER XLVI.—BY POST.

ARMOUR had received three brief notes from Ellie; the first dated London, the second Paris, and the third Cannes. They

were very brief, he thought, but they gave him much comfort. He wrote telling her of all that had happened, and how, thanks to her father, he was likely to be able to tide over the present crisis in a much more satisfactory manner than had at first appeared probable.

After that more than a fortnight elapsed and there was no response. He heard from the Fiscal that all was going well; but even the Fiscal had not received any letter from his daughter. All his information was obtained from his wife's letters, which, although saying much about Ellie, made no reference to her neglect of correspondence.

Armour watched the post morning and evening with eager longing; but no letter came. Then he reasoned with himself: he had told her that she was to regard herself as quite free to act as she pleased; she was to be silent or to speak just as it seemed most satisfactory to her; and it was possible that she considered silence to be best at present. It was probable that her mother had persuaded her somehow to adopt this course—indeed he had no doubt of the influence which had been brought to bear upon her.

What did it matter to him? He could trust her. He knew that she would not falter and that she would be patient, and if there could be the remotest hesitation it would disappear when she learned that her father was helping him. Still there was that yearning upon him for any sign of her hand, any token—even a newspaper would have pleased him—that she was thinking about him; and he found it difficult sometimes to be quite content when he found nothing from her amongst his letters and papers.

All sorts of suggestions of possible dangers—accidents or illness—would thrust themselves upon him and distract his thoughts when they should have been, even for her sake, concentrated on business affairs. Of course he was aware that it was ridiculous to allow such fancies to disturb him; for if anything of that kind should happen the Fiscal would certainly hear of it and report to him. But the consciousness that it was ridiculous to allow these suggestions to find their way into his brain only irritated him the more by revealing his weakness in not being able to keep them out altogether.

If he had spoken to the minister he would have been told that the strongest minds are the most anxious about their loved ones. But that would have been little consolation to him; it certainly would not have satisfied him that he had a strong mind.

At last there arrived a letter with the Cannes postmark, and although there was a momentary feeling of alarmed disappointment when he discovered that the writer was not Ellie, but her mother, he was still delighted to have news direct from the headquarters of his affection.

“DEAR MR. ARMOUR,—

“As your conduct in the little difficulty we had to surmount has been so uniformly courteous and good, I think it incumbent on me to send you a few lines to tell you that we are all well and enjoying ourselves *extremely* in this most charming and exquisitely lovely place.

“I am amazed at myself that I have so long delayed bringing my daughter here. The change it has already effected in her is truly wonderful. I ought to mention that it has long been my intention to bring her, but she is so fond of home and has had so little desire to travel that year after year passed without the intention being carried out. The change I refer to is not merely in my daughter's health, but in her ideas of things. They are already most markedly enlarged and more becoming a lady who is destined to hold a high position in society. She has already quite caught the spirit of travel and is now desirous of making an extensive tour on the Continent, a desire with which I, for various reasons, entirely sympathize, and of which I approve.”

There he stopped. His pleasure in having news of Ellie was much marred by the manner in which it was conveyed. He felt that the enlargement of her ideas was meant to impress him with the fact that if she had travelled before she would never have been attracted by him. The extended tour on the Continent, too, was intended to help her to forget him.

He drew breath at that. Who could tell what might happen? New scenes, new faces are recommended as panaceas for most mental troubles; and love is one of those afflictions which travel is supposed to cure.

He tossed the sigh away and laughed at his own folly: the love which could be cured by travel was not the love he had sought and believed he had found. They might take Ellie all over the world; they might surround her with as many wooers as they pleased, she would act and speak just as she would if he were standing by her side. She had nothing in common with those morally deformed creatures who find beaux at every turn.

He resumed the perusal of Mrs. Musgrave's letter in a complacent mood.

"My present plans are that we should travel leisurely along the Riviera; perhaps we shall visit Rome if the season permits; and return through Germany and France. My daughter has had no experience of the Continent and every place we visit will have interest for her. We are most fortunate in having such a pleasant companion as Miss Dinwiddie. She is always in good spirits, and from the first hour of starting has never failed in her perfect good humour. She has been all that the kindest of daughters could be to me, and all that the kindest of sisters could be to Ellie. What a treasure of a wife she will be to some man who requires a cheerful, active woman to help him forward in the world! There is a gentleman I know who would be lucky indeed if he could persuade her to share his fortunes.

"I need not say, dear Mr. Armour, how pleased I am to hear that you are likely to overcome all your difficulties sooner than could have been expected under the circumstances. I am so delighted! I hope you will be quite yourself by the time we return. Accept my most cordial congratulations.

"There is one thing I particularly wish to mention, and you will of course readily appreciate my desire to explain it to you. Ellie has agreed that she is not to write to you during our travels, and I of course expect you not to write to her. I am sure *you* can understand my motives. Under the circumstances silence can do no harm, and epistolary communications might involve so many misapprehensions on all sides. I should be pleased to hear from you myself and to learn how your affairs progress. I will, if you should wish it, tell you from time to time of our movements, but I do trust in your honour not to impair my daughter's present happiness by reminding her of unpleasant and unfortunate events which I am anxious—for her own sake—that she should forget as speedily as possible.

"With most warm regards and respects, I am your sincere well-wisher,

"EUPHEMIA MUSGRAVE."

"P.S.—Mr. Hugh Fenwick, M.P., is in Cannes at present, and he purposes to remain on the Continent until his important parliamentary duties compel him to return to England."

He smiled when he first read that postscript, pitying Mrs. Musgrave's futile endeavours to command the course of Fate.

But when he took it into consideration with the references to the enlargement of Ellie's ideas and to her future high position in society, he wondered whether or not this might be a kindly way of preparing him for an approaching change. It might be that Ellie did not like to write about it herself, and so had left it to her mother to explain.

What nonsense! this made the meaning of Ellie's silence clear: she wanted to gratify her mother as far as lay in her power, and she trusted him to understand it all. He did understand, and would obey the sign; he also would be silent until she bade him speak. He would of course always have news of her from the Fiscal, and from Mrs. Musgrave herself when he chose to write.

At the same time the most trusting of natures cannot help feeling that the correspondence of father and mother are poor substitutes for that of the loved one herself. He would have been so happy if his Princess had only sent him some little token from her own hand. But was not her confidence in his faith a token? . . . It was, and the highest. So he turned to work harder than ever and to wait patiently, thinking cheerily the while of the absent yet ever present one.

He possessed two photographs which he carried always with him in a small morocco case. When disturbed by those intrusive suggestions of the anxious or uneasy mind that something might be wrong, he took out his book, and studying the tender features—to him so beautiful beyond all else that nature or art had done!—he heard the sweet voice repeating those happy words—"We can wait." Then he was comforted, and went on again, eager to be ready for her when the time came that he must speak.

There were other important letters brought by that same post. If Armour could have read them he would have discovered much to interest him and something to pain him.

One was from Mrs. Musgrave to her husband.

"MY DEAR RICHARD,—

"I am surprised—I am unable to express myself adequately under the circumstances—but I am *very* greatly surprised that you are helping the man Armour in his wretched business. I *do* trust that you will remember before it is too late the duty you owe to *me* and the duty you owe to your offspring.

"I am sorry for the poor man in his misfortunes, but I cannot see my child robbed of her just inheritance in order to

support him a few days longer in a business which I am told by a gentleman of great experience in financial matters (I mean Mr. Fenwick, M.P.), would swamp the Bank of England if it were thrown in. The distress which this information caused me (it was conveyed in a letter Ellie received from the man himself) has induced me to request that there shall be no further correspondence between them. Ellie at once consented. She is a good child, and has never shown any sign of disobedience, except when encouraged to it by one who should be the last to provoke such a spirit in her—that person, I regret to say, is yourself.

“If you are resolved to ruin us, I can only say that I am thankful to the foresight of my dear father, the late Lord of Session, who secured to me my small income. That may now save us from *starvation*. But what will be said of you who bring us to this condition? You, who had it in your power to provide us with comfort, and by your indifference to all the duties imposed on you by law and affection, have ruined us? But I cannot believe that you are so cruel—so mad, as to perpetrate this crime (for it is nothing less than a crime) against your own flesh and blood.

“I am too much excited to write calmly; but I must beg of you—demand of you that, under the circumstances, you will remember your promise to me that you would try to advise our daughter to follow the course which is most conducive to her future happiness. You promised to advise her to be cheerful and contented, but your repeated expressions of your wish that she should be with you at home make her discontented and unhappy, and quite unfit to relish the pleasures which are on every hand offered to her.

“There is a great future before her (even if you do disregard all sense of duty to us, and waste your fortune), and she is ready to accept it. I implore you not to destroy our dear child's prospects out of mere opposition to me.

“I *do* trust you will not again make her miserable by the expression of your regret that she is not at home. I *do* trust that you will not bring us to beggary by involving yourself with the man Armour. But, if you persist, I must remind you that I am her mother, and that it is my duty to save my child from the consequences of her father's infatuation if I can.

“I may tell you that Mr. Fenwick, M.P., has been most attentive to us since his arrival

here, and has enlivened us exceedingly. He has seen after everything we want—has arranged for our excursions, seen after our letters and papers, and indeed done everything that the most kindly and best of friends could do to make us comfortable. I think that you who know something of the cares of public duty will appreciate the sacrifice he makes for our sakes. I am glad to say Ellie does; and I am quite sure that if the poor child could be released from the constraint she is under in her fear of annoying you she would at once accept his offer. I think it would be a proper thing for her to do. Mr. Armour himself has released her from the foolish engagement with him, and I am sure that she should and she would take advantage of her liberty if she had only a little encouragement from you.

“Now, my dear Richard, I do trust that you will consider the position of our child and help her to attain the position which we know awaits her if she chooses, and in which I am sure she would be happy.

“I am most anxious to hear from you on this subject, and would be much obliged if you would answer by return of post. Meanwhile I am, your affectionate wife,

“EUPHEMIA MUSGRAVE.”

Another letter was from Fenwick, M.P., to Ensign George Dinwuddie.

“MY DEAR GENERAL,—

“I am only anticipating your dignity, I am not chaffing. You can call me Secretary of State, or Chancellor of the Exchequer if you like. I won't be displeased.

“I am no hand at letter-writing, as you know; but as you made me promise to send you a letter, here it is. I am jolly, the girls are jolly, and the old lady is jolly. Now what more has a fellow to say? Except that we are all jolly. We drive, we bask in the sunshine, we dine, we—I was going to say we smoke; but what I ought to say is that I smoke; and it is altogether a good time for me; and an excellent preparatory course for my first campaign in the House.

“By the way I have taught your sister to play billiards and she is a first-rate pupil. *She* doesn't object to tobacco, and I believe that with a little persuasion she'd take a cigarette herself. She is a stunning girl and you ought to be proud of her.

“Write as soon as you can and give me all your news. I'll do the same.

“Ever yours,

“HUGH FENWICK.”

CHAPTER XLVII.—MORE NEWS BY POST.

Another letter was from Miss Dinwuddie to her sister at Maclellan House, Kirkcudbright.

“MY DEAR SISSY,—

“You must not scold me for the brevity and rarity of my letters. You folk who bide at home and live at ease have no idea of the thousand and one occupations which demand the immediate attention of a traveller and leave her too wearied to do anything but go to bed. I am going to try to write you a long letter to-day as we are kept indoors by a thunderstorm, and Mr. Fenwick is playing the ‘dutiful attendant’ on Mrs. Musgrave in the drawing-room, whilst they are waiting for Ellie to recover from a headache and to come out of her room.

“If I can only recollect all that I should like to tell you, there will be no more complaints about scant news.

“I mentioned that we stayed for a few days in a hotel; then Mrs. Musgrave decided upon this villa. It is on the slope of a hill, with a beautiful garden in front, and some pretty paths behind. But it has many inconveniences, especially in the kitchen department, and when I pointed them out to her ladyship (you know how she likes the title), she gave me this extraordinary reply:

“‘But, my dear, there is a billiard-room!’

“Why she should place the advantages of a billiard-room above the chance of having our victuals properly cooked I could not understand at first. But I understand it now. Mr. Fenwick was coming, and this was for his convenience. She forgot, however, that he would want somebody to play with him. Well, since his arrival, he has been almost constantly in the house (his hotel bill can’t be large, for he has all his meals here), and as he has occasionally half an hour or so which he does not know what to do with, he plays billiards. You know that I have played now and then with Geordie, and I offered to do what I could to relieve his tedium by knocking the balls about for him. Of course I explained that I was quite ignorant of the French game.

“‘Never you mind,’ says he; ‘I will teach you. . . . Does the smoke annoy you?’

“‘Not at all,’ says I, taking up a cue.

“‘Thanks—that’s the way to cannon,’ says he, as he played what he called a good stroke.

“Since then we have been playing every day, and have become regular ‘chums,’ as he says.

“But now comes the important part of the business. What do you think he has done? He has made me his confidante, and has told me what I have known quite well all along—that he wants to make our friend Ellie, Mrs. Hugh Fenwick, and that although her mother is most eager for the match, the lady herself would like to be ‘ower the borders and awa’ wi’ Jock o’—’ Thorniehowe! Can you guess who I mean? I was more amazed than I can tell you; and so will you be; and so will mamma; for you remember when they were with us we all thought that Mr. Fenwick was the man of Ellie’s choice.

“Nothing of the kind! It is the paper-maker, Mr. Armour, who is the man—though I can’t for the life of me make out how she could select him when such a smart fellow as the other one was in sight.

“There I stop, and lest you should misunderstand me, I want to tell you at once that I do not like Mr. Fenwick. He is altogether too dressy, and too much in the fashion for my taste. All the same he is a very nice fellow. But you know a man may be as nice as possible to one person and very disagreeable to another. Ellie has never said a word about him or about anybody else to me, but I can see as plain as A B C that she is worried by him, and that if she was not so anxious to keep her mother in good humour she would refuse to speak to him at all.

“That is, I *think* she would refuse to speak to him; but there is no saying what hidden meanings there may be in her quiet and sometimes, as it seems to me, sly conduct. She deceived us entirely when she was at Maclellan House, and maybe she is doing the same now; for you know that Armour is a bankrupt, and hasn’t a penny to bless himself with, let alone a wife. Besides there is some awful disgrace about him. I don’t know what it is, but Mrs. Musgrave hints at it so darkly that I think he must have murdered somebody, somewhere, somehow, and has escaped hanging for it.

“I thought he was rather a nice man (didn’t you?). He and I got on fine together, and I think if he had only stayed a few days longer he might have had me for the asking—bankrupt or not.

“Now, my dear Aggie, I suppose you are very much shocked at me for saying that; but you oughtn’t to be shocked at the truth, you know—not to mention that I think you were yourself rather taken with him. Do you remember what you said when we were going to bed on the evening after he had gone away? You were just in a fearful tem-

per, and you said, 'It was so nasty of him to run away just when we were getting to like him.' And I said, 'Oh! Aggie, have you forgotten ——.' But that is neither here nor there. I don't want to remind you of old sores. I want to tell you what a wicked creature your sister is.

"Will you believe it? I've been playing such a game with Mr. Fenwick! You know that I am fond of Ellie; and fancying that she was pestered by her mother forcing him upon her, and pestered by his attentions to her, it occurred to me that I might do her a good turn by flirting a little with him—just a *very* little—on my own account. So while he is making cannons I am making eyes at him; admiring everything he does; laughing at all his stale jokes, and in every way making myself agreeable to him. The result is that last night in his enthusiasm he so far forgot himself as to whisper, 'You *are* a stunning girl!'

"Just fancy!—a real M.P. saying such a thing. I suppose the Speaker would call him to order if he dared to say such a thing in the House. He is an awful simpleton, and hasn't the least suspicion of what a fool I am making of him.

"But the best of the joke is that Ellie seems to understand how I am relieving her, and to be grateful for it; whilst Mrs. Musgrave is under the impression that I am doing everything in my power to help her in bringing about the match. And he has the same notion.

"I can't tell you what fun it is; but I will try to repeat the conversation we had only last night in the billiard-room.

"Ellie had excused herself from coming down to dinner—not because she had a headache, or because she was ill otherwise; but because she had a letter to write to her father, and she had eaten enough at lunch to serve her for the day. Isn't she an extraordinary creature?—she always tells the truth! Well, there was a great suppressed earthquake of irritation on the part of Mrs. Musgrave, and some sulks on the part of Mr. Fenwick; but his ill-humour speedily passed away, and we both endeavoured to soothe our hostess. He is a real good fellow in that way; I have noticed it several times, when Ellie has done something to put her mother in a temper he has done everything he could to put her in good-humour again. That is an excellent trait in a man's character—or a woman's either, for that matter—but especially in a man who is not supposed to pay any particular attention to the *conve-*

nances of life. It pleased me very much on this occasion, particularly as I saw that the efforts of both of us failed to mollify Mrs. Musgrave. I was quite glad when she herself suggested that Mr. Fenwick should dispense with the usual hour in the drawing-room, and go at once to his smoke. He said—

"'Certainly. I shall go into the billiard-room.'

"He looked at me, and I jumped up at once.

"'I will go with you,' says I, and after we had bowed our hostess out of the drawing-room I took his arm, and he led me into the billiard-room.

"Now comes the conversation that I wish to repeat to you; but as I don't want to be bothered with 'says he's' and 'says I's' you will allow me to imitate one of those ballads we sing, and mark the different speakers by 'He' and 'Me.'

"He was very particular in cutting the end of his cigar and puncturing it with one of those pretty little knives which seem to have instruments for everything, from taking a stone out of a horse's hoof to cutting a piece of bread-and-butter. He lit his cigar and chalked his cue with the most melancholy air. I could see that he was thinking about Ellie, and I must say there was a kind of pity for him in me somewhere. But why should he bother her when she has said and shown that she does not want him?

"If *she* would only speak to me I believe I could put matters straight; but you know she was always prim, and I think she is more prim than ever now. She has never said a single word to me about her love affairs, and that is irritating when you see them going on under your very nose. I once tried to bring her to it, but she only said in her quiet, resolute way, 'I would rather we did not talk of these matters, Charlotte.' She meant to say, 'I *won't* talk of these matters to you or to any body else.' Aggravating, wasn't it?

"But I am forgetting the conversation which I wanted specially to repeat to you. Well, after he had chalked his cue in that melancholy way, and I had chalked mine in quite a business-like way (I am becoming a real don at billiards under his direction and can make splendid cannons when the balls fall into the right position), we began.

"He. 'I shall not play well to-night, Miss Dinwiddie. Will you excuse me?'

"Me. 'You will play well enough to beat me, and I suppose that will satisfy you for once.'

"HE (taking a random stroke). 'No, that will not please me—I would rather be beaten by you. I feel myself such a fool that I would like to be licked by somebody.'

"ME. 'And I suppose the poorer the player the more satisfaction you would have in being licked, according to your present humour.'

"HE. 'Exactly—hullo, that was well done. You touched almost.'

"ME. 'Yes, but I didn't quite, and a miss is as good as a mile.'

"HE. 'That is not a true, although it is an old-established aphorism. There is always a certain amount of consolation in having gone near the mark you were aiming at; there is none at all in having gone wide of it. That is what I have done, and I am feeling it deeply just now.'

"ME. 'Why, you have made six cannons!'

"HE. 'I was not thinking of the balls exactly; I was thinking of what happened to-night.'

"ME. 'The dinner—something disagreed with you. Was it the pudding? I thought it was rather heavy.'

"(You can't imagine what fun it was to chaff him in this way, and if you had only seen his face you would have run away at once and got him a couple of papa's anti-bilious pills.)

"HE. 'I didn't try the pudding, and the dinner was excellent. My digestion, I may say, is the same, although you might not think it after all the nonsense I have been talking to you.'

"ME. 'Nonsense and indigestion don't go together—at any rate papa is very practical in his commands when his digestion is disturbed.'

"HE. 'Then I suppose it is because my digestion is good that I talk nonsense—there, do you see that? Missed the easiest cannon that was ever offered to a player! Don't you think now that I am in bad form?'

"He clasped his hands on the cue and rested on it, looking at me as if he had been drowning and was imploring me to save him.

"ME. 'You seem to be very much out of sorts. What is the matter?'

"HE. 'Oh, you know well enough—it is the way *she* is treating me. How is a fellow to get on with a girl who is eternally snubbing him?'

"ME. 'There seems to me a very simple answer to that question; it is the same which we give to a riddle when we can't find it out or don't want to be bothered trying—give it up!'

"He played several strokes after that with as much coolness and precision as if he had been engaged in a match with a skilled opponent. And yet he did not seem to be thinking of the game. He stopped when he had made six cannons and chalked his cue carefully.

"HE. 'Do you think I can make that stroke?'

"ME. 'I have seen you make more difficult ones.'

"He played and the stroke was a success. Then he put down his cue.

"HE. 'If you will excuse me, I won't play any more to-night. That stroke decided me—I *won't* give her up. I was never beaten in anything I took in hand, and I shall not be beaten by her. When I was playing just now I said to myself, if I make seven cannons I shall go on; if I don't I shall start for home to-morrow. You see, I have made the seven cannons and I am to go on.'

"ME. 'But surely this is not the right sort of thing to do—to decide whether or not you will seek a wife by your success at billiards.'

"HE. 'It's only a fancy, but I have won and I mean to win her.'

"I was indignant at this and told him so. He did not seem to take my scolding amiss, for he said:

"'Let us take a turn in the garden and I will try to explain.'

"It was a most lovely night. The moon was shining and the stars were twinkling and, in spite of the misanthropic humour of my companion, I could not help remembering our old verses, 'Twinkle, twinkle, little star, how I wonder what'—well, there I turned the thing to the occasion and said to myself I do wonder what you are thinking about?

"He smoked (it was his second cigar), and did not show any signs of relieving my mind. But at length it came out with this very plain question: 'Do you think she cares for me at all?' (Whiff went a great cloud of smoke.)

"That rather perplexed me. If he had said it in his ordinary way I should have had no difficulty in glossing it over with some commonplace bit of flattery. But he spoke so earnestly that I was obliged to tell the truth.

"'Upon my word, Mr. Fenwick, that is a very startling question to ask, and a very troublesome one for me to answer.'

"'I only want to know what you think,' he persisted.

"'Then if you will have it—and, mind, you force it from me—I do not think she does,

and do not believe she ever will care for you in the way you want her to do.'

"Then we walked up the garden path, which is on the slope of a hill, and down again, he puffing away at his cigar, and I pretending to pursue my astronomical studies but watching him all the while. There was not much to be learned from studying his face. I could only see that he was vexed and that he was trying to settle some question with himself. But, you know, if people will insist upon having the truth from one, they mustn't expect to hear exactly what they would like to hear. How was I to help it if Ellie showed she didn't care for him, and if he insisted upon me telling him so?"

"I was really sorry for him and would have been glad if I could have given him any word of comfort. But I couldn't. He wanted the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and he got it. I wasn't Ellie, and I couldn't help it. After he had been meditating a while he spoke again.

"Her mother leads me to believe that she is only playing the usual game of a shy maiden with me and that by-and-by she will yield with a good grace. Do you think so?"

"As an honest woman I was obliged to confess that I did not think so.

"That's rum,' says he. (You see I have dropped out of my grand plan of giving you the conversation on the model of a play-book, and am just telling it anyhow. But I suppose you will understand it and perhaps you will like it all the better.)

"What's rum?' I asked.

"HE. 'That the mother should give me so much hope and that *she* should give me none at all. If it wasn't that—'

"There he stopped and smoked so furiously that I thought he was trying to make clouds enough to hide the moon. I could feel that he was very angry, and I could guess that what he was going to say was that he would give her up altogether if it hadn't been that he didn't like to feel himself beaten by a girl. Now as I knew that nothing would please Ellie better than that he should give up all thoughts of her, I urged him on.

"Why don't you finish what you were going to say? If I were you I would stuff my things into my portmanteau and take the first train to anywhere to-night."

"Would you?' (drawing it out after a long puff of smoke).

"Most decidedly. I have often wondered at men keeping on hankering after a girl who has said plainly, I don't care for you, I don't want you, and won't have any-

thing to do with you. A man may happen to get a girl who has said all that, but he must be a poor-spirited fellow to take her, and you may be sure she makes his life hot for him. I believe the secret of all the matrimonial miseries we hear about is that women often accept men just to stop their worrying.'

"I won't be accepted on that ground at any rate."

"I think he bit the end of his cigar off as he said that; and it was a delicious bit of fun for me to hit him again.

"My father has a saying which he tells me is an old and wise one. Would you like to know what it is?"

"By all means."

"This is it—"better a finger aff than aye waggin'." You can translate it for yourself."

"Yes, I can translate it, but will you give me the application, as the ministers say?"

"Oh, certainly. If you won't pack and be off to-night tell our friend Ellie in the morning exactly what you want and what you mean, and believe what she says in answer."

"Ah, you don't know what women are. . . . I beg your pardon, Miss Dinwiddie. You have become so much a chum to me in this place that I forgot for the minute you belonged to the major sex."

"I rather enjoy the mistake, so don't apologize. But I think you have also forgotten how much you showed to me when you told me that you decided whether or not you should proceed in your suit by the result of your play at billiards. After that you won't make me believe that you really care for her."

"He didn't answer and once more we went up the path and down again. I was glancing sideways at him all the time, but as usual I couldn't make anything of his face. (Do you think he's handsome? I don't.) By-and-by—

"HE. 'I don't know exactly how to answer that. Taking a common-sense view of the position, I am at this moment too angry with her to give an unbiassed opinion as to whether my liking for her is due to the mere desire of conquest, or to the mysterious something which chaps who write verses rave about. Anyhow, I am not going to be made a fool of any longer; and either she or her mother must settle the thing straight off to-morrow."

"Well done,' said I, laughing and clap-

ping my hands, 'you are the first man I ever knew who could take good advice.'

"I thoroughly appreciate yours at any rate and I am going to act upon it. Whatever may come of it, my dear Miss Dinwuddie, you may be assured that I shall always be grateful to you."

"We said good-night and parted—he going to his hotel and I coming up-stairs to my bedroom to write this nice long letter to you. Excuse mistakes; I can't be bothered reading it over; but I shall expect from you full particulars of how Mamma and Pappie are getting on, and what you are doing, and how Miss Graham is and *all* the animals. I am awfully sleepy. Your affectionate sister,

"CHARLOTTE DINWUDDIE."

"P.S.—We may expect great things to happen to-morrow. I am very sorry for that poor chap, Fenwick; and I have come to the conclusion that he is not such a bad sort of fellow after all. But I cannot make out how a man of so much shrewdness as he undoubtedly possesses should be such a fool as to follow a girl who doesn't want to have anything to do with him. Don't you think he is a fool? I do. "C. D."

Another letter was from Ellie to her father. In writing she always used the word "father" instead of "papa."

"I am wae to think of you being so lonely, my dear father; and if you only knew how glad I should be if I might only be with you to try to cheer you up, you would send a telegram off this instant ordering us home. But you won't do that because you think this outing is doing me good. You would fancy it was only my affectation if I told you that I take no pleasure at all in the grand scenery around me. I am longing for the Nith, and for Criffel and for the mists of Torthorl. I am quite sure that I should grow well and strong if I could only have a trot down the terraces, or a walk by the planting with you.

"I don't want to complain and yet I am doing it. Mamma is very fond of this place and she is looking very well. She says I am looking well, too. So you can take her report as compensation for my grumbling. She says I am to be cheerful and to take pleasure in all the grand things which are shown to me; but I am always thinking how much more I would have enjoyed them if you had been with me. I suppose that is ungrateful to mamma and I must try to get over it.

"You know that Mr. Fenwick arrived here

quite unexpectedly and found us out. He is seeking fresh air to brace himself up, as he says, for his first appearance in the House of Commons. He is very kind and very useful to us."

She had begun another sentence there with "But;" and having altered her mind she scratched it out and went on:

"He does everything for us, and mamma is as much pleased with him as ever. When are we to get home? Mamma is talking of a long tour, and I thought when we came away that we would not be absent more than two months. That time has almost passed, and if we are to visit all the places mamma talks about it will be six months before we get home.

"You don't know how dreadful the thought of such a long absence is to me; but I suppose you would wish me to do everything mamma wants at present. I will do so—only there are some things I want to talk to you about very seriously, and I cannot write of them.

"I am afraid this is a very dull epistle, but I shall write a cheerier one at the end of the week. How I wish that I could speak to you. There, now, you will think me an ungracious and selfish body not to be pleased with all the pleasures that are offered to me. Please don't be angry with me. I would be content if I could only be with you.

"Your loving daughter,
"ELLIE."

When the Fiscal had read his daughter's letter he rested his head back on the chair and looked up to one of those white busts of eminent lawyers which stood on the top of his bookcases. It was the head of a famous judge—famous for social qualities as well as legal acumen.

He had often consulted those silent monitors, and helped himself out of difficulties by trying to imagine what they would have done under given circumstances. But in the present case he found little assistance. The question was not one of law but of sentiment, which is often more intricate than an Act of Parliament, and capable of as many interpretations.

CHAPTER XLVIII.—THE RECALL.

HE would have known how to act had the question been nothing more than this—
"Are you two young folk quite sure that you are not making *the* mistake which means absolute ruin to the man, the same for the woman, perhaps, and certainly much misery for her?"

But there were other considerations. There

was the mother, who undoubtedly meant well, however much her views might differ from those of Ellie and himself; and he was aware that the plan she proposed would place their daughter in a satisfactory position. More potent still was the remembrance of his own relationship to Thorburn. (Strange how that man even in his grave was to influence their lives!) The secret of that night in the shed of Campbell's farm was by Thorburn's own wish to be buried with him. He had striven to prove that his death was not the result of the accident, and he had charged Musgrave to guard the happiness of his son. Then if Armour's happiness depended on his marriage with Ellie, the Fiscal's course was to respect the wishes of the dead, and to bear in silence what remorse or haunting doubts might visit him.

In this complication he could only say to himself:

"Let them prove to me without prompting on my part that they can be faithful to each other under these petty trials. If they cannot do that, it is best that they should part. But there must be no unfair pressure upon either of them." So he wrote first to Ellie.

"I think you are the most wicked girl that ever was born, my bonnie bairn. The idea of a daughter insisting upon giving up all the glories of the Continent because her stupid old daddie, biding at home in solitude, happens to say that he feels a bit lonely! Such a thing never was heard of before. You ask Miss Dinwuddie what she would say to it?

"I'll be bound she would take a common-sense view of the case, and would tell you that your father could get on very well without you, and would have to do it some day, so that you had better let him down easy by preparing him for the change.

"How am I to tell you in my selfishness to go to the gorgeous palaces of Italy, see pictures, eat bad dinners, live in uncomfortable lodgings, submit to be cheated at old rag and bone shops, bask in the sunshine whilst we are in the midst of snow, and come home with grand stories of wonderful adventure at carnival, opera and ball?

"I cannot do it. I am just a selfish, unfeeling old body and must have my own way. You *must* return at the expiration of the time allowed to you. You must come or I will stop all supplies and leave you to beg your way home when you discover that without me you can get credit neither for board or lodging!

"What do you say to that, my dawtie? Do you not tremble at the voice of the tyrant? I expect you here within a week of the day on which you receive this mandate. I mean to play the part of the cruel parent and rob you of all those pleasures in foreign parts you have been dreaming about. Come home at once, or—well, I am not going to tell you what the consequences will be; but they will be terrible.

"Now you know my will, obedience must follow; and on your return there will be a fatted hen killed and all sorts of news ready for you.

"These are the last words which the post will bring you from your stern and unrelenting but still loving father,

"RICHARD MUSGRAVE."

He next proceeded to write to Mrs. Musgrave.

"MY DEAR SPOUSE,—

"Your long letter has interested me very much, and as it shows me the necessity for our meeting at the earliest possible date, I think it unnecessary to follow your example in writing at length concerning matters which we must discuss together.

"I will only say that there is no danger of ruin for me and starvation for you, unless you bring it about yourself; and I am quite ready to give Ellie whatever advice may most conduce to her happiness. I do not think I have ever said anything to her yet which was not prompted by that motive. I am sorry to curtail your pleasure in any way, but I am compelled to ask you to return with Ellie at the date originally agreed upon. I trust you will oblige me in this, even if you should please to make another excursion.

"I am glad to have such good accounts from you of the excellent condition of your health. I shall be able to judge of it myself in a few days, and to congratulate you personally."

He considered for a few moments whether or not he should mention Fenwick, and decided not to do so. He signed the letter with the customary marital formalities, and dispatched it with Ellie's at once.

The recall was obeyed with an alacrity which surprised the Fiscal as much as it pleased him. Mrs. Musgrave with Ellie and Miss Dinwuddie arrived a day earlier than they were expected.

"We came away as soon as we received your letter," said Mrs. Musgrave with the

air of a dutiful wife, who has made a sacrifice of her own pleasure in order to please her husband. But somehow the manner suggested to him that she had been, for some reason, glad to find an excuse for the immediate return.

"Oh, yes!" said Miss Dinwuddie with an undercurrent of disappointment in her tone. "I couldn't persuade Mrs. Musgrave or Ellie to stay a moment after your letters arrived. Besides, Mr. Fenwick left us two days before that."

"Oh," said the Fiscal dryly, comprehending why his commands had obtained instant obedience. "I thought the great statesman intended to stay away until his important duties absolutely compelled him to return!"

"Such was his intention," said Mrs. Musgrave in her most stately manner, and with a somewhat curious glance at Miss Dinwuddie, "but urgent affairs called him home almost at a moment's notice—he had not even time to explain to us what they were. I hope there is no serious illness in his family."

"I have not heard of any unusual occurrence at Cluden Peel. Possibly his merits as a politician have been already recognised, and he has been offered some high post in the Government."

"You know it could not be that, Richard," said Mrs. Musgrave, frowning severely at this satire, "for he has not yet taken his seat in the House."

"Ah, yes, of course—but you have spoken so much about his statesmanship that I began to think of him as an old hand in politics. However I dare say we shall hear great things of him as soon as Parliament opens."

That ended the conversation until Mrs. Musgrave should change her travelling dress and obtain a little rest. But Ellie did not think of changing dress: her one thought was to be alone with her father, and presently they were walking in the bright spring sunshine by the planting, where the tender bloom of coming buds made a faint blue haze over the trees.

"Now, my fine lass, what is this very serious matter that you wanted to talk about and couldn't write about? Your face hasn't got the colour on it that it used to have."

She smiled faintly, clinging to his arm with both hands, and looking up at him with eyes in which joy at being with him again and sorrow at her own thoughts mingled.

"When I was away, papa, I thought that I could not write about it, and now that I am with you I feel as if I could not speak about it."

"Hoot, toot, toot, you gomeril; that's a very bad account of yourself. Have I not brought you home expressly that you might tell me about everything that is worrying you? . . . Come, I'll help you; it is Armour you want to speak about. Well, he is getting on first-rate, and in a few years I expect him to be in a better position than ever. What of him?"

"I am glad to have this good news; but it was not about his prosperity I wanted to speak, it was to ask you—did he come to you himself and say that he wished our engagement to be broken off? . . . I know you like him, papa, but I would rather you did not try to soften it on my account or on his. Only say, is it true?"

The Fiscal looked grave and turned towards the house.

"Who told you this?" he asked.

"Mamma told me, but I thought she might have made some mistake. Did he say it himself without you making any complaints about his misfortunes?"

"It is true and I made no complaint about his misfortunes."

At that the girl's head bent slowly forward till it almost touched his arm and she walked on in silence.

"It was the right thing for him to do and I told him so."

"Then, do you, too, wish to take me away from him?" she said timidly. "Do you wish me to take Mr. Fenwick?"

The father pressed her arm tightly under his own. He saw now the influence which had been brought to bear upon her, and he was angry, but he only showed it by looking graver than before and speaking more gently.

"I have told you that I do not wish you to take any one but the man you feel in yourself that you can trust your future to. Now you are not to say another word about it. I am going to have a little conversation with your mother, and when that is over I shall tell you the result."

He led her into the house, but all his tenderness could not soothe the pain she felt in knowing that Armour had been the first to propose that they should part. It seemed indeed folly that she should cling to one who had been so ready to leave her and turn away from one who followed her so faithfully as Fenwick.

When Mrs. Musgrave entered the library she recognised the fact that her husband was more deeply moved by anger than she had ever seen him before. He maintained his

calmness of voice, however, although the notes were harsher than usual. After she had seated herself, he took up his favourite position on the hearthrug, hands clasped behind him, and the fingers moving as if mechanically swinging his umbrella.

"There is a danger of a very serious misunderstanding between us, Euphemia, and I am anxious to find some means of avoiding it."

"I suppose you refer to the affair with Ellie and the man Armour," she said, much disturbed by his manner, but striving still to hold her own.

"That is precisely the case, Mrs. Musgrave."

He had spoken sternly, and she was silent. There was something in his voice which suggested all sorts of dreadful possibilities. His look, his manner and voice were all accusing her of some great wrong-doing; and presently he would doubtless accuse her in words.

Yet she could not feel that she had done anything wrong. She had been doing and was doing only a mother's duty in striving to induce her daughter to accept a good settlement in life instead of a bad one. It was right and natural that she should do so. Her husband ought to have found it to be his duty to aid her, and she simply *could* not understand why there should be any difference of opinion between them on the subject. But there being a difference, she could only attribute it to some error on his part, and, being unable as well as unwilling to argue with him, she believed that she was performing the duty of a wife in overlooking his error and proceeding in her own way to

do what she knew to be right for their child's sake.

Whatever might have been the motives for their own union, they had lived comfortably enough together for many years. They had led an orderly and even life, respected by their friends and neighbours and without any serious difference between them until now. In her way she was proud of him for his steady earnest work and the esteem which it had earned from others. She had her faults of course; but she had been a faithful and in some respects a useful wife to him. And now whence came this danger which menaced their peace?

As they remained silently regarding each other, and these reflections passed through her mind, the first feelings of bewilderment and alarm at his manner gave place to those of rebellion and of indignation against Armour for being the cause of this strife.

The Fiscal had his retrospections too, running much in the same strain, but starting from a different point of view and arriving at a different conclusion. He allowed her credit for her good intentions; but he, on his side, was unable to comprehend how she could wish to force Ellie against her inclination to marry a man like Fenwick—who was a poor creature notwithstanding his ancient family—when the girl had made a much wiser choice. He could not understand why she was unable to give him credit for the judgment which every one else admitted.

He recognised that they stood at a critical juncture of their lives. They were about to decide the course of their own future as well as Ellie's.

"THE GREAT LONE LAND."

I WANDER'D alone and afar
On the plains of the north, and my eye
Was caught by the blaze of a star
That shot through the pitiless sky.

The coldness of death was below,
The stillness of death in the air,
Save that over the wild waste of snow
The wolf pour'd his howl of despair;

And stricken and weary I trod,
Scarce daring to gaze into space,
Till the pitiful mercy of God*
Came falling in tears on my face.

But the meteor had pass'd and was gone!
Ah, whither? in vain shall I seek?
I stand in the dread night alone,
And the voice of my soul strives to speak;

But it falters, and falls back unspoken,
And dies like the wolf howl afar;
The God-lights of life are all broken,
And I am a wreck like the star!

F. JOHNSON.

MONTREAL.

* "By the pitifulness of thy great mercy loose us!"—*Church of England Liturgy.*



"That is precisely the case, Mrs. Musgrave."

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1000 10000

KEPT IN THE DARK.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER XXII.—MR. WESTERN YIELDS.

THE fact that Lady Grant had gone to Dresden was not long in reaching the ears of Mrs. Western. Dick Ross had heard at the club of Perth that she had gone and had told Sir Francis. Sir Francis passed on the news to Miss Altifiorla, and from her it had reached the deserted wife. Miss Altifiorla had not told it direct because at that time she and Cecilia were not supposed to be on friendly terms. But the tidings had got about and Mrs. Western had heard them.

"She's a good woman," said Cecilia to her mother. "I knew her to be that the first moment that she came to me. She is rough as he is, and stern, and has a will of her own. But her heart is tender and true;—as is his also at the core."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Holt, with the angry tone which she allowed herself to use only when speaking of Mr. Western.

"Yes; he is, mamma. In your affection for me you will not allow yourself to be just to him. In truth you hardly know him."

"I know that he has destroyed your happiness for ever, and made me very wretched."

"No, mamma; not for ever. It may be that he will come for me, and that then we shall be as happy as the day is long." As she said this a vision came before her eyes of the birth of her child and of her surroundings at the time;—the anxious solicitude of a loving husband, the care of attendants who would be happy because she was happy, the congratulations of friends, and the smiles of the world. But above all she pictured to herself her husband standing by her bedside with the child in his arms. The dream had been dreamed before, and was re-dreamed during every hour of the day. "Lady Grant is strong," she continued, "and can plead for me better than I could plead myself."

"Plead for you! Why should there be any one wanted to plead for you? Will Lady Grant plead with you for her brother?"

"It is not necessary. My own heart pleads for him. It is because he has been in the wrong that an intercessor is necessary for me. It is they who commit the injury that have a difficulty in forgiving. If he came to me do you not know that I should throw myself into his arms and be the happiest woman in the world without a word spoken?"

The conversation was not then carried further,

but Mrs. Holt continued to shake her head as she sate at her knitting. In her estimation no husband could have behaved worse than had her son-in-law. And she was of opinion that he should be punished for his misconduct before things could be made smooth again.

Some days afterwards Miss Altifiorla called at the house and sent in a note while she stood waiting in the hall. In the note she merely asked whether her dear "Cecilia" would be willing to receive her after what had passed. She had news to tell of much importance, and she hoped that her "dear Cecilia" would receive her. There had been no absolute quarrel, no quarrel known to the servants, and Cecilia did receive her. "Oh, my dear," she said, bursting into the room with an air of affected importance, "you will be surprised,—I think that you must be surprised at what I have to tell you."

"I will be surprised if you wish it," said Cecilia.

"Let me first begin by assuring you, that you must not make light of my news. It is of the greatest importance, not only to me, but of some importance also to you."

"It shall be of importance."

"Because you begin with that little sneer which has become so common with you. You must be aware of it. Amidst the troubles of your own life, which we all admit to be very grievous, there has come upon you a way of thinking that no one else's affairs can be of any importance."

"I am not aware of it."

"It is so a little. And pray believe me that I am not in the least angry about it. I knew that it would be so when I came to you this morning; and yet I could not help coming. Indeed as the thing has now been made known to the Dean's family I could not bear that you should be left any longer in ignorance."

"What is the thing?"

"There it is again;—that sneer. I cannot tell you unless you will interest yourself. Does nothing interest you now beyond your own misfortunes?"

"Alas, no. I fear not."

"But this shall interest you. You must be awaked to the affairs of the world,—especially such an affair as this. You must be shaken up. This I suppose will shake you up. If not, you must be past all hope."

"What on earth is it?"

"Sir Francis Geraldine——! You have heard at any rate of Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Well, yes; I have not as yet forgotten the name."

"I should think not. Sir Francis Geraldine has——" And then she paused again.

"Cut his little finger," said Cecilia. Had she dreamed of what was to come she would not have turned Sir Francis into ridicule. But she had been aware of Miss Altifiorla's friendship with Sir Francis,—or rather what she had regarded as an affectation of friendship, and did not for a moment anticipate such a communication as was to be made to her.

"Cecilia Holt——"

"That at any rate is not my name."

"I dare say you wish it were."

"I would not change my real name for that of any woman under the sun."

"Perhaps not;—but there are other women in a position of less grandeur. I am going to change mine."

"No!"

"I thought you would be surprised because it would look as though I were about to abandon my great doctrine. It is not so. My opinions on that great subject are not in the least changed. But of course there must be some women whom the exigencies of the world will require to marry."

"A good many, first and last."

"About the good many I am not at this moment concerning myself. My duty is clearly before me and I mean to perform it. I have been asked to ally myself——;" then there was a pause, and the speaker discovered when it was too late that she was verging on the ridiculous in declaring her purpose of forming an alliance;—"that is to say, I am going to marry Sir Francis Geraldine."

"Sir Francis Geraldine!"

"Do you see any just cause or impediment?"

"None in the least. And yet how am I to answer such a question? I saw cause or impediment why I should not marry him."

"You both saw it, I suppose?" said Miss Altifiorla, with an air of grandeur. "You both supposed that you were not made for each other, and wisely determined to give up the idea. You did not remain single, and I suppose we need not either."

"Certainly not for my sake."

"Our intimacy since that time has been increased by circumstances, and we have now discovered that we can both of us best suit our own interests by an——"

"An alliance," suggested Mrs. Western.

"If you please,—though I am quite aware that you use the term as a sneer." As to this Mrs. Western was too honest to deny the truth, and remained silent.

"I thought it proper," continued Miss Altifiorla, "as we had been so long friends, to inform you that it will be so. You had your chance, and as you let it slip I trust that you will not envy me mine."

"Not in the least."

"At any rate you do not congratulate me."

"I have been very remiss. I acknowledge it. But upon my word the news has so startled me that I have been unable to remember the common courtesies of the world. I thought when I heard of your travelling up to London together that you were becoming very intimate."

"Oh, it had been ever so much before that,—the intimacy at least. Of course I did not know him before he came to this house. But a great many things have happened since that;—have there not? Well, good-bye, dear. I have no doubt we shall continue as friends, especially as we shall be living almost in the neighbourhood. Castle Gerald is to be at once fitted up for me, and I hope you will forget all our little tiffs, and often come and stay with me." So saying, Miss Altifiorla, having told her grand news, made her adieus and went away.

"A great many things have happened since that," said Cecilia, repeating to herself her friend's words. It seemed to her to be so many that a lifetime had been wasted since Sir Francis had first come to that house. She had won the love of the best man she had ever known, and married him, and had then lost his love! And now she had been left as a widowed wife, with all the coming troubles of maternity on her head. She had understood well the ill-natured sarcasm of Miss Altifiorla. "We shall be living almost in the same neighbourhood!" Yes; if her separation from her husband was to be continued, then undoubtedly she would live at Exeter, and, as far as the limits of the county were concerned, she would be the neighbour of the future Lady Geraldine. That she should ever willingly be found under the same roof with Sir Francis was, as she knew well, as impossible to Miss Altifiorla as to herself. The invitation contained the sneer, and was intended to contain it. But it created no anger. She, too, had sneered at Miss Altifiorla quite as bitterly. They had each learned to despise the other, and not to sneer was impossible. Miss Altifiorla had

come to tell of her triumph, and to sneer in return. But it mattered nothing. What did matter was whether that threat should come true. Should she always be left living at Exeter with her mother? Then she dreamed her dream again,—that he had come back to her, and was sitting by her bedside with his hand in hers and whispering sweet words to her, while a baby was lying in her arms—his child. As she thought of the bliss of the fancied moment, the still possible bliss, her anger seemed to fade away. What would she not do to bring him back, what would she not say? She had done amiss in keeping that secret so long, and though the punishment had been severe, it was not altogether undeserved. It had come to him as a terrible blow, and he had been unable to suppress his agony. He should not have treated her so; no, he should not have sent her away. But she could make excuses now which but a few weeks since seemed to her to be impossible. And she understood,—she told herself that she understood,—the difference between herself as a woman and him as a man. He had a right to command, a right to be obeyed, a right to be master. He had a right to know all the secrets of her heart, and to be offended when one so important had been kept from him. He had lifted his hand in great wrath, and the blow he had struck had been awful. But she would bear it without a word of complaint if only he would come back to her. As she thought of it, she declared to herself that she must die if he did not come back. To live as she was living now would be impossible to her. But if he would come back, how absolutely would she disregard all that the world might say as to their short quarrel. It would indeed be known to all the world, but what could the world do to her if she once again had her husband by her side? When the blow first fell on her she had thought much of the ignominy which had befallen her, and which must ever rest with her. Even though she should be taken back again, people would know that she had been discarded. But now she told herself that for that she cared not at all. Then she again dreamed her dream. Her child was born, and her husband was standing by her with that sweet manly smile upon his face. She put out her hand as though he would touch it, and was conscious of an involuntary movement as though she were bending her face towards him for a kiss.

Surely he would come to her! His sister had gone to him, and would have told him the absolute truth. She had never sinned

against him, even by intentional silence. There had been no thought of hers since she had been his wife which he had not been welcome to share. It had in truth been for his sake rather than for her own that she had been silent. She was aware that from cowardice her silence had been prolonged. But surely now at last he would forgive her that offence. Then she thought of the words she would use as she owned her fault. He was a man, and as a man had a right to expect that she would confess it. If he would come to her, and stand once again with his arm round her waist, she would confess it.

“My dear, here is a letter. The postman has just brought it.” She took the letter from her mother’s hand and hardly knew whether to be pleased or disappointed when she found that the address was in the handwriting of Lady Grant. Lady Grant would of course write whether with good news or with bad. The address told her nothing, but yet she could not tear the envelope. “Well, my dear; what is it?” said her mother. “Why don’t you open it?”

She turned a soft supplicating painful look up to her mother’s face as she begged for grace. “I will go up-stairs, mamma, and will tell you by and by.” Then she left the room with the letter unopened in her hand. It was with difficulty that she could examine its contents, so apprehensive was she and yet so hopeful, so confident at one moment of her coming happiness, and yet so fearful at another that she should be again enveloped in the darkness of her misery. But she did at last persuade herself to read the words which Lady Grant had written. They were very short, and ran as follows; “My dear Cecilia, my brother returns with me, and will at once go down to Exeter.” The shock of her joy was so great that she could hardly see what followed. “He will hope to reach that place on the fifteenth by the train which leaves London at nine in the morning.”

That was all, but that was enough. She was sure that he would not come with the purpose of telling her that he must again leave her. And she was sure also that if he would once put himself within the sphere of her personal influence it should be so used that he would never leave her again.

“Of course he is coming. I knew he would come. Why should he not come?” This she exclaimed to her mother, and then went on to speak of him with a wild rhapsody of joy, as though there had hardly been any breach in her happiness. And she continued to sing the praises of her husband till Mrs.

Holt hardly knew how to bear her enthusiasm in a fitting mood. For she, who was not in love, still thought that this man's conduct had been scandalous, wicked and cruel; and, if to be forgiven, only to be forgiven because of the general wickedness and cruelty of man. But she was not allowed to say a word not in praise; and, because she could not in truth praise him, was scolded as though she was anxious to rob her daughter of her joys.

It had not been without great difficulty that Lady Grant induced her brother to assent to her writing the letter which has been given above. When he had agreed to return with her to England he had no doubt assented to her assertion that he was bound to take his wife back again, even without any confession. And this had been so much to gain, had been so felt to be the one only material point necessary, that he was not pressed as to his manner of doing it. But before they reached London it was essential that some arrangement should be made for bringing them together. "Could not I go down to Durton," he had said, "and could not she come to me there?" No doubt he might have gone to Durton, and no doubt she would have gone to him if asked. She would have flown to him at Dresden, or to Jerusalem, at a word spoken by him. Absence had made him so precious to her, that she would have obeyed the slightest behest with joy as long as the order given were to bring them once more together. But of this Lady Grant was not aware, and, had she been so, the sense of what was becoming would have restrained her.

"I think, George, that you had better go to Exeter," she said.

"Should we not be more comfortable at Durton?"

"I think that when at Durton you will be more happy if you shall yourself have fetched her from her mother's home. I think you owe it to your wife to go to her, and make the journey with her. What is your objection?"

"I do not wish to be seen in Exeter," he replied.

"Nor did she you may be sure when she returned there alone. But what does it matter? If you can be happy in once more possessing her, it cannot signify who shall see you. There can be nothing to be ashamed of in going for your wife; nor can any evil happen to you. As this thing is to be done, let it be done in a noble spirit."

Then the letter as above given was written.

CHAPTER XXIII.—SIR FRANCIS' ESCAPE.

WHEN she had told the Dean's family, and Mrs. Green, and Cecilia, Miss Altifioria began to feel that there was no longer a secret worth the keeping. And indeed it became necessary to her happiness to divulge this great step in life which she was about to take. She had written very freely, and very frequently to Sir Francis, and Sir Francis, to tell the truth, had not responded in the same spirit. She had received but two answers to six letters, and each answer had been conveyed in about three lines. There had been no expressions from him of confiding love nor any pressing demands for an immediate marriage. They had all been commenced without even naming her, and had been finished by the simple signature of his initials. But to Miss Altifioria they had been satisfactory. She knew how silly she would be to expect from such an one as her intended husband long epistles such as a school girl would require, and, in order to keep him true to her, had determined to let him know how little exacting she was inclined to be. She would willingly do all the preliminary writing if only she could secure her position as Lady Geraldine. She wrote such letters, letters so full of mingled wit and love and fun, that she was sure that he must take delight in reading them. "Easy reading requires hard writing," she said to herself as she copied for the third time one of her epistles, and copied it studiously in such handwriting that it should look to have been the very work of negligence. In all this she had been successful as she thought, and told herself over and over again how easy it was for a clever woman to make captive a man of mark, provided that she set herself assiduously to the task.

She soon descended from her friends to the shopkeepers, and found that her news was received very graciously by the mercantile interests of the city. The milliners, the haberdashers, the furriers and the bootmakers of Exeter received her communication and her orders with pleased alacrity. With each of them she held a little secret conference, telling each with a smiling whisper what fate was about to do for her. To even the upholsterers, the bankers, the hotel-keepers and the owners of post-horses she was communicative, making every one the gratified recipient of her tidings. Thus in a short time all Exeter knew that Sir Francis Geraldine was about to lead to the hymeneal altar Miss Altifioria, and it must be acknowledged that

all Exeter expressed various opinions on the subject. They who understood that Miss Altifiorla was to pay for the supplies ordered out of her own pocket declared for the most part how happy a man was Sir Francis. But those who could only look to Sir Francis for possible future custom were surprised that the Baronet should have allowed himself to be so easily caught. And then the aristocracy expressed its opinion, which it must be acknowledged was for the most part hostile to Miss Altifiorla. It was well known through the city that the Dean had declared that he would never again see his brother-in-law at the deanery. And it was whispered that the Reverend Dr. Pigrum, one of the canons, had stated "that no one in the least knew where Miss Altifiorla had come from." This hit Miss Altifiorla very hard,—so much so that she felt herself obliged to write an indignant letter to Dr. Pigrum, giving at length her entire pedigree. To this Dr. Pigrum made a reply as follows. "Dr. Pigrum's compliments to Miss Altifiorla and is happy to learn the name of her great grandmother." Dr. Pigrum was supposed to be a wag and the letter soon became the joint property of all the ladies in the Close.

This interfered much with Miss Altifiorla's happiness. She even went across to Cecilia complaining of the great injustice done to her by the Cathedral clergymen generally. "Men from whom one should expect charity instead of scandal, but that their provincial ignorance is so narrow!" Then she went on to remind Cecilia how much older was the Roman branch of her family than even the blood of the Geraldines. "You oughtn't to have talked about it," said Cecilia, who in her present state of joy did not much mind Miss Altifiorla and her husband. "Do you suppose that I intend to be married under a bushel?" said Miss Altifiorla grandly.

But there appeared a paragraph in the *Western Telegraph* which drove Miss Altifiorla nearly mad. "It is understood that one of the aristocracy in this county is soon about to be married to a lady who has long lived among us in Exeter. Sir Francis Geraldine is the happy man, and Miss Altifiorla is the lady about to become Lady Geraldine. Miss Altifiorla is descended from an Italian family of considerable note in its own country. Her great grandmother was a Fiasco, and her great great grandmother a Disgrazia. We are delighted to find that Sir Francis is to ally himself to a lady of such high birth." Now Miss Altifiorla was well aware that there was an old feud between Sir Francis and the

Western Telegraph, and she observed also that the paper made allusion to the very same relatives whom she had named in her unfortunate letter to Dr. Pigrum. "The vulgarity of the people of this town is quite unbearable," she exclaimed to Mrs. Green. But when left alone she at once wrote a funnier letter than ever to Sir Francis. It might be that Sir Francis should not see the paragraph. At any rate she did not mention it.

But unfortunately Sir Francis did see the paragraph; and, unfortunately also, he had not appreciated the wit of Miss Altifiorla's letters. "Oh, laws!" he had been heard to ejaculate on receipt of a former letter.

"It's the kind of thing a man has to put up with when he gets married," said Captain McCollop, a gentleman who had already in some sort succeeded Dick Ross.

"I don't suppose you think a man ever ought to be married."

"Quite the contrary. When a man has a property he must be married. I suppose I shall have the McCollop acres some of these days myself." The McCollop acres were said to lie somewhere in Caithness, but no one knew their exact locality. "But a man will naturally put off the evil day as long as he can. I should have thought that you might have allowed yourself to run another five years yet." The flattery did touch Sir Francis, and he began to ask himself whether he had gone too far with Miss Altifiorla. Then came the *Western Telegraph* and he told himself that he had not gone too far.

"Good Heavens! she has told everybody in that beastly hole," said he. The "beastly hole" was intended to represent Exeter.

"Of course she has. You didn't suppose but that she would begin to wear her honour and glory as soon as they were wearable."

"She pledged herself not to mention it to a single soul," said Sir Francis. Upon this Captain McCollop merely shrugged his shoulders. "I'll be whipped if I put up with it. Look here! All her filthy progenitors put into the newspaper to show how grand she is."

"I shouldn't care so very much about that," said the cautious Captain, who began to perceive that he need not be specially bitter against the lady.

"You're not going to marry her."

"Well; no; that's true."

"Nor am I," said Sir Francis with an air of great decision. "She hasn't got a word of mine in writing to show,—not a word that would go for anything with a jury."

"Hasn't she indeed?"

"Not a word. I have taken precious good care of that. Between you and me I don't mind acknowledging it. But it had never come to more than that."

"Then in fact you are not bound to her."

"No; I am not;—not what I call bound. She's a handsome woman you know,—very handsome."

"I suppose so."

"And she'd do the drawing-room well, and the sitting at the top of the table, and all that kind of thing."

"But it's such a heavy price to pay," said Captain McCollop.

"I should not have minded the price," said Sir Francis, not quite understanding his friend's remark, "if she hadn't made me ridiculous in this way. The Fiascos and the Disgrazias! What are they to our old English families? If she had let it remain as it was I might have gone through with it. But as she has told all Exeter and got that stuff put into the newspapers, she must take the consequences. One is worse than another, as far as I can see." By this Sir Francis intended to express his opinion that Miss Altifiorla was at any rate quite as bad as Cecilia Holt.

But the next thing to be decided was the mode of escape. Though Sir Francis had declared that he was not what he called bound, yet he knew that he must take some steps in the matter to show that he considered himself to be free, and as the Captain was a clever man, and well conversant with such things, he was consulted. "I should say, take a run abroad for a short time," said the Captain.

"Is that necessary?"

"You'd avoid some of the disagreeables. People will talk, and your relatives at Exeter might kick up a row."

"Never mind my relatives."

"With all my heart. But people have such a way of making themselves disgusting. What do you say to taking a run through the States?"

"Would you go with me?" asked the Baronet.

"If you wish it I shouldn't mind," said the Captain considerably. "Only to do any good we should be off quickly. But you must write to some one first."

"Before I start, you think?"

"Oh, yes;—certainly. If she didn't hear from you before you went you'd be persecuted by her letters."

"There is no end to her letters. I've quite made up my mind what I'll do about them. I won't open one of them. After all

why should she write to me when the affair is over? You've heard of Mrs. Western I suppose?"

"Yes; I've heard of her."

"I didn't write to her when that affair was over. I didn't pester her with long-winded scrawls. She changed her mind, and I've changed mine; and so we're equal. I've paid her and she can pay me if she knows how."

"I hope Miss Altifiorla will look at it in the same light," said the Captain.

"Why shouldn't she? She knew all about it when that other affair came to an end. I wasn't treated with any particular ceremony. The truth is people don't look at these things now as they used to do. Men and women mostly do as they like till they've absolutely fixed themselves. There used to be duels and all that kind of nonsense. There is none of that now."

"No; you won't get shot."

"I don't mind being shot any more than another man; but you must take the world as you find it. One young woman treated me awfully rough, to tell the truth. And why am I not to treat another just as roughly? If you look at it all round you'll see that I have used them just as they have used me."

"At any rate," said Captain McCollop after a pause, "if you have made up your mind, you'd better write the letter."

Sir Francis did not see the expediency of writing the letter immediately, but at last he gave way to his friend's arguments. And he did so the more readily as his friend was there to write the letter for him. After some attempts on his own part, he put the writing of the letter into the hands of the Captain, and left him alone for an entire morning to perform the task. The letter when it was sent, after many corrections and revises, ran as follows,

"MY DEAR MISS ALTIFIORLA,

"I think that I am bound in honour without a moment's delay to make you aware of the condition of my mind in regard to marriage. I ain't quite sure but what I shall be better without it altogether."—"I'd rather marry her twice over than let my cousin have the title and the property," said the Baronet with energy. "You needn't tell her that," said McCollop. "Of course when you've cleared the ground in this quarter you can begin again with another lady."—"I think that perhaps I may have expressed myself badly so as to warrant you in understanding more than I have meant. If so I am sure the fault has been mine, and I am very sorry for it. Things have turned up with which I need not perhaps trouble you, and compel me to

go for a while to a very distant country. I shall be off almost before I can receive a reply to this letter. Indeed I may be gone before an answer can reach me. But I have thought it right not to let a post go by without informing you of my decision.

"I have seen that article in the Exeter newspaper respecting your family in Italy, and think that it must be very gratifying to you. I did understand, however, that not a word was to have been spoken as to the matter. Nothing had escaped from me at any rate. I fear that some of your intimate friends at Exeter must have been indiscreet.

"Believe me yours,

"With the most sincere admiration,

"FRANCIS GERALDINE."

He was not able to start for America immediately after writing this, but he quitted his Lodge in Scotland, leaving no immediate address, and hid himself for a while among his London clubs, where he trusted that the lady might not find him. In a week's time he would be off to the United States.

Who shall picture the rage of Miss Altifiorla when she received this letter? This was the very danger which she had feared, but had hardly thought it worth her while to fear. It was the one possible break-down in her triumph; but had been, she thought, so unlikely as to be hardly possible. But now on reading the letter she felt that no redress was within her reach. To whom should she go for succour? Though her ancestors had been so noble, she had no one near her to take up the cudgels on her behalf. With her friends in Exeter she had become a little proud of late, so that she had turned from her those who might have assisted her. "The coward!" she said to herself, "the base coward! He dares to treat me in this way because he knows that I am alone." Then she became angry in her heart against Cecilia, who she felt had set a dangerous example in this practice of jilting. Had Cecilia not treated Sir Francis so unceremoniously he certainly would not have dared so to treat her. There was truth in this, as in that case Sir Francis would at this moment have been the husband of Mrs. Western.

But what should she do? She took out every scrap of letter that she had received from the man, and read each scrap with the greatest care. In the one letter there certainly was an offer very plainly made, as he had intended it; but she doubted whether she could depend upon it in a court of law. "Don't you think that you and I know each other well enough to make a match of it?" It was certainly

written as an offer, and her two answers to him would make it plain that it was so. But she had an idea that she would not be allowed to use her own letters against him. And then to have her gushing words read as a reply to so cold a proposition would be death to her. There was not another syllable in the whole correspondence written by him to signify that he had in truth intended to become her husband. She felt sure that he had been wickedly crafty in the whole matter, and had lured her on to expose herself in her innocence.

But what should she do? Should she write to him an epistle full of tenderness? She felt sure that it would be altogether ineffectual. Should she fill sheets with indignation? It would be of no use unless she could follow up her indignation by strong measures. Should she let the thing pass by in silence, as though she and Sir Francis had never known each other? She could certainly do so, but that she had allowed her matrimonial prospects to become common through all Exeter. She must also let Exeter know how badly Sir Francis intended to treat her. To her too the idea of a prolonged sojourn in the United States presented itself. In former days there had come upon her a great longing to lecture at Chicago, at Saint Paul's, and at Omaha, on the distinctive duties of the female sex. Now again the idea returned to her. She thought that in one of those large Western Halls, full of gas and intelligence, she could rise to the height of her subject with a tremendous eloquence. But then would not the name of Sir Francis travel with her and crush her?

She did resolve upon informing Mrs. Green. She took three days to think of it and then she sent for Mrs. Green. "Of all human beings," she said, "you I think are the truest to me." Mrs. Green of course expressed herself as much flattered. "And therefore I will tell you. No false pride shall operate with me to make me hold my tongue. Of all the false deceivers that have ever broken a woman's heart that man is the basest and the falsest."

In this way she let all Exeter know that she was not to be married to Sir Francis Geraldine; and another paragraph appeared in the *Western Telegraph*, declaring that after all Sir Francis Geraldine was not to be allied to the Fiascos and Disgrazias of Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONCLUSION.

THOUGH the news of Miss Altifiorla's broken engagement did reach Mrs. Western at St. David's, she was in a state of mind

which prevented her almost from recognising the fact. It was the very day on which her husband was to come to her. And her joy was so extreme as almost to have become painful. "Mamma," she said, "I shall not know what to say to him."

"Just let him come, and receive him quietly."

"Receive him quietly! How can I be quiet when he will have come back to me? I think you do not realise the condition I have been in during the last three months."

"Yes, my dear, I do. You have been deserted, and it has been very bad."

But Mrs. Western did not approve of the word used, as it carried a strong reproach against her husband. She was anxious now to take upon herself the whole weight of the fault which had produced their separation and to hold him to have been altogether sinless. And as yet, she was not quite sure that he would again take her to his home. All she knew was that he would be that day in Exeter and that then so much might depend on her own conduct! Of this she was quite sure,—that were he to reject her she must die. In her present condition, and with the memory present to her of the dreams she had dreamed, she could not live alone at Exeter, divided from him, and there give birth to her child. But he must surely intend to take her into his arms when he should arrive. It could not be possible that he should again reject her when he had once seen her.

Then she became fidgety about her personal appearance,—a female frailty which had never much prevailed with her,—and was anxious even about her ribbons and her dress. "He does think so much about a woman being neat," she said to her mother.

"I never perceived it in him, my dear."

"Because you have not known him as I have done. He does not say much, but no one's eye is so accurate, and so severe." All this arose from a certain passage which dwelt in her remembrance, when he had praised the fit of her gown and had told her with a kiss that no woman ever dressed so well as she did.

"I think, my dear," continued Mrs. Holt, "that if you wear your black silk just simply, it will do very well."

Simply! Yes; she must certainly be simple. But it is so hard to be simple in such a way as to please a man's eye. And yet, even when the time came near, she did not dare to remain long in her bedroom lest her own maid should know the source of her anxiety. At one time she had declared that she would

go down to the station to meet him, but that idea had been soon abandoned. The first kiss she would give him should not be seen by strangers.

But if she were perplexed as to how she would bear herself on the coming occasion he was much more so. It may be said of him that through his whole journey home from Dresden he was disturbed, unhappy and silent; and that when his sister left him in London, and he had nothing immediately before him but the journey down to Exeter, he was almost overwhelmed by the difficulties of the situation. His case as a man was so much worse than hers as a woman. The speaking must all be done by him, and what was there that he could say? There was still present to him a keen sense of the wrong that he had endured; though he owned to himself that the punishment which at the spur of the moment he had resolved upon inflicting was too severe,—both upon her and upon himself. And though he felt that he had been injured he did gradually acknowledge that he had believed something worse than the truth. How to read the riddle he had not known, but there was a riddle which he had not read aright. If Cecilia should still be silent he must still be left in the dark. But he did understand that he was to expect no confession of a fault, and that he was to exact no show of repentance.

When the train arrived at Exeter he determined to be driven at once to the Hotel. It made him unhappy to think that every one around him should be aware that he was occupying rooms at an inn while his wife was living in the town; but he did not dare to take his portmanteau to Mrs. Holt's house and hang up his hat in her hall as though nothing had been the matter. "Put it into a cab," he said to a porter as the door was opened, "and bid him drive me to the Clarence." But a man whose face he remembered had laid his hand upon his valise before it was well out of the railway carriage. "Please, Sir," said the man, "you are to go up to the house and I'm to carry your things. I am Sam Barnet, the gardener."

"Very well, Sam," said Mr. Western. "Go on and I'll follow you." Now, as he well knew, the house at St. David's was less than half a mile from the railway station.

He felt that his misery would be over in ten minutes, and yet for ten minutes how miserable a man he was! While she was trembling with joy, a joy that was only dashed by a vague fear of his possible sternness, he was blaming his fate as it shortened

by every step the distance between him and his wife. At last he had entered the path of the little garden and the door of the house was open before him. He ventured to look, but did not see her. He was in the hall, but yet he did not see her. "Cecilia is in the breakfast parlour," said the voice of Mrs. Holt, whom in his confusion he did not notice. The breakfast parlour was in the back part of the house, looking out into the garden and thither he went. The door was just ajar and he passed in. In a second the whole trouble was over. She was in his arms at once, kissing his face, stroking his hair, leaning on his bosom, holding his arm round her own waist as though to make sure that he should not leave her; crying and laughing at the same moment. "Oh, George, my own George! It has all been my doing; but you will forgive me! Say that one word that I am 'forgiven.'" Then there came another storm of kisses which frustrated the possibility of his speaking to her.

What a wife she was to possess! How graceful, how gracious, how precious were her charms,—charms in which no other woman surely ever approached her! How warm and yet how cool was the touch of her lips; how absolutely symmetrical was the sweet curve of her bust; what a fragrance came from her breath! And the light of her eyes, made more bright by her tears, shone into his with a heavenly brightness. Her soft hair as he touched it filled him with joy. And once more she was all his own. Let the secret be what it might he was quite sure that she was his own. As he bent down over her she pressed her cheek against his and again drew his arm tighter round her waist. "George, if you wished to know how I love you, you have taken the right step. I have been sick for you, but now I shall be sick no longer. Oh, George, it was my fault; but say that you have forgiven me."

He could not bring himself to speak so much of an accusation as would be contained in that word "forgive." How was he to pardon one whose present treatment to him was so perfect, so loving, and so lovely? "Sit down, George, and let me tell you how it was. Of course I was wrong, but I did not mean to be wrong."

"No, no," he said. "There shall be no wrong." And yet why had not his sister told him that it would be like this? Why had she so stoutly maintained that Cecilia would confess nothing. Here she was acknowledging every thing with most profuse confession. What could any man desire

more? "Do not speak of it;—at any rate now. Let me be happy as I have got you."

Then there was another storm of kisses, but she was not to be put off from her purpose. "You must know it all. Sit down;—there, like that." And she seated herself, leaning back upon him on the sofa. "Before we had been abroad I had been engaged to that man."

"Yes;—I understand that."

"I had been engaged to him,—without knowing him. Then when I found that he was not what I thought him I made up my mind that it would be better to throw him over than make us both miserable for life."

"Certainly."

"And I did so. I made a struggle and did it. From that time to this I have had nothing to say to him,—nor he to me. You may say that I treated him badly."

"I don't say so. I at any rate do not say so."

"My own, own man. Then we went abroad and as good fortune would have it you came in our way. It was not long before you made me love you. That was not my fault, George. I loved you so dearly when you were telling me that story about the other girl;—but, somehow, I could not tell you then a similar story about myself. It seemed at first so odd that my story should be the same, and then it looked almost as though I were mocking you. Had you had no story to tell you would have known all my own before I had allowed myself to be made happy by your love. Do you not perceive that it was so?"

"Yes," he said, slowly, "I can understand what you mean."

"But it was a mistake; for from day to day the difficulty grew upon me, and when once there was a difficulty I was not strong enough to overcome it. There never came the moment in which I was willing to mar my own happiness by telling you that which I thought would wound yours. I had not dreamed beforehand how much more difficult it would become when I should once be absolutely your wife. Then your sister came and she told me. She is better than anybody in the world except yourself."

"All women are better than I am," he said. "It is their nature to be so."

Some half-ludicrous idea of Miss Altifiorla and her present difficulties came across her mind, as she contradicted his assertion with another shower of kisses. "She told me," continued Cecilia, "that I was bound to let you know all the truth. Of course I knew

that; of course I intended it. But that odious woman was in the house and I could not tell you till she was gone. Then he came."

"Why did he come?"

"He had no right to come. No man with the smallest spirit would have shown himself at your door. I have thought about it again and again, and I can only imagine that it had been his intention to revenge himself. But what matter his intentions so long as they do not come between you and me? I want you to know all the truth, but not to imagine more than the truth. Since the day on which I had told him that he and I must part there has been no communication between us but what you know. He came to Durton and made his way into the house, and Miss Altifiorla was there and saw it all; and then you were told."

"He is a mean brute."

"But I am not a brute. Am I a brute? Say that I am nice once more. You know everything now,—everything, everything. I do own that I have been wrong to conceal it. My very soul should be laid bare to you."

"Cecilia, I will never be hard to you again."

"I do not say that you have been hard. I do not accuse you. I know that I have been wrong and I am quite content that we should again be friends. Oh, George, just at this moment I think it is sweeter than if you had never sent me away."

And so the reconciliation was made and Mr. Western and Cecilia were once more together. But no doubt, to her mind as she thought of it all, there was present the happy conviction that she had been more sinned against than sinning. She had forgiven, whereas she might have exacted forgiveness. She had been gracious, whereas she might have followed her mother's advice and have been repellent till she had brought him to her feet. As it was, her strong desire to have him once again had softened her, and now she had the double reward. She had what she wanted, and was able to congratulate herself at the same time on her virtue. But he, though he had too what he wanted, became gradually aware that he had been cruel, stiff-necked and obdurate. She was everything that he desired, but he was hardly happy because he was conscious that he had been unjust. And he was a man that loved justice even against himself, and could not be quite happy till he had made restitution.

He stayed a week with her at Exeter, during which time he so far recovered himself as to be able to dine at the deanery, and return Dr. Pigrum's call. Then he was

to start for his own house in Berkshire, having asked Mrs. Holt to come to them a fortnight before Christmas. He would have called on Miss Altifiorla had he not understood that Miss Altifiorla in her present state of mind received no visitors. She gave it out that since men had been men and women had been women, no woman had been so basely injured as herself. But she intended to redress the wrongs of her sex by a great movement, and was devoting herself at present to hard study with that object. She used to be seen daily walking two miles and back on the Crediton Road, it being necessary to preserve her health for the sake of the great work she had in hand. But it was understood that no one was to accost her, or speak to her on these occasions, and at other times it was well known that she was engaged upon the labours of her task.

"And to-morrow we will go back to Durton," said Mr. Western to his wife.

"Dear Durton, how happy I shall be to see it once again!"

"And how happy I shall be to take you again to see it! But before we go it is necessary that I should say one thing."

This he spoke in so stern a voice that he almost frightened her. Was it possible that after all he should find it necessary to refer again to the little fault which she had so cordially avowed?

"What is it, George?"

"I have made a mistake."

"No, George, no, don't say so. There has been no mistake. A man should own nothing. I have thought about it and am sure of it."

"Let a man commit no fault, and then what you say will be true. I made a mistake, and allowed myself to be so governed by it as to commit a great injustice. I am aware of it, and I trust I may never repeat it. Such a mistake as that I think that I shall never commit again. But I did it, and I ask you to forgive me." In answer to this she could only embrace him and hang upon him, and implore him in silence to spare her. "So it has been, and I ask your pardon."

"No, George, no; no."

"Will you not pardon me when I ask you?"

"I cannot bring myself to say such a word. You know that it is all right between us. I cannot speak the word which you shall never be made to hear. I am the happiest woman now in all England, and you must not force me to say that which shall in any way lessen my glory."

CYTHORAN
(R) 05



"THE BROKEN JUG."

A YOUNG ARTIST:

The late James C. Henderson.

By ROBERT WALKER.

IN the Exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of this year (1882) there was one picture, "The Broken Jug," that attracted more attention than is generally bestowed on the canvas of an artist whose name is comparatively unknown. Its own merits would have insured it notice, but the public interest in it was deepened by the knowledge that it was the last work of a young painter, who had given every promise of attaining a high position in his profession, had time been granted to him, and whose gentle, kindly disposition, filled with a true appreciation of all that is beautiful in art and nature, had endeared him to every one with whom he came in contact. What James Henderson might have become, as his powers matured with advancing years and increased experience, we can now only dimly conjecture. But from the good use he had made of his opportunities, from the refined character of his intellectual sympathies, and from the high ideal by which he unostentatiously strove to regulate his daily life, we are fully justified in believing that he would have done honest and memorable work.

James C. Henderson, the eldest son of Mr. Joseph Henderson, artist, Glasgow, was born in that city on 4th July, 1858, and died there, after a short illness, on 12th July, 1881, having just completed his twenty-third year. He was an artist by instinct, and in his early predilections for a painter's life he was encouraged by his father's advice and guidance. From the Haldane Art Academy, Glasgow, where he gained several honours, he passed to the school of the Royal Scottish Academy, Edinburgh. In 1880 he received in Edinburgh the second prize for drawing from the life, and in 1881 the first prize for painting from the life. The award of this prize was made after young Henderson's death, and the 1881 Report of the Academy spoke of him in terms of the greatest respect and regret, as one "whose high character and attainments gave promise of a career of more than ordinary distinction." On this testimony to his ability and worth, the late Sir Daniel Macnee gave his hearty approval, on the occasion of the distribution of the prizes to the successful Academy students on 7th December, 1881.

In such a career as James Henderson's, suddenly brought to an end as he stood on

the very verge of life's battle-field, there is not much to record. He passed through no wild, stormy youth. Without a tinge of either cant or asceticism, for his nature was bright and his sense of humour keen, he took, from the first, an earnest view of the responsibilities attaching to the profession which he had chosen and which he loved with his whole heart. He knew that to paint well is no easy task, and he conscientiously and steadily set about preparing himself for the doing of the best that was in him. He possessed the true artistic spirit that leads a man, for art's sake, "to scorn delights, and live laborious days." Of the proficiency he had attained at his death, we may judge by "The Broken Jug," of which we this month give a reproduction. Although it lacks "the finishing touches," competent critics have declared that no better work by a student has been of late years produced in Scotland. His drawing is correct, and yet remarkably free; his colour, showing the influence upon him of Orchardson and his school, is cool and delicate. In his composition there are both ease and grace, and a most commendable absence of affectation. Founding our opinion on his last picture, we have every reason to believe that in young Henderson there was the making of an artist who in time might have taken his place with the Landers, the Orchardsons, the Petties, of whom Scotland is justly proud.

He was naturally studious, and his well-cultured mind and artistic instincts found expression in poetry as well as in painting. Although painting was the serious business of his life and verse only one of its relaxations, he wrote a good deal, and in nearly all that he wrote there are genuine poetic feeling and an admirable mastery over rhyme and rhythm. His verses are the direct outcome of his simple, unaffected nature. "He took the gift of life with trusting hands," and his young eager heart was in sympathy with whatever is lovely and of good report. In him there was no weak sentimentality, no morbid whining over the evils, real or fancied, of the world. He saw the bright side of things, and the happiness that each man can work out for himself, through all troubles and disappointments, by simply doing his duty, and patiently giving fair and free scope to his

powers. This is the lesson—if we wish one—that his life, short as it was, teaches us, and it is a lesson not unneeded nowadays, when pessimism of a sickly, foolish sort abounds, and singers and thinkers would fain persuade us that life is not worth living.

His poems have been lately printed for private circulation. Subjoined are two sonnets, which show his command over this rather difficult form of poetical expression.

TREASURE SEEKERS.

We have been far away—ah, far away
Beyond snow-shrouded hills, and we have seen
Strange people and strange things. Our steps have been
Through lands unknown and trackless, with no stay,
No respite sweet; o'er moorlands dim and grey,
And lonely wastes, led by no kindly star,
A thirst and weary we have wandered far,
Yet have we found no treasures till to-day;

And now, when hope our hearts no more beguiles
With visions of fair lands beyond the foam,
We have found treasures which earth's thousand isles
Could never give, though we for aye should roam:
Treasures of true hearts and loving smiles,
Of kind hand-pressings, and warm welcomes-home.

NIGHTFALL.

Below the black line of the furthest hill
The sun moves slowly to the under world,
And Night, with starry banner half unfurled,
Waits in the east till all the world is still,
And growing twilight's purple shadows fill
The earth with gloom and with a sense of rest,
And drown afar in the forsaken west
The splendour of veined rose and daffodil
Still lingering there. And lo! even as I speak,
And as the lengthening shadows onward swim,
The last glow fadeth—growing faint and dim
Like the fair dreams of youth when life, grown meet,
Looks heavenward only, through Time's darkness bleak,
To God's White Throne between the Seraphim.

CHRISTMAS DAY AND FAMILY LIFE.

By R. W. DALE, M.A.

ABOUT the infancy and childhood of the Lord Jesus Christ the writers of the four Gospels are almost silent.

For a long time this reticence of the four evangelists controlled the thought and spirit of the Christian Church. Our Lord's sacrifice for the sin of the world, His victory over death, were the central and most absorbing objects of early Christian devotion. Of this festival of Christmas we find no trace till about three hundred years after the crucifixion. The festivals of the early Church were the Lord's Supper, which commemorated His death as a sacrifice for sin, and the first day of the week, which commemorated His resurrection.

How soon painters began to delight in those representations of the Virgin and Child and of the Holy Family, which are now to be found in such endless numbers on the walls of all the picture galleries of Europe, I do not know. Perhaps they were suggested by the tendency which ultimately led to the enthronement of the mother of our Lord in a dignity which she would have repelled with dismay and abhorrence; they have certainly encouraged and strengthened the idolatrous homage with which she has been regarded for many centuries. In the childhood of our Lord, Mary was His protector, defender, and ruler. To her belonged authority, and to Him submission. I suspect that artists have done as much as theologians to teach millions of men that

her dignity is permanent, and that the surest method of securing the grace of Christ is to appeal to the tenderness of His mother.

In another way Art has misled the imagination of the Church, and by misleading its imagination has inflicted the gravest injury on its spiritual life. The kind of affection with which we regard a child is not the kind of affection which we should cherish for Him who is the Prince of the human race, the Judge of men, and who, even during the years of His humiliation, gave laws which have authority for all mankind and promises which are the solace and the support both of penitents and saints. The four evangelists—even those of them who tell the story of His birth—are careful not to place Him vividly before us until He has reached the maturity of His strength and is armed with the power which stilled the storm and raised the dead.

And yet it is true that He was once a child, and was subject to the authority of Joseph and Mary. It is also true that even after He reached manhood He continued to walk for some years in the quiet paths of life. The moral perfections of God were translated into those unostentatious virtues which constitute the dignity and the happiness of a human home. Within the narrow limits of the Family the Lord Jesus Christ revealed the glory of the divine righteousness and the divine love.

What was large enough for Christ during thirty years of His earthly history must surely be large enough for most of us. There are men and women who resent the mean and poor conditions under which they have to do the will of God, and who dream of what they might achieve if they had ampler space for their activities. They have not room enough—so they think—to be very good. They have it in their hearts to show a regal compassion to the miserable, and heroic chivalry and courage in the vindication of the oppressed. But for regal virtues they think that regal resources are necessary; and they suppose that heroic circumstances are necessary for the manifestation of the heroic spirit. It may be well for them to remember on Christmas Day, that for thirty years Christ lived a divinely perfect life within the walls of a peasant's home, and that in the trade of a carpenter and in His relation to His friends and neighbours in an obscure town among the hills of Galilee, He was able to show a glorious fidelity to the eternal laws of righteousness.

For all of us our life at home must constitute a great part of that life in which, by patient continuance in well-doing, we have to seek for glory, honour, and immortality; for many of us it practically constitutes the whole. There are millions of women, millions of girls, to say nothing of little children, who have no life worth speaking of beyond the boundaries of the family. Whatever fidelity to God, whatever love for Christ, whatever justice, whatever kindness, generosity, and gentleness they are to illustrate in their spirit and conduct must be illustrated there. And even men who have their business and their profession to follow during the greater part of the day find occasion in their home-life for forms of well-doing and ill-doing that are not possible elsewhere. I like a broad and rich life for myself—full of varied interests; and I should like to see the lives of most men, and of most women too, animated by the inspiration, and refreshed by the free air, of activities and interests outside their own home. But no shining achievements elsewhere can palliate the guilt of coldness, injustice, ill-temper in the family; and the noblest public virtues have their roots in the gentleness, the industry, the self-sacrifice, and the truthfulness, of which only those who are nearest to us have any knowledge.

And so on Christmas morning it will be well to ask ourselves whether the obscure duties which lie nearest to us—duties with

which for thirty years Christ was perfectly content—are being faithfully discharged. Are there none at home to whom we could be more just—in whom we could repose a more generous confidence—whom we could cherish with a warmer affection—who claim from us a more patient forbearance? If we are parents, is our authority exercised at once with firmness and consideration? If children, do we yield a frank and cheerful obedience? Whatever we are, do we find at home occasions for showing that sympathy with sorrow and with joy, which heightens the happiness of the happy and almost charms away the grief of the sad? What are the burdens which our strength might enable those nearest to us to bear more easily? What are the anxieties which our thoughtful-ness and care might diminish?

It is almost inevitable that I should quote the well-known verses of Keble:—

“We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For mortal man beneath the sky.”

“The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask:
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.”

The verses are excellent in their way, and, as I have said, it was almost inevitable that I should quote them. But in their soft music there is, perhaps, a false note; perhaps, indeed, there are two false notes.

For Keble suggests that we need not go to the cloister, because home affords all that the cloister can give. But home affords *more*—immeasurably more—than the cloister can give: the opportunities for a more varied virtue, for a richer and fuller perfection. And the second false note is the natural sequence of the first. Home is sufficient for us, Keble says, because it will furnish “room to *deny* ourselves.” No doubt. But I should be very sorry for the people that I live with to discharge their home duties in the spirit of martyrs. God preserve us all from wives, husbands, children, brothers, and sisters, who go about the house with an air of celestial resignation! There are homes in which I think I have caught a glimpse of people of that kind. They perform every duty with a faultless exactness, an exactness precise enough to irritate a saint. They submit with exemplary patience to every inconvenience, and are rather grateful than otherwise for the disappointments and vexations which sometimes disturb the smooth current of the best organized families. But they

regard the claims of others as affording opportunities for acts of self-denial which take the place of the hair-shirt and the fasting and the scourge of the monastic life, a penance to be endured for the discipline of their perfection.

The lines rest on a poor, mean, unchristian conception of self-denial, which I cannot stay to discuss. They also set the home-life in a false key. Self-denial! This is not what we ought to think of in connection with wife or husband, parent or child, brother or sister; but the joy of affectionate and hearty service for others. It is no self-denial for a man to wear an old coat a little longer than his wife may have a new dress, or for a mother to go on wearing an old bonnet that one of her children may have a new pair of boots. Where there is the kind of love which ought to bind all hearts together in a home, the happiness of life comes from giving our own pleasant things to those who are dear to us.

I like Miss Waring's tone better than Keble's:—

"I ask Thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathise.

"Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
A work of lowly love to do
For Him on whom I wait.

"I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied;
A mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified."

But even in these beautiful lines there is the absence of that healthy unconsciousness which is the strength and charm of goodness. The absence is natural; for I believe that the writer spent many years in a sick-room, and it was in broken health and while enduring suffering that she wrote the hymns which have contributed some of the sweetest and gentlest elements to the religious life of our times. On the whole I think that I like best the manly simplicity of Wordsworth's lines:—

"God for His service needeth not proud work of human skill:
They please Him best who labour most to do in peace His will;
So let us strive to live, and to our spirits will be given
Such wings as when our Saviour calls shall bear us up to Heaven."

And it is in the discharge of the quiet duties of the family, in the unostentatious

charities and the unromantic heroisms of the home, in the trifling services, rendered almost without thought, and received almost without recognition, that most of us have to do the will of God. In the course of twelve months it is very possible that even in homes where every heart is loyal to righteousness and to God, the relations of one or another member of the family to the rest may have become so uneasy, that the ideal life has been almost lost. Negligences too slight to be named, too slight to be distinctly remembered, may have gradually created a sense of discomfort. In some cases there have been grave faults which have created great unhappiness. On Christmas Day, which is as much a festival of the family as a festival of the Church, estrangements which have separated hearts that cling together notwithstanding estrangement should cease, and the ties which unite them should be drawn closer and firmer. It is the day of all the year for children to forget—if their parents have worried and vexed them; for parents to forget—if their children have been undutiful and ungrateful; for brothers and sisters to brush away the jealousies and resentments which have troubled their mutual confidence, and lessened, or rather repressed their mutual affection; for husbands and wives to renew the romance of their courtship. There may be faults to forgive; of course there are; but you will never come to an agreement if you try to estimate how much wrong there has been on one side and how much on the other. The heart is a bad accountant; it was never yet able to draw up a balance-sheet that any impartial auditor would sign. Let by-gones be by-gones; kiss, and have done with them.

I wonder whether it would be of the slightest use to say anything to those of my readers who are not yet detached from the homes into which they were born, but who are beginning to think that it would be pleasant to have homes of their own. I do not know whether more young people fall in love with each other—or think they do—at parties and balls in winter, or on the lawn-tennis ground and at picnics in summer; both seasons are severely fatal. The fate of not a few of my younger readers will probably be decided within the next few weeks.

With an honourable girl—with an honourable man—an engagement carries with it something more than a few sunny months of courtship. After courtship comes marriage. After marriage comes the home. To describe the reasons which to some young

people seem quite sufficient to justify them, first in flirting, and then in getting "engaged," would answer no good purpose. The reasons are too trivial, too flagrantly absurd, to bear putting into words, and I have no pleasure in mocking at human folly, especially when the folly is likely to lead to years of misery and shame.

But—putting aside the indirect manner in which writers address their readers—let me speak frankly to you as a friend to a friend. Let me ask you to consider what you must have in your future husband, in your future wife, to make it even tolerable to spend twenty or thirty or forty years together. I will not insist on the elements which are necessary to the romantic perfection of married life; for most of us are commonplace people and a life of romance is beyond our reach. There are some very commonplace things you ought to make sure of.

Good sound health is one thing; there are twenty grave reasons for insisting on it. Next to this I should put perfect truthfulness; the man who will lie to other people will lie to his wife; the girl who will lie to other people will lie to her husband. Next to truthfulness—temperance, industry and courage. Then, fortitude; that is the power to bear pain and trouble without whining. Then, unselfishness; for the selfish man, the selfish girl, though drawn out of selfishness in the early weeks of courtship, will settle back into it again when the wear and worry of life come on; some one has said, it is not so hard to get out of one's self; the difficulty is to keep out. Then you should look for sufficient good sense to save you from the misery of having to live with a fool. If you are loyal to Christ you will know without my telling you, that your life can never be blended into perfect unity with another, unless there is loyalty to Christ in the other life as well as in your own.

But loyalty to Christ does not imply the possession of all that is necessary for a happy and honourable marriage. A man may have a genuine faith in Christ and yet have very little sense, and so may a woman. There may be genuine faith and yet a constitutional indolence or cowardice, or irritability, or sullenness, or waywardness. When a man or a woman has religious faith these grave tendencies to moral evil will be resisted, but they are not always perfectly mastered, and they may make married life very miserable.

I said just now that most of us are commonplace people, and that a life of romance

is out of our reach; but I believe in "falling in love." The imagination should be kindled and the heart touched; there should be enthusiasm and even romance in the happy months that precede marriage, and something of the enthusiasm and romance should remain to the very end of life, or else the home is wanting in its perfect happiness and grace. The wonderful charm which makes the wife more to the husband than all other women, and the husband more to the wife than all other men; this is necessary to a happy marriage. But take my word for it, those plain, solid virtues of which I have spoken are indispensable to the security and happiness of a home; and it is a home that you are drifting to when you are drifting into love.

You would not like to live with a liar, with a thief, with a drunkard, for twenty years; or with an indolent person, or a coward, or a fool; with such a comrade you could not build up a noble and beautiful, or even a tolerable, home. And remember that a man, a woman may have the roots of some of these vices in them and yet be extremely agreeable and good-looking, dress well and say very pretty and charming things. With some of these miserable vices there may be a warm heart, generous impulses, real kindness. But where these vices exist—where the elements of them exist—you cannot make sure of honour, of happiness, of peace, of the continuance of mutual affection, or of mutual trust. In the absence of plain, solid virtues in the man or the woman you marry, you are building your home on the sand, not on the rock, and when the winds rise and the waters are out, it will go badly with you.

If you ask me what is to become of the men and the women who do not possess these very plain excellences, I can only say that it would be a very happy thing if no one consented to marry them. Their vices will spoil and ruin, not their own lives merely, not merely the lives of those they marry, but the lives of their children too. The miserable inheritance of their imperfections will be transmitted to coming generations. If it were only possible to keep all these people single, those who will be living thirty years hence would be living in a very different world from this.

Anyhow it is the duty as it is the interest of all young people to take care that their home, if they have one, shall be as nearly like what God meant a human home to be as it can be made. The making of a home is the greatest work that most of them will ever

be able to do. In preparing to make it they have the supreme opportunity for showing that they care more for the righteousness and will of God than for all the world besides.

Let us look back again at the home into which Christ was born. Joseph and Mary had charge of the infancy and childhood of Him who was to be the Saviour of the world. The sublimity of the trust fills us with awe. But those of us who have children to care for have also received a trust which should sometimes make us tremble. Their future character, their spirit, their faith, their aims in life, the laws which they will regard as highest and most august, depend largely upon us. With us they begin that history which, if they are true to the Divine idea of life, will be consummated in the power and blessedness of immortality. It depends largely upon us whether they will be true to it or not. The

home, for most men, is more than the school and the university. Our vices will poison the air which the young child has to breathe; our virtues will make it wholesome and sweet. It is by what we *are*—not by what we try to appear to be—that the destiny of our children will be determined. Genuine affection, firm trust, mutual respect, honour, and forbearance between the father and the mother; their equity, kindness, and sympathy in the treatment of their children; their personal virtues and their religious faith—these will create a Christian home. In a Christian home Christ dwells; and children that live with Him are not likely to revolt against Him when the years of childhood are over. The life which begins with Christ is likely to be spent with Christ, and to end in the glory of those unseen mansions, of which every Christian home is a symbol and a prophecy.

CHILDHOOD'S VALLEY.

BY JAMES HENDRY.

IT was a quiet valley,
Set far from human ills,
A sunny, sloping valley,
Begirt with green, green hills.

The white clouds softly knitted
Grey shadows in the grass;
The sea-birds poised and flitted,
As they were loath to pass.

A clear stream thrird the bridges,
Blue, lazy smoke upcurled;
Beyond its purple ridges
Lay the unquiet world.

Under the ivied rafters
Low crooned the sun-drowsed dove;
While youthful, breezy laughters
Moved on the slopes above,

Where mid the flower-pied spaces
We children made bright quest;
Sure as we ran quick races
The far-seen flower was best.

Thus while the sun uplifted,
And flashed adown the stream,
The white clouds drifted, drifted,
In deep untroubled dream.

Fair shines that sunny valley,
Set far from human ills;
Our childhood's simple valley
Begirt with green, green hills.

Nor all the world's mad riot
Which we have known since then,
Hath touched this valley's quiet
Deep in our heart's own ken.



"Cuddihood's Valley."

CHRISTIAN SOCIALISTS.

BY THE REV. M. KAUFMANN, M.A.

IV.—VICTOR AIMÉ HUBER.

AMONG those who watched with interest the efforts of the "Christian Socialists" in England, there was an "intelligent foreigner" who, during a professional visit to this country, became acquainted with F. D. Maurice and his friends, whom he visited on two occasions, first in 1844, and then again ten years later. To this last visit he refers in his published letters on the co-operative movement in Belgium, France, and England, a work which at the time enjoyed general and well-deserved popularity.

This gentleman, also the author of some notes on the English Universities which in their translated form attracted sufficient attention in this country to be quoted in Parliamentary debates, was Victor Aimé Huber, the subject of the present sketch. He forms, so to speak, the connecting link between the Christian Socialists of Germany and England, and also between the Christian Socialism of the past and present generation. He is regarded as the pioneer of the co-operative movement in Germany, and has been called in the recently published memoir of his life and work the forerunner of the modern school of Christian Socialists in that country.

The author of this memoir, Dr. Eugen Jäger, a well-known contributor to socialistic literature, here gives us a very appreciative account of Huber's earnest endeavours to remove the social disabilities and improve the moral and mental condition of the working classes. It is to this well-timed publication that the present writer owes much of the information contained in the present paper.

Huber was an original character. In days when but few of his contemporaries and sympathisers were able to see the signs of the times, and blindly trusted to traditional forms and repressive measures in their clumsy endeavours to cope with the rising spirit of social discontent, Huber was among the very first to discover in this uneasy state of the public mind a symptom of the rising storm which broke out, but did not spend itself entirely, in the Revolution of 1848. For late socialistic manifestations in Germany form only another stage of its development, which makes thoughtful observers of current

events dread its final culmination in utter social disruption, unless, indeed a serious social revolt is not arrested by timely social reform. To this task Huber addressed himself, and never grew weary preaching, in season and out of season, the duty of the higher classes to raise the lower, materially, morally, and mentally, not so much by means of legislative and state help as by voluntary effort for the encouragement of association and co-operation to counteract the evils of competition.

Belonging by hereditary and early training to that party of liberal thinkers in Germany which got its philosophical and political opinions from France, Huber changed his social theories with his religious views at an important crisis of his life, to be mentioned farther on, after which he began to look to constructive and conservative social reforms as the best means of preserving society from decay, and as the best antidote against the threatening advances of social democracy.

The best introduction to Huber's theories and methods of social improvement will be a short sketch of his life.

He was born in Stuttgart on the 18th of March, 1800, of gifted parents on both sides. His father, a friend of Schiller and Alexander von Humboldt, and an inmate in the house of George Forster, the celebrated naturalist and circumnavigator, belonged to the band of enthusiasts who, during the era of "enlightenment" in Germany, hailed with acclamations the outbreak of the French Revolution. Huber's mother was the accomplished daughter of the scholar Heyne, and the widow of Forster, and long before her second marriage had exercised a salutary influence over Huber's father. She was a woman remarkable for her mental endowments, energetic character, and sympathetic many-sidedness. She had ideal views of life which she did not fail to impart to her son, and her literary taste and tact had procured her a position that enabled her to introduce him into the field of literature at an early age. To her fostering care Huber owed a great deal in childhood and youth. She superintended his education (his father having died), and watched with

maternal solicitude over the mental development and external career of her son during the most impressionable period of his life. When he was seven years old he was placed under Philip Emanuel von Fellenberg, at Hofwyl, near Bern, a celebrity at the time as a philanthropist, agriculturist, and more especially as the inventor of a new method of education, and as such the friend of Pestalozzi.

The letters from his mother at this time were full of maternal exhortations which were intended to soften Huber's apparently somewhat intractable character, and to inculcate the principles of self-denial and self-mastery by means of plain living and high thinking, as well as the duty of cultivating a fellow-feeling for the sorrows and sufferings of the poor, a duty which he fulfilled so faithfully when he had arrived at years of discretion.

At sixteen years of age the young Aimé went to the University of Göttingen, where his grandmother was still living, and gave him material help in the pursuit of his studies. He took his degree in Medicine in 1820, and having obtained, through the influence of his mother in high quarters, a state stipendium corresponding to a travelling fellowship at the Universities, he set out for foreign travel to satisfy his spirit of adventure in distant lands.

His professional studies had at no time had much interest for him, and now that he was free to follow his natural bent he threw himself into the social and political movement which was then agitating the western continent of Europe. His letters from Paris show how rapidly he had made himself acquainted with the social condition of the poor labourers in the French capital, and how entirely he had entered with a deep and personal interest into their complaints. Here, too, he cultivated an acquaintance with the chosen spirits of the day, Lafayette, Lafitte, Perier, and others. Through them his liberal sympathies were attracted toward Spain, and the struggle for liberty which was then agitating the national mind of that country. But dissatisfied with the poor results of the peninsular rising, he left and took ship at Lisbon for Hamburg in 1823. Thence he proceeded to Edinburgh, and to London in the following year. Shortly after this he published his well-known sketches from Spain, passed a short time in Italy as travelling tutor, and at last settled down in Bremen as one of the masters at the Merchants' School of that town.

Here it was that he married (after his mother's death) the daughter of one of the senators, and here, too, at the age of thirty, an important change took place in his religious feelings and convictions which altered the whole current of his life. He had been brought up as a heathen, with classical models only for his examples of life and conduct. His early associations and contact with the leaders in philosophy and social politics had confirmed him in those humanitarian views of the eighteenth century in which he had been cradled as a child. He had been baptized, indeed, into the Catholic Church, but this more as a matter of form. For a long time every kind of religious confession was equally distasteful to him. Now, however, when for the first time brought into contact with "religious circles" in Protestant countries, a marked change came over him in favour of religious beliefs, and he was favourably impressed, at Edinburgh in particular, by the practical beneficence and missionary efforts displayed by members of the Presbyterian Kirk. This change gave a new bent to his philanthropic efforts, and he thenceforward became a Christian Socialist.

Though deeply impressed with religious convictions, he nevertheless attached but little significance to external Church government. Thus he joined the Established Reformed Church of Bremen as a matter of course. Afterwards, when appointed to a professorial chair in Mecklenburg, he was as willing to join the Lutheran State Church in that country, and in the same way became a member of the United Church of Prussia on his removal to Berlin. His attitude towards the Roman Catholic Church was that of toleration and respect; he even suggested a dignified attitude of armed neutrality between the two confessions as a *modus vivendi*, and was strongly in favour of a re-union between Catholicism and Protestantism in Germany.

In his letters from London he often inveighs against the worldliness and stagnation of spiritual life in the Church of England; he complains of its barren orthodoxy, intolerable injustice in the distribution of preferment, and the utter incapacity of the clergy as a body to grapple with the social problems of the day. With profound veneration he dwells on the character and work of F. D. Maurice as a grand exception to the "predominant dead Pharisaism" in Church life. He alludes with evident interest to the popular expositor of the Christian Socialists, the "too

genial" Kingsley, and gives a fairly appreciative account of his and their efforts in the direction of social reform.

In view of present literary controversies connected with Carlyle it may be interesting to note what a foreign observer felt and said thirty years ago on this subject. Comparing Maurice with Thomas Carlyle, both of whom he knew personally when they resided as close neighbours in Chelsea, he refers to what he calls Carlyle's "purely negative, and therefore unfruitful criticism of things as they are, were, and ever can be." He dwells on his bitterness of irony and fondness of exaggeration, and the evident determination only to see the dark side of things, and to expose the weaknesses and shortcomings of society. He points out the injustice of Carlyle in attacking so unmercifully all curative aims to improve society and their authors, instead of laying bare merely the sores of the social disorder they intend to remove.

"Whilst he himself" (Carlyle) "does nothing great or small to alleviate or remove the evils he complains of, he ignores, discards, and ridicules everything others may either know or do, condemning it in wholesale as sham, humbug, flunkeyism, semblances, fatuities, vulturism," &c., &c. Such terms, he goes on to say, may have been at one time appropriate enough and full of meaning in describing a peculiar evil full of danger and requiring exposure in all directions, but they have now lost the force of their original significance, and have simply become fixed ideas of Carlyle's mind, of which he cannot divest himself.

"How different is Maurice," he continues, "in his untiring love and self-sacrificing activity, as directed, not only against the unhealthy symptoms in those social forces and organs whose office it is to remove the disease of the body-politic, but towards the creation of new forces and organs, so as to effect a healthy reaction among the poor properly so called, where this social distemper makes itself peculiarly felt. The reason why these two men, but a few years ago unanimous in their convictions, have got on tracks so entirely at variance with each other is surely not only to be sought in the dissimilarity of natural gifts and dispositions. It rather lies in this, that the one has never left the foundations of faith, nor withdrawn himself from the discipline of the Holy Ghost, whereas the other has followed with passionate willfulness the utterly unrestrained impulse of his subjective feelings and self-conscious vanity."

We quote this sentence from one of the letters, not because we are prepared to endorse the judgment thus pronounced on Carlyle, but chiefly because in an interesting manner it marks the standpoint of Huber as a Christian Socialist. For here he expresses his firm belief in the regenerative force of Christian principle surpassing in its spiritual efficacy other forms of humanitarian socialisms which were not founded on belief.

Huber's linguistic proficiency procured for him a post at the University of Rostock in 1832, and after that a call to Hamburg six years later. In 1839 he was elected as the representative of this collegiate body in the Hessian House of Representatives. Henceforth we see him engaged in controversies connected with the social politics of that eventful period, maintaining an independent standpoint equally distasteful both to the strictly progressive and obstructive parties, because in his endeavours to remove social abuses he neither trusted himself, nor allowed others to trust, to the mere shibboleths of this party or that.

With his efforts as an ultra-Conservative statesman and journalist we have nothing to do here. Suffice it to say that Friedrich Wilhelm IV., of Prussia, to whom Huber had been introduced when he was but Crown Prince in 1838, induced him to come to Berlin and to found a Conservative periodical under royal patronage. As editor of this periodical, the *Janus*, Huber made it the vehicle for pressing his pet scheme of co-operation on the attention of his readers. But owing to the general apathy of the intelligent public and the ruling classes in Germany, the *Janus* had but a very limited circulation, perhaps because it was known to be subsidised by those in authority.

After the March revolution in 1848 this publication, which in many respects resembled the *Christian Socialist* in this country and *L'Avenir* in France, was discontinued, and another method for rallying the friends of Social Reform on Conservative principles was made by Huber in forming his "Association of Christian Order and Liberty." But this, too, proved unsuccessful. Huber found more favour, in truth, among the Social Radicals than in his own reactionary circles. His assistance was sought by some Liberals and Democrats who had lately established a "Building Society for the common good," which had for its object the improvement of the dwellings of the poor. Huber readily subscribed 7,000 dollars to its funds, and was invited to draw up its constitution. He agreed, and in this document, placed within the corner-stone of the first house built by the Association, on March, 1849, Huber expresses his sanguine hope that this might be "the first step in the career of a movement which has for its object the solution of one of the most trying questions of these ominously stormy times, and the pledge of security in the happy future of the German Fatherland, viz.: *the transformation of*

portionless workers into working proprietors."

Now he also began to publish at the expense of this society a new organ, called the *Concordia*, but it had to be discontinued, too, for want of supporters. A later attempt to revive it in 1861 proved equally unsuccessful.

A central society for the welfare of the working classes had been founded in 1830 by the liberalising party, and was still under their direction. Huber was asked to join it, and readily accepted the flattering invitation, coming as it did from his political opponents. He also at this time put himself into communication with the *Gesellenwater Kolbing*, so-called because, as we pointed out in the last paper, he was at the head of all the associations of young journeymen formed under the auspices of Bishop Ketteler. At the same time Huber was engaged in multifarious acts of practical beneficence, attending to all cases of distress in the town, "the father of vagabonds," as he often called himself, adopting the Portuguese ascription of magistrates in the dark ages: *Pae dos velhacos*.

But neither his practical efforts nor his theories of social reform found much favour in high quarters or among his Tory friends. His lectures at the University were thinly attended, and at last, unable to make headway against prejudice and opposition, Huber left the public service in 1851, determined henceforth to live entirely for his ideas of social amelioration and those practical efforts for the elevation of the masses he had so truly at heart. When he left Berlin, where he had never felt quite at home, says his biographer, no noisy farewell speeches were made in his honour, nor was his dismissal accompanied by the bestowal of orders and decorations with which royalty rewards civic merit. But Huber received what he valued far more highly than honours and public distinctions. His departure was followed by the tears, the prayers, and the blessings of the poor.

He now found a new home in the pleasant little town of Wenigerode, among the Hartz Mountains, and thence he paid periodical visits to France, Belgium, and England, and thus became a living organ, so to speak, for international communication on the subject of co-operative association. One of the results of these travels was the publication of the letters already quoted, whilst the numerous pamphlets, speeches, and leading articles on the same subject, if collected, would fill volumes. Huber's travels have been called, indeed, "missionary journeys," having for their object the propagation of useful know-

ledge on the subject of co-operation and association, but in his evangelistic efforts of this kind he never forgot that charity begins at home. He was indefatigable in his efforts to remove at home on a small scale all those social evils to the study and care of which he devoted the ample learning and matured energies of a master mind. There, in the little town, the highly gifted man of letters condescended to live in daily companionship with labourers and artisans in order to raise them by personal contact to a higher level. In this he spared no sacrifice of time or money. He founded a loan society for the benefit of smaller tradespeople, and a technical school for the instruction of young apprentices after leaving the ordinary schools, and here he taught himself. He also called into existence a Christian Association of Journeymen, and often was found in the Assembly Rooms either teaching or conversing, while part of his time was devoted to another society not of his own creation, nor calling itself Christian, but in other respects having in view the same objects of self-improvement. Here, too, among his "heathen," as he called them, he was always welcome.

There is an institution peculiar to German religious life called the "Inner Mission," an outcome of Christian philanthropy, founded soon after the troubles of 1848, and having for its object the pacification of social discontent by the spread of Christian ideas and the exercise of Christian charity among the poor and the labouring classes. Huber was a friend of this practical form of Home-missions, and devoted a considerable portion of his own private fortune and that of his wife to the foundation of a benevolent institution, called the Home of St. Theobald, for the purpose, as he put it, of "aiding the endeavours of faith working through love."

The Home afforded room for instruction, lectures, meetings, a popular library, and temporary hospitality. Huber handed it over to a society, which still exists, to work it according to his own ideas. But in this, as well as in most of his efforts, the result did not by any means correspond to his expectations. He often complained, we are told: "I only see leaves, but no fruit." This is a complaint falling not unfrequently from the lips of social reformers. But here, as in nature, the putting forth of leaves precedes the production of fruit. We are permitted to see the former, though we do not always live long enough to reap the latter. From this, it does not follow that we have laboured in vain.

The views of such a man on social subjects

are worth while considering, and deserve our respect, if they do not altogether meet with our approbation. We, therefore, now purpose giving our readers a very short *résumé* of Huber's social theories, and some of the principal suggestions of social improvement as far as they may be gathered from his numerous writings. As in the case of those social reformers whom we have previously noticed, Huber, too, dwells with acrimonious insistence on the growth of excessive wealth in the hands of a few, and the corresponding increase of distress among the many; in other words, the unhappy co-existence side by side of progress and poverty. The consequence of this abnormal state of social inequality, he says, is the degradation of the pauperised proletarians, and the moral degeneracy of the rich. Huber, too, places little confidence in the theory of the liberal school of economists, that things will right themselves if let alone, and looks to co-operation and a better organization of labour as the only means of saving society from the disintegrating influences of "Mammonism." In raising the proletarians to a position of small proprietors, he thus hopes to restore self-respect among them, whilst a more equalised distribution of labour and enjoyment would preserve the wealthy from the dangers of luxurious self-indulgence. At the same time, Huber is far from acquiescing in a wholesale condemnation of free competition, the successful rival of co-operation. On the contrary, speaking in his letters from England on the tendency to disparage the principle of competition among the adherents of Maurice and his school, he maintains "that competition is one of the Divine laws of social life and development, which, like every other law, requires the discipline of the Holy Ghost in the individual and in society, in Church and State, so as not to be abused by selfishness, or poisoned by ignorance and folly."

This fairness of judgment is Huber's characteristic, and he showed it in a variety of ways. Thus, *e.g.*, he has as little faith in bureaucratic imperialism as in parliamentary majorities when the people's welfare is at stake. He readily acknowledges the importance of self-help without ignoring the relative usefulness of State-help under given circumstances. Indeed, at times Huber seems to take for his motto "Everything for, but nothing by, the people," and speaks with supreme contempt of "Mr. Public," representing at the same time kings and nobles as the only true saviours of society. But

there are other passages where he also dwells on the importance of independent self-help and points out the evils of patriarchal government; what he really wants is the creation of associations of independent labourers under the patronage of the Church and the aristocracy.*

The proletarian masses must be organized, he says, not on the pattern of Communistic Utopias, but by means of voluntary effort to re-collect the isolated atoms in co-operation, and by the re-union of employers and employed in the processes of production as well as distribution. But this depends on the re-awakening of the fraternal spirit, and therefore must have religion for its basis. Self-seeking isolates, Christian love unites man with man, removes the barriers of class-interests and antagonisms, and produces a spirit of self-sacrifice and self-devotion to the common good. One of the remedies proposed by Huber is what he terms "Inner Colonisation," *i.e.*, the formation of colonies consisting of about one hundred and fifty households, each house to contain four families under its roof, with a garden attached to it. A common steam engine would perform the necessary work of each colony. The wholesale purchase of provisions and the preparation of food as far as possible on the associative principle, so as to serve the whole colony, or several members of it, would save much waste in money, work, and fuel, and add to the general comfort of all without interfering with the seclusion of domestic life. The acquisition of machinery by means of a collective fund and the erection of these improved dwellings on a general plan, as well as the wholesale purchase of the materials and articles of consumption, would, no doubt, require capital and credit, but the accumulated sum of only one shilling daily contributed by every member of the colony and interest upon it would supply the capital. Voluntary contributions from benevolent manufacturers, the aristocracy, and government subsidies might supply any deficiency in case the stream of contributions from the labourers should at times flow less rapidly from an unforeseen reason. But after a time the labourers might take care of themselves,

* In answer to some extreme advocates of State-help like the agitator Lassalle, he says truly enough: "If the State is to be responsible for the labour and support of the workmen, the latter must sooner or later become either the masters or the slaves of the State." On the other hand he opposes moderately but decisively the opposite theory of stringent exclusion of State-interference as held by Lassalle's chief opponent Schultze-Delitzsch. See V. A. Huber, "Ein Vorkämpfer der Socialen Reform von Dr. Eugen Jäger," pp. 72-78, the memoir referred to above. There is also a larger life of Huber by Rudolf Elvers, of Wenigerode, published in Bremen, 1874.

and the colonies become entirely self-supporting and self-governing.

What may be done by way of raising the working classes with the aid of their employers he showed from a number of instances which came under his notice during several of his visits to this country. He dwells with grateful pleasure on what he saw in the philanthropic efforts of the managing directors—the Brothers Wilson—at Price's Patent Candle Manufactory at Belmont, and the consequent kindly relationship subsisting between the masters and the men. He contrasts this with the unfeeling and purely selfish method of treating the workmen simply as part of the machinery, whose services are paid for according to the rate of labour in the market without any regard to their claims on human sympathy and regard. In one of his letters from Leeds he relates that he had just been breakfasting with some co-operative friends at the same hotel, and at the same table, which was occupied a short time before by six "Cotton or Woollen Lords," who between them employed no less than thirty thousand labourers, but took not the slightest interest in the personal welfare of any one of them.

On the other hand, he was delighted with Mr. Marshall's linen factory, and the manifest effort of the employer to watch over the health and happiness of his workmen, endeavouring to promote not only their material, but also their moral and spiritual welfare. Alluding to this remarkable instance of dutiful regard to the rightful claims of labour he adds: "No one can be more willing than I am to point out the merits of such representatives of the industrial aristocracy." And he is true to his word. With glowing enthusiasm he describes the works of Mr. Salt at Saltaire, near Bradford, and speaks of the commodious dwelling-houses, the church and the schools with other institutions, provided by the owner to secure for his employés those benefits which the co-operative societies offer to their clients; and in this, again, he sees an example of "latent association under absolute monarchical rule on a large scale."

This patriarchal form of co-operation, under the direction of the Plutocracy, the aristocracy, or the monarchy, had a special attraction for Huber, and he bitterly complains of the supine indifference and want of appreciation of his scheme among the rulers in Church and State in Germany. It is their life of ease, he complains, which incapacitates them for thoroughly understanding the real condition of the poor.

As a religious man he felt convinced that

in making the people's cause her chief object of solicitude a Church performs her true functions and promotes best the real interests of religion. "The labouring classes are the battle-field on which the contest must be decided between Christian civilisation and a new and more than heathen barbarism." Hence the importance of winning the affections and esteem of the multitude, and so becoming established in the hearts of the people.

This religious tendency prevents Huber from giving more than a scanty measure of praise to Mr. Owen, otherwise a man and a co-operator after his own heart, because of the anti-religious sentiments so loudly and injudiciously avowed by this enthusiast and philanthropist. At the same time, Huber hails with delight every movement in the Christian Church at home or abroad in the direction of social reform. He speaks with as much satisfaction of the now forgotten "Universal Purveyor," a co-operative institution promoted by what was then called the "Puseyite" party, as he does of a similar effort on the part of C. Kingsley, at that time the most pronounced opponent of the "Tractarians." Whilst thus spending an equal meed of praise on the representatives of the two extreme wings of the Church of England, he dwells with pardonable severity on the narrow-minded frivolity and ambitious self-seeking of the great body of the clergy, who had no understanding for the great social questions of the day, and clung tenaciously to the old order of things which was fast passing away, and so lost the chance of *capessere republicam*, to use Huber's expression, at a critical moment of transition to the new.

To illustrate this Huber mentions a conversation with some artisans in the library of the Coventry Co-operative Society. He had inquired as to the attitude of the Church towards the co-operative movement. The answer he received was this, "Well, sir, I suppose the Church does not care anything about us poor people, and so we come not to care much for her either—the more's the pity!"

If Huber found little to encourage him in his efforts at reforming society from above by a coalition of gentry and clergy, and can only point to a few isolated instances of patronising endeavour on the part of employers to improve the condition of the working people, he sees much to inspire him with hope in the conscientious efforts at self-improvement from below among the people

themselves, and is never tired of pointing to the marvellous advances of the co-operative movement among them in this country.

He is not blind, indeed, to the weaknesses and imperfections of co-operation, as he saw it then, in the earlier stages of its development. Thus, in a lecture on the subject delivered before the Central Society for the Welfare of the Working Classes in Germany, in 1852, he cannot help pointing out that one of their inherent deficiencies is the retention of the purely egotistic ways of doing business in the management of "stores," which is inconsistent with the true principles of co-operation. He shows that in thus continuing the system of "the trades," co-operation has no right to assume the title of Christian Socialism. At the same time he fully recognises the superior qualities of mind and heart required in co-operators of even an imperfect type, and speaks of the evident power of co-operation in its lower stages to form character and to serve as a training institution to inculcate the lessons of thrift and foresight, and as a disciplinary power to organize vast bodies of men in a common cause.

But its chief value, he thinks, lies in the tendency of co-operation to remove class differences, in bringing rich and poor nearer to each other, and transforming a number of impoverished labourers into comfortable proprietors. In thus diminishing the causes of discontent and envious strife it consolidates the foundations of social order and

peace, it becomes the *vis naturæ medicatrix*, the self-healing power of society. In one of his letters from London he confesses that even in its ultimate development co-operation may be only one stage in the process of social self-rectification and self-purification, but even as such from it he expects great social changes, and regards its rapid progress in accumulating capital and gaining credit as a mere indication of its future success.

Here we pause, having thus given an imperfect and far from exhaustive sketch of the life and labours of a very remarkable man. We have not dwelt for want of space on Huber's schemes of co-operative agriculture, nor his reasons for some of the failures of the movement. We have not thought it necessary to allude to his vindication of the principle which allows labour to participate in the profits of capital. But enough has been said to give a fair view of the social theories of a man who from first to last devoted his time and his talents to the cause of improving the condition of the least prosperous classes on Christian principle. The work of pioneers is never fully appreciated at the time; it must be so in the nature of things. Huber was one of the pioneers of social progress, and died a disappointed man. But he has secured for himself an honoured place in the history of Christian Socialism, and will ever rank high among those who disinterestedly have devoted their lives to benefit mankind.

MY LITTLE SAILOR BOY.

A Reberic for the Piano.

CHAPTER I.

I NEVER sit before my dear old piano, as I am sitting now, but I think how true a friend it has been to me, and how little it has changed since first my childish hands in vain attempted to make it speak the language I understand so well. They tell me it is ugly, and short, and old-fashioned. Perhaps it is: I cannot see it. It may be that I am ugly and old-fashioned too; still I love it, my dearest of friends! I understand it, and I think it understands and loves me. I can never see things in half so plain a light as I do when I am sitting here with my hands wandering without a purpose over the keys. Every tone recalls to me a memory, and as its music enters

into my heart, I live over again the life that is gone, and which, but for my old friend's aid, I never could recall.

In those uncertain sounds that betoken an awkward and ill-accustomed touch, my fancy images a fair-haired child seated high on the top of a pile of books, used to produce an elevating tendency in an otherwise unaccommodating stool. The amount of discomfort I suffered from their slippery and uncompromising hardness was tenderly impressed on my body then as it is now on my remembrance. But that was nothing to the agonies of soul which I underwent with the great fat notes which my little fingers could but imperfectly span. I did not love my old friend then. I used even to hate my mother's gentle voice, as she stood over me repeating

that dreadful One, Two, Three, Four; One, Two, Three, Four, with such quiet regularity that, in spite of myself, I was obliged to follow. Then there was the misery that followed when, the five fingers having been exhausted on five successive notes, I came to a stop with them all twisted into a knot, in frantic efforts to do impossible things in order to reach the note beyond. No, I did not love my friend then, and it seemed to be conscious of the fact, for it shrieked and wailed as if in torture when I touched it, and refused me the music which it now pours forth in such abundance.

What bitter tears I used to moisten the arid desert of exercises! how anxiously I listened until the melancholy old clock, otherwise one of my most implacable foes from its mocking way of counting time, came to my aid and announced that my hour was up, and I was free! I always rushed straight away across the meadows below the Vicarage to the brook that turned the old mill-wheel, and there, flinging myself on the grass, forgot my troubles in the enjoyment of my favourite haunt. With my face on one side resting on the grass, from which it generally rose with a transfer of curiously diapered patterns, I was as much shut out from the rest of the world as if the whole of creation had been comprised in the few square feet I could see beyond the end of my nose. The stems of green that formed my horizon became dense masses of tropical jungle, whilst the tiny ants and grasshoppers were turned into mammoths more gigantic than any which peopled the pre-historic ages. It was not often I was disturbed in my day-dreams; for, although there was a path through the meadows which crossed the stream by a small wooden bridge, it was seldom used except by country people who were not curious on the subject of children's fancies. It was consequently an extraordinary surprise for me to be found in the midst of an exciting adventure in the wilds of my imagination, and to be brought back to commonplace by the prosaic means of a poke in the back. I looked up and saw, standing over me, an object so delightful, that I somehow connected it with the creations of my fancy, from which it had so rudely severed me. It was a little boy, no bigger than I was myself, in the most real and complete of sailor costumes. I knew it was real and complete, because I had once seen a grown-up sailor in a pantomime. He had real trousers, made very tight and very loose upon a principle adverse to the requirements of convenience, a real rough pea-

jacket, and a real shiny hat ornamented with bright gold letters. He stood with his hands plunged into his pockets up to the elbows, his hat pushed to the back of his dark clustering curls, and as his bright little eyes looked boldly into mine I thought he was the most charming picture I had ever seen.

I expressed my admiration by rising up on to my knees, opening my mouth wide, and saying, "Oh!"

He seemed to be puzzled at something, for he moved round me gradually with a swaggering kind of gait, jerking his shoulders with every step, and surveying me as if I had been some curiosity which needed to be viewed from every side.

"Hullo!" he said, at length, when he got round to my back and saw my legs stretching out behind. They were guiltless of covering, for my short socks, as usual, had disappeared into my too-easy boots. "Hullo, you've not got trousers yet!" He spoke with evident satisfaction, and glanced down at his own extremities with immense triumph.

"Of course not," I replied, much aggrieved. "Girls never wear anything but frocks."

He observed me a little critically, and then said: "But you're not a girl. Girls don't wear bare legs. Besides," he added, as a kind of clincher to his argument, "girls always have long white stockings and shoes."

His utterances were so oracular, and seemed based on such conclusive reasoning, that I felt completely staggered. I had taken my sex on trust, and, never having heard it questioned, I was quite incapable of advancing anything in proof of my faith. I felt so ashamed of my unhappy legs that I sat down on them as the readiest way of hiding their deficiencies.

This operation restored my courage, and with it my curiosity revived. He had walked again in front of where I was kneeling, so I pointed to the bright letters on his hat and asked what they meant.

"That's my ship," he said. "Every sailor has a ship. I shall have a large fighting ship when I grow up."

"And does it say 'fighting ship' on your hat?"

"No! you silly. It says Polly. That's to be my ship. Every sailor calls his ship after the girl he's going to marry. I'm going to marry Polly."

"Polly!" said I. "Why, that's me. Polly's me."

He looked at me a moment with his head a little on one side, as though giving the matter careful consideration. "No; it can't

be Polly, because Polly's a girl's name, and you're not a girl. Besides," and again he clinched his argument with unanswerable logic, "I'm not going to marry you."

"No, indeed!" I replied indignantly, horrified at the suggestion. "I'm going to marry mamma."

For many years of my tender youth it was a cardinal principle in my faith that, when I grew sufficiently old, I was to marry my mother. It was further a part of my creed that she was to stop growing old until I had caught her up. On espousal she was to start afresh, and we were to grow old together. My mother never attempted to controvert my plans, so I looked on the matter as settled for ever. I was glad, however, that my little sailor boy did not try to argue this point. His method was much too convincing.

"You're as silly as a girl," he said. "I've not got a mamma; boys don't want them. But I've a papa, and an uncle, and that's much better."

In a leisurely way he disembowelled from the depths of his pockets a small stick of chocolate, whereof the silvery covering, by the aid of moisture and heat, had become amalgamated with the substance, and this he proceeded meditatively to unroll.

I was very fond of chocolate, but it never occurred to me that he might have offered to share his dainty with me. I was too much absorbed in admiration to think of anything else. It was quite evident that he did not mind whether I thought or not. He chewed up his chocolate, and a portion of the covering, with much satisfaction, and slowly, as though it were the last of a lot.

Presently a voice called across the meadow and, turning my head, I saw at a distance a nurse and a little girl about my own age. At least she seemed to be my age, judging from her size; judging from her dress she was as old as any grown-up lady I had ever seen. Far off as she was, I could tell instinctively that she had nice white stockings and dainty little sandalled shoes, and I felt bitterly envious of her.

My little sailor boy did not seem to be much disturbed by the call. He finished his chocolate, and answered the inquiring look I cast at this real girl, as I mentally called her.

"That's Frozzie. She's a girl." He laid such an emphasis on the "she," that I was more than ever in doubt as to my own identity. "She's silly. All girls are silly. I hate girls."

Having thus delivered himself, in a manner

that did not admit of discussion, he rolled up that part of the silver-foil which he had not eaten into a ball, and, with the aid of his thumb, shot it at me. His hands and no inconsiderable portion of his arms again became engulfed in his pockets, and he turned away to the real girl and the nurse, who were evidently somewhat impatient at his tardiness. This, however, did not accelerate his movements. I noticed that he walked as though practising something of which he was not very sure. He kept his feet wide apart, and jerked his shoulders at every step.

I watched them through the gate into the high-road, where they were lost to sight. I still kept on my knees, twisting my neck more and more, until they disappeared. I then became conscious that my position was peculiar, and I got up. My knees were sore from so much sitting, and I had screwed my head to such an extent that it was somewhat difficult to keep it straight.

The broad strips of afternoon sunshine chasing the shadows over the daisy-tops glistened on something at my feet. It was the little silver ball my sailor boy had thrown at me. I picked it up and kept it.

My mother had put me to bed that night, when I called her back, and, putting my arms round her soft neck, said—

"Mother, darling, I am a girl, am 't I?"

"Yes, Dot, of course." I was always called Dot, because I was so small.

"Really and truly?"

"Yes, Dot. Really and truly," she repeated.

"Mother!" I said again, when she had got to the door, "you're not cross, are you?"

"No, Dot."

"And, mother?"

"Well, Dot?"

"You'll marry me, won't you, when I grow up?"

"Yes, Dot, of course I will."

When I remember those innocent happy days my hands seem to grow small and awkward again, and I hear that dear old voice counting One, Two, Three, Four, and the splash of the mill-wheel down by the meadow.

CHAPTER II.

It is with a firmer touch I find myself gliding into one of those extraordinary compositions which, consisting of a minimum of music and a maximum of sound, are inseparably connected with girls who have just completed their education. I am almost

a woman now. The pile of books on the piano-stool has gradually diminished until, by degrees, I have descended into the haven of cushioned comfort. The shining face of my friend is no longer dimpled with kicks from my restless toes. My legs no longer clutch convulsively round the stool, but have at length enabled me, to my joy and others' woe, to reach the pedals. The household, having encountered with me, in my journey over the sea of harmony, a great variety of storms and, generally speaking, the dirty weather incidental to the voyage, are beginning to revive in the prospect of an early landing on the shores of concord.

My feet, as in years gone by, bring me down to the mill-stream side. I never come down here without thinking of my darling little sailor boy. I wonder what has become of him and the little girl with the curious name. I have not seen either of them since, and I am beginning to regard the whole occurrence as a species of myth or dream. Things seem to have changed in a very curious way. The mill-wheel goes on just as ever, but its voice does not sing the same song as in days gone by. I do not derive the same satisfaction from lying on the grass, and my knees are not so accommodating as they used to be. The sun shines in quite a different way, and the scene it lights up I am beginning to view in a disparaging, not to say artistic, sense.

I paint a little, or, more properly speaking, a great deal, the paint and the results being in precisely inverse ratios. Nature I regard as a ground-work, poor enough in its way, to be improved and completed by art. Looking across the little foot-bridge, over the fields beyond, with their trees on one side and the spire of the village church in the distance, I grumble to myself that nature, might just as well have put a little colour in the foreground and completed a tolerable picture. Nature, or some other power, fulfilled my wish as soon as I had formed it. Right in the spot where I had desired it there appeared a patch of brilliant scarlet. Presently I saw that it was coming towards me very fast, and I made out that it was the coat of a gentleman on horseback. I guessed at once that he had been thrown out in following the hounds, and was making a short cut across by the mill in order to get into the road which ran by the Vicarage.

To attain his object he would have to cross the stream which flowed through the meadow from side to side. It was an irregular, impulsive little brook, that bubbled along care-

less where it went, and in an easy-going way turned aside from every obstacle; so that, like all easy-going people, it was a long time in going a very short distance. Its banks were broken down and uneven, as if long ago they had given up all attempt to restrain its wayward course, and now submitted passively to be fretted and wasted away by the turbulence of its eddies. A little before it reached the mill, the task of turning the heavy wheel roused it to a temporary sense of responsibility, and it gathered its waters together in a deep silent pool; but when its duty was done it broke into a thousand bubbles of delight, and went frolicking away on the other side in a madder mood than ever.

The scarlet patch did not seem to trouble himself as to what was in the way; he rode at speed and with a confidence that made me think he knew what was in the way. His horse's head was directed for that part of the stream where, from being shallow and lively, it suddenly became sober and deep. The distance of a yard or so made all the difference between an easy leap and a space that no horse could possibly clear. The sense of danger suddenly coming into my mind, when it was too late to be of the slightest use, I thought I would warn him.

"Oh, do stop!" I screamed. "It's dreadfully deep. Do stop!"

As is generally the case under such circumstances, my advice took that particular form which, above all others, it was impossible for him to follow. Even before I shouted he saw what was in front of him, and for an instant he attempted to check his horse. But as this would only have ended in the helpless tumbling of both into the deep water, he abandoned the effort and altered his plan. He turned the horse's head up stream, and striking his spurs into its side, the animal sprang in a sideways direction right into the centre of the current. I could hear a tremendous splash, but I could see nothing, as I had covered my face with my hands. When I removed them I found that the leap had been so far successful that the horse had not slipped, and had escaped the deep water by a sufficient distance to be enabled to secure a foothold on the bottom. The rider had slipped off, and having reached the bank, was trying to get out. The sides, however, were almost perpendicular, and the scarlet coat was so heavy with the wetting it had sustained, that after making a vigorous attempt to reach safe ground, he fell back and for an instant disappeared altogether.

I have always read that young ladies be-

longing to the species known as heroines, chiefly by the aid of a peculiar fetish called the Spur of the Moment, are supplied with all sorts of handy articles for use in cases of emergency. I always fancied that I should be a good heroine, full of bravery and resource. In practical experience I found either that I was too dull, or the spur of the moment was not sharp enough, and that I was not only doing nothing, but actually not experiencing any sense of deficiency in not being able to do anything. I watched the proceedings with interest rather than with any other feeling, and it was not until the scarlet coat disappeared that I really began to be alarmed.

By way of rendering able assistance at this juncture I ran along the bank screaming—"Ah, do take care; you'll be drowned, I know you will!"

It afterwards struck me that this was not of material advantage in rendering aid. I am afraid he thought so at the time, for, when his dripping head again appeared, he used words which at another time would have shocked me very much. He styled me an idiot, and ordered me, in a somewhat contemptuous way, to give him my hand. I rushed at him at once, and hauled away as if my life depended on it. My two little hands were hardly large enough to cover his strong fingers, and my strength was so limited, that when he began to pull I shot suddenly forward, and with great difficulty saved myself from plunging in on top of him. However, at length he managed to clamber out, but I was so excited by the sense of the immense services I was rendering, that I continued to pull for some time after there was the least necessity for the exertion. How long I should have gone on tugging at him I do not know, but he settled the matter by shaking me off in such a way that I sat down suddenly and with considerable violence on the ground. I got up, with my ardour a good deal quenched, and watched him extricating his horse by leading it up the stream into a shallower part. It was not until he had accomplished this that I made another observation, and I venture to think that my previous essays in this direction were completely obscured by the brilliancy which I threw into it.

"You're regularly wet through," I said; "and so's the poor horse."

He was feeling the creature all over to discover whether it was hurt or not. He did not even stop to look at me.

"Your conversation is brilliant, but hardly

of much service to me in my present plight. Don't you think you could say something less original and more useful?"

"Yes, I can," said I, somewhat hurt by his want of courtesy. If I had been in his place I should have been humbled to the dust. "Go to the Vicarage and get dried."

"That's an improvement," he remarked, this time stopping to give me a glance of amusement; "and you'll stand improving. It won't do to go far in this state. Who lives there?"

"That's our house."

"Oh!" he replied, now actually laughing at me as he mounted his horse. "It's ours, is it? Then I'll go and see if 'ours' can lend me some dry clothes."

Off he rode, leaving me ready to cry with vexation at my own stupidity. I was conscious that I had never acted more clumsily in all my life. I hesitated for a long time, undecided whether to follow or not. I determined most firmly that I would not. He had been so rude, so completely wanting in good manners, that I could not without seeming to approve of his impertinence. It was quite true that he had a wonderfully manly air with him, and even the little I saw of him assured me that he had frank, laughing eyes and a handsome face. But I did not want to see him again. I did not want him to know that I lived at the Vicarage. I would stay where I was until I was sure he had gone—and then I started off as fast as I could to the house, in a fright lest he should have gone before I got there.

I was disappointed in more ways than one. I had delayed too long, and he had gone. He had only waited to borrow a change of clothes, and had left in a hurry lest his horse should catch cold. This was a blow to my curiosity; but what was worse was that the whole household could talk of nothing else than the gentleness of his manner and the politeness with which he had treated them. Under these circumstances I could hope for no sympathy for his treatment of me from any one. It was as much as I could do to keep myself from crying, and indeed I should have betrayed the most abominable weakness had I not sought refuge in my old friend. At it I pounded away with such violence, that it is wonderful its strings did not give way more speedily than did my annoyance.

CHAPTER III.

THERE is a pause as my memory unfolds its panorama before me, and, even with my

dear piano's aid, I am uncertain how to proceed. I can make nothing but a confusion of chords out of the tuneful voice striving to help me. By degrees the sounds assume a more definite shape, resolving into a simple air at last, sweet and timid and pleading. This is joined by-and-by with the same melody in the bass, until both are blended together in perfect unison.

It is only a week ago, and yet I am convinced that in some mysterious way my life is changed. I cannot say what course of thinking I have gone through: all I know is that it is a week since I saw him. Him! That is the key to the mystery, but to unlock it I am incapable. I have not seen him since that day. The borrowed clothes were returned by a servant's hand with a short note of thanks. It was not addressed to me; nor did it allude to me in the remotest way. Yet I was afraid to appropriate it at once, and for a couple of days I stalked it, much as a hunter does game, until it was sufficiently forgotten for me to secure it unobserved. I felt as much uncomfortable happiness in having got hold of it as if I had stolen it.

He had done nothing to make me like him: he had mocked me and treated me with indifference. I did not like him, I am sure, yet I thought of him with all my spare thoughts, and a good many which I had not to spare. I went over and over again all that had occurred in our short interview. I felt a strong desire to do something which would show him that I was not so foolish as he seemed to believe. I worked myself up to intense pitches of excitement by mental pictures in which, at the risk of my own life, I saved him from foaming torrents, from runaway horses, or from burning houses. But I always made the reservation that I was to be saved myself also. The chief part of the enjoyment would be the praise I should get afterwards.

It was in the middle of one of these imaginary scenes that I walked down to the mill-stream side, as I did every day, to indulge in that thought-feast which cannot be properly enjoyed in the midst of a busy house. I had got half-way across the meadow when, lifting my eyes, I was astonished to see him on the other side of the stream advancing towards the same spot. He and I were at equal distances from it, and he could not help but see me. I intended to have stopped by the stream, and had no object in going beyond the foot-bridge. My first impulse was to turn and run, but I felt that would be cowardly; so I proceeded

with a beating heart and faltering step. This made matters worse. His quick stride brought him to the bridge while I was yet at a little distance, and he stood there looking at me as I came up. Under this terrible ordeal the ground suddenly grew of a strangely uneven character, and my hands and arms stiff and of great weight. I was reduced to a state of helpless idiotcy by the time I had reached him, whereas it had been my hope to have retrieved my previous blunders by the extremely sensible character of my conversation. He was standing quiet and self-possessed, without even leaning on the hand-rail for support. I did not know what to do. I wanted to 'speak; and yet speech was a physical impossibility. He did not raise his hat or make any motion of greeting. He spoke as though no lapse of time had occurred since I saw him riding off towards the Vicarage.

"How was it that you did not warn me that the water was so wide? You saw what I was riding for."

This was a pleasant beginning. His aggrieved tone revived all my feelings of shame at the enormity of my conduct. I was completely overwhelmed.

"I am sure I'm very sorry," I stammered out, "but I thought that the horse thought—I mean that you thought"—and I stopped helplessly entangled in the complexity of all these thoughts.

"Thought!" he replied. "There was not much thought in it. I was told the stream could be jumped anywhere, and I took it for granted I was going at the right place or you would have warned me."

To me the idea of warning any man, especially a man on horseback, was so tremendous that I could not make any reply. The obvious retort that if I had not been there he would have jumped all the same did not suggest itself.

"Do you often come down here to lend your valuable aid to rescue drowning huntsmen?"

How could those at home have been charmed with his way of speaking? It was most cold and hard-hearted. My feeling of resentment at it made my courage return.

"I like this better than any other place in the world." I was going to say more, but I remembered that he would care nothing about my little sailor boy or any of my other fancies.

"It's a profitable way of spending time, certainly. But somewhat monotonous, is it not?"

"I'm never lonely while the wheel is turning. It always seems to chime in with what I am thinking of."

"Yes, women's thoughts are like the noisy splash of the water and the foam bubbles that burst."

"You forget that there is the wheel that is turned and the corn that is ground." I felt this remark to be bookish, and therefore worse than stupid.

"The wheel it is that does the work, as man's action puts to use the thoughts which would be wasted otherwise."

Without another word he lifted his hat a little and strode off along the path by which he had come.

I also turned and went back, glancing round every now and then to see if he were looking after me. He was less curious and did not. As I walked there came to my mind the idea that, if any one had seen us, they could have come to no other conclusion than that we had met by arrangement. What other construction could be put on our behaviour? Indeed, was it not partly true? I could not say that I had not wanted to see him again. What had he come for? It could not possibly have been for the purpose of seeing me; yet he seemed to have had no other object. His way of speaking had been very odd. Our conversation, brief as it was, had been introduced and concluded in the most abrupt way. He seemed altogether as if he had been trying to find a cause of quarrel with me. I was very angry with him, but somehow, notwithstanding, I made all sorts of excuses for him to myself.

It was all so strange that I could not bring myself to say anything to my father or sisters. I knew they would say, "Dot is romancing as usual," and would laugh at me. Besides, it was so delightful to have a secret, even though it was like having one of those things which are only dropped in advertisements, "of no use to any one but the owner."

Should I see him again? No, most certainly not. I would keep carefully from the mill-stream and never go out alone. I persuaded myself I should never think of him any more. The result was that I determinately refrained even from looking at the clock until it wanted but a few minutes to the hour when I saw him on the previous day, then I dashed to my room in a fever of impatience. I snatched up my hat and jacket, which I put on as I went down-stairs; I walked with forced soberness until I was out of sight of the windows, and then I ran with desperate haste until I got into the meadow. There

was no one in sight, and I argued to myself that I was doing no harm in visiting a spot which I seldom passed a day without seeing. Yet I could not help being possessed with a sense of deep disappointment. In my secret heart I had pictured him standing on the bridge, and I had gone over various brilliant conversations in which I had distinguished myself and astonished him. I grew angry with myself for having been so stupid as to imagine that he would be there two days in succession at the same time. His coming yesterday had been of course a coincidence.

How long I stood on the bridge turning these thoughts over in my mind I do not know, but just as I was telling myself for the twentieth time that he had spoken the simple truth when he called me an idiot, I heard a voice that made me start.

"I knew I should see you here to-day. I suppose as usual you are holding mystic conversations with the mill-wheel."

I looked into his face—such a self-reliant face as it was—and saw that he was smiling. I know I ought to have felt annoyed at his presumption, but his manner was so different, and there was so little of the mockery I noticed before, that I am afraid I was more pleased than angry.

"The mill-wheel and I are too old friends," I said, "to tell each other's secrets."

"I think I could guess one. You were asking if the mill-wheel could tell who I was?"

"No, indeed," I retorted. "Nothing of the sort. I'm not inquisitive about other people's affairs."

This was literally true. It was the last thing I had thought of. I knew his name, and I knew he was staying in the neighbourhood, but beyond that I had not cared to inquire.

"Well," said he, "in every way you seem to be an exception, and as you're such an exception, I don't mind being an exception too. I'll let you know without asking what you don't want to know. My name—"

"Oh, I know that!" I interrupted; "and you're staying with the Squire."

"I thought you were not such a wonderful exception as you pretended. You were not curious, because you knew. Now I am very curious, and I don't know. Tell me all about yourself."

This was an odd question, and directly opposed to my notions of etiquette in matters of conversation; still, I felt in a manner bound to obey. So I simply said, "I'm really Polly; but they call me Dot."

"It's not in names alone that people are not what they are said to be. I must say, however, in your case it is an improvement. Polly is a hideous name. Pollies are always fat and vulgar."

"It's not my fault," I said. "I wish we were not christened until we could pick our own names."

"It might be awkward to know what to call you in the meantime. Besides, tastes change, and you might even have chosen Polly. Who knows? I remember being very fond of the name years and years ago, when I was a small boy; but that was chiefly because I was fully determined to be a sailor. My ship was to be the lively, or the saucy, or the some other Polly, and was to carry on a commerce suggestive of a mild combination of pirate and life-boat."

"And you had a hat with it on," said I, breathless with eagerness.

"Yes," he replied; "in nautical language, a regular rig out. But how you know, I really can't see."

"You used to eat chocolate," said I, delighted with his mystification.

"I plead guilty to that degrading and immoral habit, and to all other vices inherent to youth. But I hadn't the faintest idea that my early sins were known and remembered against me in this part of the world."

"Don't you remember meeting me here when you were about so high?" and I indicated a fancy height from the ground of about two feet.

"I'm not positive that I ever was so low in the world, and I can't say that I do remember, although I seem to have known you for a very much longer time than is really the case."

"Why, you're my little sailor boy," I burst out, radiant with anticipation.

"I am sure I am only too glad to be your anything you please, so as you don't require any alteration in my size."

It was very provoking. His interest in the past was of the most languid character. I told him all that had occurred, and how I still kept the little silvery ball at home locked up in a drawer, as I had the remembrance of him locked up in my mind. He could recall none of the circumstances. He often visited the Squire when he was a boy, but could recollect little about those times.

"Except," said he, laughing, "that my love for sweets and the sea was only equalled by my contempt for anything in petticoats. Now sweets and the sea are equally repulsive to the digestive apparatus, whereas in regard

to petticoats—well, recently I have changed my mind."

"Have you still a contempt for Frozzie?"

"She is now Miss Euphrosynie: much too grand a being for anything like a pet name."

I fancied as he said this that his face grew clouded. His manner, which had been pleasant, albeit cynical, changed as though he recollected something which was disagreeable.

"Good-bye," he said, holding out his hand. "I shall see you again."

I know it was very shocking, and contrary to all rules and regulations on the subject, but I am afraid I did see him again. I am afraid I saw him again twice. I firmly decided that the mill-stream should know me no more. I am afraid that, having come to this conclusion, I would have gone on seeing him for a dozen times twice. I am afraid it was he, and not I, who put a stop to our meetings.

We met by the little wooden bridge, and he took both my hands in his, and looked earnestly into my face.

"Dot, I must not see you again."

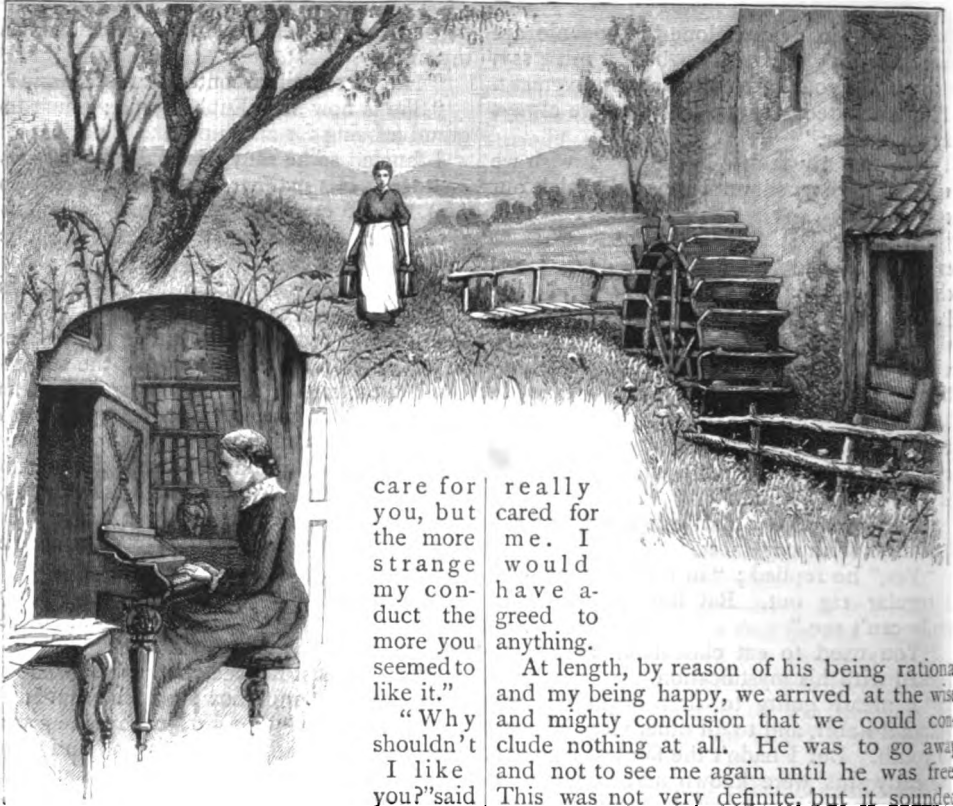
It was wonderful how he had changed in these few days. He had each time grown less and less satirical, and more and more gentle. He had even showed me such stray glimpses of his inner self as made me know him to be warm-hearted and kindly. This was the first time he had called me by my pet name, and yet it did not sound strange, as it ought to have done. I only blushed: I could say nothing.

"I know that you love me, Dot," he went on, "or you would not have come here as you have done. It is so, is it not?"

Surely this was wonderfully out of the ordinary course of events. The proper thing for him to have done was to have fallen on his knees, swearing that he madly adored me, and that he would kill himself, or me, or both of us, if I did not immediately adore him. He had said nothing about himself, and had transferred all the responsibility of the situation to me. I suppose I ought to have resented this, but I think I have shown that I was not clever enough. And as I was only stupid I simply answered the truth.

"Yes, I do. I could not help it. You made me."

"I could not help it either, Dot. I tried to prevent myself from loving you. I was cross with myself for what I thought was mere weakness. I was more angry with myself when I found it was a weakness over which I had no control. I did not want to



care for you, but the more strange my conduct the more you seemed to like it."

"Why shouldn't I like you?" said I shyly.

really cared for me. I would have agreed to anything.

At length, by reason of his being rational and my being happy, we arrived at the wise and mighty conclusion that we could conclude nothing at all. He was to go away and not to see me again until he was free. This was not very definite, but it sounded nice, and there was a smack of self-sacrifice about it that was positively delicious.

"Good-bye, Dot," he said at last. "I must not ask you to wait for me. I shall only tell you that I shall come back."

He touched my cheek lightly with his lips and in a moment was gone. Surely this was not a lover's parting; yet my heart danced within me as I kept repeating, "He kissed me, he kissed me;" and to break upon that happy chant there was no thought that we should never meet again.

I know this simple record of a simple event in an uneventful life has nothing but its simplicity to recommend it. But I know that, commonplace and uninteresting to those who happen to be spectators, to those who are under its influence there is no more marvellous wonder than the power of love.

CHAPTER IV.

MY music has advanced a further stage. I do not now practise: I play. I have become fastidious, and look on music as something high and spiritual, which common souls degrade to a pastime. I laugh with contempt at what I once thought beautiful. I unearth from my old music a piece which

"Is it very wrong?"

"Very," he gravely replied. "Could not be worse."

Then he went on to tell me that he was poor, and entirely dependent on the generosity of his uncle, the Squire. Poor, not from any fault of his own, but because he was not allowed to do anything for himself. And poorer still because the Squire had set his heart on making him marry Euphrasyie.

"But there is this comfort," he added. "Frozzie and I hate one another desperately, and we have sworn to continue to do so until death us do part. Up to the present we have managed to postpone the evil day."

"I hate Frozzie too," said I heartily. "I hated her ever since I knew that she had white stockings and I had not."

"Yours is quite as good a reason, and is based on as great knowledge, as half the hatreds in Christendom. But hating Frozzie won't help us, Dot."

I felt that it would not, so we discussed the matter rationally. That is to say, he was rational and therefore gloomy. I was too happy to be rational or anything else but astonished that, silly and stupid as I was, he

once was my pride. It is called "The Flowers of the Glen," probably because the air, as typical of the flowers, is minute and difficult to find on account of the glen, as represented by the embellishments, being so large and so thickly wooded. I wonder how any human being with ears could ever have found delight in listening to it. I scorn the very name of "pieces." I touch nothing under a sonata or a fugue, or something with movements to it. By these indications I perceive that it is twelve months since I saw him. By Him of course I mean

my little sailor boy. I have not told his name, nor do I mean to. For me he was and always has been Him, and that must be sufficient for others.

He did not ask me to wait, but I am waiting. He did say he would come back, and I know he will keep his promise. I have not pined for him: if I am honest I must confess that for several days at a time I have not even thought of him. I have not considered it wrong to enjoy myself whenever I could get the chance. I am in these respects in opposition to the average love-



"The most charming picture I had ever seen."

stricken maid, but that I cannot help. I have really very little ground for thought. I have a little silvery ball, a polite note not written to me, and the memory of a kiss. But that is enough, and my love is not dead. It but sleeps, acquiring new strength by its repose, and a touch will waken it to fuller life than ever.

I know this, because the touch has come from a clumsy hand. There is nothing so cruel to love as love itself, and this is the hand of love. Somebody else has actually been infatuated by my transcendent charms. I shall not tell you who Somebody is, but he

is not like my little sailor boy. The most flattering word he ever said to me was "Dot," whereas Somebody's leisure time must be mainly consumed in constructing phrases expressive of his deep admiration. He is also obsequiously polite, and very much in awe of me. His most daring familiarity is "Miss Dot," and he blushes when he says it. My little sailor boy told me unpleasant truths, and said there was room for improvement. Somebody believes I am far beyond perfection, and that when I was manufactured all the faulty materials were left out by accident. He does not make any secret of

his condition. He is, so to speak, gorged with love; yet he will persist in continuing to come as if glorying in his gluttony. So far from being flattered, I begin to entertain feelings of forgiveness to those who prematurely take on themselves the troubles of another world. But every one else is delighted. I feel conscious that he is aided and abetted by all, and all seem to derive much benefit from his case. Certainly our family do. My younger brothers plunder him continually, and become more and more rapacious as he becomes weaker. I overhear one of them telling him, when he has been more reluctant than usual in submitting to their extortion, "If you don't give me a shilling I'll tell Dot you're awful mean." This threat produces from the victim double the required sum, the extra amount being given with a view to propitiation. My sisters, on being privately requested to furnish my size in gloves, not only give the information required, but supply the fullest details as to their own wants in the same branch, together with an extensive appendix of other articles, which they suggest would be useful to them. It is curious that servants, not hitherto noted for an over-exact virtue, become suddenly afflicted with conscientious scruples, when I hint that I am not at home.

Poor Somebody! I was unhappy with him because I liked him. I should have been very wretched but that in my stupidity I did what was as effective as if it had been an act of the highest diplomacy. Before there could be a mistake I told him the truth, and, good fellow that he was, when he heard me say I liked him very much as a friend, he knew precisely what I meant. It was as though a fence had been raised between us. He never attempted to break it down or get over: yet he had not the courage to run away altogether.

I grew accustomed to him. In fact, I believe I should rather have missed his quiet devotion after a time. I am even now curious to know whether, in that chapter of accidents which occupies so large a part in the book of our lives, whether, if I turned to that leaf, I should not find written a "might have been." To me now it seems impossible; but who shall say what time and the hour cannot run through? They can soften to me the memory of the rudest shock that fate ever dealt me. It came from him—poor Somebody—in his desire to supply me with news that he believed would be as interesting to me as, under the circumstances, it was to him.

There was to be a grand wedding at the Squire's—Euphrosyne the bride, and he, my little sailor boy, the favoured groom.

"They have long been engaged," said Somebody, "and have known each other from childhood."

When news of this kind comes I believe it is customary for people to faint; as it was the correct thing I did not do it. I did not change colour; I continued to speak for some time; I do not think that my inflection wavered. But I know that suddenly I forgot Somebody, and the existence of everybody else. I got up without explanation, and quietly walked to my room. I remember going straight to the looking-glass, and examining my appearance for some little time. I noted that my hair was a little untidy, and I arranged it with the utmost care. I was extremely particular as to the exact sit of my hat. There must have been something strange about me nevertheless, for at the bottom of the stairs Somebody was waiting for me, and looking anxious.

"Is there anything the matter?" he said, and he raised his hand gently, as though he would have laid it on my arm.

"Don't touch me. Let me pass." I replied, with such passion that I remarked it myself in an independent way, as though my voice had not formed the words.

He drew back alarmed. "Have I offended you?" he said timidly.

"No."

He came after me to the door, and seemed as if he were about to accompany me. I turned on him with a ferocity which was even more astonishing to myself than it must have been to him.

"Don't dare to follow me or I'll hate you."

Mechanically I sought the spot where all my life I had been accustomed to soothe my anger and relieve my sorrows. But at last I had a grief which required something more than change of scenery to soften. I listened in vain for the plash of the mill-wheel. It was silent, and the water ran idly through the open sluice. I leaned upon the railings of the bridge, and looked into the deep pool beneath. There was a curled and faded leaf blown about on the surface, and I gazed at it intently until I knew by heart all its shades and markings. And still I looked and looked. I did not think of what I had heard; I rather examined myself to see what was its effect on me, or whether it had any effect or not. I asked myself if I was sorry, and I decided that I could not be, or

else I should have felt inclined to cry. Then I remembered that mad people never shed tears, and I wondered whether I was going mad. There were no symptoms of madness in my unnatural calm. I was so collected that I concealed even from myself the raging torrent that must have warred within. I felt glad of the silence around me, glad that the wheel had stopped. The hours went by, and still I looked into the water.

A step sounded near me; I waited for it to pass and leave me alone again. It came behind me and stopped. I felt two hands placed on my eyes, and heard a man's voice, "Guess."

It was Somebody, who, despite my threat, had thus dared to intrude on my grief. I knew then that my calm was but forced. I boiled with rage. I wrenched myself from his grasp and struck at him with all my force. I choked in finding words to crush him.

"How dare you!" and I stopped to find I was mistaken.

It was not Somebody. It was he—my little sailor boy, mine no longer. And this was the meeting which for twelve long months I had dreamt of.

How well I remember that scene! He, quiet as ever, with no expression of amazement, but very grave as he gazed at me; I crimson with passion, leaning back on the hand-rail for support. He, as ever masterful, and assuming the appearance of right; I, with the worst of weaknesses upon me.

"I told you I would come back," said he bitterly, "and I have come. It seems I need not have troubled my conscience to keep my promise. My reception is warmer than I expected."

His cold, self-assertive tones cut me to the quick. My passion, which needed to find a vent somewhere, turned the flood on him which I had meant to expend on Somebody. I poured out on him all my pent-up feelings, incoherently, violently, unjustly.

He let me run on without interposing until I had completely exhausted myself; then he said quietly—

"I did not suppose you would speak in a reasonable way. But perhaps you will try and listen to reason, even if you cannot speak it."

"I will not listen to anything; you have no excuse for what you have done. I see now what your object was when you told me you could not ask me to wait. You wished to taunt me with having left me free, so that I might have no hold upon you."

"If you will not listen, that puts an end to the whole matter. I simply tell you that you are mistaken. I might use if I chose a much harsher expression."

"I have made a mistake that will cost me dearly—a mistake to believe you serious, to trust in you when I felt that what I was doing was not right; to wait through all these months happy in half a promise to keep me from despair."

"Well," said he, at length somewhat roused, "if you have made up your mind, it is useless to argue with you."

"Quite," I replied. "Let it end."

There was evidently a conflict of passion in his mind too. He walked hastily away for a dozen steps, then came as hastily back. He came quite close to me and spoke most earnestly.

"Look here, Dot; I'm not going to let my impulse or your passion make us both unhappy. I assure you there is some mistake. Perhaps it is my fault that I have been silent all this time, but believe me I thought I was doing right. For the sake of the few happy moments I have spent with you here, let me at least know what this means."

My passion, which had been purely a spasmodic outbreak, was fast giving way to an inclination to cry.

"I cared little for your silence," said I. "I could have endured that, but I have heard the news."

"Well," said he eagerly, "and don't you see how that alters things? I shall not have to trouble any more about money now. Frozzie and I are able to agree at last."

"So I have heard," I replied, with a feeble attempt at sarcasm, "and I congratulate you both."

"Both?" he repeated. "Good heavens! you didn't suppose that Frozzie was going to marry me?"

"Not you!" I stammered; "but the name, and you've known each other since you were children?"

"I told you there was a mistake," he said, and his face grew bright. "You poor little Dot, I don't wonder that you treated me as you have done."

He took hold of both my hands in his, and, though inclined to doubt I would have withdrawn them, held them tightly.

"Thank goodness, I'm not the only man in our family. Because Frozzie did not like me, there was no reason why she should not like my brother. She has liked him to some purpose, for she has got the Squire to like

him too. So, Dot, the only thing left for us is to follow their example."

"Are you sure you have not forgotten me all this time, and that it's all true?"

"True, Dot, as I ever hope to be."

"Quite—quite true," said I, just as I would have done to my mother years ago, with childish confidence in her word.

And he answered, as she would have done—"Yes, Dot, quite—quite true."

I hid my face in his coat and sobbed as if my heart would break. He folded me in

his arms and let me cry, for he knew that mine were tears of joy.

The mill-wheel, as if moved with sudden sympathy, began to turn, and sang to me a happier song than ever I had heard before. I hear that song now as I have heard it for these many years. I hear it as my old friend has sung it to me through all Time's shadows and sunshine. I hope that we shall hear it—my sailor boy and I—when its earthly music, silenced here, shall rise again for us in everlasting harmonies.

CHARLES J. CORKRAN.

HOME LIFE AMONGST THE LANCASHIRE OPERATIVES.

BY A LANCASHIRE PARSON.

IT was one of the theories of Charles Kingsley, I believe, that the close, confined work of the mill was bearing its evil fruit in the reduction of both the height and the physical vigour of the men of Lancashire; and it is noticeable to even the most unscientific eye that there is a marked difference in physical development, both for height and strength, between the inhabitants of the manufacturing and the agricultural parts of the county. This, unhappily, is not the only penalty Lancashire pays for its commercial prosperity, and it would excite more remonstrance only that we have all got too reconciled to the ugly fact—that the demands of our modern life are met by the suffering and the pain of our fellow-men. But when we purchase our prosperity by the sacrifice of that home life, proverbially sacred to Englishmen, around which our holiest traditions are clustered, and by the demoralization of the men and women of the next generation, it may be fairly questioned if we are not getting our prosperity at too great a cost. To thousands of children in this populous county who are growing into the human bone and muscle of our future trade and manufacture the word "home," in its ordinary English sense, is a word that is practically meaningless, and is slowly but surely getting elbowed out of their vocabulary altogether. It might be defined as a red-brick house opening off a narrow street and containing four or five little rooms, rented by two persons whom the child seldom sees in daylight, and known respectively as "father" and "mother," which is locked up in the morning when the mill-bell goes for work, and is open again at night when he gets his supper and goes to bed. It will be borne in mind that I am not writing of the lazy, thrift-

less sections of the population, common to every large town, and from which the criminal classes are regularly recruited, but of the honest, well-doing, hard-working mill operatives—the class of people by whom the wealth of Lancashire is made. The writer of this article has no wish to draw a picture in dark colours, and he has no benevolent hobbies to ventilate. He will a "round unvarnished tale deliver," describing without a touch of exaggeration things as they exist in the large town in which his lot is cast, and trying, with a scrupulously faithful hand, to show the social and domestic side of that enormous prosperity, of which big bales of cotton and splendid machinery are the unquestioned symbols. The district in which I perform my pastoral functions may be said to be exclusively inhabited by mill-hands; there is not a house anywhere about bigger than my own, and nothing meets the eye but the monotonous double rows of little red-brick cottages, so fatiguing to the eyes, forming themselves into long narrow streets paved with rough stones, relieved here and there by a tall black chimney shooting up into the sky and remorselessly puffing out its volumes of black smoke, as if it had laid a wager with its rival of the next mill that it could beat it in polluting the atmosphere, utterly regardless of the shower of "blacks" they send down, to the distraction of the tidy housewife and the enthusiastic gardener. But our town must not be supposed to be one of the worst of the manufacturing class, for, on the contrary, it is allowed on every hand to be one of the best, and you might live in one quarter of it without knowing, except for the occasional waves of smoke that darken the atmosphere when the wind is in a certain direction, that you

were near manufacture at all. The natives of the place are very proud of their county history and aristocratic traditions, and it was a long time before they would condescend to notice the encroachments of spinning and weaving, and allow themselves to be classed as a manufacturing town; and as things are we can still boast of a good sprinkling of county families in our neighbourhood. There can be no doubt that this has acted beneficially on the operative portion of the community; and if the disease that is eating into the sanctity of our domestic life has spread to us we have still the comfort, such as it is, that we are not the worst.

Early marriages are nowhere so common as in the prosperous manufacturing districts, a fact which one's observation alone could substantiate were it not so amply proved by the returns of the Registrar-General. Boys and girls not out of their teens, but earning big wages and having their feeling of independence prematurely developed by the absence of home life, get united in holy wedlock at a time of life when, in the higher ranks of society, they have not left school nor begun to think of a calling. Nineteen and twenty are very usual ages for getting married, and even two and three years younger are not so infrequent as they ought to be, while the pale faces and half-developed looks make it a spectacle painful to look upon; the result being that men and women are elevated into the dignity of grandparents before they have well entered middle life.

Saturday is the favourite day for getting married because it is a short one, and the ceremony can be got through with a minimum of loss—a thing certain to be considered by a thrifty operative. The town is paraded for a few hours in cheap tawdry finery of glaring colours, which can never serve any useful purpose again; perhaps one of the watering places is visited if it be fine; and on Monday morning by the stroke of six the newly married couple may be found at their looms in defiance of all poetry and romance, and the wear and tear of life begin with them once more in real earnest. Marriage makes no alteration in the position of the wife so far as mill work is concerned; she puts in her ten hours a day now as she did before. Indeed she has incomparably the worst of the bargain, for when the day's work is over, it is her privilege to light the fire at home, get the supper ready, and do the necessary household work, while it is the prerogative of the husband to use his leisure according to his own sweet will. When the

time comes for the baby to be born, the mother-expectant withdraws from the mill for a few weeks, and when she is well enough to resume her place at the loom, the baby is placed in the care of some old crone, who is past work herself and ekes out sufficient to live on by taking charge of five or six of these luckless babies for the consideration of a shilling or two a week, according to the age. The stipulations in the bargain are very exact: the child is not to be brought before six in the morning, nor remain after six at night, while the old body is relieved altogether on Sunday of her duties as deputy.

The evils of this mode of life must suggest themselves to every reflective mind, yet it is easier to name them than point out the remedy. The child being deprived of its mother's care, seldom seeing her during its waking hours, there is no chance of that instinctive attachment and bond of affection being formed which insensibly grow up between mother and child, and constitute the very life and strength of a mother's influence. Can any one be surprised at the prevalence of infant mortality, where such a state of things exists, to such a degree as to be sometimes quite alarming? During a fortnight's cemetery duty in the early autumn, and in the absence of any epidemic, out of nineteen funerals only four were over the age of seven, and the large majority were mere infants. The proportion in this instance was no doubt above the average; but it points to a very serious condition of affairs. There is no place in the three kingdoms where the Crèche would be so serviceable, but in these manufacturing towns it is practically unknown, and it is a pitiful sight to see the little toddling things, dirty and neglected-looking, too young for the notice of the School Board authorities, filling the long narrow streets and catering for their own amusement, with no open door to run into or mother's voice to cheer them, and conveying to a stranger an impression of belonging to a much lower social grade than is really the case, for they are the children of hardworking, honest, respectable people, of whom nevertheless the plain truth must be told, that they sacrifice their offspring for gain. As soon as the proper time comes they are sent to the day-school, then in due course they are drafted into the mill as half-timers, and finally, at an age cruelly too young for such close confining work, when they should still be alternately in the school-house and playground, legal rights are claimed for them, and they are doomed to ten hours a day in

the mill. The big wages that can be earned by lads and lassies no doubt form the temptation to this mercenary conduct on the part of the parents, who, acting in this way with their children, are only following out the course that was pursued with themselves, and it would be worse but for the merciful restraints of modern legislation.

Early marriages are to be expected under the baneful influences of a system where every appliance exists to force on unnaturally self-dependence from the very cradle onwards; but early marriages are not the only injurious results from a state of things that makes boys and girls men and women too soon.

Married women seldom think of forsaking the mill while their family is increasing, unless indeed the number of little children, who must not be left altogether without some one to take care of them, should be so large as to make it as cheap to stay at home as to pay a substitute, and their only hope of release is from some of the elder children being able to supply their mother's place. I could name more than one case, where the aggregate yearly earnings of the family are nearer three than two hundred pounds. Still the mother trudges off to the mill daily along with her husband and her grown-up sons and daughters. The other day in my pastoral rounds I called on a woman who had lost a daughter from dyspepsia—a very common ailment amongst the families of the mill hands—and in the course of conversation it came out that her age was forty-eight (of which forty had been spent in the mill), and that the death of the girl had disappointed a long-cherished hope of release from her life-long drudgery, which was now indefinitely postponed, until at least a little girl of ten had grown old enough to take her place. The mill is the unfailing resort for employment, and is much preferred by the female section of the community to domestic service, on account of the greater freedom and better pay, for a smart young weaver or spinner is soon expert enough to earn 18s. or 21s. per week, besides having her evenings and Sundays all to herself. Talk of money-hunters in the better classes of society, the "lass" with the sturdy frame and the deft hand to earn big wages, like the boy with the cake, will have many friends, anxious to be placed on even a more familiar footing!

There is another phase in the home-life of the operatives that breeds bad results. Unlike the puddlers and furnacemen of South Staffordshire, who seek compensation for

their hard work in sumptuous fare, the diet of the operatives is neither wholesome nor nutritious. In the larger proportion of cases, a properly cooked dinner is a luxury only seen once a week; while tea, being convenient to carry and easy to prepare, is the staple article, with such relish to the bread as a rasher of bacon may give. The children at school come off no better than their parents at the mill; and in the home only one meal a day is partaken of by the family together, except on Sunday. If the people of Lancashire are degenerating physically, some of the causes at least will be found in the facts here stated. Yet there is no lack of money, and in no part of the country are excursions and picnics more common, with all the other signs of a rough plenty arising from large earnings. Our gigantic manufacture is doing something worse than that which Mr. Ruskin deplors—defacing our lovely landscapes by its great chimneys and their black smoke, polluting the rivers and poisoning the fish—it is eating slowly but surely into the home life of the nation, casting the children of the working classes on the street, motherless and fatherless in all respects but the name, setting a task to week-day and Sunday-schools they cannot accomplish; and it is doing all this in the name of trade, and thrift, and industry—a terrible sacrifice, covering our boasted civilisation with shame. An inspection of any minister's visiting list will show how prevalent is this evil of absenteeism on the part of the mother, and a few questions put to the children in any day-school will bring out painfully how few of them see their parents except for an hour or two at night before they go to bed. What can be expected of children, morally or physically, who are thus left to their own devices? No one can be surprised that drunkenness with its companion vices should be so fearfully prevalent, for what comfort is there in the people's homes to counteract the attractions of the public-house? Besides the cheerlessness of a house that has been empty all day, there is a want of the womanly tenderness and sympathy that give brightness to the poorest home, for the wife, as well as her husband, has been out all day fighting her own hard battle, and she has nothing to spare for him, for she is as wearied and tired as he is. They are bread-winners equally with their husbands, and, alas! we are almost ashamed to say it, but it is true, in too many cases they are men in every respect but the sex. In observing the young women going to and

from the mill, our mental reflection when watching their rough ways and *mannish* habits has been, "Yes, you have independence, you have your evenings and Sundays free, but you buy them at too high a price."

When you speak on the subject to any large employer of labour, he acknowledges

the existence of the evil, but he cannot help you to a remedy; meanwhile it continues its ravages, and those who notice them most do not see how the evil is to be stopped, while they see but too plainly what a barrier it is to the growth of the best interests of the people.

POISON IN COMMON THINGS.

BY PROFESSOR P. A. SIMPSON, M.A., M.D.

II.—IN OUR FOOD.

THE atmospheric impurities which we have already considered are wholly of accidental origin. They consist mainly of products of animal and vegetable life, and of substances incidental to certain trades and manufactures. But in the case of the food we eat, in addition to impurities from disease, putrefactive change, decay, or the accidental admixture of noxious substances, there are various adulterations practised intentionally for the purposes of gain whereby the food becomes more or less poisonous. Let us briefly glance at a few of these sources of impurity, and see to what extent science enables us to detect them. Mr. John Gamgee expresses his belief that as much as one-fifth part of the common meat of the country—beef, veal, mutton, lamb, and pork—comes from animals which are considerably diseased. His investigations go to show that horned cattle affected with pleuropneumonia are, much oftener than not, slaughtered on account of the disease, and when slaughtered are commonly eaten, even though the lung-disease has made such progress as notably to taint the carcase; that animals affected with foot-and-mouth disease are not often slaughtered on account of it, but if slaughtered, are uniformly eaten; that the presence of parasites in the flesh of an animal never influences the owner against selling it for food; that carcasses too obviously ill-conditioned for exposure in the butcher's shop are abundantly sent to the sausage-maker, or sometimes pickled and dried; that some sausage-makers will utilise even the most diseased organs which can be furnished to them. Fortunately, the appearance of good fresh meat is known to most people. It should be firm and elastic when touched, scarcely moistening the finger; it should have a marbled appearance from the

ramifications of little layers of fat among the muscles, and no odour beyond that which characterises fresh meat. When allowed to stand for some time the surface becomes dry. Bad meat on the other hand is wet and sodden, and continues so; it has moreover a sickly odour. When the flesh has a deep purple tint, it is probable that the animal has not been slaughtered, or else that it has suffered from some fever. We may lay it down in theory at all events that it is only the meat of healthy animals that have been slaughtered which is fit for the food of man, and yet there can be no doubt that the meat obtained from sickly and even diseased animals has sometimes been eaten with impunity. It is beyond question that the eating of meat of this description has often been followed by poisonous symptoms, but it is equally certain that these are by no means the invariable result. This apparent anomaly has given rise to much controversy, and a solution of it is only to be arrived at by having regard to the exact nature of the disease, and the stage to which it has progressed.

The divergence of opinion as to wholesome meat has been greatest with reference to the pleuro-pneumonia of cattle; an infectious disease, in which the poison is carried off by the lungs. Some authorities have held "that the consumption of the flesh of cattle slaughtered in the early stages of pleuro-pneumonia is perfectly harmless, and that the destruction of such meat is a wasteful expenditure of a material which is capable of supplying a perfectly wholesome animal food." But an overwhelming majority of scientific observers are of opinion that there is no reliable evidence to prove that the flesh of pleuro-pneumonic cattle has not produced injurious effects, but, on the contrary, that such results have sometimes followed; and hence that the flesh of animals affected with

this disease in any stage should not, under any circumstances, be permitted to be sold for human food.

The eruptive fever termed "foot-and-mouth disease," although rarely fatal, has been a source of great loss to this country, amounting in the year 1872, according to evidence given before a select committee of the House of Commons, to not less than twelve millions sterling. We have no proof that the flesh of animals affected with this disease has proved injurious to health, but there is abundant evidence that serious mouth affections have frequently been produced in children fed upon milk obtained from such sources. The observations made during various outbreaks of cattle plague, or rinderpest, both in Great Britain and on the Continent, are somewhat conflicting, but it is certain that in all of these a large quantity of meat thus diseased was consumed as food. When injurious results did not follow the eating of such food the disease would seem not to have advanced beyond the earliest stage; but in any case the consumption of such food is never safe except after thorough cooking.

There is a disease called "splenic apoplexy," to which cattle are subject, and there has been much controversy as to whether the flesh of such animals is fit for human food. It certainly has been often eaten with impunity, but, on the other hand, the consumption of it has frequently been followed by disastrous consequences. Moreover the blood of animals in this condition, coming in contact with cuts or abrasions of the skin of persons engaged in the process of killing or cutting up of them, has very frequently caused fatal blood-poisoning. On both grounds, therefore, the flesh of animals dying of this disease should be condemned.

What is termed "Braxy" is a febrile disease which in Scotland is very fatal to sheep. The flesh of sheep dying of this disease is freely eaten by Highland shepherds, and although the custom of steeping it in brine for two months seems to render it comparatively harmless as an article of food, yet such serious consequences have so frequently followed from the use of it, that it must be regarded as a highly dangerous food for man.

There are various forms of animal parasites which occasionally infest the flesh of pigs, oxen, and sheep; and when this flesh is eaten the parasites find a soil suitable not only for life, but even for further development. These parasites may be easily seen by examining the flesh of the animal by the

microscope, and sometimes they exist in such numbers that, when the flesh which contains them is cut into, a crackling sound is produced. One of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most deadly of these parasites is the trichina, as found in man. This trichina has its origin in a thread-like worm, varying in length from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch, termed the trichina spiralis ($\theta\rho\iota\chi\iota\sigma$ —a hair), which makes its home in the flesh of any animal, but which is found most frequently in the pig. Of all situations its most favourite seat is the muscles of the eye, and hence the sausage-makers in Germany profess to have these muscles specially examined by an expert before making use of the flesh of the animal. Pork, when infested by the trichina, is generally dark-coloured, owing to the inflammation which this parasite sets up in its immediate neighbourhood; and it is also speckled, owing to the presence of the parasites themselves, which, appearing as small white bodies, are just visible to the naked eye. Although the presence of this parasite is not limited to the flesh of any one animal, its disastrous effects have hitherto been observed only in man. So long as it remains embedded in the muscles of one of the lower animals, it leads a life of idleness and does not seem to produce any serious mischief. But as soon as this meat is used as food for any animal, it finds in the stomach a soil suitable for its development. The slender envelope in which it is encased becomes dissolved by the gastric juice; after a lapse of about a week the development of the germ is complete, and in the course of another month the ova have increased and multiplied a hundredfold. The worms having been thus set free penetrate the stomach, and find their way into every muscle throughout the body. Here they are again encased in slender envelopes, ready as before to propagate themselves in any other animal using this trichinous flesh as food. It is in man, however, that the trichina finds the most congenial soil, and it is here, as we have said, that its most terrible results are noticed. In a few days after eating trichinous meat symptoms of irritant poisoning make their appearance. After a week or so intense fever occurs, while the migrations of the parasites through the muscles give rise to excruciating pains, or even paralysis from destruction of the muscular tissue. These cases generally end fatally, but sometimes nature arrests the progress of the worms by barricading them in slender coverings, in which case the patient may partially or

wholly recover. The smoking or salting of meat does not destroy the vitality of the trichina; the only antidote consists in thorough cooking, whereby, owing to a high temperature, the germs are rendered harmless. But all meat containing animal parasites, which are apt to infest man, should be condemned as unfit for human food.

It may be laid down as a general principle that meat, fish, or poultry in a state of decay cannot be eaten with safety, since symptoms of irritant poisoning have so frequently arisen from this cause. But a little consideration will show us the impossibility of drawing a hard and fast line upon this point. We relish venison which has partially undergone decay, while we at once reject beef or mutton in a similar condition. Again, poultry to be palatable must be fresh, yet we do not scruple to eat game which is far advanced in decomposition. There is no doubt that in many cases we are guided by our palates in determining what food is wholesome for us; for while many of us eat mouldy cheese a Chinaman will swallow bad eggs, and some races enjoy fish which we should consider putrid. Even as regards oysters, which are generally relished in proportion to their freshness, it is sometimes a matter of taste. For example, it is recorded of the first monarch of the House of Hanover that he objected to the English native oyster as being deficient in flavour. It was privately suggested by a shrewd courtier that the native oyster should be allowed to become somewhat stale before being brought to the royal table. The king at once recognised the flavour which had always pleased him so much at Herrenhausen, and gave orders that in future he should always be supplied from that particular bed. The absence of evil consequences after eating food which has undergone a certain amount of decay is doubtless due in many cases to the completeness of the cooking process; but this does not militate against the general rule that food in any stage of decay is unwholesome and should be avoided. Of late years there have been many cases of poisonous symptoms arising from the use of canned meats. The cause appears mainly to have been improper methods of canning, or of the use of meat that was tainted before being canned. An examination of the outside of the can is our only available guide as regards this class of article. The head of the can should be slightly concave, whereas if it be convex it shows that decomposition has commenced within the can. Sometimes through careless soldering the preserved articles be-

come contaminated with lead, and poisoning by this substance is the result.

There is a not infrequent form of accidental poisoning, owing to the action of certain foods upon copper vessels when these are used for culinary purposes. It has been found that metallic copper undergoes no change by contact with water unless air is present, in which case a salt of copper is formed. But if the water contain an acid such as vinegar, or common salt, or if there be oily or fatty matter in contact with the metal, a copper salt is freely formed, and the liquid or fat acquires a more or less green colour. If the copper vessel be kept perfectly clean, and the food prepared in it be allowed to cool in vessels not made of copper, there is not much risk of its acquiring a poisonous impregnation; nevertheless, no acid, saline, fatty, or oily liquid should be prepared as an article of food in a copper vessel. When jams and jellies are prepared in copper vessels and allowed to cool in them a green crust of verdigris may be observed to form on the copper vessel, just above where the acid syrup comes in contact with the air. This source of danger has been met by causing the copper vessels to be lined with tin, but the tin in time becomes corroded, and then the copper surface is exposed to the action of any acids contained in the food. Domestic poisoning by means of copper was formerly advocated by the authors of cookery books, who advised that in the cooking of certain vegetables a few halfpence should be boiled with them "to give them a fine green colour." This principle has been too often adopted in the preparation of pickles and preserved green fruits, the bright green colour being found to have a great attraction for consumers, and there have been numerous instances of poisoning in this way. An easy method of detecting copper impregnation in pickles and preserved fruits consists in the insertion of a clean steel needle, which after a time by galvanic action will become coated with copper.

Milk is perhaps the most important article of food entering into daily use, since it forms the entire, or almost entire, food of children at an age when they are but little able to resist any tampering with their nourishment; but the purity of milk has also an important bearing upon the health of the community at large, since in addition to adulterations which it occasionally contains, it is now known to be a ready absorbent of certain poisonous emanations producing dis-

ease or death in persons using it as food. The adulterations of milk are few in number, and for the most part easy of detection. It was formerly supposed that calves' brains were added to milk to impart richness and consistency to it. But apart from the fact that the supply of calves' brains would be wholly insufficient for this purpose, the admixture would require very clever manipulation to prevent detection by the purchaser. It is equally unlikely that chalk is a frequent adulteration of milk, for the chalk, from its weight and insolubility, would at once sink to the bottom of the vessel, where its presence would easily be recognised. Practically the adulteration of milk consists in the addition of water or the abstraction of the cream in whole or in part, and the sale of the residue as new milk.* But although by the addition of water milk is rendered less nutritious, it does not become poisonous, and we have therefore only to consider under what conditions it may become unsafe as an article of food. Milk sometimes becomes mouldy owing to the presence of a fungus—the *Oidium Lactis*, or *Penicillium*—and its use when in that condition has occasionally produced poisonous symptoms of a serious character. Whether the milk obtained from animals suffering from foot-and-mouth disease gives rise in man to any disorders is still a disputed point; at all events it frequently has been made use of without any ill effects being induced. It is certain, however, that pigs are almost invariably seized with the same disease in a few hours when fed with the milk of animals thus affected, and its presence in sheep and hares may be accounted for by their having fed upon herbage tainted with the saliva of diseased cattle. Various epidemics which have occurred in England and Scotland make it quite clear that milk is sometimes a means of conveying the poisons of typhoid fever and of scarlet fever. In the former case it has probably most frequently arisen from the watering of the milk or the rinsing of the milk vessels with foul water containing the elements of the disease; but sometimes it has arisen from the typhoid effluvia being absorbed by the milk. The scarlet fever poison would appear to get into the milk from the skin or throat discharges of persons affected with the disease who were employed in the dairy while ill or partly convalescent.

* Some idea of the extent to which this "cow with the iron tail" is resorted to may be gathered from an ingenious calculation, which goes to show that the number of cows supplying London with milk is not more than sufficient to provide each person with about a tablespoonful of pure milk per day.

III.—IN THE WATER WE DRINK.

The importance of an abundant supply of good water for domestic purposes is, at the present time, a subject which needs no discussion. In spite of the magnitude of the water-works of the Romans, Greeks, and other ancient peoples, their aqueducts, storage reservoirs, and public baths, and in spite of the lavishness of the supply for public uses and in the houses of the rich, it is probable that there never has been such general and widespread interest as there is to-day in the matter of water supply as a sanitary necessity, not only to the community as a whole, but also to the individuals, no matter how poor, who make up the community. Absolutely pure water is never found in Nature's laboratory. The whitest snow, the clearest rain-water, the most transparent ice, all contain air, small quantities of salts, and a little organic matter. Indeed it is only by special processes, carried out with great care, that chemists can obtain water which is chemically pure. Fortunately for us, however, water, which after air, is certainly the most important requirement of our existence, need not be chemically pure. It is sufficient that the impurities in the water we drink, as in the air we breathe, do not exceed certain limits which scientific research enables us pretty accurately to define. Water which exceeds these limits of impurity has long been recognised as one of the most powerful causes of disease, but it is only recently that minute investigation has succeeded in showing the terrible mortality which it inflicts on all classes of the community. There are, moreover, strong grounds for believing that further and more minute research will show impure water to be even a more formidable evil than it is at present known to be. The danger which lurks in foul water varies according to circumstances; it may lead to a fatal result, or it may only produce a general impairment of health without giving rise to any definite disease. The sources of danger consist of (1st) an excess of mineral constituents, and (2nd) the presence of organic matter, either of vegetable or animal origin.

A good drinking water should possess the following physical characters: it should be entirely free from colour, taste, or odour; it should moreover be cool, well aerated, soft, bright, and entirely free from all deposit. But it should be remembered that a water having all these physical characters may yet be more or less polluted by organic matter owing to the proximity of drains and sewers.

Mineral Ingredients.—The *hardness* or *softness* of a water depends upon the amount of mineral ingredients which it contains. These mainly consist of carbonate and sulphate of lime, the former giving rise to what is called *temporary hardness*—it being for the most part removable by continued boiling, whereby it becomes encrusted as chalk upon the inside of the vessel in which the water is boiled; and the latter to *permanent hardness*, because it is not thus removable. A very hard water is injurious for drinking purposes because its power as a solvent for food is impaired, and because it is absorbed by the stomach with greater difficulty than a soft water, thus giving rise to indigestion or dyspepsia.

In addition to the long train of distressing symptoms which are included under the term dyspepsia, there is strong evidence to prove that the habitual drinking of very hard water also gives rise to goitre, a disease associated in many places with that fearful form of idiocy known as cretinism. In many parts of England goitre is found to prevail only in those districts where the magnesian limestone formation is abundant. In some districts in Switzerland the use of certain spring waters of unusual hardness has been followed by the production or augmentation of the disease in the course of a few days, and similar results have frequently been observed in India.

In certain cases mineral compounds have been found to exist in water rendering it more or less unsuitable for drinking purposes. For instance, where iron is present in sufficient quantity to impart a chalybeate taste to the water, the continued use of the latter has been followed by headache, dyspepsia, and various other unpleasant symptoms. But a more frequent as well as a more dangerous impurity, is sometimes found in water which has been stored in leaden tanks, or conveyed through pipes made of that metal. It has been found that absolutely pure water, recently boiled to deprive it of air, has no chemical action on lead; but if free access of the air be permitted, this same water will rapidly form a compound with the lead which remains for the most part mechanically suspended in the water. Water in this condition is undoubtedly poisonous, the extent of the danger depending on the amount of the metallic compound which it contains. But when water has passed for some time through leaden pipes, the inner surfaces of the latter become coated by a hard deposit which protects the metal from further chemical action, and the water then

becomes comparatively safe for drinking purposes.

The question as to the action of water upon lead becomes more complex from the fact that a great deal depends upon the constituents of the water itself. As a general rule soft and pure waters act freely upon lead, whereas hard waters, containing a large proportion of lime salts, have no such action. But as there are exceptions to this general rule it would be unsafe to rely wholly upon it, and the question as to the action of any particular sample of water upon leaden pipes can only be satisfactorily determined by actual experiment.

Another source of contamination of water by lead consists in the use of syphons in which aerated waters are now so frequently supplied to the public. These syphons are provided with stop-cocks made of pewter, containing a large proportion of lead. The carbonated water thus, especially after long contact, has frequently been found to contain a dangerous quantity of this metal, thus giving rise to chronic lead poisoning. This danger may generally be avoided by having the syphon-taps coated with pure tin before being used.

It has been pointed out by Wanklyn that the sanitary condition of a locality may be considerably influenced by the metallic constituents in the water supply, and that the beneficial effects which so often result from what is termed "change of air," may in reality be due to the change in the minute metallic impurity in the water of the district selected for residence.

Organic Matter.—The presence of organic matter in drinking water is of greater importance from a sanitary point of view than any of the impurities which we have hitherto considered. Water which contains a large amount of vegetable organic matter is decidedly unwholesome, and is liable to produce not only disease of a dysenteric character, but also ague, and other malarious disorders. But the presence of animal organic matter, whether in suspension or solution, is attended with still greater danger to health. Many waters which have given rise to disease have been found to be more or less turbid, owing to particles of sewage suspended in them. Moreover, disease has frequently been traced to the use of perfectly bright and clear water, where there was no sediment, and where the animal organic matter was held in a state of solution. This decaying animal matter may find its way into wells or streams by percolation

through the soil, from cesspools or other sewage accumulations, thus rendering the water a most dangerous poison. The danger is greatest when the sewage is associated with certain specific diseases, such as cholera or gastric fever, in which case the special poisons of these diseases is readily conveyed and propagated by the water.

The examination of drinking water thus forms a very important portion of the duty of those who engage in the struggle against

preventable disease; and let us hope we may see the time, ere long, when the supply of water in purity and plenty shall be looked upon as the business of the State, a measure which would prove a great economy in the end. But pure air and wholesome food are also essential to health; in short, pure water, pure air, and good wholesome unadulterated food, constitute the pillars of the tripod on which rests the "mens sana in corpore sano."

THE VAUDOIS EMIGRANTS IN ALGERIA.

By Mrs. CHARLES GARNETT.

BY the kindness of the Editor of GOOD WORDS I was permitted at the beginning of this year to give its readers an account of a visit paid last summer to the desolate fastness of the French Vaudois—Dormilheuse. Having received from Pastor Brunel, and from two travellers who have visited the colony in Oran, letters and descriptions of the condition of the emigrants, perhaps they may interest other friends of the Vaudois as they have done myself.

It seemed very clear to me last summer that it would be impossible for the inhabitants of Dormilheuse and Minsas much longer to exist there. This opinion is now shared by others much more able to judge than myself, namely, the Pastors and Comité Évangélique de Lyons, and also last, but first as the friend of these mountaineers, the Dean of Ripon. A very sad proof of the truth of this idea, and of the depressing influence of the wretchedness of the lives which they lead, is shown by the fact that a whole family living at Minsas has become imbecile. Thirty years ago the memory of the noble work which Felix Neff had done in these valleys caused the Dean to take upon himself the task—in which he has never since faltered—of providing pastors, churches, and schools for the Valleys, and doing all in his power to assist, both spiritually and temporally, the Vaudois of the Hautes-Alpes. Convinced at last that to gain even a meagre subsistence at Dormilheuse and Minsas was no longer possible, he endeavoured to raise a fund to assist the people, in whom he so long had been interested, to emigrate to a more genial clime.

During a visit paid this August to the Valleys and to Lyons by Dean Fremantle, a distinct plan has been arranged whereby in

time all the inhabitants of this terrible region will be deported. The plan is this:—

Last year 31 families, consisting of 150 persons, resided at Dormilheuse, of these 31 persons emigrated to Algeria in November; leaving 21 families of 119 persons still in Dormilheuse. Of these 21 families, 10 are in a condition to emigrate; the heads of the remaining 11 are widows, infirm, or imbeciles, leaving 50 or 60 persons whom it would not be well to send to Africa. For these, plots of land can in time be procured at Les Ribes and Pallons, villages situated nearer the entrance to the Valley of Fresinières. There they can support themselves. Thus sooner or later Dormilheuse will be left uninhabited. The church and Felix Neff's house will be preserved as monuments of a devoted life and heroic courage; all the rest of the plateau will be sold to the Department of Woods and Forests. This Department, although it refuses to buy little plots of ground from individual emigrants, is anxious to secure the whole of the land, and to plant it with trees to prevent the floods, and stay the avalanches which have driven, after nearly 300 years, these children of the martyrs from their aerie in the rocks. The money thus realised will pay for the land which will be secured in the habitable parts of the valley.

A reader of GOOD WORDS sent me £10 to be spent as I thought most to the advantage of those now left at Dormilheuse. I consulted Pastor Brunel, and this kind gift has given much happiness, for 13 goats have been purchased and presented to 13 families; so quite a little flock scramble about cropping the scanty herbage and wild thyme, and the poor people send through me their warmest thanks to the kind donor.

The fund raised last autumn in England, and a fund of about a third more given by the Protestants in France, realised altogether the sum of £1,428. Of this £521 is needed for conveying the 10 families to Algeria, building their houses and supplying them with the agricultural implements and seed corn. A further sum of £420 has been promised in order to conform to the regulations of the French Government; but the whole of this £941 is not *given*, but *lent* on mortgage on the "concessions," or grants of land in the new settlement, and is to be repaid, without interest, in five years' time.

Now for the story of the emigration.

Nothing struck me so much when amongst them as the quaintness, the old-world look and ways of the Vaudois of Fressinières. It seemed that the turbulent ocean of life had rolled and broken about the feet of the Alps, amongst whose towering peaks these people, three hundred years ago, took refuge, and that to them had only come the distant echo of the noise and tumult raging far below. To people so simple and so utterly unused to change or progress the comparatively short journey to Algeria was a serious undertaking. Oran is the most westerly province of Algeria, and also the most French. Algeria is inhabited by three races, each with its own language, manners, and customs. First the Arabs (called Moors when dwelling in the towns; but still in the country, especially in the great desert to the south, living in their Bedouin encampments, and with their hands ever fidgeting to grasp their swords). Then come the Kabiles, another race, inhabiting, not the hot deserts and scorched lowlands, but the temperate tableland, and not nomadic by habit, but settled peasantry. The Kabiles are very industrious; even the females, contrary to the customary seclusion of the Arab women, work out-of-doors. Lastly in point of numbers—for they only count as three to twenty of the other inhabitants—come the French—the conquering and therefore the dominant race. The spots, marked still by Arabic or Kabyle names, where once their towns stood—as Sidi-bel-Abès, the largest town of the district of Oran, and which numbers 18,000 inhabitants—are entirely French. The old town was completely destroyed, and a new gleaming villa-like place built in its stead.

Seventy kilomètres, or about forty miles, from Oran stands the village of Trois-Marabouts. It is one day's journey by diligence. This conveyance runs on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, and the only way of quit-

ting Oran for Europe is by a steamer which leaves that place but once a fortnight.

On November 16th, last year, our colonists arrived at Trois-Marabouts. They had a very good voyage, and complacently observed, "Only a few women had suffered from seasickness; the *rest* were satisfied and pleased." They looked on this removal as great indeed in all respects. "The few clothes taken cost a great deal," and they clung to some poor sticks of furniture with desperation, and wrote in much trouble on their first arrival that their "possessions" had to remain for three days out of doors. The value of the whole could not be more than £5! Only three of the houses were finished when they arrived at the "far end;" therefore three families were packed into each till the rest of the huts were completed. The sowing season had commenced, and so the settlers were soon at work on the "concessions" secured for them before their arrival.

On the 26th of November they held their first service—a pure, unstained worship, which cannot even call itself Protestant, for it has never been corrupted—the first such service that has been held in that village of Mahomedans and Romanists.

And here it may be mentioned that the Dean of Ripon has returned from his recent visit to Lyons and the Valleys, delighted with the reports he has received of the conduct of the settlers. He is told on excellent authority that one of their number is never seen in a public-house or wine-shop: and he feels assured they will maintain uncorrupted their ancient faith; and hopes that in time the whole village will join their worship. He speaks of the Vaudois as leading a quiet and consistent Christian life. But alas! in every flock are black sheep. And three of the emigrants have proved failures. One of them, Jean Joseph Arnous, turned faint-hearted, and longing for his snowy Alps, turned over his fruitful "concession" to another settler and went home again. The second, Alexander Michet, behaved ill. He sold his land to a French colonist for 2,000 f.—having received from the "Comité Evangelique" 1,210 f., he repaid them out of the sale of his grant 905 f., so that the loss has been 305 f.; but the Comité believes that the sale was illegal, and will be set aside by the authorities in Oran, in which case it will be given to another emigrant. This will be no hardship either to the Frenchman who bought it, for when he purchased the ground from Michet it was already sown; and so productive is the land that he has realised

2,500 f., leaving a profit of 500 f. above the purchase money. The third case is the worst of all. This man's name is Daniel Surian; he is a stupid, unenergetic fellow, and though he received 900 f. to assist him, he failed to fulfil the Government conditions, and the grant has lapsed altogether, so that there is a double loss of the money advanced and of the land; but the Comité is in hopes that when the case is brought before the French Government the "concession" will be restored. These three bad men took back to the Valleys "an evil report of the land," and the other intending colonists became depressed and discouraged; but this August two young men from the settlement have come over to gather in their little crops at Dormilheuse, and have told so different a story that they have inspired their friends not only with renewed courage, but with a desire to emigrate also.

Mr. Réveillaud wrote from Bône on the 14th of last April, sending an interesting account of the visit he had just paid to the Colony, and he gives so vivid a description of the country, I offer no apology for translating part of it.

"The diligence which carries mails and travellers from Oran to Tlemcen stops in the middle of its twenty-hours' journey at a little town built in the form of a chess-board (this is like the greater part of the new Algerine towns), called Ain Témouchen. The pleasant, cultivated governor of the town, whom we had already met on the steamboat from Marseilles to Oran, explained the name to us, which is half Arabic and half Kabyle, and signifies 'Fountain of the Jackal.' A picturesque designation enough, but which, unhappily for our ears, as ignorant of Kablis as of Arabic, loses much of its value. At about three miles from here is situated Trois-Marabouts. It was nine o'clock, and a bed almost soft, in an hotel almost comfortable, received and rested our limbs, stiffened by ten hours in the diligence. At daybreak next morning we were informed that a car was waiting to convey us to Trois-Marabouts. Our friends there had heard of our arrival, and had used the utmost exertion to procure us a vehicle. The attention was touching, but when we saw not only it, but the animal which drew it, and the road over which it was to be drawn, we agreed we much preferred our own legs.

"The morning was superb. The village of Trois-Marabouts (also called the Three Koribas, or Tombs of the Marabouts) is built on a hill, its walls and dome-like roofs,

which are white-washed, gleamed in the early light. The up-hill road was bordered by cacti, aloes, hawthorn, and asphodels in flower, and the iris and bindweed filled the air with spring scents. Young Baridon had come to meet us, and told us the particulars of the allotments.

"Do you see this field, where the barley stands so thick and green? It belongs to my uncle; he has been able to sow eight hectares, and this is all come from it," he said.

"The other field you see there not yet completely cultivated belongs to us. We have left till next year the work of pulling up these detestable roots of black palms; they are so hard that they break the plough-shares; and being pressed for time we sowed the cleared places. On the hill you see below there we intend to plant vines next year. Look at the beautiful road the Administration of Bridges and Roads has caused us to make to replace the bad one on which we are walking."

"You seem to have settled well in your new country," we observed.

"Oh, yes, monsieur."

"And you are not afraid of the Arabs?"

"Certainly not. Though it is true they are great thieves. Three of them tried one night, through a hole in the wall, to get into the house of one of our neighbours, whom they knew was from home. She was certainly away, but a young man-servant was in, and, hearing the noise, got up, and as he was taking down his gun saw the hole in the wall, and the eye of an Arab on the other side. He took aim—the Arab fell dead, uttering awful yells. The thieves received a rough lesson then which will cure them for a long time to come!"

"Talking thus of one thing or another, we arrived at last at the village. What a commotion! Our friends pressed round, welcomed us, fêted us."

M. Réveillaud and his friend visited all the huts or houses of the Vaudois; they found them the most unpretending in the place; they are wooden, whereas most of the other French colonists at the very first were able to build stone houses. However, these huts have been good enough to shelter our friends during the past winter, which has been rather severe for Algeria, but it must have seemed mild indeed to the settlers after the snow, ten feet deep, to which they had been used in the Hautes-Alpes.

He found the emigrants contented, blessing God who had caused them to find this

port of refuge, and ceaseless in their expressions of grateful acknowledgment to those Christian friends who had helped them in their deep distress. In each of the huts M. Réveillaud was expected to listen to the details of the colonisation. They told him all their early difficulties, now successfully overcome—of the hardness of the soil, of how their hearts sank, and then of the purchase of the plough and cattle by the Committee.

Such a one had been able to sow ten hectares, another twelve, a third only eight. They might have done more if they had arrived earlier, and if the rain had not interrupted their work for a time; but then these heavy rains fertilised the land. They hoped for an exceptionally large crop, which would amply repay their labours, and give them courage for the future. (This hope has now been more than realised, the yield having been very large indeed.) The visitors found all the families in good spirits—"only a few old grandmothers are home-sick, and weep when they speak of the Alps; but even these own that the future comfort of their children and grandchildren is more sure by far in their new country than in the poor and cold, though still "beloved valleys."

Two huts belonging to the deserters were closed; but they will not long be uninhabited, for other settlers are now ready to come. It is proposed that all future emigrants from the Hautes-Alpes shall be grouped round Trois-Marabouts, so as to make this a centre of light, and keep the ancient Church compact; so great a feeling of brotherhood and attachment to the old religion could not be expected were the Vaudois to be placed apart in scattered farms, surrounded by Roman Catholic and Mahomedan neighbours. The fraternal attachment has already been touchingly shown in one instance. Baridon, formerly "facteur" of Dormilheuse, has died since his arrival in Africa, and the widow and children were left without a head in this new and strange land. At once all the Vaudois crowded round, with kindly promises and real effective sympathy, and agreed to work for the widow and orphans, and help her with her little farm.

The school-house was finished last May. There are many children in the village, besides the goodly number transplanted from Dormilheuse. The colonists selected "one of our own" (Vaudoises) for the post of mistress over this mixed school of boys and girls. She has received a government license, and already the school is a great success. Not only do all our emigrants' little ones

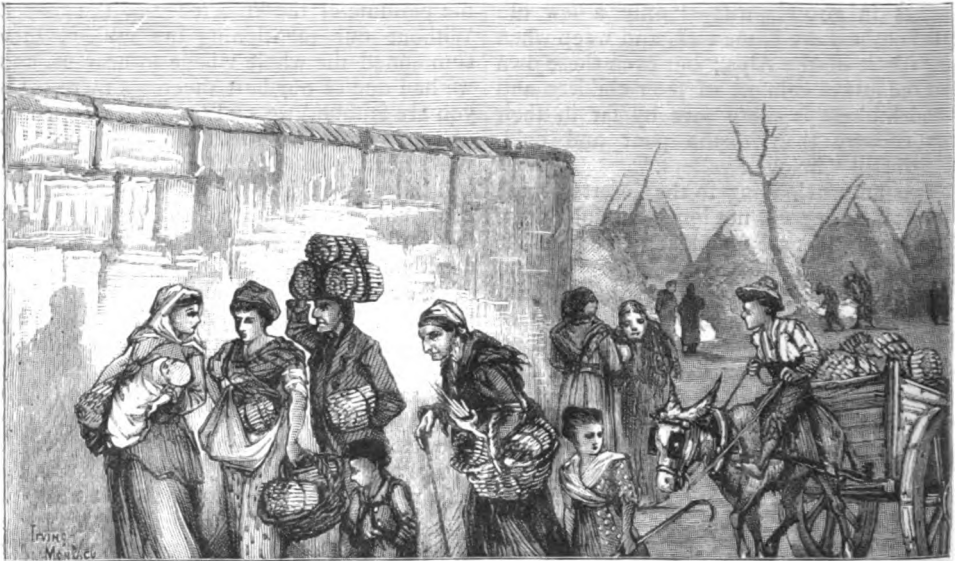
attend it, but those of the Roman Catholic neighbours also. From a religious point of view the little colony is truly, and, we trust, will always remain, a good example to the surrounding population, amongst whom it must exercise a good influence, if it only remains firm to the faith held so long and so bravely in a far different home.

"Already the faithfulness with which our friends observe the repose of the Sabbath," M. Réveillaud writes, "has been remarked in the country. It is known also that every Sunday they assemble, sometimes at the house of one, sometimes at that of another, to celebrate together the worship of the Lord, and 'speaking' in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, giving thanks always for all things unto God the Father in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Thus our friends supply the absence of the pastors by instructing each other; they spread around them the perfume of the knowledge of the gospel. Without our mentioning the subject, they summoned the whole village to hear us, and we had one of our best meetings there. 'If you are faithful,' we said to them, 'the whole of your village will be Protestant some day.' We sincerely hope that the blessing of God will indeed rest in every way upon this little community of valiant Christians, and that He will bless in the children, to the hundredth and thousandth generation, the fidelity of their fathers, revived by that devoted apostle, Felix Neff. It is not without feeling deeply moved that we took leave of these brave and worthy brothers. At the same time in praying God to bless and keep them we say *au revoir*, for we hope to see them again one day, either at this or the other side of eternal life. But far off or near our hearts are with you and our prayers follow you, dear friends. May the Word of God always be your torch, your light, and your guide! 'Love one another!'" Since M. Réveillaud's visit M. Elvin, their true and fast friend, the pasteur of Oran, has arranged to visit Trois-Marabouts once a month to minister the sacraments and the Word; and now the Consistory of Oran has advertised for a pastor "of the Reformed Church of France" for Tlemcen, and states the terms offered to candidates; and it is probable these will soon secure an excellent minister. For, excepting Algiers itself, no town in Algeria is more pleasantly situated than Tlemcen. The climate is temperate and much cooler than at Oran. The whole neighbouring country is studded with olive and gigantic turpentine trees, and is very

beautiful. The pastor would be surrounded at Tlemcen itself by a small Reformed Church, well established in the country, and above all very earnest and fervent. We hear that amongst the brethren there he will find "as many coadjutors as friends." When the late pastor, M. Duproix, died, the entire population followed his body to the grave, and showed sympathy with the Protestant worship. Trois Marabouts can be easily reached from this little town, and in the Vaudois settlement the pastor of Oran and the pastor of Tlemcen would join hands.

I have told all the news we have, up to the date at which I write, of the Vaudois emigrants from Dormilheuse, but may I be forgiven for observing, Why cannot we English also take advantage of the facilities

for emigration offered to Algiers by the French Government? Algeria is within easy distance from home, and with such a climate and such a soil surely our national enterprise and pluck might find at least as good a field as in the distant ranches of Colorado or the sheep runs of Australia and New Zealand. The Vaudois colonists would be greatly benefited by the higher knowledge and the vigorous push of Englishmen. And to young men leaving our shores to seek subsistence or fortune in a foreign country, surely the most unthinking person will confess it is a good thing that at the same time they should not be cut off from the religious influences of our happy island, but in the land of their adoption should find a pure and simple faith awaiting them.



Going to Market.

RAMBLES WITH THE ROMANY.

BY IRVING MONTAGU, AUTHOR OF "MEN WE MEET," ETC. ETC.

II.

ON several occasions I revisited my friends at Chelsea, always coming away a little wiser and a little more sympathetic than when I went.

They were all pleased to let me into the secret of their vagrant lives, and when they found that I had no connection, direct or indirect, with Scotland Yard, and that my object

was only to make sketches and take notes, they had only one prevailing idea, that of being made famous through the medium of both. They told me that they were sadly maligned by the outside world with reference to petty larceny, and that if robberies were committed, they were committed, as a rule, either by the Gorgios who intermarried with the

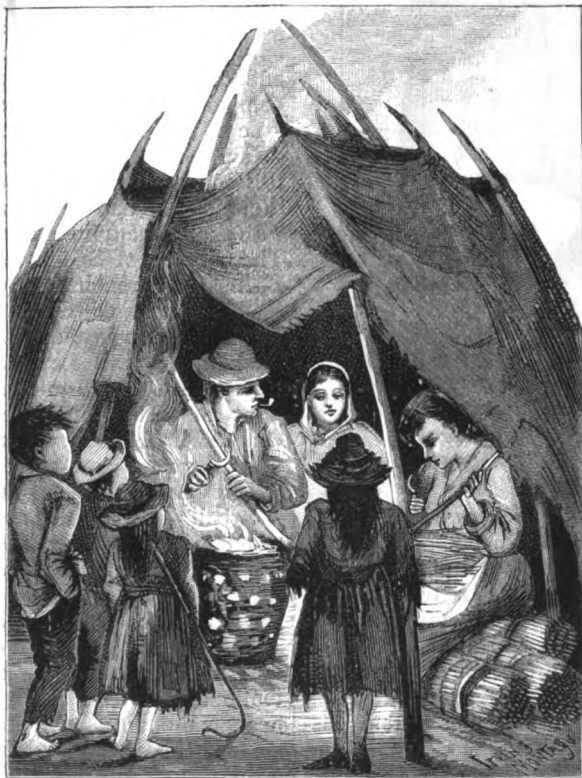
Romany, or by camp followers, of whom there were not a few, and that the Gipsy proper was as honest as the day. They made a strange distinction amongst themselves between the Christian Romany and others, inferring by *the others* that the majority were, if not atheists, at least very negative with reference to religion at all. "But Lor' bless you, sir," a Christian Gipsy said to me one day, "the Scripture gentlemen as comes

amongst us don't do it right somehow in nine cases out of ten—it's very easy to make friends with a Gipsy, *only* you have to do it; give the children some coppers, and the old man a screw of 'bacca, let the wife cross your hand with a bit of silver (and you admit no wrong principle, I take it, by doing this), let her tell you that you were

born under a lucky star and that the lines on your right hand indicate a long journey across the sea may be, and then"—well, then you have won your wanderers over and you may mould them to your will. They are exceedingly susceptible of good if approached through the medium of friendliness, which, once established, is as sacred on Chelsea Marshes or Mitcham Common as in Asia Minor. 'The superstitions of these people are, in their way, unique, especially with reference to the

most besetting sins of poor humanity. Swearing, for instance, has a special banshee (a good but exceedingly ugly spirit), who, when the sin lays hold of you, at once springs up and endeavours, by its supernatural grimness, to dissuade you from it; if, however, you persist in it, the spirit assumes a more hideous form, and so goes on increasing in hideousness that you are forced at last to give it up. In like manner drunkenness has its good

grim goblin, increasing in ugliness till the dread of it makes sobriety an absolute necessity; thus, sin being the natural condition of man, it's the purpose of these unprepossessing sprites to frighten the Romany into the paths of virtue, and having done so they are supposed to assume their original (comparatively pleasing) aspect.



At Work.

The fondness of Gypsies for pets is one of their special characteristics, naming them generally after some celebrated burglars or other convicts of whose exploits they have heard of or read. At Chelsea there was a shaggy *gri* (horse) known as "Peace," and they were careful to explain that in this they referred to the housebreaker of that name; one small donkey, being young, was called Lefroy, and so on throughout their rather strong contingent of horses, donkeys, and dogs.



Pets.

Not so, however, with their own names, and especially those of the women. The men's were chiefly scriptural ones; perhaps their Eastern origin may account for this. Hope, Charity, Prudence, Honesty, and Patience were common amongst the fairer sex, while heroic names are often taken in some strange way from battles, such as Alma, Magenta, &c., &c. If I am to some extent disjointed in this rough sketch of Gipsy life and customs, it may be because I prefer giving my readers the jottings of my several visits to indulging in the rounded phrase, "of a well varnished tale." Amongst others I made a pencil note of skewer-sellers going to market (*i.e.* to the butchers' shops), to dispose of their supplies, which struck me at once as being a picturesque and characteristic incident worth recording. Working hard from seven o'clock in the morning till late at night a Gipsy occupied at this work makes—so I was informed—about three shillings a day; which is not bad if there are several in family, each to add their mite, and if the demand be equal to the supply. I never entered a tent or caravan without a cordial welcome,

and when fortune favoured them, and they were able to indulge in tea or beer, it was always couched in some such greeting as "Mandes (my or our) health to the (no Gipsy equivalent) Tachene (grand) Rye (gentleman)."

Nor is their hospitality confined to the "Tachene Rye;" the poorest beggar receives the same welcome, is asked to share their scanty fare, and is often sent on richer by a few coppers than he came. During the hours of daylight honest Gipsies (and dishonest ones are certainly the exception) work hard enough, but when night closes in they give themselves up with a genuine relish to enjoyment. Tambourines, fiddles, flutes, and castanets are brought out, to which accompaniment they dance or sing till such time as they retire to sleep—"perchance to dream" of burly butchers diving into their tills to pay for untold supplies of wooden skewers. It has been my lot to fraternise with the Romany in many parts of the world. The Gitanos of Spain, the Bohemians (from Boem, old French for Sorcerer) of France, the Ziegner of Germany, the Pharaoh Nepek of Hungary, the Zingari of Italy, and the Turkish and Levantine Tschingenes I have seen much of, and though their occupations are necessarily different, and costumes change with the countries in which they reside, their manners and customs, language and features are the same. Unlike the proverbial snowball which gathers as it goes, they seem to retain to a considerable extent all their old prejudices, superstitions, and other peculiarities. They are, generally speaking, a peace-loving people, seldom known to fight even amongst themselves. On one occasion, however, I happened to be present (quite unintentionally, I need hardly say) at a skirmish near Semlin, in Hungary, between some five or six hundred Gipsies and the local troops. It was on the occasion of a Gipsy fair. I was in their midst sketching, when, for some reason which I took no trouble to inquire into, they were attacked, and resisted most vigorously with staves and long broad-bladed knives. I saw several fall on both sides, and while trying to effect an escape I was taken by the Hungarian troops, only to be released with many apologies some hours afterwards when it was discovered that I was an artist, a wanderer in quest of the picturesque, who had no party feeling or desire to see his name in large type in connection with affairs of which he knew absolutely nothing.

Thus having known the Romany under odd circumstances in many parts of the globe,

I was not sorry to renew their acquaintance on Chelsea Marshes; and if this little sketch of their doings serve no other purpose than that of affording a pleasant half-hour to some of our readers I shall be satisfied, but if it should by any chance tend to their good, and

lead to a visit from any one interested in the moral or spiritual welfare of the poor, then I can only say that the philanthropist will be amply rewarded, and I shall be more than delighted that my humble pen and pencil have plied to so good an end.

BIBLE TRUTHS AND EASTERN WAYS.

By W. FLEMING STEVENSON, D.D.

IV.—THE WEDDING FEAST.

WE have a striking group of illustrations in the Bible, borrowed from what was familiar to the people, in the allusions to the marriage ceremony. All its incidents were common. To refer to it was to refer to one of the most ordinary spectacles in an Oriental town; while to us it can never have the same vividness, since we must first become acquainted with customs that differ so widely from our own. We are arrested by the position of sonship, dependence, and obedience that is claimed for our Lord in the very opening of the parable of the Wedding Garment. A certain king "made a marriage" for his son.* People were used to regard marriages as made by the parents for the children. It was Abraham who chose a wife for Isaac, Isaac for Jacob, and Hagar for Ishmael.† It is the universal custom of the unchanging East, and it is easy to feel that by using it in the parable Jesus drew our thoughts to the sovereign grace of God. Communion was to be restored with man, a fellowship or intercourse that was to be based on love: and so close and beautiful, so sacred and tender, that it was like the sacredness and affectionate freedom of married life, and could be represented to us by nothing else so well. But God is the sole author of this. God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son. Yet we must never lose sight of the perfect will-
ingness of Christ. He loved us and gave Himself for us.

Marriage in the East is still preceded by betrothal and the ceremonies of betrothal lend it an importance and solemnity almost as great as marriage itself; yet there is not the freedom of intercourse between the betrothed which "engagement" would sanction in the West. There is the formation of a tie so sacred that if it were broken it would be almost as dishonourable as a breach of marriage vows; but the betrothed may

scarcely see each other, and the tender age at which betrothal may take place and the sharp separation of the sexes would be pleaded as a sufficient reason. It is in the Old Testament that we read of betrothal, in the New Testament of marriage. The Old Testament is a book of pledges which are ratified in the New. The language of the Old Testament which describes the union between Christ and the Church is as tender and solemn as that of the New, for nothing can be more tender and solemn than the prophecies of Hosea; but the closeness of fellowship which is possible now is there regarded as future. It began when Christ came, and from that time the language is always of marriage and never of betrothal. When Christ came, it was to be united with His people in a closer sense, and in a sense that His people could apprehend. He came as the King's Son to claim His bride. And here there is perhaps a place for those analogies, which the earlier and mystical writers delight to trace, representing in the service of Jacob for Rachel a shadowing of that mysterious service of our Lord Himself, whose life and death they claim to be His travail for His spiritual bride, the travail of His infinite and marvellous love. Nor can one altogether pass by the suggestion that as the marriage in the East is at the house of the bride, while the marriage feast is at the house of the bridegroom; so this marriage or union of our Lord with those He came to save took place on earth, which is their home, and to which He came from His home in Heaven. It points, certainly, to a distinction, and to customs which underlie the wedding parable of our Lord and which we must keep in mind when reading similar language elsewhere in the New Testament. For in the New Testament the wedding feast which is spoken of is the feast when the union is perfected; not as with us the feast in the house of the bride, but as in the East in the

* Matthew xxii. 2. † Genesis xxi. 21; xxiv. 4; xxviii. 2.

house of the bridegroom. The marriage is assumed as having already taken place. Paul assumes it in writing to the Ephesians; for the love of Christ, who loved the Church and gave Himself for it, is represented as the love of the husband to the wife, and His nourishing and cherishing the Church as a part of that great mystery of spiritual union;* and in the book of Revelation it is assumed through all the heavenly language of the closing chapters, that the Church is the Lamb's wife.

A certain king, the parable runs, made a marriage for his son. It was celebrated by a royal feast, and the guests were bidden to the palace. God in His infinite mercy sent His Son to unite sinful men to Himself. He sent messengers beforehand to proclaim His purpose and to invite men to that union. It was a feast of the love of God, a feast of communion with God, and the bidding runs through all the Old Testament. Then there comes a further invitation, which is represented as a calling. He sent His servants to "call" them that were bidden. And in the Gospel according to Luke we read in another parable, "A certain man made a great supper and bade many, and sent his servant at supper-time to say to them that were bidden, Come."† There is a bidding in the Old Testament, a calling in the New; a bidding so long as Christ has not come, a calling when He has come, and suffered, and died, and all things are ready.

And this is in strict accordance with present Eastern customs. When we were in India we were invited to different native entertainments. The invitation was a formal one, and was received some days before; but though it was accepted, we dared not go to the house of our entertainer until he had sent us a second invitation, informing us that all was now ready. It would have been a fatal breach of etiquette. On one of these occasions it was the native Christians who asked us, and we remained in the house of our hosts for some time past the appointed hour, because, though bidden, we had not yet been called. Then the elders of the Christian village came as the messengers, and invited us, in the very words of the Gospel, "Come, for all things are now ready." As these entertainments are mostly in the evening, they came with torches, and we followed while a trumpeter went before; and as it was a great festival the trees were hung with lamps, and fireworks were discharged incessantly; and when we were about to take a

low seat, the master of the feast called us up higher, and insisted on our occupying the chief seat that had been prepared for us. On another occasion, when we were asked to the house of one of the chief heathen citizens, the same order was observed, the second messenger came, the servants went before us with their torches, lighting up the broken path and the narrow lanes through which we passed, and the master of the house met us with profuse welcome at the threshold. He was a heathen, yet he asked the Christians, and part of the entertainment he provided was the singing of Christian hymns by boys from the Mission School; and an aged Christian who sat beside me in a place of honour as a guest, mentioned that the last time he had been in this man's house was many years ago when he had gone about some money matters, and that he was ignominiously thrust out into the street because, as a Christian, he had dared to cross the door. Another feature of these entertainments was the number of people; not only those invited, such as Zacchaeus asked to meet Jesus,* but those who stood around when the guests were seated, coming out of curiosity and not hindered, and reminding us how easy it was for the woman which was a sinner to press forward to Jesus in the house of Simon the leper.† But this is by the way. The formal rule of manners which requires the calling as well as the bidding is so strict, that even when the entertainment is next door and the persons well acquainted, I have not found it dispensed with.

In Eastern marriages the bridegroom brings the bride home to the crowning feast; and in India, the bridegroom continues to live with his father, and it is to his father's house that the bridegroom brings the bride. "In my Father's house are many mansions, I go to prepare a place for you; and when I come again I will receive you unto myself."‡ When Jesus comes again it will be to take home the bride; and every one remembers the touching words that represent the longing of the bride for that advent of our Lord: "The Spirit and the Bride say come;" the Spirit dwelling in the people of God, and kindling their affections until His coming to take them home, stirs in them a longing that they cannot repress, to depart and to be with Christ.§

A mission like that of the bridegroom is naturally one of pomp and joy. He sets out accompanied by friends, the friends of

* Ephesians v. 25-27.

† Luke xiv. 15-24.

* Luke xix. 7, 11.
‡ John xiv. 2, 3.

† Luke vii. 37.
§ Revelation xxii. 17.

the bridegroom,* among whom John the Baptist reckoned himself, or the "children of the bridechamber," † as Jesus calls His apostles. He "rejoiceth over the bride" whom he is to lead home, and Isaiah says, "So shall thy God rejoice over thee," over all the redeemed whom He leads to heaven. ‡ Isaiah also reminds us that he decketh himself with ornaments, and Solomon that he is redolent with perfume; and apparently some allusion is made to this splendour and adornment when, in the nineteenth Psalm, the sun is compared to a bridegroom coming out of his chamber.

Meanwhile the bride has gone with great ceremony to the bath; to which there is a striking allusion in that passage already quoted from the Epistle to the Ephesians, where this washing with water and the consequent purity are referred to the Church, purely prepared for the Lord without spot or wrinkle or any such thing. § Then she is clothed in raiment of needlework wrought with gold, by the virgins, her companions; her garments, like the bridegroom's, smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia; she adorneth herself with jewels, and binds them on her as a bride; and thus "prepared as a bride, adorned for her husband," she is ready to "go out of her closet," and the virgins her companions follow her, and join the brilliant escort that has already advanced with the bridegroom, and then together they sweep through the night with torches and lamps on to the wedding feast. ||

These processions are often of great splendour. In Canton we met two in one day. The first was headed by poles and banners carried by men, over whose common dress scarlet cloaks had been flung; some gilt chairs followed, sedan chairs with open sides, and in some of them the presents of the bride, and other men with scarlet cloaks, brought up the rear. The second was on a scale of great magnificence, quite blocking the street through which it passed and detaining us for nearly twenty minutes. Here there were bands of musicians playing on curious Eastern instruments; the men in scarlet cloaks as before, probably two hundred of them; then there were about fifty bearers of tablets, and banner-men, and a vast number of huge gilded chairs filled with sweetmeats and other presents; the bride in a wonderfully elaborate and gilded chair, that was closed in with wood all round so that she was invisible,

ending the procession, in which I noticed that the men carried lanterns already lighted; for, although it was only afternoon, the party made a large détour to show themselves in the principal streets, always timing their arrival to be at night. Another day I saw the chairs and the scarlet-mantled men gathered in such abundance round the bride's house that they flowed into all the neighbouring streets, and the crowd was so great it needed two detachments of police to keep order. In this instance the bride was setting out, though it was not twelve o'clock; and the journey made is so long, and the rigour with which the veiled bride, in a dress stiff with gold and jewels, is kept shut in the wooden box is so great, that it has happened, when the so-called chair was opened at the bridegroom's door, the bride was dead.

In India the procession is also timed to arrive at night, and there are musicians, dancing girls, and fireworks; and families, no matter how parsimonious, will spend upon the show with a lavish hand, even up to ten and twenty thousand pounds. There the procession starts from the bride's house in the evening, but the bridegroom's share in it arrives at the house during the day. We sometimes saw three or four processions together; the bridegroom looking little more than a child, and riding; the bride in a palanquin; the presents borne on trays; and sometimes large and curious pasteboard figures were carried, as at a carnival.

Splendour and joy predominate: and splendour and joy are suggested by the great marriage day of the parable. The bride is clothed in her brilliant robes. "He hath clothed me with garments of salvation; He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." * These festivals make up so much of the outward show of an Eastern city that the Apocalypse represents the height of desolation as reached when the bravery of such shows has passed from the silent streets, when "the voice of the bridegroom and the bride shall be heard no more in Babylon." † Through the streets of time there sweeps one continuous procession up to the "pearly gates of heaven." The ear of faith catches songs of joy and melodies of the everlasting chime, and the music of harpers harping with their harps. It is a stately procession winding among races that have withered up and vanished, and then winding on through the races of to-day, winding down through the centuries with the voice of joy and praise,

* John iii. 29.

† Matthew ix. 15.

‡ Isaiah lxii. 5.

§ Ephesians v. 26.

|| Psalm xlv. 8, 14; Isaiah lxi. 10.

* Isaiah lxi. 10.

† Revelation xviii. 23.

and the multitude of them that keep holiday. The centuries look long to us, and dark. The night of sin and the blacker night of persecution are on the earth, and the way is long and dreary. But He who looks from heaven sees only the vast procession of the bridal passing up with its holy psalms and hymns of faith, and not halting until with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads, the ransomed of the Lord have all returned to Him.

While some have accompanied the bridegroom to swell the train of his bride, if we return to the bridegroom's house we shall find that others are going forth to meet the bridal party on their return. They wait till evening, and then they pass out with their lamps and torches. The "ten virgins took their lamps and went forth to meet the bridegroom."* There were then two parties waiting for the home-coming of the bride; those who had remained in the bridegroom's house, and those who had gone out some distance to meet the procession. They were both men and women. The men are mentioned in Luke. "Let your loins be girded and your lights burning, and ye yourselves like unto men that wait for their lord, when he will return from the wedding."† The women are the virgins in Matthew; and readiness is characteristic of both. Their lamps were to be ready for kindling or lighting the moment the procession appeared; they were to swell the brilliance.

The love of brilliant light seems thoroughly Oriental; it belongs to the East of brilliant sunshine, brilliant moonlight, and brilliant flowers. We have often been at entertainments where the amount of honour to the guest seemed proportionate to the oppressive display of oil and gas, and in rajahs' palaces, where from a hundred to three hundred lights were reflected from mirrors in a room of no large size. The day we left Calcutta, the streets of a whole quarter were illuminated from gas candelabra placed closely together; we drove through several of these streets, and saw others branching off, so that probably they would reach in a line for two or three miles. It was in honour of a native wedding, and the expense was all borne by the family; and as we drew near the street where the bridegroom lived, the houses were illuminated as if for a royal entry, and the dwelling itself, which faced a large open court, was a mass of light, while out of the brilliance, besides the native inscriptions, there shone in

* Matthew xxv. 1.

† Luke xii. 35, 36.

gas and in English, "Blest be the happy pair."

The lights of the parable were much simpler. In an Arab house a lamp frequently burns all night, so that the absence of light would mean that the house was uninhabited. Job and Jeremiah, the book of Proverbs, and the book of Revelation speak of the absence of this light as a mark of desolation. "The candle of the wicked shall be put out;" and one mark of the desolation of Babylon is that "the light of a candle shall shine no more in her."* On the other hand the picture of God's favour is when "His candle shined upon my head;" the promise to David is that "he would have a lamp always before Me;" and it fills up the portrait of the wise woman, that her candle went not out. This was probably the little hand-lamp made of earthenware like Gideon's pitcher. But unless on a still night (and nights in the East are more often still than ours) the light from it would scarcely suit in an open-air procession. The torch which is common in India and China would answer better. A knob of clay is fixed on the end of a wooden stick wrapped round about with rags, and when this is saturated in oil the light burns for a long time, while the man who holds it carries a bottle of oil, from which he feeds the dying flame. Our bearers constantly used these lights, and the trimming was simply the pouring of fresh oil and a slight rebinding of the linen; while the difficulty of procuring oil when it was late sometimes compelled us to dispense with light altogether.

Mr. Ward speaks of a procession that he saw near Serampore, when the bridegroom came by water; and near midnight it was announced, almost in the words of the parable, "Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him." "All the persons employed now lighted their lamps and ran with them in their hands to fill up their stations in the procession. Some of them had lost their lights, but it was too late to seek them, and they all moved on to the area in front of the house, and here the bridegroom first sat in the midst of the company, then went into the house, the door of which was immediately closed and guarded by Sepoys; and I and others expostulated with the doorkeepers in vain." MacCheyne describes the bridegroom walking, attended by numerous friends; "the torch-bearers went first, and fed their torches with wood. At the entrance of the

* Revelation xviii. 23.

† Job xxix. 3; 1 Kings xi. 36; Proverbs xxxi. 18.

street where the bride resided we heard the sound of many female voices, and observed a company of veiled bridesmaids waiting in the balcony to give notice of the coming of the bridegroom. When the bridegroom entered the door was shut, and we were left standing in the street without, in the outer darkness." Neither of these instances reproduces exactly the circumstances that are woven into the parable, but they show details that in their resemblance are almost startling.

The procession having reached the waiting virgins, these join the rest, and the gay crowd moves on, and in India and in Egypt they sing nuptial songs as they enter the house, when the shutting of the door effectually prevents any after-entrance of those who are not ready.

And now that the doors are shut, there is one further scene. The King entered and found the man who had not on a wedding garment. The punctiliousness of dress strikes a stranger in the East. There is a rigour about befitting costume that we with our freer ways and preference for simplicity can scarcely understand. The want of a suitable dress may therefore mean a gross insult; and

in a country where these forms are universal, the man who ignores them is without excuse. The vast number of dresses at the disposal of the King are also intelligible in this light. Men's wealth and state are measured by the lavishness of their wardrobe. There are native princes in India whose stores of dresses are incredible; and in China there are vast and lofty houses that tower over all the other buildings, where only dresses are kept; and I remember once when meeting a number of gentlemen in Canton, they put on, as a mark of respect, such splendid clothes that I did not at first recognise them, and many of the suits were borrowed from one of these buildings, where there is an indefinite supply.

The man was thrust out. He had chosen to enter in his own way. And the lesson we are taught is not that such a man could enter heaven, to which there is no way but one, the way of Christ; but that if a man could be supposed to enter without the righteousness of Christ, he could not stay there. His fellow-guests may suspect that he is not a spiritual man, but it is only God who knows; and that man has no place at the supper of the Lamb.

LOCAL MUSEUMS.

What they are, and what they might be.

DURING the past five or six years we have had occasion to visit a good many of the smaller towns in various parts of the country, more particularly in Scotland, and being specially interested in all things antiquarian and geological, the local museum, where such existed, was ever the object of our first concern, and alas! in far too many instances, of our greatest disappointment. Situated in some narrow, unfrequented street, down some yard or alley, or up some rickety back stair, its position is frequently difficult of access, especially to strangers, and often quite unknown to many of the inhabitants who have spent all their days in the town. When found at last, by dint of patient inquiry, the state of matters is not much improved; an old woman keeps the key, and she is probably a street-length off, engaged in gossip or shopping, and an urchin must be paid to go in search of her. The old lady found, the key obtained, and the difficulty of a rusty old creaking lock surmounted, we are face to face with the objects of our search. Not quite so fast though, as the event will

show. The guardian of the temple hurriedly departs, returning with a dusting cloth, with which she proceeds to transfer into the atmosphere of the room a half-inch deposit of dust, which, like an unbroken seal, gives proof and warranty that no hand of thief or student has touched these treasure cases for some weeks at least. The monochrome of Isabella colour disappears before the rough and hurried dusting of the ancient dame, but while the natural colours of the objects in the room begin to make their appearance, a ray of sunlight reveals to us a miniature sirocco, and a glance at our good black coat is not calculated to put us in the best of humours. No sooner is the dust nuisance evident to our eyes and throat than we are subjected to another infliction, this time on our ears, and from the old woman's tongue we have now to endure the stereotyped guide-book yarn regarding all the notables in the museum. Commencing like the walk-up-ladies-and-gentlemen showman, she starts by sounding a war-gong from the Eatmealivo Islands, and then delivers

a series of learned disquisitions on a Zulu assegai, a piece of King Charles's oak, a chicken with two heads, a model of Kilsomething Castle, an Eskemo kayak, a Japanese umbrella, the *quart* (!) bowl in which "Willie brewed a *peck o' maut*," and a variety of subjects too tedious to mention. So she proceeds at full steam, till all at once she remembers that she has forgot to put the potatoes on to boil. Thank goodness! we have now a chance of having a look at what we do want to see—the relics of bygone ages—of which there is no lack either, for a superficial glance at the dusted cases reveals a number of bone ornaments, flint arrow-heads, stone battle-axes, fossils, &c., filling all the central cases, with many others stuffed away in the corners of the room. On a closer inspection, however, we find that no proper order or arrangement has been followed, everything being jumbled up without the least propriety or consideration—a "petrified whelk" being side by side with a pair of Chinese ladies' boots and a shark's teeth necklace from the Sandwich Islands. Some excellent specimens of quartz, calcite, and selenite are grouped together as "crystal spar," and only in the cases of common shells and plants and in those containing some stuffed birds and animals are the titles either scientific or correct. Fossils are indiscriminately "petrified shells," or plants or fishes, as the case may be; flint arrow-heads are labelled "fairy darts," and the whole place savours of a medieval taint, ignorance, and superstition, combined with a pseudo-scientific aspect, like the nondescript character of an alchemist's laboratory. We have here a good collection which, if well arranged and rightly used, might do a vast amount of good, but in its present condition it is sad to contemplate, and with a sigh we murmur to ourselves the poet's words:—

"Oh, for the wizard hand of patient skill
To bring forth beauteous order from this pile
Of rich but wild confusion!"

Our cicerone now returns and introduces to our notice a Visitors' Book, wherein we observe that the last entry has been made just three months previous; and on inquiry we are informed that there have been no visitors in the interval, and the total for the bygone year we find without much difficulty, for the number does not exceed thirty. We now inquire the charge for visitor's admission, and receive for answer that common but mean subterfuge of extortioners, "Your pleasure, sir." In this nameless little town where every stranger and visitor is marked,

we cannot afford to give less than a shilling, although the museum in its present state is scarcely worth paying a penny to see.

The picture we have drawn, although its shadows may be just a little intensified, is by far too common and too true; and even more numerous are those instances in which the description corresponds not perhaps in every detail, but in some, or possibly most of its prominent features. Such, then, being the present aspect of many of the museums in our smaller towns, and the inhabitants appearing perfectly satisfied that such institutions exist without taking the least trouble, or exhibiting the least desire, to make them serve some really useful end, we are confronted by the question, "Should it be so in Britain?" Nay, my friends. But the physician who probes a wound should always have a remedy at hand, and so in exposing the defects and blemishes of local museums, we have not forgotten this medical memo, for we shall now briefly indicate the means to be adopted for placing these institutions in a sound and flourishing condition.

At the 1880 meeting of the British Association, Dr. Günther thus summed up the objects of museums in general:—

1st. To afford rational amusement to the mass of the people.

2nd. To assist in the *elementary* study of the various sciences.

3rd. To supply the specialist with as much material as possible for original research.

And in the case of local museums we may add a—

4th. To illustrate local industries and the scientific features of the district.

In starting a local museum we consider the best plan is to form a Scientific Society, whose first concern should be to get a suitable room, well lighted and a good deal larger than there seems to be any actual necessity for, the importance of this step becoming evident anon. The next point should be to obtain as many objects as possible for a start, and from the commencement every member should be required to do his best in collecting objects whenever he has an opportunity. It is advisable to have as President some one well up in science, and there are few places indeed, of some thousands inhabitants, where such a person is not to be found. However, in default of such a head, we may assume that most of the members have an elementary knowledge of some (one or more) of the sciences, by means of which, and by the aid of a few standard text-books (which if not obtainable in a local library should be pro-

cured with the first subscriptions of the society) most of the common objects may be named and classified without much difficulty, and to the manifest advantage of the members thus engaged.

It is an excellent plan to meet together for an hour or two on certain evenings of the week, and to apportion to each member a certain division of the work for naming and arrangement. A most important thing to be noted here is that every object should be neatly and correctly labelled, with a clear explanatory notice of name, locality, &c., for the value of a museum arranged on such a system is enormously enhanced thereby. Having obtained a few central glass cases and a few tables or shelves around the walls of the room, and having got the objects duly ticketed and provisionally arranged, the public may be invited to view the newly formed collection.

Thus far we have proceeded on the assumption that the town in question possesses no museum, but as there are so many places where an excellent collection already exists, although in a state of chaos or neglect, we must now discuss the best means for putting things right in such a case. Those desirous of reform should meet together and depute some of their number to confer with the present managers, or rather mismanagers, with the view to forming a Scientific Society or Club, which should have the control of the museum, and of which the present managers will probably have to be allowed free membership.

In most cases, where these custodians possess a spark of public spirit, they will readily assent, and a Society may be immediately formed and the museum put in proper order. Here, however, with considerable accumulation of material, there may be a good deal that is rare and not so easily named or classified, but any scientific man in the neighbourhood or a professor in the nearest university, if approached in a proper spirit, would at once lend any assistance in the naming of such rare specimens.

Having at last got things arranged and ready for the public view, the great consideration is, how are the people to be attracted thither, and induced to come not only once but often? The problem is not very difficult to solve, although in many cases failure has been experienced. In the first place the admission fee must be low, and we would recommend a fixed charge of 1d. to be dropped into a box at the door of the room, the charge being distinctly marked upon the box as also on a sign above the outside door,

in a straightforward business-like fashion, with none of "Your pleasure, sir." But even this cheap admission will not be sufficient to attract people frequently; they must have more for their penny, and here we come to the most important feature of our improved museum. People as a rule (exclusive of Macaulay's merest schoolboy class of omniscient mortals) do not know very much about fossils or antiquarian relics, but in every town or neighbourhood there are always individuals who are acquainted with the old-world history of the place, its botany, geology or natural history, or all about the industries of the neighbourhood and the science involved in them. The minister, for example, knows all about the sculptured stones and the old castles, so he must be got if possible to give a simple lecture on prehistoric times, taking as his text a stone axe or an old bone or bronze ornament, explaining the nature and uses of these and cognate objects in the museum. The doctor, again, is up in the botany of the district, so he must be enlisted for an evening to tell the names and the nature of the common wild flowers, and so on with the dominie who knows the geology, and the several worthies who can discourse upon the shells, birds, beetles, butterflies, &c., of the surrounding district, the lecture in every case being illustrated by the specimens in the museum. Occasionally, it will be wise to have a stranger, but as far as possible expense should be avoided, and those in the district who are qualified and willing should always be the mainstay of the system. These lectures should be arranged for once a week throughout the winter months, and they should be preferably not exactly set discourses, but rather familiar explanatory talks with the people, who should be permitted and encouraged to put any pertinent questions to the lecturer at the close, and all such lectures should be delivered in the museum room, which ought to be large enough for this purpose; admission to lecture and museum being included in the 1d.

By means of these lectures, the objects in the cases will be shown to have each a story of their own, and the people in their everyday employments will learn to recognise in the wayside weeds and the seaside shells, much more that deserves attention than may be apparent from a mere inspection of them inside the cases, even though duly named and classified. The scheme we have proposed is neither new nor Utopian, for we have pleasant recollections of a small museum in the famous old Border Burgh which lately

had a well-deserved word of commendation bestowed upon it by the Premier, where for several years such a series of lectures has been given on Saturday evenings with great success. It is needless to enumerate the subjects which might thus be treated of, for every object in the museum may be used as a text or illustration for an endless variety of such "talks with the people," and in the course of a few evenings these lectures, if well managed, will be found to be highly appreciated and largely attended.

Thus far we have advocated the local character of the museum, the feature which of course should have greatest prominence as best accomplishing the first-mentioned object of museums.

But we must now touch upon object No. 2. To afford assistance to the elementary student of science, the museum must possess a typical set of specimens illustrating the various departments of science, and as this is seldom to be had in one locality, such specimens as may be wanting must be obtained by purchase or exchange, and preferably the latter. In most museums there are duplicates of many objects common in the district, and if lists of these were drawn up and published, or sent from one museum to another, an exchange might be effected, to the enrichment of each institution and the saving of a good deal of money in purchasing the necessary specimens. These typical series should be properly arranged in separate cases, and local series should in like manner be kept distinct, while the same plan should be adopted with those special collections which not unfrequently exist, the gift perhaps of some distinguished townsman who has lived abroad and sent home some of his gatherings in foreign lands.

These spoils from far countries and the local specimens which may be characteristic of a special district or formation, afford the material for object No. 3, the specialist's investigations; and in these two classes the member of the scientific society who has mastered the typical specimens and the subject in general will find abundant scope for the exercise of such talent as he may possess for original research.

We have already touched upon the subject of books for reference, and here we would advise the formation of a good general library in connection with the museum, if there be not one already in the town, and the society should likewise endeavour to obtain one or two good microscopes for use in the museum. As opaque objects for the

microscope are extremely easy to mount and more popularly interesting than scientific preparations, while there is everywhere abundance of suitable material, a selection should be mounted, and the microscopes be made to yield some revenue by the exhibition of these objects before or after the weekly lecture at rd. a peep for some few minutes. In this connection we may say one word in favour of astronomy, or rather star geography, and suggest the addition of a telescope to the society's instruments, for it is quite remarkable how few people are acquainted with any but the Pole star, the Plough, and perhaps Orion or the Pleiades. By affording penny peeps at the moon, the planets, and the stars, the public interest in the orbs of heaven might be pleasantly and profitably increased, and the present lamentable ignorance on the subject considerably dispelled.

But we have been digressing somewhat and must return to the equipment of the museum proper, and the only point which remains to be touched upon is one included in class 4, the illustration of local industries. In the Edinburgh Industrial Museum, and that in the West End Park, Glasgow, there are some admirable illustrations of various industries. A penmaker exhibits all the stages in the manufacture of his useful goods; so do the makers of needles, pins, candles, matches, rifles, &c.; while accurate models of factories, mines, and other works afford valuable information and instruction in cases where the buildings, appliances, and machinery are of more interest than the articles produced. The same thing might be done in local museums, and where the museum is properly conducted, and well patronised by the public, local manufacturers will seldom be found unwilling to supply such series of exhibits, which then become an excellent advertisement of their goods; but where the museum door is opened only two or three times a year, of course it cannot be expected that they will present their models or patterns to be thus effectually hidden from the light of day and the public view.

We have purposely confined our remarks to things scientific, for an art gallery is beyond the means of any small community; yet a corner of the local museum may not unprofitably be reserved for art exhibits, and the time is not far off, we hope, when our Government will see the advisability of lending out small typical collections from our national treasure-house of art, South Kensington Museum.

In conclusion we must add one or two suggestions for still further extending the usefulness of such local scientific societies. With the grown-up generation we may have a lively interest in science awakened by means of such a well-ordered museum as we have sketched, but their interest will be to a considerable extent passive, and we must turn to the coming big folks, the present little ones, for our active scientific workers, and it is only of late years that these small but important people have had their true importance recognised as it ought to be. The scientific society should therefore seek to enlist the young folks in the cause of science, and the best way to accomplish such an object is to hold an annual exhibition (admission rd.) of collections of flowers, shells, seaweed, insects, &c., in fact, everything of the sort except birds' eggs, all being of course local and of the children's own collection. Prizes should be awarded for the best collections, and here as in every other competition among children, the prizes should be numerous rather than few and valuable, that the many may be rather encouraged than disappointed. In these collections there will often be found some specimens which may be wanting in the museum; for these the society should offer a small sum if the exhibitors are willing to part with them, and on the labels attached to them the name of the finder should be added to the name and locality of the object. In fact, in every case it is well to add the name of the donor or finder, for the children will point with delight to the specimens *they* found, which are worthy of a place there. And even grown-up donors will be gratified and encouraged to further giving by such an inexpensive yet appropriate recognition of their gifts.

Of course the true benefits of such exhibitions are something more than a mere know-

ledge of the objects at sight; and here we see the importance and value of having in our schools teachers who are zealous in the cause of science, and qualified to explain to the children the nature of the various specimens they may collect for the annual exhibition. In several public schools in Aberdeenshire, we know of much good having been accomplished by the teachers encouraging the children to collect objects for a small school museum, which was housed in a spare cupboard in the school. These specimens have formed illustrations for many an interesting object-lesson alike to the infant classes and to the keener intellects of the sixth standard, and in country schools where there is no museum near, and where one could scarcely be got up, these school collections should be encouraged both by teachers and parents, and we feel confident that in a short time the only feeling will be one of regret at not having earlier commenced so interesting and instructive a system of co-operative education.

The somewhat comprehensive scheme we have here proposed for the furtherance of scientific education is no mere visionary one of unattainables. In one town or other throughout the country the greater portion of it has been successfully adopted, one part here, another part there, but there appears to be no reason why the whole of it should not be tried at once with quite as much success. The cause is worthy of an abler pen than ours, and we shall rejoice if these suggestions lead to even one earnest effort to reform some long-neglected treasure-house of science, for with zeal and judgment such endeavour can but issue in success, and success means the enriching of the people intellectually and morally, ay, and much more than that, even leading them "up through nature unto nature's God."

JOHN GRAY.

THE GOLDEN SHAFT.

BY CHARLES GIBBON, AUTHOR OF "ROBIN GRAY," "FOR LACK OF GOLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XLIX.—A BARGAIN.

HE hoped that she was also conscious of that fact—conscious of all the sorrow which any serious misunderstanding between them would entail upon Ellie. But as he watched the changing expression of her face, he feared that one of the obstinate moods was

coming upon her, and in that case reason would have little sway over her. Yet, shrewd man as he was, he could not fully realise all the considerations which were passing through the woman's mind.

She broke the silence with one short word uttered coldly:

"Well?"

"Well," he rejoined in his quietest way, "I want you to try and help me to avoid the misunderstanding."

"If you will be kind enough to explain what you mean, of course I shall do my best to help you."

This was spoken with that degree of politeness which he knew to be a signal of defiance.

"The explanation will be easy, the difficulty will be to enable you to see the consequences of your own conduct."

"When you have told me what is in your mind, Richard, perhaps I shall understand it."

There was a ring of anger in that and it pleased him, because the voice and manner were natural.

"Then this is it—your conduct in regard to Ellie is doing her much harm and does not reflect credit upon you or upon me."

At that Mrs. Musgrave pulled up again, and sitting bolt upright in her chair she asked sharply:

"Do you mean to question the propriety of my conduct? No one can say that there has ever been anything in it derogatory to your dignity or my own."

"I am afraid that any one who understood as well as I do how you have been courting Mr. Fenwick for your daughter would think that you had sacrificed not only dignity, but self-respect."

"I cannot listen to such an accusation as this," she exclaimed, rising and moving towards the door.

He did not stir from his position, but he said firmly:

"You promised to help me to avoid misunderstanding. I hope you mean it, and if you do, you will sit down again and let us talk this matter over quietly."

"How is it possible for me to talk quietly when you insult me in this way?" she said, turning, but unable to yield so far as to resume her seat.

"Our position is too grave to admit the frivolity of insult," he replied, and his sense of humour rendered him conscious that he had uttered one of those stilted phrases in which Mrs. Musgrave delighted. "There ought not to be any insult in telling you that I do not like the way in which you are acting towards Ellie—and towards me, although that is a minor consideration."

"This is too ridiculous!"

She always fell back on this cry whenever she was unable to answer him. She made a second movement towards the door, and was again restrained by his voice.

"You must listen to me, Euphemia, and with all the earnestness of which you are capable. If you again show that you wish to leave the room before we are done, I shall not ask you to remain. But, bear in mind, that if you do so, my daughter and I will leave the house—and you."

This was not uttered as threats usually are: the tone was one of sadness, not passion. She felt that the chord of attachment was strained to the limit of its bearing power, and that it would snap if a fraction more of weight were put upon it. She knew that, once resolved, nothing could charm him back to the old easy-going ways of their domestic life in which she had certainly been allowed to have very much of her own way, if not all of it. But the mere fact that she had so long held autocratic sway made surrender the more difficult.

And then she had visions of the terrible scandal there would be about her temper if he should really carry out his threat and leave her, taking their daughter with him. She was again dismayed, although not yet submissive.

"Do you not think it is somewhat late to begin your lessons on the law of domestic duty?" she asked bitterly, as she sat down, arranging her skirt so that the folds might lie gracefully around her.

"The lesson has only now become necessary—and that is a compliment to us both, as you will see when you come to think over it."

"I cannot pretend to be in a humour for compliments."

"Do not be afraid that I shall offend you with too many of them. There cannot be any compliment in telling you that you have caused me as much surprise as vexation by your endeavours to force Ellie upon Fenwick. My notion is that no man can value a girl who is as it were flung to him."

"Force her upon him!—fling her to him!" cried the mother indignantly, and yet sufficiently conscious of the truth of the reproach to feel the sting deeply. "The man is madly in love with her."

"I think there is only one person with whom he is madly in love—that is himself. We have nothing to do with that, however: what concerns me is that you induced him to follow you to Cannes, and now by the unlucky coincidence of your return it will appear as if you followed him home."

"We obeyed your own summons, Richard: you cannot blame us for that." (She was proud of being able to score one point in this disagreeable conversation).

"Just so: but would you have obeyed as promptly as you have done if he had not started before the arrival of my letter?"

She would have given a great deal to have been able to answer truthfully that she would certainly have returned the moment she received his emphatic command to do so. But as she was unable to do that, the rebellious spirit, which resents more than anything else being compelled to feel that it is in the wrong, rose again and she would have made another effort to escape from this ordeal. The consequences of such a course, however, were too deeply impressed upon her, and she retained her seat, taking refuge in a reproachful and dignified question.

"Can you doubt it?"

"No," he replied emphatically, and he left her to guess what it was he did not doubt. "But let that pass. The important matter is this: Ellie is yielding to you because she does not want to vex you, although the pursuit of the man is most repugnant and distressing to her. What she does not see, poor child, I do; and I believe that you will be as much vexed as myself when you see it too."

"What is it?"

"Can you not see?—Ellie by obeying you and not sending Fenwick about his business at once is supposed to be manœuvring with you to catch—I believe that is the word used—to catch the new M.P. who happens to be the heir of Cluden Peel."

"Who would dare to imagine such a thing in association with my daughter?"

"Folk will not only imagine it, but believe it and say it if you do not alter your course."

"How can I help Mr. Fenwick being devoted to my daughter? I am proud of it and proud to think that she is in every respect worthy of it."

"That is very right and proper; but at the same time there is no need for your getting the reputation of being match-hunters. Why, even Miss Dinwuddie cannot help jesting at it."

Mrs. Musgrave's face became crimson, but she spoke with lofty scorn.

"You will oblige me by not referring to Miss Dinwuddie. I have been much deceived in my estimate of her character."

"Why, I thought she was almost perfection, according to your last letter."

"I was labouring under a mistake then; now I am glad that she is going home by the afternoon train."

"Oh! . . . I dare say you have good

reasons for this sudden change of opinion; but I shall not inquire into them. Should there be any unpleasantness between you, however, I have no doubt that will add spice to the pleasure with which she will describe your little plans to thrust your daughter upon Fenwick."

At that the pride of the mother rose above her discretion.

"My daughter does not require to be thrust upon any one. She has already refused Mr. Fenwick twice!"

"Ah . . . and still he seeks her. Poor bairn, how she must have been worried. I think you should refuse him too, Euphemia."

"Me refuse him?—the man has not proposed to me!"

Had the Fiscal been in his ordinary state he would have closed the interview with a sly expression of his regret that Fenwick could not do so. As it was, he proceeded seriously:

"No, he has not proposed to you, but he is only following Ellie because you encourage him and even urge him to do so."

"I have done nothing more to encourage him than if they had both been only friends who trusted me with their confidence."

"Yes, but you know what mischief meddling friends always work in these matters—and meddling mothers work more evil than the best of friends."

Mrs. Musgrave would have known how to reply if he had been scolding her, but as he was talking to her in a calm, confidential manner, charging her with no greater offence than excess of zeal, she could not maintain herself in a sarcastic state, or even in a rage, and so was at a loss how to reply. But her dislike for Armour increased the more conscious she became of the weakness of her position and of the unpleasant interpretations which might be placed upon her conduct by outsiders. She took refuge again in a question.

"What is it you want me to do?" she asked helplessly.

"Nothing."

She looked at him as if he had suddenly set aside his gravity and propounded a conundrum.

"I cannot make out what you mean."

"It is simple enough: leave Fenwick to his own devices—don't persuade him that Ellie will change her mind—don't have him for ever gladwinding about here—and don't worry our bairn with your blethers about his great position in society and his general fit-

ness to be her guidman. In brief, leave them alone."

Here the poor mother began to detect a strategical movement to thwart her long-cherished plans for her daughter's future, and she called all her cunning to her aid.

"And what will happen then?" she inquired with a forced smile.

"What would have happened long ago if you had not interfered—Fenwick will accept his dismissal and Ellie will regain her health."

"You do not wish me to forbid him the house?"

She fancied that she was leading up cleverly to a climax which would reveal to her husband that he was himself as much at fault in regard to Armour as she was—perhaps—in regard to Fenwick.

"Certainly not," was his answer.

"You do not wish me to tell him that he is not to dine here to-morrow?"

"By all means let him come if you have asked him: but you must remember it is on condition that there shall be no more games at matchmaking."

Then came the grand climax which she had so cunningly prepared.

She was really proud of the cleverness with which she had managed it. Smiling superciliously, Mrs. Musgrave with an air of triumph observed:

"And you, Richard—whilst compelling me to give my friend the cold shoulder—you will give Mr. Armour every opportunity to make sure of our daughter. Is that fair?"

"It would not be fair if I did it. But I have no intention of doing it. The neutrality which I ask you to observe, I shall observe. But now that we have settled about Fenwick there are some things in relation to Armour, which I must explain. When he, finding himself in difficulties, said that he was ready to give up all claim to Ellie, I thought it was a very sensible and honest action on his part."

The Fiscal paused and for the first time moved from his position on the hearth-rug. He went straight to his desk and rested his hand upon it as if about to open the secret drawer.

"Decidedly, a most honourable action," said the wife, smiling, with feelings of self-gratification that she had been the inspirer of the action so praised and of chagrin that it should have obtained so much favour for the man she disliked.

"Yes, a most honourable action," repeated the Fiscal mechanically, whilst his hand still

rested on the desk and his chin dropped nearer to his breast; "a most honourable action. That is not what I was going to explain. . . . I was going to tell you something which may startle you. I have always liked this Armour; and some time ago I found out that he was the son of a person for whom in early days I had a great liking."

There he lifted his head and fixed his eyes on his chief monitor, whilst Mrs. Musgrave's face grew dark. He continued:

"I am not going to tell you any romantic story of my life before I knew you. There is nothing at all in it that is not quite commonplace. . . . The girl married Armour's father. She was unhappy and died. . . . I am glad to be able to help her son. . . . That is all; and now you understand the reasons for the friendliness with which I regard Armour, you will, if you have any respect for me, endeavour to overcome your prejudice. . . . I hope you are not much vexed."

She was neither startled nor shocked, but she was not pleased: however resolutely we may shut our eyes to the old loves of those to whom we are united, there is always a certain degree of bitterness in being reminded that they have existed.

"I do not think that the explanation you have given of your motives for helping him are of a nature to make *me* think the more kindly of him," she said at length coldly.

"Perhaps I should not have told you," he rejoined, his eyes still fixed upon the white judge above the book-case; "for there is another motive and the reason of it will touch you keenly. If I do not act as a true friend to Armour I shall be a dishonoured man and you and Ellie will share in my disgrace."

At that Mrs. Musgrave sprang to her feet with a cry of dismay. It was not his words but his manner which alarmed her.

"Richard!—what are these dreadful things you are saying? You a dishonoured man!—we disgraced! . . . Oh, you are not well."

He turned towards her a face white almost as the bust on which he had been gazing.

"It is true—I am not well. I need rest and change. A few weeks hence I shall cease to be the Fiscal and then you shall have your fill of travelling, if you like. Meanwhile, make your mind easy: I am not dishonoured and you are not disgraced. There is only one person who can bear witness against me, and he will be silent until you compel him to speak."

"You confuse me—what does it mean—who is that person?"

"Myself," he said with gentle gravity, keeping his eyes fixed upon her. "Will you force me to speak?"

"How can I do that if you wish to be silent?"

"I have no wish to be silent. I am compelled to be so by the will and for the sake of others. You only can open my lips if you persist in your interference between Ellie and her lover."

"You are trying to frighten me," she said, drawing back and her sympathy disappearing.

"Well, perhaps it is so. I did not mean to say so much as I have done. Try to forget it all except this: I am bound by a promise to the dead to be Armour's friend in good or ill fortune, and you must not interfere between him and Ellie. Leave them to settle the affair for themselves. I will not say a word to one of them until they ask for it. Will you promise the same?"

"Of course it is easy enough to promise to do the same; but Mr. Fenwick comes to me and asks for advice."

"Then advise him to go to Ellie and to take her answer as final. That is what I mean to do with the other. Is it a bargain?"

"I will do as you wish—but you must explain to me all these strange things you have been saying."

"Some day—perhaps. Some day it must be known," he said as his fingers touched the secret drawer, evidently moved by the desire to take out the statement of the incidents at Campbell's farm and to read it to her.

But he left the drawer unopened and went back to the hearth-rug, resuming much of his ordinary manner as he did so.

Mrs. Musgrave had risen. She was pale, perplexed, and altogether confused as to what ought to be her proper action in the singular position in which she was placed. Here was her daughter whose absurd fancy was to be allowed to have its own way, and shut her out from what would have been a most desirable alliance; and here was her husband, whose honour had been held beyond reproach, telling her that he was metaphorically at the mercy of the man she now thoroughly detested. She had suffered more unhappiness during the last year and a half than she had done in the whole course of her life, and it was all due to this man Armour. Yet she was expected not only to

be kind to him, but to accept him as her son-in-law if her daughter pleased.

"I'll try to do what you want, Richard," she said in a dazed way; "but you have frightened me. Will you let me go now?"

He took her hand and led her kindly to the door.

CHAPTER L.—A RESOLUTION.

THE shock to Mrs. Musgrave was much greater than she had shown to her husband—much greater than she was willing to admit even to herself. The idea that her husband and, through him, his family, should be under obligations to a person like Armour was more than she could bear.

Up till now she had not had any special dislike to the man, although she had never cared for him. She had received him with courteous civility when he came to Torthorl, and she had endured him whenever he had been thrust upon her elsewhere. But she had never lost sight of the fact that he belonged to a lower grade of creation than her daughter, and that he was no fitting match for her.

But she positively and unreasonably hated him now, when she learned that in spite of his bankrupt position he was the master of their respectability. It was of no consequence to her how that mastership came about. She had been told that she was not to inquire and she was obedient—because she did not want to hear the disagreeable "somethings" which the Fiscal thought had best be kept from her.

She went straight to her room. She would not go down to lunch, excusing herself on the ground of excessive fatigue. Miss Dinwuddie would pardon her. Miss Dinwuddie was quite willing to do so, and sent a thousand thousand good wishes and hopes that she would be quite well again after a night's rest. At the same time she regretted very much the necessity which compelled her to depart without seeing one who had been so kind and good to her. However, she would be back soon, and then she would be able to express her gratitude in person. She was, in fact, her debtor for life for the pleasures which she had provided, and for the happiness with which the memory of these pleasures would store her future life, &c., &c.

But although Miss Dinwuddie could afford to treat these symptoms of ill health with formal courtesies, Ellie could not. She was anxious to see her mother and was glad when Miss Dinwuddie's departure permitted her to do so.

Mrs. Musgrave was really ill this time, and she had gone to bed. After a long journey the digestion is apt to be weak, and at this moment the poor lady felt as if the whole world looked on her with frowning face. Her husband had spoken with a sternness which he had never shown before: she knew that Ellie was not pleased with her, and, worst of all, there was the galling revelation to her own conscience, roused by the Fiscal's sharp words, that she had been deficient in self-respect in her eagerness to secure what she considered the best possible settlement for her daughter. She could only take refuge in that haven of discontented minds—the thought that she had been greatly misunderstood.

And she had been misunderstood, poor lady, although the fault was entirely her own. She had escaped the snares of passion: marriage had been to her little more than an "arrangement" made between two people for their mutual advantage. To be sure there had been a time when a certain halo of romance had glorified the idea of binding herself to another person for life; but that period had long passed before she became Mrs. Musgrave. She had accepted the suitor who had been approved by her father, and until now she had never had any serious reason to repent.

But Armour, the bankrupt paper-maker, as she mentally dubbed him, had altered everything—altered her husband, altered her daughter, and she could not forgive him.

"Are you better now, mamma?" asked Ellie, bending over the bed and arranging the pillow.

The mother hid her face and sobbed.

"I did not mean to be unkind, Ellie. . . . I was doing what I thought was best for you."

"I am sure of that, mamma," was the gentle answer.

"But your father says I have been cruel and that my conduct has been quite disgraceful."

"No, no—he could not say that."

"But he did say it, and it is dreadful. I shall never get over it. Such a thing to be said of me! I always thought that I had been most careful to preserve our dignity!"

"Yes, mamma, but you know people have different notions as to what is dignity."

"Very well, I make no further protest. Marry anybody you please and take the consequences. Only don't blame me afterwards. I will have nothing more to do with it. My heart is broken and I want to rest just now."

Ellie carefully drew the coverlet up to her chin; and then, as she turned away:

"I will try to prevent any noise, mamma," she said with a suppressed sigh as she sat down by the bedside.

Mrs. Musgrave, wearied by travel and excitement, soon went to sleep; and as Ellie watched her, there came the great question which so seldom stares one directly in the face—was she to torture her mother because she wished to please the man whose only claim upon her was her own endowment?

She rose and went to a little writing-table. Paper, pen and ink were ready. Would she write? . . . Yes, and this was what she wrote:

"Forgive me, if you can—you will do so if you think with me and if you love me. My mother suffers so much on account of my promise to you, that I am compelled to withdraw it.

"I have in some little degree a relief in saying this, as you have yourself declared that you had no wish to insist upon our engagement.

"Whatever you do, and whatever becomes of me, I shall always be interested in knowing that you are happy and successful.

"ELLIE."

Then with much hesitation she folded up the paper, and, finding that her mother still slept, she crept out of the room and gave it to a servant to carry to Thorniehowe.

By that time it was growing dark.

CHAPTER LI.—A GENERAL SURPRISE

FENWICK had carried out his resolution as announced to Miss Dinwuddie in the billiard-room at Cannes: he had seen Ellie, and he had seen Mrs. Musgrave.

To Ellie he said,

"I have asked for this interview, Miss Musgrave, in order that I may obtain from you a final answer to my question—do you think it worth your while to take me? You have had time enough to consider, goodness knows. I don't want to bother you, but I believe that we could get on together very well, and I know that you would make me very happy. I understand that you are quite at liberty to decide for yourself; and so, you see, I am not going to beat about the bush. I ask you once for all, is there any hope that you will change your mind regarding me?"

There was a great deal of petulance and no degree of dignity in the manner in which he expressed this blunt question. But Ellie pardoned the manner on account of the opportunity it afforded her to dispose of his unappreciated attentions. Indeed, she had

never liked Mr. Fenwick so much as she did at that moment. He had spoken frankly, if somewhat discourteously.

"Do you remember our interview at Torthorl?" she asked.

"Yes, and your reply."

"Then I have to give you the same reply now. I am sorry, Mr. Fenwick—very sorry—that you force me to repeat this answer. You can have no idea how much you distress me, or I am sure you would not do it."

He drew breath, fumbled with his hat, and walked to the window sulkily. He looked out at the window, and saw nothing. The rich sloping gardens, the pretty villas, the clear blue sky were invisible to his irritated senses. He was obliged to own that for once he had miscalculated his own powers and misjudged a woman. It was not an agreeable admission, and he swallowed it with more difficulty than he would have done a dose of castor oil.

"Very well, Miss Musgrave," he said, turning to her again; "this is the last time I shall trouble you. When we were speaking about this matter at Torthorl I thought you might change your mind. I see that you cannot. Of course, you will forgive my obstinacy when you know that I have never before urged this question so earnestly. Pardon whatever annoyance I have given you, and, believe me, I shall always be your friend if I may not be your lover."

He bowed and quitted the room, feeling that he had been very much ill-used. He was in fact in a passion when he went to Mrs. Musgrave, and although he managed to control his temper so far as to speak with superficial civility, he could not help some display of the chagrin with which he had received his final dismissal.

"I have come to say good-bye, Mrs. Musgrave," he said coldly. "It's all nonsense for me to stay here any longer. There is a mistake somewhere. Your daughter has made up her mind, and—the fact is I feel very much like a fool."

Mrs. Musgrave was very sorry to see him so much agitated, although even she was aware that his agitation was due to wounded vanity rather than to the despair of a lover.

"You must make allowances for her, Mr. Fenwick. She does not quite know her own mind yet."

"Possibly not; but I know mine," he returned with severe politeness. "She knows her own mind sufficiently well to give me the feeling that it would be waste of time to

expect her to change it. I don't mean to try."

"Now, now, my dear Mr. Fenwick, you are going to act very impetuously. If you care about her as I think you do, you will give her time to get over the disappointment she has experienced. I won't allow you to decide in this off-hand way. You must wait a little."

Fenwick took out his watch and looked at the time.

"I don't think it is worth while bothering any more; and from what she has said to me, I believe that it would be a mistake to accept her yes now even if she gave it. I am going by the four-o'clock train."

Mrs. Musgrave would not believe that he was in earnest.

"You have just got into some silly quarrel," she said, smiling pleasantly. "You are not to take the afternoon train, and you are not to go away until you have made it all up."

"I am going by the four-o'clock train," repeated Fenwick.

"Do not be ridiculous—if you can help it. You will do nothing of the kind if you have any regard for me."

"I have a great deal of regard for you, Mrs. Musgrave; but I have some also for myself. Good-bye."

She saw that he was in a passion and made no further attempt to delay him, feeling sure that he would return in the evening. But he did not return, and contrary to all her experience of his character, he did take the four-o'clock train.

Previous to that, however, he had met Miss Dinwuddie; and this was what she wrote in hot haste to her sister:

"Shut your mouth, and open your eyes and all your ears—there never was such fun! What do you think?—Mr. Fenwick has *proposed* to me, and I have said—

"Would you like very much to know what I said? I am not yet quite sure whether it is all a joke or a dream, or some nonsense of that sort. But there is the fact: he said, 'Will you marry me?' And I said, 'Yes, sir, if you please.'

"I don't know how it came about, and he has started for home, so that I have no opportunity of reassuring myself; but as near as I can make out I'll write down what he said and what I said.

"I really never thought that such a thing was possible; but you see it is always the least expected thing that occurs. I told you that he was worrying Ellie, and that I be-

lieved he didn't care a bit about her; and certainly she didn't care about him. But Mrs. Musgrave held him fast and urged him on. Then after that chat we had in the billiard-room, he was really determined to square matters.

"To-day he did it. He saw Ellie; then he saw her mother and then he came to me. I was in the billiard-room making believe to have a game by myself.

"'Oh, I am so glad to see you,' says I, 'for I have just made such a lovely shot. I am quite sure you would have been proud of your pupil.'

"'I can't stay to talk to you about shots,' he said as sulky as possible. 'I want to get away from this insufferable place.'

"'Why, what is the matter, Mr. Fenwick?' was my exclamation as I dropped the cue on the table. 'Are you not well—you are looking very pale.'

"'I don't know whether I am looking pale or not; but I have just discovered that I have been made a fool of—and I don't like it. You won't make a fool of me, will you?'

"He said that so piteously that I really could not resent the way in which, whilst he held my hand, he drew me close to him—just for sympathy of course.

"I could not help feeling interested. You must keep in mind that the mother has all along led him to believe that Ellie would change her mind and accept him. (I don't think they would have done together at all. However, we have no need to consider that now.)

"I do not know exactly what I said to him; but he seemed to be glad to have somebody who cared a little about him and—you can understand it yourself. Here was a poor fellow who was deeply in love. (I wonder if he was deeply in love. My own impression is that he was not. My impression is that he was moved by Ellie in some way that we cannot understand and that he proposed to her because he could not help himself.)

"'Will you take pity on me?—Will you take me for better or worse?—I am sure it will be the worse, but we need not mind about that just now.'

"What could I say to such an appeal?

"There was only one answer and that was—

"'Yes.'

"And so I have accepted him, and so we are going to be married. It will be an awful surprise for Mrs. Musgrave, and she will be

fearfully indignant with me. But you can't help these sort of things and we must make the best of it.

"In any case I think Hugh and I will get on together. I am quite sure that he and Ellie never would have done so.

"Now you are not to blame me, I have done what I believe to be a kindly action and before two months have passed Ellie herself will thank me.

"Yours, &c.,
"C. D."

* * * * *

Armour had been waiting so long for some sign that she remembered him that the sight of her handwriting was like a glimpse of sunshine in a day of cloud. He tore open the envelope—the sunshine disappeared and the clouds gathered round him, wrapping him up so close that he could not move for a little while.

Then came the burning passion of the man—the indignation, the disbelief, the madness and bitterness of feeling that he had been mistaken in this woman in whom he had recognised all that was lovely, all that was true.

Of course he had said to himself that if she should change her mind he would not care.

But now?—

The change had come and where were all the promises of self-sacrifice he had given to himself?

Where now the noble pride which taught him to say—"If she cares more for another than for me, she could not have been happy with me, and that would have made me miserable? I ought to be grateful—most grateful to her for having the courage to tell me before it was too late that she had made a mistake. Had I discovered afterwards that she only held to her word because she had given it and not because her heart was with it what agony we must both have suffered!

Might I not have been seized with the passion which destroyed my father and cursed the woman I loved? . . . I shall tell her that I thank her. I shall wish her with all my heart the happiness which I would have striven so hard to give her.

But he could not do that. The most he could do was to be silent and try with all his might to stifle the bitterness within him.

And the days passed and he was silent.

* * * * *

Will he make no sign? Did he care so little for her—did he think that she cared so little for him that it was not necessary to send one parting word? How cruel he must be—how thoughtless—how without faith he must be! She would never have believed that he could read those icy words and not desire to say something which might take the chill off them. But men are so different from women! They feel nothing:—Women feel everything!

* * * * *

He did not know what to say to himself: he did not know what to say to Grannie. He knew that she was fretting and he knew the cause. But in the bright sunshine of the summer day he passed out from his room into the garden, and there was Grannie seated in her easy chair, and Ellie kneeling, hands clasping hers.

When he appeared, she sprang to her feet in confusion.

"I came to speak to Grannie," she said bashfully.

He put his arms round her and drew her close to him.

"You came to speak to me, Ellie—we shall be happy."

She nestled her head upon his breast with smiling confidence in his prediction.

"I thought we were never to speak together again, Grannie—do you know what's going on? The princess and the lamp are found again."

"Ou, ay, I ken fine," said Grannie gently, "and I'm rael proud. The Lord is aye guid to us when we are guid to oorsels."

* * * * *

They were happy and the Fiscal should have had nothing more to trouble him. But—oh, that terrible "But" which comes like the demon "If" into every life—but conscience followed him and conscience told him that he was doing wrong—wrong to his own child—wrong to the man who was to make her his wife.

Should he do this? He a just man in all ways—should he become by deliberate thought a criminal?

If he remained silent they would be happy. If he spoke they would be miserable. Silence or speech then was his course.

He was only a man and he decided upon silence.

But the great gloom hung over him. He

walked about knowing that his agony made others happy and he was silent.

As he passed down the road, riding very slowly, there were the trees making curious shadows across the path; then low down lay the river, glistening in the afternoon sunlight. Before him lay the shadow, and he was going straight into it. Behind him, up on the hill, was the sunlight, and he was passing away from it.

Up the steep hill came a merry plough-boy, whistling at intervals whilst he looked the glad sunlight right in the face, and he passed the man, old in his sorrow, whose head was bowed towards his horse's neck, but whose eyes saw him as he passed.

The boy said to himself:

"Eh, man, but I wish I had your horse."

The man said:

"Eh, my laddie, what life's in you! What would I give to have your step and your faith. . . . Can I ever find it again? No. The life lies far back that was mine. You, my lad, are walking up into the sunlight, I am walking into the shadow. . . But they are happy. I am glad. . . Suffer what I may—thank God."

* * * * *

The minister had a great discussion with Matthey, and this time they were very near quarrelling in earnest. What the minister said was:

"Look here, Matthey—if you will not behave yourself, I am going to marry Grannie Armour. Then there will be none of your nonsense about the house."

Matthey drew himself up, and with what can only be described as a dignifiedly contemptuous movement of his hand:

"You've been sayin' for ever so many years that you were gaun to get married. I dinna believe you—and what's mair, I'll no allow it. You and me have aye been thegither, preachin' and prayin' for mair nor thirty years, and I'm no gaun to let you gang awa' from me. Noo, just sit doon till I speak to you."

Mr. Moffat, grinning to himself, and enjoying the joke, sat down with every appearance of the utmost humility.

"I'm ready for the sermon noo, Matthey."

"Ah—and I daursay you're thinkin' about next Sabbath. Well, maybe it'll be of use to you. What I was gaun to say is just this—do you no ken that you have been interfering with Mr. Fenwick, and he was a great

friend o' yours, and he and all the Fenwicks of Cluden Peel will be doon upon you. They would never forgive you. Weel,"—(here Matthey posed himself lecturing his master, with forefinger raised towards his nose—a movement very common with the minister, and which Matthey had caught) "do you see what it means to me? I'm just gaun to be thrown out o' a comfortable place that Mr. Fenwick meant to gie me."

"And what was that, Matthey?"

"Weel, you're no to be angry, but he said to me that if he married Miss Musgrave I was to ha'e the Hame farm."

"And you would leave me?" cried the minister.

Matthey's brows contracted, and there was a peculiar movement of the muscles of the cheeks as if the man were trying to suppress some laughter.

"Just that. Did you no say that you were gaun to marry Grannie Armour, and do you think it would be possible for me to bide here if you brought a mistress into the house? I just wouldna do it, and if you're thinking about taking a wife there's no reason whatever that I shouldna be thinkin' o' taking a place mysel'. Noo, what do you say?"

The minister sprang up from his seat and placed his hands on Matthey's shoulders.

"I'm going to write a letter, Matthey, and I'll show it to you when it's done. Stay with me."

Matthey obediently arranged things in the room and waited until his master finished the letter.

This was what the minister wrote:

"MY DEAR ARMOUR,—

"I have just been having a discussion with Matthey, who objects very strongly to my getting married, and if it had not been for his objection it was my intention to ask Grannie to come away and be the mistress of the Manse, simply that you might come home to a clear house.

"However, as that cannot be, and as I have been down to see Grannie, we must just be content to go on as we have been doing all along. Grannie is very happy and much pleased to know that you are happy too.

"For myself I am content to think of you in your great joy with feelings of sincere pleasure; and I believe that all the sins of your forbears are atoned for by the honour of your own life.

"Stick to that—be clean in yourself, and all will be well. I suppose you will think that's a bit from a sermon, but it isn't—it's what I'm really feeling and thinking. I have watched your course from boyhood on through manhood, and when I die I should like to say, as you may do, 'I have wronged no man—or woman either.'

"(Matthey says that that's me speaking to him. Never you heed, it's common sense.)

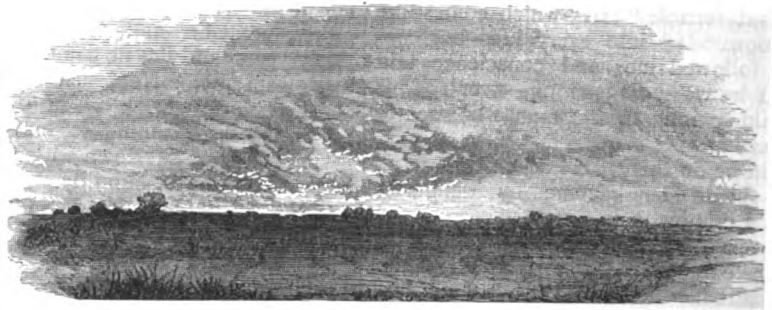
"Tawtie Pate and Gow, the smith, have made up their minds to have a bonfire when you come back, and it's my opinion they'll burn the mill, on account of its unluckiness. However that may be, I am your sincere and good friend,

"PATRICK MOFFAT."

* * * * *

And so—good-bye.

THE END.



REPRODUCED
FROM THE



Frontispiece.

"THE TWO HEROINES OF PLUMLINGTON."

Page 32.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE A YEAR &
WHEN IT COMES IT BRINGS

GOOD CHEER

CHRISTMAS, 1882.

W. J. Harness y

The Two Heroines of
PLUMPLINGTON.

BY
Anthony Trollope.



CHAPTER I.—THE TWO GIRLS.

N the little town of Plumplington last year, just about this time of the year,—it was in November,—the ladies and gentlemen forming the Plumplington Society were much exercised as to the affairs of two young ladies. They were both the only daughters of two elderly gentlemen, well known and greatly respected in Plumplington. All the world

may not know that Plumplington is the second town in Barssetshire, and though it sends no member to Parliament, as does Silverbridge, it has a population of over 20,000 souls, and three separate banks. Of one of these Mr. Greenmantle is the manager, and is reputed to have shares in the bank. At any rate he is known to be a warm man. His daughter Emily is supposed to be the heiress of all he possesses, and has been regarded as a fitting match by many of the sons of the country gentlemen around. It was rumoured a short time since that young Harry Gresham was likely to ask her hand in marriage, and Mr. Greenmantle was supposed at the time to have been very willing to entertain the idea. Whether Mr. Gresham has ever asked or not, Emily Greenmantle did not incline her ear that way, and it came out while the affair was being discussed in Plumplington circles that the young lady much preferred one Mr. Philip Hughes. Now Philip Hughes was a very promising young man, but was at the time no more than a cashier in her father's bank. It became known at once that Mr. Greenmantle was very angry. Mr. Greenmantle was a man who carried himself with a dignified and handsome demeanour, but he was one of whom those who knew him used to declare that it would be found very difficult to turn him from his purpose. It might not be possible that he should succeed with Harry Gresham, but it was considered out of the question that he should give his girl and his money to such a man as Philip Hughes.

The other of these elderly gentlemen is Mr. Hickory Peppercorn. It cannot be said that Mr. Hickory Peppercorn had ever been put on a par with Mr. Greenmantle. No one could suppose that Mr. Peppercorn had ever sat down to dinner in company with Mr. and Miss Greenmantle. Neither did Mr. or Miss Peppercorn expect to be asked on the festive occasion of one of Mr. Greenmantle's dinners. But Miss Peppercorn was not unfrequently made welcome to Miss Greenmantle's five o'clock tea-table; and in many of the affairs of the town the two young ladies were seen associated together. They were both very active in the schools, and stood nearly equal in the good graces of old Dr. Freeborn. There was, perhaps, a little jealousy on this account in the bosom of Mr. Greenmantle, who was pervaded perhaps by an idea that Dr. Freeborn thought too much of himself. There never was a quarrel, as Mr. Greenmantle was a good churchman; but there was a jealousy. Mr. Greenmantle's family sank into insignificance if you looked beyond his grandfather; but Dr. Freeborn could talk glibly of his ancestors in the time of Charles I. And it certainly was the fact that Dr. Freeborn would speak of the two young ladies in one and the same breath.

Now Mr. Hickory Peppercorn was in truth nearly as warm a man as his neighbour, and he was one who was specially proud of being warm. He was a foreman,—or rather more than foreman,—a kind of top sawyer in the brewery establishment of Messrs. Du Boung and Co., a firm which has an establishment also in the town of Silverbridge. His position in the world may be described by declaring that he always wears a dark-coloured tweed coat and trousers, and a chimney-pot hat. It is almost impossible to say too much that is good of Mr. Peppercorn. His one great fault has been already designated. He was and still is very fond of his money. He does not talk much about it; but it is to be feared that it dwells too constantly on his mind. As a servant to the firm he is honesty and constancy itself. He is a man of such a nature that by means of his very presence all the partners can be allowed to go to bed if they wish it. And there is not a man in the establishment who does not know him to be good and true. He understands all the systems of brewing, and his very existence in the brewery is a proof that Messrs. Du Boung and Co. are prosperous.

He has one daughter, Polly, to whom he is so thoroughly devoted that all the other

girls in Plumplington envy her. If anything is to be done Polly is asked to go to her father, and if Polly does go to her father the thing is done. As far as money is concerned it is not known that Mr. Peppercorn ever refused Polly anything. It is the pride of his heart that Polly shall be, at any rate, as well dressed as Emily Greenmantle. In truth nearly double as much is spent on her clothes, all of which Polly accepts without a word to show her pride. Her father does not say much, but now and again a sigh does escape him. Then it came out, as a blow to Plumplington, that Polly too had a lover. And the last person in Plumplington who heard the news was Mr. Peppercorn. It seemed from his demeanour, when he first heard the tidings, that he had not expected that any such accident would ever happen. And yet Polly Peppercorn was a very pretty, bright girl of one-and-twenty of whom the wonder was,—if it was true,—that she had never already had a lover. She looked to be the very girl for lovers, and she looked also to be one quite able to keep a lover in his place.

Emily Greenmantle's lover was a two-months'-old story when Polly's lover became known to the public. There was a young man in Barchester who came over on Thursdays dealing with Mr. Peppercorn for malt. He was a fine stalwart young fellow, six-feet-one, with bright eyes and very light hair and whiskers, with a pair of shoulders which would think nothing of a sack of wheat, a hot temper, and a thoroughly good heart. It was known to all Plumplington that he had not a shilling in the world, and that he earned forty shillings a week from Messrs. Mealing's establishment at Barchester. Men said of him that he was likely to do well in the world, but nobody thought that he would have the impudence to make up to Polly Peppercorn.

But all the girls saw it and many of the old women, and some even of the men. And at last Polly told him that if he had anything to say to her he must say it to her father. "And you mean to have him, then?" said Bessy Rolt in surprise. Her lover was by at the moment, though not exactly within hearing of Bessy's question. But Polly when she was alone with Bessy spoke up her mind freely. "Of course I mean to have him, if he pleases. What else? You don't suppose I would go on with a young man like that and mean nothing. I hate such ways."

"But what will your father say?"

"Why shouldn't he like it? I heard papa

say that he had but 7s. 6d. a week when he first came to Du Boungs. He got poor mamma to marry him, and he never was a good-looking man."

"But he had made some money."

"Jack has made no money as yet, but he is a good-looking fellow. So they're quits. I believe that father would do anything for me, and when he knows that I mean it he won't let me break my heart."

But a week after that a change had come over the scene. Jack had gone to Mr. Hickory Peppercorn, and Mr. Peppercorn had given him a rough word or two. Jack had not borne the rough word well, and old Hickory, as he was called, had said in his wrath, "Impudent cub! you've got nothing. Do you know what my girl will have?"

"I've never asked."

"You knew she was to have something."

"I know nothing about it. I'm ready to take the rough and the smooth together. I'll marry the young lady and wait till you give her something." Hickory couldn't turn him out on the spur of the moment because there was business to be done, but warned him not to go into his private house. "If you speak another word to Polly, old as I am, I'll measure you across the back with my stick." But Polly, who knew her father's temper, took care to keep out of her father's sight on that occasion.

Polly after that began the battle in a fashion that had been invented by herself. No one heard the words that were spoken between her and her father,—her father who had so idolized her; but it appeared to the people of Plumplington that Polly was holding her own. No disrespect was shown to her father, not a word was heard from her mouth that was not affectionate or at least decorous. But she took upon herself at once a certain lowering of her own social standing. She never drank tea with Emily Greenmantle, or accosted her in the street with her old friendly manner. She was terribly humble to Dr. Freeborn, who however would not acknowledge her humility on any account. "What's come over you?" said the Doctor. "Let me have none of your stage plays or I shall take you and shake you."

"You can shake me if you like it, Dr. Freeborn," said Polly, "but I know who I am and what my position is."

"You are a determined young puss," said the Doctor, "but I am not going to help you in opposing your own father." Polly said not a word further, but looked very demure as the Doctor took his departure.

But Polly performed her greatest stroke in reference to a change in her dress. All her new silks, that had been the pride of her father's heart, were made to give way to old stuff gowns. People wondered where the old gowns, which had not been seen for years, had been stowed away. It was the same on Sundays as on Mondays and Tuesdays. But the due gradation was kept between Sundays and week-days. She was quite well enough dressed for a brewer's foreman's daughter on one day as on the other, but neither on one day or on the other was she at all the Polly Peppercorn that Plumplington had known for the last couple of years. And there was not a word said about it. But all Plumplington knew that Polly was fitting herself, as regarded her outside garniture, to be the wife of Jack Hollycombe with 40s. a week. And all Plumplington said that she would carry her purpose, and that Hickory Peppercorn would break down under stress of the artillery brought to bear against him. He could not put out her clothes for her, or force her into wearing them as her mother might have done, had her mother been living. He could only tear his hair and greet, and swear to himself that under no such artillery as this would he give way. His girl should never marry Jack Hollycombe. He thought he knew his girl well enough to be sure that she would not marry without his consent. She might make him very unhappy by wearing dowdy clothes, but she would not quite break his heart. In the meantime Polly took care that her father should have no opportunity of measuring Jack's back.

With the affairs of Miss Greenmantle much more ceremony was observed, though I doubt whether there was more earnestness felt in the matter. Mr. Peppercorn was very much in earnest, as was Polly,—and Jack Hollycombe. But Peppercorn talked about it publicly, and Polly showed her purpose, and Jack exhibited the triumphant lover to all eyes. Mr. Greenmantle was silent as death in respect to the great trouble that had come upon him. He had spoken to no one on the subject except to the peccant lover, and just a word or two to old Dr. Freeborn. There was no trouble in the town that did not reach Dr. Freeborn's ears; and Mr. Greenmantle, in spite of his little jealousy, was no exception. To the Doctor he had said a word or two as to Emily's bad behaviour. But in the stiffness of his back, and the length of his face, and the continual frown which was gathered on his brows, he was eloquent to

all the town. Peppercorn had no powers of looking as he looked. The gloom of the bank was awful. It was felt to be so by the two junior clerks, who hardly knew whether to hate or to pity most Mr. Philip Hughes. And if Mr. Greenmantle's demeanour was hard to bear down below, within the bank, what must it have been up-stairs in the family sitting-room? It was now, at this time, about the middle of November; and with Emily everything had been black and clouded for the last two months past. Polly's misfortune had only begun about the first of November. The two young ladies had had their own ideas about their own young men from nearly the same date. Philip Hughes and Jack Hollycombe had pushed themselves into prominence about the same time. But Emily's trouble had declared itself six weeks before Polly had sent her young man to her father. The first scene which took place with Emily and Mr. Greenmantle, after young Hughes had declared himself, was very impressive. "What is this, Emily?"

"What is what, papa?" A poor girl when she is thus cross-questioned hardly knows what to say.

"One of the young men in the bank has been to me." There was in this a great slur intended. It was acknowledged by all Plumplington that Mr. Hughes was the cashier, and was hardly more fairly designated as one of the young men than would have been Mr. Greenmantle himself,—unless in regard to age.

"Philip, I suppose," said Emily. Now Mr. Greenmantle had certainly led the way into this difficulty himself. He had been allured by some modesty in the young man's demeanour,—or more probably by something pleasant in his manner which had struck Emily also,—to call him Philip. He had, as it were, shown a parental regard for him, and those who had best known Mr. Greenmantle had been sure that he would not forget his manifest good intentions towards the young man. As coming from Mr. Greenmantle the use of the christian name had been made. But certainly he had not intended that it should be taken up in this manner. There had been an ingratitude in it, which Mr. Greenmantle had felt very keenly.

"I would rather that you should call the young man Mr. Hughes in anything that you may have to say about him."

"I thought you called him Philip, papa."

"I shall never do so again,—never. What is this that he has said to me? Can it be true?"

"I suppose it is true, papa."

"You mean that you want to marry him?"

"Yes, papa."

"Goodness gracious me!" After this Emily remained silent for a while. "Can you have realised the fact that the young man has—nothing; literally nothing!" What is a young lady to say when she is thus appealed to? She knew that though the young man had nothing, she would have a considerable portion of her own. She was her father's only child. She had not "cared for" young Gresham, whereas she had "cared for" young Hughes. What would be all the world to her if she must marry a man she did not care for? That, she was resolved, she would not do. But what would all the world be to her if she were not allowed to marry the man she did love? And what good would it be to her to be the only daughter of a rich man if she were to be baulked in this manner? She had thought it all over, assuming to herself perhaps greater privileges than she was entitled to expect.

But Emily Greenmantle was somewhat differently circumstanced from Polly Peppercorn. Emily was afraid of her father's sternness, whereas Polly was not in the least afraid of her governor, as she was wont to call him. Old Hickory was, in a good-humoured way, afraid of Polly. Polly could order the things, in and about the house, very much after her own fashion. To tell the truth Polly had but slight fear but that she would have her own way, and when she laid by her best silks she did not do it as a person does bid farewell to those treasures which are not to be seen again. They could be made to do very well for the future Mrs. Hollycombe. At any rate, like a Marlborough or a Wellington, she went into the battle thinking of victory and not of defeat. But Wellington was a long time before he had beaten the French, and Polly thought that there might be some trouble also for her. With Emily there was no prospect of ultimate victory.

Mr. Greenmantle was a very stern man, who could look at his daughter as though he never meant to give way. And, without saying a word, he could make all Plumplington understand that such was to be the case. "Poor Emmy," said the old Doctor to his old wife; "I'm afraid there's a bad time coming for her." "He's a nasty cross old man," said the old woman. "It always does take three generations to make a 'gentleman.'" For Mrs. Freeborn's ancestors had come from the time of James I.

"You and I had better understand each other," said Mr. Greenmantle, standing up with his back to the fireplace, and looking as though he were all poker from the top of his head to the heels of his boots. "You cannot marry Mr. Philip Hughes." Emily said nothing but turned her eyes down upon the ground. "I don't suppose he thinks of doing so without money."

"He has never thought about money at all."

"Then what are you to live upon? Can you tell me that? He has £220 from the bank. Can you live upon that? Can you bring up a family?" Emily blushed as she still looked upon the ground. "I tell you fairly that he shall never have the spending of my money. If you mean to desert me in my old age,—go."

"Papa, you shouldn't say that."

"You shouldn't think it." Then Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he had uttered a clenching argument. "You shouldn't think it. Now go away, Emily, and turn in your mind what I have said to you."

CHAPTER II.—"DOWN I SHALL GO."

THEN there came about a conversation between the two young-ladies which was in itself very interesting. They had not met each other for about a fortnight when Emily Greenmantle came to Mr. Peppercorn's house. She had been thoroughly unhappy, and among her causes for sorrow had been the severance which seemed to have taken place between her and her friend. She had discussed all her troubles with Dr. Freeborn, and Dr. Freeborn had advised her to see Polly. "Here's Christmas-time coming on and you are all going to quarrel among yourselves. I won't have any such nonsense. Go and see her."

"It's not me, Dr. Freeborn," said Emily. "I don't want to quarrel with anybody; and there is nobody I like better than Polly." Thereupon Emily went to Mr. Peppercorn's house when Peppercorn would be certainly at the brewery, and there she found Polly at home.

Polly was dressed very plainly. It was manifest to all eyes that the Polly Peppercorn of to-day was not the same Polly Peppercorn that had been seen about Plumplington for the last twelve months. It was equally manifest that Polly intended that everybody should see the difference. She had not meekly put on her poorer dress so that people should see that she was no more than her father's child; but it was done

with some ostentation. "If father says that Jack and I are not to have his money I must begin to reduce myself by times." That was what Polly intended to say to all Plumplington. She was sure that her father would have to give way under such shots as she could fire at him.

"Polly, I have not seen you, oh, for such a long time."

Polly did not look like quarrelling at all. Nothing could be more pleasant than the tone of her voice. But yet there was something in her mode of address which at once excited Emily Greenmantle's attention. In bidding her visitor welcome she called her Miss Greenmantle. Now on that matter there had been some little trouble heretofore, in which the banker's daughter had succeeded in getting the better of the banker. He had suggested that Miss Peppercorn was safer than Polly; but Emily had replied that Polly was a nice dear girl, very much in Dr. Freeborn's good favours, and in point of fact that Dr. Freeborn wouldn't allow it. Mr. Greenmantle had frowned, but had felt himself unable to stand against Dr. Freeborn in such a matter. "What's the meaning of the Miss Greenmantle?" said Emily sorrowfully.

"It's what I'm come to," said Polly, without any show of sorrow, "and it's what I mean to stick to as being my proper place. You have heard all about Jack Hollycombe. I suppose I ought to call him John as I'm speaking to you."

"I don't see what difference it will make."

"Not much in the long run; but yet it will make a difference. It isn't that I should not like to be just the same to you as I have been, but father means to put me down in the world, and I don't mean to quarrel with him about that. Down I shall go."

"And therefore I'm to be called Miss Greenmantle."

"Exactly. Perhaps it ought to have been always so as I'm so poorly minded as to go back to such a one as Jack Hollycombe. Of course it is going back. Of course Jack is as good as father was at his age. But father has put himself up since that and has put me up. I'm such poor stuff that I wouldn't stay up. A girl has to begin where her husband begins; and as I mean to be Jack's wife I have to fit myself for the place."

"I suppose it's the same with me, Polly."

"Not quite. You're a lady bred and born, and Mr. Hughes is a gentleman. Father tells me that a man who goes about the country selling malt isn't a gentleman.

I suppose father is right. But Jack is a good enough gentleman to my thinking. If he had a share of father's money he would break out in quite a new place."

"Mr. Peppercorn won't give it to him?"

"Well! That's what I don't know. I do think the governor loves me. He is the best fellow anywhere for downright kindness. I mean to try him. And if he won't help me I shall go down as I say. You may be sure of this,—that I shall not give up Jack."

"You wouldn't marry him against your father's wishes?"

Here Polly wasn't quite ready with her answer. "I don't know that father has a right to destroy all my happiness," she said at last. "I shall wait a long time first at any rate. Then if I find that Jack can remain constant,—I don't know what I shall do."

"What does he say?"

"Jack? He's all sugar and promises. They always are for a time. It takes a deal of learning to know whether a young man can be true. There is not above one in twenty that do come out true when they are tried."

"I suppose not," said Emily sorrowfully.

"I shall tell Mr. Jack that he's got to go through the ordeal. Of course he wants me to say that I'll marry him right off the reel and that he'll earn money enough for both of us. I told him only this morning——"

"Did you see him?"

"I wrote him,—out quite plainly. And I told him that there were other people had hearts in their bodies besides him and me. I'm not going to break father's heart,—not if I can help it. It would go very hard with him if I were to walk out of this house and marry Jack Hollycombe, quite plain like."

"I would never do it," said Emily with energy.

"You are a little different from me, Miss Greenmantle. I suppose my mother didn't think much about such things, and as long as she got herself married decent, didn't trouble herself much what her people said."

"Didn't she?"

"I fancy not. Those sort of cares and bothers always come with money. Look at the two girls in this house. I take it they only act just like their mothers, and if they're good girls, which they are, they get their mothers' consent. But the marriage goes on as a matter of course. It's where money is wanted that parents become stern and their children become dutiful. I mean to be

dutiful for a time. But I'd rather have Jack than father's money."

"Dr. Freeborn says that you and I are not to quarrel. I am sure I don't see why we should."

"What Dr. Freeborn says is very well."

It was thus that Polly carried on the conversation after thinking over the matter for a moment or two. "Dr. Freeborn is a great man in Plumplington, and has his own way in everything. I'm not saying a word against Dr. Freeborn, and goodness knows I don't want to quarrel with you, Miss Greenmantle."

"I hope not."

"But I do mean to go down if father makes me, and if Jack proves himself a true man."

"I suppose he'll do that," said Miss Greenmantle. "Of course you think he will."

"Well, upon the whole I do," said Polly. "And though I think father will have to give up, he won't do it just at present, and I shall have to remain just as I am for a time."

"And wear——" Miss Greenmantle had intended to inquire whether it was Polly's purpose to go about in her second-rate clothes, but had hesitated, not quite liking to ask the question.

"Just that," said Polly. "I mean to wear such clothes as shall be suitable for Jack's wife. And I mean to give up all my airs. I've been thinking a deal about it, and they're wrong. Your papa and my father are not the same."

"They are not the same, of course," said Emily.

"One is a gentleman, and the other isn't. That's the long and the short of it. I oughtn't to have gone to your house drinking tea and the rest of it; and I oughtn't to have called you Emily. That's the long and the short of that," said she, repeating herself.

"Dr. Freeborn thinks——"

"Dr. Freeborn mustn't quite have it all his own way. Of course Dr. Freeborn is everything in Plumplington; and when I'm Jack's wife I'll do what he tells me again."

"I suppose you'll do what Jack tells you then."

"Well, yes; not exactly. If Jack were to tell me not to go to church,—which he won't,—I shouldn't do what he told me. If he said he'd like to have a leg of mutton boiled, I should boil it. Only legs of mutton wouldn't be very common with us, unless father comes round."

"I don't see why all that should make a difference between you and me."

"It will have to do so," said Polly with perfect self-assurance. "Father has told me that he doesn't mean to find money to buy legs of mutton for Jack Hollycombe. Those were his very words. I'm determined I'll never ask him. And he said he wasn't going to find clothes for Jack Hollycombe's brats. I'll never go to him to find a pair of shoes for Jack Hollycombe or one of his brats. I've told Jack as much, and Jack says that I'm right. But there's no knowing what's inside a young man till you've tried him. Jack may fall off, and if so there's an end of him. I shall come round in time, and wear my fine clothes again when I settle down as an old maid. But father will never make me wear them, and I shall never call you anything but Miss Greenmantle, unless he consents to my marrying Jack."

Such was the eloquence of Polly Peppercorn as spoken on that occasion. And she certainly did fill Miss Greenmantle's mind with a strong idea of her persistency. When Polly's last speech was finished the banker's daughter got up, and kissed her friend, and took her leave. "You shouldn't do that," said Polly with a smile. But on this one occasion she returned the caress; and then Miss Greenmantle went her way thinking over all that had been said to her.

"I'll do it too, let him persuade me ever so." This was Polly's soliloquy to herself when she was left alone, and the "him" spoken of on this occasion was her father. She had made up her own mind as to the line of action she would follow, and she was quite resolved never again to ask her father's permission for her marriage. Her father and Jack might fight that out among themselves, as best they could. There had already been one scene on the subject between herself and her father in which the brewer's foreman had acted the part of stern parent with considerable violence. He had not beaten his girl, nor used bad words to her, nor, to tell the truth, had he threatened her with any deprivation of those luxuries to which she had become accustomed; but he had sworn by all the oaths which he knew by heart that if she chose to marry Jack Hollycombe she should go "bare as a tinker's brat." "I don't want anything better," Polly had said. "He'll want something else though," Peppercorn had replied, and had bounced out of the room and banged the door.

Miss Greenmantle, in whose nature there was perhaps something of the lugubrious

tendencies which her father exhibited, walked away home from Mr. Peppercorn's house with a sad heart. She was very sorry for Polly Peppercorn's grief, and she was very sorry also for her own. But she had not that amount of high spirits which sustained Polly in her troubles. To tell the truth Polly had some hope that she might get the better of her father, and thereby do a good turn both to him and to herself. But Emily Greenmantle had but little hope. Her father had not sworn at her, nor had he banged the door, but he had pressed his lips together till there was no lip really visible. And he had raised his forehead on high till it looked as though one continuous poker descended from the crown of his head passing down through his entire body. "Emily, it is out of the question. You had better leave me." From that day to this not a word had been spoken on the "subject." Young Gresham had been once asked to dine at the bank, but that had been the only effort made by Mr. Greenmantle in the matter.

Emily had felt as she walked home that she had not at her command weapons so powerful as those which Polly intended to use against her father. No change in her dress would be suitable to her, and were she to make any it would be altogether inefficacious. Nor would her father be tempted by his passion to throw in her teeth the lack of either boots or legs of mutton which might be the consequence of her marriage with a poor man. There was something almost vulgar in these allusions which made Emily feel that there had been some reason for her papa's exclusiveness,—but she let that go by. Polly was a dear girl, though she had found herself able to speak of the brats' feet without even a blush. "I suppose there will be brats, and why shouldn't she,—when she's talking only to me. It must be so I suppose." So Emily had argued to herself, making the excuse altogether on behalf of her friend. But she was sure that if her father had heard Polly he would have been offended.

But what was Emily to do on her own behalf? Harry Gresham had come to dinner, but his coming had been altogether without effect. She was quite sure that she could never care for Harry Gresham, and she did not quite believe that Harry Gresham cared very much for her. There was a rumour about in the country that Harry Gresham wanted money, and she knew well that Harry Gresham's father and her own papa had been closeted together. She did not care to

be married after such a fashion as that. In truth Philip Hughes was the only young man for whom she did care.

She had always felt her father to be the most impregnable of men,—but now on this subject of her marriage he was more impregnable than ever. He had never yet entirely digested that poker which he had swallowed when he had gone so far as to tell his daughter that it was “entirely out of the question.” From that hour her home had been terrible to her as a home, and had not been in the least enlivened by the presence of Harry Gresham. And now how was she to carry on the battle? Polly had her plans all drawn out, and was preparing herself for the combat seriously. But for Emily, there was no means left for fighting.

And she felt that though a battle with her father might be very proper for Polly, it would be highly unbecoming for herself. There was a difference in rank between herself and Polly of which Polly clearly understood the strength. Polly would put on her poor clothes, and go into the kitchen, and break her father's heart by preparing for a descent into regions which would be fitting for her were she to marry her young man without a fortune. But to Miss Greenmantle this would be impossible. Any marriage, made now or later, without her father's leave, seemed to her out of the question. She would only ruin her “young man” were she to attempt it, and the attempt would be altogether inefficacious. She could only be unhappy, melancholy,—and perhaps morose; but she could not be so unhappy and melancholy,—or morose, as was her father. At such weapons he could certainly beat her. Since that unhappy word had been spoken, the poker within him had not been for a moment lessened in vigour. And she feared even to appeal to Dr. Freeborn. Dr. Freeborn could do much,—almost everything in Plumplington,—but there was a point at which her father would turn even against Dr. Freeborn. She did not think that the Doctor would ever dare to take up the cudgels against her father on behalf of Philip Hughes. She felt that it would be more becoming for her to abstain and to suffer in silence than to apply to any human being for assistance. But she could be miserable;—outwardly miserable as well as inwardly;—and very miserable she was determined that she would be! Her father no doubt would be miserable too; but she was sad at heart as she bethought herself that her father would rather like it. Though he could not easily digest a

poker when he had swallowed it, it never seemed to disagree with him. A state of misery in which he would speak to no one seemed to be almost to his taste. In this way poor Emily Greenmantle did not see her way to the enjoyment of a happy Christmas.

CHAPTER III.—MR. GREENMANTLE IS MUCH PERPLEXED.

THAT evening Mr. Greenmantle and his daughter sat down to dinner together in a very unhappy humour. They always dined at half-past seven; not that Mr. Greenmantle liked to have his dinner at that hour better than any other, but because it was considered to be fashionable. Old Mr. Gresham, Harry's father, always dined at half-past seven, and Mr. Greenmantle rather followed the habits of a county gentleman's life. He used to dine at this hour when there was a dinner-party, but of late he had adopted it for the family meal. To tell the truth there had been a few words between him and Dr. Freeborn while Emily had been talking over matters with Polly Peppercorn. Dr. Freeborn had not ventured to say a word as to Emily's love affairs; but had so discussed those of Jack Hollycombe and Polly as to leave a strong impression on the mind of Mr. Greenmantle. He had quite understood that the Doctor had been talking at himself, and that when Jack's name had been mentioned, or Polly's, the Doctor had intended that the wisdom spoken should be intended to apply to Emily and to Philip Hughes. “It's only because he can give her a lot of money,” the Doctor had said. “The young man is a good young man, and steady. What is Peppercorn that he should want anything better for his child? Young Hollycombe has taken her fancy, and why shouldn't she have him?”

“I suppose Mr. Peppercorn may have his own views,” Mr. Greenmantle had answered.

“Bother his views,” the Doctor had said. “He has no one else to think of but the girl and his views should be confined to making her happy. Of course he'll have to give way at last, and will only make himself ridiculous. I shouldn't say a word about it only that the young man is all that he ought to be.”

Now in this there was not a word which did not apply to Mr. Greenmantle himself. And the worst of it was the fact that Mr. Greenmantle felt that the Doctor intended it.

But as he had taken his constitutional walk before dinner, a walk which he took every day of his life after bank hours, he had



"I mean to wear such clothes as shall be suitable for Jack's wife."

sworn to himself that he would not be guided, or in the least affected, by Dr. Freeborn's opinion in the matter. There had been an underlying bitterness in the Doctor's words which had much aggravated the banker's ill-humour. The Doctor would not so have spoken of the marriage of one of his own daughters,—before they had all been married. Birth would have been considered by him almost before anything. The Peppercorns and the Greenmantles were looked down upon almost from an equal height. Now Mr. Greenmantle considered himself to be infinitely superior to Mr. Peppercorn, and to

be almost, if not altogether, equal to Dr. Freeborn. He was much the richer man of the two, and his money was quite sufficient to outweigh a century or two of blood.

Peppercorn might do as he pleased. What became of Peppercorn's money was an affair of no matter. The Doctor's argument was no doubt good as far as Peppercorn was concerned. Peppercorn was not a gentleman. It was that which Mr. Greenmantle felt so acutely. The one great line of demarcation in the world was that which separated gentlemen from non-gentlemen. Mr. Greenmantle assured himself that he was

a gentleman, acknowledged to be so by all the county. The old Duke of Omnium had customarily asked him to dine at his annual dinner at Gatherum Castle. He had been in the habit of staying occasionally at Greshambury, Mr. Gresham's county seat, and Mr. Gresham had been quite willing to forward the match between Emily and his younger son. There could be no doubt that he was on the right side of the line of demarcation. He was therefore quite determined that his daughter should not marry the Cashier in his own bank.

As he sat down to dinner he looked sternly at his daughter, and thought with wonder at the viciousness of her taste. She looked at him almost as sternly as she thought with awe of his cruelty. In her eyes Philip Hughes was quite as good a gentleman as her father. He was the son of a clergyman who was now dead, but had been intimate with Dr. Freeborn. And in the natural course of events might succeed her father as manager of the Bank. To be manager of the Bank at Plumplington was not very much in the eyes of the world; but it was the position which her father filled. Emily vowed to herself as she looked across the table into her father's face, that she would be Mrs. Philip Hughes,—or remain unmarried all her life. "Emily, shall I help you to a mutton cutlet?" said her father with solemnity.

"No thank you, papa," she replied with equal gravity.

"On what then do you intend to dine?" There had been a sole of which she had also declined to partake. "There is nothing else, unless you will dine off rice pudding."

"I am not hungry, papa." She could not decline to wear her customary clothes as did her friend Polly, but she could at any rate go without her dinner. Even a father so stern as was Mr. Greenmantle could not make her eat. Then there came a vision across her eyes of a long sickness, produced chiefly by inanition, in which she might wear her father's heart out. And then she felt that she might too probably lack the courage. She did not care much for her dinner; but she feared that she could not persevere to the breaking of her father's heart. She and her father were alone together in the world, and he in other respects had always been good to her. And now a tear trickled from her eye down her nose as she gazed upon the empty plate. He ate his two cutlets one after another in solemn silence and so the dinner was ended.

He, too, had felt uneasy qualms during

the meal. "What shall I do if she takes to starving herself and going to bed, all along of that young rascal in the outer bank?" It was thus that he had thought of it, and he too for a moment had begun to tell himself that were she to be perverse she must win the battle. He knew himself to be strong in purpose, but he doubted whether he would be strong enough to stand by and see his daughter starve herself. A week's starvation or a fortnight's he might bear, and it was possible that she might give way before that time had come.

Then he retired to a little room inside the bank, a room that was half private and half official, to which he would betake himself to spend his evening whenever some especially gloomy fit would fall upon him. Here, within his own bosom, he turned over all the circumstances of the case. No doubt he had with him all the laws of God and man. He was not bound to give his money to any such interloper as was Philip Hughes. On that point he was quite clear. But what step had he better take to prevent the evil? Should he resign his position at the bank, and take his daughter away to live in the south of France? It would be a terrible step to which to be driven by his own Cashier. He was as efficacious to do the work of the bank as ever he had been, and he would leave this enemy to occupy his place. The enemy would then be in a condition to marry a wife without a fortune; and who could tell whether he might not show his power in such a crisis by marrying Emily! How terrible in such a case would be his defeat! At any rate he might go for three months, on sick leave. He had been for nearly forty years in the bank, and had never yet been absent for a day on sick leave. Thinking of all this he remained alone till it was time for him to go to bed.

On the next morning he was dumb and stiff as ever, and after breakfast sat dumb and stiff, in his official room behind the bank counter, thinking over his great trouble. He had not spoken a word to Emily since yesterday's dinner beyond asking her whether she would take a bit of fried bacon. "No thank you, papa," she had said; and then Mr. Freemantle had made up his mind that he must take her away somewhere at once, lest she should be starved to death. Then he went into the bank and sat there signing his name, and meditating the terrible catastrophe which was to fall upon him. Hughes, the Cashier, had become Mr. Hughes, and if any young man could be frightened out of

his love by the stern look and sterner voice of a parent, Mr. Hughes would have been so frightened.

Then there came a knock at the door, and Mr. Peppercorn having been summoned to come in, entered the room. He had expressed a desire to see Mr. Greenmantle personally, and having proved his eagerness by a double request, had been allowed to have his way. It was quite a common affair for him to visit the bank on matters referring to the brewery; but now it was evident to any one with half an eye that such at present was not Mr. Peppercorn's business. He had on the clothes in which he habitually went to church instead of the light-coloured pepper and salt tweed jacket in which he was accustomed to go about among the malt and barrels. "What can I do for you, Mr. Peppercorn?" said the banker. But the aspect was the aspect of a man who had a poker still fixed within his head and gullet.

"'Tis nothing about the brewery, sir, or I shouldn't have troubled you. Mr. Hughes is very good at all that kind of thing." A further frown came over Mr. Greenmantle's face, but he said nothing. "You know my daughter Polly, Mr. Greenmantle?"

"I am aware that there is a Miss Peppercorn," said the other. Peppercorn felt that an offence was intended. Mr. Greenmantle was of course aware. "What can I do on behalf of Miss Peppercorn?"

"She's as good a girl as ever lived."

"I do not in the least doubt it. If it be necessary that you should speak to me respecting Miss Peppercorn, will it not be well that you should take a chair?"

Then Mr. Peppercorn sat down, feeling that he had been snubbed. "I may say that my only object in life is to do every mortal thing to make my girl happy." Here Mr. Greenmantle simply bowed. "We sit close to you in church, where, however, she comes much more reg'lar than me, and you must have observed her scores of times."

"I am not in the habit of looking about among young ladies at church time, but I have occasionally been aware that Miss Peppercorn has been there."

"Of course you have. You couldn't help it. Well, now, you know the sort of appearance she has made."

"I can assure you, Mr. Peppercorn, that I have not observed Miss Peppercorn's dress in particular. I do not look much at the raiment worn by young ladies even in the outer world,—much less in church. I have a daughter of my own——"

"It's her as I'm coming to." Then Mr. Greenmantle frowned more severely than ever. But the brewer did not at the moment say a word about the banker's daughter, but reverted to his own. "You'll see next Sunday that my girl won't look at all like herself."

"I really cannot promise——"

"You cannot help yourself, Mr. Greenmantle. I'll go bail that every one in church will see it. Polly is not to be passed over in a crowd;—at least she didn't used to be. Now it all comes of her wanting to get herself married to a young man who is altogether beneath her. Not as I mean to say anything against John Hollycombe as regards his walk of life. He is an industrious young man, as can earn forty shillings a week, and he comes over here from Barchester selling malt and such like. He may rise himself to £3 some of these days if he looks sharp about it. But I can give my girl—; well; what is quite unfit that he should think of looking for with a wife. And it's monstrous of Polly wanting to throw herself away in such a fashion. I don't believe in a young man being so covetous."

"But what can I do, Mr. Peppercorn?"

"I'm coming to that. If you'll see her next Sunday you'll think of what my feelings must be. She's a-doing of it all just because she wants to show me that she thinks herself fit for nothing better than to be John Hollycombe's wife. When I tell her that I won't have it,—this sudden changing of her toggery, she says it's only fitting. It ain't fitting at all. I've got the money to buy things for her, and I'm willing to pay for it. Is she to go poor just to break her father's heart?"

"But what can I do, Mr. Peppercorn?"

"I'm coming to that. The world does say, Mr. Greenmantle, that your young lady means to serve you in the same fashion."

Hereupon Mr. Greenmantle waxed very wroth. It was terrible to his ideas that his daughter's affairs should be talked of at all by the people at Plumplington at large. It was worse again that his daughter and the brewer's girl should be lumped together in the scandal of the town. But it was worse, much worse, that this man Peppercorn should have dared to come to him, and tell him all about it. Did the man really expect that he, Mr. Greenmantle, should talk unreservedly as to the love affairs of his Emily? "The world, Mr. Peppercorn, is very impertinent in its usual scandalous conversations as to its betters. You must forgive me if I do not

intend on this occasion to follow the example of the world. Good morning, Mr. Peppercorn."

"It's Dr. Freeborn as has coupled the two girls together."

"I cannot believe it."

"You ask him. It's he who has said that you and I are in a boat together."

"I'm not in a boat with any man."

"Well;—in a difficulty. It's the same thing. The Doctor seems to think that young ladies are to have their way in everything. I don't see it. When a man has made a tidy bit of money, as have you and I, he has a right to have a word to say as to who shall have the spending of it. A girl hasn't the right to say that she'll give it all to this man or to that. Of course, it's natural that my money should go to Polly. I'm not saying anything against it. But I don't mean that John Hollycombe shall have it. Now if you and I can put our heads together, I think we may be able to see our way out of the wood."

"Mr. Peppercorn, I cannot consent to discuss with you the affairs of Miss Greenmantle."

"But they're both alike. You must admit that."

"I will admit nothing, Mr. Peppercorn."

"I do think, you know, that we oughtn't to be done by our own daughters."

"Really, Mr. Peppercorn——"

"Dr. Freeborn was saying that you and I would have to give way at last."

"Dr. Freeborn knows nothing about it. If Dr. Freeborn coupled the two young ladies together he was I must say very impertinent; but I don't think he ever did so. Good morning, Mr. Peppercorn. I am fully engaged at present and cannot spare time for a longer interview." Then he rose up from his chair, and leant upon the table with his hands by way of giving a certain signal that he was to be left alone. Mr. Peppercorn, after pausing a moment, searching for an opportunity for another word, was overcome at last by the rigid erectness of Mr. Greenmantle and withdrew.

CHAPTER IV.—JACK HOLLYCOMBE.

MR. PEPPERCORN'S visit to the bank had been no doubt inspired by Dr. Freeborn. The Doctor had not actually sent him to the bank, but had filled his mind with the idea that such a visit might be made with good effect. "There are you two fathers going to make two fools of yourselves," the Doctor had said. "You have each of you got a daughter as good as gold, and are determined to break their hearts because you won't give

your money to a young man who happens to want it."

"Now, Doctor, do you mean to tell me that you would have married your young ladies to the first young man that came and asked for them?"

"I never had much money to give my girls, and the men who came happened to have means of their own."

"But if you'd had it, and if they hadn't, do you mean to tell me you'd never have asked a question?"

"A man should never boast that in any circumstances of his life he would have done just what he ought to do,—much less when he has never been tried. But if the lover be what he ought to be in morals and all that kind of thing, the girl's father ought not to refuse to help them. You may be sure of this,—that Polly means to have her own way. Providence has blessed you with a girl that knows her own mind." On receipt of this compliment Mr. Peppercorn scratched his head. "I wish I could say as much for my friend Greenmantle. You two are in a boat together, and ought to make up your mind as to what you should do." Peppercorn resolved that he would remember the phrase about the boat, and began to think that it might be good that he should see Mr. Greenmantle. "What on earth is it you two want? It is not as though you were dukes, and looking for proper alliances for two ducal spinsters."

Now there had no doubt been a certain amount of intended venom in this. Dr. Freeborn knew well the weak points in Mr. Greenmantle's character, and was determined to hit him where he was weakest. He did not see the difference between the banker and the brewer nearly so clearly as did Mr. Greenmantle. He would probably have said that the line of demarcation came just below himself. At any rate, he thought that he would be doing best for Emily's interest if he made her father feel that all the world was on her side. Therefore it was that he so contrived that Mr. Peppercorn should pay his visit to the bank.

On his return to the brewery the first person that Peppercorn saw standing in the doorway of his own little sanctum was Jack Hollycombe. "What is it you're wanting?" he asked gruffly.

"I was just desirous of saying a few words to yourself, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Well, here I am!" There were two or three brewers and porters about the place, and Jack did not feel that he could plead his

cause well in their presence. "What is it you've got to say,—because I'm busy? There ain't no malt wanted for the next week; but you know that, and as we stand at present you can send it in without any more words, as it's needed."

"It ain't about malt or anything of that kind."

"Then I don't know what you've got to say. I'm very busy just at present, as I told you."

"You can spare me five minutes inside."

"No I can't." But then Peppercorn resolved that neither would it suit him to carry on the conversation respecting his daughter in the presence of the workmen, and he thought that he perceived that Jack Hollycombe would be prepared to do so if he were driven. "Come in if you will," he said; "we might as well have it out." Then he led the way into the room, and shut the door as soon as Jack had followed him. "Now what is it you have got to say? I suppose it's about that young woman down at my house."

"It is, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Then let me tell you that the least said will be soonest mended. She's not for you,—with my consent. And to tell you the truth I think that you have a mortal deal of brass coming to ask for her. You've no education suited to her education,—and what's wus, no money." Jack had shown symptoms of anger when his deficient education had been thrown in his teeth, but had cheered up somewhat when the lack of money had been insisted upon. "Them two things are so against you that you haven't a leg to stand on. My word! what do you expect that I should say when such a one as you comes a-courting to a girl like that?"

"I did, perhaps, think more of what she might say."

"I daresay;—because you knew her to be a fool like yourself. I suppose you think yourself to be a very handsome young man."

"I think she's a very handsome young woman. As to myself I never asked the question."

"That's all very well. A man can always say as much as that for himself. The fact is you're not going to have her."

"That's just what I want to speak to you about, Mr. Peppercorn."

"You're not going to have her. Now I've spoken my intentions, and you may as well take one word as a thousand. I'm not a man as was ever known to change my mind when I'd made it up in such a matter as this."

"She's got a mind too, Mr. Peppercorn."

"She have, no doubt. She have a mind and so have you. But you haven't either of you got the money. The money is here," and Mr. Peppercorn slapped his breeches pocket. "I've had to do with earning it, and I mean to have to do with giving it away. To me there is no idea of honesty at all in a chap like you coming and asking a girl to marry you just because you know that she's to have a fortune."

"That's not my reason."

"It's uncommon like it. Now you see there's somebody else that's got to be asked. You think I'm a good-natured fellow. So I am, but I'm not soft like that."

"I never thought anything of the kind, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Polly told you so, I don't doubt. She's right in thinking so, because I'd give Polly anything in reason. Or out of reason for the matter of that, because she is the apple of my eye." This was indiscreet on the part of Mr. Peppercorn, as it taught the young man to think that he himself must be in reason or out of reason, and that in either case Polly ought to be allowed to have him. "But there's one thing I stop at; and that is a young man who hasn't got either education, or money,—nor yet manners."

"There's nothing against my manner, I hope, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Yes; there is. You come a-interfering with me in the most delicate affair in the world. You come into my family, and want to take away my girl. That I take it is the worst of manners."

"How is any young lady to get married unless some young fellow comes after her?"

"There'll be plenty to come after Polly. You leave Polly alone, and you'll find that she'll get a young man suited to her. It's like your impudence to suppose that there's no other young man in the world so good as you. Why;—dash my wig; who are you? What are you? You're merely acting for them corn-factors over at Barsester."

"And you're acting for them brewers here at Plumplington. What's the difference?"

"But I've got the money in my pocket, and you've got none. That's the difference. Put that in your pipe and smoke it. Now if you'll please to remember that I'm very busy, you'll walk yourself off. You've had it out with me, which I didn't intend; and I've explained my mind very fully. She's not for you;—at any rate my money's not."

"Look here, Mr. Peppercorn."

"Well?"

"I don't care a farthing for your money."

"Don't you, now?"

"Not in the way of comparing it with Polly herself. Of course money is a very comfortable thing. If Polly's to be my wife——"

"Which she ain't."

"I should like her to have everything that a lady can desire."

"How kind you are."

"But in regard to money for myself I don't value it that." Here Jack Hollycombe snapped his fingers. "My meaning is to get the girl I love."

"Then you won't."

"And if she's satisfied to come to me without a shilling, I'm satisfied to take her in the same fashion. I don't know how much you've got, Mr. Peppercorn, but you can go and found a Hiram's Hospital with every penny of it." At this moment a discussion was going on respecting a certain charitable institution in Barchester,—and had been going on for the last forty years,—as to which Mr. Hollycombe was here expressing the popular opinion of the day. "That's the kind of thing a man should do who don't choose to leave his money to his own child." Jack was now angry, having had his deficient education twice thrown in his teeth by one whom he conceived to be so much less educated than himself. "What I've got to say to you, Mr. Peppercorn, is that Polly means to have me, and if she's got to wait—why, I'm so minded that I'll wait for her as long as ever she'll wait for me." So saying Jack Hollycombe left the room.

Mr. Peppercorn thrust his hat back upon his head, and stood with his back to the fire, with the tails of his coat appearing over his hands in his breeches pockets, glaring out of his eyes with anger which he did not care to suppress. This man had presented to him a picture of his future life which was most unalluring. There was nothing he desired less than to give his money to such an abominable institution as Hiram's Hospital. Polly, his own dear daughter Polly, was intended to be the recipient of all his savings. As he went about among the beer barrels, he had been a happy man as he thought of Polly bright with the sheen which his money had provided for her. But it was of Polly married to some gentleman that he thought at these moments;—of Polly surrounded by a large family of little gentlemen and little ladies. They would all call him grandpapa; and in the evenings of his days he would sit by the fire in that gentleman's parlour, a welcome

guest, because of the means which he had provided; and the little gentlemen and the little ladies would surround him with their prattle and their noises and caresses. He was not a man whom his intimates would have supposed to be gifted with a strong imagination, but there was the picture firmly set before his mind's eye. "Education," however, in the intended son-in-law was essential. And the son-in-law must be a gentleman. Now Jack Hollycombe was not a gentleman, and was not educated up to that pitch which was necessary for Polly's husband.

But Mr. Peppercorn, as he thought of it all, was well aware that Polly had a decided will of her own. And he knew of himself that his own will was less strong than his daughter's. In spite of all the severe things which he had just said to Jack Hollycombe, there was present to him a dreadful weight upon his heart, as he thought that Polly would certainly get the better of him. At this moment he hated Jack Hollycombe with most un-Christian rancour. No misfortune that could happen to Jack, either sudden death, or forgery with tlight to the antipodes, or loss of his good looks,—which Mr. Peppercorn most unjustly thought would be equally efficacious with Polly,—would at the present moment of his wrath be received otherwise than as a special mark of good-fortune. And yet he was well aware that if Polly were to come and tell him that she had by some secret means turned herself into Mrs. Jack Hollycombe, he knew very well that for Polly's sake he would have to take Jack with all his faults, and turn him into the dearest son-in-law that the world could have provided for him. This was a very trying position, and justified him in standing there for a quarter of an hour with his back to the fire, and his coat-tails over his arms, as they were thrust into his trousers pockets.

In the meantime Jack had succeeded in obtaining a few minutes' talk with Polly,—or rather the success had been on Polly's side, for she had managed the business. On coming out from the brewery Jack had met her in the street, and had been taken home by her. "You might as well come in, Jack," she had said, "and have a few words with me. You have been talking to father about it, I suppose."

"Well; I have. He says I am not sufficiently educated. I suppose he wants to get some young man from the colleges."

"Don't you be stupid, Jack. You want to have your own way, I suppose."

"I don't want him to tell me I'm uneducated. Other men that I've heard of ain't any better off than I am."

"You mean himself,—which isn't respectful."

"I'm educated up to doing what I've got to do. If you don't want more, I don't see what he's got to do with it."

"As the times go of course a man should learn more and more. You are not to compare him to yourself; and it isn't respectful. If you want to say sharp things against him, Jack, you had better give it all up;—for I won't bear it."

"I don't want to say anything sharp."

"Why can't you put up with him? He's not going to have his own way. And he is older than you. And it is he that has got the money. If you care about it——"

"You know I care."

"Very well. Suppose I do know, and suppose I don't. I hear you say you do, and that's all I've got to act upon. Do you bide your time if you've got the patience, and all will come right. I shan't at all think so much of you if you can't bear a few sharp words from him."

"He may say whatever he pleases."

"You ain't educated,—not like Dr. Freeborn, and men of that class."

"What do I want with it?" said he.

"I don't know that you do want it. At any rate I don't want it; and that's what you've got to think about at present. You just go on, and let things be as they are. You don't want to be married in a week's time."

"Why not?" he asked.

"At any rate I don't; and I don't mean to. This time five years will do very well."

"Five years! You'll be an old woman."

"The fitter for you, who'll still be three years older. If you've patience to wait leave it to me."

"I haven't over much patience."

"Then go your own way and suit yourself elsewhere."

"Polly, you're enough to break a man's heart. You know that I can't go and suit myself elsewhere. You are all the world to me, Polly."

"Not half so much as a quarter of malt if you could get your own price for it. A young woman is all very well just as a plaything; but business is business;—isn't it, Jack?"

"Five years! Fancy telling a fellow that he must wait five years."

"That'll do for the present, Jack. I'm not going to keep you here idle all the day.

Father will be angry when I tell him that you've been here at all."

"It was you that brought me."

"Yes, I did. But you're not to take advantage of that. Now I say, Jack, hands off. I tell you I won't. I'm not going to be kissed once a week for five years. Well. Mark my words, this is the last time I ever ask you in here. No; I won't have it. Go away." Then she succeeded in turning him out of the room and closing the house door behind his back. "I think he's the best young man I see about anywhere. Father twits him about his education. It's my belief there's nothing he can't do that he's wanted for. That's the kind of education a man ought to have. Father says it's because he's handsome I like him. It does go a long way, and he is handsome. Father has got ideas of fashion into his head which will send him crazy before he has done with them." Such was the soliloquy in which Miss Peppercorn indulged as soon as she had been left by her lover.

"Educated! Of course I'm not educated. I can't talk Latin and Greek as some of those fellows pretend to,—though for the matter of that I never heard it. But two and two make four, and ten and ten make twenty. And if a fellow says that it don't he is trying on some dishonest game. If a fellow understands that, and sticks to it, he has education enough for my business,—or for Peppercorn's either." Then he walked back to the inn yard where he had left his horse and trap.

As he drove back to Barchester he made up his mind that Polly Peppercorn would be worth waiting for. There was the memory of that kiss upon his lips which had not been made less sweet by the severity of the words which had accompanied it. The words indeed had been severe; but there had been an intention and a purpose about the kiss which had altogether redeemed the words. "She is just one in a thousand, that's about the truth. And as for waiting for her;—I'll wait like grim death, only I hope it won't be necessary!" It was thus he spoke of the lady of his love as he drove himself into the town under Barchester Towers.

CHAPTER V.—DR. FREEBORN AND PHILIP HUGHES.

THINGS went on at Plumplington without any change for a fortnight,—that is without any change for the better. But in truth the ill-humour both of Mr. Greenmantle and of Mr. Peppercorn had increased to such a pitch as to add an additional blackness to

the general haziness and drizzle and gloom of the November weather. It was now the end of November, and Dr. Freeborn was becoming a little uneasy because the Christmas attributes for which he was desirous were still altogether out of sight. He was a man specially anxious for the mundane happiness of his parishioners and who would take any amount of personal trouble to insure it; but he was in fault perhaps in this, that he considered that everybody ought to be happy just because he told them to be so. He belonged to the Church of England certainly, but he had no dislike to Papists or Presbyterians, or dissenters in general, as long as they would arrange themselves under his banner as "Freebornites." And he had such force of character that in Plumplington,—beyond which he was not ambitious that his influence should extend,—he did in general prevail. But at the present moment he was aware that Mr. Greenmantle was in open mutiny. That Peppercorn would yield he had strong hope. Peppercorn he knew to be a weak, good fellow, whose affection for his daughter would keep him right at last. But until he could extract that poker from Mr. Greenmantle's throat, he knew that nothing could be done with him.

At the end of the fortnight Mr. Greenmantle called at the Rectory about half an hour before dinner time, when he knew that the Doctor would be found in his study before going up to dress for dinner. "I hope I am not intruding, Dr. Freeborn," he said. But the rust of the poker was audible in every syllable as it fell from his mouth.

"Not in the least. I've a quarter of an hour before I go and wash my hands."

"It will be ample. In a quarter of an hour I shall be able sufficiently to explain my plans." Then there was a pause, as though Mr. Greenmantle had expected that the explanation was to begin with the Doctor. "I am thinking," the banker continued after a while, "of taking my family abroad to some foreign residence." Now it was well known to Dr. Freeborn that Mr. Greenmantle's family consisted exclusively of Emily.

"Going to take Emily away?" he said.

"Such is my purpose,—and myself also."

"What are they to do at the bank?"

"That will be the worst of it, Dr. Freeborn. The bank will be the great difficulty."

"But you don't mean that you are going for good?"

"Only for a prolonged foreign residence;—that is to say for six months. For forty years I have given but very little trouble to

the Directors. For forty years I have been at my post and have never suggested any prolonged absence. If the Directors cannot bear with me after forty years I shall think them unreasonable men." Now in truth Mr. Greenmantle knew that the Directors would make no opposition to anything that he might propose; but he always thought it well to be armed with some premonitory grievance. "In fact my pecuniary matters are so arranged that should the Directors refuse I shall go all the same."

"You mean that you don't care a straw for the Directors?"

"I do not mean to postpone my comfort to their views,—or my daughter's."

"But why does your daughter's comfort depend on your going away? I should have thought that she would have preferred Plumplington at present."

"That was true, no doubt. And Mr. Greenmantle felt;—well; that he was not exactly telling the truth in putting the burden of his departure upon Emily's comfort. If Emily, at the present crisis of affairs, were carried away from Plumplington for six months, her comfort would certainly not be increased. She had already been told that she was to go, and she had clearly understood why. "I mean as to her future welfare," said Mr. Greenmantle very solemnly.

Dr. Freeborn did not care to hear about the future welfare of young people. What had to be said as to their eternal welfare he thought himself quite able to say. After all there was something of benevolent paganism in his disposition. He liked better to deal with their present happiness,—so that there was nothing immoral in it. As to the world to come he thought that the fathers and mothers of his younger flock might safely leave that consideration to him. "Emily is a remarkably good girl. That's my idea of her."

Mr. Greenmantle was offended even at this. Dr. Freeborn had no right, just at present, to tell him that his daughter was a good girl. Her goodness had been greatly lessened by the fact that in regard to her marriage she was anxious to run counter to her father. "She is a good girl. At least I hope so."

"Do you doubt it?"

"Well, no;—or rather yes. Perhaps I ought to say no as to her life in general."

"I should think so. I don't know what a father may want,—but I should think so. I never knew her miss church yet,—either morning or evening."

"As far as that goes she does not neglect her duties."

"What is the matter with her that she is to be taken off to some foreign climate for prolonged residence?" The Doctor among his other idiosyncrasies entertained an idea that England was the proper place for all Englishmen and Englishwomen who were not driven out of it by stress of pecuniary circumstances. "Has she got a bad throat or a weak chest?"

"It is not on the score of her own health that I propose to move her," said Mr. Greenmantle.

"You did say her comfort. Of course that may mean that she likes the French way of living. I did hear that we were to lose your services for a time, because you could not trust your own health."

"It is failing me a little, Dr. Freeborn. I am already very near sixty."

"Ten years my junior," said the Doctor.



"Now, I say, Jack, hands off."

"We cannot all hope to have such perfect health as you possess."

"I have never frittered it away," said the Doctor, "by prolonged residence in foreign parts." This quotation of his own words was most harassing to Mr. Greenmantle, and made him more than once inclined to bounce in anger out of the Doctor's study. "I suppose the truth is that Miss Emily is disposed to run counter to your wishes in regard to her marriage, and that she is to be taken

away not from consumption or a weak throat, but from a dangerous lover." Here Mr. Greenmantle's face became black as thunder. "You see, Greenmantle, there is no good in our talking about this matter unless we understand each other."

"I do not intend to give my girl to the young man upon whom she thinks that her affections rest."

"I suppose she knows."

"No, Dr. Freeborn. It is often the case

that a young lady does not know ; she only fancies, and where that is the case absence is the best remedy. You have said that Emily is a good girl."

"A very good girl."

"I am delighted to hear you so express yourself. But obedience to parents is a trait in character which is generally much thought of. I have put by a little money, Dr. Freeborn."

"All Plumplington knows that."

"And I shall choose that it shall go somewhat in accordance with my wishes. The young man of whom she is thinking——"

"Philip Hughes, an excellent fellow. I've known him all my life. He doesn't come to church quite so regularly as he ought, but that will be mended when he's married."

"Hasn't got a shilling in the world," continued Mr. Greenmantle, finishing his sentence. "Nor is he—just,—just—just what I should choose for the husband of my daughter. I think that when I have said so he should take my word for it."

"That's not the way of the world, you know."

"It's the way of my world, Dr. Freeborn. It isn't often that I speak out, but when I do it's about something that I've a right to speak of. I've heard this affair of my daughter talked about all over the town. There was one Mr. Peppercorn came to me——"

"One Mr. Peppercorn? Why, Hickory Peppercorn is as well known in Plumplington as the church-steeple."

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Freeborn ; but I don't find any reason in that for his interfering about my daughter. I must say that I took it as a great piece of impertinence. Goodness gracious me ! If a man's own daughter isn't to be considered peculiar to himself I don't know what is. If he'd asked you about your daughters,—before they were married?" Dr. Freeborn did not answer this, but declared to himself that neither Mr. Peppercorn nor Mr. Greenmantle could have taken such a liberty. Mr. Greenmantle evidently was not aware of it, but in truth Dr. Freeborn and his family belonged altogether to another set. So at least Dr. Freeborn told himself. "I've come to you now, Dr. Freeborn, because I have not liked to leave Plumplington for a prolonged residence in foreign parts without acquainting you."

"I should have thought that unkind."

"You are very good. And as my daughter will of course go with me, and as this idea of a marriage on her part must be entirely

given up;—" the emphasis was here placed with much weight on the world entirely;—

"I should take it as a great kindness if you would let my feelings on the subject be generally known. I will own that I should not have cared to have my daughter talked about, only that the mischief has been done."

"In a little place like this," said the Doctor, "a young lady's marriage will always be talked about."

"But the young lady in this case isn't going to be married."

"What does she say about it herself?"

"I haven't asked her, Dr. Freeborn. I don't mean to ask her. I shan't ask her."

"If I understand her feelings, Greenmantle, she is very much set upon it."

"I cannot help it."

"You mean to say then that you intend to condemn her to unhappiness merely because this young man hasn't got as much money at the beginning of his life as you have at the end of yours?"

"He hasn't got a shilling," said Mr. Greenmantle.

"Then why can't you give him a shilling? What do you mean to do with your money?" Here Mr. Greenmantle again looked offended. "You come and ask me, and I am bound to give you my opinion for what it's worth. What do you mean to do with your money? You're not the man to found a Hiram's Hospital with it. As sure as you are sitting there your girl will have it when you're dead. Don't you know that she will have it?"

"I hope so."

"And because she's to have it, she's to be made wretched about it all her life. She's to remain an old maid, or else to be married to some well-born pauper, in order that you may talk about your son-in-law. Don't get into a passion, Greenmantle, but only think whether I'm not telling you the truth. Hughes isn't a spendthrift."

"I have made no accusation against him."

"Nor a gambler, nor a drunkard, nor is he the sort of man to treat a wife badly. He's there at the bank so that you may keep him under your own eye. What more on earth can a man want in a son-in-law?"

Blood, thought Mr. Greenmantle to himself; an old family name; county associations, and a certain something which he felt quite sure that Philip Hughes did not possess. And he knew well enough that Dr. Freeborn had married his own daughters to

husbands who possessed these gifts ; but he could not throw the fact back into the Rector's teeth. He was in some way conscious that the Rector had been entitled to expect so much for his girls, and that he, the banker, was not so entitled. The same idea passed through the Rector's mind. But the Rector knew how far the banker's courage would carry him. "Good night, Dr. Freeborn," said Mr. Greenmantle suddenly.

"Good night, Greenmantle. Shan't I see you again before you go?" To this the banker made no direct answer, but at once took his leave.

"That man is the greatest ass in all Plumplington," the Doctor said to his wife within five minutes of the time of which the hall door was closed behind the banker's back. "He's got an idea into his head about having some young county swell for his son-in-law."

"Harry Gresham. Harry is too idle to earn money by a profession, and therefore wants Greenmantle's money to live upon. There's Peppercorn wants something of the same kind for Polly. People are such fools." But Mrs. Freeborn's two daughters had been married much after the same fashion. They had taken husbands nearly as old as their father, because Dr. Freeborn and his wife had thought much of "blood."

On the next morning Philip Hughes was summoned by the banker into the more official of the two back parlours. Since he had presumed to signify his love for Emily, he had never been asked to enjoy the familiarity of the other chamber. "Mr. Hughes, you may probably have heard it asserted that I am about to leave Plumplington for a prolonged residence in foreign parts." Mr. Hughes had heard it and so declared. "Yes, Mr. Hughes, I am about to proceed to the south of France. My daughter's health requires attention,—and indeed on my own behalf I am in need of some change as well. I have not as yet officially made known my views to the Directors."

"There will be, I should think, no impediment with them."

"I cannot say. But at any rate I shall go. After forty years of service in the Bank I cannot think of allowing the peculiar views of men who are all younger than myself to interfere with my comfort. I shall go."

"I suppose so, Mr. Greenmantle."

"I shall go. I say it without the slightest disrespect for the Board. But I shall go."

"Will it be permanent, Mr. Greenmantle?"

"That is a question which I am not prepared to answer at a moment's notice. I do not propose to move my furniture for six months. It would not, I believe, be within the legal power of the Directors to take possession of the Bank house for that period."

"I am quite sure they would not wish it."

"Perhaps my assurance on that subject may be of more avail. At any rate they will not remove me. I should not have troubled you on this subject were it not that your position in the Bank must be affected more or less."

"I suppose that I could do the work for six months," said Philip Hughes.

But this was a view of the case which did not at all suit Mr. Greenmantle's mind. His own duties at Plumplington had been, to his thinking, the most important ever confided to a Bank Manager. There was a peculiarity about Plumplington of which no one knew the intricate details but himself. The man did not exist who could do the work as he had done it. But still he had determined to go, and the work must be intrusted to some man of lesser competence. "I should think it probable," he said, "that some confidential clerk will be sent over from Barchester. Your youth, Mr. Hughes, is against you. It is not for me to say what line the Directors may determine to take."

"I know the people better than any one can do in Barchester."

"Just so. But you will excuse me if I say you may for that reason be the less efficient. I have thought it expedient, however, to tell you of my views. If you have any steps that you wish to take you can now take them."

Then Mr. Greenmantle paused, and had apparently brought the meeting to an end. But there was still something which he wished to say. He did think that by a word spoken in due season,—by a strong determined word, he might succeed in putting an end to this young man's vain and ambitious hopes. He did not wish to talk to the young man about his daughter ; but, if the strong word might avail here was the opportunity. "Mr. Hughes," he began.

"Yes, sir."

"There is a subject on which perhaps it would be well that I should be silent." Philip, who knew the manager thoroughly, was now aware of what was coming, and thought it wise that he should say nothing at the moment. "I do not know that any good can be done by speaking of it." Philip still held his tongue. "It is a matter no doubt of ex-

reme delicacy,—of the most extreme delicacy I may say. If I go abroad as I intend, I shall as a matter of course take with me—Miss Greenmantle.”

“I suppose so.”

“I shall take with me—Miss Greenmantle. It is not to be supposed that when I go abroad for a prolonged sojourn in foreign parts, that I should leave—Miss Greenmantle behind me.”

“No doubt she will accompany you.”

“Miss Greenmantle will accompany me. And it is not improbable that my prolonged residence may in her case be—still further prolonged. It may be possible that she should link her lot in life to some gentleman whom she may meet in those realms.”

“I hope not,” said Philip.

“I do not think that you are justified, Mr. Hughes, in hoping anything in reference to my daughter’s fate in life.”

“All the same, I do.”

“It is very,—very,—! I do not wish to use strong language, and therefore I will not say impertinent.”

“What am I to do when you tell me that she is to marry a foreigner?”

“I never said so. I never thought so. A foreigner! Good heavens! I spoke of a gentleman whom she might chance to meet in those realms. Of course I meant an English gentleman.”

“The truth is, Mr. Greenmantle, I don’t want your daughter to marry anyone unless she can marry me.”

“A most selfish proposition.”

“It’s a sort of matter in which a man is apt to be selfish, and it’s my belief that if she were asked she’d say the same thing. Of course you can take her abroad and you can keep her there as long as you please.”

“I can;—and I mean to do it.”

“I am utterly powerless to prevent you, and so is she. In this contention between us I have only one point in my favour.”

“You have no point in your favour, sir.”

“The young lady’s good wishes. If she be not on my side,—why then I am nowhere. In that case you needn’t trouble yourself to take her out of Plumplington. But if—”

“You may withdraw, Mr. Hughes,” said the banker. “The interview is over.” Then Philip Hughes withdrew, but as he went he shut the door after him in a very confident manner.

CHAPTER VI.—THE YOUNG LADIES ARE TO BE TAKEN ABROAD.

How should Philip Hughes see Emily before she had been carried away to “foreign

parts” by her stern father? As he regarded the matter it was absolutely imperative that he should do so. If she should be made to go, in her father’s present state of mind, without having reiterated her vows, she might be persuaded by that foreign-living English gentleman whom she would find abroad, to give him her hand. Emily had no doubt confessed her love to Philip, but she had not done so in that bold unshrinking manner which had been natural to Polly Peppercorn. And her lover felt it to be incumbent upon him to receive some renewal of her assurance before she was taken away for a prolonged residence abroad. But there was a difficulty as to this. If he were to knock at the door of the private house and ask for Miss Greenmantle, the servant, though she was in truth Philip’s friend in the matter, would not dare to show him up. The whole household was afraid of Mr. Greenmantle, and would receive any hint that his will was to be set aside with absolute dismay. So Philip at last determined to take the bull by the horns and force his way into the drawing-room. Mr. Greenmantle could not be made more hostile than he was; and then it was quite on the cards, that he might be kept in ignorance of the intrusion. When therefore the banker was sitting in his own more private room, Philip passed through from the bank into the house, and made his way up-stairs with no one to announce him.

With no one to announce him he passed straight through into the drawing-room, and found Emily sitting very melancholy over a half-knitted stocking. It had been commenced with an idea that it might perhaps be given to Philip, but as her father’s stern severity had been announced, she had given up that fond idea, and had increased the size, so as to fit them for the paternal feet. “Good gracious, Philip,” she exclaimed, “how on earth did you get here?”

“I came up-stairs from the bank.”

“Oh, yes; of course. But did you not tell Mary that you were coming?”

“I should never have been let up had I done so. Mary has orders not to let me put my foot within the house.”

“You ought not to have come; indeed you ought not.”

“And I was to let you go abroad without seeing you! Was that what I ought to have done? It might be that I should never see you again. Only think of what my condition must be.”

“Is not mine twice worse?”

“I do not know. If it be twice worse

than mine then I am the happiest man in all the world."

"Oh, Philip, what do you mean?"

"If you will assure me of your love——"

"I have assured you."

"Give me another assurance, Emily," he said, sitting down beside her on the sofa. But she started up quickly to her feet. "When you gave me the assurance before, then——"

"One assurance such as that ought to be quite enough."

"But you are going abroad."

"That can make no difference."

"Your father says, that you will meet there some Englishman who will——"

"My father knows nothing about it. I shall meet no Englishman, and no foreigner; at least none that I shall care about. You oughtn't to get such an idea into your head."

"That's all very well, but how am I to keep such ideas out? Of course there will be men over there; and if you come across some idle young fellow who has not his bread to earn as I do, won't it be natural that you should listen to him?"

"No; it won't be natural."

"It seems to me to be so. What have I got that you should continue to care for me?"

"You have my word, Philip. Is that nothing?" She had now seated herself on a chair away from the sofa, and he, feeling at the time some special anxiety to get her into his arms, threw himself down on his knees before her, and seized her by both her hands. At that moment the door of the drawing-room was opened, and Mr. Greenmantle appeared within the room. Philip Hughes could not get upon his feet quick enough to return the furious anger of the look which was thrown on him. There was a difficulty even in disembarassing himself of poor Emily's hands; so that she, to her father, seemed to be almost equally a culprit with the young man. She uttered a slight scream, and then he very gradually rose to his legs.

"Emily," said the angry father, "retire at once to your chamber."

"But, papa, I must explain."

"Retire at once to your chamber, miss. As for this young man, I do not know whether the laws of his country will not punish him for this intrusion."

Emily was terribly frightened by this allusion to her country's laws. "He has done nothing, papa; indeed he has done nothing."

"His very presence here, and on his knees!

Is that nothing? Mr. Hughes, I desire that you will retire. Your presence in the bank is required. I lay upon you my strict order never again to presume to come through that door. Where is the servant who announced you?"

"No servant announced me."

"And did you dare to force your way into my private house, and into my daughter's presence unannounced? It is indeed time that I should take her abroad to undergo a prolonged residence in some foreign parts. But the laws of the country which you have outraged will punish you. In the meantime why do you not withdraw? Am I to be obeyed?"

"I have just one word which I wish to say to Miss Greenmantle."

"Not a word. Withdraw! I tell you, sir, withdraw to the bank. There your presence is required. Here it will never be needed."

"Good-bye, Emily," he said, putting out his hand in his vain attempt to take hers.

"Withdraw, I tell you." And Mr. Greenmantle, with all the stiffness of the poker apparent about him, backed poor young Philip Hughes through the doorway on to the staircase, and then banged the door behind him. Having done this, he threw himself on to the sofa, and hid his face with his hands. He wished it to be understood that the honour of his family had been altogether disgraced by the lightness of his daughter's conduct.

But his daughter did not see the matter quite in the same light. Though she lacked something of that firmness of manner which Polly Peppercorn was prepared to exhibit, she did not intend to be altogether trodden on. "Papa," she said, "why do you do that?"

"Good heavens!"

"Why do you cover up your face?"

"That a daughter of mine should have behaved so disgracefully!"

"I haven't behaved disgracefully, papa."

"Admitting a young man surreptitiously to my drawing-room!"

"I didn't admit him; he walked in."

"And on his knees! I found him on his knees."

"I didn't put him there. Of course he came,—because,—because——"

"Because what?" he demanded.

"Because he is my lover. I didn't tell him to come; but of course he wanted to see me before we went away."

"He shall see you no more."

"Why shouldn't he see me? He's a very

good young man, and I am very fond of him. That's just the truth."

"You shall be taken away for a prolonged residence in foreign parts before another week has passed over your head."

"Dr. Freeborn quite approves of Mr. Hughes," pleaded Emily. But the plea at the present moment was of no avail. Mr. Greenmantle in his present frame of mind was almost as angry with Dr. Freeborn as with Emily or Philip Hughes. Dr. Freeborn was joined in this frightful conspiracy against him.

"I do not know," said he grandiloquently, "that Dr. Freeborn has any right to interfere with the private affairs of my family. Dr. Freeborn is simply the Rector of Plumplington,—nothing more."

"He wants to see the people around him all happy," said Emily.

"He won't see me happy," said Mr. Greenmantle with awful pride.

"He always wishes to have family quarrels settled before Christmas."

"He shan't settle anything for me." Mr. Greenmantle, as he so expressed himself, determined to maintain his own independence. "Why is he to interfere with my family quarrels because he's the Rector of Plumplington? I never heard of such a thing. When I shall have taken up my residence in foreign parts he will have no right to interfere with me."

"But, papa, he will be my clergyman all the same."

"He won't be mine, I can tell him that. And as for settling things by Christmas, it is all nonsense. Christmas, except for going to church and taking the Sacrament, is no more than any other day."

"Oh, papa!"

"Well, my dear, I don't quite mean that. What I do mean is that Dr. Freeborn has no more right to interfere with my family at this time of the year than at any other. And when you're abroad, which you will be before Christmas, you'll find that Dr. Freeborn will have nothing to say to you there." "You had better begin to pack up at once," he said on the following day.

"Pack up?"

"Yes, pack up. I shall take you first to London, where you will stay for a day or two. You will go by the afternoon train to-morrow."

"To-morrow!"

"I will write and order beds to-day."

"But where are we to go?"

"That will be made known to you in due time," said Mr. Greenmantle.

"But I've got no clothes," said Emily.

"France is a land in which ladies delight to buy their dresses."

"But I shall want all manner of things,—boots and underclothing,—and—and linen, papa."

"They have all those things in France."

"But they won't fit me. I always have my things made to fit me. And I haven't got any boxes."

"Boxes! what boxes? work-boxes?"

"To put my things in. I can't pack up unless I've got something to pack them in. As to going to-morrow, papa, it's quite impossible. Of course there are people I must say good-bye to. The Freeborns—"

"Not the slightest necessity," said Mr. Greenmantle. "Dr. Freeborn will quite understand the reason. As to boxes, you won't want the boxes till you've bought the things to put in them."

"But, papa, I can't go without taking a quantity of things with me. I can't get everything new; and then I must have my dresses made to fit me." She was very lachrymose, very piteous, and full of entreaties; but still she knew what she was about. As the result of the interview, Mr. Greenmantle did almost acknowledge that they could not depart for a prolonged residence abroad on the morrow.

Early on the following morning Polly Peppercorn came to call. For the last month she had stuck to her resolution,—that she and Miss Greenmantle belonged to different sets in society, and could not be brought together, as Polly had determined to wear her second-rate dresses in preparation for a second-rate marriage,—and this visit was supposed to be something altogether out of the way. It was clearly a visit with a cause, as it was made at eleven o'clock in the morning. "Oh, Miss Greenmantle," she said, "I hear that you're going away to France,—you and your papa, quite at once."

"Who has told you?"

"Well, I can't quite say; but it has come round through Dr. Freeborn." Dr. Freeborn had in truth told Mr. Peppercorn, with the express view of exercising what influence he possessed so as to prevent the rapid emigration of Mr. Greenmantle. And Mr. Peppercorn had told his daughter, threatening her that something of the same kind would have to happen in his own family if she proved obstinate about her lover. "It's the best thing going," said Mr. Peppercorn, "when a girl is upsetting and determined to have her own way." To this Polly made no reply, but

came away early on the following morning, so as to converse with her late friend, Miss Greenmantle.

"Papa says so; but you know it's quite impossible."

"What is Mr. Hughes to do?" asked Polly in a whisper.

"I don't know what anybody is to do. It's dreadful, the idea of going away from home in this sudden manner."

"Indeed it is."

"I can't do it. Only think, Polly, when I talk to him about clothes he tells me I'm to buy dresses in some foreign town. He knows nothing about a woman's clothes;—nor yet a man's for the matter of that. Fancy starting to-morrow for six months. It's the sort of thing that Ida Pfeiffer used to do."

"I didn't know her," said Polly.

"She was a great traveller, and went about everywhere almost without anything. I don't know how she managed it, but I'm sure that I can't."

"Dr. Freeborn says that he thinks it's all nonsense." As Polly said this she shook her head and looked uncommonly wise. Emily, however, made no immediate answer. Could it be true that Dr. Freeborn had thus spoken of her father? Emily did think that it was all nonsense, but she had not yet brought herself to express her thoughts openly. "To tell the truth, Miss Greenmantle," continued Polly, "Dr. Freeborn thinks that Mr. Hughes ought to be allowed to have his own way." In answer to this Emily could bring herself to say nothing; but she declared to herself that since the beginning of things Dr. Freeborn had always been as near an angel as any old gentleman could be. "And he says that it's quite out of the question that you should be carried off in this way."

"I suppose I must do what papa tells me."

"Well; yes. I don't know quite about that. I'm all for doing everything that papa likes, but when he talks of taking me to France, I know I'm not going. Lord love you, he couldn't talk to anybody there." Emily began to remember that her father's proficiency in the French language was not very great. "Neither could I for the matter of that," continued Polly. "Of course, I learned it at school, but when one can only read words very slowly one can't talk them at all. I've tried it, and I know it. A precious figure father and I would make finding our way about France."

"Does Mr. Peppercorn think of going?" asked Emily.

"He says so;—if I won't drop Jack Holly-

combe. Now I don't mean to drop Jack Hollycombe; not for father nor for anyone. It's only Jack himself can make me do that."

"He won't, I suppose."

"I don't think he will. Now it's absurd, you know, the idea of our papas both carrying us off to France because we've got lovers in Plumplington. How all the world would laugh at them! You tell your papa what my papa is saying, and Dr. Freeborn thinks that that will prevent him. At any rate, if I were you, I wouldn't go and buy anything in a hurry. Of course, you've got to think of what would do for married life."

"Oh, dear, no!" exclaimed Emily.

"At any rate I should keep my mind fixed upon it. Dr. Freeborn says that there's no knowing how things may turn out." Having finished the purport of her embassy, Polly took her leave without even having offered one kiss to her friend.

Dr. Freeborn had certainly been very sly in instigating Mr. Peppercorn to proclaim his intention of following the example of his neighbour the banker. "Papa," said Emily when her father came in to luncheon, "Mr. Peppercorn is going to take his daughter to foreign parts."

"What for?"

"I believe he means to reside there for a time."

"What nonsense! He reside in France! He wouldn't know what to do with himself for an hour. I never heard anything like it. Because I am going to France is all Plumplington to follow me? What is Mr. Peppercorn's reason for going to France?" Emily hesitated; but Mr. Greenmantle pressed the question, "What object can such a man have?"

"I suppose it's about his daughter," said Emily. Then the truth flashed upon Mr. Greenmantle's mind, and he became aware that he must at any rate for the present abandon the idea. Then, too, there came across him some vague notion that Dr. Freeborn had instigated Mr. Peppercorn and an idea of the object with which he had done so.

"Papa," said Emily that afternoon, "am I to get the trunks I spoke about?"

"What trunks?"

"To put my things in, papa. I must have trunks if I am to go abroad for any length of time. And you will want a large portmanteau. You would get it much better in London than you would at Plumplington." But here Mr. Greenmantle told his daughter that she need not at present trouble her mind about either his travelling gear or her own.

A few days afterwards Dr. Freeborn sauntered into the bank, and spoke a few words to the cashier across the counter. "So Mr. Greenmantle, I'm told, is not going abroad," said the Rector.

"I've heard nothing more about it," said Philip Hughes.

"I think he has abandoned the idea. There was Hickory Peppercorn thinking of going, too, but he has abandoned it. What do they want to go travelling about France for?"

"What indeed, Dr. Freeborn;—unless the two young ladies have something to say to it."

"I don't think they wish it, if you mean that."

"I think their fathers thought of taking them out of harm's way."

"No doubt. But when the harm's way consists of a lover it's very hard to tear a young lady away from it." This was said so that Philip only could hear it. The two lads who attended the bank were away at their desks in distant parts of the office. "Do you keep your eyes open, Philip," said the Rector, "and things will run smoother yet than you expected."

"He is frightfully angry with me, Dr. Freeborn. I made my way up into the drawing-room the other day, and he found me there."

"What business had you to do that?"

"Well, I was wrong, I suppose. But if Emily was to be taken away suddenly I had to see her before she went. Think, Doctor, what a prolonged residence in a foreign country means. I mightn't see her again for years."

"And so he found you up in the drawing-room. It was very improper; that's all I can say. Nevertheless, if you'll behave yourself, I shouldn't be surprised if things were to run smoother before Christmas." Then the Doctor took his leave.

"Now, father," said Polly, "you're not going to carry me off to foreign parts."

"Yes, I am. As you're so wilful it's the only thing for you."

"What's to become of the brewery?"

"The brewery may take care of itself. As you won't want the money for your husband there'll be plenty for me. I'll give it up. I ain't going to slave and slave all my life and nothing come of it. If you won't oblige me in this the brewery may go and take care of itself."

"If you're like that, father, I must take care of myself. Mr. Greenmantle isn't going to take his daughter over."

"Yes; he is."

"Not a bit of it. He's as much as told

Emily that she's not to get her things ready." Then there was a pause, during which Mr. Peppercorn showed that he was much disturbed. "Now, father, why don't you give way, and show yourself what you always were,—the kindest father that ever a girl had."

"There's no kindness in you, Polly. Kindness ought to be reciprocal."

"Isn't it natural that a girl should like her young man?"

"He's not your young man."

"He's going to be. What have you got to say against him? You ask Dr. Freeborn."

"Dr. Freeborn, indeed! He isn't your father!"

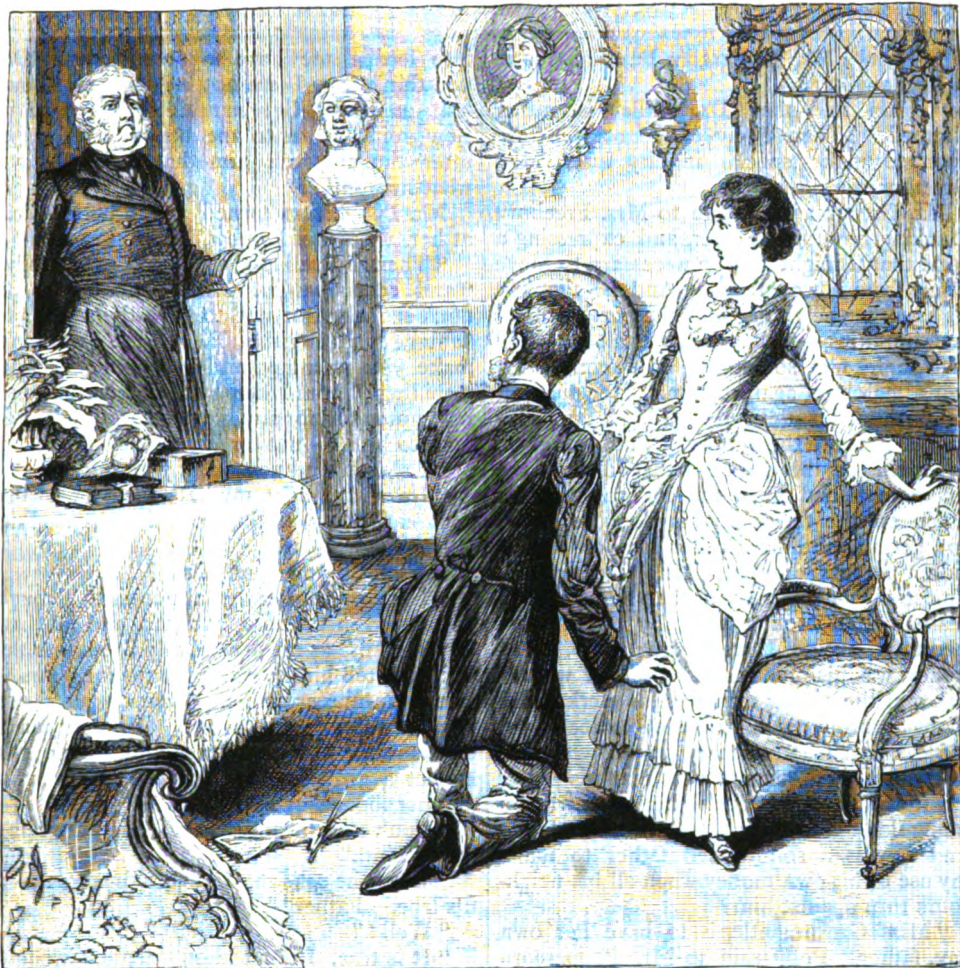
"He's not my father, but he's my friend. And he's yours, if you only knew it. You think of it, just for another day, and then say that you'll be good to your girl." Then she kissed him, and as she left him she felt that she was about to prevail.

CHAPTER VII.—THE YOUNG LADIES ARE TO REMAIN AT HOME.

MISS EMILY GREENMANTLE had always possessed a certain character for delicacy. We do not mean delicacy of sentiment. That of course belonged to her as a young lady,—but delicacy of health. She was not strong and robust, as her friend Polly Peppercorn. When we say that she possessed that character, we intend to imply that she perhaps made a little use of it. There had never been much the matter with her, but she had always been a little delicate. It seemed to suit her, and prevented the necessity of over-exertion. Whereas Polly, who had never been delicate, felt herself always called upon to "run round," as the Americans say. "Running round" on the part of a young lady implies a readiness and a willingness to do everything that has to be done in domestic life. If a father wants his slippers or a mother her thimble, or the cook a further supply of sauces, the active young lady has to "run round." Polly did run round; but Emily was delicate and did not. Therefore when she did not get up one morning, and complained of a headache, the doctor was sent for. "She's not very strong, you know," the doctor said to her father. "Miss Emily always was delicate."

"I hope it isn't much," said Mr. Greenmantle.

"There is something I fear disturbing the even tenor of her thoughts," said the doctor, who had probably heard of the hopes entertained by Mr. Philip Hughes and favoured



"Mr. Greenmantle appeared in the room."

them. "She should be kept quite quiet. I wouldn't prescribe much medicine, but I'll tell Mixet to send her in a little draught. As for diet she can have pretty nearly what she pleases. She never had a great appetite." And so the doctor went his way. The reader is not to suppose that Emily Greenmantle intended to deceive her father, and play the old soldier. Such an idea would have been repugnant to her nature. But when her father told her that she was to be taken abroad for a prolonged residence, and when it of course followed that her lover was to be left behind, there came upon her a natural feeling that the best thing for her would be to lie in bed, and so to avoid all the troubles of life for the present moment.

"I am very sorry to hear that Emily is so ill," said Dr. Freeborn, calling on the banker further on in the day.

"I don't think it's much, Dr. Freeborn."

"I hope not; but I just saw Miller, who shook his head. Miller never shakes his head quite for nothing."

In the evening Mr. Greenmantle got a little note from Mrs. Freeborn. "I am so *unhappy* to hear about *dear* Emily. The poor child always is *delicate*. *Pray* take care of her. She must see Dr. Miller twice every day. Changes do take place so *frequently*. If you think she would be better here, we would be *delighted* to have her. There is so much in having the attention of a *lady*."

"Of course I am nervous," said Mr. Philip Hughes next morning to the banker. "I hope you will excuse me, if I venture to ask for one word as to Miss Greenmantle's health."

"I am very sorry to hear that Miss Greenmantle has been taken so poorly," said Mr. Peppercorn, who met Mr. Greenmantle in the street. "It is not very much, I have reason to hope," said the father, with a look of anger.

Why should Mr. Peppercorn be solicitous as to his daughter?

"I am told that Dr. Miller is rather alarmed." Then Polly called at the front door to make special inquiry after Miss Greenmantle's health.

Mr. Greenmantle wrote to Mrs. Freeborn thanking her for the offer, and expressing a hope that it might not be necessary to move Emily from her own bed. And he thanked all his other neighbours for the pertinacity of their inquiries,—feeling however all the while that there was something of a conspiracy being hatched against him. He did not quite think his daughter guilty, but in his answer made to the inquiry of Philip Hughes, he spoke as though he believed that the young man had been the instigator of it. When on the third day his daughter could not get up, and Mr. Miller had ordered a more potent draught, Mr. Greenmantle almost owned to himself that he had been beaten. He took a walk by himself and meditated on it. It was a cruel case. The money was his money, and the girl was his girl, and the young man was his clerk. He ought according to the rules of justice in the world to have had plenary power over them all. But it had come to pass that his power was nothing. What is a father to do when a young lady goes to bed and remains there? And how is a soft-hearted father to make any use of his own money when all his neighbours turn against him?

"Miss Greenmantle is to have her own way, father," Polly said to Mr. Peppercorn on one of these days. It was now the second week in December, and the whole ground was hard with frost. "Dr. Freeborn will be right after all. He never is much wrong. He declared that Emily would be given to Philip Hughes as a Christmas-box."

"I don't believe it a bit," said Mr. Peppercorn.

"It is so all the same. I knew that when she became ill her father wouldn't be able to stand his ground. There is no knowing what these delicate young ladies can do in that way. I wish I were delicate."

"You don't wish anything of the kind. It would be very wicked to wish yourself to be sickly. What should I do if you were running up a doctor's bill?"

"Pay it,—as Mr. Greenmantle does. You've never had to pay half-a-crown for a doctor for me, I don't know when."

"And now you want to be poorly."

"I don't think you ought to have it both ways, you know. How am I to frighten you

into letting me have my own lover? Do you think that I am not as unhappy about him as Emily Greenmantle? There he is now going down to the brewery. You go after him and tell him that he shall have what he wants."

Mr. Peppercorn turned round and looked at her. "Not if I know," he said.

"Then I shall go to bed," said Polly, "and send for Dr. Miller to-morrow. I don't see why I'm not to have the same advantage as other girls. But, father, I wouldn't make you unhappy, and I wouldn't cost you a shilling I could help, and I wouldn't not wait upon you for anything. I wouldn't pretend to be ill,—not for Jack Hollycombe."

"I should find you out if you did."

"I wouldn't fight my battle except on the square for any earthly consideration. But, father——"

"What do you want of me?"

"I am broken-hearted about him. Though I look red in the face, and fat, and all that, I suffer quite as much as Emily Greenmantle. When I tell him to wait perhaps for years, I know I'm unreasonable. When a young man wants a wife, he wants one. He has made up his mind to settle down, and he doesn't expect a girl to bid him remain as he is for another four or five years."

"You've no business to tell him anything of the kind."

"When he asks me I have a business,—if it's true. Father!"

"Well!"

"It is true. I don't know whether it ought to be so, but it is true. I'm very fond of you."

"You don't show it."

"Yes, I am. And I think I do show it, for I do whatever you tell me. But I like him the best."

"What has he done for you?"

"Nothing;—not half so much as I have done for him. But I do like him the best. It's human nature. I don't take on to tell him so;—only once. Once I told him that I loved him better than all the rest,—and that if he chose to take my word for it, once spoken, he might have it. He did choose, and I'm not going to repeat it, till I tell him when I can be his own."

"He'll have to take you just as you stand."

"May be; but it will be worth while for him to wait just a little, till he shall see what you mean to do. What do you mean to do with it, father? We don't want it at once."

"He's not educated as a gentleman should be."

"Are you?"

"No; but I didn't try to get a young woman with money. I made the money, and I've a right to choose the sort of son-in-law my daughter shall marry."

"No; never!" she said.

"Then he must take you just as you are; and I'll make ducks and drakes of the money after my own fashion. If you were married to-morrow what do you mean to live upon?"

"Forty shillings a week. I've got it all down in black and white."

"And when children come;—one after another, year by year."

"Do as others do. I'll go bail my children won't starve;—or his. I'd work for them down to my bare bones. But would you look on the while, making ducks and drakes of your money, or spending it at the pot-house, just to break the heart of your own child? It's not in you to do it. You'd have to alter your nature first. You speak of yourself as though you were strong as iron. There isn't a bit of iron about you;—but there's something a deal better. You are one of those men, father, who are troubled with a heart."

"You're one of those women," said he, "who trouble the world by their tongues." Then he bounced out of the house and banged the door.

He had seen Jack Hollycombe through the window going down to the brewery, and he now slowly followed the young man's steps. He went very slowly as he got to the entrance to the brewery yard, and there he paused for a while thinking over the condition of things. "Hang the fellow," he said to himself; "what on earth has he done that he should have it all his own way? I never had it all my way. I had to work for it;—and precious hard too. My wife had to cook the dinner with only just a slip of a girl to help her make the bed. If he'd been a gentleman there'd have been something in it. A gentleman expects to have things ready to his hand. But he's to walk into all my money just because he's good-looking. And then Polly tells me, that I can't help myself because I'm good-natured. I'll let her know whether I'm good-natured! If he wants a wife he must support a wife;—and he shall." But though Mr. Peppercorn stood in the doorway murmuring after this fashion he knew very well that he was about to lose the battle. He had come down the street on purpose to signify to Jack Hollycombe that he might go up and settle the day with Polly; and he himself in the midst of all his objur-

gations was picturing to himself the delight with which he would see Polly restored to her former mode of dressing. "Well, Mr. Hollycombe, are you here?"

"Yes, Mr. Peppercorn, I am here."

"So I perceive,—as large as life. I don't know what on earth you're doing over here so often. You're wasting your employers' time, I believe."

"I came over to see Messrs. Grist and Grindall's young man."

"I don't believe you came to see any young man at all."

"It wasn't any young woman, as I haven't been to your house, Mr. Peppercorn."

"What's the good of going to my house? There isn't any young woman there can do you any good." Then Mr. Peppercorn looked round and saw that there were others within hearing to whom the conversation might be attractive. "Do you come in here. I've got something to say to you." Then he led the way into his own little parlour, and shut the door. "Now, Mr. Hollycombe, I've got something to communicate."

"Out with it, Mr. Peppercorn."

"There's that girl of mine up there is the biggest fool that ever was since the world began."

"It's astonishing," said Jack, "what different opinions different people have about the same thing."

"I daresay. That's all very well for you; but I say she's a fool. What on earth can she see in you to make her want to give you all my money?"

"She can't do that unless you're so pleased."

"And she won't neither. If you like to take her, there she is."

"Mr. Peppercorn, you make me the happiest man in the world."

"I don't make you the richest;—and you're going to make yourself about the poorest. To marry a wife upon forty shillings a week! I did it myself, however,—upon thirty-five, and I hadn't any stupid old father-in-law to help me out. I'm not going to see her break her heart; and so you may go and tell her. But you needn't tell her as I'm going to make her any regular allowance. Only tell her to put on some decent kind of gown, before I come home to tea. Since all this came up the slut has worn the same dress she bought three winters ago. She thinks I didn't know it."

And so Mr. Peppercorn had given way; and Polly was to be allowed to flaunt it again this Christmas in silks and satins. "Now

you'll give me a kiss," said Jack when he had told his tale.

"I've only got it on your bare word," she answered, turning away from him.

"Why; he sent me here himself; and says you're to put on a proper frock to give him his tea in."

"No."

"But he did."

"Then, Jack, you shall have a kiss. I am sure the message about the frock must have come from himself. Jack, are you not the happiest young man in all Plumplington?"

"How about the happiest young woman," said Jack.

"Well; I don't mind owning up. I am. But it's for your sake. I could have waited, and not have been a bit impatient. But it's so different with a man. Did he say, Jack, what he meant to do for you?"

"He swore that he would not give us a penny."

"But that's rubbish. I am not going to let you marry till I know what's fixed. Nor yet will I put on my silk frock."

"You must. He'll be sure to go back if you don't do that. I should risk it all now, if I were you."

"And so make a beggar of you. My husband shall not be dependent on any man,—not even on father. I shall keep my clothes on as I've got 'em till something is settled."

"I wouldn't anger him if I were you," said Jack cautiously.

"One has got to anger him sometimes, and all for his own good. There's the frock hanging up-stairs, and I'm as fond of a bit of finery as any girl. Well;—I'll put it on to-night because he has made something of a promise; but I'll not continue it till I know what he means to do for you. When I'm married my husband will have to pay for my clothes, and not father."

"I guess you'll pay for them yourself."

"No, I shan't. It's not the way of the world in this part of England. One of you must do it, and I won't have it done by father,—not regular. As I begin so I must go on. Let him tell me what he means to do and then we shall know how we're to live. I'm not a bit afraid of you and your forty shillings."

"My girl!" Here was some little attempt at embracing, which, however, Polly checked.

"There's no good in all that when we're talking business. I look upon it now that we're to be married as soon as I please. Father has given way as to that, and I don't want to put you off."

"Why no! You ought not to do that when you think what I have had to endure."

"If you had known the picture which father drew just now of what we should have to suffer on your forty shillings a week!"

"What did he say, Polly?"

"Never mind what he said. Dry bread would be the best of it. I don't care about the dry bread;—but if there is to be anything better it must be all fixed. You must have the money for your own."

"I don't suppose he'll do that."

"Then you must take me without the money. I'm not going to have him giving you a five-pound note at the time and your having to ask for it. Nor yet am I going to ask for it. I don't mind it now. And to give him his due, I never asked him for a sovereign but what he gave me two. He's very generous."

"Is he now?"

"But he likes to have the opportunity. I won't live in the want of any man's generosity,—only my husband's. If he chooses to do anything extra that'll be as he likes it. But what we have to live upon,—to pay for meat and coals and such like,—that must be your own. I'll put on the dress to-night because I won't vex him. But before he goes to bed he must be made to understand all that. And you must understand it too, Jack. As we mean to go on so must we begin!" The interview ended, however, in an invitation given to Jack to stay in Plumplington and eat his supper. He knew the road so well that he could drive himself home in the dark.

"I suppose I'd better let them have two hundred a year to begin with," said Peppercorn to himself, sitting alone in his little parlour. "But I'll keep it in my own hands. I'm not going to trust that fellow further than I can see him."

But on this point he had to change his mind before he went to bed. He was gracious enough to Jack as they were eating their supper, and insisted on having a hot glass of brandy and water afterwards,—all in honour of Polly's altered dress. But as soon as Jack was gone Polly explained her views of the case, and spoke such undoubted wisdom as she sat on her father's knee, that he was forced to yield. "I'll speak to Mr. Scribble about having it all properly settled." Now Mr. Scribble was the Plumplington attorney.

"Two hundred a year, father, which is to be Jack's own,—for ever. I won't marry him for less,—not to live as you propose."

"When I say a thing I mean it," said

Peppercorn. Then Polly retired, having given him a final kiss.

About a fortnight after this Mr. Greenmantle came to the Rectory and desired to see Dr. Freeborn. Since Emily had been taken ill there had not been many signs of friendship between the Greenmantle and the Freeborn houses. But now there he was in the Rectory hall, and within five minutes had followed the Rectory footman into Dr. Freeborn's study. "Well, Greenmantle, I'm delighted to see you. How's Emily?"

Mr. Greenmantle might have been delighted to see the Doctor but he didn't look it. "I trust that she is somewhat better. She has risen from her bed to-day."

"I'm glad to hear that," said the Doctor.

"Yes; she got up yesterday, and to-day she seems to be restored to her usual health."

"That's good news. You should be careful with her and not let her trust too much to her strength. Miller said that she was very weak, you know."

"Yes; Miller has said so all through," said the father; "but I'm not quite sure that Miller has understood the case."

"He hasn't known all the ins and outs you mean,—about Philip Hughes." Here the Doctor smiled, but Mr. Greenmantle moved about uneasily as though the poker were at work. "I suppose Philip Hughes had something to do with her malady."

"The truth is—," began Mr. Greenmantle.

"What's the truth?" asked the Doctor. But Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he could not tell his tale without many efforts. "You heard what old Peppercorn has done with his daughter?—Settled £250 a year on her for ever, and has come to me asking me whether I can't marry them on Christmas Day. Why if they were to be married by banns there would not be time."

"I don't see why they shouldn't be married by banns," said Mr. Greenmantle, who amidst all these difficulties disliked nothing so much as that he should be put into the category with Mr. Peppercorn, or Emily with Polly Peppercorn.

"I say nothing about that. I wish everybody was married by banns. Why shouldn't they? But that's not to be. Polly came to me the next day, and said that her father didn't know what he was talking about."

"I suppose she expects a special licence like the rest of them," said Mr. Greenmantle.

"What the girls think mostly of is their clothes. Polly wouldn't mind the banns the

least in the world; but she says she can't have her things ready. When a young lady talks about her things a man has to give up. Polly says that February is a very good month to be married in."

Mr. Greenmantle was again annoyed, and showed it by the knitting of his brow, and the increased stiffness of his head and shoulders. The truth may as well be told. Emily's illness had prevailed with him and he too had yielded. When she had absolutely refused to look at her chicken-broth for three consecutive days her father's heart had been stirred. For Mr. Greenmantle's character will not have been adequately described unless it be explained that the stiffness lay rather in the neck and shoulders than in the organism by which his feelings were conducted. He was in truth very like Mr. Peppercorn, though he would have been infuriated had he been told so. When he found himself alone after his defeat,—which took place at once when the chicken-broth had gone down untasted for the third time,—he was ungainly and ill-natured to look at. But he went to work at once to make excuses for Philip Hughes, and ended by assuring himself that he was a manly honest sort of fellow, who was sure to do well in his profession; and ended by assuring himself that it would be very comfortable to have his married daughter and her husband living with him. He at once saw Philip, and explained to him that he had certainly done very wrong in coming up to his drawing-room without leave. "There is an etiquette in those things which no doubt you will learn as you grow older." Philip thought that the etiquette wouldn't much matter as soon as he had married his wife. And he was wise enough to do no more than beg Mr. Greenmantle's pardon for the fault which he had committed. "But as I am informed by my daughter," continued Mr. Greenmantle, "that her affections are irrevocably settled upon you,"—here Philip could only bow,— "I am prepared to withdraw my opposition, which has only been entertained as long as I thought it necessary for my daughter's happiness. There need be no words now," he continued, seeing that Philip was about to speak, "but when I shall have made up my mind as to what it may be fitting that I shall do in regard to money, then I will see you again. In the meantime you're welcome to come into my drawing-room when it may suit you to pay your respects to Miss Greenmantle." It was speedily settled that the marriage should take place in February, and

Mr. Greenmantle was now informed that Polly Peppercorn and Mr. Hollycombe were to be married in the same month!

He had resolved, however, after much consideration, that he would himself inform Dr. Freeborn that he had given way, and had now come for this purpose. There would be less of triumph to the enemy, and less of disgrace to himself, if he were to declare the truth. And there no longer existed any possibility of a permanent quarrel with the Doctor. The prolonged residence abroad had altogether gone to the winds. "I think I will just step over and tell the Doctor of this alteration in our plans." This he had said to Emily, and Emily had thanked him and kissed him, and once again had called him "her own dear papa." He had suffered greatly during the period of his embittered feelings, and now had his reward. For it is not to be supposed that when a man has swallowed a poker the evil results will fall only upon his companions. The process is painful also to himself. He cannot breathe in comfort so long as the poker is there.

"And so Emily too is to have her lover. I am delighted to hear it. Believe me she hasn't chosen badly. Philip Hughes is an excellent young fellow. And so we shall have the double marriage coming after all." Here the poker was very visible. "My wife will go and see her at once, and congratulate her; and so will I as soon as I have heard that she's got herself properly dressed for drawing-room visitors. Of course I may congratulate Philip."

"Yes, you may do that," said Mr. Greenmantle very stiffly.

"All the town will know all about it before it goes to bed to-night. It is better so. There should never be a mystery about such matters. Good-bye, Greenmantle, I congratulate you with all my heart."

CHAPTER VIII.—CHRISTMAS-DAY.

"Now I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Doctor to his wife a few days after the two marriages had been arranged in the manner thus described. It yet wanted ten days to Christmas, and it was known to all Plumplington that the Doctor intended to be more than ordinarily blithe during the present Christmas holidays. "We'll have these young people to dinner on Christmas-day, and their fathers shall come with them."

"Will that do, Doctor?" said his wife.

"Why should it not do?"

"I don't think that Mr. Greenmantle will care about meeting Mr. Peppercorn."

"If Mr. Peppercorn dines at my table," said the Doctor with a certain amount of arrogance, "any gentleman in England may meet him. What! not meet a fellow townsman on Christmas-day and on such an occasion as this!"

"I don't think he'll like it," said Mrs. Freeborn.

"Then he may lump it. You'll see he'll come. He'll not like to refuse to bring Emily here especially, as she is to meet her betrothed. And the Peppercorns and Jack Hollycombe will be sure to come. Those sort of vagaries as to meeting this man and not that, in sitting next to one woman and objecting to another, don't prevail on Christmas-day, thank God. They've met already at the Lord's Supper, or ought to have met; and they surely can meet afterwards at the parson's table. And we'll have Harry Gresham to show that there is no ill-will. I hear that Harry is already making up to the Dean's daughter at Barchester."

"He won't care whom he meets," said Mrs. Freeborn. "He has got a position of his own and can afford to meet anybody. It isn't quite so with Mr. Greenmantle. But of course you can have it as you please. I shall be delighted to have Polly and her husband at dinner with us."

So it was settled and the invitations were sent out. That to the Peppercorns was despatched first, so that Mr. Greenmantle might be informed whom he would have to meet. It was conveyed in a note from Mrs. Freeborn to Polly, and came in the shape of an order rather than of a request. "Dr. Freeborn hopes that your papa and Mr. Hollycombe will bring you to dine with us on Christmas-day at six o'clock. We'll try and get Emily Greenmantle and her lover to meet you. You must come because the Doctor has set his heart upon it."

"That's very civil," said Mr. Peppercorn. "Shan't I get any dinner till six o'clock?"

"You can have lunch, father, of course. You must go."

"A bit of bread and cheese when I come out of church—just when I'm most famished! Of course I'll go. I never dined with the Doctor before."

"Nor did I; but I've drunk tea there. You'll find he'll make himself very pleasant. But what are we to do about Jack."

"He'll come, of course."

"But what are we to do about his clothes?" said Polly. "I don't think he's got a dress coat; and I'm sure he hasn't a white tie. Let him come just as he pleases, they won't

mind on Christmas-day as long as he's clean. He'd better come over and go to church with us; and then I'll see as to making him up tidy." Word was sent to say that Polly and her father and her lover would come, and the necessary order was at once despatched to Barchester.

"I really do not know what to say about it," said Mr. Greenmantle when the invitation was read to him. "You will meet Polly Peppercorn and her husband as is to be," Mrs. Freeborn had written in her note; "for we look on you and Polly as the two heroines of Plumplington for this occasion." Mr. Greenmantle had been struck with dismay as he read the words. Could he bring himself to sit down to dinner with Hickory Peppercorn and Jack Hollycombe; and ought he to do so? Or could he refuse the Doctor's invitation on such an occasion? He suggested at first that a letter should be prepared declaring that he did not like to take his Christmas dinner away from his own house. But to this Emily would by no means consent. She had plucked up her spirits greatly since the days of the chicken-broth, and was determined at the present moment to rule both her future husband and her father. "You must go, papa. I wouldn't not go for all the world."

"I don't see it, my dear; indeed I don't."

"The Doctor has been so kind. What's your objection, papa?"

"There are differences, my dear."

"But Dr. Freeborn likes to have them."

"A clergyman is very peculiar. The rector of a parish can always meet his own flock. But rank is rank you know, and it behoves me to be careful with whom I shall associate. I shall have Mr. Peppercorn slapping my back and poking me in the ribs some of these days. And moreover they have joined your name with that of the young lady in a manner that I do not quite approve. Though you each of you may be a heroine in your own way, you are not the two heroines of Plumplington. I do not choose that you shall appear together in that light."

"That is only his joke," said Emily.

"It is a joke to which I do not wish to be a party. The two heroines of Plumplington! It sounds like a vulgar farce."

Then there was a pause, during which Mr. Greenmantle was thinking how to frame the letter of excuse by which he would avoid the difficulty. But at last Emily said a word which settled him. "Oh, papa, they'll say that you were too proud, and then they'll laugh at you." Mr. Greenmantle looked

very angry at this, and was preparing himself to use some severe language to his daughter. But he remembered how recently she had become engaged to be married, and he abstained. "As you wish it, we will go," he said. "At the present crisis of your life I would not desire to disappoint you in anything." So it happened that the Doctor's proposed guests all accepted; for Harry Gresham too expressed himself as quite delighted to meet Emily Greenmantle on the auspicious occasion.

"I shall be delighted also to meet Jack Hollycombe," Harry had said. "I have known him ever so long and have just given him an order for twenty quarters of oats."

They were all to be seen at the Parish Church of Plumplington on that Christmas morning;—except Harry Gresham, who, if he did so at all, went to church at Greshamsbury,—and the Plumplington world all looked at them with admiring eyes. As it happened the Peppercorns sat just behind the Greenmantles, and on this occasion Jack Hollycombe and Polly were exactly in the rear of Philip Hughes and Emily. Mr. Greenmantle as he took his seat observed that it was so, and his devotions were, we fear, disturbed by the fact. He walked up proudly to the altar among the earliest and most aristocratic recipients, and as he did so could not keep himself from turning round to see whether Hickory Peppercorn was treading on his kibes. But on the present occasion Hickory Peppercorn was very modest and remained with his future son-in-law nearly to the last.

At six o'clock they all met in the Rectory drawing-room. "Our two heroines," said the Doctor as they walked in, one just after the other, each leaning on her lover's arm. Mr. Greenmantle looked as though he did not like it. In truth he was displeased, but he could not help himself. Of the two young ladies Polly was by far the most self-possessed. As long as she had got the husband of her choice she did not care whether she were or were not called a heroine. And her father had behaved very well on that morning as to money. "If you come out like that, father," she had said, "I shall have to wear a silk dress every day." "So you ought," he said with true Christmas generosity. But the income then promised had been a solid assurance, and Polly was the best contented young woman in all Plumplington.

They all sat down to dinner, the Doctor with a bride on each side of him, the place

of honour to his right having been of course accorded to Emily Greenmantle; and next to each young lady was her lover. Miss Greenmantle as was her nature was very quiet, but Philip Hughes made an effort and carried on, as best he could, a conversation with the Doctor. Jack Hollycombe till after pudding-time said not a word, and Polly tried to console herself through his silence by remembering that the happiness of the world did not depend upon loquacity. She herself said a little word now and again, always with a slight effort to bring Jack into notice. But the Doctor with his keen power of observation understood them all, and told himself that Jack was to be a happy man. At the other end of the table Mr. Greenmantle and Mr. Peppercorn sat opposite to each other, and they too, till after pudding-time, were very quiet. Mr. Peppercorn felt himself to be placed a little above his proper position, and could not at once throw off the burden. And Mr. Greenmantle would not make the attempt. He felt that an injury had been done him in that he had been made to sit opposite to Hickory Peppercorn. And in truth the dinner party as a dinner party would have been a failure, had it not been for Harry Gresham, who, seated in the middle between Philip and Mr. Peppercorn, felt it incumbent upon him in his present position to keep up the rattle of the conversation. He said a good deal about the "two heroines," and the two heroes, till Polly felt herself bound to quiet him by saying that it was a pity that there was not another heroine also for him.

"I'm an unfortunate fellow," said Harry, "and am always left out in the cold. But perhaps I may be a hero too some of these days."

Then when the cloth had been removed, —for the Doctor always had the cloth taken off his table,—the jollity of the evening really began. The Doctor delighted to be on his legs on such an occasion and to make a little speech. He said that he had on his right and on his left two young ladies both of whom he had known and had loved throughout their entire lives, and now they were to be delivered over by their fathers, whom he delighted to welcome this Christmas-day at his modest board, each to the man who for the future was to be her lord and her husband. He did not know any occasion on which he, as a pastor of the church, could take greater delight, seeing that in both cases he had ample reason to be satisfied with the choice which the young ladies had made.

The bridegrooms were in both instances of such a nature and had made for themselves such characters in the estimation of their friends and neighbours as to give all assurance of the happiness prepared for their wives. There was much more of it, but this was the gist of the Doctor's eloquence. And then he ended by saying that he would ask the two fathers to say a word in acknowledgment of the toast.

This he had done out of affection to Polly, whom he did not wish to distress by calling upon Jack Hollycombe to take a share in the speech-making of the evening. He felt that Jack would require a little practice before he could achieve comfort during such an operation; but the immediate effect was to plunge Mr. Greenmantle into a cold bath. What was he to say on such an opportunity? But he did blunder through, and gave occasion to none of that sorrow which Polly would have felt had Jack Hollycombe got upon his legs, and then been reduced to silence. Mr. Peppercorn in his turn made a better speech than could have been expected from him. He said that he was very proud of his position that day, which was due to his girl's manner and education. He was not entitled to be there by anything that he had done himself. Here the Doctor cried, "Yes, yes, yes, certainly." But Peppercorn shook his head. He wasn't specially proud of himself, he said, but he was awfully proud of his girl. And he thought that Jack Hollycombe was about the most fortunate young man of whom he had ever heard. Here Jack declared that he was quite aware of it.

After that the jollity of the evening commenced; and they were very jolly till the Doctor began to feel that it might be difficult to restrain the spirits which he had raised. But they were broken up before a very late hour by the necessity that Harry Gresham should return to Greshamsbury. Here we must bid farewell to the "two heroines of Plumplington," and to their young men, wishing them many joys in their new capacities. One little scene however must be described, which took place as the brides were putting on their hats in the Doctor's study. "Now I can call you Emily again," said Polly, "and now I can kiss you; though I know I ought to do neither the one nor the other."

"Yes, both, both, always do both," said Emily. Then Polly walked home with her father, who, however well satisfied he might have been in his heart, had not many words to say on that evening.



"The lovely turquoise-blue of forget-me-nots."

HAGAR.

A North Yorkshire Pastoral.

By MISS LINSKILL,

AUTHOR OF "ROBERT HOLT'S ILLUSION,"
"GODWYN," &c.

CHAPTER I.—SHAWN GRIF.

HAGAR'S home was a rude ling-thatched cottage, standing at the foot of a wild ravine.

A clear brown brook rushed downward, under narrow bridges and over moss-grown boulders. Below, tall cliffs rose up on either hand, with grey fractured sides enlivened by patches of stunted grass and golden colour. The broken receding angles at the foot of the Grif* stood out darkly and sternly against the white-flecked sea beyond.

A light breeze was blowing, making what sailors call "a lipper" on the surface of the water; a few ships were passing; gulls were crying shrilly overhead.

The highway leading from the neighbouring town of Port St. Hilda to the fishing-villages beyond wound down the southernmost slope of the ravine, over the rough stone bridge close to the cottage, round the foot of the opposite cliff, along its rugged

* Grif—a narrow, rocky, fissure-like chasm.

seaward face. The carriers'-carts had to pass that way, farmers and their wives went to and fro in rickety gigs, carts laden with fish came from the north; in the summer carriages filled with visitors came from the south, and all these vehicles stopped for an unwilling moment at the gate leading to Aaron Rudbeck's cottage. It had not been built for a toll-house, as any one might have seen; indeed the place had seemed ready to tumble down when the road was made; but, as the toll had only been intended as a temporary tax, advantage had been taken of the existence of the cottage and of the willingness of its occupant to act as toll-keeper. Old Aaron liked the post; it added to his importance, and gave him opportunities for self-assertion.

The old man was bent almost double with age and rheumatism; but his dark eye was as bright as ever, and well-nigh as keen-sighted. The brilliant Maysun had tempted him out of doors to smoke his pipe; but he was glad of the shelter from the wind afforded him by an old black boat turned bottom upward, and resting on portions of the jawbone of a whale. The place had been partially boarded in, and the boards had been newly tarred, so that altogether this roadside arbour had a very non-rural appearance.

There was a certain air of independence about the old man as he sat there with his arms folded, his legs crossed, and his round brown-grey head thrown back a little. Suddenly he started: his hearing was not so good as it had been, and the beck being full was rather noisy, so that he had not heard the approach of footsteps. He took his pipe from his lips, and looked up, hot and angry:—

"Noo, sir, what may be *your* will?" he asked testily of the man who stood before him.

"I am afraid I have startled you. I am very sorry," was the reply, given in tones that seemed as if the speaker's voice had been made for soothing.

His face too was not without its tranquillising influence: it was one that touched most people to a new quietness whatever the mood they had been in before. It was not a handsome face; no one ever thought of mere beauty in looking at it. If any one had tried to criticize it they might have found that the lines were sharp, the features unimportant, the colouring wan; but the impression so gathered would not have remained. If you did but pass Christopher Fane in the street, the thought, or rather the feeling that

lingered with you was one of reverence, of new aspiration after the pure and the good.

Even old Rudbeck could not retain his irritation in the presence of this man.

"It's all reeght, sir, all reeght," he said, speaking with his usual volubility. "Ah's rether narvous. Ah cums of a famly 'at allus gits narvous toward t' latter end o' their tahme. But sit ya doon a bit, sit ya doon. Mebbe t'seät's mucky; but ya can fetch yersen a chaär oot i' t' hoose if ya like."

"Thank you; I mustn't stay," Fane said, drawing an old-fashioned silver watch from the pocket of a rusty threadbare waistcoat. "It's nearly school-time . . . I—I was passing this way, so I thought I would just ask after Hagar. She hasn't been at school lately."

"Naäy; she'll nobbut deä as she like. She hes a good bit o' wark te deä, o'yah soört an' anuther; but she mud cum of an eftherneän if she wanted. She used to be keen aneäf o' ganging. Ah deän't know what's cum tiv her."

"Is she indoors?" asked the school-master.

"Naäy, she's up on t' rigg yonder; she's gone up efther t' yowes* . . . That's her, leuk ya," said the old man, rising to his feet with difficulty, and pointing with the stem of his pipe to a scarlet speck upon the topmost ridge of the cliff. "That's her; she's cumin' doon. She'll be here i' tweä three minutes."

Fane went on talking to the old man, not knowing how little attention he gave to what he said, or to what was spoken in reply. He was watching Hagar's swift and perilous descent. What a picture the girl made as she stepped lightly and rapidly from rock to rock, or came gliding down the slippery shale! She was tall and strong; her smooth shining yellow head was uncovered, she had an old scarlet shawl tied round her, and as she came nearer he saw that she carried in her arms a tiny white lamb, folding it to her breast as a mother folds her infant, and now and then burying her face in its soft warm wool with childish gestures and caresses that were a little startling. Hagar was not as a rule demonstrative.

She was coming round by the bridge, but suddenly she caught sight of the master standing there. Did he fancy that the colour on her face changed to a deeper pink as she turned back a step or two, and ran down the opposite bank of the beck? She crossed the stepping-stones, came up through the

white orchard trees, disappearing suddenly at the lower end of the cottage.

Fane waited a few minutes, then the old man said,

"Go an' see if ya can find t' lass; she'll be somewheres about i' t' wotchut,* ah'll warrant ya. It's curus she didn't see 'at ya were here."

The scarlet shawl and the shining yellow hair were not difficult things to find in that sparse orchard. Hagar had placed her ailing lamb in a blanket by the cottage fire. She was taking up potatoes now; her foot was on the spade, her face bent downward, she seemed not to see the master until he was quite close to her.

"Well, Hagar, how are you to-day?" he asked, speaking in the quiet way, and with the quiet smile peculiar to himself.

Hagar raised her head, touching the overhanging bough of an apple-tree as she did so, and showering the crimson-tipped blossoms all about her. The most deeply tinted among them was not of a richer colour than her own lips and cheeks. There could be no fitter emblem of herself as she stood there in her freshness, her purity, her spring-like beauty, than this sweet pink apple-blossom.

She smiled shyly in answer to the master's greeting, and lifted her soft blue eyes for a moment, but she made no reply.

"How is it that you don't come to school now?" he continued. "And you haven't been to the practisings lately. What have we done to you, Hagar?"

Hagar had a great root of potatoes in her left hand; with the right she was carefully putting the larger ones into one skeep, the smaller ones into another. She waited until she had cleared the root, then she said, slowly,

"Nobody's done nothing, sir. I'm gettin' over old to go to school. There isn't anybody else there as old as me."

"Those are very poor reasons, child. You are only fifteen, and you haven't had the same chance of coming regularly that the others have had. You have a great deal to learn yet."

There was another brief silence, then Hagar said gravely,

"Please, sir, I'm sixteen; I shall be seventeen come next Lady-day."

Fane smiled. "That's a long way off," he said. "But supposing you were twice sixteen you couldn't be too old to learn, nor too old to come to school to learn."

* Orchard.

Again there was no reply and the time was passing.

"I am afraid I must go," the master said, looking at his watch again, and turning slowly away. "Won't you change your mind, Hagar? . . . I should like you to come to school a little longer."

Could any man in Fane's place have guessed that the girl had been waiting for him for weeks, hoping that he might come, dreaming wishfully that he might urge this very plea? He should not urge it long, she would yield suddenly and gladly. He might know if he chose that for her the only happy place in the world was the bleak school-house on the top of Skerne Dun. She did not quite know what had come to her. She had been born into some new world where all was strange and sweet, for the very pains of it were sweeter than other pleasures. She went about her daily tasks as she had always done, a marvel to the neighbourhood for thrift, and skill, and ceaseless labour. Oft enough since her grandfather had grown so helpless she had had his work to do in addition to her own, hard, rough man's work, but she did it in such an unconscious womanly way that people lost sight of the unfitness of things. She made no change because of the days that passed on, and the knowledge that came with them. It was not only that if she did not work she might not eat, but there would be nothing for her grandfather to eat. There had been a time when she had been left dependent upon him, a fatherless and motherless baby; but now things were changed, and he was dependent upon her. The profits of garden and orchard, of cow and pigs, of fowls and sheep, were all the living of these two; and a bare living it would be if things were not cared for, and attended to, night and day, early and late. The rent of the cottage was allowed to the old man for his services as toll-keeper, but he had thirty pounds a year to pay for the few acres of land attached to it. It was often a hard matter to make ends meet when rent day came; but it was the pride of old Aaron's life that he had never been "back in arrears."

In Hagar's earlier childhood there had been no school within several miles of Shawn Grif, and she had learnt nothing save what her grandfather could teach her. But the old man had a housekeeper in those days, and when the new school was built at Skerne Dun, Hagar's name was one of the first on the register, and for a while she made the most of her opportunities. But things went

wrong down in the Grif for two or three years consecutively. The cow died, the potato crop failed, the donkey fell over the cliff and had to be shot on the scaur below. Then it was that old Rudbeck decided that his housekeeper must go, and Hagar take her place. The plan had succeeded beyond his most sanguine dreams. He had never been better off in his life than he was in these last years of his.

So it will be seen that Hagar had had neither time nor opportunity for growing prematurely love-sick. She had never read a novel in her life, and her knowledge of the outer world and its ways was of the most limited. There had been a long interim in her school-life when she had first undertaken the management of her grandfather's house, and she had had no thought of going to school any more; but changes had taken place at Skerne Dun, and these had wrought changes in Hagar's wishes and plans.

One day during the preceding summer there had come down to her from the Dun the kindest and most courteous gentleman that Hagar had ever seen. Lancelot did not come more suddenly and strikingly into the life of Elaine than this new village schoolmaster came into the life of Hagar Rudbeck. Some one had told him that she could sing, and he wanted her to join the choir that he was trying to form. There was no church at Skerne Dun, but the vicar of Skerne Yatts had made arrangements for the coming of a curate, and there was to be a service in the schoolroom at Skerne Dun every Sunday afternoon. Of course Hagar consented, and from that day her existence had been another thing altogether. The greatest drawback of all had been her inability to read fluently. She had a beautiful voice, clear, rich, and fresh as a bird's; and it was sad that it should fail sometimes because she could not follow the words of the hymn. The master had discovered this, and Hagar had felt his discovery through all her nature. The flush of shame swept over her like electric fire. He asked her to stay for a few moments after the practice that evening, and he tried to persuade her to attend the school, if it were but for half a day twice or thrice a week, and Hagar had yielded to his wish with tears that were not entirely of gratitude in her blue eyes. She never forgot that evening. The master had talked to her of other things than her defective education. He had not preached, but he had spoken out of a full, fervid heart that was yearning for the peace and gladness of every other

human heart with whom he had to do. There was no doubt in him, no hesitation. His faith was the perfect, unquestioning, childlike faith that only men of finer and higher nature possess. By it he lived himself, and by it came his powerful influence over others, for true it is, as Carlyle has written, that "There is in man a quite indestructible reverence for whatsoever holds of heaven, or even plausible counterfeits such holding. Show the dullest clodpole, show the haughtiest featherhead, that a soul higher than himself is actually here; were his knees stiffened into brass he must down and worship."

Hagar's new existence was not entirely pleasurable even from the beginning. She was content to worship in silence, content that there should be no acceptance, no response, these things she had not yet dreamed of; but inevitably her content was shaded by sadness, first sweet and vague and light, then sweet and definite, and of gradually increasing heaviness. In this lay Hagar's inarticulate reason for withdrawing herself from the master's presence. She was little more than a child in years, but the woman's instinct was awakening within her. She had never yet, even in thought, applied the word "love" to her own feeling, for the simple reason that she did not know what love was, and for the same reason it was that she had had no thought of being loved in return. But she was conscious of a passionate desire that this man who seemed so far above her should deign to be interested in her. That was all she asked, that he should care whether she went to school or not, that his eye should brighten when he saw her, that he should say her name softly and carefully, and make it seem like sweet music in her ear.

Had Hagar been a girl given to tears she might have wept for the self-reproach that beset her when Fane had gone, leaving her alone and lonely under the orchard trees. She had seen the change that came over his face as he turned away. "He was vexed with me," she said to herself sorrowfully. But she had no time wherein to indulge her sorrow. Her labour was real and hard and fatiguing. When night came there was only the old pathetic yearning that she might be something more to the master, something that he needed and had not. The great dream of her life was to be his servant, to work for him, take thought for him, minister to him. She would take no wages. If he should find fault with her it would be a satisfaction; if he should praise her, her cup of happiness would be full.

CHAPTER II.—AT THE VILLAGE SCHOOL.

IT was nearly two miles from the Shawn Grif toll-house to the hamlet of Skerne Dun. The road wound up the ravine, under tall grey and yellow crags, that looked as if they might have been riven asunder but yesterday. Farther up the crags sloped backward, and the slopes were covered with budding trees and rich growths of dark underwood. Glossy fronds of hart's-tongue were uncurling among the wet stones on either side of the noisy brook; fringes and festoons of hanging greenery were swaying overhead. Somewhere from the heart of the Grif came the sound of a rushing waterfall.

Near the top the road branched off into a fir plantation belonging to Skeldar Grange, where Squire Kempthorn lived. You could see the house as you passed; but Hagar, on her way to Skerne Dun, hurried by quickly, never once looking to the white gate on the left. She was soon out of the plantation. Sea-gulls and lapwings were screaming over the newly-ploughed lands above. Hagar repeated to herself the old couplet—

"Sea-gull, sea-gull, go to t' sand;
It's niver good weather when you're on t' land."

The day was fine enough so far; but Hagar had lived too long with her grandfather to believe that the gulls could have any other reason for coming landward than a storm, raging or impending.

There are not more than four farm-houses at the Dun, and these stand at respectful distances from each other. The only other buildings are the blacksmith's shop, two cottages, and the school-house.

This school-house, as it has been said, is nearly a new building. It stands on the top of the Dun, on the site of an ancient chapel, built probably by those De Percies who were Lords of Streonshalh in days gone by. You can trace the plan of nave and chancel still if you note carefully the broken grass-grown slopes below the school. If the scenery is stern and bold, it is also solemn and full of grandeur. The dark woods of Castle Dunswater cover the wide sweep of upland to the north, and stretch away till you lose sight of them in the winding of vale and moor; there is the distant church-crowned hill, the rugged coast-line with its majestic cliffs and dark headlands running far out into the sea, and above all there is the sea itself, changeful, restless, never silent. On the calmest days the murmur comes up from the bay below, more

soothing to ears that love it than the song of birds or the music of chanted hymns.

The road by which Hagar came was full in sight of the school windows, and a little stir went round the room as she entered the gate. The flush of surprise on the master's pale face was not unnoticed by those four girls of the first class who sat immediately in front of him. There were not more than thirty children in the room. Lessons had begun half an hour before: utter silence reigned.

Every one looked up when the heavy door opened with a loud click. Hagar entered, seeming even taller and stronger than she had seemed before, more beautiful too; and, in some indefinable way, more impressive. She was blushing hotly, her eyes were drooping shyly; she was fully conscious of the stiffness and ungracefulness of her curtsy to the master. She passed to her place at the bottom of the front desk, not daring to look into the only face of all the thirty that she cared to see.

Hagar at the village-school, with a clean buff print gown, too tight at the chest and waist, and far too short in the skirt, was not the same Hagar who could bound lightly and surely down the face of a rocky cliff, or carry a pail of milk on her head across the stepping-stones of the beck with bearing enough for a crowned queen, and this without so much as touching the pail with her hand. Down in the Grif her large, ill-made shoes and her toil-roughened hands never troubled her; her old red shawl and grey winsey gown never cost her a thought. To say the truth she was not ordinarily dissatisfied with her appearance. She had not reached the age of sixteen without having heard various rustic compliments on the fairness of her complexion and the beauty of her rich yellow hair. But Hagar had not the gift of taking comfort in these things, when comfort was needed. The half-hour she had spent in brushing her hair and arranging it in thick, yellow plaits, that hung low upon her neck, had been half an hour wasted so far as any present satisfaction was concerned. She was conscious only of her defects, and her consciousness brought a look of shame and pain to her face, that almost destroyed its natural frankness and fearlessness. The master was watching her, though she did not know it; and he was not altogether imperceptive, nor unsympathetic—nay, perhaps he was a little troubled, too.

Still, though he understood something of what was passing in the girl's mind, he did not understand all. Hagar left the school

that afternoon, and the next, and the next after that, with a sore feeling of disappointment at her heart. It was not only that she had failed to win that little meed of notice which she so craved, but it seemed to her that she received less than the others. She could not put her undefined feeling into thought, but it existed nevertheless. She felt that the word she watched and waited for at the end of a lesson was uttered with a certain guardedness, if not with restraint; while the words that were said to girls like Ellen Verrill and Susan Featherstone were said easily, if not gaily; and what did these care for anything the master might say or leave unsaid? Only once during those days had he made her heart beat with any pleasure, and that was when he had spoken to her with words of blame, somewhat emphatic for him, because she had whispered a sentence to little Martha Stangoe, who sat next to her, and did not know her home lessons. Hagar's blue-grey eyes grew brighter: she had roused him at last. Words of rebuke were better than silence and neglect.

Two or three more days passed on, unmarked and slow. It must be said for Hagar that she did her best, that she was obedient, attentive, and ceaselessly industrious. No temptation moved her: the class was quieter and better to manage because of her presence in it. If any special praise or notice might have been gained by such means as these Hagar must certainly have gained it. She never asked herself why she was not satisfied with the quiet approbation that the master gave; she only knew that satisfaction was not hers: she wanted something that she had not, and could not win.

Why had he asked her to go back to school? He did not care whether she was there or not. She had gone every afternoon now for nearly a week, and where was the good of it? She had to work hard in the morning and harder still at night, only that she might walk those four miles in the afternoon and sit for two hours at a desk with books and slates before her. It would be different if any one cared, if any one saw, or understood.

Hagar was wandering slowly through the fir-copse, her heart within her beating passionately against the cruel, unintelligible bars. It was still May, and a chill east wind was blowing up the ravine; but it was calmer in the fir-wood. There was only that mystic sougling in the tops of the trees that falls upon the soul like the cadence of a soft-toned organ. Hagar stopped awhile, leaning against

the lichened bole of a larch-tree. The sun was shining overhead, but she stood in the solemn shadow, watching the quivering of the feathery boughs against the blue beyond; listening to the murmur, yielding to the spell.

When she went on again she moved like one in a dream—a dream that hushed her spirit into harmony with the things that were. If she might receive nothing she would take deeper satisfaction in giving. She did not say this to herself, but a voice spoke, and she understood. These were progressive days. That beautiful, unconscious, girl-life of Hagar's was receding rapidly.

It had been a late spring that year; the primroses were only now in full bloom, violets were plentiful, and the white, fragile wood anemone quivered to the breeze everywhere. Suddenly Hagar's eye was caught by the lovely turquoise-blue of forget-me-nots, the first she had found. There were only a few of them, and she gathered them with an almost impetuous eagerness. She had seen the master's face grow bright over flowers less fair than these. There was no more lingering by the way.

But as Hagar neared the gate of the school two other girls of her class were coming up the hill-side, and to her dismay their hands were full of forget-me-nots as large and blue and beautiful as hers. No touch of evil-feeling entered her heart: the girl was too large-natured for any ill-will. She shook her head and laughed. "It's too bad of you," she said, as they all three entered the porch together.

Certainly it was a pleasure to watch the master's face as the girls walked up to the desk. He had been looking and feeling weary; his pale features had seemed sharper than usual, his soft red-brown hair looked as if it had been less carefully brushed, his shabby black coat had appeared shabbier. Now, all at once, the man was transfigured. Had any one taken a bit of blue sky into that dingy place of maps, ink-pots, blackboards, and copy-books, he could hardly have been taken out of himself more completely. He was not young, as the girls counted youth, he had passed his thirtieth year; but no child shut in a sick chamber could have felt keener and more exquisite joy in these first forget-me-nots of the year than did this lonely, toil-worn schoolmaster. There was a flush on his face and a strangely eager light in his eyes as he took the first bunch—it was offered to him by bold, dark-eyed Susan Featherstone.

"This is a treat, Susan," he said in low, glad tones.

Little Martha Stangoe's bunch came next. She was always called "Little" Martha, partly because she bore her mother's name, partly because she was so small for her age. She was almost as old as Hagar, though she hardly stood as high as Hagar's elbow. She was a bright, smiling little creature, loved by everybody. Fane took her forget-me-nots with most careful tenderness.

"Why they are almost as blue as your own eyes, Little Martha," he said with one of his rare smiles.

Then came Hagar, glad because the master was glad. Her eyes were not so blue as Martha's, but she lifted them frankly to the master's face as she offered him her flowers. He took them with that same tenderness, for the flowers' sake, as Hagar saw it; but there was no compliment for her, nor any expression of pleasure.

"Thank you, Hagar," he said, raising his eyes to meet hers for a moment; but even as he did so it seemed to the girl that his smile faded and his grave look came back.

She went to her seat as if she had received a blow. For a time she made no attempt to work. She was sick at heart. The disappointment was a little one, but it was cruel, falling as it did into that gentler mood that had been hers before.

A dictation-lesson was being given. Somewhere about the middle of it Hagar took up her slate with an indifference that was, and was meant to be, decidedly provoking. When the lesson was over Fane passed slowly along the desk.

"Susan Featherstone, three mistakes," he said quietly.

"Ellen Verrill, none."

"Martha Stangoe, seven."

"Hannah Pennock, one."

"Hagar Rudbeck, nineteen."

He made no comment: it was unusual for Hagar to make so many mistakes, but she was not displeased with herself.

Presently Fane turned to Joe Verrill: Joe was going to be a pupil-teacher one of these days.

"Give out the new geographies, Joe," he said, "and put the map of Palestine on the easel.

Then, for nearly twenty minutes, the lesson went on; after that the word was given to close the books, and the master began his questioning.

The answers were fairly given. Fane could interest the children and secure their

attention in a manner that seemed wonderful to any stray visitor who found his way into the school. Hagar answered less readily than some of the others, but her answers were always correct: she had a serviceable memory. The only one who gave much trouble was Little Martha, who seldom shone in anything that required application.

"Now think again, Martha," Fane said, gently and patiently. "Think how many times you have heard of Bethany, and of the things that happened there—surely you can remember one of them."

A dozen hands were stretched out: Martha looked hot and shame-faced.

Still no answer came. The master turned to the boys, and Hagar bent forward with her face toward the blushing child who stood next but one.

"Lazarus," she said in an audible whisper.

Fane heard the word, and not without pain. Only a few days before he had detected her in the same infraction of rule, charged her as to the future, and said that he must punish her if she disobeyed him again. It was this made him hesitate now: if he noticed the matter at all he must keep his word. He considered for a moment; then decided hastily. He could not punish Hagar Rudbeck that day.

He had remained standing in front of the desk where the boys sat, struggling with himself. Presently he turned back to the girls; as he did so, he saw to his distress that Hagar was again bending toward the still unready child beyond—this time she was deliberately passing her an open book.

The master went to his own desk: others had seen the thing as well as he. For one moment that was felt through the whole school he stood there, pale, silent, as unable as he was unwilling to say what he yet knew must be said.

Hagar was pale too: the expression of the master's face seemed to have arrested the beating of her heart. She looked up at him half-unconsciously, and her look touched him: it might not stay him.

When he spoke it was in a changed voice, tremulous, full of emotion, yet irresistible in its power.

"Hagar come here. You must stand by my desk until lessons are over."

¹ Contrary to the expectation of the whole school, nay, perhaps contrary to that of the master himself, Hagar stepped out from her place, crossed the room, and stood on the exact spot he had indicated.

She had not hesitated: it had never

occurred to her that she had any alternative save obedience. Her nature was one of those peculiarly feminine natures to whom it is as natural to obey a command as it is to resist persuasion.

But now that she had obeyed, now that she stood there alone, with the curious eyes of that silent, wondering school fixed upon her, with the very atmosphere about her tense with an emotion of which she was the cause, her consciousness came back. Strong as she was she trembled so that she longed to put out a hand for support. Her face was burning, her eyes were burning, her very hands seemed to burn as she twined them tightly one within the other. No culprit ever shrank from the gaze of a crowd more painfully than Hagar shrank from the gaze of those few simple village children.

Fane had made a mistake, and he already saw that he had. He had meant to punish the girl, but not to torture her. He had not taken into account the torture to himself.

There was still silence. What could he do? He had said that she must stand there till lessons were over, and not more than five minutes had passed; but he could not enforce his word at this expense.

He bent forward a little over the blue forget-me-nots that were rising crisply in the water where he had placed them.

"Hagar," he said, speaking more firmly than before, yet more kindly, "I have changed my mind. You may go back to your place. I will speak of this afterward."

The girl did not look up: no one saw the change that came over her face. For a moment she did not move; then, with sudden passionate vehemence she rushed wildly from the school, up the narrow path, and away out of sight before any who watched her had recovered from their surprise. Fane stood for a minute turning the pages of a book, then he bowed his head on his hand; the little ones still sat silent and bewildered.

They were not used to scenes like this: punishment was a rare thing. During all her school-life Hagar had never been "in disgrace" till now, and she felt it with unendurable keenness. She had only herself to blame, this she knew, but there was no comfort in the knowledge. It was not *only* that the master had punished her, but that she had been punished. She had not expected it; she had had no definite expectation of any kind; she had drifted in the current of a blind perversity, unmanageable, because altogether unprecedented in her mental history; and this was the result. "It was his

fault," she said to herself, as she went swiftly down the Grif, her hot cheeks hotter for the cold wind that was blowing. "It was his fault. He shouldn't ha' spoken i' that way. Ah coul'n't bear it."

She was thinking of the master's retraction of the sentence he had passed. He had spoken kindly, almost tenderly, and Hagar's eyes had filled with instant tears. Another moment and she would have broken down before them all: this was why she had fled so suddenly and foolishly.

She had been very foolish, poor child; and the master had not been wise, or, at any rate, he had not been considerate. This he acknowledged to himself sadly as he sat alone after the children had gone. If he had said openly that she must remain after lessons, that would have been enough. It was in vain he told himself that he had not had time for consideration. He had waited long enough for a second thought to arise, and it was this second thought that had startled him, made him feel for the moment as if his only error could be on the side of undue leniency.

Yes; he had been startled, though it was perhaps difficult to see why. There had been no sudden transformation of feeling. His interest in Hagar had begun on the day that he first saw her. If it had threatened to become an undue interest he had with unflinching manliness refrained from undue expression of it.

He was not yet sure of what was in his own heart, and he was further than most men in his place would have been from understanding what was in Hagar's. He would probably have smiled incredulously had any told him that the girl was stricken with that "passionate kindness" which has been defined as the very essence of love.

He had certainly done nothing to encourage such a feeling; and he had done his best to discourage the awakening of anything more than dispassionate kindness within himself. It was bewildering to find that he was subject to something that seemed outside his own powers of volition.

He could not blame himself. His admiration had been attracted by the girl's large, unselfish nature, by the unconscious beauty of her life and character. She had faults, but they were the faults of defective training, not of a defective heart or soul. His first longing toward her had been the longing to train those dormant faculties of hers that he had seen were only waiting to be called forth.

He knew now that other yearnings had beset him unawares, less disinterested, more

open to suspicion. This was the point to which he brought himself with so much effort. And at this point he stopped for the time being. It were better for him to go back resolutely and at once to that dreary lodging of his on the moor than to sit there indulging the sweet dreams and visions that strove to possess his brain. He was a man of warm heart, and true and tender, but of chastened impulse. He had fought many battles with himself, and had fallen in few. When he could not see his way clearly he was accustomed to adopt the sterner and safer plan of choosing the most painful way.

CHAPTER III.—PHIL KEMPTHORN.

HAGAR was more fortunate than she knew in being compelled to live that outdoor life of hers. All day she was about in the Grif, bare-headed, wildly clad, and as rustic as you please in air and manner; indeed, just the same Hagar to look at and admire as she had been before she ran away from the school, incurred what seemed to her a life's disgrace, and made that poor heart of hers ache more keenly and bitterly and comprehendingly than it had ever ached before.

It must not be supposed that she had forgotten. The pain was there, and the shame, and other things; but they were stilled by the labour and the care of her life: perpetual contact with the stirring breezes from the moorland and the sea delivered her soul from temptations that she did not dream of. There was seldom a week that kind nature did not send something down into Shawn Grif that needed struggle and resistance. One day the beck would be flooded with rain or melting snow, and the torrent would come roaring down from the moorland hills, turbid and foamy, and bearing with it fences, posts, gates, the trunks of uptorn trees, and now and then the dead body of a sheep or pig.

Another time, and the flood would come upward from the sea. On ordinary days the tide at high-water came close to the foot of the cliffs, but before the spring, or after the autumn equinox, the overlapping waves would come rushing up under the apple-trees, over the cabbages, sending long white tongues of foam up to the very steps at the cottage door. Old Rudbeck could tell how it had once come in at the door and window until the water put out the fire; and how he had had to take refuge with his young wife and little children in the "cock-loft," up under the thatch.

Yes; there was often something to struggle

with in the Grif, always something to do. Hagar had the cow to milk, and to drive down from its barren pasture twice a day to the beck-side for water. She had the pigs and the fowls to feed, the butter to make; and on Saturdays she had to take the donkey-cart and drive herself and her eggs and butter, fruit and vegetables, to the market at Port St. Hilda. She hated Saturdays now: she hated anything that took her away from the cottage in Shawn Grif.

The girl was always working, but that did not preclude much waiting and watching. Had any eyes ever watched the hill-side road that led up the ravine to Skerne Dun as eagerly and longingly as those blue-grey eyes of Hagar's watched it?

It was quite in vain. People came and went by the high-road, paying their toll to the old man who sat with his pipe under the upturned boat. Now and then a wayfaring man passed up the Grif to his labour in the morning, and came down again at night. Sometimes, too, the Squire walked by, dropping a curt "Good daäy" to old Rudbeck, or giving Hagar a long, stern, searching look, if she happened to be in the way. Squire Kempthorn did not concur in the general liking that the girl had won for herself.

Hagar had not seen the master since that fatal day. She had not had courage to go to the schoolroom service at Skerne Dun, much less to attend the choir-practisings. Once or twice on Sunday evenings she had gone round to the little church in Skerne Wyke, a fishing village about a mile farther to the north, but it was not the same thing to her. She hardly knew what she missed, but everything was strange and unfamiliar; and Hagar hated changes.

The days were almost at their longest now; the hawthorn hedges were white, for in this cold north country of ours the May-blossom seldom comes till June. The mossy hedge-rows were bright with daisies and speedwell and ragged-robin; the trees were clad in their daintiest green; summer was young and sweet; on the warmest days cool sea-scented breezes came up from the blue ocean and the tangle-strewn sands.

On one of these summer days Hagar came round from the little shed below the cottage with her grandfather's wheelbarrow before her, and an old reaping-hook lying at the bottom of it. The old man was leaning over the fence near the gate; he had plenty of work now, for visitors were coming to Port St. Hilda daily, and there was a brisk trade in fish going on besides. A carriage had just gone

by; old Aaron had had a little altercation with the driver, as was usual with him, and he was still somewhat warm; but the ungenial light faded quickly from his eye as he spoke to his grandchild.

"Is thee gyne for a bit o' brecken, honey?" he asked, taking his pipe from his lips and looking up kindly.

"Yis, grandfather. D'ya want anything afore ah go?"

"Nay, honey, nay. Deän't be lang gone; and deän't ower-laade thysel'. We'll hev a cup o' tea as seän as thoo gits back."

There was bracken in abundance a little way up the ravine. It had to be cut and dried and stacked for winter bedding for the donkey and pigs. It was young and green now, and Hagar's strong arm had soon cut down enough to fill the barrow. She was piling in the last armful when she heard a light, firm step; she stopped, listened a moment, gave a quick short sigh: it was not the step for which she had listened.

The road was above her, and curved a little, so that she saw Philip Kempthorn before he saw her. She checked the exclamation of surprise that rose to her lips. The next instant Phil was almost by her side.

"You there, Hagar?" he said eagerly, letting himself down by the boughs of a young alder-tree that hung over the rough bank-side. The girl stood leaning with her round pink arm on the load of bracken, smiling openly, looking up with frank pleasure. She had no shyness nor timidity to contend with now. "Yes; I'm here," she said, speaking rather saucily. "An' how does it happen *you're* here? When did ya come home?"

"Last night," Phil replied. Then a richer crimson spread over his dark handsome face. "I was coming down to see you this morning," he went on, "but I had to go into the town with my father."

"What did ya want to see me for?" asked Hagar, amused at his confusion, and deeply admiring the long black lashes and heavy rounded lids that shaded Phil's dark eyes. "He was allus a bonny lad," she said to herself, "but I think he's grown bonnier."

"Don't I always want to see you, Hagar?" he asked, with a shy, grave look that was new to the girl.

"I never knew 'at ya did," she replied honestly; she was thinking how very little she had seen of him during the past few years. Phil was three years older than Hagar. They had played together as children whenever Phil could steal down from the Grange. Then he had been sent to the

grammar-school over at Ripon. It was a year now since he had been at home before. Hagar had no very distinct remembrance of his last home-coming, but Phil had.

"When are ya going back to school again?" asked the girl, breaking a brief but impressive silence.

"I'm not going back any more," said Phil. Then a gleam of fierceness came into his somewhat sleepy face. "And I should think you're not going to school any more either, Hagar—are you?" he asked with some warmth.

"Me! What for not?" she asked with a quick flush of shame. "What for shouldn't I go? Who's told you that I'm not going?"

"I know all about it," the boy said, refraining himself with some effort. "And if that fellow had been in the neighbourhood now I'd let him know that I knew."

Almost for the first time in her life Hagar turned pale. She stood still and silent, realising the thing she had heard slowly. She felt the full force of it at last. The master had gone away; this was why he had never come. . . . He had gone away.

"Where's he gone?" she asked after a time.

"How should I know? I neither know nor care. I've heard plenty about him, and it's well for him that he's gone anywhere. But don't let us waste time in talking about him, Hagar. I wan't you to tell me about yourself."

"I've nothing to tell—tell me about *yourself*," said the girl, recovering her presence of mind, and with it something of the former gaiety and sauciness. A certain new idea, too was awakening within her. "Tell me what you've been learnin' at school," she said. "How much d'ya know?"

Phil laughed. "Oh, lots of things," he said carelessly. "Some Latin and a little Greek."

"An' what else?"

"Mathematics."

"What's them?"

"Oh, it's—well, it's like going on with arithmetic; doing sums with lines and curves and things as well as figures."

"Is that all?"

"Well, very nearly. I know a little German and French."

"Let's hear ya say some French."

Again Phil gave a short, nervous laugh, showing beautiful white teeth within "crimson-threaded" lips that a girl might have envied. But his face lighted up with another meaning as he laughed. Hagar had made an opening for him that he wanted.

"You see, you wouldn't understand me if I did," he said seriously; "and it's very nice for people to be able to understand things, Hagar; it's better than being rich, or—anything of that kind. Wouldn't *you* like to know something more than you do? I don't mean——"

"I know what you mean," interrupted Hagar. She was speaking gravely enough now. She had heard it all before, only in another and a higher strain. "I should like to know things," she said sadly. "I'm always wanting to know something. I often read at nights when I ought to be in bed. But it's no use now. I shan't try any more."

"Why not?" said the boy again turning towards her impetuously. "Do you think because that idiot of a schoolmaster has left the place no one else can help you? I'll help you. That's what I wanted to say to you. He had his reasons for wishing to teach you; I have mine, and they are as good as his. Say the word, Hagar, and I'll come down to your grandfather's twice a week of an evening, or three times, or every evening if I can. People needn't know, if you'd rather they didn't; they will think that I come to hear all those queer old tales that your grandfather can tell so capitally."

The girl shook her head. "No," she said, "I hev'n't time, only just a bit at bedtime when everything's done, and then I's often over-tired."

"Then let me come and help you with your work. I can come early in the morning and do more work in an hour or two than you can do in half-a-day."

"Mebbe!" said Hagar, with an odd little turn of her head expressive of scornful doubt. She did not like to have her powers of work lightly valued. "But don't talk nonsense," she went on, with an air of superior judgment. "I hev'n't time to lissen. Grandfather's waitin' for his tea."

Phil did not let Hagar wheel the barrow back to the cottage. An open carriage filled with smartly dressed people was coming down the hill, but he did not mind that. A faded lady was lying back amongst the cushions, and she sighed as the girl and boy passed by. Had she ever been young, or beautiful, or in love?

Phil had not gained his point, but he did not dream of saying to himself that he had lost it. All through those brilliant summer days he kept it before him persistently; not wearying Hagar with it, being careful indeed not to weary her in any way; more careful still that she should have no cause for pre-

mature alarm. It was not so much tact as instinct that kept him back. The field was free. He could take his own time, or rather Hagar's, and win his way surely, if slowly. He did not think the worse of her that she gave him no encouragement, nor did the want of encouragement do ought to cool that warm, strong love of his—his first love, and his last.

CHAPTER IV.—IN THE FIR-COPSE.

ALL this time the school at Skerne Dun was closed. Hagar knew about the master's sudden departure now. He had received a telegram informing him that his brother was dying; and he had gone away immediately, leaving only a note of explanation for the school committee. They had had a long letter from him afterwards. His brother had died of fever (he had been a doctor's assistant), and a day or two afterwards the same illness had attacked the master himself. The crisis was over, but he was still very weak—too weak to be able to make plans for the future. If the committee did not object to keeping the school closed until after the harvest holidays he might be able to return then, but he could not say certainly. Perhaps it would be wiser for them to engage another master if they found one to suit.

The important eight who composed the school committee of Skerne Dun were not all of one mind about it. When were they all of one mind about anything? When were they anything but eight totally distinct and independent and altogether irreconcilable minds? Did any one know what they were going to do in this matter? No, nor did they know themselves. The matter drifted.

The matter went on drifting. The harvest began; the committee was too busy looking after its corn-fields now. One day the secretary, who was standing in his shirt sleeves in the middle of a field of ripe barley, had a letter brought to him, but he declared himself "ower thrang"* to read it.

"You'll read it quicker nor me, Maister Phil," he said to young Kempthorn, who was standing by. "Tell us what t' man says noo."

Phil read the letter. The man said that he was stronger, that he should be glad to come back to Skerne Dun if his post there was still open.

Of course his post was open, and of course he came back, to the suppressed satisfaction of everybody in the neighbourhood save Philip Kempthorn. Hagar heard of the master's return from Little Martha, who happened to pass by the toll-house next day.

* Throng, or thrang—busy.

"He looks ever so white an' dowly* yet," the child said sorrowfully. "Mebbe he's frettin' about his brother 'at died, for he has neither father nor mother nor nobody noo. Happen he'll not be sa doon when t' school begins. . . . It begins next Monday. You'll be comin', Hagar, won't you?"

"No," Hagar said sadly, "no, I shall never come no more."

It was in vain Little Martha urged her wish. "T' school isn't t' same when you're not there, Hagar," she said; but Hagar never wavered. She was less resolute when the child begged her to come to the choir-practisings again. She would think of it: some day she might. In her heart she was longing passionately for those old times—they seemed quite old now—when she had stood among the others in the dim candle-light, singing, listening, drinking in all the poetry and music that had ever come into her life.

She thought of it all day and the next day too. The girl's life was troubled afresh. Phil Kempthorn came down, but she had no smile for him, no ready response. He offered to help her in her work, but she refused ungraciously without knowing it. Phil went whistling up the Grif with his hands in his pockets, but his sleepy face was alight with very ungentle fires. He knew why Hagar was changed to him.

That same evening, a late September evening, a waning harvest moon rose over the sea, low, lurid, mournful-looking. Was that a dull reflection of it that came from the school-room windows at Skerne Dun? Hagar could not tell until she came quite near; then she saw that there was a dim light inside, and she heard the sound of the music. She stood to listen; her heart seemed to stand still too for awhile, then it began beating wildly. She had not meant to go in, but it was hard to stand there, harder far than she had thought it would be. She crept near—nearer; the heavy outer door was open; the inner one was ajar. She could distinguish each voice, each word of the hymn, each chord of the reedy little harmonium that tried the master's musical patience so far. She knew where he sat, and how he sat, and how his white hands moved up and down over the keys, but she could not see him nor hear him; he was not singing with the rest. If he would sing for a little while or speak, then she would go away. She would be satisfied if she might but hear his voice. But the hymn came to an end, and no remark was made: instead, the master rose from his seat and turned his face toward the

* Dowly—delicate.

door. Hagar, rigid and pale herself, saw him quite distinctly. He was thinner and wanner, but at that moment a slight flush was upon his face and a look of expectancy.

Was he waiting for some one? Hagar had made no noise, the master had heard none; but that mysterious instinct of approach which, as some one said yesterday, has given rise to proverbs in all nations, had stirred him inexplicably. As he came a little nearer to the inner door, Hagar shrank tremblingly behind the outer one. The shadow was deep enough to hide her. There was only the pale candlelight inside; the dull gleam of the hardly risen moon outside.

The master stood a moment looking out, wondering at his own disquiet, listening; he might have heard the girl's breathing if she had dared to breathe. Then slowly, it might almost be said unwillingly, he shut the door and went back to his seat. Hagar fled almost as swiftly as she had fled along the same path once before. The sound of the singing came to her as she flew over the fields; the tones of the harmonium seemed to pursue her. When she reached the fir-wood she sat down and burst into a passion of tears, such tears as some women only shed once in their lifetime. Perhaps she might have sat there until she had wept that love of hers away. Such things have happened before now.

"A little mist and a little rain,
And life is never the same again,"

sings the poet. Perhaps so, perhaps it is not the old life that one goes back to, but still it is life that can be lived and loved and ennobled—thank God for the same.

The moon was rising higher, growing brighter, and still the girl sat there, shaken with her tears and her nameless unspoken sorrow. She was sobbing aloud, the wind was wailing in the trees above her. She did not hear the footsteps that were coming quickly over the dry undergrowth; she heard nothing until Phil Kempthorn was there on his knees by her side, clasping her passionately in his arms, trying to kiss the wild hot tears away from her face.

"Hagar! Hagar! what is it?" he demanded. He had a rough voice at the best. it was hoarse now. "What has happened? Is it that idiot, Fane? I will be the death of him if he goes on making you miserable like this, if he goes on making me miserable, too. . . . Hagar, don't you know that I love you? that I love you as he never will, never can. . . . I have loved you always, ever since I can remember. . . . Don't struggle so,

Hagar, don't do that. Let me hold you for a minute. . . . Let me kiss you once."

But with a strong effort Hagar wrested herself free, and rose to her feet. She was not shocked, nor afraid, nor angry; perhaps she ought to have been all three, but she was only sorry, tenderly sorry, for Phil. She knew now what he meant when he spoke of loving her. She would not pain him more than she could help."

"I must go home," she said quietly, stifling a last sob; "I've been out over long, an' you're mistaken, Philip, about—about t' schoolmaster. He only came home day afore yesterday, an' I haven't seen him to speak to. I haven't been at t' practisin' to-night. . . . No, it is a mistake; he doesn't care nothing about me; he never did; it wasn't likely."

"Why wasn't it likely?" asked Phil, turning to accompany the girl homeward. "It is you that mistake, Hagar. I saw him talking to you once, a year ago. I understood him then, if you didn't. He *does* care for you. He has come back because of you. And—and you care for him. I know that too," the boy said, half sadly, half savagely.

He was touched a little in spite of himself. Hagar had spoken almost confidently, her tone had been more confident than her words. Her heart was very full, and she had no one else to speak to. Phil could not but understand more than she had meant him to understand; he could not but be more sorry for her than he wished to be. It was a satisfaction to him that there was some one else in the world toward whom he could indulge his more emphatic feelings without restraint.

CHAP. V.—"WHAT SO WILD AS WORDS ARE?"

THE social distinctions and indistinctions of the neighbourhood of Skerne were very puzzling to people unacquainted with life in remote districts. It was a thinly populated neighbourhood, Gideon Kempthorn, Esquire, was the sole representative of the class called "landed gentry" to be found for many miles. He spoke broad Yorkshire with an accent that was only a shade less Bœotian than that of old Aaron Rudbeck; he dined as often in his kitchen as elsewhere; and his social hours were spent, as much perhaps of necessity as by preference, at the blacksmith's shop. Yet he could remind you that the Kempthorns had, with mirthful confidence, presented themselves and their three boars' heads, *or*, on a field azure, before that Norroy King-at-arms, whose terrible visitation in 1612 had stripped the borrowed plumes from half the daws in the Riding. He was not a rich

man, nor did he pretend to be, but he was well satisfied with his ancient heritage of seven hundred acres which had belonged to his "fore-elders" from immemorial times.

The Squire had been a younger son, the youngest of three; and, as was customary in such cases in those days, he had been apprenticed to an apothecary in a neighbouring town. He had not taken kindly to the business, nor had his master taken kindly to him; so that it was not surprising that his indentures had been speedily cancelled. He had spent the remainder of his youth in idling about the cliffs and moors, fishing, shooting, rabbit-coursing; playing the violin at mell suppers and Martinmas dances; making love to any pretty girl who came in his way. It was not an elevated life, and the youth was dimly conscious of the fact, nay, perhaps not so dimly. The soul in him had not quite "gone to asphyxia." When his father and the younger of his brothers were one day brought home from the hunting-field, the one dead, the other dying, Gideon had been roused to the making of efforts that were great to him, and demanded some self-sacrifice. The influence of that time had never wholly faded from the man's character. Yearnings had been awakened in him that he could never still; knowledge had come to him that he could never quite ignore.

Later in his youth, soon after his elder brother had killed himself with drinking, Gideon had married the orphan daughter of an old clergyman in the Dale-district. People said he had married her out of pity. She was a delicate little creature, gentle, loving, helpless as a child. She had lived about two years after her marriage, then, to the young Squire's surprise and dismay, she had died, leaving him alone in the dreary Grange with a new-born baby.

If the Squire had one cause of satisfaction that was dearer to him than another, it was the thought that so far he had done his best by his son. He laid the failures and shortcomings of his own life at the door of his defective training. Phil should have nothing to reproach him with there. He would have given him a university education if he could have seen the full advantage of so doing, or if Phil had desired it for himself. But Phil did not desire it; and the lad knew more than his father had known—what would any one have?

The Squire had his plans for his son's future. There was to be a time to bide at home, a time to travel, a time to return. Then there was work to be done, land to be

cleared, cottages to be built, timber to be cut down. Phil would be a richer man than his father had been; there was hope that he might be stronger, wiser, more energetic.

It was nowhere supposed in the neighbourhood that Squire Kempthorn cared much for his son. He had a habit of speaking carelessly about the youth; and he could say a contemptuous word on occasion. It was noted, too, that they were seldom seen together. "T' lad comes an goäs as he chooses," the tenant-farmers said one to another; "an' he seems to be keener o' pot-terin' about oüd Aaron's nor o' stayin' up at t' Graänge wiv his fayther."

Of course the Squire knew all about Phil's visits to the cottage in the Grif—knew quite well, too, what took him there. But he had not disturbed himself much hitherto. Nay, on one occasion, when perhaps he had found the ale at the "Raffed Anchor" over in the Wyke stronger than usual, he had gone so far as to hint at the matter jokingly, winding up with a quotation from the only poem of modern days that he had read from beginning to end.

"Taäke time; I knows what maäkes tha sa mad. Warn't I craäzed wiv lüv mysen when I was a lad?"

Phil blushed like a girl, and went out in silence. The Squire's lip curled scornfully in spite of himself.

Yes; he could be scornful at times towards the nature he so little understood; but these times were few and far between. More frequently he sat as he sat on the night after Phil had with so little premeditation confessed his love to Hagar—alone, somewhat sad, and with an unacknowledged yearning in him for the lad's presence. He sat in "the house," a large oak-panelled room between the parlour and the kitchen; he had his pipe, his glass of whisky, his dogs, and a blazing fire of pine-knots; more than all, he had Phil's portrait, but he was not content.

The picture was opposite to him: it had been painted by an artist who had spent a summer at Skerne Watts a year or two before. He had been inspired by the boy's dark Italian face, smooth clear complexion, and somewhat inscrutable expression. It was a picture that drew even strangers to look into it, to endeavour to discover the secret of its charm. There was a look of intense calm upon the countenance; but the large hazel eyes seemed as if they might flash fire upon you even from the canvas. There was a fine firmness about the lower part of the face; the shadow of a smile seemed to flit about

the curved lips, but it did not destroy the impression of resoluteness.

While the Squire sat in his three-cornered leathern arm-chair that was all studded with brass nails, Phil was walking slowly up the Grif. He was not in the best of tempers. Hagar had given him no opportunity of renewing the plea he had urged the previous night. She had kept aloof from him as much as she could, being duly ashamed of her tears, her sobs, and her half-confidences. The remembrance of the little scene in the fir-copse had crimsoned her face, and held her eyes downcast with shame all day.

Phil was not going homeward by the ordinary path; there was a narrower and less rugged one on the other side of the beck that led into the shrubbery near the house. It was not quite dark yet. The blue ether overhead was deepening to violet, a few pale stars were twinkling, a bird was piping in the dim red-brown shade of a maple-tree; from the distance a dark figure was approaching. With a surprise that was not over-pleasant Phil recognised the schoolmaster.

He went on a little farther, then he stopped; and there was an aggressiveness in his very attitude as well as in his look.

"Do you know that you are trespassing?" he demanded, with all the insolence that he could put into the question.

Fane looked up for half a moment silently, not changing colour, not losing for a second the quiet self-possession that was his.

"I know that the road is not a public one," he answered, with a courteous grace that surprised his interlocutor. "But Mr. Kempthorn gave me permission some time ago to walk in his grounds when I wished to do so."

Phil hesitated; then he said sneeringly, "Exceedingly considerate of my father, I must say; but perhaps I may be allowed to suggest more considerate than characteristic."

"Do you doubt my word?"

"I reserve the privilege of doing so if I choose."

It was impossible for Fane to shut his eyes to the fact that Phil meant nothing less than quarrelling. He was puzzled, knowing nothing of any pre-existent reason for such a proceeding. He considered a moment.

"If you object to my passing down the Grif by this road I can go by the other," he said with some dignity. "But allow me to add that I think you might have expressed your objection in a more gentlemanlike, as well as more Christianlike manner. . . . Good evening."

"Stop, I haven't done with you yet," said Phil, moving so as to obstruct the path. He was half a head taller than the older man, and considerably heavier. He would be a formidable opponent; and he looked threatening; still Fane did not flinch. He could defend himself if the need were forced upon him.

"You shall hear what I've got to say," Phil went on fiercely. "I know where you're going. You think that because the Rudbecks are poor, because Hagar has neither father nor mother, that therefore there is no one to care whether you trifle with her, and poison her existence or not. But you mistake, I can tell you. If there is no one else to answer to, you shall see whether you will have to answer to me or not."

Phil could not see the pain on Christopher Fane's face; if he had seen it he would not have understood it.

There was only a momentary silence.

"May I ask by what right you constitute yourself her protector?" Fane inquired.

"By the right that love gives," the boy answered boldly. "I protect her now because I mean to protect her as long as I live. Interfere with me if you can, if you dare. . . . Permit *me* to say 'good evening' now. You can go by which way you choose. I've warned you."

Fane was not at any time what would be called a ready man, and just now he was stunned; but yet some instinct of simplicity, of straightforwardness, made him wish to make the matter plain if he could. It was no mere desire for self-exoneration.

"Will you wait a moment?" he said as Phil turned away; and there was something in his tone that the youth obeyed unconsciously.

There was a brief pause: when Fane spoke his voice was husky, and it quivered slightly.

"I am not quite clear as to what you meant just now when you spoke of my trifling with Hagar Rudbeck. But let it pass: intend it as you may, it will be sufficient simply to deny the charge, which I do unhesitatingly. . . ."

His voice was growing more tremulous. Phil could not see the expression of his face through the gathering darkness, nor could he see the quick hot colour, coming, staying, burning on the thin cheek; but he was aware that the man's whole nature was vibrating to the keenness and intensity of his emotion. Fane went on.

"You were right in supposing that I was on my way to the toll-house. I was going

there to-night to ask Hagar to be my wife. . . . I did not know that any one else cared for her. . . . I wish I might know now whether Hagar cares for you."

"You can put the question to her," Phil said, with a sudden dishonesty of tone and manner, and a smile that was in itself a separate lie. He loathed himself bitterly a minute afterward.

"I shall not do that," Fane said; and it seemed to him that he had little more to say that night.

This then was the end. His love had discovered itself to him in pain; he had fought with it in pain, and in pain he had been overcome of it.

The disparity of years had been a weightier thing in his eyes than it would have been in the eyes of most men. He could think of Hagar as his wife, and the thought was sweet to the last limit of it; but when he considered himself in the light of Hagar's husband there was a sense of inexpediency, of unfitness, that was sufficiently restraining to a man of his temperament. Knowing nothing of Phil, nor of his love, he had thought it possible that he might win Hagar to himself, but feared deeply that in doing so he might be taking an undue advantage of the girl's youth, her innocence, her ignorance.

But he had put his fear aside, or rather love had thrust it aside for him, before he came back to Skerne Dun. There had been no hesitation in him when he had left old Judith Storr's cottage up on the moor that evening. "Whoever lives true life will love true love," and Christopher Fane's love had from the beginning had such roots of truth in it that it had needed none of that accidental aid of juxtaposition which is the beginning and the end of meaner affections. The flame within him had burnt itself clear and bright unfanned by any adventitious airs. He had wondered at himself, he was so new, so strong, so capable of hope, of happiness, of wider sympathies, of higher aims. And now suddenly, unexpectedly, he touched the end. He had dreamed: he was awake. He went back slowly, numb and stricken as the people are who leave their dead in the graveyard.

It was a Friday evening when all these wild words were said, these sad thoughts endured. Down at the bottom of the Grif Hagar was packing her basket of apples, her eggs, and potatoes for the market on the following day. Up at the Grange the Squire was still sitting among his dogs. When Phil went in he was bending over the table, mak-

ing notes in his pocketbook of things to be done and remembered on the morrow.

"Noo, my lad, where's tha been?" he asked, relighting his pipe, and throwing himself back in his chair. There was no lamp nor candle. A casement window was half open; a cool breeze was blowing down from the moor. The cheery pinewood fire crackled and blazed, casting a yellow glow over the strip of carpet that covered the middle of the oaken floor, lighting up the old black dresser with its row of shining pewter at the top, and all its treasures of ancient china and silver on the shelves below. By the Squire's chair there was a panel decorated with glittering spurs and bits; a pair of pistols of curious workmanship; and the silver trowel wherewith his great grandfather had laid the foundation stone of the Masonic Hall at Market-Studley. The Squire was proud of that panel.

He was proud of most things that belonged to him, certainly not excluding that boy of his who had just lounged sulkily into the room; but with equal certainty not including his own personal appearance. He was a rugged-looking man, he knew it; and perhaps it might be some innate feeling for harmony that made him choose to wear the roughest worsted stockings, the most strikingly ribbed corduroy knee-breeches, the biggest and ugliest of brass buttons. He had a fine contempt for Phil's hats and neckties. He usually chose a square of green and white checked gingham for the protection of his own brown throat. Yet the lineage of the man betrayed itself in more ways than one. If he stood among a group of the farmers and jobbers of the district, his erect bearing, his fine keen eye, his high features, made you single him out for inquiry at once. He was not as they were.

For a little while he smoked in silence. Phil had made no definite answer to his father's question. The lad was often like this now, silent, gloomy, uncompanionable, and no neglected woman could have been more sensitive to his changes of mood than was that stern uncouth-looking man who sat opposite.

The Squire's pipe failed to soothe him. He laid it down presently, bending forward as he did so, and placing his left hand deliberately on his knee.

"Ah'll tell tha what it is, my lad. Ah sall put a stop to this. Ah's dauled * on't. Thoo's getten a ha'nt o' gyne doon there, an' stoppin' as lang as thoo likes, an' then comin' back here wie a feaäce as grou as a

* Dauled—tired.

thunner-cloud, an' niver a wod to thraw tiv a dog. . . . Ah'll ha' neä mair on't. Dis tha hear? Ah'll nut ha' that gyne doon there ageän."

His voice had risen with his eloquence, but Phil did not appear disturbed.

"Certainly I hear, father," he said with irritating calmness, "but I can't obey you."

"Thoo WHAT?"

"I can't promise you that I won't go down to the toll-house again."

The Squire paused in his wrath. He had an hereditary regard for outspokenness. Besides, there was an earnestness in his son's look and tone that awoke a new fear.

"Thoo disn't mean to saäy at thoo's daft aneäf to think o' runnin' e'ither that lass fur owt but a bit o' pastahme?"

"I hope you don't mean to say that you think me base enough for anything of the kind?"

Squire Kempthorn drew himself up with a long breath; then he clenched his hand, and struck the table with an oath.

"Thoo's a bigger ass nor ah thowt thoo was," he burst forth angrily. "But Ah've said my saäy, an' Ah'll stick te it. If I hears o' tha dawdlin' aboot that spot ageän, there'll be sike a split atween thoo an me as thoo little thinks on. . . . Nut another wod. . . . Ah've deän."

"This comes o' nut keepin' to yan's plans," the Squire muttered to himself as he went out to the fold-yard. He had intended that Phil should have been on the Continent by this time; but he had seen that the lad had no desire to go, and a deeper reason lay in the fact that he himself had had no desire to part with him. Now, however, that this new fear had arisen in his heart, things were changed. "Ah'll hev him oot o' this afore another month's ower his head," said the Squire; and he kept his word.

CHAPTER VI.—"WILL YOU TAKE EGGS FOR MONEY?"

IN all the three Ridings you would not find a more primitive "turn-out" than Hagar's.

The little brown cart was old and rickety; the uneven bit of board with Aaron's name painted on it in rude letters had been nailed to the panel aslant. The donkey was old and shaggy; his trappings were all of much-worn hempen cord. It seemed a mystery how that frail harness managed to keep up the connection between the laden cart and the donkey when the road led up the steep hill-sides. But Hagar had no fear; she walked slowly along, patting the donkey's neck, using



"She went outside with Phil, to the little gate."

an encouraging word, stopping now and then in the middle of a long hill that the poor old animal might breathe awhile. Other vehicles passed; Northern Farmers of the "New Style" whirled by in dog-carts with high-stepping horses; but no touch of envy moved the girl. She might be happier than she was, but her dream of happiness did not lie in the direction of horses and carriages.

She was a little sad this Saturday morning; her heart was slowly failing her. All through the summer hope had kept itself alive, she knew not how, she knew not why. The news that Fane was coming back had not startled her; Phil's assertion that he was coming back because of her had not elated her. She had expected him to come; she had expected to see him as soon as he came; to hear him asking her if she were not sorry for having pained him on that May afternoon; to hear him say that he was sorry because he had had to give her pain. She knew just how he would look, how he would

speak.

And now already she felt that her vision was fading from her sight. He had come back; but he had not come back to her.

It was a morning on which it was easy to be sad if you had any chord of sadness in you; white mists were sweeping athwart the hill-tops; heavy dew-drops were hanging in the hedgerows, lying on the rank grass by the road-side, seeming like tears for the summer that was not dead, but surely dying.

It was about nine o'clock when Hagar entered the old town of Port St. Hilda—a town that has not its like in England for quaintness, for rare and ancient picturesqueness. Hagar went slowly down one

of the steep, narrow streets leading to the one bridge that crosses the harbour. The tide was high, the sun was beginning to gleam through the haze, lighting up the red fluted tiles that covered the high-pitched roofs, bringing out into relief the old black wharves that skirt the water's edge all the way up the river. What Hagar liked to see most of all was the swaying of the sails and cordage of the high-masted ships that were anchored in the haven. There was a kind of awe in the girl's pleasure as she lingered for a moment watching the slow movement of the dark shrouds against the silvery sky. Below, the river was lapping the piers and the bridges and the basements of the houses; the bridge was thronged with passers-by. At one end of it the bell-man was "crying" a strayed horse, at the other end a man was collecting a crowd by repeating in a high sing-song tone some doggerel verses setting forth the advantage of taking a ticket for the purpose of journeying by "The Railway to Heaven." How was any girl to get to the market with her eggs and butter through the midst of such bewildering attractions as these?

Hagar left her apples and vegetables at a small huckster's shop in the Potato-market; and a little lower down the town she put up her donkey and cart at an old-fashioned inn. Abbey Street had already put on its Saturday look when she went up to her place under "The Cross" with her baskets. There is no Cross there now; but the name clings to the site. Instead of the Sign of Faith there is a town-hall with Tuscan pillars, where people sit at the receipt of custom.

Gradually the streets and market-places became thronged until the whole seemed one busy surging crowd. Women came in from the country on heavy, slow-stepping horses; they carried a butter-basket on either arm; they wore poke-bonnets of black silk, and over the bonnets were tied white or creamy shawls. The buyers and sellers began to grow more eager, more noisy. There was a chuckling and a clattering of fowls, a squeaking of pigs. Close to where Hagar sat with her biggest basket on her knee a little, withered, old Italian began slowly grinding out the "Old Hundredth" on a crazy organ. All at once Hagar was carried away from the market; she was in the lonely little school-house on Skerne Dun. When the man ceased for a moment to arrange the tune she put a halfpenny into his hand. Orpheus himself had not charmed more completely.

The few pounds of butter that she had were soon sold; Hagar had her regular cus-

tomers for these, people who liked the girl's fresh face, her spotless dress, and her simple dealing. This morning she looked even fresher and prettier than usual; she had on her Sunday hat, which was made of white straw and trimmed with blue ribbon, and her print dress was of blue and white too. These things were in childish taste perhaps, but there seemed something almost majestic in the girl's childishness as she rose up from her place and went down the street again. She was a little tired now, and a little hungry, too; she had had slow sale for her eggs, and it was long past her usual dinner time.

She had still some errands to do for her grandfather, and some for a neighbour; then she would take the donkey-cart and go back to the Grif till Saturday came again. Did the thought of it come to her sadly? She was standing at a shop door, the sun was falling full upon her quiet, beautiful face, upon her shining yellow hair; her blue eyes had a pathetic look; suddenly they drooped, and the ready colour spread over her face against her will. Philip Kempthorn stepped out from the crowd, and was shaking hands with her as if they had not met for years. Hagar looked at him seriously. Was he quite sober? Yes; Hagar. He had only taken too freely of "the new strong wine of love."

"I've been looking for you everywhere," he said with agitated delight. "I feared I was not going to find you."

They did not see the Squire pass; they seemed to him to be too much absorbed in each other to see any thing or person in the world save themselves. It was a shock to the poor man in more ways than one. Philip did not often come into the town on Saturdays; his father liked him to stay at home to look after the men, and pay the labourers their wages. There had been no command given: Phil was free to do as he liked; to-day he had liked to walk over from the Grange an hour after his father had started in the dogcart. It was the first time he had done this. The old man stopped suddenly; his mouth quivered as he muttered something to himself. Then he turned back and went to the "Dolphin."

It was embarrassing to Hagar to walk up and down the busy street with Phil by her side; but the embarrassment wore off after a time, and a not unpleasant sense of novelty remained. She forgot that the hours were passing. When Phil suggested that they should walk a little way down the pier she only hesitated for a moment. That was a delight she had so seldom tasted that

she seemed to have no power to put it aside.

It was certainly pleasant down by the harbour. Boats were crossing; sailors were standing about the quay in groups, jovial, full of antics. A soft haze was stealing over the houses on the east side of the town; the windows of the old grey church on the top of the cliff sparkled with the yellow sun-rays. Hagar was not listening to all the wild things that Phil was saying; yet he went on.

"There never was a time when I didn't love you," he was saying, in a voice so soft and low that it did not seem his own. "When you were quite a little thing with your hair curling all over your head and almost into your eyes I used to be quite miserable when you wouldn't play with me or talk to me. It was the same after; and it's the same now. . . Hagar, darling, tell me that you care a little for me. . . I would give all I have in the world, or ever shall have, if I might once hear you say that you love me."

They were sauntering back towards the bridge again now. Hagar only lifted her eyes appealingly: there was more of pain than of love in them. If there was any love at all there it was not for him. He might have known it. Had she not spoken only too plainly the other night?

Hagar was growing tired, bewildered. When they reached the market again the noise seemed louder than ever. The vendors of small sour fruit and homely vegetables made harsh discord in one quarter; the potters behind their piles of ugly stoneware made coarse jokes in another. The medical profession was represented by the Turkey-rhubarb man, whose voice began to sound more like the note of an unhappy landrail than ever. Literature swayed the multitude by means of a panoramic arrangement of dirty songs, pinned to a dirtier sheet of canvas. Hagar would have liked to look at the songs, but Phil laid his hand on her arm.

"No, dear," he said, looking into her face with eyes full of the passionate love he had been declaring, "if you would like some songs you shall have them. I will send some to you that you will like far better than these. I have plenty at home; and they are as much yours as mine, Hagar."

She did not answer, she did not return his glance, and there was a look on her face that startled him. Unconsciously his eyes followed hers, and unexpectedly they rested on Christopher Fane.

Phil was not moved as Hagar was; still he was struck by the pallid wounded face of

the man. There was an almost transcendent look of resignation on it.

It required no effort on Fane's part to meet them with an open glance, a kindly smile. He uttered a brief word of greeting and passed on. Phil forgot the look that had been on Hagar's face.

"Did you see the start the simpleton gave, Hagar?" he asked lightly. The misapprehended experience of the afternoon had restored his confidence in himself. Things were coming right, as indeed they could hardly help doing.

Putting the matter at its lowest it was hardly possible that a girl like Hagar should prefer a village school-master with £80 a year to the heir of Skeldar. Phil did not know that in Hagar's eyes £80 seemed a perfectly limitless sum if you had no rent to pay: and, that so far as social standing was concerned, if there was much difference between old Gideon Kempthorn's son and the master, well, the master had the advantage.

She was silent awhile after Fane had passed, then she seemed to awaken all at once as from a dream. What had she been doing? Of what had she been thinking? The afternoon was gone; there was a grey twilight over the housetops already.

"Oh, I must go! I must get my errand done," she said entreatingly. Phil insisted on going with her, but his insistence only added to her distress. "I can get done as quick again by myself," she pleaded; and Phil was constrained to yield. What a child she was still—afraid of a scolding from her grandfather! Ah, life had not begun to unfold itself for Hagar yet.

CHAPTER VII.—HAGAR'S LAST DRIVE IN THE DONKEY-CART.

It was late, nearly dark, when Hagar Rudbeck left behind her the sombre-looking houses, the twinkling lights, the noisy hum of Saturday night in the town. She got into the cart as she was accustomed to do in going home; the donkey knew his destination, and went quite briskly. Still Hagar was uneasy in her mind; her grandfather would be "fretting," she said to herself as she watched the clouds coming quickly up from the sea. There was an autumn wildness about the inconstant, purple masses that swept overhead, shutting out the keen silver stars, making the gloomy hedgerows on either side of the road look more gloomy still. The way seemed longer than usual in the darkness, Hagar was more tired, life was more wearisome and perplexing. Her conscience

was troubling her with a vague sense of wrong-doing that was very grievous to her, very full of a sharp, yet only half-understood pain. She hardly knew where she had erred, yet surely she had erred somewhere. The master's pale, sad face, charged with an expression that she could neither forget nor define, haunted her as the face of an accusing angel might have done. Had she done any wrong to him save the wrong of loving him? Was that so grievous? That he did not care for her was plain; how then could there be any truth in Philip's suggestion that Fane was annoyed by the idea of her caring for any one else? Not that she did care for any one else; if there was anything quite clear to her mind it was that. Philip was kind, and his kindness might have been a pleasant and desirable thing if he had not been so foolish; but he was strenuously, inexplicably foolish, and the girl thought of his folly—of her own, too—with some uneasiness. There should be a change: she would speak to him plainly, decidedly, so that he could never misunderstand any more; and she would do it at once, she said to herself. After that her conscience was less troublesome; the future that lay before her so perplexed and obscure seemed less burdensome.

About a mile from the Grif there was a tiny cottage standing close by the roadside. Hagar had to stop there for a moment or two, to leave the parcel of groceries that her neighbour had asked her to bring. She got down from the cart; the woman came out with her candle, and her loud shrill tongue.

"Why, whatever's 'appened ya?" she began on her topmost note. "Ah leuked for ya by three o'clock, Hagar. Ah thowt Ah heerd ya comin' once, an' when Ah com oot it was Stangoe fra t' Dun wi' t' Squire in his gig as drunk as a lord. Stangoe said he'd picked him up at Oud Market-pleaace. Ha' ya getten ma my things?"

"Yes," said Hagar, from behind her baskets; "but I can't find 'em. Lend us your candle, Sarah. I don't know what I can ha' . . ."

Hagar never finished her sentence, instead she found herself standing on the other side of the road with a great dazzling light in her eyes, and a sudden terror at her heart. There had been a bottle of benzoline in one of the hampers, the candle had passed too near it, and before the girl could collect herself to realise what had happened the little old vehicle was one mass of greedy triumphant flame.

She could not see the woman, who had run to the door of her house, and stood there shrieking, shrieking vainly, for there was no one to hear, no one to help. But Hagar was not accustomed to wait for help in cases of emergency: she took from her pocket the clasp-knife that was always there; with quick strong fingers she cut the donkey's hempen harness, and the poor beast scampered homeward through the darkness unhurt, but sorely terrified. It was not possible to save anything else out of that blinding, drifting blaze. Hagar made one rapid attempt, her grandfather's tobacco was in the corner of the cart, but a blistered hand, smoke-blinded eyes, and a sense of suffocation compelled her to retreat with her purpose unaccomplished.

A moment after she had found a bucket; there was water in a pond in the nearest field, but it was of no use; the flame seemed determined to burn until it had spent itself. There was a kind of contest between the fierceness of the fire and the shrillness of the shrieking woman. Phil, coming along the lane in the dog-cart, caught sight of the one, heard the other, and drove down upon them furiously. For a time he made no effort to understand clearly what had happened. Hagar was there, her terror-stricken face looking up to him out of the lurid light; and he could perceive nothing more. She was not hurt: that was all he cared to know.

When he did understand he only smiled, and began talking with the quickness and lightness of relief. He would take care that Hagar did not want for groceries, or for anything else. He would drive her back to the town now if she cared to go; but Hagar thought of her grandfather and declined. She would like to go home at once, she said in a subdued, agitated way.

The fire was dying out now; the dense smoke was curling sullenly over the red embers; the woman's shrieks had given place to groans and laments. Phil brought a few more buckets of water, and poured them over the smouldering heap. When the last spark had flickered out he turned to Hagar, and, taking her hand tenderly, he helped her to get into the dog-cart. She made no resistance; she was still trembling; her strength had all gone from her. It was a relief to sit quietly beside some one who could afford her a sense of protection.

Phil was glad and proud to protect Hagar. Was it a sudden and happy foretaste of the future to have her sitting there close by his side? It was like a poem of Browning's;

only that was about "A *Last Ride Together*." This was a first, and therefore full of sweetness and hope, instead of sadness and regret. Yet still the poem pressed itself on his memory; some of the lines seemed to repeat themselves over and over in his brain without any effort of his will; they went on like a tune that could neither be forgotten, ignored, nor driven away.

"I and my mistress, side by side
Shall be together, breathe and ride,
So, one day more am I defied.
Who knows but the world may end to-night?"

CHAP. VIII.—THE SQUIRE MISSES HIS AIM.

SQUIRE KEMPTHORN was a little sobered by his drive homeward; but he was not himself. He walked into the Grange with slow, unsteady steps, singing, laughing at the sound of his own tuneless voice. Then he sat for awhile on the leathern sofa with his hat slouched over his face, his head drooping forward on his chest. Presently he called for his housekeeper.

"Nanny, Nanny, oud lass, where is tha?"

Mrs. Shimmings appeared after a time, a tidy, brisk, capable-looking woman of sixty, with keen black eyes, silver-rimmed spectacles, and an air of authority that had been won by constant and conscious exercise of a power "unto which she was not born."

"Nanny, fetch us a sup o' yal," the Squire said, looking up at her with a general expression of imbecility. "Come, my lass, leuk sharp. Ah's as dhry as a read-herrin'."

"Nut a dhrop, if ya were dyin' for't," said Mrs. Shimmings, folding her arms over her broad white apron.

"Then Ah'll fetch't mysel'," the Squire said, staggering to his feet. "Give us 't key."

"I hev'n't it."

"Then where is't?"

"It's where you'll nut find it."

Mrs. Shimmings was used to the Squire's curses—used, too, to the coaxing, entreating mood that followed; but not even the maudlin tears that fell over his face could move her from her resolve.

Unfortunately her power was limited. She might keep the key of the beer-barrel, but the key of the sideboard was in its place in the Squire's pocket. He had lost his strength, but he had not lost his cunning. He waited patiently until Mrs. Shimmings had turned away, uttering her last contemptuous rebuke as she went; then he poured out half-a-tumbler of whisky, which he drank with a smile of triumph and a nod in the direction of the kitchen-door that might have been irritating if the door had been made of glass.

He remained standing by the sideboard for a short time. His face began to flush, his eyes to flash irefully. The events of the day were passing rapidly through his half-delirious brain. Not once nor twice, but thrice had he seen his son walking openly, proudly by the side of Hagar Rudbeck in the marketplace of Port St. Hilda. The remembrance of it was maddening. He dashed the glass from his hand, shivering it into a thousand pieces. The sound seemed to send the blood flying through his veins even more furious than before. Did he know what he was doing when he rushed across the room, and took down from its place the loaded pistol that hung by the fire? Was he capable of forming an intention as he put it into the outer pocket of his coat and left the house?

He walked hurriedly, and more and more unsteadily; but he had no doubt about his way. He went down the Grif, under the branching alders, by the cool beck that ran on rippling, singing, making soothing music. In the world overhead, up above the trees and the crags, there was the golden light of the sitting sun; but down in the ravine the blue-grey shadows were already gathering about the paths.

Presently he came in sight of the toll-house: if he could reach it his task would soon be done. The bridge was there on his right hand, half-hidden by the foliage of a reddening beech-tree; beyond there was the little gate, the old black boat, the cottage-door. The sight was like a fresh stimulant. Squire Kempthorn quickened his pace and went on heedlessly, regardless of the rough stones and the slippery ways. Suddenly his foot struck the corner of a huge moss-grown boulder that lay half across the path; he lost his balance, swayed in the air for a moment with outstretched arms, then fell forward, helpless as a mass of lead.

He had fallen on his face, and he lay there, stirless as the stone beside him. The light faded out of the heavens; the darkness gathered all things into a mystic, restful harmony; the murmur of the sea was distant and subdued. The stars came out one by one, silent, holy, shining with equal calmness on the seeming evil and the seeming good.

Once old Aaron Rudbeck came peering out into the darkness—it was after the donkey had returned. He came creeping as far as the bridge, groaning aloud in his anxiety and his impotence, but the Squire never heard the groan. He was lying not a dozen yards away, his grey hair wet with the dew, his face still downwards in the long grass. He did

not raise his head till long after Aaron had gone back to his fireside.

He awoke very slowly from his heavy sleep. There was a time of semi-consciousness, then a fuller awakening to the discomfort of his position. Remembrance came back gradually. He put his hand into his pocket; the pistol was there. It had not then been a dream that wild intent of his. His perception was not yet sufficiently clear for any active feeling either of relief or regret. He rose to his feet, and stood for awhile stupefied, bewildered, yet awake to the necessity of making some effort if he would not remain there all night.

He knew that it was not late; the light in Aaron's cottage window was still flickering, and he could hear the sound of wheels on the cliff-top road to the right. Presently a dog-cart with lighted lamps turned the corner, and began to descend carefully. Squire Kempthorn became aware that it was his own dog-cart. What was it doing there? There was no carriage-road up the Grif to Skeldar Grange.

He waited, the blood mounting once more to his heated brain, running like fire through his veins. It could not be true, this thing that he saw with his own eyes—Hagar Rudbeck sitting composedly in his carriage by the side of his son. They came nearer—quite near: the lamplight was in Hagar's face, on her straw-hat, on her blue-and-white cotton gown. Phil was close to her; but the Squire never saw him, never thought of him; he thought of nothing in the fury of his blind, resistless passion. His pistol was in his hand, his hand was raised, and the sound of the shot that he fired went ringing through the Grif before any power of reflection came to him.

The dog-cart was drawn up suddenly in the middle of the bridge.

"Hagar, darling, are you hurt?" Phil asked in a voice hoarse with emotion.

"No," the girl said quietly. "There was a wind passed over my neck; that's all."

Phil gave her the reins as he leapt out; then he stood face to face with his father. The old man was calmer than he had been. He was the first to speak.

"Ah've missed my aim, then?"

"So it seems," said the boy, looking into his father's face, seeing there the signs of his mood—of the day's degradation. He knew himself to be the cause of it; he had learnt that before leaving the town. He would try to atone, if atonement could be made. His love and tenderness for Hagar had exalted his power of being loving and tender to all

the world beside. He was in a better mind to-night than he had been for many a day.

"I will explain things to you when I come home, father," he said in a manner as conciliatory as was possible to him under the circumstances. His nerves were yet quivering under the effects of the shock, and his voice was tremulous, but he was doing his best to master himself.

"When thoo comes heäme!" said the Squire with flashing eyes and raised voice. "What if thoo hesn't a heäme te come tea?"

Phil made no reply; he was looking at Hagar with concern and entreaty on his face. The girl was beginning to comprehend. With a pained, bewildered look she passed the reins to him, and jumped down on the opposite side. Phil was hurrying round to assist her but she had gone.

The old man laughed a coarse, hard laugh, and shouted after her,

"Ah wad ha' helped tha doon my sen if thoo'd stayed a minnit langer, thoo brazen-fæced nowt. Thoo hesn't seen t' end o' this day's wark, thoo schemin', mischief-makkin' pauper."

"Hush, father," said Phil, stepping forward, speaking entreatingly. "She has had trouble enough for one day. But come home with me. I'll tell you about it."

If the boy had had more tact his desire to soothe the old man would have been less obvious.

The Squire took the reins into his own hand, and also the whip, holding the latter somewhat menacingly.

"Thoo thinks Ah's drunk, my lad, dis tha?" he asked with considerable scorn. "It's a mistak', and it's nut t' fost thoo's meäde ti-daäy. Hes tha forgotten what Ah said last neeght? Didn't Ah warn tha? Did tha iver know ma breäk my word?"

"Don't let us stand quarrelling here," said Phil, still speaking quietly. "If I am to go home with you, let us go. I will hear all you have to say there."

"Thoo sall hear what I hev to saäy here fost. T' rest'll depend. Thoo sall swear on thy bended knees 'at thoo's spoken thy last wo'd te that lass, or else thoo sall hear me swear 'at thoo's stepped for t' last tahme ower mah deärstan."*

"I cannot do what you ask, father."

That was all the reply Phil made. There was a peculiar gentleness in his tone, an affectionate regretfulness, as if he would have been obedient had obedience been possible to him. The word, the tone came back upon

* Doorstone, threshold.

his father afterwards. Now the Squire only heard the refusal. He did not wait for more; he swore his oath, solemnly, circumstantially; then he turned his horse's head and went homeward.

Phil stood by the parapet of the bridge awhile, watching the receding lights and the dark figure. He was concerned and sorry, but that was all. His father was angry; he had expected that he would be. He had known all along that sooner or later he would have a battle to fight, and now he was in the thick of it. He only hoped for Hagar's sake that the thing would not get noised abroad. It was for her sake that he had so striven to control himself; for her sake he would make yet another effort. He would wait an hour or two; it was hardly yet nine o'clock. By ten or eleven his father would have recovered his temper and his senses. No fear for the future beset him as he turned toward the ling-thatched cottage.

CHAPTER IX.—NO ANSWER.

AARON RUDBECK was hardly so glad as usual to see the Squire's son. The old man was not angry, but he was in a state of intense nervous irritability. His brown eyes glittered excitedly; a dark red spot burned on either cheek; his voice was broken, almost tearful.

"Ah've knoän all t' daäy summat was goin' te 'appen," he said. "Ah've been all of a trimmle iver sen Ah gat up. Nut 'at Ah's grum'lin'—I isn't. Ah's thankful anuff 'at bairn's life's spared; but Ah's despert raffled i' my mahnd. Jenny com heäme all of a lather meäst of an hoor afore Hagar com. . . . But Ah's tellin' ya t' road ya knaw; ya knaw mair nor me. Ah heärd that shot fired, and Ah can guess wheä fired it. Mebbe 'twas nobbut deän to frighten ya; but Ah deänt like sike gangin's on. There'll ha' te be an end on't, Maister Phil. Ah doobted it wad come te this."

"Where is Hagar?" asked Philip. He had seated himself in an old wooden rocking-chair by the cottage fire; a tallow candle smoked and flickered on the table, lighting up the cheap coloured prints on the walls, the gaudy glass and china ornaments on the mantel-shelf. Hagar should have a different home to care for, and be proud of, one of these days.

In answer to his question the old man told him that the girl was milking.

"But doän't you go tiv her," he added. "She's all of a flutter, poor bairn. Leave her aloän, an' deänt be botherin' efther her

neä mair. Sike folk as you thinks o' nowt but their oän amusement."

Phil could not answer as he would have but for that oath of his father's. What if he *were* homeless and penniless!

He was not quite penniless yet; and the fact helped him in his reply:

"You mustn't think that I come here for the sake of amusement," he said in rather a stately fashion. "Hagar will be my wife, if ever I have a wife at all. It won't be a bad arrangement for you. I shall take care that you want for nothing. I came in to-night partly to insist on paying for the cart and the things that were in it. I shall take no refusal. The thing wouldn't have happened if Hagar had come home at her usual time, and it was my fault that she was late . . . Here, take this, and don't say anything to her about it. She wouldn't like it."

The old man's hand closed quickly and greedily over the money, and from that moment his tone toward Phil changed completely; there was a new deference in it, a new and uncharacteristic display of obsequiousness that Phil might have found a little sickening if Hagar had not been there.

Hagar did not do so much to make the hour pleasant as she might have done. She came in with her milk-pail, looking in some strange way older, more womanly, than Phil had ever seen her look before. She did not shun his glance, as she had often done; her eyes met his steadfastly more than once as she moved vigorously about, setting up her milk in the wide yellow pans, and laying the cloth for supper. She was hoping that he might take the appearance of the egg-and-bacon pie as a sign of dismissal; but her grandfather asked him to stay with a warmth that surprised her, and Phil did not take much pressing. They all three sat down, old Aaron taking upon himself the burden of conversation with as much willingness as ease. Hagar was puzzled; he seemed to treat the burning of the cart as a stroke of good fortune rather than otherwise. He should not buy another, he said; he would sell the donkey, and arrange with old Zacky Scarth from the Wyke to take the things to market; and Hagar could go with him when it was necessary to do so. He had discovered all at once that going to market with a donkey-cart was not a seemly proceeding for a young girl like Hagar.

"But deänt säy nowt te neäbody about it yit, Hagar, nut well Ah've seen Zacky mysel. Thoo *can* keep secrets, Ah find,"

he added, with a laugh and a knowing little nod intended only for Philip.

They were not mindful how the time was passing. Hagar put away the supper things, wound up the clock, set her grandfather's candle ready. Then she waited awhile, standing near the door with her round, pink arms lightly folded, as if she had nothing more to do but to draw the bolts, and would be glad to do that as soon as possible. She had made no ado about the blistered hand that was paining her so sorely.

"Hagar, you're wanting to turn me out," Phil said, as the clock gave a great jerk in token that it was intending to strike eleven. "But it's not so late as that, you know," he added, looking at his watch. "Why, you're half an hour before railway-time!"

"It's an hour and a half after grandfather's bed-time," the girl said significantly.

"Well, that *is* a broad hint," he said, rising and shaking hands with old Aaron, to whom he apologised for the length of his stay.

The old man chuckled. "It 'll not be t' last time you'll be singing that song, ah reckon, Maister Phil."

"No, I hope not," replied the boy; adding courteously, "But don't let me be a nuisance to you; send me off when you've had enough of me. Perhaps if you don't Hagar will."

The latter part of this speech was uttered with a shy glance and a smile at the girl who stood with the open door in her hand. She gave no smile in response. Her beautiful mouth was firmly set; her blue-grey eyes seemed deeper and brighter for the seriousness that was in them.

She went outside with Phil without being asked, partially closing the door after her, and accompanying him to the little gate. He was not unprepared for the thing she had to say.

"Philip," she began, and the awkwardness of effort was in both tone and phrase, "Philip, I want to tell you 'at you mustn't come down here no more. I've been thinkin' about it iver since I left t' town—afore t' row wi' your father. I'm iver so sorry 'at I let you bring me home. Don't vex him no more. What's t' use o' vexin' him so for nothing?"

"What do you mean by vexing him for nothing? I'm sorry he's displeased; but so far from its being for nothing, it's for everything, everything I care for, everything that this world has or will have for me. . . . Hagar, I too have been thinking; I have discovered that you don't yet know what

love means; that you don't know it from liking, or fancy, or any other weak thing. . . . I shall have to teach you, darling," he said, taking her hand tenderly in his, attempting to draw her nearer to him.

But Hagar evaded the attempt, and withdrew her hand. She had little more than instinct to guide her, but her instinct was altogether womanly, and pure, and true.

"You *must* take me at my word," she said, speaking even more decidedly than before. "I spoke plain anuff the other night, an' I'm speaking plain anuff now. I can't care for you—not that way; an' I don't want you to care for me. . . . Let us be friends as we were before. Your father wouldn't be vexed wi' that, an' it wouldn't—it wouldn't make me so miserable as all this does."

"You wouldn't be miserable if you loved me, Hagar; and you *will* love me—it is impossible that you shouldn't when I have such love for you. You will care nothing then what others may think or say. . . . I shall not take you at your word to-night—not at *that* word."

"I can say nothing else—neither to-night, nor no other night," the girl said with all the emphasis she could put into her tone.

"Don't say that, Hagar, or wait before you say it; give me another chance," said the boy, pleading more despondingly than before. "I can wait; I will wait. I have tried to make you love me—I will go on trying. You will let me do that?"

"That's just what I don't want you to do," she replied, with no more relenting in her voice than came from sympathy with evident sadness.

There was a few minutes' pause; neither could see the face of the other. The beck was leaping and rippling by; the waves were coming up over the sands, rolling, murmuring, breaking, falling back with faint splashes; far out over the sea there was the light of a passing ship.

Phil turned aside, and leaned on the little gate. Was it possible after all that Hagar could have any real, any deep feeling for the man who was so much older, so much poorer, who was so far inferior to himself? The more he looked at this idea the more incredible it seemed. Yet he could not bring himself to mention Fane's name to Hagar again. There was an under-thought in his mind that the less she saw of the schoolmaster, the less she heard of him, the better. The remembrance of Fane's avowal on the previous evening, of his own crooked reply to a straight and simple question, smote



"The strong man was stricken down in his strength."

him sharply as he stood there; but the thing was done, and shamed through all his nature as he was, he yet could not be

said to wish it undone.

"All is fair in love and war," he said, quoting to himself an aphorism that has helped many a man before him to cover his falsehood from his own sight.

"I didn't think you could have been so hard, so cruel, Hagar," he said presently.

Hagar was pained, but she would not show it.

"It would ha' been a good deal crueller if I'd made you believe 'at I cared for you when I didn't," she said, in tones more soothing than the words were.

"I don't know about that," Phil replied. "I think I would just as soon you did make-

believe a little as treat me in this way. Anyhow, you might try it."

"No; I couldn't even try it; an' I can't stand here no longer," she said, moving away as she spoke. Was she going to part from him without shaking hands, without even saying "Good night"? Phil raised himself, and his eyes followed her into the darkness with as much surprise as pain.

There was a silence, a separation of about a minute; then Hagar came back, holding out her hand, speaking as tenderly as she dared to speak.

"Good night, Philip," she said, "an' don't be vexed wi' me. I can't bear to anger nobody; it hurts me worse nor it hurts them. . . . Say 'good night!'"

But Philip never spoke any word. He took the hand held out to him, clasped it with a warm, strong clasp, and then raised it to his lips. Did Hagar imagine that a hot tear had fallen upon it? Was it in fancy that she heard a sob mingling with the stir of the autumn leaves?

It was nearly midnight. Hagar went indoors slowly and sadly; Phil went up the Grif more slowly and sadly still. He hardly

cared what might happen to him now. Hagar's words, her tones, her manner came to him more clearly than when she had confused his senses by the spell of her presence; there was honesty in them, there was truth, there were gleams of womanly tenderness, but there was no love. He would not acknowledge, even in thought, that he had no hope of winning her love eventually; but there are emotions not reducible to thought; slow sickening despairs, sudden foretastes of ill, longings for escape, for rest, for deep draughts of nepenthe.

There was a light burning in the dining-room window at the Grange. Phil was not surprised, nor pleased, nor roused in any way. He walked listlessly up to the door, tried it—it was locked; he hesitated a moment, then raised the heavy knocker.

It resounded through the house; the dogs set up a furious barking, which a command from their master stayed. Phil heard his father's voice—it came along the hall quite distinctly—"Lie doon, Nell, will tha? . . . Cæsar, lie doon!" Then there was utter silence.

Phil stood there one pregnant moment, his heart within him beating slowly and heavily with the weight of it; then he turned away, sullen, unsubmitive, and altogether careless as to consequence. He did not go down the Grif again; the very thought of doing so was a new pain to him. Where could he go where there would not be pain? Hagar's voice came to him with the sough of the firs as he went through the copse; her clear, sweet laugh swept by him in the wind that was on the hill-top; her face was before him in the darkness of the moor, pitying, tender, as he had felt it must be when she uttered that last word, "Say good night, Philip. . . . Don't be vexed with me."

Did the Squire hear any sound in the rising breeze? Phil had not been gone from the Grange more than a few minutes when his father came to the door, unlocked it, and stood there looking out into the silent night. Where had the lad gone? Squire Kempthorn's heart softened in spite of himself.

"Philip!" he said sharply.

But no answer came.

There was a little pause, a little sinking of spirit; then the same voice said in softer tone—

"Phil come, my lad!"

And again no answer came.

There was another silence, longer, more painful, more deeply touched with repentance; then the old man went out to the gate, and

gave a long, low whistle that was like the cooing of a cushat.

But still there was no answer.

CHAPTER X.—"OH, THE LITTLE MORE AND HOW MUCH IT IS!"

BEFORE the end of the following week it was known throughout the length and breadth of the district that Squire Kempthorn's son was missing. Other things were known too, other eyes than the Squire's had watched Phil and Hagar as they went up and down the market and the quay, and now other tongues were busy whispering, hinting, chuckling, grinning over the shame and the pain. No one was surprised that the end had come so quickly and so sadly. "What could the girl expect?" people asked, the self-same people who would have said a week before that she had a right to any expectation she was likely to entertain. But the catastrophe had changed all that. Things had gone wrong; some one was to blame, and it only seemed natural to the majority that that some one should be Hagar.

The girl was quick to feel the change, vague though it might be. His love and her sorrow had roused her to a new susceptibility, the safe comfortable defence of unconscious indifference had been withdrawn, and unfortunately for her she was seeing more of the little world about her than she had been in the habit of seeing. Her grandfather was ill, unable to move from his chair by the fire-side, so that Hagar had to take his place as toll-keeper. It was her duty, and she did it, but no one guessed at what cost. Only a few of the passers-by were affected to silence by the change they saw on the girl's face; fewer still were moved to any pity of compassion.

On one of these October afternoons Fane came round from the Wyke. He was walking along listlessly, the sea was coming slowly in, murmuring monotonously as it came; the white wavelets broke on the sand, and then went back to the great green waters that stretched away as far as the eye could see. It was a rare sweet afternoon, soothing, softening, healing. The little white cottage, with its brown overhanging thatch, looked very peaceful between the sloping hills, the dropping ripple of the beck seemed far away. There were some fowls clucking about the bit of green rugged common by the roadside. Suddenly a door opened in the black paling; a dark-blue figure came out and began scattering corn from a white apron. Was this Hagar? It was only the other day that Fane had seen

her, but he had only passed her in the street. He had not noted the strange change in her, the sadness, the womanliness that seemed to have come over her. Perhaps it had come since. Fane knew all that had happened, it was because of what he knew that he was here. His own sorrow had been put aside, or so the man honestly thought; but he could not put away another's sorrow so easily; he had never tried to do this. Hagar's trouble, her loneliness, her utter uncomfortedness had haunted him and weighed upon his heart all the week. Perhaps he could not do much, or say much; the remnant of chivalrous feeling that lingers in these modern days must often find its field of action both narrow and prosaic, but we are bound to believe that such a remnant does still exist, in spite of sad evidence as to its rarity. Fane would probably have been puzzled to account for the yearning that beset him, but he made no effort to account for it. Hagar was not his; he had no hope now that she ever could be his, and his life seemed straitened and maimed in consequence. But his pain had thrown down no root of bitterness, rather had it risen, sublimated to a chivalrous, unselfish tenderness.

He was not prepared for the emotion that swept over him like a strong tide at the sight of Hagar. He had to fight with himself, with feelings that were stronger than himself. He lingered in the road a little, the hot colour died down from his face, leaving a troubled look about his eyes. Then he went forward, and Hagar, scattering the last handful of corn, turned and saw him suddenly. Her face lighted up, apparently as much with gladness as surprise, but it was only for a moment. She remembered; the gleam went out. Doubtless the master was coming to talk to her about the wrong she had done, the misery she had caused.

Fane had meant to find his way gradually to utterance of the desire that was in him, but no gradation was possible. He stood looking silently out over the darkening sea, watching a pair of grey gulls that were flapping heavily over the edge of the cliff. Then he looked at Hagar and saw that her blue-grey eyes were fixed on his face with a wistful, hopeless, bewildering look that was more perplexing than his own thoughts had been. It had the effect of a cry upon him. How could he make answer? How could he overstep that formidable barrier that rises between soul and soul when each is unknown, or half-known, and yet wholly, tormentingly precious to the other?

It was done unskilfully at last. Fane moved a little, laid his hand on the garden paling, and raised his eyes once more to the sad beautiful face before him.

"I wanted to say something," he said hurriedly. "You are in trouble, Hagar . . . I know what has happened about—about Philip Kempthorn. . . . Can I help you in any way? Could I take any message to him? or—or would you like me to see his father, to try to make peace between them?"

Fane stopped. He might have said more, but the burning blushes on Hagar's face seemed born of pain or perplexity, rather than of mere girlish coyness or shamefacedness. She did not speak, though once her lips moved, and she clasped her hands together as if she would quiet a little the tremulous agitation that she could neither control nor hide.

One sentence, if she could have formed it, would have put an end for ever to the pain of unsatisfied affection that these two people were enduring. One little question asked, one brief word of repudiation, and this time of passionate hopelessness would have touched its utmost limit. But it might not be. The desire to speak was there in its fullest intensity, and the strength and the opportunity, but not the skill.

Fane waited for an answer of some kind: he could not understand the timid appealing look, the perplexity that drew Hagar's broad pink forehead into lines. Perhaps he had erred; it was possible that his interference might only be a new trouble to her.

"If you know about it," she cried at last, looking away as if she were making a confession, and speaking with a new refinement of accent that Fane attributed to her intercourse with the Squire's son. "If you know all that's happened, then I suppose you know that he's gone to sea."

"Who? Philip Kempthorn?" Fane asked in some surprise. A slanting ray of light shot athwart his horizon. Was it possible that Hagar was not fully informed as to Philip's movements? A moment later the light died out. The boy might have sailed since yesterday.

"When did you hear from him? When did you get to know that he had gone to sea?" he asked rather breathlessly.

"I haven't heard from him at all," Hagar said, putting all the meaning into the words they would hold. "But some one told me more than a week since that they had seen him on board a brig."

There was another pause, charged like the last with possibilities of widely different results. Had Hagar been a little too emphatic? Was Fane somewhat over-blinded by his own hopelessness and self-distrust? Excuse him if it was so. So little good had come into his life that he might well be pardoned for being slow to perceive the nearness of the sublimest earthly good of all. His ideas never entered the right track simply because that track seemed altogether too fair and felicitous for a man who had so lately bent his soul to life-long negation.

The result of his thought was that Hagar and Philip must have quarrelled. This made other matters plainer than they had been. In spite of what was known of the Squire's quarrel with his son there was still something mysterious in the lad's conduct: it was accounted for now, at least to Fane's mind.

"Philip may have been seen on board a ship," he said, speaking more slowly and decisively than before, "but there is nothing convincing about that. He has not gone to sea. Reuben Featherstone was over at Helabek only two days ago, and he saw some of the men that Philip is working with. He is getting jet from the cliff at Helabek Bight."

"Getting jet?" Hagar said, in surprise. Then her colour deepened a little, and her eyes drooped, but she made no other reply. She stood there a very picture of suffering repentance.

"What is to be done?" Fane asked pleadingly. "Surely something can be tried! Let me help you to make matters smoother."

And again Hagar lifted those wide sad eyes of hers to Fane's face; again he saw that they were charged with a look that was more wistful, more despairing, more beseeching than before. He started visibly, as he might have done if she had moved nearer to him, and had spoken actual but incredible words. No bewilderment save that of the sudden light of revelation was possible to him now. It was as if she had said plainly, "I care nothing for Philip Kempthorn; can you not, will you not see that in all the world I care only for you?" This was in her soul, and on her face, and she knew it, but she had not yet arrived at utter self-abandonment. When she saw by the sudden change on Fane's face that he understood, that he seemed startled by what he understood, she burst into tears, passionate tears of humiliating self-reproach, and before he could utter one word of soothing or pleading

she was gone. She had fled indoors, leaving him there without the gate, wondering, agitated, moved utterly beyond himself by the unexpected burst of light and joy that had all at once come into his life. It was difficult to him to collect his thoughts sufficiently to enable him to decide what he had better do. It was enough for him to stand there in the soft twilight, feeling that he had entered within the gate of a very Paradise of hope and happiness and warm human love. The idea of moving from the spot where he stood was painful and seemed to hold the possibility of risk. In another mood, or under other circumstances, Hagar's tears would have touched him to a pity akin to distress; but he did not distress himself now. They had not seemed to him as tears of sorrow, but as natural, almost inevitable tears of emotion and womanly susceptibility.

He hesitated to enter the cottage, to be compelled at that moment to reduce to the comprehension of old Aaron Rudbeck all this solemn burden of new and exquisite tenderness which was hardly yet comprehended by himself; he hesitated still more to turn away without one word to satisfy his heart, to linger on his ear, to make music that he would live his life to until its full measure and meaning should be infused into his own soul. Fortunately for him he was saved from further indecision. The stillness was broken by the clatter of a horse's hoofs, a dark figure came riding down the hill: and by-and-by the doctor came up to the gate. "Is the old man so ill?" Fane asked; and the reply was not assuring.

CHAPTER XI.—A NIGHT WATCH BY THE SEA.

LATER that same evening two men were walking up the high road that led from Port St. Hilda to Skerne Dun. They were not navvies, though they wore earth-stained fustian trousers, and heavy-nailed boots; nor seafaring men, though they had jackets of dark blue pilot-cloth. They went on silently for the most part, perhaps they were tired or sad. Once they asked the way to Skeldar Grange; and they seemed surprised to find that they had still so far to go.

It must have been seven o'clock by the time they reach the Squire's wide fold-yard. Kris, the grim old sheep dog, began barking furiously; a man with a lantern came slouching heavily over the stones; presently the Squire himself came out. Anything that promised a little distraction was welcome to him now.

"Noo, my lads, what's yer wills?" he

asked, putting his hands into the pockets of his corduroy knee-breeches, throwing his head back, and assuming an attitude of complacent attention.

The younger of the two men, a blond-haired youth of three-and-twenty, stepped forward a little.

"Are you Squire Kempthorn?" he asked with a gravity of tone that seemed to introduce a new element into the atmosphere.

"Yis. I is," said the Squire curtly. "Hes onybody owt ageän't?"

"No, I don't know 'at they hev," said the young man, still speaking quite gravely.

The heavy man with the lantern had slouched away; but a crescent moon was rising over the corn-pikes and granaries, throwing pale gleams of light along the yard, glittering on the Squire's brass buttons, and making visible the subdued inquiry that was in his eyes.

There was a slight pause, during which the Squire adjusted a somewhat rakish-looking grey cloth cap that he wore. The fair-haired young man moved uneasily, and turned so that only his shoulders and profile were offered to the Squire's observation.

"Better come to the point," said the shorter and darker man.

"Yis; if you've any business wi' me. Ah sud like to be knawin' what it is," said the Squire, with just a touch of the irritability that belongs to emotive dread.

"All right!" said the younger man, turning again so as to face his interlocutors. "I'm sorry it happens not to be pleasant business. . . . It concerns a son o' yours."

"Then it's no concern o' mine," said Squire Kempthorn emphatically.

"Well, that's just as you take it. . . . We reckoned there'd been some sort o' quarrel, but. . . ."

"There's no but in the case. He's gone, an' Ah wadn't gan te t' end o' t' lane to fetch him back."

There was another pause. It was broken by the young man who had undertaken to "break the news."

"I doubt you've spoken a truer word nor you meant o' doin'," he said with an intentness of meaning that did not escape the Squire.

"Lots o' folks dis that," was the studiously wide reply.

"Yis, they do," said the young man, "an' mebbe they don't like to think on it after."

"Better speak out plain," said the elder man encouragingly.

"That's just what I was goin' to do. The Squire said his son had gone, well, so he hes,

a longer journa than the Squire thinks on. An' as for fetchin' him back, well, that would be kind o' waste labour."

"Better tell the Squire how it happened," said the encouraging voice, speaking with a shade more freedom than before.

"There isn't much to tell," said the young man, who was beginning to suffer from a sense of wasted sympathy. "You knew he was getting jet, dassing* in Helabeck Bight yonder. . . . There was four on us. . . ."

Here the young man's narrative power failed him suddenly. His voice indicated an unusual tendency to lowness of spirits.

"You were going to say that there was four on us, now there's three," said the elder man, feeling imperatively called upon to say whatever remained to be said. "There was four on us up to five o'clock this afternoon. It was gettin' dusk-like then, an' we knocked off; and when we'd comed a bit o' way on t' ledge o' rock where t' hole is at we're workin', Kempthorn said all of a sudden 'at he'd left his watch. I'd seen her laid on some dry weed up in t' shale. So he went back, an' we sauntered a bit for him, an' all at once we heerd a heavy thud, an' then we shouted, but he never answered. So we all three turned back together, an' we saw what had kept him silent. He was lyin, there, just at t' mouth o' t' hole, wiv a matter o' two ton o' rock upon him. There weren't no chance on him speaking, you see. It had struck me once afore as a likely bit to gi way, but Ah didn't think it would ha comed yet. . . . He was lyin' there quite still, just as if he was asleep. . . . T' rock had fallen upon his body; it had niver touched his head, an' he was beautiful to look at, finer like nor he was when he was livin'. We stayed a bit, but we couldn't do nothin', an it was gettin' dark. . . . There'll ha' to be a strong force on i' t' mornin'; our gaffer 'll see to that. . . . You mightn't think it now, but he was a good deal cut up, was the gaffer."

The little man turned his eye upon the Squire with a glance that was perhaps rather inquisitive than reproachful, but there was nothing to be ascertained. Gideon Kempthorn stood leaning against the door-post, with his hands in his pockets, his eyes looking out into the still shadow that was over the lower part of the yard.

"Can we take any message, or do anything for you in the town, Squire?" asked the elder man presently.

* Dassing—working the face of the cliff with "pick" or mattock in search of jet; the best of which is found in the lower bed of the upper lias

"No," said Squire Kempthorn, not lifting his eyes from the dark shadow.

"Well then we'll say good night," said the little man, turning away slowly, as if disappointed in something. The younger man followed him. Kris ran close behind as far as the gate, wagging his tail in demonstration of relief. The Squire stood there by the kitchen door, and for more than an hour he never raised his eyes from that dark unbroken shadow that was creeping over his homestead.

When he moved he went straight on, not turning to the right nor to the left. He was like a man walking in his sleep. His shoulders were bent forward, his head drooped, his hands were clasped one within the other. He went up the hill-side, over his own broad fields where the moonlight lay so peacefully, silvering the ridges of the lands and the yellowing hedgerows, streaming through the well-nigh leafless trees. But the Squire saw none of these things: he was looking into the far distance, away beyond the wide expanse of pasture lands and farmsteads, beyond the old town over which stood a faint line of mist that was half smoke, half haze from the river, beyond the old church on the hill, and the full churchyard; beyond the ancient abbey that stood alone and solemn on the upland plain. All these things were between him and the rugged cliff-top line that stood out in bold relief against the moonlit sea; but Squire Kempthorn saw none of them, his eyes were fixed on that stern dark line, and though the distance measured five long miles, he never stopped nor faltered till he stood on the top of the cliff somewhat more than a mile to the south of Port St. Hilda.

On the top of a wild, houseless, treeless cliff, well-nigh four hundred feet above the level of the sea: he stood close to the edge of it, a dark lone figure against the slowly darkening sea and sky; a silent stirless figure, not rending his clothes for the Joseph who was dead, not putting sackcloth on his loins, not refusing to be comforted, for he had neither sons nor daughters to rise up to comfort him.

Time passed on, still he stood silently there. His arms were folded, his grey hair stirred in the night wind that came moaning and wailing up from the north. The moon dropped slowly over the moorland behind him, leaving a lurid and troubled light in the heavens where it went down, the few faint stars quivered tremulously, the heavy black clouds hung lower and yet lower over land and sea.

Only a few hours before Gideon Kempthorn had said that he would not go to the end of the lane to bring back this boy of his, and he had thought that he meant it. Now it would have been a relief to him to know that he should no more go back himself, that he might lie down where he was and pass into the silent land whither the boy had gone, and from whence they should neither of them return. But there was no shadow of death in his eyelids, nor was his face marred with weeping. He made no cry, for it seemed to him that no cry of his could have any place, or any hearing, or any answer.

Still he stood there in the deepening night, with his eyes fixed on the dark wild waters that gave back no response nor sign.

Once memory came to him, holding in her lap a dark-haired laughing child of three summers, a perfect child with loving eyes, with curved crimson lips, with round dimpling arms that seemed to have been made for no other purpose save that of winding lovingly round his father's rugged neck. The Squire could feel them there, the soft touch of them, the tender thrill they woke. Yet he stood firm, and bore it, uttering no cry nor groan or the strong pain that was upon him.

He lived over the past, and again for the last time he was drawn to look into that future that was not to be; a future wherein he saw and felt himself growing older, more helpless, yet watching the days pass by without pain or regret, for had he not had his day? and was it not time that this son who had come to man's estate should begin to have his day also? All the noontime of the Squire's life had been passed in a solitude that was not congenial to him, but at eventide there should be light and joy. He would hold his son's son on his knee, he would feel baby arms on his neck again, and baby lips on his mouth. His old age should be as his youth had been, softened and sweetened by a woman's tenderness, gladdened and cheered by children's mirth and winsomeness. All these things passed through his mind with detail and circumstance. He lingered over them of set purpose. While he was dreaming the dark reality was compelled to relax its grasp a little. The visions were as wine to him, and the waking moment was the bitter dregs.

It was long past midnight when that waking moment came, when he realised to the full the fact that he had been stripped of his life's glory, that the crown of his pride had been taken from his head, that the hope of his heart, his first-born and his last-born, had been

removed like a tree whose branch was not yet green. It was a terrible moment. The strong man was stricken down in his strength. He knelt there on the ground, wrestling not with any man or angel, but with his own anguish, and he knew well that he might not prevail.

So he knelt, and so he wrestled, till the breaking of the day in the eastern sky. The darkness and roughness of the sea became visible, the pitiless rain began to fall, the wind went round to the east and came more and more biting up from the troubled waters. Gideon Kempthorn felt the blast keenly, but it went through him more for the boy who lay in the rocks below than for himself.

He had been kneeling by the edge of the cliff, waiting for the ascending day for an hour or more before he saw the thing he wanted to see—the dead white face that was upturned to the cruel rains, the dark boyish curls that were wet with the drops of the night. . . . He saw it at last, lying in the distance below him, wan, spirit-like, shrouded in the pale misty light of the dawn. . . . Then he drew back, and for a time he saw no more.

It was only a short time. The terrible silence was broken by the sound of footsteps and subdued voices. The old man fled, hardly knowing whither he went in that first moment. Phil's mates, who had come on their sad errand, found no trace of any watcher. They had been speaking of the Squire's indifference and hardness of heart as they came, and they learnt nothing that could modify their opinion. Gideon Kempthorn was already to them and theirs as a type of monstrous insensibility, and if he had known of it he would hardly have wished that it should be otherwise. He had nothing left but his sorrow, and surely he might keep that to himself. Sympathy and pity would have been worse to him than scorn. All that he desired on that first day and on the days that followed was that he might be left alone, and he took pains to secure what he desired. There was dole in Astolat far and wide, but he knew not of it. Fathers who had never seen the lad were stricken with sorrowful pity when they heard of his strange sad death, and mothers wept when they thought of him lying alone on the rocks in the night when the storm came down, but of all this Squire Kempthorn heard nothing. He sat apart by night, and he walked apart by day, and if his lips framed any word it was an assurance to his own soul that the

clouds of the valley would be sweet to him.

EPILOGUE.

IMAGINE a real winter's day down at the bottom of Shawn Grif; a day to stir the pulse with the sense of change that some personal event produces. All the morning the snow had come flying in white clouds across the hills from east to west, lying lightly on the brown leafless trees, lending to every separate bough and twig a new and striking effect of its own; lying crisp and untrodden upon the bridge and the roads; lying gently upon the tiny blades of grass that quivered and struggled until at last they bowed their heads in sad submission. As the morning wore on to noon, the thick white flakes began to fall faster and more wildly, shutting out the tall cliff, the laden indigo sky, the dark, stormy-looking sea. There was nothing to be seen save the snow. It was lying heavily against the stems of the wind-driven trees in the hedgerow; heavily upon the thatched roof of the cottage, heavily upon the sheds and the gates, upon the railings and the old boat; heavily upon Hagar's heart too, for she was intending to leave the Grif that night. It was not her home now, nor her grandfather's, for the old man had been taken to a home that was narrower and more peaceful.

She was standing by the window, pale with yesterday's tears; pale with last night's want of sleep; paler too for the black dress and white muslin collar that she wore. There was an air of desolation about the girl; and the little cottage looked desolate too. The prints and ornaments had been taken down; Hagar's boxes stood nearly ready for removal. It was one of those sad last days that are amongst the saddest passages of human life.

Not much more than a week had elapsed since that afternoon when she had betrayed herself to her sore distress. She had not seen Fane again. He had come to the door of the cottage to ask how her grandfather was, but she had sent another to answer him. During all those dark days there had been neighbours coming and going; gossiping over the old man who was dying; gossiping over the young man who was dead. Hagar had listened and suffered until it had seemed to her that she could suffer no more. They might whisper and hint their blame as they would. She could not tell them the truth. What was the truth? She hardly knew herself: her remembrance of the things that had

been seemed confused by the weight of sorrow and loss and coming loneliness. She could only go on from hour to hour in dumb amaze, as older and wiser people have to do when the storms of life break and burst wildly upon them.

In one sense the worst was over now. Hagar was going to stay for awhile with a cousin who was married and lived at a farm over the moor. Nothing was settled beyond that; and perhaps the girl did not quite appreciate the offer that had been made and accepted as she should have done. She was still inexperienced enough to have the feeling that somehow food and shelter were her due. And there was nothing attractive in the prospect before her. She was leaving all behind that she had ever cared for or ever could care for—so she said to herself that snowy afternoon as she stood by the windows packing away the silk handkerchief that she had once bought for her grandfather with her own money; and the two silver teaspoons that had been put aside years before, being too much worn for daily use. She would take them with her for old sake's sake; but where was the good? Where was the good of anything? The springs of life were all broken and motionless. The snow might fall as it would: it did not matter whether she went or stayed. Nothing mattered. She did not want to die—this she said to herself with an honest ingeniousness that might have been suggestive to a more introspective mind. But if death was not inviting neither was the life that lay before her, seeming most like a long journey that she must take alone and in the dark, with no particular motive for travelling, and no particular place to travel to. But the end seemed a long way off yet, and the only definite shape it took was that of a grave beside her grandfather's. She could see that vision quite plainly: two graves in a hill-top churchyard, and both covered with the snows of some far-off winter.

Suddenly, as she stood thinking, she heard the little gate click. Was old Scarth coming for her boxes already? No; it was not Zachy's bent figure that passed rapidly by the window, all white with the soft flakes that were drifting by. The window-panes were half-covered, but Hagar saw distinctly that it was the schoolmaster. Did she know quite what she was doing when she flew to open the door, and then stood back, her face suffused with the quick crimson of surprise, and her eyes rapturously alight with the coming joy?

Coming? nay, it had come, and without word or sign, as the truest and best joy is apt to do. Fane threw his overcoat aside, clasped Hagar in his arms, drew her warm lips to his, and the girl made no resistance. She had no strength left wherewith to resist, no will, no desire. Had she not all the while, under her sad dreams, under her hopeless resignations, been cherishing in secret this great, wild, passionate hope that was all at once so perfectly fulfilled? What could she do but take the fulfilment in her own sweet and quiet way?

"Nor did she lift an eye nor speak a word,
Rapt in the fear and in the wonder of it."

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Christopher Fane and his wife live at the new school-house at Skerne Dun now: a tiny semi-Gothic building with a new porch and a new garden. Yesterday as I passed by I stopped to look at the tall white lilies and the drooping tendrilled sweet-peas that hung over the paling; and while I stood I saw Hagar going out to the hill-top with a troop of little school-children clinging round her, holding her hands and her dress, struggling for the nearest place. I knew that she was happy; and when I saw the face of the schoolmaster—watching his wife from the window, I knew that he was happy too.

And so when I turned away I was happier for having seen them. The wide, blue sea looked bluer, and the herring-boats, with their red and yellow ochrey sails, looked more picturesque, and the linnets that sang in one of the whin bushes by the stony wayside seemed to sing with quite new accent and emphasis. All the way home I heard the echo of that bird's song, warbling, thrilling with its own passionately cadenced emotion.

"The winter is over and gone—be glad!" he sang. "The sunshine is warm, and the flowers of the field are sweet—be glad! be glad! The fruit is ripening on the trees, and the harvest is whitening for the reaper—be glad! be glad! be glad!"

"But winter comes again, and quickly," says some weary soul; and I, who know, acknowledge it: Yet take heart, and look out for the best. Human life were a poor thing but for its hidden sorrows, its unnoted martyrdoms, its unpraised self-sacrifices. The brighter hours, with all their richness and rapture, have deep roots in the sadder ones; they grow out of these as the alder-tree grows out of the depths of the valley, drawing from the dark waters the strength and the beauty it yields to the summer sun.